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THE

WAVERLEY NOVELS,

WITH

THE AUTHOR'S

LAST CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

COMPLETE IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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VOL. I

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CARLYLE HART
1894
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ANTiquary, OLD MORTALITY.
ORDER OF ARRANGEMENT

OF THE

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Vol. II. A
ADVERTISEM Ent.

It has been the occasional occupation of the Author of Waverley, for several years past, to revise and correct the voluminous series of Novels which pass under that name; in order that, if they should ever appear as his avowed productions, he might render them in some degree deserving of a continuance of the public favour with which they have been honoured ever since their first appearance. For a long period, however, it seemed likely that the improved and illustrated edition which he meditated would be a posthumous publication. But the course of the events which occasioned the disclosure of the Author’s name, having, in a great measure, restored to him a sort of parental control over these works, he is naturally induced to give them to the press in a corrected, and, he hopes, an improved form, while life and health permit the task of revising and illustrating them. Such being his purpose, it is necessary to say a few words on the plan of the proposed Edition.

In stating it to be revised and corrected, it is not to be inferred that any attempt is made to alter the tenor of the stories, the character of the actors, or the spirit of the dialogue. There is no doubt ample room for emendation in all these points,—but where the tree falls it must lie. Any attempt to obviate criticism, however just, by altering a work already in the hands of the public, is generally unsuccessful. In the most improbable fiction, the reader still desires some air of vraisemblance, and does not relish that the incidents of a tale familiar to him should be altered to suit the taste of critics, or the caprice of the author himself. This process of feeling is so natural, that it may be observed even in children, who cannot endure that a nursery story should be repeated to them differently from the manner in which it was first told.

But without altering, in the slightest degree, either the story or the mode of telling it, the Author has taken this opportunity to correct errors of the press and slips of the pen. That such should exist cannot be wondered at, when it is considered that the Publishers found it their interest to hurry through the press a succession of the early editions of the various Novels, and that the Author had not the usual opportunity of
revision. It is hoped that the present edition will be found free from errors of that accidental kind.

The Author has also ventured to make some emendations of a different character, which, without being such apparent deviations from the original stories as to disturb the reader's old associations, will, he thinks, add something to the spirit of the dialogue, narrative, or description. These consist in occasional pruning where the language is redundant, compression where the style is loose, infusion of vigour where it is languid, the exchange of less forcible for more appropriate epithets—slight alterations, in short, like the last touches of an Artist, which contribute to heighten and finish the picture, though an inexperienced eye can hardly detect in what they consist.

The General Preface to the new Edition, and the Introductory Notices to each separate work, will contain an account of such circumstances attending the first publication of the Novels and Tales, as may appear interesting in themselves, or proper to be communicated to the public. The Author also proposes to publish, on this occasion, the various legends, family traditions, or obscure historical facts, which have formed the ground-work of these Novels, and to give some account of the places where the scenes are laid, when these are altogether, or in part, real; as well as a statement of particular incidents founded on fact; together with a more copious Glossary, and Notes explanatory of the ancient customs, and popular superstitions, referred to in the Romances.

Upon the whole, it is to be hoped that the Waverley Novels, in their new dress, will not be found to have lost any part of their attractions in consequence of receiving illustrations by the Author, and undergoing his careful revision.

ABROTSFORD, January, 1829.
GENERAL PREFACE.

And must I travel out
My weaved-up follies?
Richard II. Act IV.

HAVING undertaken to give an Introductory Account of the compositions which are here offered to the public, with Notes and Illustrations, the author, under whose name they are now for the first time collated, feels that he has the delicate task of speaking more of himself and his personal concerns, than may perhaps be either graceful or prudent. In this particular, he runs the risk of presenting himself to the public in the relation that the dumb wife in the jest-book held to her husband, when, having spent half of his fortune to obtain the cure of her imperfection, he was willing to have bestowed the other half to restore her to her former condition. But this is a risk inseparable from the task which the author has undertaken, and he can only promise to be as little of an egotist as the situation will permit. It is perhaps an indifferent sign of a disposition to keep his word, that having introduced himself in the third person singular, he proceeds in the second paragraph to make use of the first. But it appears to him that the ensuing modesty connected with the former mode of writing, is overbalanced by the inconvenience of stiffness and affectation which attends it during a narrative of some length, and which may be observed less or more in every work in which the third person is used, from the Commentaries of Caesar, to the Autobiography of Alexander the Corrector.

I must refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out what my first views and scale-title—tells I believe round of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the appearance of my companions was my recompense for the distresses and perplexities which I incurred from being idle myself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another, as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a delicate confidence, and we used to choose the persons of such indigene, long walks through the solitudes and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those walks and incidents is an inducement which I have to look back upon. I have only to add, that my friend still lives, a prosperous gentleman, but too much occupied with graver business, to thank you for indicating him more plainly as a confident of my childish mystery.

When boyhood advancing into youth required more serious studies and graver care, a long illness threw me back on the kingdom of fiction, as if it were by a species of fatality. My indisposition arose, in part at least, from my having broken a blood-vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks I was confined strictly to my bed, during which time I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat, to wash, or to move out of a series of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. When the reader is informed that I was at this time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and sufficed, of course, greatly worse I far was the severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised that I was abandoned to my own discretion, so far as reading (my almost sole amusement) was concerned, and that I was never, that I showed the indulgence which left my time so much at my own disposal.

There was at this time a circulating library in Edinburgh, founded, I believe, by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, which, besides the irreproachable character of its description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich in works of fiction. It exhibited specimens of every kind, from the romances of chivalry, and the pious tales of Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of later times. I was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot; and unless when some one had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read, from morning to night, which made the passion, having happened erroneously, however natural, permitted to select my subjects of study at my own pleasure, upon the same principle that the humours of children are indulged to keep them out of mischief. As my taste and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indemnified myself by becoming a pluton of books. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and no doubt was inconceivably amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.

At the same time I did not in all respects abuse the licence permitted me. Familiar acquaintance with the sycophantic maxims of fiction brought with it some degree of Antlitz, and I began, by degrees, to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages, and travels, and the like, events nearly as wonderful as those which were the work of imagination, with the additional advantage, that they were at least in a great measure true. The lapse of nearly two years, during which I was left to the exercise of my own free will, was followed by a temporary residence in the country, where I was again very lonely but for the amusement which I derived from a good, though old-fashioned library. The vague and wild use which I made of this advantage I cannot do better than refer to the descriptive studies of Waverley in a similar situation; the passages concerning the course of events so far derived from recollections of my own. It must be understood that the resemblance extends no farther.

Time, as it glided on, brought to a close a period of health and happiness which had never been expected or hoped for. The several studies necessary to render me fit for my profession occupied the greater part of my time; and the society of my friends and companions who were about to enter life along with me, filled up the interval, with the usual amusement of young men. I was in a situation which rendered serious labour indispensable; for, neither possessing, on the one hand, any of those peculiar advantages which are supposed to favour a hasty advance in the profession of the law, nor being, on the other hand, exposed to unusual obstacles to interrupt my progress, I might reasonably expect to succeed according to the greater or less degree of trouble which I should take to qualify myself as a pleader.

It makes no part of the present story to detail how the success of a few ballads had the effect of changing all the purposes and tenor of my life, or of following any of those events which might be the subject of other or of any other's standing into a follower of literature. It is enough to say, that I had assumed the latter character for several years before I seriously thought of attempting a work of imagination. In prose, although one or two of my poetical attempts did not differ from romances, otherwise than by being written in verse. But yet, I may observe, that about this time (now, alas! thirty years since) I had nourished the ambitious desire of composing a tale of chivalry, which was to be in the style of the Castil Orante, with plenty of Border characters, and supernatural incident. Having found unexpectedly a chapter of this intended work among some old papers, I have subjoined it to this introductory epistle, being anxious that some may account as curious, the first attempts at romantic composition by an author, who has since written so much in that department. And those whom I complain, not unreasonably, of the profusion of the Tales which have followed Waverley, may bless their stars at the narrow escape they have made, by the commencement of the imitation which had so nearly taken place in the first year of the century, being postponed for fifteen years later.

This particular which I have assumed, I did not abandon the idea of fictitious composition in prose, though I determined to give another turn to the style of the work.

My early recollections of the Highland scenery and customs which I have made so far use of, have prompted the Lady of the Lake, that I was induced to think of an romance which I have not yet been able to execute. See the Fragment alluded to in the Epistle.
GENERAL PREFACE.

Shing of the same kind is prose. I had been a good deal in the
East and the West, and the time was now at hand when I
much less visited, than they have been of late years; and was
acquainted with many of the old warriors of 1795, who were,
like most veterans, easily induced to fight their battles over
again, in the interest of a willing listener like myself. It natu-
really occurred to me, that the ancient traditions and high spirit
of a people, who, living in a civilized age and country, retain-
so strong a tinture of manners belonging to an early period of
society, must afford a subject favourable for romance, and, if
fitted with some idea of this kind, that, about the year 1835,
I threw together about one third of the first volume of Wa-
verley, with the approval to be published by the late Mr. John
Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh, under the name of “Wa-
verley; or, ‘tis Fifty Years since,”—a title afterwards altered to
“Tis Six Years since,” that the actual date of publication
might be made to correspond with the period in which the
scene was laid. Having proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh
chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion
was unfavourable; and having then some poetical reputation, I
was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style
of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had com-
pleted, without any hesitation or remonstrance. I ought to
add, that though my ingenious friend’s sentence was afterwards
repealed, and my reputation to the period, it does not, in my
imagination, have so good a taste for the specimen subjected
to his criticism did not extend beyond the departure of the hero
for Scotland, and, consequently, had not entered upon the part
of the narrative actually finished. But that, though I sometimes
among other literary avocations, turned my thoughts to the con-
sumation of the romance which I had commenced, yet as I
could not find what I had already written, after searching such
repositories of literature as were within my reach, it was not induc-
to attempt to write it anew from memory, as I often longed aside all
thoughts of that nature.

Two circumstances, in particular, recurred in the recollection of
this adventure. The first was the grandeur and romantic charac-
ter of Miss Edgeworth, whose Irish characters have
so far made the English familiar with the character of
their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland, that she may
be truly said to have done more towards completing the Union
than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been

Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the
rhetoric, pathetic tenderness, and didactic virtue, which
pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that some-
thing might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind
with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for
Scotland. I felt that such a work might introduce a character of
the sister kingdom, in a more favourable light than they had
been placed hitherto, and that I could find sympathy for their
virtues, and indulgence for their foibles. I thought also, that
such a work would, in that light, strike acquaintance with the subject which I could lay claim
to possess, as having travelled through most parts of Scotland,
both Highland and Lowland; having been familiar with the
elder, as well as more modern races; and having had from an
infancy free and unimpaired communication with all ranks of
my countrymen, from the Scottish peer to the Scottish plough-
man. Such ideas then occurred to me, and constituted an
ambitious branch of my theory; however far short I may have fallen
of it in practice.

But it was not only the triumphs of Miss Edgeworth which
worked in me emulation, and disturbed my indolence. I chanced
actually to engage in a work which formed a sort of essay-
piece, and gave me hope that I might in time become free of
the craft of romance-writing, and be entitled a boasted
workman.

In the year 1847—8, I undertook, at the request of John Mur-
ray, Esq. of Alnabrandt street, to arrange for publication some
posthumous productions of the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, distinc-
ted as an artist and an anti-Graecus, amongst which was an un-
finished drama of the name of “Queen Hoo Hall;” and the work
was written to illustrate the manners, customs, and language of
the people of England during that period. The extensive acquain-
tance I had with several of the subjects in the Society of
Printers, his laborious “Hindon Abbey Census,” his “Royal and
 Ecclesiastical Antiquities,” and his “The Sports and
Pastimes of the People of England,” had rendered him familiar
with all the circumstances, and accessible to the purpose of com-
posing the projected romance; and although the manuscript
bore the marks of hasty and incoherence natural to the first
rough draught of the author, it received (in my opinion) consider-
able powers of attraction for me.

As the work was unfinished, I deemed it my duty, as Editor,
to supply such a hasty and incoherent conclusion, as could be
shaped out of the story, of which Mr. Strutt had laid the
foundation. This concluding chapter is also added to the pre-
sent Introduction, for the reason already mentioned regarding
the preceding fragment. It was a step in my severity towards
romantic composition; and to preserve the traces of these
is a great deal of the plot of the romance

Queen-Hoo Hall was not, however, very successful. I thought
I was aware of the reason, and supposed that, by rendering his
language too ancient, and displaying his antiquarian knowledge
too liberally, the ingenious author had raised an obstacle to
his own success. Every work designed for mere amusement
must be expressed in language easily comprehended; and when,
as is sometimes the case in Queen-Hoo-Hall, the author ad-
dresses himself exclusively to the Antiquary, he must be con-
tent to be dismissed by the general reader with the criticism of
Mungo, in the Padlock, on the Mauritian music, “What sig-
ifies me hear, if me no understande.”

I conceived the necessity of correcting this error; and by rendering
a similar work more light and obvious to general comprehension,
to escape the rock on which my predecessor was ship-
wrecked. But I was, on the other hand, so far discouraged by
the indifference of the public, that the thought of a work of the
same kind satisfied the manners of the middle ages did not possess
the interest which I had conceived; and was led to form the
opinion, that a romance, founded on a Highland story, and more
mixed with events, would have a better chance of popularity than
a tale of chivalry. My thoughts, therefore, returned more than
once to the tale which I had actually commenced, and accident
at length threw the last sheets in my way.

I happened to be spending a holiday for the use of a guest,
who, when he came to me, I was surprised at my own
enthusiasm, in which I used to keep articles of that nature.
I got access to it with some difficulty; and, in looking for lines
and files, the long-looked-for volume was in my hand. I am
amiably set to work to complete it, according to my original pur-
pose. And here I must frankly confess, that the mode in which
conducted the story scarcely deserved the success which the
romance afterwards attained. The tale of Waverley was put
ings together with so little care, that I cannot boast of having
sketched any distinct plan of the work. The whole adventures
of Waverley, in his movements up and down the country with
his military bag, are entirely without much skill. It suited best, however, the road I wanted to travel, and permitted me to introduce some descriptions of scenery and
manner, to which the reality gave an interest which the pre-
former, with all the advantages of the age, had no interest to
offer. And though I have been in other instances a sinner in this sort, I do not recollect any of these novels, in which I have trans-
gressed so widely as in the first of the series.

Among the changes which swept over me, it had been said, that the
copyright of Waverley was, during the book’s progress through the
press, offered for sale to various booksellers in London at a
very considerable price. This was not the case. Messrs.
Constable and Cadell, who published the work, were the only
persons acquainted with the contents of the publication, and
they offered a large sum for it while in the course of printing,
which, however, was declined, the author not choosing to part
with the copyright.

The origin of the story of Waverley, and the particular facts
on which it is founded, are given in the separate introduction
prefixed to that romance in this edition, and require no notice
in this place.

Waverley was published in 1814, and as the title-page was
without the name of the author, the work was left to win its
way in the world without any of the usual recommendation.
Its progress was for some time slow; but after the first two or
three months, its popularity had increased in a degree which
must have satisfied the expectations of the author, had there
been far more romance than he ever entertained.

Great anxiety was expressed to learn the name of the author,
but on this no authentic information could be attained.

The original motive for publishing the work anonymously, was
the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste,
which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no re-

[See Appendix, No. II.
cases to take on myself the personal risk of discomfiture. For
this purpose considerable precautions were used to preserve se-
crecy. But despite the precautions of Mr. James Ballantyne, who
published these novels, the exclusive task of correspond-
ating with the author, who thus had not only the advantage of
his professional talents, but also of his critical abilities. The
original letters were carefully preserved, copied, transcribed
under Mr. Ballantyne's eye by confidential persons; nor
was there an instance of treachery during the many years
in which these precautions were resorted to, although various
individuals were employed at different times. Double proof-
sheets were regularly printed off. One was forwarded to the
author by Mr. Ballantyne, and the alterations which it received
were, by his own hand, copied upon the other proof-sheet for
the correction of any errors that even the author were never seen in the printing-office; and thus the cu-
risity of such eager inquirers as made the most minute investiga-
tion, was entirely at fault.

But although the cause of concealing the author's name in the
first instance, when the reception of Waverley was doubtful,
was natural enough, it is more difficult, it may be thought, to
account for the same desire for secrecy during the subsequent
editions, to the amount of between eleven and twelve thousand
copies, which followed each other close, and proved the suc-
cess of the work. I am sorry I can give little satisfaction to quenches on this subject. I have already stated elsewhere, that I
can give no account of my own experience; but if I may
sanctify my error, thus saying, than by saying with Shylock, that such was my humour. I will be observed, that I had not the usual stimulus for desi-
ring personal reputation, the desire, namely, to be seen at amides the conversation of the great and the illustrious. Of many others, whether merited or un-
deserved, I had already as much as might have contented a mind more admirable than mine; and in entering into this new contest for reputation, I might be said rather to endanger what I had,
than to have a considerable chance of acquiring more. I was affected, too, by none of those motives which, at an earlier period of life, would doubtless have operated upon me. My
friendships were formed,—my place in society fixed,—my life
had assumed a certain direction. My original inclinations to
sober, to be desired, and to be respected, was like having the property of a hidden treasure, not less
gratifying to the owner than if all the world knew that it was
his own. Another advantage was connected with the secrecy
which I observed. I could appear, or retreat from the stage as
pleasure, without attracting any personal notice or attention,
other than what might be founded on suspicion only. In
my own person also, as a successful author in another department
of literature, I might have been charged with too frequent in-
tusions on the public patience; but the Author of Waverley
was in this respect as impassable to the critic as the Ghost of
Hamlet to the paragraph of Marcellus. Perhaps the curiosity of
the public, irritated by the existence of a secret, and kept alive
by the discussions which took place on the subject from time
to time, went a way to maintain an unabated interest in these
frequent publications. There was a mystery concerning the au-
thor, which each new novel was expected to assist in unravel-
ing, although it might in other respects rank lower than its
predecessors.

It may perhaps be thought that without an expression of affectation, should I alleg-
ate or any other expression of a secret, that I do not bear only concern for con-
quearing the opinion of other men on my own labour, the interest of which has never been paral-
ized by their partiality or prejudice. The author's own labour, the interest of which has never been paral-
ized by their partiality or prejudice. The interest of which has never been paral-
ized by their partiality or prejudice. The interest of which has never been paral-
ized by their partiality or prejudice. The interest of which has never been paral-
ized by their partiality or prejudice.
GENERAL PREFACE.

with the work. I can only say, it is the last apprehension I should have entertained, as indeed the inscription to these volumes sufficiently proves.* The sufferers of that melancholy period have, during the last and present reign, been honoured both with the sympathy and protection of a most benevolent royal family. We may well pardon a sight from others, and bestow one ourselves, to the memory of brave opponents, who did nothing in hate, but all in honour.

In the Chase, not in habitual intercourse with the real author had little hesitation in assigning the literary property to him, others, and those criticisms of no mean rank, employed themselves in investigating with persevering patience any characteristica likely to cast a veil on the original of these novels. Amongst those, one gentleman, equally remarkable for the kind and liberal tone of his criticism, the acuteness of his reasoning, and the very gentlemanlike manner in which he conducted his inquiries, displayed not only powers of accurate investigation, but a temper of mind deserving to be employed on a subject of much greater importance; and I have no doubt made converts to his opinion of almost all who thought the point worthy of consideration.† Of those letters, and other attempts of the same kind, the author could not complain, though his incognito was endangered. He had challenged the public to a game at be-pee, and if he was discovered in his "hiding-place," he must submit to the shame of detection entirely. Various reports were of course circulated in various ways; some founded on an inaccurate rehearsal of what may have been partly real, some on circumstances having no concern with the subject, and others of the same character. Important persons, who might perhaps imagine, that the readiest mode of forcing the author to disclose himself, was to assign some dishonourable and discreditable cause for his seclusion. It was not long before we discovered that this was the case. The author was treated with contempt by the person whom it principally regarded; as, among all the rumours that were current, there was only one, and that as unfounded as the others, which had never been entertained with probability, and indeed might have proved in some degree true.

I allude to a report which ascribed a great part, or the whole, of these novels, to the late Thomas Scott, Esq., of the 70th Regiment, then stationed in Canada. Those who remember that gentleman will readily grant, that, with general talents at least equal to those of his elder brother, he added a power of social humour, and a deep insight into human character, which rendered him an universally delightful member of society, and that the habit of composition alone was wanting to render him equally successful as a writer. The Author of Waverley was so persuaded of the truth of this, that he warmly pressed his brother to make such an experiment, and willingly undertook all the trouble of correcting and superintending the press. Mr. Thomas Scott seemed at first very well disposed to embrace the proposal, but was seduced on a subject which to his mind was of paramount importance. He was a person well known to both of us in our boyish days, from having displayed some strong traits of character. Mr. T. Scott had determined to represent his youthful acquaintance as emigrating to America, and encountering the dangers and hardships of the New World, with the same dauntless spirit which he had displayed when a boy in his native country. Mr. Scott would probably have been highly successful, being familiarly acquainted with the manners of the native Indians, of the old French settlers in Canada, and of the BriTish or Wood-men, and having the power of observing with accuracy what, I have no doubt, he could have sketched with force and expression. In short, the author believes his brother would have made himself distinguished in that striking field, in which, since that period, Mr. Cooper has achieved so many triumphs. But Mr. T. Scott was already affected by bad health, which wholly unfitted him for literary labour, even if he could have reconciled his passions to the task. He never, I believe, wrote a single line of the projected work; and I only have the melancholy pleasure of preserving in the Appendix, the simple anecdote on which he proposed to found it.

To this line of defence, I can easily conceive that there may have been circumstances which gave a colour to the general report of my brother being interested in these works; and in particular that it might derive strength from my having occasion to remit a considerable sum of money to him, and that the means of receiving it might be supposed to give him a claim on his credit.

It may be mentioned, that while the paternity of these novels was from time to time warmly disputed in Britain, the foreign booksellers expressed no hesitancy on the matter, but affixed my name to the whole of the novels, and to some besides to which I had no claim.

The volumes, therefore, to which the present pages form a Preface, are entirely the composition of the author by whom they are now acknowledged, with the exception, always of avowed quotations, and such unpremeditated and involuntary plagiarisms as can scarce be guarded against by any one who has read and written a great deal. The original manuscripts are all in my possession, and entirely written (tertia reference) in the author's own hand, excepting during the years 1818 and 1819, when, being affected with severe illness, he was obliged to employ the assistance of a friendly amanuensis.

The number of volumes here published was necessarily limited, or communicated by chance, amounted, I should think, to twenty at least, to whom I am greatly obliged for the fidelity with which they observed their trust, until the disengagement of the publishers. I have disposed of the present edition, and the exposure of their account books, which was the necessary consequence, rendered secrecy no longer possible. The particulars attending the avowal. have been laid before the public in the letter to the Chroniclers of the Canongate.

The preliminary advertisement has given a sketch of the purpose of this edition. I have some reason to fear, that the notes which accompany the tales, as now published, may be thought too miscellaneous and too egotistical. It may be some apology for this, that the publication was intended to be posthumous, and still more, that old men may be permitted to speak long, because they cannot in the course of nature have long time to speak. In preparing the present edition, I have done all that I can do to explain the nature of my materials, and the use I have made of them; nor is it probable that I shall again revise or even read these tales. I was therefore desirous rather to exceed the portion of new and explanatory matter which is added to this edition, than the reader should have reason to complain that the information communicated was of a general and useful nature, and entirely written (tertia reference) in the author's own hand, excepting during the years 1818 and 1819, when, being affected with severe illness, he was obliged to employ the assistance of a friendly amanuensis.

That Waverley and its successors have had their day of favour and popularity must be admitted with sincere gratitude; and the author has studied (with the prudence of a beast whose reign has been rather long) to supply, by the assistance of art, the charms which novelty no longer affords. The publishers have endeavoured to gratify the honourable partibility of the public for the encouragement of British art, by illustrating this edition with designs by the most eminent living artists.

To my distinguished countryman, David Wilkie, to Edwin Landseer, who has exercised his talents so much on Scottish subjects and scenery, to Messrs. Leslie and Newton, my thanks are due; Messrs. Cooper, Kidd, and other artists of distinction, to whom I am less personally known, for the ready real with which they have devoted their talents to the same purpose. Further than to tender the publishers, the not of the author; and here, therefore, the latter has accomplished his task of Introduction and explanation. If like a spoiled child, he has sometimes abused or trifled with the indulgence of the public, he feels no other than the sincere regret, when he exculpates himself from the charge of having been at any time insensible of their kindness.

ABERTFORD, 1st January, 1829.

* See Appendix, No. III.

† Letter to the Author of Waverley; Rodwell & Martin, London, 1821.
APPENDIX TO THE GENERAL PREFACE.*

NO. 1.

A FRAGMENT OF A ROMANCE WHICH WAS TO HAVE BEEN ENTITLED

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

CHAPTER I.

Turn to the right and you will find yourself in the midst of the great forest of Hibernia, where a valley of the same name is situated. The town of Hibernia is a small place, but it has a history of its own. The town was once famous for its wealth and its culture. The town was also the site of a famous battle, which took place in the year 1211. The battle was fought between the forces of Henry II and the forces of the Lord of Ireland. The battle was a victory for the English, who captured the town and the surrounding countryside. The town was later occupied by the Normans, who built a castle and a fortress there. The town remained under the control of the Normans for several centuries, until it was finally taken by the English in the year 1642. The town has since been a centre of local government, and it is still the centre of a large agricultural district. It is an interesting place, with a rich history and a wealth of monuments. It is well worth a visit, and I can highly recommend it to all who are interested in history and in the arts.
Although admitting of much poetical ornament, it is clear that this legend would have formed but an unlucky foundation for a poem. It must have degenerated into a fairy tale. Dr. John Leyden has beautifully introduced the tradition in hisRecollections of Youth. The memory is not unlikely to become a fairy tale.

Mysterious Thumper, doomed by fate's decree,Stilt to revisit Eldon's fated tree.

Weeping, at the foot, down, at half a Hollow day,Hears thy first bark with wild impeachment near;

For, who is he, with summons long and high,

Roll the long sound through Eldon's cavern vast,

Who such dark warlike hearted horn

Roll the long sound through Eldon's cavern vast,

The horn, the buckler clasp with mighty hand,

And, as proud Arthur's March from Fyrish land

In the same cabinet with the preceding fragment, the follow for occurred among other slips of paper, and it appears to be an attempt at a tale of a different description from the last, but yet apparently of no great value. It relates to the time of the composition to have been about the end of the 16th century.

THE LORD OF ENNERDALE.

In a Fragment of a Letter from John H., Esq. of that Ilk, to William O., F. R. E. K.

"Fint a bummer," said the Knight: "the ladies may spare as a little longer—Fill a bummer to the Archdeacon Charles."

"The company are assembled," said the Archdeacon, "and the Vicar is expected in the corridor.

"Pardon the interruption," Doctor, "quoth a thin encircled form, entered the room. He observed that there was no one there with some morning coffee, and I think the Vicar, in the country, of treating him to half a snuffbox."

"You may see my dwelling if you will," said the stranger; "but I am at a loss as to what you will renew for all your life, if ever you leave your house, as I have done to secure his horse, he followed the stranger up a narrow footpath, which led them up the hill to the simplier, in the name of the Lord's service."

"I think," a gentleman near the foot of the table, "that the Court's Messengers and the public at large wonder at their courage, and may be astonishment."

"And was the war then on the part of Great Britain," re

joined the Abbé, "a gratuitous act of generosity? Was there no fear of the wide writing space of innovation which had gone abroad! Did not the last treaty for their prosperity, the clergy for their religion, and every loyal heart for the Calculations of a nation?"

"Yet, if upon trial," said the Doctor, "the walls were to resist our utmost efforts, I see no great prejudice in persevering in our labour amid the smouldering ruins.

"What, Doctor," said the Baronet, "must I call to your recollect your own sermon on the last general fast—did you not resolve to urge us to hasten that the Lord of Hosts would go forth with our armies, and that our enemies, who blasphemed him, should be put to shame?"

"It may please a kind father to chasten even his beloved children," said the Doctor.

"I think," a gentleman near the foot of the table, "that Court's Messengers and the public at large wonder at their courage, and may be astonishment."

"And was the war then on the part of Great Britain," re

"The Vicar faced a scrutinizing and not a very composite eye upon this important question. He had been rather a nurtured appearance. Early and severe study had gained him in the features the safety peculiar to his age, and impressed upon his features rude and unsightly countenance. His face, however, retained its fire, and its genuine animation. Had he remained silent, he would have been long unnoticed. But when he spoke, there was something in his manner which arrested attention.

"Who is this young man," said the Vicar, in a low voice, to his neighbour.

"A Scotchman called Maxwell, on a visit to Sir Henry," was the answer.

"I thought so," from his accent and his manners," said the Vicar.

It may be here observed, that the northern English retain rather more of their national character than their countrymen of the South. The interference of other disputes, however, upon whom urbanity, and the absence of the residence of wines and politicians, rendered the summons to the drawing room agreeable to the more sober part of the company.

The rumour of the visit of the Vicar and the young Scotchman soon ran abroad, besides the Baronet, his lady, daughters, and myself. The clergyman had an assur

"Hem! I think, sir, you mentioned something about the evil of land and the law. You must be mad, or out of your head, if you can draw any parallel between those and the present evile."

"God forbid, Doctor, that I should draw a comparison between the present state of things and the old times. Let us, at all events, that ever darkened the prospect of Britain."

After the Vicar's visit, and before he had left the horn"

At the same time a whirlwind of irresistible fury howled through the long hall, bore the unfortunate horse-jockey clear out of the mouth of the cavern, and precipitated him over a steep precipice, where he was found the next morning, with just breath sufficient to tell his fearful tale, and to express his contrition for his past misconduct.

This legend, with several variations, is found in many parts of Scotland, and I shall close this paper with the following note on the Highlanders, sometimes in the deep cou

The horn of the stag and the horn of the stag, perhaps, include a moral, that it is fool-hardy to awaken danger before you have arms to withstand it.
attacks of a foreign enemy, however artful, or however invete-
at, we have, I hope, little to dread.

"Have you found the villainous Mr. Maxwell, among the
dusty papers?" said Sir Henry, who seemed to dread a re-
tival of political discussion. My investigation had led to reflections which I
have just now hinted," said Maxwell; 
"and I think they are very interesting for a historical romance. I
have been devoting all my leisure to the arrangement of
some of my family manuscripts," he added.

Sir Henry: "They have been disturbed for many a day,
and I have often wished for some person as well skilled as
you in such matters, to tell me their story; but,
Those I just mentioned," answered Maxwell, "relate to
piecemeal, and the narrating would be a little of the informa-
tion, and intimately connected with your family: if it is agreeable,
you can read to you the anecdotes in the modern shape into which I
have been trying to throw them, in order that you may be
afforded the value of the originals."

This was satisfactory to all parties. Sir Henry had family pride, which prepared him to take an in-
terest in whatever related to his ancestors. The ladies had dip-
ned deeply into the fashionable reading of the present day.
Lady Ratcliff and her fair daughters had climbed every pass,
seen every pike-shrouded ruin, heard every gnom, and lifted
every trap-door, in company with the noted heroine of Utopia.

They had been bound, however, to observe, that the famous in-
habitants of the Black Veil, singularly resembled the ancient ap-
ple of the mountain in labour, so that they were unquestion-
ably critics, as well as admirers. Because of this, they were
sufficiently mounted on a crag behind the ghastly hornbeam of
Pagan Maidens, or, more properly, the forest of Mood through the
forest of Bohemia. Moreover, it was seen, that this was a greater mystery than all the rest.

The advertisement that three novel vol-
umes, had been seen, by a prying eye, in the right-hand drawer of
the dressing table of the young lady, was sent for, and read with
dispassion for wonders and signs. Lady Ratcliff and her
sight drew their chairs round a large blazing wood-fire, and the
twilight of the evening settled down upon their hands. The lady's
move proved, moved therunto partly by the inclemency of the sea-
side weather, partly to escape the noise and confusion that
followed during my campaign under Prince Charles Edward,
might be no obstacle to the gratification of my curiosity, which
was awakened by what had been referred to the fate of three vo-

The faithful followers of royalty, as you well know the house of
Royal House of the House of Stuart.

I learned that she had always regretted, that he was not

drew near, and reclined himself conveniently in his chair,

"Journal of Jan Von Eulen."

On the 5th November, 1645, I, Jan Von Eulen, merchant
in Rotterdam, embarked with my only daughter on board of the
good vessel 'Ysbrand of Amsterdam, in order to pass into the
unhappy and disturbed kingdom of England. - 5th November,
- a pleasant morning, and a clear sky. The wind was light west

the calculation which I have begun, of the inheritance left by Jane
Lady Ratcliff, was the one servant who saved her, out
the sea, and left her in the care of her aunt Lansace. 4th November,
5th November, P.M. light breezes
from N. W.
I talked with the captain about the inheritance

L")

We have not heard how the battle ended"

I do not know,中秋, whether I have not formerly made you
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At this moment Gregory entered the circle which had been formed round the door, out of breath, and his face covered with perspiration. Here, too, he was met by a time uttered in the form of two words: "Harrow!" and "Wellaway!" and other exclamations of those present, which would have kept even a sallow man at some distance from the spot where the door had been kicked.

"By my honour," said the Baron, "I will judge who has dared to come here, knowing you, sir!"

"Dear sir," Horatio, in the deep blush of a man deeply hurt by the news, said, "the child of whose name you so dearly shies his outreached arm, were he the best, save one, in England."

Gregory, who had now found more breath, cried, "Help me to lead this Lady Emma and her brother, whom they are persuading to follow it."

This put all in motion. Lord Boteler hastily commanded a small party to be sent to invite the lady and her noble brother to whom she had drawn. Still, he himself, Fitzallen, and the rest, made what speed they could towards the market, guided by Gregory, who for that purpose was riding as fast as the wind would go. The path, the first object they encountered was a man of small stature, with a broad nose, who was in conversation, in a rather formal manner, with two dogs, which were instantly recognized to be those that had been so lately purchased at the spurious company.

A little while after, where lay three bodies of dead or wounded men: beside those was Lady Emma, apparently lifeless, her brother and a young servant of the same appearance, recovered in the detested chamber. The Lord Boteler, discovering the usual remedies, was thus employed: he had set a guard at St. Clare. The meaning of which the Baron saw, and what more damage was to be expected.

"For this," the Baron replied, "I trust not," said the young warrior, who now observed was slightly wounded, "but I pray you, of your noble brothers, let them wear what you will; there is no time; there were six of these round about, and I saw three only on the order.

The attendants now brought forward the person whom they had rescued from the dogs, and all, with dash, humour, and composure, instantly arranged to be conveyed to the hospitable house, and closely guarded; meanwhile he anxiously expected of young St. Clare by his wounds.

A stormy in the same way. Sir Henry: "I am too late," he said. "I am too late."

"You are," the Baron observed, "good young man."

The Baron, for the time, somewhat puzzled, contrived to pass on to other business, and was not much disturbed by what he received the shaft, and Lady Eleanor might have had occasion to repeat of her enterprise, had not young Fitzallen, who kept her during the whole day, at that instant, gallant and in good time. But now, boys, dull your bonnets, and work the north.

The sportsmen then bade a treble morn, and set up a game, followed the pointers with the pointers. The dogs were taken, the waterwink again. The huntman then offered his knife to Lord Boteler, that he might take the say of the deer, but the Baron courted this duty upon Fitzallen through his choice of the ceremony.

The Lady Matilda was now come up, with much of the party of the young lady, who was being ended, and excited some surprise, that neither St. Clare nor his brother had made their appearance at the Lord Boteler community, and another who against the request, in hope of restoring the sister, and said to Fitzallen, "Methinks St. Clare, so distinguished for service in the last of the two Leicesters, was to relieve them for the sake of the chase."

"I knew," said Peter Lazaret, "I knew the reason of the noble lady's not attending, and that I would have no business with the dogs upon the knapsack, and galloped like a green hedge, as it was, after them, I saw the Lady Emma's palfrey follow after her brother, and other dogs, and for this, the noble lady's brother had followed her, lest she should come to harm. But here, by the road, is Gregory to answer for himself."

Twissler, and in modern words, Tally-ho!
ruffians, while other two men as towards my sister and Gregory. The poor brave died, crying for help, pursued by my false kinsman, who, finding nothing further to do, like her mother, I was already slightly wounded, and nearly overlaid with odds. They had been all three, as two men and her, armed, strong, and desperate; at length, however, we had each mastered our antagonist, when your retinue, my Lord Boteler, appeared upon the scene, and, without a word, by a blow on the head, would I give an ear's ransom for an opportunity of thanking her for her valor. I am sure, my Lord Fitz-Boone will be pleased to afford the amanuensis he has so kindly been sent to us, and we will bow our knees for the salvation of my sister.

When the hour of dinner approached, the Lady Matilda and her other guests seated themselves at the table of the three ruffians in a composed, but melancholy fashion. She turned the discourse upon the misfortunes of her life, and hinted, that having no other relation to her, and seeing him look forward to the society of one who would so readily repair to the loss of her heart, she had plenty of dedicating her remaining life to Heaven, by whose providential interposition it had been so often successful.

Matilda coloured deeply at something in this speech, and her cowin unwarmed loudly against Emma's resolution. "Ah, my dear Lady Eleanor," she replied, "I have this day witnessed what I cannot but judge a supernatural visitation, and to what end can it be? I was not one of those who would not have been pleased to know that my course of weather was guided me to Baddow through the Park of Danbury, the same who appeared before me at different times, and in different forms, during the chivalric time—plain enough, that you have the feature a supernatural exhibition on my memory, is the very individual visitor who this day appeared in the shape of a young man, and who, connecting these marvellous appearances with the spectre which I saw at while by Gay Bowes, I cannot resist the conviction that here is the demon of my old sister's mortal bane for my relief and protection."

While the ladies were talking, the man of the evening began the theme which implied a fear that her mind was wandering, answered her in soothing terms, and proceeded to the description of her amanuensis, which a peasant woman had placed in the hands of Miss Ammons, to the honour of which a fresh one had been given at the hour of dinner. The first person they encountered was the Baron Fitz-Boone, now divided of his armour; at the sight of the lady whom the amanuensis charged, and encharged, they were all pleased, and that evening, I am sure, could do nothing to his service.

While the ladies supported Emma from the hall, Lord Boteler and Sir L. requested an explanation from Fitz-Boone of the words he had used.

"Trust me, gentle lords," said the Baron of Digswell, "ye shall have what ye demand, when I learn that Lady Emma Darcy has not suffered from my influence."

At this moment Lady Matilda returned, said, that her fair friend, on her recovery, had calmly and deliberately insisted that she had seen Fitz-Boone before, in the most dangerous instinctive rage.

"I dread," she said, "her disordered mind connects all that she has said to his appearance, and the consequences. May," said Fitz-Boone, "if noble Sir Clere can pardon the unauthorized interest which, with the power and most honorable name of your patron, I have to be in the service of my sovereign, I could explain this mysterious appearance.

"I am here," said the Baron of Digswell, "that I can be in the hunting-ground of the Griffin, near Baddow, upon a journey in that county, and that you are both well acquainted with Lady Emma Darcy, who, being sent capelled from Gay Bowes, was in the height of her grief and indignation, and made loud and public proclamation of Lady Emma's wrongs. From the description she gave of the beauty of her foster-child, as well as from the gent of chivalry, Fitz-Boone became interested in her fate.

This interest was deeply enhanced when, by a tribe to old Gentle, he procured a view of the Lady Emma, as she walked near the castle of Gay Bowes. The aged lady refused to give him access to the castle; yet dropped some hints, as if he thought the lady in danger, and desired to be informed of her welfare. His master, she said, had heard her in his brother, and that she had arrived in her own dominion of estate, and that he was, perchance, in his short. Guilt wished they were safely removed; "If any injury," quoth she, "shall happen to the domain of the castle, I shall be grieved and grieved; and that you are all well informed of her welfare, and herresses, and that she is, as is her wont, going about the fields."

"Hence," said the Baron of Digswell, "the suspicion, and that of the county, that is the only interest of his name, and the name of the king's private service, is the wisest course to follow from the castle, by introducing a figure through a trap door, that is the only interest of his name, and the name of the king's private service, is the wisest course to follow.

"But," said the Baron of Digswell, "the suspicion, and that she is, as is her wont, going about the fields."

"Therefore," said the Baron of Digswell, "the suspicion, and that she is, as is her wont, going about the fields.

Upon this, the Baron of Digswell, who had sworn to be in the service of the Griffin, near Baddow, was called upon to perform his promise; and that he was, as is his wont, going about the fields, he was drawn up and certified. He was burned that evening, in the chapel of the castle, out of respect to his high birth; and the chivalry of Fitz-Boone, so far as the service upon the occasion, preached the next Sunday, an excellent sermon upon the text, 'Badin majoris est cupiendum, which we here transcribed."
APPENDIX TO THE GENERAL PREFACE

With much godly gibberish to the same effect: which display of Gregory's ready wit not only enabled the whole company into convulsions of laughter, but made such an impression on Mr. Pope, the Potter's daughter, that it was long after thought it would be the Potter's own fault if Jack was long without his Jill. Much pitying concerning the brigandage of flowers, came to bed, and the hands, fingers, arms, and stockings, were as much for the drapery, and the casting of the stocking, is also omitted, from other considerations.

The following song, which has been since borrowed by the waggoners of the Crossenway, and put into the mouths of the 'lupine Biggles,' has been with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have been sung on occasion of carrying home the bride.

BRIDAL SONG

To the tune of—"I have been a Fiddler," &c.

And did you hear of a mirth befall

Bridal songs, all songs of to-day?

And carrying a bride at home to dwell?

Away to Tewin, away, away,

The quarters were of great expense, and the garlands made, were

Till pity old customs should ever decay;

And we be to him that was honsed on a jade,

For he carried no credit, away, away.

We met a cognost of fiddle-de-dees;

We set them a cockhorse, and made them play

The woman of Bollin, and Tewin away.

And away to Tewin, away, away.

There was never a lad in all the parish,

But on his horse his wench he carries;

And away to Tewin, away, away.

The organ, and the sire did tap

The maids all made the chamber full gay;

The servants did give me a fuddling cup,

A drop of carry away, away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,

That he was persuaded that the ground look'd well; 

The statues did make the vessel band

All the well-dressed ladies were there.

Such as he there's but a few.

A poeset was made, and the women did spin,

And a smiting said, they could not have more;

Full many a maiden was laid on the lip,—

I'll say no more, but give o'er, give o'er.

But in that long and very sad, is the loss of

Three declarations of love; the first by St. Cicero to Matilda,

Which, with the index, occupics fifteen clearly written pages.

That was mine, and that is mine, and that is mine,

The arms of Pittrall and Eleanor, being of a least quaintish cast, are drawn on three pages only.

The three noble couples were married in Queen-Hoo-Hall upon the same day, being the twentieth Sunday after Easter.

There is a profuse amount of interest in this case, of which we can pick out the names of a few dishes, such as pheasant, cran, sturgeon, swan, &c. &c. with a profusion of wild fowl and venison.

We also see, that a suitable song was produced by Perotto on the occasion; and that the bishop, who had presided at the bridal bed, was no nightmare of his noble blood, butowing half a gallon upon each of the couches.

We were not the least inclined to the reader in deference to our wish, but we hope to expose the manuscripte to abler antiquaries, as soon as it shall have been referred to the ingenious author, who rendered that service to Mr. Ireland's Shakespeare MSS. And so, being unable to lay aside the style to which our pen is addicted, gentle reader, we bid you heartily farewell.

NO. III.

ANECDOCTE OF SCHOOL DAYS,

UPON WHICH MR. THOMAS SCOTT PROPOSED TO FOUND A TALK OF ACTION.

It is well known in the South that there is little or no boating at the summer school. About forty or fifty years ago, however, a far more dangerous mode of fighting, in parties or factions, was practised at school. The introduction of the paintbrush, the dress of the police, and danger of the parties concerned.

Three estates. The notions and vulgar barbarism of that composition literate is that we have, by the monuments of the school, the very epitome of the joys of Twelfth Night, who, reserving his sharper jest for the Tudor, with others in the square, were arranged into a sort of company, to play such a scene. The scene, on a very fresh ground of colourations. Comparatively speaking the square in question, was not a very rich, of the similar of the scoundrel, and the further thought, was picked out for a single colour, and the scene was exhibited in the active service of their country. Many sought distant lands to return no more. Others, dispersed in different paths of life, "my poor boy, you are not to seek far in vain. We have been very healthy and prominent, in a degree far beyond whom whose influence was not more widely dispersed. We were a single feebleminded, and the scene itself, that of the literate composition, death, "before his day," in a distant and forlorn land, and we gathered no gain. A more serious concern seeking to discover some meaning in the professional/argue of such a passage as this.
WAVERLEY;

or,

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

Under which King, Basonian? speak, or die!

*Henry IV. Part II.*
INTRODUCTION.

One plan of this edition leads me to insert in this place some account, as the incidents on which the Novel of Waverley is founded. They are here given to the public, by a relative, named Mr. Inman, to the author's information. Afterwards they were published in the preface to the Chronicles of the Canongate.

They are now inserted in their proper place.

The mutual protection afforded by Waverley and Talbot to each other, upon which the whole plot depends, is founded on some of those anecdotes which soften the features even of civil war; and as it is equally honourable to the memory of both parties, we have no hesitation to give them its utmost length. When the Highlanders, on the morning of the battle of Preston, 1745, made their memorable attack on Sir John Cope's army, a battery of four-field pieces was stormed and carried by theameron and the Stewarts of Appin. The late Alexander Stewart of Inveraray was one of those who, seeing a captain observing an officer of the King's forces, who, scorning to pin the flight of all around, remained with his sword in his sad, as if determined to the very last to defend the post assigned to him, the Highland gentleman commanded him to surrender, and received for reply a thrust, which he caught in his lap. The officer, who was now defenceless, and the battle near an gigantic Highlander (the miller of Inveraray's mill) was struck by a stroke from his arm. In the scene which followed, the Steward with difficulty prevailed on him to yield. He took charge of his enemy's property, protected his person, and finally obtained him liberty on parole. The officer proved to be Colonel Whitefoord, an ardent gentleman of high character and influence, and staunchly attached to the House of Hanover; yet such was the confidence existing between these two honourable men, though of different political principles, that while the civil war was raging, and straggling officers from the Highland army were quartered without mercy, Inveraray hesitated not to pay his late captive a visit, as he returned to the Highlands to raise fresh recruits, on which occasion he spent a day or two in Archie among Colonel Whitefoord's Whig friends, as pleasantly and as good-humouredly as if all had been at peace around him.

After the battle of Culloden, he had the praises of Charles Edward, and dispersed his prescribed adherents, it was Colonel Whitefoord who gave him shelter and protection. He went to the Lord Justice Clerk, to the Lord Advocate, and to all the officers of state, and each application was answered by the production of a list, in which Inveraray was most of all men known and respected, as the good and gentlemanly among the Highlanders. His good character, his address, and his reputation enabled him to obtain such influence, and to maintain himself, as colonel of their regiment, as a kind and benevolent protector of the Highlanders amid their trials, as many Highlanders among the lower classes, as would cut off any boat's crew who might be sent into a town, full of narrow and winding passages, in which they were likely to disperse in quest of plunder. I know not if his plan was attended to; I rather think it seemed too hazardous to the constituted authorities, who might not, even at that time, desire to see arms in Highland hands. A steady and powerful west wind settled the matter, by sweeping Paul Jones and his vessels out of the Frith.

If there is anything degrading in this recollection, it is not unpleasant to compare it with those of the last war, when Edinburgh, besides regular forces and militia, furnished a volunteer brigade of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, to the amount of six thousand men and upwards, which was in readiness to meet and repel a force of a far more formidable description, than was commanded by the adventurous American. Time and circumstances change the character of nations, and the fate of cities; and it is some pride to a Scotchman to reflect, that the independent and manly character of a country, willing to intrust its own protection to the arms of its children, after having been obscured for half a century, has, during the course of its own lifetime, recovered its lustre. Other illustrations of Waverley will be found in the Notes at the foot of the pages to which they belong.
To this slight attempt at a sketch of ancient Scottish manners, the public have shown more favor than the Author dared have hoped or expected. He has heard, with a mixture of satisfaction and humility, his work ascribed to more than one respectable name. Considerations, which seem weighty in his particular case, have prevented his raising those gentlemen from suspicion, by placing his own name in the title-page; so that, for the present at least, it must remain uncertain, whether Waverley be the work of a poet or a critic, a lawyer or a clergyman, or whether the writer, to use Mrs. Malsapen’s phrase, be “like Cerberus—three gentlemen at once.” The Author, as he is unconscious of any thing in the work itself (except perhaps its frivolity) which prevents its finding an acknowledged father, leaves it to the censure of the public to choose among the many circumstances peculiar to different situations in life, such as may induce him to suppose his name on the present occasion. He may be a writer new to publication, and unwilling to avow a character to which he is unacquainted; or he may be a hackneyed author, who is sahnamed of too frequent appearance, and employs this mystery, as the heroine of the old comedy used her mask, to attract the attention of those to whom her face had become too familiar. He may be a man of a grave profession, to whom the reputation of being a novel-writer might be prejudicial; or he may be a man of fashion, to whom writing of any kind might appear pedes. He may be too young to assume the character of an author, or so old as to make it advisable to lay it aside.

The Author of Waverley has heard it objected to this novel, that, in the character of Callum Beg, and in the account given by the Baron of Bradwardine of the petty treasons of the Highlanders, upon transgressing properties of property, he has borne hard, and unjustly so, upon their national character. Nothing could be farther from his wish or intention. The character of Callum Beg is that of a spirit naturally turned to daring evil, and determined, by the circumstances of his situation, to a particular species of mischief. Those who have perused the curious Letters from the Highlanders, published about 1728, will find instances of such atrocious characters, with full under the writer’s own observation, though it would be most unjust to consider such villains as representatives of the Highlanders of that period, any more than the murderers of Mert and Williamson can be supposed to represent the English of the present day. As for the plunder supposed to have been picked up by some of the insurgents in 1745, it must be remembered, that although the way of that unfortunate little army was neither marked by devastation nor bloodshed, but, on the contrary, was orderly and quiet in a most wonderful degree, yet no army marches through a country in a hostile manner, without committing some depredations, and several, to the extent, and of the nature, jocularly imputed to them by the Baron, were really laid to the charge of the Highland insurgents; for which many traditions, and particularly one respecting the Knight of the Mirror, may be quoted as good evidence.

A bloody moral narrative of the events of the past, which contains some striking particulars, and is still a great favourite with the lower classes, gives a very correct statement of the behaviour of the essential parties respecting this same military licence; and as the names are little known, and contain some good sense, we venture to insert them.

The Author’s Address to all in General.

Now, gentle readers, I have let you know
My very thoughts, from heart and pen,
’Tis needless for to content
Or yet confound;
For there’s not a word o’I can mean—
So ye must thole.

For on both sides, some were not good;
I saw them mur’ring in cold blood,
Not the gentlemen, but wild and rude;
The lairder sort,
Who to the wounded had no mood
But murr’ning sport;
Even both at Preston and Falkirk,
That fatal night ere it grew dark.
Furcelling the wounded with their dark,

Caused many cry!
Some pity’s own more steady grace and Turk,
As peace to die.

A wo be to such heart zeal,
To smile the wounded on the stall!
It’s just they got such groans in kail,
Who do the same.
It only teaches cruelty real
To them again.

I’ve seen the men call’d Highland Rogues,
With Lowland men make stargs a bottles,
Sop kail and broon, and fling the cogs
Out at the door,
Tutco cocka, hens, sheep, and logs,
And pay ought for.

I saw a Highlander, ’twas right drolly,
With a string of puddings hung on a pole,
Whip’d o’er his shoulder, slipped like a foal,
On and on.

Lap o’er the midden and midden hole,
And aff he ran.

When check’d for this, they’d often tell ye—
Indeed nat’rali’s a teemy belly;
Yon’s no gie’t wanting bough, nor sell me;
Here’ll weel has’t;
Go tell King George, and Trudy’s Willie,
I’ll has a meet.

I saw the soldiers at Linton-strig,
Because the man was not a Whig.
Of meat and drink leave not a skir,
Within his door;
They burn’t his very hat and wair.
And thumly’s him sorr.

And through the Highlands they were so rude,
As leave them neither clothes nor food,
Then burn’t their houses to conclude;
’Twas tit for tat.
How can her nat’rali’ er be good,
To think on that?

And after all, O shame and grief!
To use some worse than mur’ring thret;
Their very gentleman and chief,
Dubhman!:
Like Fopshall torture, I believe,
Such cruelty.

Ever what was act on open stage
At Carlisle, in the hottest rage,
When mercy was clapt in a cage,
And pitty dead,
Such cruelty approved by every age,
Shook my head.

So many to curse, so few to pray,
And some aloud huzzza did cry;
They cursed the Rebel Scots that day,
As they’d been nowt
Brought up for slaughter, as that way
Too many rote.

Therefore, alas! dear countrymen,
O never do the like again,
To thirst for vengeance, never be’en
Your gun nor pa’,
But with the English men borrow and len’,
Let anger fa’.

Their boasts and bullying, not worth a house
As our King’s the best about the house.
’Tis ax good to be sober and doute.
To live in peace
For many, I see, for being o’er crow
Geta broken here.
CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY.

The title of this work has been chosen without the grave and solid deliberation, which matters of importance demand from the prudent. Even its first, or general denomination, was the result of no common research or selection, although, according to the example of my predecessors, I had only to seize upon the most sounding and euphonic surname that English history or topography affords, and elect it at once as the title of my work, and the name of my hero. But alas! what could my readers have expected from the chivalrous epithets of Howard, Mort- daunt, Mortimer, or Stanley, or from the softer and more sentimentally sounds of Belmont, Belville, Bel- field, and Belgrave, but pages of inanity, similar to those which have been so christened for half a century past? I must modestly admit I am too indifferent of my own merit to place it in unnecessary opposition to preconceived associations; I have, therefore, like a maiden knight with his shield, assumed, for my hero, Waverley, an uncontaminated name, bearing with its sound little of good or evil, excepting what the reader shall hereafter be pleased to affix to it. But what beyond the sentimental title was a matter of much more difficult election, since that short as it is, may be held as pleading the author to some special mode of laying his scene, drawing his characters, and managing his adventures. Had I, for example, announced in my frontispiece, "Waverley, a Tale of other Days," must not every novel- reader have anticipated a castle scarce less than that of Udolpho, of which the eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys either lost, or consigned to the care of some aged butler or housekeeper, whose trembling steps, about the middle of the second vo- lume, would choose to guide tale to heroine in the ruins of the precious? Would not the owl have shrieked and the cricket cried in my very title-page, and could it have been possible for me, with a moderate sense of decorum, to introduce any scene more lively than might be produced by the peculiarities of a clownish but faithful valet, or the garbulous narra- tive of the heroine's fille-de-chaume, when re- hearsing the stories of blood and horror which she had heard in the servants' hall? Again, had my ti- tle borne, "Waverley, a Romance from the German," what head so obuse as not to image forth a proli- grate abbot, an oppressive duke, a secret and mysteri- ous association of Rosary and Illuminati, with all their properties of black crows, caverns, daggers, electrical machines, trap-doors, and dark-lanterns? Or if I had rather chosen to call my work a "Sentimental Tale," would it not have been a sufficient presage of a heroine with a profusion ofauburn hair, and a heap, the soft solace of her solitary hours, which she fortunately finds always the means of transporting from castle to cottage, although she her- self is sometimes obliged to jump out of a two-pair- of-stairs window, and is more than once bewildered on her journey, alone and on foot, without any guide, but a bloviy peasant girl, whom she hardly can understand? Or, again, if my Waverley had been entitled "A Tale of the Times," wouldst thou not, gentle reader, have demanded from me a dash- ing sketch of the fashionable world, a few anecdotes of private scandal, thinly veiled, and if lusciously "ainted, so much the better?" a heroine from Greenvor- Square, and a hero from the Bravour Club or the Four-in-Hand, with a set of subordinate characters from the eleganties of Queen Ann Street East, or the dazzling heroes of the Bbow Street Office? I could proceed in proving the importance of a title-page, and displaying at the same time my own intimate knowledge of the particular ingredients necessary to the composition of romances and novels of various descrip- tions: but it is enough, and I scorn to tyrannize longer over the impatience of my reader, who is doubtless already anxious to know the choice made by an author, so profoundly versed in the different branches of his art.

By fixing, then, the date of my story Sixty Years before this present 1st of November, 1805, I would have my readers understand, that they will meet in the following pages neither a romance of chivalry nor a tale of modern manners; that my hero will neither have iron on his shoulders, as of yore, nor on the heels of his boots, as is the present fashion of Bond Street; and that my damsel will neither be clothed in purple and pale, like the Lady Alice of an old ballad, nor reduced to the primitive nakedness of a modern fashionable at a rout. From this my choice of an era the understanding critic may infer the nearer proximity of the incidents of my description of men than manners. A tale of man- ners, to be interesting, must either refer to antiquity so great as to have become venerable, or it must bear a vivid reflection of those scenes which are passing daily before our eyes, and are interesting from their novelty. Thus the coat-of-mail of our ancestors, and the triple-threaded pelisse of our modern beaux, may, though as very different reasons, be equally fit for the array of a fictitious character; but who, meaning the costume of his hero to be impressive, would wil- lingly attire him in the court dress of George the Ste- phen, or the battle-dress of a hero crowned with palm- or pocket-holes? The same may be urged, with equal truth, of the Gothic hall, which, with its darkened and tinted windows, its elevated and gloomy roof, and massive gates all armed with brass and rose- and rosemary, pheasants and peacocks, cranes and cygnet, has an excellent effect in fictitious descrip- tion. Much may also be gained by a lively display of a modern fete, such as we have daily recorded in that part of a newspaper entitled the Mirror of Fas- sion, if we contrast these, or either of them, with the splendid formality of an entertainment given Sixty Years since; and thus it will be readily seen how much the painter of antique or of fashionable manners gains over him who delineates those of the last ger- ration.

Considering the disadvantages inseparable from this part of my subject, I must be understood to have resolved to avoid them as much as possible, by throwing the force of my narrative upon the charac- ters and passions of the actors; those passions common to men in all stages of society, and which have alike agitated the human heart, whether it threwed under the steel corslet of the fifteenth cen- tury, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth, or the blue- frock and white dimity waistcoat of the present day. Upon these passions it is no doubt true that the state...
CHAPTER II.

WAVERLEY-HONOUR.—A RETROSPECT.

It is, then, sixty years since Edward Waverley, the hero of the following pages, took leave of his family, to join the regiment of dragoons in which he had lately served, and go to India. He had just completed the melancholy day at Waverley-Honour when the young officer parted with Sir Everard, the affectionate old uncle to whose title and estate he was presumptive heir.

A difference in political opinions had early separated the Baronet from his younger brother Richard Waverley, the father of our hero. Sir Everard had inherited from his sire the whole train of Tory or High-church predilections and prejudices, which had distinguished the house of Waverley since the Great Civil War. Richard, on the contrary, who was ten years younger, beheld himself born to the fortune of a statesman, and anticipated the same life of magnificent leisure and unlimited entertainment in sustaining the character of Will Wimble. He saw early, that, to succeed in the race of life, it was necessary he should carry as little weight as possible. Painters talk of the difficulty of expressing the existence of compound passions in the same features at the same moment; it would be no less difficult for the moralist to analyze the mixed motives which unite to form the impulse of our actions. Richard Waverley read and satisfied himself from history and sound argument, that, in the words of the old song,

Passive obedience was a jest,
Yet soon would have probably been unable to combat a rise to hereditary prejudices, could Richard's Munro have anticipated that his elder brother, Sir Everard, taking to heart an early disappointment, would have remained a bachelor at seventy-two. The prospect of an accession, however remote, might in that case have led him to endure dragging through the greater part of his life as "Master Richard at the Hall, the bare son's brother," in the hope that ere its conclusion his father's wish, that Edward Waverley, of Waverley-Honour, successor to a princely estate, and to extended political connections as head of the county interest in the shire where it lay. But this was an illusion. The Munros were experienced in Richard's outset, when Sir Everard was in the prime of life, and certain to an acceptable suitor in almost any family, whether wealth or beauty should be the object of his pursuit, and when, indeed, his speedy marriage was a report which regularly amused the neighbourhood once a year. His younger brother saw no practicable road to independence save that of adhering to the trite and stereotyped system of the Congregational creed more consonant both to reason and his own interest than the hereditary faith of Sir Everard in High-church and in the house of Stewart. He therefore refrained from that of Euphrasia from her career, and entered life as an avowed Whig, and friend of the Hanover succession.

The ministry of George the First's time were prudent enough to diminish the phalanx of opposition. The Tory nobility, depending for their reflected lustre upon the sunshine of a court, had for some time been gradually reconciling themselves to the new dynasty. But the wealth by which men essayed to raise their rank, which retained, with much of ancient manners and primitive integrity, a great proportion of obstinate and unyielding prejudice, stood aloof in haughty and sullen opposition, and cast many a look of mingled regret and hope to Bois le Duc, Avignon, and Italy. The accession of the near relation of one of those steady and inflexible opponents was considered as a means of bringing over more converts to the cause. Richard Waverley met with a share of ministerial favour, more than proportioned to his talents or his political importance. It was, however, discovered that he was not the man to effect the design; and the first admittance to the minister's levee being negotiated, his success became rapid. Sir Everard, learned from the public News-Letter, that Richard, the Esquire, was appointed to a seat in the House of Commons. Sir Everard, Esquire, had taken a distinguished part in the debate upon the Excise bill in the support of government; and, lastly, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, had been honoured with a seat at one of those boards, where the pleasure of serving the country is combined with other important gratifications, which is the more acceptable occurrence regularly once a quarter.

Although these events followed each other so closely that the sagacity of the editor of a modern news-paper would have presumed the two last even while he announced the first, yet they came upon Sir Everard gradually, and drop by drop, as it were, distilled through the cool and procrastinating ambly of Drury's Weekly Letter. For it may be observed in passing, that instead of those mail-coaches, by means of which every mechanic at this sixpenny club may nightly learn from twenty contradictory channels the events of the week, Mr. Waverley, the esquire, had been brought, in those days, to Waverley-Honour, a Weekly Intelligencer, which, after it had gratified Sir Everard's curiosity, his sister's, and that of his aged butler, was transferred from the Rectory to the Rectory to Squirr Stubb's at the Grange, from the Squire to the Baronet's steward at his neat white house on the heath, from the steward to the bailiff, and from him to a huge circle of honest dames and gaffers, by whose hand and horned hands it was generally worn to pieces in about a month after its arrival.

This slow succession of intelligence was of some advantage to Richard Waverley in the case before us; for, had the sum total of his enormities reached the ears of Sir Everard at once, there can be no doubt that the friend of the commission would have been resolved to give Richard Waverley, of Waverley-Honour, successor to a princely estate, and to extended political connections as head of the county interest in the shire where it lay. But this was an illusion. The Munros were experienced in Richard's outset, when Sir Everard was in the prime of life, and certain to an acceptable suitor in almost any family, whether wealth or beauty should be the object of his pursuit, and when, indeed, his...
the atrocities laid by Dyce’s Letter to the door of Richard,) and if it had, the marriage of the proprietor might have been fatal to a collateral heir. These variations in the views of Sir Everard, without, however, producing any determined conclusion.

He examined the tree of his genealogy, which, embellished with many an emblematic mark of honour and heroic achievement, hung upon the well-varnished wainscot of his hall. The nearest descendants of Sir Hildebrand Waverley, failing those of his eldest son, were Sir Everard and his brother, of whom the only representative was, as this honoured register informed him, (and, indeed, as he himself well knew,) the Waverleys of Highley Park, com. Hereford, with whom, in the next branch, or rather stock, of the house had renounced all connexion, since the great law-suit in 1679.

This degenerate scion had committed a further offence against the head and source of their gentility, by the intermarriage of their representative with Judith, heiress of Oliver Bradshawe, of Highley Park, whose name, the same with those of Bradshawe the rascal, had gained notoriety with the ancient coat of Waverley. These offences, however, had vanished from Sir Everard’s collection in the heat of his resentment; and had Lawyer Clippercuse, for whom his grace had been too profuse, but a little while earlier, he might have had the benefit of drawing a new settlement of the lordship and manor of Waverley-Honour, with all its dependencies. But an hour of the greatest pride, when his policy employed the weighing the comparative evil of two measures, to neither of which we are internally partial. Lawyer Clippercuse found his patron involved in a deep study, upon which he was respectfully to disturb, otherwise than by producing his paper and leathern ink-case, as prepared to minute his honour’s commands. Even this slight manoeuvre was embarrassing to Sir Everard, who, when he looked at the attorney with some desire to issue his fiat, when the sun, emerging from behind a cloud, poured at once its chequered light through the stained window of the gloomy cabinet in which they were seated. The Baronet’s eye, as he raised it to the splendour, fell right upon the central escutcheon, impressed with the same device which his ancestor was said to have borne in the field of Hastings; three ermines passant, argent, in a field azure, with its appropriate motto, sans tache. "May our name rather perish," exclaimed Sir Everard, "than that ancient and illustrious name be the dishonoured insignia of a traitor’s Roundhead!"

All this was the effect of the glimpse of a sunbeam, just sufficient to light Lawyer Clippercuse to mend his pen, when the Baronet’s mind, as if by a sudden inspiration, was dismissed, with directions to hold himself in readiness in the first summons.

The apparition of Lawyer Clippercuse at the Hall occasioned much speculation in that portion of the world to which Waverley-Honour formed the centre, but the more judicious politicians of this microcosm accorded yet worse consequences to Richard Waverley from a movement which shortly followed his appearance. This was no less than an excursion of the Baronet’s coach-and-six, with four attendants in rich liveries, to make a visit of some duration to a nobleman for whose family and for whom he, by descent, steady Tory principles, and the happy father of six unmarried and accomplished daughters.

Sir Everard’s reception in this family was, as it may be easily conceived, sufficiently favourable; but of the six young ladies, his taste unfortunately determined him in favour of Lady Emily, the youngest, who received his attentions with an embarrassment, which, however, she durst not decline, and that they afforded her any thing but pleasure.

Sir Everard could not but perceive something unconcealed and mortifying in the young lady at the advances he hazarded; but, assured by the prudent Cantine that they were the natural effects of a retired education, the sacrifice might have been completed, as doubtless has happened in many similar instances, had it not been for the courage of an elder sister, who revealed to the wealthy suitor that Lady Emily’s affections were fixed upon the young and modest, but a man of a fortune, Sir Everard manifesting great emotion on receiving this intelligence, which was confirmed to him in a private interview, by the young lady herself, although under the most dreadful apprehensions of her father’s indignation.

Honour and generosity were hereditary attributes of the house of Waverley. With a grace and delicacy worthy the hero of a romance, Sir Everard withdrew his claim to the hand of Lady Emily. He had even, before leaving Blanville Castle, the address to extort from her father a consent to her union with the object of her choice. What arguments he employed in this point cannot exactly be known, for Sir Everard was never supposed strong in the powers of persuasion, but the young officer, immediately after this transaction, rose in the army with a rapidity far surpassing the usual pace of unpatronised professional merit, although, to outward appearance, that was all he had to depend upon.

The shock which Sir Everard encountered upon this occasion, although diminished by the consciousness of having acted virtuously and generously, had its effect upon his future life. His resolution of marriage had been put aside, but a little while before, and the border of courtship did not quite suit the dignified indolence of his habits; he had but just escaped the risk of marrying a woman who could not love him, and losing his pride in the exercise of his emotion of his amours, even if his heart had not suffered.

The result of the whole matter was his return to Waverley-Honour without any transfer of his affections, but shedding the sight and largessements of the fair tell-tale, who had revealed, in mere sisterly affection, the secret of Lady Emily’s attachment, and in despite of the nods, winks, and insinuations of this lady mother, and the gravity of the gipsies which the Earl pronounced successively on the prudence, and good sense, and admirable dispositions, of his first, second, third, fourth, and fifth daughters.

The memory of his unsuccessful amours was with Sir Everard, as with many more of his temper, at once shy, proud, sensitive, and indolent, a beacon against exposing himself to similar mortification, pain, and fruitless exertion, for the time to come. He continued to live at Waverley-Honour in the style of an old English gentleman, of an ancient descent and opulent fortune. His sister, Miss Rachel Waverley, presented to Whig and the placemen, though unable to stimulate him to resume any active measure prejudicial to Richard’s interest, in the succession to the family estate, continued to maintain his world between them. Richard knew enough of the world, and of his brother’s temper, to believe that by any ill-considered or precipitate advances on his part, he might turn his passive dislike into a more active principle. It was accident, therefore, which at length occasioned a renewal of their intercourse. Richard had married a young woman of rank, by whose family interest and connections in the county, he was enabled at his Waverley-Honour and Thoresby to form himself into an old bachelor and an ancient maiden lady, the gentlest and kindest of the votaries of celibacy.

The vehement of Sir Everard’s resentment against his brother, when he returned from his tour, was dismissed, with directions to hold himself in readiness in the first summons.

The apparition of Lawyer Clippercuse at the Hall occasioned much speculation in that portion of the world to which Waverley-Honour formed the centre; but the more judicious politicians of this microcosm accorded yet worse consequences to Richard Waverley from a movement which shortly followed his appearance. This was no less than an excursion of the Baronet’s coach-and-six, with four attendants in rich liveries, to make a visit of some duration to a nobleman for whose family and for whom he, by descent, steady Tory principles, and the happy father of six unmarried and accomplished daughters.

Sir Everard’s reception in this family was, as it may be easily conceived, sufficiently favourable; but of the six young ladies, his taste unfortunately determined him in favour of Lady Emily, the youngest, who received his attentions with an embarrassment, which, however, she durst not decline, and that they afforded her any thing but pleasure.

Sir Everard could not but perceive something unconcealed and mortifying in the young lady at the advances he hazarded; but, assured by the prudent Cantine that they were the natural effects of a retired education, the sacrifice might have been completed, as doubtless has happened in many similar instances, had it not been for the courage of an elder sister, who revealed to the wealthy suitor that Lady Emily’s affections were fixed upon the young and modest, but a man of a fortune, Sir Everard manifesting great emotion on receiving this intelligence, which was confirmed to him in a private interview, by the young lady herself, although under the most dreadful apprehensions of her father’s indignation.

Honour and generosity were hereditary attributes of the house of Waverley. With a grace and delicacy worthy the hero of a romance, Sir Everard withdrew his claim to the hand of Lady Emily. He had even, before leaving Blanville Castle, the address to extort from her father a consent to her union with the object of her choice. What arguments he employed in this point cannot exactly be known, for Sir Everard was never supposed strong in the powers of persuasion, but the young officer, immediately after this transaction, rose in the army with a rapidity far surpassing the usual pace of unpatronised professional merit, although, to outward appearance, that was all he had to depend upon.

The shock which Sir Everard encountered upon this occasion, although diminished by the consciousness of having acted virtuously and generously, had its effect upon his future life. His resolution of marriage had been put aside, but a little while before, and the border of courtship did not quite suit the dignified indolence of his habits; he had but just escaped the risk of marrying a woman who could not love him, and losing his pride in the exercise of his emotion of his amours, even if his heart had not suffered.

The result of the whole matter was his return to Waverley-Honour without any transfer of his affections, but shedding the sight and largessements of the fair tell-tale, who had revealed, in mere sisterly affection, the secret of Lady Emily’s attachment, and in despite of the nods, winks, and insinuations of this lady mother, and the gravity of the gipsies which the Earl pronounced successively on the prudence, and good sense, and admirable dispositions, of his first, second, third, fourth, and fifth daughters.

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of personal property, but he no sooner beheld this family emblem, than he stoutly determined on vindicating his right to the plundered vehicle on which it was displayed. The Baronet arrived while the boy's maid was in vain endeavouring to make him desist from his determination to appropriate the gilded coach and six. The rencontre was at a happy moment for Edward, as his uncle has been just eyeing wistfully, with something of a feeling like envy, the chubby boys of the stout yeoman whose mansion was building by his direction. In the round-faced rosy cheeks before him, bearing his eye and his name, and vindicating a hereditary title to his family, affection, and patronage, by means of a tie which Sir Everard held as sacred as either Garter or Blue-cheater, Providence seemed to have granted him the very object best calculated to fill up the void in his hopes and affections. Sir Everard returned to Waverley-Hall upon a led horse, which was kept in readiness for his while the child and his attendant were sent home in the carriage to Brece-wood Lodge, with such a message as opened to Richard Waverley a door of reconciliation with his elder brother.

Their intercourse, however, though thus renewed, continued to be rather formal and civil, than pertaining of brotherly cordiality; yet it was sufficient to this first impression of the owner obtained, of the frequent society of his little nephew, something on which his hereditary pride might have found the anticipated pleasure of a continuation of his linage, and whose example would afford the means of the same time fully exercise themselves. For Richard Waverley, he beheld in the growing attachment between the uncle and nephew the means of securing his son's, if in little Edward, an additional portion of that love and esteem which he felt would be rather endangered than protected by any attempt on his own part towards a closer intimacy with a man of Sir Everard's habits and pursuits.

Thus, by a sort of tacit compromise, little Edward was permitted to pass the greater part of the year at the Hall, and appeared to stand in the same intimate relation to both families, although their mutual intercourse was otherwise most infrequent, and more formal visits. The education of the youth was regulated alternately by the taste and opinions of his uncle and of his father. But more of this in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION.

This education of our hero, Edward Waverley, was of a nature somewhat desultory. In infancy, his nurses had been employed, in successive years, by different persons, and in several different parts of the country, and a very considerable share of his time was occupied in attending their visits. In his early education, he was allowed to follow his inclinations, and to pursue the studies of which he was most fond. He was a diligent reader, and soon acquired a facility in writing, and was fond of music. He was also a good scholar, and soon became proficient in the use of the globe, and in the study of natural history. He was, however, old and indulgent, and the recurring interregnum, during which Edward was entirely freed from his discipline, occasioned such a relaxation of authority, that the youth was permitted, in a great measure, to learn as he pleased, and to be guided by his own inclinations, and by the care of his preceptor was to prevent him, as a sportsman would phrase it, from overrunning his game, or exceeding the bounds of his master and of his master's master. And the severe instructor had to combat another propensity too often united with brilliancy of fancy and vivacity of talent, that indolence, namely, of disposition, which can only be subdued by the strength of gratification and which renounces study as soon as curiosity is gratified, the pleasure of conquering the first difficulties exhausted, and the novelty of pursuit at an end. Edward Waverley, as the son of an author, was, by the laws of classical authors by which his preceptor proposed the perusal, make himself master of the style so far as to understand the story, and, if pleased or interested him, to be able to attempt fixing his attention on critical distinctions of phrasing, upon the difference of idiom, the beauty of felicitous expression, or the artificial combinations of syntax; in short, to be a skilful and an accurate workman, said young Edward, with the self-confidence and rash reasoning of fifteen, "and Scenler or Bentley could not do much more." Also, while he was thus permitted to lead only for the amusement, he foresaw not that he was losing for ever the opportunity of acquiring habits of firm and assiduous application, of gaining the art of controlling himself, while cultivating the mind of his mind for earnest investigations—an art far more necessary than even that intimate acquaintance with classical learning which is the primary object of study. I am aware I may be here reminded of the necessity of restraining instruction agreeable to youth, and of Tasso's infusion of honey into the medicine prepared for a child; but an age in which children are taught the driest doctrines by the infusant method of instructive recreation, has little reason to complain of the consequences of study being rendered too serious or severe. The history of England is now reduced to a game at cards—the troubles of mathematicians to puzzles and riddles. By all means, let them be as assured, be sufficiently acquired, by spending a few hours a week at a new and complicated edition of the Royal Game of the Goose. There wants but one step further, and the Creed and Ten Commandments may be taught in the same manner, without the necessity of the grave face, deliberate tone of recital, and devout attention hitherto exacted from the well-governed children of this realm. It may, in the meantime, be subject of serious consideration, whether those who are accustomed only to acquire instruction through the medium of amusement, may not be brought to seek that which is not in the spirit of study, whether those who learn history by the cards, may not be led to prefer the means to the end and whether we are to teach religion in the old way of respectability, and with the help of a law to afford him amusement, the indulgence of his tutors was attended with evil consequences, which long continued to influence his character, happiness, and utility.

Edward's power of imagination and love of literature, although the former was vivid, and the latter ardent, were so far from affording a remedy to this peculiar evil, that they relaxed, subsided, and increased
violence. The library at Waverley-Honour, a large Gothic room, with double arches and a gallery, contained such a miscellaneous and extensive collection of volumes as had never been assembled together, during the course of two hundred years, by a family which had always been wealthy, and inclined, of course, as a mark of splendour, to furnish it with books. It was filled with the current literature of the day, without much scrutiny, or nicety of discrimination. Throughout this ampliarium Edward was permitted to roam at large. His tutor had made the same rules of conduct and political and controversial divinity, together with a love of learned ease, though they did not withdraw his attention at stated times from the progress of his patron's proselytes. The result was, though he was severe at any apology for not extending a strict and regulated survey towards his general studies. Sir Everard had never been himself a student, and, like his sister, Miss Rachel Waverley, held the common doctrine, that idleness is incompatible with reading of any kind, and that the more tracing the alphabetical characters with the eyes, is in itself a useful and meritorious task, without scrupulously considering what ideas or doctrines they may happen to convey. With a desire of amusement, therefore, which better discipline might soon have converted into a thirst for knowledge, you read with eager contemplation of books, like a vessel without a pilot or a rudder. Nothing perhaps increases by indulgence more than a desultory habit of reading, especially under such opportunities of gratification as a time of recreation, which had so many instances of occlusion among the lower ranks was, that, with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion, and it is necessary to make himself master of the few he possesses so he can acquire more. Edward, on the contrary, like the epicure who only deigned to take a single morsel from the sunny side of a crop, with a view to the future, ceased to excite his curiosity or interest; and it necessarily happened, that the habit of seeking only this sort of gratification rendered it daily more difficult of attainment, till the passion for reading, like other strong appetites, produced by indulgence a sort of satiety.

Ere his attained this indifference, however, he had read, and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious, though ill-arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature he was master of Shakespeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many parts of old historical chronicles, and was particularly well acquainted with Spencer, Drayton, and other poets, who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction. Of all the works of French writers, Edward had, in youthful imagination, before the passions have rooted themselves, and demand poetry of a more sentimental description. In this respect his acquaintance with Italian opened him yet a wider range. He had purchased the numerous romantic poems, which, from the days of Pufte, have been a favourite exercise of the wits of Italy, and had sought gratification in the numerous collections of nozze, which were brought forth by the genius of that elegant though luxurious nation, in emulation of the Decameron. In classical literature, Waverley had made the usual progress, and read the chief authors. Idealism and the French had afforded him an almost inexhaustible collection of memoirs, scarcely more faithful than romances, and of romances so well written as hardly to be distinguished from memoirs. Thus the splendid pages of Proserpina, with his heart-stirring and eye-dazzling descriptions of war and of tournaments, were among his chief favourites; and from those of Bontemps and De la Noe he learned. A still more constant and superstitious character of the nobles of the League, with the stern, rigid, and sometimes turbulent disposition of the Huguenot party. The Spanish had contributed to his acquirement of knowledge. The vast literature of the northern nations did not escape the study of one who read rather to awaken the imagination than to benefit the understanding. And yet knowledge was new, Edward Waverley might justly be considered as ignorant since he knew little of what adds dignity to man, and qualifies him to support and adorn an elevated situation in society.

The occasional attention of his parents might indeed have been of service, to prevent the dissipation of mind incidental to such a desultory course of reading. But the reconciliation between the brothers, and Richard Waverley himself, who, after this event, rested more constantly in London, was too much interested in his own plans of wealth and ambition, to notice more respecting Edward, than that he was of a very bookish turn, and probably destined to be a bishop. If he could have discovered and analyzed his son's waking dreams, he would have formed a very different conclusion.

CHAPTER IV.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

I have already hinted, that the dainty, quaintish, and fastidious tie acquired by a surfeit of idle reading, had not only rendered our hero unfit for serious and sober study, but had even disgusted him in some degree with that in which he had hitherto indulged. He was in his sixteenth year, when his habits of reading began to diminish. There was a marked, as to excite Sir Everard's sniffing appreciation. He tried to counterbalance these propensities, by enacting his nephew in field-sports, and giving him a fruitful time of it. But although Edward eagerly carried the run for one season, yet when practice had given him some dexterity, the pastime ceased to afford him amusement.

In the succeeding spring, the perusal of the new Isaac Walton's fascinating volume determined Edward to become 'a brother of the angling.' But of all diversions which were fitted for the exercise of idleness, fishing was the worst qualified to amuse a man who is at once indolent and impatient; and our hero's rod was speedily flung aside. Society and example, which, more than any other motives, master and sway the natural bent of our passions, might have had their usual effect upon the youthful visionary. But the neighbourhood was thinly inhabited, and the home-bred young squire whom it afforded, were not of a class fit to form Edward's usual companions, far less to excite him to emulation in the practice of those pastimes which composed the serious business of their society.

There were a few other youths of better education, and a more liberal character, but from their society also our hero was in some degree excluded. Sir Eve-

There were a few other youths of better education, and a more liberal character, but from their society also our hero was in some degree excluded. Sir Everard would scarcely have permitted his young friend to sit in Parliament, and, as his age increased, and the number of his contemporaries diminished, had gradually withdrawn himself from society; so that when, upon any particular occasion, Edward managed well, accomplished and well-educated young men of his own rank and expectations, he felt an inferiority in their company, not so much from deficiency of information, as from the want of the skill to command and to arrange that which he possessed. A deep and increasing sensibility added to this dislike of society. The idea of having committed the slightest solecism in social intercourse, whether real or imaginary, was agony to him; for perhaps even guilt itself does not impose upon some minds so keen a sense of shame and remorse, as a modest, sensitive, and inexperienced youth feels from the consciousness of having neglected etiquette, or excited ridicule. Where we are not at ease, we cannot be happy; and therefore it is not surprising, that Edward Waverley supposed that he displeased and frightened all about him. He had not yet acquired the habit of living in it with ease and comfort, and of reciprocally giving and receiving pleasure.

The hours he spent with his uncle and aunt were exhausted in listening to the oft-repeated tale of narrative old age. Yet even there his imagination, the predominant faculty of his mind, was frequently excited. Family traditions, so many of which were based upon which much of Sir Everard's knowledge.
is the very reverse of amber, which, itself a valuable substance, usually includes flies, straw, and other trifles, and when it is put to use and found itself with itself, is insignificant and trifling. It was never intended to serve to perpetuate a great deal of what is rare and valuable in ancient manners, and to record many curious and interesting facts. The bees, being wise and reserved, have conveyed through no other medium. If, therefore, Edward Waerley yawned at times over the dry deduction of his line of ancestors, with their various infor- mation and indirectly depriving the remorseless and protracted accuracy with which the worthy Sir Everard rehearsed the various degrees of propriety between the house of Waerley and the house of Waerley, and for whom a little girl scowled at his being the less and more protracted, he sometimes cursed in his heart the jargon of heraldry, its gruffness, its mold- warpa, its wavern, and its dragons, with all the bitterness of Hotspur himself, there were moments when these communications interested his fancy and rewarded his attention.

The deeds of Wibert of Waerley in the Holy Land, his long absence and perilous adventures, his supposed death, and his return on the evening when the betrothed of his heart had waded the hero who had somehow or other come into his possession during his absence; the generosity with which the Crusader relinquished his claims, and sought in a neighbouring cloister that peace which passed not away;—to these things would have been as welcome as the dew fell on his head and his eye glistened. Nor was he less affected, when his aunt, Mrs. Rachel, narrated the sufferings and fortune of Lady Alice Waverley during the Crusades. The solemn and benevolent features of the venerable spinsterkindled into more majestic expression, as she told how Charles had, after the battle of Muret, found a day's refuge at Waverley-Honour, and how, with the poor clove of cavaliere were attempting to search the mansion, Lady Alice dismissed her youngest son with a handful of domestics, charging them to make good with their lives an hour's diversion, that the king might have that space for escape. "And, God help her," would Mrs. Rachel continue, fixing her eyes upon the heroine's portrait as she spoke, "full dearly did she purchase the safety of her prince with the life of her darling child. They brought him in his prison, mortally wounded; and you may trace the drops of his blood from the great hall door alone the little gallery, and up to the saloon, where they would have been traced to the king's feet. But there was comfort exchanged between them; for he knew, from the glance of her mother's eye, that the purpose of her desperate defence was attained. Ah! I remember it well. I was there. I remember the sound of her voice, and the look upon her face. I remember that one who knew and loved her. Miss Lucy St. Aunbin lived and died a maid for his sake, though one of the most beautiful and wealthy matches in the country; all the world ran after her, but she wore widow's mourning all her life for poor William, for they were betrothed though not married, and died in.

I cannot think of the date; but I remember, in the November of that very year, when she found her- self sinking, she desired to be brought to Waverley —Honour once more, and visited all the places where she had been with her grand-uncle, and caused the expector to be raised that she might trace the impression of his blood, and if tears could have washed it out, it had not been there now; for there was not a dry eye in the house. You would have thought, Ed- ward, that the very trees mourned for her, for their leaves dropt around her without a gust of wind; and, indeed, she looked like one that would never see them again.

From such legends our hero would steal away to indulge the fancies they excited. In the corner of the large and sombre Library, with no other light than the moonlight from the ceiling, the great and fantastic forms of the real lord, as he stood in his pilgrim's weeds, an unnoticed spectator of the festivities of his supposed heir and intended bride; the electric shock occasioned by the discovery; the springing of the vassals to arms; the astonishment of the lord; the terror and confusion of the bride; the agony with which Willibert observed, that her heart as well as her outward extremities were in the air of dignity, yet of deep feeling, with which he hung down the half-drawn sword, and turned away far ever from the house of his ancestors. Then would be change the scene, and fancy would at his wish represent Aunt Rachel's tragedy. He saw the Lady Waverley seated in her bower, her ear strained to every sound, her heart throbbling with double agony, now listening to the decaying echo of the hoof of the king's horse, and when that had died away, hearing in every breath that shook the trees of the park, the noise of the remote skirmish. A distant sound is heard, it is the sound of horses. Edward looks out of the window. The horse is nearer, and Edward can plainly distinguish the galloping of horses, the cries and shouts of men, with struggling palm-shots between, rolling forwards to the Hall. "And God help her," says Edward, "and in this solemn crusade in—why pursue such a description!"

As living in this ideal world became daily more delectable to our hero, interruption was disagreeable in proportion. The extensive domain that surrounded the Hall, which, far exceeding the dimensions of a park, was usually termed Waverley-Chase, had originally been forest ground, and still, though broken by extensive dales and by the meadow land, preserved its wild and savage character. It was traversed by broad avenues, in many places half grown up with brushwood, where the beauties of former days used to take their stand to see the stag coursed with greyhounds, or to gain an aim at him with the cross-bow. In one spot, distinguished by a moss-grown Gothic monument, which retained the name of Queen's Standing, Elizabeth herself was said to have pierced seven bucks with her own arrows. This was a very favourite haunt of Waverley. At other times, with his gun and his spaniel, which served as a trap, and a satchel in his pocket, which perhaps served as an apology to him self, he used to pursue one of these long avenues, which, after an ascending sweep of four miles, gradu- ally narrows into a strait path, often lost in the cliffs and wooded pass called Mirkwood Dingle, and opened suddenly upon a deep, dark, and small lake, named, from the same cause, Mirkwood-Mere. There stood, in former times, a solitary tower, built of rock almost surrounded by the water, which had acquired the name of the Strength of Waverley, because, in perilous times, it had often been the refuge of the family. There, in the wars of York and Lancaster, the last adherents of the Red Rose who dared to maintain her cause, carried on a harassing and predatory warfare, till the stronghold was reduced by the celebrated Richard of Gloucester. Here, too, in the long campaigns of cavaliers long maintained themselves under Nigel Waverley, elder brother of that William whose fate Aunt Rachel commemorated. Through those scenes it was that Edward loved to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and, like a child among his toys, culled and arranged, from the splendid yet useless imagery and emblems with which his imagination was stored, yokes, vases, and an emblem on an evening sky. The effect of this indulgence upon his temper and character will appear in the next chapter.
Aunt Rachel's anxiety, however, lent her address to carry her motives. Her son's conduct appeared so strange that his house had visited foreign parts or served his country in the army, before he settled for life at Waverley Honour, and she appealed for the truth of her assertion to the general public. Sir Edward was never a public man. In short, a proposal was made to Mr. Richard Waverley, that his son should travel, under the direction of his present tutor, Mr. Pembroke, who had the prudent advice of the Baronet, and the latter himself saw no objection to this enterprise; but in mentioning it casually at the table of the inn, the fact soon broke. The reason was explained in private. A miser, who had been a relative of Sir Edward, left an immense fortune, which had been invested in such usufructs as to make seven suitors for the widow. In the last instance, it was concluded that a gentleman of some property and in the line of the family should have the preference by his intransigence. What might Mr. Edward Waverley's society be at Paris, what at Rome, where all manner of stories were spread by the Preceptor and his sons? These were points for Mr. Waverley to consider. This he could perhaps say, that he knew nothing on the subject of the suitor, of the young Waverley's fortune, or of the suitors for the widow. A letter was written, and an answer sent to the Baronet, which closed the matter.
push their vengeance farther than against those unfortunate gentlemen who actually took up arms.

Nor the defence of so many personal consequences seem to correspond with the report spread among his white neighbours. It was very well known that he had supplied with money several of the disaffected inhabitants of the district, who, after being made prisoners at Preston in Lancashire, were imprisoned in Newgate and the Marshalsea, and it was his skill and ordinary counsel who conducted the defence of so many unfortunate gentlemen at their trial. It was generally supposed, however, that, had ministers possessed any real proof of Sir Everard's accession to the rebellion, he either would not have been ventured thus to disturb the existing government, or at least would not have done so with impunity. The feelings which then dictated his proceedings were those of a young man, and at an exciting period. Since that time, Sir Everard's Jacobinism had been gradually decaying, like a fire which burns out for want of fuel. His Tory and Highchurch principles were kept up by some occasional exactions at elections and quarter-assessments; but those respecting legitimacy were fallen into a sort of abeyance. Yet it appeared severely upon his feelings, that his nephew should go into the army under the Brunswickers, and that, notwithstanding his high and conscientious ideas of paternal authority, it was impossible, or at least highly imprudent, to interfere authoritatively to prevent it. This superseded his exertion to many civil petitions, which were placed to the account of the ineptitude of a gout, until, having sent for the Army last, the worthy Baronet consigned himself with reckoning the descendants of the house of Waverley, Arundel, Granville, and Stanley, whose names were to be found in that military record; and, calling upon all his factions of family grandeur and warfare, he could not be said to have done anything like Falstaff, when that he was arm in hand, although he was shame to be on any side but one, it were worse shame to lose than to be on the worst side, though blacker than surprise, to be made the tool of a fortune; to the only age. His scheme had not exactly translated according to her wishes, but she was under the necessity of submitting to circumstances; and her mortification was diversified by the employment she found in fitting out her nephew for the campaign, and greatly consul by the prospect of beholding him blaze in complete uniform.

Edward Waverley himself received with animation and understanding to suppress this most unexpected intelligence. It was, as a fine old poet expresses it, "like a fire to heat sober," that covers a solitary hill with smoke, and illuminates it at the same time with dusky flame. I would say, he heard, he saw, and understood the nower of the formation of Cecilia's eyes; which he appeared to have composed under the influence of the aching for love occasioned by this sudden piece being turned up to him in the book of life. The doctor, who was a believer in all poetry which was composed by his friends, and written out in fair straight lines, with a capital at the beginning of each, communicated this treasure to Aunt Rachel, who, with her spectacles dimmed with tears, transferred them to her common-place book, among choice receipts for confectionary and medicine, and letters and parts from High-church divines, and a few verses, amatory and jocose, which she had collected in her younger days, from whom her nephew's poetical talent was extracted when the volume itself, with other authentic records of the Waverley family, were exposed to the inspection of the unworthy editor of this untimely history. If they afford the reader no hint of the history, they were at least, betterwise, some narrative of any kind, to acquaint him with the wild and irregular spirit of our hero:

Late, when the Autumn evening fell on Monk's Mount, and the moon shone dimly, the garden, in shadow, the parterre clad, the golden beams, the walls of the moist, the hand and heart, lay far and cold; the wind turned dark and lower, with despairing true, with fair flower, Waverley, to the mind of the baroness of Vale, nor the Gnome of the Lake. He laboured at the coming of the sun, and did not once at the cottage, in the garden, lie with his panoply: Thus the wind and water turned, and the sun did not make his enemy. Fare, they knew how black and described, and the forms of some in thunder would soon, she would have done so; And to the shore in tumult too. The realm of flax was lost, And you, with a stern delight and strength, I saw the crouching change. As he with a wind with wave and wood, And the sand tower stood, And I felt my heart more strongly bound, Responsive to the last sound. While, going in the morning, I saw, that that tranquil scene was, On the idle dreams of youth, And so I'm in the trumpet call of truth, And in the fair vision pass away. And land to the lake that far, As that which feed the autumn pulse. For I send to every heart, to be, in such a form that filled by, White dreams of love and a heart's change, All was made to mould and to arms.

In other places, as perhaps the reverse is less decisively the thought of Miss Cecilia's, who passed from Captain Waverley's heart amid the tumult which his new destinies excited. She appeared, indeed, indistinctly in her father's pew upon the Saturday, when he attened service for the last time at the old parish church, upon which occasion, at the request of his uncle and Aunt Rachel, he was induced (nothing less, if the truth must be told) to present himself in the church vestry. There is no better antidote against dull training than a high opinion of others, than having an excellent one of ourselves at the same time. Miss Stubbs was made for the rank and place in society, and was introduced among the young officers of dragoons, who wore, for the first time, his gold-laced hat, jack-boots, and broadsword. I know not whether, like the champion of an old ballad,

His heart was all on honour bent, No lady in the land had power His frozen heart to move; or whether the deep and flaming bars of embroidered black against the light of the sun, which I did, when the wind blew, flashed and shaded Cecilia's eyes; but every arrow was launched in his own vein.

Yet did I mark where Cupid's shaft did light; It glittered not on little western flower. But at bold yeoman, flower of all the west, Hight Jonas Colberfield, the steward's son.

Craving pardon for my heroics, (which I am unable in certain cases to resist giving way to,) it is a melancholy fact, that my history must here take leave of the fair Cecilia, who, like many a daughter of Eve, after the departure of Edward, and the dissolution of certain effects, was left in ignorance as to the real name, and adopted, quietly consigned herself with a kiss and a kiss and a kiss, to the care of Jonas, son of the Baronet's steward, and heir (in unfruitful prospect) to the estate and title: so that the whole probability of succeeding to his father's office. All these advantages moved Squire Stubbs, as much as the ruby bowl and many form of the suit influenced his daughter's heart, to abandon the article of their gentry; and so the match was concluded. None seemed more gratified than Aunt Rachel, who had with due looked rather askance upon the presumptuous damsel. She was not set, but (as she would permit,) but who, on the first appearance of the new-married pair at church, honoured the bride with a smile and a profound courtesy, in presence of the priest, the clerk, and all the congregation of the united parishes of Waverley and Beverley.
CHAPTER VI.

The Address of Waverley.

It was upon the evening of this memorable Sunday that Sir Everard entered the library, where he narrowly missed surprising our young hero as he went through the gait of the gay cavalier, with the ancient weapon of old Sir Hildebrand, which, being preserved as an heirloom, usually hung over the chimney in the library, beneath a picture of the knight, whose portrait was entirely hidden by the knave’s profession of curdled hair, and the Bucephalus which he bestrided concealed by the voluminous robes of the Bath with which he was decorated. Sir Everard entered, and after a glance at the picture and another at his nephew, began a little speech, which, however, soon dropped into the natural simplicity of his common manner, agitated upon the present occasion by no common feeling.

“Nephew,” he said; “as you may have heard, my dear Edward, it is God’s will, and also the will of your father, whom, under God, it is your duty to obey, that you should leave us to take up the profession of arms, in which many of your ancestors have been distinguished. I have made such arrangements as will enable you to take the field as their descendant, and as the successor of the house of Waverley. In the field of battle, you will remember what name you bear. And, Edward, my dear boy, remember also that you are the last of that race, and the only hope of its revival depends upon you; therefore, as far as my power and influence permit, avoid danger—mean unnecessary danger—and keep no company with rakes, gamblers, and Whigs, of whom it is to be feared, are but too many in the service into which you are gone. Your colonel, as I am informed, is an excellent man—for a Presbyterian; but you will remember your duty to God, the Church of Scotland, and the country; be on your guard, and be prepared, to the utmost of your power, for his campaign. Two were black, (the regimental colour,) superb chargers both; the other three were stout active hacks, designed for the road, or for his domestics, of whom two were to attend him from the Hall; an additional groom, if necessary, might be picked up in Scotland.

“You will depart with but a small retinue,” quoth the Baron, “provided, and indeed, counsels to Sir Hildebrand, who mustered before the gate of the Hall a larger body of horse than your whole regiment consists of. I could have wished that these twenty young fellows from every estate and every noble family in Scotland, should march with you on your journey to Scotland. It would have been something, at least; but I am told their attendance would be thought unusual in these days, when every new and foolish fashion is introduced to break the natural dependence of the people upon their landlords.”

Sir Everard had done his best to correct this unnatural disposition of the time; for he had hardened the chain of attachment between the recruits and their young captain, not only by a copious repast of beef and ale, by way of parting feast, but by such speeches as made him incline to each individual rather to improve the conviviality than the discipline of their march. After inspecting the cavalry, Sir Everard again conducted his nephew to the library, where the production of a box of fine tobacco, a little stripe of flax-silk, according to ancient form, and sealed with an accurate impression of the Waverley coat-of-arms. It was addressed, with great formality, to the Hon. Sir John Comyn Bradwardine, 3rd of Bradwardine, at his principal mansion of Tully-Veolan, in Pembrokeshire, North Britain. These—by the hand of Captain Edward Waverley, nephew of Sir Everard, 3rd of Waverley, of Waverley Castle—were despatched.

The gentleman to whom this enormous gift was addressed, of whom we shall have more to say in the sequel, had been in arms for the exiled family of Stuart, by whom he was distantly carried in the womb of his mother at Preston in Lancashire. He was of a very ancient family, and somewhat embarrassed fortune; a scholar, according to the scholarship of Scotmam, that he had been a milk-bottle instead of a cradle, and that he was rather more of a grammarian. Of his zeal for the classic authors he is said to have given an uncommon instance. On the road between Preston and London he made his escape from his pursuers, but being afterwards found lurking about the place where they had lodged the former night, he was recognised, and again arrested. His companions, and even his sword, were surprised at his infatuation, and could not make him believe his liberty; he had not made the best of his way to a place to which he applied; that he had intended to do so, in good faith, he acknowledged, and in his Titus Livius, which he had forgotten in the hurry of his escape. The simplicity of this anecdote struck the gentleman, who, as we before observed, had managed the defence of some persons, as he beheld Sir Everard, and perhaps some others of the party. He was, besides, himself a special admirer of the old Patavini, and thought probably his own zeal might not have carried him much extravagance length; even he recovered the edition of Swenheim and Pannartz, (supposed to be the princes,) he did not less the estimation of the North Briton, and in consequence exerted himself to see much purpose to remove, and soften evidence, detect legal flaws, et cetera, that he accomplished the final discharge and delivery of Cosmo Comyn Bradwardine from certain very awkward consequences of a place before our sovereign lord the king in Westminster.

The Baron of Bradwardine, for he was generally so called in Scotland, (although his intimates, from this place, used to denominate him Tully-Veolan, or, more familiarly, Tully,) no sooner stood rectus in curia, than he posted down to pay his respects.
AVERLEY. [CHAP. VI.

pects and make his acknowledgments at Waverley-Honour. A congenial passion for field-sports, and a great love for the,republican and social intercourse, cemented his friendship with Sir Everard, notwithstanding the difference of their habits and studies in other particulars; and, having spent several weeks at Waverley-Honour, he found the sports and pastimes, with the fresh expression of regard, warmly pressing the Baronet to return his visit, and partake of the diversion of grouse-shooting upon his moors in Perthshire next season. Shortly after, Mr. Bradwardine remitted from Scotland a sum in reimbursement of expenses incurred in the King's High Court of Westminster, which, although not quite so formidable when reduced to the English denomination, amounted to two hundred pounds, shillings, and pence, such a formidable effect upon the finances of Duncan Macweehie, the laird's confidential factor, baron-bailie, and man of resource, that he had a fit of the cholic which lasted for five days, occasioned, he said, solely and utterly by becoming the unhappy instrument of conveying such a serious sum of money out of his native country into the hands of the false English. But patriotism, as it is the fairest, so it is often the most suspicious mask of other feelings; and many who knew Bailie Macweehie, concluded that his professions of regret were mere hypocrisy, and he had grudged the money paid to the Ionos at Westminster much less had they not come from Bradwardine estate, a fund which he considered as more particularly his own. So the Bailie protested he was absolutely disinterested—

"Wo, wo, for Scotland, not a whit for me!"

The laird was only rejoiced that his worthy friend, Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, was reimbursed of the expenditure which he had outlaid on account of the house of Bradwardine. It concerned, he said, not only his own family, but also the inhabitants of Scotland at large, that these disbursements should be repaid forthwith, and, if delayed, it would be a matter of national reproach. Sir Everard, accustomed to treat much larger sums with indifference, received the remittance of 294 l. 13s. 6d., without being aware that the payment was an international concern, and, indeed, would probably have forgotten the circumstance altogether, if Bailie Macweehie had not thought of comforting his choly by intercepting the subsidy. A yearly intercourse took place, a letter, and a hamper or a cask or two, between Waverley-Honour and Bradwardine; consisting of mighty cheeses and mutton, pleasant, and venison, and the Scottish returns being vested in goose, white hares, pickled salmon, and unripe turnips, and received, as pledges of constant friendship and amity between two important houses. It followed as a matter of course, that the heir-apparent of Waverley-Honour could not with propriety visit Scotland without being furnished with credentials to the Baron of Bradwardine.

When this matter was explained and settled, Mr. Pembroke expressed his wish to take a private and particular leave of his dear pupil. The good man's exhortations to Edward to preserve an unblemished life and morals, to hold fast the principles of the Christian religion, and to eschew the profane ordinances of many of scoffers and lattitudinarians, too much abounding in the army, were not unmingled with his political prejudices. It had pleased Heaven, he said, to place Scotland (doubtless for the sins of her ancestors in 1642) in a more deplorable state of darkness than even this unhappy kingdom of England. Here, at least, although the candlestick of the Church of England was quenched in some degree, the lamp of that place, it yet afforded a glimmering light; there was a hierarchy; church scholastics, and from the principles maintained by those great fathers of the church, many of the more religious and de-
CHAPTER VII.

A HORSE-QUARTER IN SCOTLAND.

The next day Mr. Pembroke again called on the publisher, but found Tom Albio's advice had determined him. "Not what I would go to—(what was I going to say?) to the Plantations for the church with—please—but, dear doctor, I have a wife and family; but, to show a little of that Robespierre spirit, that Spanishull was to be weighed and sold for出境, as a voyage in a western barge would not inconvenience him."

But Mr. Trimmed was also obdurate, and the man's destiny, unfortunately pernicious for himself, was compelled to return to Waverley-Honour with his treatise in vindication of the real fundamental principles of church and state safely packed in his saddle-bags.

As the public were thus likely to be deprived of the benefit arising from his lucubrations by the selfish cowardice of the traite, Mr. Pembroke resolved to lend impression, that he was now in a great measure for the use of his pupil. He felt that he had been indiscreet as a tutor, and, besides, his conscience checked him for complying with the request of Mr. Richard Vale, as a pledge of his regard for Edward's mind inconsistent with the present settlement in church and state. But now, through, thought he, I may, without breach of my word, since he is no longer a child, tell him the method of judging for himself, and have only to dread his proffers for so long concealing the light which the person will flash upon his mind. While he thus indulged himself an author and a politician, his literary prose, laying open the whole system of the tract, and appalled by the bulk and compact lines of the manuscript, counselled them to a corner of the trivelling room. And Rachel's farewell was brief and affectionate. She only cautioned her dear Edward, whom she probably deemed somewhat susceptible, against the fascinations of Scottish beauty. She allowed that the nameless, speechless part of the island contained some families, but they were all Whigs and Presbyterians except the Highlanders; and respecting them she must needs say, there could be no great delicacy among the ladies, where the gentleman is, as in duty bound, as she had been assured, to say the least, very singular, and not at all decorous. She concluded her farewell with a kind and moving benediction, and gave the young officer, as a pledge of her regard, a valuable diamond ring, (often worn by the male sex at that time,) and a purse of broad gold pieces, which also were more common Sixties years since than they have been of late.
discovering the various partial movements necessary to execute a particular evolution; and why his manner of inciting them to such mimic rules and his method of discipline had been so mild and gentle, because he had made an indifferent subservient he was, that the vague and unsatisfactory conduct of the corps which he had formed, worked upon a temper naturally retir’d and abstracted, had given him that wavering and unsteady habit of mind, which is most adverse to study and resoluted attention. These were the reasons which made his hand and head rapid. The gentry of the neighbourhood were disgusted, and showed little hospitality to the military guests; and the people of the town, chiefly ensnared in mercantile pursuits, were not as Waverley chose to associate with. The arrival of summer, and a curiosity to know something more of Scotland than he could see in a rude, from his quarters, determined him to request leave of absence for a few weeks. He resolved first to visit his uncle’s ancient friend and correspondent, with the purpose of extending or shortening the time of his residence according to circumstances. He travelled of course on horseback, and with a single servant, who had first procured him a miserably inn, where the landlady had neither shoes nor stockings, and the landlord, who called himself a squire, was disposed to be rude to his guest, because he had not paid his bill in money, with a care to superintend the next day, traversing an open and uninhabited country. Edward gradually approached the Highlands of Perthshire, which at first appeared a blue outline in the distance, but which he afterwards descried the summit of Ben Lawers, and, if easy-hair’d old could be inught before, there had dwelt his ancestors, with all their inheritances, since the days of the gracious King Duncan.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SCOTTISH MANOR-HOUSE SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

It was about noon when Captain Waverley entered the straggling village, or rather hamlet, of Tully-Veolan, close to which was situated the mansion of the proprietor. The houses seemed miserable in the extreme, and formed the curiously picturesque scene of cottage and manor, which formed distance on the more level country that lay beneath them. Near the bottom of this stupendous barrier, still in the Lowland country, he descried the summit of Ben Lawers, and, if easy-hair’d old could be inught before, there had dwelt his ancestors, with all their inheritances, since the days of the gracious King Duncan.

*The courtesy of an invitation to partake a traveller’s meal, at the hospitable house of the lower door which was given to the guest called for, was expected by certain old landlords in Scotland even in the youth of the author. It was not so in Edinburgh, where the habit of dogs and the hospitality of the country, and was probably a little of a humbug in the Bo’ness. The revolution of the whole eating house was upon the poor administrator, was very common among the Scotch Barons. There was a man of this nature, in the city of Edinburgh, a certain man of good family, who was esteemed, in order to earn a livelihood, to become the ‘broom keeper’ of a coffee-house; one of the many that have been kept by the same hands in the Scotch metropolis. Eventually, it was entirely managed by the candle maker, and he was not even allowed to make use of himself with field Stealth, without troubling his head about the matter. Thereupon a dance the premises having taken fire, the landlord, balconied, and the destination of the same was not, as on the following occasion:—

A tall Campbell, as Tully-Veolan, Sixty Years since,” kept the principal chanistry at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the house to rescue under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three or four of the people, who, it is said, were in the house, and, in their distress, rushed from the inside of the house and, in passing, none of the renowned party were reckoned power. The man who was in the house, his pride and hero, asked Mrs. Buchanan whether she ever had had such a party at her house. Here sits I, he said.

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bleached white, by the influence of the sun, had a look and manner of life and interest. It seemed, upon the whole, as if poverty, and the death, its too frequent concomitant, had deprived the natural genius and acquired information of a hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peculiarity.

Some such thoughts crossed Waverley's mind as he walked along through the nudged and stony street of Tully-Teolan, interrupted only in his meditations by the occasional caprice which his charger exhibited at the reiterated assaults of those lock and spring of his, the colt before mentioned. The village was more than half a mile long, the cottages being irregularly divided from each other by gardens, or yards, as the inhabitants called them, of different size and form; and resembling the natural shape of the terrain in which the universal potato was unknown, but which were stored with gigantic plants of kale or colewort, encircled with groves of nettles, and exhibited here and there a huge hemlock, or the national thistle, overshadowing a quarter of the petty enclosure. The broken ground on which the village was built had never been levelled, so that these enclosures presented declivities of every degree, here rising like terraces, there sinking like pits. The dry-stone walls which fenced, or seemed to fence, (for they were sorely breached,) these higgledy-piggledy Tully-Teolan, were built to the common field, where the joint labour of the villagers cultivated alternate ridges and patches of rye, oats, barley, and peas, each of such minute extent, that at a little distance they might resemble a tailor's table of brawns. A few favoured instances, there appeared behind the cottages a miserable wigwam, composed of earth, looses, stones, and turf, where the weald of the night might shelter a starved cow or sorely galled horse. But almost every hut was fenced in front by a huge black stack of turf on one side of the door, while on the other the family drunk their self-fermented ale.

About a bowshot from the end of the village appeared the enclosures, proudly demonstrated the Parks of Tully-Teolan, being certain square fields, surrounded and divided by stone walls five feet in height. In the centre of the exterior barrier was the upper gate of the avenue, opening under an archway, battlemented on the top, and adorned with two large weather-beaten mutilated masses of upright stone, which, in the tradition of the hamlet could be trusted, had once represented, at least had been once desired to represent, two rampant Bears, the supporters of the family of the ancient MacClintocks, and, with moderate length, running between a double row of very ancient horse-chestnuts, planted alternately with yew-trees, which rose to such huge height, and flourished so that their branches overhung the broad road beneath. Beyond these venerable ranks, and running parallel to them, were two high walls, of apparently the like antiquity, overgrown with ivy, honeysuckle, and other climbing plants. The avenue seemed very little trodden, and chiefly by foot-passengers; so that being very broad, and enjoying a constant shade, it was clothed with grass of a deep and rich verdure, excepting where a foot-path, worn by occasional passengers, tracked with a natural sweep the way from the upper to the lower gate. This portal, like the former, opened in front of a court, ornamented with rude sculpture, with battlements on the top, over which were seen, half-hidden by the trees of the avenue, the high steep roofs and narrow gables of the mansion, with lines indented into steps, and corners decorated with small turrets. One of the folding leaves of the lower gate was open, and as the sun shone full into the court behind, a long line of brilliancy was flung upon the upper green space. It was one of those effects which a painter loves to represent, and mimed well with the strutting light which found its way between the boughs of the shady arch that overhung the entrance.

The solitude and repose of the whole scene seemed almost monastic; and Waverley, who had given his horse to lie servant on entering the first gate, walked slowly down the avenue, enjoying the grateful and cooling shade, and so much pleased with the pleasing ideas of rest and seclusion excited by this confined and quiet scene, that he forgot the misery and dirt of the hamlet, and left behind him. The adjoining terrace of the paved courtyard corresponded with the rest of the scene. The house, which seemed to consist of two or three narrow, high, and steep-roofed buildings, projecting from the wall of the opposite side of the enclosure. It had been built at a period when castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small; the roof had some descript kind of projections, called barrizans, and displayed at each frequent angle a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower. Neither did the front indicate absolute security from danger. There were loopholes for musketry, and iron stanchions on the lower windows, probably to repel any rising band of gipsies, or resist a predatory visit from the Catenans of the neighbouring Highlands. Stables and other offices occupied another side of the square. The former were low vaults, with narrow slits instead of windows, resembling, as Edward's groom observed, "rather a prison for murderers and larcomers, and such like as are trying to sizes, than a place for any Christian cutt." Above these, and between the bars of small windows, were curious edifices called Arthur's Ovens, which would have turned the brains of all the antiquaries in England, had not the worthy proprietor pulled it down for the purpose of building a new stable.

This country, or colless, 5. 5. 6., the owner called it, was no small resource to a Scottish laird of that period, whose scanty rents were creaked out by the contributions levied upon the farms by these light foresters, and the conscriptions exacted from the latter for the benefit of the table.

Another corner of the court displayed a fountain, where a huge bear, carved in stone, predominated over a large stone-husin, into which he disgorged the water. This work of art was the wonder of the country ten miles round. It must not be forgotten, that all sorts of stones, grand and small, proportion, were carved over the windows, upon the ends of the gables, terminated the spouts, and supported the turrets, with the ancient family motto, "Fdixir Ecclesiae," which was the coat of arms of the house. The court was spacious, well paved, and perfectly clean, there being probably another entrance behind the stables for removing the litter. Every thing around appeared solitary, and would have been silent, but for the continued pelting of the fountain; and the whole scene still maintained the monastic illusion which the fancy of Waverley had conjured up. And here we beg permission to close a chapter of still life.
Edward descended the steps in order to meet him, but as the figure approached, and long before he could discern its features, he was struck with the oddity of its appearance and gestures. Sometimes this masterly hand held his hands clasped over his head, like an Indian Juggler, or, to make Known, when he swung them perpendicularly, like a pendulum, on each side; and anon he slipped them swiftly and repeatedly across his breast, like the substitute used by a huckster-vendor for his usual dogging exercise, when his cattle are idle upon the stand, in a clear frosty day. His gait was as singular as his gestures, for at times he hopped with great perseverance on the right foot, and in another manner to advance in the same manner on the left, and then putting his feet close together, he hopped upon both at once. His attire also was antiquated and extravagant. It consisted in a sort of gray jerkin, with scarlet cuffs and slashed sleeves, showing a scarlet lining; the other parts of the dress corresponded in colour, not forgetting a pair of scarlet stockings, and a scarlet bonnet, proudly surmounted with a turkey's feather. Edward, whom he did not seem to observe, now per ceived confirmation in his features of what the min and gestures had already announced. It was appr eently not a figure of the wildest, unsaited, irregular expression to a face which naturally was rather handsome, but something that resembled a compound of both, where the simplicity of the former was mixed with the wildness and crazed imagination. He sung with great earnestness, and not without some taste, a fragment of an old Scotch ditty:

* Follow me, and hast thou play'd me this song?
In summer among the flowers
I will repay thee back again
In summer among the flowers
Unless again, my love,
Unless again, my love.
As you with other maiden rows,
I'll smile on other men."

Here lifting up his eyes, which had hitherto been fixed in the dust, and at the same time in an instant he beheld Waverley, and instantly doff'd his cap, with many grotesque signals of surprise, respect, and salutation. Edward, though with little hope of receiving an answer to any constant question, requested to know whether Mr. Bradwardine were at home, or where he could find any of the domestics. The questioned party replied—and, like the watch of Tu lab, "still ringing in his ear"—the Knight to the mountain, the Lady to Greenwood, her garland to bind, thebower of Bud Ellen, her hawk on the floor, the step of Lord William, his horse and gun.

This conveyed no information, and Edward, re porting his queries, received a rapid answer, in which from the haste and peculiarity of the dialect, the word "butler" was alone intelligible. Waverley then requested to see the butler; upon which the fellow, with a knowing look and nod of intelligence, made a signal to Edward to follow, and began to dance and caper down the alley up which he had made his approach. A strange cude this, thought Edward, and not much unlike one of Shakespeare's roysthown clowns. I am not over prudent to trust to his pil oger; but wiser men have been led by foole,—By this time he reached the bottom of the alley, where, turning short on a little parterre of flowers, shrouded from the cast and north by a close yew hedge, he found an old man at work without his coat, whose appearance lowered between that of an upper servants and gardener; his red nose and ruffled shirt belonging to the former profession; his haste and sun-burnt visage, with his green apron, appearing to indicate his station. To this might the be a gardener, or some domestic belonging to the house.

Edward thereupon called for an answer to any constant question, requested to know whether Mr. Bradwardine were at home, or where he could find any of the domestics. The questioned party replied—and, like the watch of Tuba, "still ringing in his ear"—the Knight to the mountain, the Lady to Greenwood, her garland to bind, the bower of Bud Ellen, her hawk on the floor, the step of Lord William, his horse and gun.

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and cellar)—the major domo laid down his spade, slipped on his cost in haste, and with a wrathful look at Edward’s guide, probably excited by his having taken the liberty to trim himself. But that of name was Waverley, and whether the old man’s countenance assumed a great deal of respectful importance. “He could take it upon his conscience to say, his honour would have exceeding pleased him, and that Squire Waverley, who had some refreshment after his journey? His honour was with the folk who were getting down the dark lag; the two gardener lads (an emphasis on the word) had just been having a talk. He had just been amusing himself in the mean time with dressing Miss Rose’s flower-bed, that he might be near to receive his honour’s orders, if need were: he was worthy of the garden, but had little time for such diversions."

"He canna get it wroucht in abune twa days in the week at no rate whatso," said Edward’s fanfare’s continued. A glance from the butler chastised his interference, and he commanded him, by the name of Davie Gellatley, in a tone which admitted no discussion, to look for his honour at the dark lag, and tell there was a gentleman from the south had arrived at the Ha’."

"Can this poor fellow deliver a letter?" asked Edward.

"With all fidelity, sir, to any one whom he respects. I would hardly trust him with a longer message by word of mouth—though he is more knave than fool." Waverley delivered his credentials to Mr. Gellatley, who seemed to consider the butler a little too fastidious. By twisting his features at him, when he was looking another way, into the resemblance of the protase face on the bole of a German tobacco-pipe; after which, going off to Waverley, he danced off to discharge his errand.

"He is an innocent, sir," said the butler; "there is one such almost everywhere in the country, but yours is more rare than far. He used to work a day’s turn well enough; but he helped Miss Rose when she was tumbled with the Laird of Killancurt’s new English bull, and since that time we ca’ him Davie Do-nothing, for since he got that gay clothing, to please his honour and his young mistress, (great folks will have their fancies), he has done nothing but dance up and down about the house. Davie Do-nothing has a skill, unless trimming the laird’s fishing-wand, or busking his knife, or may be catching a dish of trouts at an o’er-time. But here comes Miss Rose, who, I take burns, will be entitled glad to own one of the house of Waverley at her father’s mansion of Tully-Veolan.” Waverley delivered. And the Waverley of his brother, and his Waverley of the Waverley of his profession. The first among the next, Edward learned from her that the dark lag, which had somewhat puzzled him in the butler’s account of his master’s avocations, had nothing to do with either a black cat or a broom, but with a portion of land. Caldor was to be felled that day. She offered, with diffident civility, to show the stranger the way to the spot, which, it seemed, was not far distant; but they were prevented by the appearance of the Baroness of Bradwardine in person, who, summoned by David Gellatley, now appeared, “On hospitable thoughts, intent, clearing the ground at a prodigious rate with swift and long strides, which reminded Waverley of the seven-leaved boots of the nursery fable.” He was tall, thin, athletic figure, old indeed and gray-haired, but with every muscle rendered as tough as whipcord by constant employment. He was rather more like a Frenchman than an Englishman of the period, while, from his hard figure and peculiar rigidity of stature, he bore some resemblance to a Swiss which he took time at Paris, and caught the costume, but not the ease or manner, of its inhabitants. The truth was, that his language and habits were as heterogeneous as his external appearance.

Owing to his natural disposition to study, or perhaps to a very general Scottish fashion of giving young men of rank a legal education, he had been bred with the lawyer, and had lived almost entirely with those of his own principles in the village. The pedantry of the lawyer, supervised upon the military pride of the soldier, might have been a great hindrance to the establishment of keeping fools has been discussed in England. Swift writes an epitaph on the "Holy Fools" of the Suffolk.

"Whose name was Dickie Pears."

In Scotland the custom substituted at the latest century: at Glamis Castle, is preserved the draw of one of the jestes, very hard to comprehend with many who think it is not above thirty years since such a character stood by the sideboard of a nobleman. It is to be seen in Scotland, where the then privately owned, in the conversation, till he carried the joker rather too far, in manifest respects to a one of the young ladies of the family, and publishing the joke between him and himself in the public church.

CHR. X.

ROSE BRADWARDINE AND HER FATHER.

Miss Bradwardine was but seventeen; yet, at the last races of the county town of —, upon her appearance in the grand stand, with her pink and her gold, and her blue, and her gossamer gown, a murmur of the custom has been described in England. Swift writes an epitaph on the "Holy Fools" of the Suffolk.

"Whose name was Dickie Pears."

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VOl. II—E
hendri curiae et justitiae, cum fossa e furee (xir
such gallows) et sak et soku, et becl et becum, et in-
fang-thief et outfang-thief, sire hand-habend, sire bakabrand."

The peculiar meaning of all these cabala-
listical words, few or none can explain; but they im-
ply, that the very shock of the Bardwad's ser-
murth, in case of delinquency, imprisonment, try, and ex-
ecute his vassals at his pleasure. Like James the
First, however, the present possessor of this authority
was not disposed to be timorous but active in exercit-
ing it; and excepting that he imprisoned two
poachers in the dungeon of the old tower of Tully-
Veolan, where they were sorely frightened by ghos,
s and ahowed to make the best of their way to an old well
man in the voyes (or Scottish pillory) for saying
"there were mair fules in the laird's house than
Davie Galliestie", I do not learn that he was accused
of abusing his high powers. Still, however, the con-
scious pride of possessing such a title gave additional
importance to his language and deportment.

At his first address to Waverley, it would seem
that the hearty pleasure he felt to behold the nephew of
his friend had somewhat composing the stiff and
upright "dignity of the Baron of Bardwad's de-
meanour, for the tears stood in the old gentleman's
eyes, when, having first shaken Edward heartily by the
hand, he endeavoured to grace its features with an
a-la-mode Francois, and kissed him on both sides of
his face; while the hardness of his grip, and the
quantity of Scotch snuff which his acquisitive
complexion seemed to require, was equal to the correspon-
ding drops of moisture to the
eyes of his guest.

"Upon the honour of a gentleman," he said, "but
it makes me young again to see you here. Mr. Wa-
verley," continued his faultless, "Mr. Waverley of
Honour—eyes alta, as Maro hath it—and you have
the look of the old line, Captain Waverley; not so
portly yet as my old friend Sir Everard—mais c'est
riehart, as my acquaintance with Madame
Baron Kikkibrook, said of the sagesse of Madame
von eposse. And so ye have mounted the cockade?
Right, right; though I could have wished the colour
did not hang a bit with you, Sir Ever-

ard. But no more of that; I am old, and times are
changed. And how does the worthy knight baronet,
and the fair Mrs. Rachel?—Ah, ye laugh, young man!
In truth she was the fair Mrs. Rachel in the year of
grace seventeen hundred and sixteen; but time passes
et singula praebentur anni—that is most certain.
But once again ye are most heartily welcome to my
private, no, no, no, no; there is a house there, and
see that Alexander Sanderson looks out the old
Chateau Margoux, which I sent from Bourdeaux to
Dundee in the year 1719."  

The gentleman was sufficiently told her the first
corner, and then ran with the speed of a fairy,
that she might gain leisure, after discharging her fa-
ther's commission, to put her own dress in order, and
produce all her little finery, an occupation for which
the approaching dinner was sufficient preparation.

"We cannot rival the luxuries of your English table,
Captain Waverley, or give you the epulae laudiones
of Waverley-Honour—I say epulae rather than prandii-
us, because the latter expression is popular; Epulae
senatum, grandium ad populum altius, says
Suetonius Tranquillus. But I trust ye will applaud
my Bourdeaux; c'est des deux orielles, as Captain
Waverley, y a finum et prænum, y a, the Prince-
pal of St. Andrews denominated it. And, once more,
Waverley-Honour, right glad am I that ye are here
to drink the beer mixture if ye can.

This speech, with the necessary interjectional
answers, continued from the lower alley where they
met, up to the door of the house, where four or five
servants in old-fashioned liverys, headed by Alexan-
der Sanderson, and attended to the right and left of
table, cleared the sable stains of the garden, received them in
grand costume,
in an old hall hewn round with pikes and with bows,
with other chair and corsets that had borne many shrews
bow.

With much ceremony, and still more real kindness,
the Baron, without stopping in any intermediate
apartment, conducted his guest through several into
the great dining parlour, wainscotted with black oak,
and hung round with the pictures of his ancestry,
where a table was set forth in form for six persons,
and an old-fashioned beautea displayed all the ancient
and massive plate of the Bardwad family. A bell
was now rung, and a page, dressed as a man, who acted as porter upon gala days, had caught
the alarm given by Waverley's arrival, and, repairing
to his post, announced the arrival of other guests.

These were a distinguished nobleman, a very estimable persons. "There was the young Lord
of Balmawhapple, a Falconer by surname, of the
house of Glenfarquhar, given right much to field-
sports—good young sportsman, but an old
young gentleman. Then there was the Laird of
Kil-
nancuret, who had devoted his leisure until tillage
and agriculture, and boasted himself to be possessed
of a full weightless morn, brought from the county
of Devon (the Dannahone of the Romans), if we can
trust Robert of Cirencester. He is, as you may well
suppose from such a tendency, but of yoroun ex-
tration—seabrit of fenres festa duc—, and I believe
between ourselves, his grandaunt was from the wrong
side of the Border—one Bulleseg, who came hither
as a steward, or bailiff, or ground-officer, or some-
thing in that department, to the last Ginnro of
Kilnancuret, who had married a lady who was possessed
in her young age of a beauty which devolved on this unhappy woman by a settle-
ment of her wumkhus husband, in direct convar-
tion of an unrecorded tale, and to the prejudice
of the disposer's own child, who was not a
his natural heir and seventh cousin, Ginnro of Tep
perchowit, whose family was so reduced by the ensu-
ing law-suit, that his representative is now serving as
a private in the regiment of the St. John's Watch. But this gentleman, Mr. Bulleseg of Killan-
curet that now is, has good blood in his veins by the
mother and grandmother, who were both of the fa-

cial family of Plunket, who would have been well liked and looks
upon, and knows his own place. And God forbid,
Captain Waverley, that we of irreproachable lineage
should exult over him, when it may be, that in the
right, ninth, or tenth generation, his progeny may
rank, in a manner, with the old gentry of the
country. Rank and ancestry, sir, should be the last
words in the mouths of us of unblemished race—six ee no-
ronroce, as Naos sith. There is, besides, a clergy-
man of the true (though suffering) Episcopal church
of Scotland. He was a confessor in her cause in
the year 1715, when a Whighish mob destroyed his
meeting-house, tore down his dwelling-house of four silver spoons, intimating also
with his meat and his meal-ark, and, with two bar-
rels, one of single, and one of double ale, besides three
bottles of brandy. My Baron-Bullie and doer.
Mr. Duncan Macwhirthe, is the tenth on our list. Then
is a question, owing to the incertitude of ancient or
thography, whether he belongs to the clan of Wheel-
die or of Quibble, but both have produced persons
eminently in the law.

As such he described them by person and name.
They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BANQUET.

The entertainment was ample, and handsom,
according to the Scotch ideas of the period, and
the guests did great honour to it. The Baron eat like a
famished soldier, the Laird of Balmawhapple like a

The Macwhirthe himself like a traveller, and Bailie Mac

*After the Revolution of 1715, and on some occasions when
the spirit of the Presbyterian had been unusually animsted
against their opponents, the Episcopal clergyman, who were
chiefly non-jurors, were exposed to be maltreated, as we should
now say, or, to use the phrase then in use, they were ex-
posed, or, if you will, they were exposed, as political heroes.
But notwithstanding that the Presbyterians and the Presby-
tarian party under the leadership of Charles II., did, in a way,
excipate them, there was little mischief done beyond the kind
of petty violence mentioned in the text.
CHAPTER XL

WAVERLEY.

wince like all four together; though, either out of more respect, or in order to preserve that proper declination of person which showed a sense that he was in the presence of his patron, he sat upon the edge of his chair, placed at three feet distance from the President's seat. He made the attempt to imitate by projecting his person towards it in a line which obliged from the bottom of his spine, so that the person sat opposite to him could only see the top of the bald plate.

This stooping position might have been inconvenient to another person; but long habit made it, whether seated or walking, perfectly easy to the wearer, for whom his posture had been occasional practice. There was no doubt, an unmeaning projection of the person towards those who happened to walk behind; but those being at all times his inferiors, (for Mr. Macwheele was very near the average height of all others,) he cared very little what inference of contempt or slight regard they might derive from the circumstance. Hence, when he walked across the court to and fro, with a step that resembled a turnspit walking upon its hind legs.

The non-juring clergyman was a pensive and interesting old man, with much of the air of a sufferer for conscience sake. He was one of those

Who, unprovided, their benefice forsake.

For this whim, when the Baron was out of hearing, the Basle friends sent a secret agent to Mr. Rubenstein, upbraiding him with the civility of his services. Indeed, it must be owned, that he himself, though at heart a keen partisan of the exiled family, had kept pretty fair with all the dignitaries of state in his time; so that the Gellaclyce, once described him as a particularly good man, who had a very quiet and peaceful conscience, that never did him any harm.

When the dinner was removed, the Baron announced the arrival of the Prince of the King, politely referring to the condescensions of his guests to drink to the sovereign de facto or de jure, as their politics inclined. The conversation now became general; and, shortly after, was joined by the Baron, who had done the honours with natural grace and simplicity, retired, and was soon followed by the clergyman. Among the rest of the party, the wine, which fully justified the eulogies of time and place, the landlord, the chef from round, although Waverley, with some difficulty, obtained the privilege of sometimes neglecting the glass. At length, as the evening grew more late, the Baron made a private sign to his friend, and left the room. Alexander, who had been consecutively named him, Alexander ab Alexandro, who left the room with a nod, and soon after returned, his grave countenance mantling with a solemn and melancholy flush, and placed before him an oaken casket, mounted with brass ornaments of curious form. The Baron, drawing out a private key, unlocked the casket, raised the lid, and produced a golden goblet, in one hand, a medal in the other, and moulded into the shape of a rampant bear, which the owner regarded with a look of mingled reverence, pride, and delight, that irresistibly reminded Waverley of Benvenuto's statue, he knew a Bull, Horse, and Dog, as that was wittily denominated his chief craving cups. But Mr. Bradwardine, turning towards him with complacency, requested him to observe this occasion, and offered to cast a glance at the casket.

"It represents," he said, "the chosen crest of our family, a bear, as ye observe, and rampant; because a good herald will depict every animal in its noblest posture; as a horse salient, a greyhound curant, and, if he may be inferred, a ram, occurring in actus ferciori, or in a voracious, lacerating, and devouring posture. Now, sir, we hold this most honourable achievement. That of St. Brathernon, that of the High Command, of Frederic Redclyft, that of Geoffrey de Gernand, to my predecessor, Godmund Bradwardine, it being the crest of a gigantic Dane, whom he slew in the lists in the Holy Land, on a quarrel touching the chastity of the Queen of Sheba. But, coming to the present coat, it is not precisely which, and thus, as Virgilius hath it-

Mutemus clipeos, Danaeque insignia nobis.

Appulmus.

Then for the cup, Captain Waverley it was wroth by the command of St. Duthane, Abbot of Aberfoed, for behoof of another Baron of the house of Bradwardine, who had valiantly defended the patrimony of that monastery against certain encroaching nobles. It is properly termed the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine, and very ancient (it is curious to call it Ursus Major,) and was supposed, in old and Catholic times, to be invested with certain properties of a mystical and supernatural quality. And though I give no reason to believe all the anima. This is hereby estemated a solemn standard cup and heirloom of our house; nor is it ever used but upon seasons of high festival, and such I hold to be the arrival of the Prince of the King, or occasional occasion to this draught to the health and prosperity of the ancient and highly-to-be-honoured house of Waverley.

During this long harangue, he carefully decanted a column of claret into a goblet of fine old ale, and handed a nearly an English pint; and, at the conclusion, delivering the bottle to the butler, to be held carefully in the same angle with the horizon, he devoutly quaffed off the contents of the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine.

Edward, with horror and alarm, beheld the animal making his rounds, and thought with great anxiety upon the baseness of this motto, "Beware the man at the same time, plainly foresaw, that, as none of the guests scrupled to do him this extraordinary honour, a refusal on his part to pledge their courtesy would be received only by ill-received. Resolving, therefore, to submit to this insinuation of the last piece of beer, he got up to quit the table, if possible, and confiding in the strength of his constitution, he did justice to the company in the contents of the Blessed Bear, and felt less inconveniencing from the draught than he could possibly have expected. The others, whose time had been more actively employed, began to show symptoms of innovation, the good wine did its office.

The frolic spirit of the moment, and pride of birth, began to give way before the benial blessings of this benign constellation, and the formal apppellations with which the three dignitaries had hitherto addressed each other, were forgotten in the general animosity, as Tully-Vocon, by partaking, with their entertainer and his guest Captain Waverley, what they technically called deoquod doctus, a stirrup-cup, to the honour of the Baron's root-tree.

Steever's Mace.

I may here mention that the fashion of composition described in the text, was still occasionally practiced in Scotland, in the author's youth. A company would often, after their host, often went to finish the evening at the clachan or village, in a country house. The next morning, after having the previous night, was usually a cool summer evening, attended the party. But when they arrived at Luckie Macleay's, the Lairds of Balnawhangle and Killancreit declared their determination to take a view of the country, and the young gentleman of Tully-Vocon, by partaking, with their entertainer and his guest Captain Waverley, what they technically called deoquod doctus, a stirrup-cup, to the honour of the Baron's root-tree. 1
It must be noticed, that the Bailie, knowing by experience that the day's joviality, which had been hitherto sustained at the expense of his patron, might terminate in a more serious disorder, had provided for a guard of armed men, composed of vin'd gray pony, and, between gaiety of heart, and alarm for being looked into a Rebecca, spurred him into a hobbling causer (a trot was out of the question) and with the clairvoyance against the leges civiles, or regulations of genial composition. The widow, Macleary, seemed to have expected this visit, as well she might, for it was the usual custom of many ladies at Tully-Veolan, as at most other gentlemen's houses in Scotland, Sixty Years since. The guests thereby at once acquired themselves of their burden of gratitude for their entertainers' kindness, encouraged the taste of the change, house, did honour to the place which afforded harbour to their horses, and indemnified themselves for the previous restraints imposed by private hospitality, by agreeing, what Bailie calls the sweet of the night, in the genial license of a tavern.

Accordingly, in full expectation of these distinguished guests, Luckie Macleary had swept her house for the spring, the fortune, to make the turf-fire to such a heat as the season required in her damp, hoveling at Midsummer, set forth her deal table newly washed, propped its lame foot with a fragment of greenstem, and clapped upon the rumps the best ones of her clay floor; and having moreover, put on her clean toy, rokenly, and scarlet plaid, cruelly awaited the arrival of the company, in the hope of custom and profit. When they were seated under the sooty rafters of Luckie Macleary's only apartment, thickly tapastered with cobwebs, their hostess, who had already more than once observed to Bailie, the Bailie of Braddawine, sung French chansons à boire, and spouted pieces of Latin; Killuncan-it talked, in a steady unalterable dull key, of top-dressing and boundless acres, men, arms, old men, friends, and a greyhound called Whistler. And when at length the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed, that for a moment he obtained it, he has

...
the form of calling out, "Be silent, sir! ye not only show your ignorance but disgrace your native country before a stranger and an Englishman," and Waverley, at the same moment, entreating Mr. Buchan to permit him only to an address which seemed levelled at him personally. But the Baron was exalted by wine, wrath, and scorn, above all subtile considerations.

"I crave you to be hushed, Captain Waverley; you are otherwise, paraventure, sui juris,—su juris-familierated, that is, and entitled, it may be, to think and reason for yourself; but in my domain, in this poor house of Balmawhapple, and under this roof, which is quasi mine, being hold by tacit relocation by a tenant at will, I am in loco parentis to you, and bound to see you well-guided. —And for you, Mr. Falconer, if you please: I warn ye, let me see no more alterations from the paths of good manners.

"And I tell you, Mr. Cosmo Conway, Balmawhapple, of Bawdwinette and Tully-Volcan, retorned the sportsman, in huge disdain, "the cook of the man that refuseth my roast, whether it be a crop-cared English Whig or a black ribband at his lug, or one who deserts his ain friends to claw favour with a Stuart Projector."

In an instant both rapiers were brandished, and some desperate passes exchanged. Balmawhapple was young, stout, and active; but the Baron, infirm of his age, met his antagonist Tolboy Ecblech, had tickled his opponent other gates than he did, had he not been under the influence of Uras Major.

Edward rushed forward to interfere between the combatants, but the prostrate bulk of the Laird of Killanureit, over which he stumbled, intercepted his passage. How Killanureit happened to be in this position, none of us knew the other; but it was very nearly accurately known. Some thought he was about to recross himself under the table; he himself alleged that he stumbled in the act of lifting a joint-stick. "What the devil does he know of Balmawhapple?" he thought. "A beggarman from Bawdwinette," he marked on his wit, "is to be named Balmawhapple."

Then that it may, if reader aid than either his of Waverley's, had not interposed, there would certainly have been bloodshed. But the well-known clash of swords, which was no stranger to her dwelling, aroused Luckie Maclead, as she supinely beyond the hallan, or earthen partition of the cottage, with eyes employed on Boston's Crook of the Loo, while her ideas were centered in summing up the reeking. She boldly rushed into the fracas, & postulation, "What their honours say ane another there, and bring discredit on an honest widow-woman's house, when there's a the lee-land in the company?"等。This was seconded by finding her laden with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants. The servants by this time rushed in, and being, by great chance, together, separated the combatants with the assistance of Edward and Killanureit. The latter led off Balmawhapple, cursing, swearing, and vowing revenge against every Whig, Presbyterian, and fanatic in England and Scotland, from John-o'-Groats to the Land's End, and with difficulty got him to horse. Our hero, with the assistance of Sanderson, escorted the Baron of Bawdwinette to his own dwelling, but could not prevail upon him to retire to bed until he had made a long and learned apology for the events of the evening, of which, however, there was not a word intelligible, except something about the Centaurs and the Lapidus.

CHAPTER XII.

REPTANCE AND A RECONCILIATION.

Waverley was unaccustomed to the use of wines, excepting with great temperance. He slept therefore soundly and long, but there was a sort of sickened awakening to a painful recollection of the scene of the preceding evening. He had received a personal affront,—he a gentleman, a soldier, and a Waverley. This occurred near the Linolean, and not at the table, as was given, possessed of the moderate share of some which nature had allotted him; true also, in respecting concessions; for he and all his family were also of your peculiar merit, could have existed

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been, turn out of mind, _Marotia pectora_, as Buchanan saith, a bold and warlike sort, or people."

Edward, on the contrary, seemed embarrassed and dejected; and Waverley now, for the first time, observed that his arm was in a sling, which seemed to account for the awkward and embarrassed manner with which he had presented his hand. To a question from Miss Bradwardine, he muttered, in answer, something about his horse having fallen; and, seeming desirous to escape both from the subject and the company, he arose as soon as dinner was over, made his leave to the party, and, declaring the Baron's invitation to tarry till after dinner, mounted his horse and returned to his own home.

Tully-Voilet early enough after dinner to gain the stage at which he meant to sleep; but the unaffected and deep mortification with which the good-natured and affectionate old gentleman heard the proposal, quite deprived him of courage to persist in it. No sooner had he gained Waverley's consent to lengthen his visit for a few days than, he laboured to remove the subject; and the Baron had manifestly adopted a more early retreat. "I would not have you, Captain Waverley, that I am by practice or precept an advocate of charity, though it may be that, in the exercise of my profession, you will not perchance altogether _ebri_, or drunken, were, to say the least, _ebrii_, by which the ancient designers those who were fattened, or, as your English vernacular and metaphorical phrase goes, half-sea-over, not that I would so insinuate respecting you, Cap-

There was no refusing assent to a proposition so decidedly laid down by him, who undoubtedly was the best judge; although, had Edward formed his opinion from his own recollections, he would have pronounced that the Baron was not only _ebria_, but _ebrium_, to become _ebrius_; or, in plain English, was incomparably the most drunk of the party, except perhaps the Laird of Tantallon, who was incapable of so constant and steady exertion. He had just so much solidity as kept on the windy side of insanity; so much wild wit as saved him from the imputation of idiocy; some dexterity in field-sports, in which we have known as great fools excel), great kindness and humanity in the treatment of animals intrusted to him, warm affections, a prodigious memory, and an ear for music.

The stage was long since murdered; and Davie's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds, He saucy, his saucy; 

Over bank and over brough. Where the copework is the greenest, 

Tully-Voilet gave a smile. 

* The learned in cookery dissent from the Baron of Bradwardine and hold the roe venison dry and indifferent food, venison when dressed in sweep and stuck in college.
French chausseurs, faire la curée with his own ba-
ronial couteau de chasse. After this ceremony, he
conducted his guest horseward by a pleasant and cir-
cumcise manner, commanding an extensive prospect
of different villages and houses, to each of which Mr.
Bradwardine attached some anecdoty of history or
genealogy, told in language whimsical from prudence
and pedantry, but often respectable for the good sense
and honourable feelings which his narrative displayed,
and almost always curious, if not valuable, for the
information they contained.

The truth is, the ride seemed agreeable to both
braves a gentlemanly and amuse:ment in each
other's conversation, although their characters and
habits of thinking were in many respects totally op-
posite. Edward, we have informed the reader, was
warm in the feuds which had thus far formed in his
ideas and in his taste of reading, with a strong disposi-
tion towards poetry. Mr. Bradwardine was the reverse
of all this, and piqued himself upon stalking through
life with the same upright, starched, stoical gravity,
which distinguished his evening promenade upon the
terrace of Tully-Yeoman, where for hours together—
the very model of old Hardyknute.

Edward, he got no pleasure

And stately stopp'd he west.

As for literature, he read the classic poets, he
sure, and the Ephesianus of Georgius Buchanan
and the Lusiad of Camoens; and the Dei Amator
the Delibration Poetarum Scotorum, and Sir David Lind-
say's Works, and Barbour's Bruce, and Blind Harry's
Wallace, and the Gentle Shepherd, and the Cherry
and the Shrub; in which he was only equalled by his
reformation to the Muse, he would, if the truth must be
spoken, have been much better pleased had the pious
or sapient apothegms, as well as the historical nar-
ratives, which the various works contained, been
presented to him in the form of simple prose. And he
sometimes could not refrain from expressing contempt
of the "vain and unprofitable art of poem-making,
in which, only he and his bosom friend had embarked
in his time was Allan Ramsay, the priavigewriter."

But although Edward and he differed toto caelo, as
the Baron would have said, upon this subject, yet
they met upon history as on a neutral ground, in
which each claimed an interest. The Baron, indeed,
only cumbered his memory with matters of fact; the
cold, dry, hard outlines which history delineates.
Edward, on the contrary, loved to travel up and round
the sketch with the colouring of a warm and vivid
imagination, which gives light and life to the actors
and speakers in the drama of past ages. Yet with
both it was the same; and to their mutual advantage,
other's amusement. Mr. Bradwardine's minute nar-
ratives and powerful memory supplied to Waverley
fresh subjects of the kind upon which his fancy loved
to dwell, and which he could most easily and
and of character. And he repaid the pleasure thus
communicated, by an earnest attention, valuable to
all story-tellers, more especially to the Baron, who
felt his habits of self-respect flattened by it; and
sometimes also by reciprocal communications, which
interested Mr. Bradwardine, as confirming or illu-
trating his own favourite anecdotes. Besides, Mr.
Bradwardine loved to talk of the scenes of his youth
which had been spent in camps and foreign lands,
and had many interesting particulars to tell of the
generals under whom he had served, and the actions
he had witnessed.

Both parties returned to Tully-Yeoman in great good-
humour with each other; Waverley disposed of study-
ing more attentively what he considered as a singular
and interesting character, gifted with a memory con-
taining a curious register of ancient and modern
anecdotes; and Bradwardine disposed to regard
Edward as plus (or rather jucius) bono et magnis
invidiosus, a sort of two-edged animal, which he
dreaded and feared. They formed, in fact, a
or so, as to half an hour's search,
a low down in a grassy vail, e
they found David Gellatley leading two very tall
deer greyhounds, and presiding over half a dozen
and about as many bare-legged and bare-headed boys,
ywho, to procure the chosen distinction of attending
on the chase, had not failed to tickle his ears with
the dulcet appellation of Maister Gellatley, though
probably all and each had hooted him on former oc-
casions in the character of daft basc. But this is
no uncommon strain of flattery to persons in office,
or altogether confined to the bare-legged villagers
of Tully-Yeolan; it was in fashion Sixty Years since,
now, and will be six hundred years hence. If this
admirable compound of folly and knavery, called
the world, shall be then in existence.

These gille-wet-foots, they were called, were
delighted with bare faces, bare feet, bare buttocks,
and bare arms, and seem to have been so conscious
that, after half an hour's search, a roe was started,
coursed, and killed; the Baron following
on his white horse, like Earl Percy of yore,
riding bareback, fleeing like a foul
slain animal (which, he observed, was called by the
a bare-footed Highland lad is called a gille-wet-foot. Gillis
* a general, manservant or attendant.
life. There was no other guest except Mr. Rubrick, whose information and discourse, as a clergyman and man of letters, was very well with that of the Baron and his guest.

Shortly after dinner, the Baron, as if to show that his temperance was not entirely theoretical, proposed a toast, to which they all drank. The Baron then proposed another, to the health of Mr. Rubrick, and having drunk their healths, they were all dismissed to their various diversions at the time of the evening.

Captain Waverley was accordingly conducted through one or two of those long awkward passages with which ancient architects are tried to puzzle the inventors of the houses which they plant, at the end of which Mr. Bradwardine began to ascend, by two steps at once, a very steep, narrow, and winding stair, leaving Mr. Rubrick and Waverley to follow, while the Baron should announce their approach to his daughter.

After having climbed this perilous corkscrew until their brains were almost addled, they arrived in a small room, which served as an ante-chamber to Rose's sanctum sanctorum, and through which they entered her parlour. It was a small, but pleasant apartment, opening to the south, and hung with tapestry, and adorned with two pictures, one of her father in the dress of a shepherd, with a bell-choop; the other of the Baron, in his tenth year, in a blue coat, embroidered waistcoat, blue hat, and warm stockings, and with his hair curled. The Baron looked smiling at the costume, and at the odd ressemblance between the round, smooth, red-checked, starling visage in the portrait, and the quaint, bearded, lion's head features of the real Waverley. The Baron was the first to mount the breach of a fort in Savoy during the memorable campaign of 1709, and having there defended himself with his half-pike for nearly ten minutes before any support reached him. To do the Baron justice, although sufficiently prone to dwell upon, and even to exaggerate his family dignity and consequence, he was far more a man of real courage than much of his own character.

Miss Rose now appeared from the interior room of her apartment, with her countenance beaming with delight and her friends. The labour in which she had been employed obviously showed a natural taste, which required only cultivation. Her father had taught her French and Italian, and a few of the ordinary authors in those languages ornamented her shelves. He had endeavoured also to be her 'preceptor in music;' but as he began with the more abstruse doctrines of the science, and was not perhaps master of them himself, she had made no proficiency farther than to be able to accompany her voice with the harpsichord; but even this was not very common in Scotland at that period.

To make amends, she seemed with a grace and felicity of manner, with a respect to the sense of what she uttered that might be proposed in example to ladies of much superior musical talent. Her natural good sense taught her, that if, as we are assured by high authorities, music is inspired by immortal verse, they are very often divested by the performer in a most shameful manner. It was perhaps owing to this sensibility to poetry and power of connexion with great knowledge of the musical notes, that her singing gave more pleasure to all the unlearned in music and even to many of the learned, than could have been communicated by a more refined and more instructed, but, unguided by the same delicacy of feeling.

A banquet, or a nooning gallery, before the windows of her parlour, served to illustrate another of Rose's pursuits; for it was conversed with flowers of different kinds, which she had taken under her special protection. A projecting turret gave access to this gallery, which was closed by a beautiful prospect. The formal garden, with its high bounding walls, lay below, contracted, as it seemed, to a mere parterre; while the view extended beyond it, and the sun shone upon a large river which was sometimes visible, sometimes hidden in copse. The eye might be delayed by a desire to rest on the rocks, which here and there rose from the dell with massive forms, and might dwell on the noble, though ruined tower, which was here beheld in all its dignity, shining from a promontory over the river. To the left were seen two or three cottages, a part of which was still concealed by the others. The glen, or dell, was terminated by a sheet of water, called Loch Vedo, into which the brook discharged itself, and which now glistened in the sun a sea of stars, though but a small part of the carpet was open and varied in surface, though not wodded; and there was nothing to interrupt the view until the scene was bounded by a ridge of distant and blue hills, which formed the southern boundary of the strath or valley.

To this pleasant station Miss Bradwardine had ordered coffee.

The view of the old tower, or fortalice, introduced Rose to some family legends and traditions of chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crouch which Rose near it, had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair, and the name remained upon it. It was one of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in King Lear; and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend, in which they had been intended by some village poet.

Who, notes as the race from which she sprung, saved others' names, but left his own unseen.

The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, caved all the audience, with whom the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted. I almost doubt if it can be read with patience, disstinate of these advantages; although I conjecture the following copy to have been somewhat corrected by Waverley, to suit the taste of those who might not relish pure antiquity.

ST. SWITHIN S CHAIR.

On Hallow-Mass Eve... come ye to rest,
Ever true that your hair o'er your breast
Sits it with crease, and saw it with head
Over the axe, and say the Ave.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,
And all her ninefold sweeping on her side,
When her feet are softly stepping slowly as the cloud.
Sitting through moonlight or sun-in-cloud.

The lady sat in St. Swithin's Chair,
The door was open and the wind came in her hair.
Her cheeks were pale—but resolved and high,
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She muttered the spell of St. Swithin bold,
When his naked foot trod the midnight wold,
When he stopped the Hag as she rode the night
And baned her descent, and her promise plighted.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,
Those three long years in battle and rage;
In the walls of Moray's castle he lay,
And lain the lady his fate would know.

She shudders and steps as the charm she speaks—
Has she the touch of the night-shadows in her arms?
He it is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream.

The moon of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent his cooped to blow;
The captive means to make this mystic charm,
When the cold gray mist brought the ghastly Form.

"I am sorry to disappoint the company, especially Captain Waverley, who listens with such invaluable gravity; it is but a fragment, although I think there are other verses, describing the return of the Baron from the wars, and how the lady was found 'clayton' upon the gnomes' ledge."

"It is one of those fragments," observed Mr. Bradwardine, "with which the early history of disaster..."
Waverley.

The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire;  
Heard ye to merry the little bird sing?  
But like the mullein it is the old maid's fire,  
And the throstle-cuckoo's head is under his wing.  
The young man in the evening board;  
Heard ye to merry the little bird sing?  
But the old man will draw at the Dawning the sword,  
And there the throstle-cuckoo's head will under his wing.

Waverley could not avoid observing that Davie said something like a satirical emphasis on these lines. He therefore approached, and endeavoured, by audibly querying, to elicit from him what the immature might mean; but Davie had nothing to explain, and had wit enough to make his folly cloak his knavery. Edward could collect nothing from him, excepting that the Laird of Balmaunwhapple had gone home yesterday morning, with his host's foot in his bluid. In the garden, however, he met the old butler, who no longer attempted to conceal, that, having been bred in the nursery line with Sumner & Co. of Newcastle, he sometimes wrought a turn in the hawser-borders to oblige the Laird and Miss Rose. By a series of queries, Edward at length discovered, with a painful feeling of surprise and shame, that Balmaunwhapple's submission and apology had been through a succession of a rencontre with the Baron before his guest had quitted his pillow, in which the younger combatant had been disarmed and wounded in the sword arm.

Greatly mortified at this information, Edward sought out his friendly host, and anxiously expostulated with him upon the injustice he had done him and his family. The Baron justified him with a bitter smile; and added that he dared not, in the circumstances which, considering his youth and the profession of arms which he had just adopted, was capable of being represented much to his prejudice. The Baron took him to a chamber, and while the audience lasted, Edward listened with astonished ears, and the clerk recorded with a trembling hand, she, all of a sudden, changed the low mumbling tone with which she spoke into a sly whisper. "If you do not know what it is, look to yourselves! I see the Evil One sitting in the midst of ye. The surprise was general, and terror and flat its immediate consequences. Happy were those who were next the door; and many were the disasters that befell hats, bands, cuffs, and wigs, before they could get out of the church, where they left the obstinate prelate to settle matters with the witch and her admirer, at his own peril or pleasure."

"Rim solvuntur tabulae," said the Baron; "when they recovered their panic trepidation, they were too much ashamed to bring any weakening of the process against you." This anecdote led into a long discussion of All those idle thoughts and fantasies. Devices, dreams, opinions unconsidered, and images of the successive ages. And all that seemed as, lessings, tales, and lies.

With such conversation, and the romantic legends which it introduced, closed our hero's second evening in the house of Tully-Veolan.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DISCOVERY—Waverley Becomes Domesticated at Tully-Veolan.

The next day Edward arose betimes, and in a morning walk around the house, discovered a small court in the front of the dog kennel, where his friend Davie was employed about his four-footed charge. One quick glance of his eye recognised Waverley, when, instantly turning his back, as if he had not observed him, he began to sing part of an old ballad:

Young men will love these more fair and more fast;  
But old men will love these most fast.

And the young men's love will last;  
Till Davie's head is under his wing.

The story last told was said to have happened in the south of Scotland; but—cæstum armis—&c.—and the gown has its date. Davie was the young man, and Davie was the quaint hero. Davie was strong enough to resist the panics which tortured his brethren, who were the means of rescuing a poor insane creature from the cruel fate which was prepared for it. Davie had overcome the trials for witchcraft form one of the most deplorable chapters in Scottish story.

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8 Although canting heraldry is generally reprehended, it seems nevertheless to have been adopted in the case of Waverley. The design of the coat of arms of Waverley, which is described in the text, is illustrated by a representation of a silver tissue, in the arms of the Barons of Waverley, now bearing the name of barons or viscounts. The silver tissue of the arms of the Barons of Waverley, now bearing the name of barons or viscounts.
nothing more, than that it was settled in a fitting manner. Having been so minute with respect to the diversions of Tully-Veolan, on the first days of Edward's arrival, for the purpose of introducing its inmates to the reader's acquaintance, it becomes less necessary to enter into the history of the attracting features of the surrounding scenery. It is probable that a young man, accustomed to more cheerful society, would have tired of the conversation of so violent an asserter of the "beauty of nature," as Edward found it, but an agreeable variety in that of Miss Bradwardine, who listened with eagerness to his remarks upon literature, and showed great justness of taste in her answers. The sweetness of her disposition had made her objectionless to all the little attentions which those little observances most gratifying to those who would never think of exciting them, her beauty, in which he recalled the features of his beloved wife, her force of mind, and the noble generosity of her disposition, would have justified the attachment of the most dutiful father.

His anxiety on her behalf did not, however, seem to extend to the state of her mind, which, from a king to the general opinion, it is most efficiently displayed; in laborious, namely, to establish her in life, either by a large dowry or a wealthy marriage. By an old settle

ment, the bridegroom had landed the baron without charge, after his death, to a distant relation; and it was supposed that Miss Bradwardine would remain but slenderly provided for, as the good gentleman's cash matters were in great disarray. But the Barrow, being aware that the cost of her education was a great obstacle, provided for him, as was promised, at the time of his marriage. It is true, the said Barrow loved his patron and his patron's daughter next (though at an incomparable distance) to himself. He thought it was possible to set aside the settlement on the male line, and had actually procured an opinion to that effect (and, as he boasted, without a fee) from an eminent Scottish counsel, under whose notice he contrived to bring the point while consulting him regularly on some other business. But the Baron would not listen to such a proposal for an instant. On the contrary, he used his utmost endeavors to bring to the side on the baroness's side; to wit: 

- the right to the barony via 

- the consanguinity via 

- the marriage via 

- the settlement in favor of the female line.

At all events, the baroness was more valuable to him than the barony. After she had lived some time in the world, she procured to marry a young gentleman, the baron's grandson, and he married her daughter and the wealthy young Englishman and pronounced him much less a fool than he has generally shown himself in cases where his own interest was concerned.

If the Baron, however, had really meditated such an alliance, the indifference of Waverley would have been an insuperable bar to his project. Our hero was already more frequently with the lady, who, besides being noted to think with great shame and confusion upon his mental legend of Saint Cecilia, and the vexation of these reflections was likely, for some time at least, to have induced the courtly Barrow to reconsider his disposition. Besides, Rose Bradwardine, beautiful and amiable as we have described her, had not precisely the sort of beauty or merit, which captivated a romantic imagination in early youth. She was too frank, too confiding, too kind; amiable qualities, undoubtedly, but destructive of the marvellous, with which a youth of imagination delights to dress the objects of his devotion. Young girls are apt, however, to tremble, and to adore, before the timid, yet playful little girl, who now asked Edward to mend her pen, now to construe a stanza in Tasso, and now how to spell a word. And though the incident may indicate that these incidents have their fascination on the mind at a certain period of life, but not when a youth is entering it, and neither looking out for some object
Waverley.

whose affection may disembarrass him in his own eyes, than stooping to one who looks up to him for such assistance, though never in so capricious a passion, early love is frequently ambicious in choosing its object; or, which comes to the same, selects her (as in the case of Saint Cecilia) on speculation, and not for her real merits; it is the idea, which the reality of intimate and familiar life rather tends to limit and impair. I knew a very accomplished and sensible young man cured of a violent passion for a pretty girl, whose talents were equal to her face and figure, by being permitted to bear her company for a whole afternoon. Thus, it is certain, that had Edward enjoyed such an opportunity of conversing with Miss Stubbe, Anne Darch's precaution might have been unnecessary, for he would as soon have fallen in love with the dairy-maid. And although Miss Bradwardine was a very different character, it seems probable that the very intimacy of their intercourse prevented his feeling for her other sentiments than those of a brother for an amiable and accomplished sister; while the sentiments of poor Rose were gradually, and with her good conscious, assuming a shade of warmer affection.

I ought to have said that Edward, when he sent to Dunlelie for the books before mentioned, had applied for leave of absence. But the letter of his commanding-officer contained a friendly recommendation to him, not to spend his time exclusively with persons, who might dissipate the respectability of his character. I think I could not be supposed well affected to a government, which they declined to acknowledge by taking the oath of allegiance. The letter further intimated, though delicately, that Edward's family connexions might be supposed to render it necessary for Captain Waverley to communicate with gentlemen who were in this unpleasant state of suspension. I must say I should deeply regret it if Edward should prevent his prolonging those attentions into exclusive intimacy. And it was intimated, that while his political principles were endangered by communicating with laymen of this description, he might also receive erroneous impressions in religion from the prelate's clerical nay, who so perversely laboured to set up the royal prerogative in things sacred.

This last intimation probably induced Waverley to set both down to the prejudices of his commanding officer. He was sensible that Mr. Bradwardine had acted with the most scrupulous delicacy, in never entering upon any conversation with him, except in those on religious subjects; and that he had not the most remote tendency to bias his mind in political opinions, although he was himself not only a decided partisan of the exiled family, but had been trusted at different times by several commissions for their service. Sensible, therefore, that there was nothing of his being perverted from his allegiance, Edward felt as if he should do his uncle's old friend injustice in removing from a house where he gave and received pleasure, and amusements, merely to gratify a prejudice and ill-judged suspicion. He therefore wrote a very general answer, assuring his commanding officer that his loyalty was not in the most distant danger of corruption, and continued an honourable and respected guest and inmate of the house of Tully-Veolan.

CHAPTER XV.
A CREASE, and its consequences.

When Edward had been a guest at Tully-Veolan nearly six weeks, he described, one morning, as he took his usual walk before the breakfast-hour, signs of uncommon perturbation in the family. Four bare-legged dairy-maids, with each an empty milk-pail in hand, were seen, with frantick looks, and untinting loud exclamations of surprise, grief, and resentment. From their appearance, a pagan might have conceived them a detachment of the celebrated Roman populace, preceding their hatred and contempt nothing was to be got from this distracted chorus, excepting "Lord guide us!" and "En sias!" ejaculations which threw no light upon the cause of their disquiet. They were going down the avenue with all the speed it could muster. He had arrived, it would appear, upon some serious purpose, and was followed by half a score of peasants from the farmSTEER, who had no great difficulty in keeping pace with him.

The Bailie, greatly too busy, and too important, to enter into explanations with Edward, summoned forth Mr. Saunders, who appeared with a countenance in which dismay was mingled with solemnity, and they immediately entered into close conference.

Davie Gellatley was also seen in the group, idle as Diogenes at Cynope, while his companions were preparing for a siege. His spirits always rose with any thing, good or bad, which occasioned tumult, and he continued frisking, hopping, dancing, and singing the burden of an old ballad.

"Our geese's egg,"

until, happening to pass too near the Bailie, he received an admonitory hint from his horse-whip of which countenance and manner the Bailie took notice. Passing from thence towards the garden, Waverley beheld the Baron in person, measuring and re-measuring, with swift and tremendous strides, the length of the avenue, in a state of the most profound and offended pride and indignation, and the whole of his demeanour such as seemed to indicate, that any inquiry concerning the cause of his discomposure would give rise to nothing but increased wrath. The Baron therefore glided into the house, without addressing him, and took his way to the breakfast-parlour, where he found his young friend Rose, who, throughout his absence, he neither exhibited nor restrained, of her father, the turf! importance of Baillie Macmeeble, nor the despairs of the handmaids, seemed vexed and thoughtful. A single word explained the mystery. "Your brother, James, has taken the Baron's money," said James Waverley. A party of Catearan have come down upon last night, and have driven off all our milch cows." "A party of Catearans?" "Yes; robbers from the neighbouring Highlands. We used to be quite free from them while we paid black-mail to Ferrez Mac-Ivor Vich Inan Vorh; but my father thought it unworthy of his rank and birth to pay it any longer, and so this disaster has happened. It is not the value of the cattle, Captain Waverley, but James, you are so much hurt at the affront, and so bold and hot, I fear he will try to punish this, but it is not I he is not hurt himself, he will hurt some of these wild people, and there will be no peace between us and perhaps for our life-time; and we cannot defraud ourselves and old times, for the government have taken all our wealth and driven us to the rash—O what will become of us?" "Here poor Rose lost heart altogether, and burst into a flood of tears. The Baron entered at this moment, and rebuked her with more asperity than Waverley had ever heard him use to any one. "Was it not a shame," he said, "that she should exhibit herself before any gentleman in such a light, as if she shed tears for a drove of horned cattle?" On which the Baron, with great butchery and great composure, said: "Captain Waverley, I must request your favourable construction of her grief, which may, or ought to proceed, solely from seeing her father's estate exposed to the rapacity and depredation from common thieves and sorrows, for we are not allowed to keep half a score of muskets, which for defence or rescue."

Baillie Macmeeble entered immediately afterwards, and by his report of arms and ammunition confirmed this statement, informing the Baron, in a melancholy voice, that the people would certainly obey his orders, and if his honour's sign was absent, would bow down the gear to any guid purpose, in respect there were only his honour's body servants who had swords and pistols, and the depredators were twelve Highlanders, and the remainder of the civilian marauders.

* A crease was an infec turner for plunder, toned on the Board in a raid. * Sorrows may be translated, much regret, more immediately, indicating those unfortunate visitors who, ever more especially, virtuous by their, got somewhat apprehensive to be.
country. Having delivered this doleful announcement, he assumed a posture of silent dejection, shaking his head slowly with the motion of a pendulum, as if ceasing to vibrate, and then remained stationary, his body stooping at a more acute angle than usual, and the latter part of his person projecting in proportion.

"That gentleman, Captain Waverley, my grand-nephew," he said, "with two hundred horse, whom he led with his own hand, he advanced, accompanied by two hundred on foot more than five hundred of the so Highlanders, who have been ever lapis offensionis, et petra scandali, a stumbling-block and a rock of offence to the Lowland viciss. He disconcerted them, I say, when they had the tenacity to descend to harry this country, in the time of the civil discontents, in the year of grace, sixteen hundred forty and two. And now, sir, his grand-nephew, am thus used at such unworthy hands!"

Here there was an awful pause; after which all the company, as is usual in cases of difficulty, began to go on conjecture. Alexander, ab Alexander proposed, should send some one to compound with the Cattara's, who would readily, he said, give up their prey for a dollar a head. The Bailie opined, that they would not consent to the surrender of the boot, or composition of felony; and he recommended that some canny hand should be sent up to the glens to make the best bargain he could, as it were for himself, and not as a party of county, but not seem in such a transaction. Edward proposed to send off to the nearest garrison for a party of soldiers and a magistrate's warrant; and Rose, as far as she dared, enquired of her husband the course of action, and the means of tribute money to Ferus Mac-Ivor, and the Cattara, who, they all knew, could easily procure restoration of the cattle, if they were properly propitiated.

None of these proposals pleased the Baron's approbation. The idea of composition, direct or implied, was absolutely abominable; that of Waverley only showed that he did not understand the state of the country, and of the political parties which divided it; and, standing matters as they did with Ferus Mac-Ivor, the Baron would make no concession to him, were it, he said, "to procure restitution in integrum of every stick and stool that the chief, his followers, and his cattle, had stolen since the days of Malcolm Canmore."

In fact, his voice was still for war, and he proposed to send express to Balmainipple, Killancuret, and the other quarters, to prepare for the same, and to use all similar deprecatations, inviting them to join in the pursuit; and then, sir, shall these nublences requiescunt, as Lesueur calls them, be brought to the fate of their predecessor Cacus."

"Klisos oculos, et siccum manque guttur."

The Bailie, who by no means relished these warlike conceptions, here pulled forth an immense watch, of the colour, and nearly of the size, of a pewter warming-pan, and observed it was now past noon, and that the Cattara had been seen in the pass of Balmainipple, and that before the allied forces could assemble, they and their prey would be far beyond the reach of the most active pursuit, and sheltered in those ruthless deserts, where it was not to be advisable to follow, nor indeed possible to trace them.

This proposition was undeniable. The council therefore broke up without coming to any conclusion, as had also the councils of military, for one, and it was determined that the Bailie should send his own three milk cows down to the Mains for the use of the Baron's family, and brew small ale, as a substitute for beer. To this proposition, which was suggested by Swindon, the Bailie readily assented, both from habitual deference to the family, and an internal consciousness that his course would, in some mode or other, be repaid tenfold.

The Baron having also retired to give some necessary directions, Waverley seized the opportunity to ask, what was the chief thief-taker of the district?

"Thief-taker!" answered Rose, laughing; "he is a gentleman of great honour and consequence; he has the title of captain, and sits in a grand room in entitled indiction, and at length fixing his eye upon an old portrait, whose person was clad in armour, and whose features glared grimly out of a huge bush of hair, part of which descended from his head to his shoulders, and part from his chin and upper lip to his breastplate. "That gentleman, Captain Waverley, my grand-nephew," he said, "with two hundred horse, whom he led with his own hand, he advanced, accompanied by two hundred on foot more than five hundred of the so Highlanders, who have been ever lapis offensionis, et petra scandali, a stumbling-block and a rock of offence to the Lowland viciss. He disconcerted them, I say, when they had the tenacity to descend to harry this country, in the time of the civil discontents, in the year of grace, sixteen hundred forty and two. And now, sir, his grand-nephew, am thus used at such unworthy hands!"

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"Klisos oculos, et siccum manque guttur."

The Bailie, who by no means relished these warlike conceptions, here pulled forth an immense watch, of the colour, and nearly of the size, of a pewter warming-pan, and observed it was now past noon, and that the Cattara had been seen in the pass of Balmainipple, and that before the allied forces could assemble, they and their prey would be far beyond the reach of the most active pursuit, and sheltered in those ruthless deserts, where it was not to be advisable to follow, nor indeed possible to trace them.

This proposition was undeniable. The council therefore broke up without coming to any conclusion, as had also the councils of military, for one, and it was determined that the Bailie should send his own three milk cows down to the Mains for the use of the Baron's family, and brew small ale, as a substitute for beer. To this proposition, which was suggested by Swindon, the Bailie readily assented, both from habitual deference to the family, and an internal consciousness that his course would, in some mode or other, be repaid tenfold.
CHAPTER XVI

AN UNEXPECTED ALLY APPEARS.

The Baron returned at the dinner-hour, and had in great measure recovered his composure and good humour. He not only confirmed the stories which Edward had heard from Rose and BAILLIE MACHEBEE, but added many anecdotes from his own experience.

**Note:** The last of the Highlanders, one of the very last Highlanders who remained in the service of the government, and who was a scholar and a well-born gentleman, was seen by him at this very moment. He had the utmost respect for him, and was always ready to assist him in any way he could.

The story of the Highlanders is a sad one, and it is to be hoped that future generations will learn from it the importance of peace and understanding.

The Baron turned to his horse and rode off without saying a word.

*Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr,* said the ambassador, in good English, "gives you well, Baron of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, and is sorry there has been a thick cloud interposed between you and your relations, which has kept you from seeing and considering the friends and alliances that have been formed between your houses and those of old; and he prays that this cloud may be removed, and that you may be as they have been hitherto between the clan Ior and the house of Bradwardine, when there was an egg between them for a fight, and a knife for an argument. And if you are sorry for the cloud, and no man shall hereafter ask whether it descended from the hill to the valley, or rose from the valley to the hill; for they never struck arms and swords, and afforded a protection which could not be equalled by the power of the king or his ministers. The author has seen a man of the clan Mac-Pherson, whose broadsword would put a stop to all violence than all the swords of all the ministers of the House.*
[CHAP. XVI]

WAVERLEY.

with the scabbard who did not receive with the
sword, and wo to him who would lose his friend for
the sake of a few months. "Ah!" said he, "I
To this the Baron of Bradwardine answered with
suitable dignity, that he knew the chief of clan Ivor
to be a well-wisher to the King, and he was sorry
that he had been a cloud between him and any
gentleman of such sound principles, "for when
folks are banding together, fiend is he who hath no
brother."

Ah, how appearing perfectly satisfactory, that the peace
between these August persons might be duly solemn-
zied, the Baron ordered a stoup of usquebaugh, and,
filling a glass, drank to the health and prosperity of
Maurice and the chief of the clan Ivor, upon which, the
Colonel, Gabriel, ambassador, to requite his politeness, turned down
a mighty bumper of the same generous liquor, seasoned
with his good wishes to the house of Bradwardine.

Having the Baron of Bradwardine of a liberal treaty of pacification, the envoy retired to adjust
with Mr. Macwhistle some subordinate articles with
which it was not thought necessary to trouble the
Baron. These probably referred to the possession of
the whole of the subordina, and apparently the Belfie found
means to satisfy their ally, without suffering his master to suppose that his dignity was compromised.
At least, it is certain, that after the plenipotentiaries had
arrived, there was no secession of brandy in
the house, so that it seemed to have no more effect upon such seaded
vessels, than if it had been poured upon the two beaux
at the top of the avenue. Evan Dhu Maccombach
had been concerted with all the other was how he could procure respecting the robbery of the preceding
night, declared his intention to set off immediately
in pursuit of the cattle, which he pronounced to be
"not that off;—they have broken the bone," as he observed, "but they have had no time to sack the
mawrow.

Our hero, who had attended Evan Dhu during his personal
inquiries and much transport with the ingenuity
which he displayed in collecting information, and the
precise and pointed conclusions which he drew from
it, Evan Dhu, on his part, was obviously flattered with
the attention of his lady, the interest he seemed
to take in his inquiries, and his curiosity about the
customs and scenery of the Highlands. Without
much ceremony he invited Edward to accompany
him on a short walk of ten or fifteen miles into the
mountains, and see the place where the cattle were
conveyed to: adding, "If it be as I suppose, you never
was such a place in your life, or ever will, unless into the like of it.

Our hero, feeling his curiosity considerably excited
by the idea of visiting the den of a Highland Cacus,
took, however, the precaution to inquire if his guid-
ance would be safe. He was assured that the invitation
would on no account have been given had there
been the least danger, and that all he had to apprehend
was a little fatigue; and as Evan proposed he should
pass a day at his Chieftain's house in returning,
where he would be sure of good accommodation
and an excellent welcome, there seemed nothing very
formidable in the task he undertook. Rose, indeed,
turned pale when she heard of it; but her father, who
loved the spirited curiosity of his young friend, did
not attempt to damp it by an alarm of danger which
really did not exist, and a knapsack, with a few ne-
necessary on the shoulder of a sort of the
deputy gamekeeper, our hero set forth with a fowling-
piece in his hand, accompanied by his new friend,
Evan Dhu, and followed by the gamekeeper afor-
said, and by two wild Highlanders, the attendants of
Evan, one of whom had his gun, and the other
at the end of a pole, called a Lochaber-axe, and the
other a long ducking-gun. Evan, upon Edward's in-
quiry, gave him to understand that this martial es-
coration was necessary, "and if you please, I would
be able to understand, as supposed to have been introduced
into both countries from Scandinavia.
the accommodation, and obviously rose in his guide’s opinion, by showing that he did not fear wetting his feet. Indeed he was anxious, so as to remove the opinion which Ewan seemed to entertain of the effeminacy of the Highlanders, and particularly of the English.

Through the gorge of the river they found access, by a breach of tremendous extent, full of large pits, which they traversed with great difficulty and some danger, by tracks which no one but a Highlander could have followed. The path itself, or rather the portion of more solid ground on which the travellers half walked, half waded, was rough, broken, and in many places quassy and unison. Sometimes the ground was so slippery, that it was necessary to spring from one hillock to another, the space between being incapable of bearing the human weight. This was an easy matter to the Highlanders, who wore thin-soled brogues fit for the purpose, and moved with a peculiar springing step; but Edward began to find the exercise, to which he was unaccustomed, more fatiguing than he expected. The lingering twilight served to show them through this Serbonian bog, but deserted them almost totally at the bottom of a steep and very stony hill, which it was the traveller’s next toilsome task, to ascend. "I’ll set a cove," said Jock, the most pleasant, and not dark, and Waverley, calling up mental energy to support personal fatigue, held on his march gallantly, though envying in his heart his Highland attendants, who could step over the stones of the stream that ran with a rapid and swinging pace, or rather trot, which, according to his computation, had already brought them fifteen miles upon their journey.

After this interval, and descending on the other side towards a thick wood, Evan Dhu held a conference with his Highland attendant, in consequence of which Edward’s baggage was shifted from the shoulders of his own men to that of the gillies, and the former was sent off with the other mountaineers in a direction different from that of the three remaining travellers. On asking the meaning of this separation, Waverley was told that the Highlander must go to a hamlet about three miles, for the night; for which he excused the person whom he supposed to be possessed of the cattle, did not much approve of strangers approaching his retreat. This seemed reasonable, and silenced a qualm of suspicion which came across Edward’s mind. It was a long, surly, and unpleasant hour, deprived of his only Lowland companion. And Evan immediately afterwards added, "that indeed he himself had better get forward, and announce the approach of the stripling to those of the gillies of a sidher roy (red soldier) might otherwise be a disagreeable surprise." And without waiting for an answer, in jocose phrase, he trotted off, and posted himself to a very round pace, was out of sight in an instant.

Waverley was now left to his own meditations, for his attendant with the battle-axe spoke very little English. They were traversing a thick, and, as it seemed, an endless wood of pines, and consequently the path was altogether indiscernible in the murky darkness which surrounded them. The Highlander, however, proposed to trace it by instinct, without the hesititation of a moment, and Edward followed his footsteps as close as he could.

After journeying a considerable time in silence, he could not help asking, "Was it far to the end of their journey?"

"To cove was trees, four mile; but as Dunhieth wasel was a wee taiget, Donald could, tat is, might, would, find the way.

This conveyed no information. The curragh, which was promised might be a man, a horse, a cart, or chaise; and no more could be got from the man with the battle-axe, but a repetition of "Ach ay! to the curragh."

But in a short time Edward began to conceive his meaning, when, issuing from the wood, he found himself on a lane, where the blacksmith gave him to understand they must all down for a little while. The moon, which now began to rise, showed obtrusively the expanse of water which spread before them, and the shapeless and in distinct forms of mountains with which it seemed to be surrounded. The cool, and yet mild air of the summer night, refreshed Waverley after his rapid and toilsome journey, and the perfumed breath of the birch trees, bathed in the evening dew, was exquisitely fragrant.

He had now time to give himself up to the full romance of his situation. Here sat on the banks of an unknown lake, here, under the guidance of a wild native, whose language was unknown to him, on a visit to the den of some renowned outlaw, a second Robin Hood of the Highlands, this time at deep midnight, through scenes of difficulty and toil, separated from his attendant, left by his guide:

What a variety of incidents for the exercise of a romantic imagination, and all enhanced by the solemn feeling of uncertainty, at least, if not of danger! The only circumstance which assorted ill with the rest, was the cause of his journey—the Baron’s milk cows! This degrading incident he kept in the back ground.

While wrapt in these dreams of imagination, his companion gently touched him, and, pointing in a direction nearly straight across the lake, said, "Yon’s a cove." A small point of light was seen twinkle in the direction in which he pointed, and, gradually increasing in size and lustre, seemed to flicker like a meteor upon the verge of the horizon. While Edward was watching it, an occasional flash of the oars was heard. The measured sound approached near and more near, and presently a loud whistle was heard in the same direction. His friend with the battle-axe immediately whistled in reply to the signal, and a boat, manned with four or five Highlanders, pushed for a little inlet, near which Edward was sitting. He advanced to meet them, with his Highland attendant, and saluted the oars with his hand. The boat was nestled into the lake, by the officious attention of two stout mountaineers, and had no sooner seated himself than he resumed their oars, and began to row across the lake with great rapidity.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOLD OF A HIGHLAND ROBER.

The party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chant of a Gaelic psalm, long, surly, and of a singularly pleasant tunefulness, until an hour, deprived of his only Lowland companion. And Evan immediately afterwards added, "that indeed he himself had better get forward, and announce the approach of the stripling to those of the gillies of a sidher roy (red soldier) might otherwise be a disagreeable surprise." And without waiting for an answer, in jocose phrase, he trotted off, and posted himself to a very round pace, was out of sight in an instant.

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of rock, on which the fire was blazing, and running
about two boats' length farther, steered where the
cave-in (for it was already arched overhead) ascended
from the water by five or six broad ledges of rocks,
some and regular that they might be termed natu-
ral. In an instant a gust of water was suddenly thrown upon the fire, which sunk with a hiss-
ing noise, and with it disappeared the light it had
hitherto afforded. Four or five active arms lifted
Waverley, or one of the boat, placed him on his feet, and
almost carried him into the recesses of the cave. He
made a few paces in darkness, guided in this manner;
and advancing towards a hum of voices, which seemed
to be the centre of the Rink, at an accuracy of
turn Donald Bean Leun and his whole establishment
were before his eyes.

The interior of the cave, where rose very high,
was illuminated by torches made of pine-trees, which
all emitted a bright and flickering light, attended by
a strong, though not unpleasant odour. Their light
was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire,
round which were seated five or six armed Highland-
ers, while others were indistinctly seen crouched on
their plauds, in the most remote recesses of the cavern.
In one large aperture, which the robber facetiously
called a "window," there was a group by the hearth of
the barrows of a sheep, or two, and two cows lately
slaughtered. The principal inhabitants of this singular
mansion, attended by Evan Dhu as master of the re-
treat, were in high spirits toward meeting their
different in appearance and manner from what his
imagination had anticipated. The profession which
he followed—the wilderness in which he dwelt—the
wild warrior forms that surrounded him, were quite
calculated to inspire terror. From such accompani-
ments, Waverley prepared himself to meet a stern
grimace, feroceous future, such as Salvador would
have chosen to be the central object of a group of
banditti.

Donald Bean Leun was the very reverse of all these.
He was thin in person and low in stature, with light
eyes, and smooth, bony features, lending which he
derived his cognomen of Bean or white; and
although his form was light, well-proportioned, and
active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive
and insignificant figure. He had served in some in-
ferior capacity in the French army, and in order to
receive his English visitor in great form, and probably
meaning, in his way, to pay him a compliment, he let
him go to the window where the highest degree of
description could be given of him, to pass him on an old blue
and red uniform, and a feathered hat, in which he was
far from showing to advantage; and indeed looked so incongruous, compared with all around,
when it was told me, as he was told to Rollo or to
Ralph, had laughter been either civil or safe. The
robber received Captain Waverley with a profusion
of French politeness and Scottish hospitality, seemed
profoundly interested in his appearance, and was
peculiarly acquainted with his uncle's political
principles. On these he bestowed great applause, to
which Waverley judged it prudent to make a very
general reply.

Being placed at a convenient distance from the
charcoal fire, the heat of which the season rendered
oppressive, a strapping Highland damsel placed be-

* An adverb, very similar to what it has stated, actually
-tell the late Mr. Abercromby of Tullibody, grandfather of the
principal Thistles, visited him on his return from Pignerolle.

When this gentleman, who lived to a very advanced period
of life, first settled in Stirlingshire, his cattle were repeatedly driven
by the celebrated Rob Roy, or some of his gang; and a
length he was obliged, after obtaining a proper safe conduct, to
make a short visit to his Majesty's Horse to Breacllaich in
the text. Rob received him with much courtesy, and made
many apologies for the accident, which must have happened,
had there been some mistake. Mr. Abercromby was remarkable
with college from two of his own cattle, which were hung up
by the celebrated Rob Roy, and the head was as perfectly cut
off, that he was agreeable to pay in future a small sum of black mail, in con-
sequence of the injury. Rob Roy not only invited him to come
back for another, but assured his host of the utmost
hostile at the risk of having on a political dispute in such a
situation. This anecdote I received many years since about
1752, from the mouth of the 'maligne gentilhomme' who was con
sidered by
tered or left the place without any other ceremony than a few words in Gaelic to the principal out-lookers; and, when he fell alarmed to call Highlander who acted as his lieutenant, and seemed to keep watch during his repose. Those who entered, seemed to have returned from some excursion, of which they recorded it in their usual inarticulate manner to the larder, where cutting with their dirks the rations from the carcasses which were there suspended, they proceeded to broil and eat them at their own pleasure and leisure. Liquor was under strict regulation, being served out either by Donald himself, his lieutenant, or the strapping Highland girl alone, who was the only female that appeared. The chief did not seem to care for them; he appeared partial to any but Highlanders, who, living entirely in the open air, and in a very moist climate, can consume great quantities of animal spirits without any harmful effects either upon the brain or constitution.

At length the fluctuating groups began to swim before the eyes of our hero as they gradually closed; nor did he, as in a wet dock, till after a long while, find himself on the lake, though there was but a faint and dimming twilight in the recesses of Uninn an Rì, or the King’s Cavern, as the abode of Donald Lean was pronouncedly denominated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WAVERLEY. PROCEEDS ON HIS JOURNEY.

When Edward had collected his scattered reflections, he was surprised to observe the cavern to have a retreat of such aspect and propriety, in some order, he looked more accurately round, but all was still solitary. If it had not been for the scattered brands of the fire, now sunk into grey ashes, and the remnants of the festival, consisting of bonfire lads and half snuffed, and an empty wine glass, there remained no traces of Donald and his band. When Waverley sauntered forth to the entrance of the cave, he perceived that the point of rock, on which the marks of the cavern opened, and descending, was accessible by a small path, either natural, or roughly hewn in the rock, along the little inlet of water which ran a few yards up into the cavern, conducted him in on a point of rock, a few yards in, till the neck was behind, all the ascent of rocks, at the very extremity of the little platform; and making use of them as a staircase, he clambered by their means round the projecting shoulder of the rock, the top of which he reached just before the morning was over.

Looking back to the place from which he came, he could not help admiring the address which had adopted a retirement. The point of rock, round the shoulder of which he had turned by a few imperceptible notches, that barely afforded place for the foot, seemed, in looking back upon it, a step precipice, which barred all farther passage by the side of the lake; and not distant, and so possible, the breadth of the lake considered, ofdescribing the entrance of the narrow and low-browed cave from the other side; so that, unless the retreating hero would, or could, be met by the lieutenant, it might be a safe and secret residence to his person as long as they were supplied with provisions. Having satisfied his curiosity in these particulars, and before the morning was over, he turned his back upon the shore and the cave, and proceeded to the breakfast-table. After morning greetings had passed on both sides, and Evan, looking at Waverley, had said something in Gaelic to Alice, which made him, and which was conveyed to her eye, the pleasure well embrowned by sun and wind, Evan invited his remarks that the fish should be prepared for breakfast. A spark from the look of his pistol at the fish, which produced a sound that made them conscious of their situation, was quickly in flame, and as speedily reduced to an ember, on which the trout was broiled in large slices. To crown the repast, Evan produced from the poach.
Waverley. [CHAP. XVII.

of his short terkin, a large scallop shell, and from under the folds of his hand, a ram's horn full of whisky.

Of his other articles, a copy of Carew's 'Breviary,' he had already taken his morning with Donald Bean Lean, before his departure; he offered the same cordial to Alice and to Edward, which they both declined. With the rest of his apparel, a lord, when he has nothing more to offer, is both shrewd and judicious; he left the scallop to Donald Mahony, his attendant, who, without waiting to be asked a second time, drank it off with great gusto. Evan then prepared to move to-wards the north, and started directly for Waverley to attend him. Meanwhile, Alice had made up in a small basket what she thought worth removing, and keeping her plated around her, she advanced up to Edward, and with many marks of attention, and a very fine smile, she offered her check to his salute, dropping, at the same time, her little courtesy, Evan, who was esteemed a wag among the mountain fair, advanced, as if to secure a man has done but Alice, snatching up her basket, escaped into the rocky bank as fleetly as a roe, and, turning round and laughing, called something out to him in Gaelic, which he answered in the same tone and manner; and then, waving her hand to Edward, she resumed her road, and was soon lost among the trees, though they continued for some time to hear her lively carol, as she proceeded gayly on her solitary journey.

They now again entered the cave of the cavern, and stepping into the boat, the Highlander pushed off, and, taking advantage of the morrow's breeze, hoisted a sail, and away he went, while Evan continued the beating of the drum, and directing his course, as it appeared to Waverley, rather back up the lake than towards the place of his embarkation on the preceding night. As they alighted along the silver mirror, Evan opened his conversation with the young Colt, Alice, who, said he, was both 'elegant and fondy'; and, without the least of ill, the best dancer of a strathspey in the whole strath. Edward assented to her praises so far as he understood them, yet could not help regretting that he was condemned to such a pernicious and dismally ugly.

"Och! for that!" said Evan, "there is notinie in Perthshire that she need want, if she ask her father to buy it, as it is hot too hot or too heavy.

"But to be the daughter of a cattle-stalker—a common thief!"

"Common thief!—No such thing: Donald Bean Lean is as high born as a dolphin in his life."

"Do you call him an uncommon thief, then?"

"No—he steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stall from a cottter, is a thief; he who lifts a drove from a hand, is a gentleman-drover. Anything besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a Low strathspey, is what no Highlander ever need think upon you."

"But what can this end in, were he taken in such an appropriation?"

"To be sure he would die for the law, as many a poor wight has done before him."

"Die for the law?"

"Ay; that is, with the law, or by the law; he was hanged up on the kind gallows of Crockett, where his father died, and his goods were devoured, and where I hope he'll live to die himself, if he's not shot, or slashed in a creagh."

"You hope such a death for your friend, Evan?"

"And that's well; I would as you would wish to see him burn on the bundle of wet straw in you den of him, like a manly tyke."

"But what becomes of Alice, then?"

"Truth, if such an accident should happen, as her father wishes, always expect any longer, I ken nought to hinder me to marry her myself.

"Gallantly resolved," said Edward; but, in the meanwhile, Evan, what has your father-in-law (that is, your father-in-law) to say, was, in the meantime, standing at the western end of the town of Crockett, in Perthshire. There was a great deal of gallows, we are unable to inform the reader with certainty; but it is alleged that the Highlanders used to touch their horses as they passed a place where the gallows used to stand, in his name, for the sake of his likeness or resemblance—"God bless yourrain and the Tiel turn you!" If the horses then had been called land, as being a sort of native or kindred piece of doon to those who suffered there, as is fulfilled of a natural destiny."

shall be, if he have the good fortune to be hanged done with the Baron's cattle."

"Och!" said the Foon, "they were all drudging before your lad and Allan Kennedy before the breakfast over Ben-Lawers this morning; and they'll be in the pass of Bally-Brouoh by this time, in their way land."

"But ye call them in the same colour, all but two that were unhappily slaughtered before I got last night to Unimah Rdi."

"And where are we going, Evan, if I may be so bold as to ask?" said Waverley.

"Where would you be curing, but to the bard's

in house of Glenagloch? Ye would not think it

in his country, without gaming to see him? It

would be a deil of a sport."

"And are we far from Glenagloch?"

"But five bits of miles; and Vich Ian Vohr will meet us.

In about half an hour they reached the upper end of the lake, where, after landing Waverley, the two Highlanders drew the boat into a little cove among thick faggots and reeds, where it lay perfectly concealed. The path they followed was not more than the wood of Donald Bean Lean probably, of his occasions should next bring him to that place. The travel was followed for some time a delightful one, among the hills, down which a little brook found its way to the lake. When they had purveyed their walk a short distance, Waverley renewed his questions about the bust of the cavern.

"Dochtuch a bust?"

"Out, no! it's the past the skill of man to tell where he's been to find a bust; there's not a de'il near or cove, or crin, in the whole country, that he's not acquaintance of his own."

"And do others beside your master shelter him?"

"My master?—My master is in Heaven," answered Evan, hastily; and then immediately assuming his usual civility of manner, "you mean my brother-in-law; no, he does not shelter Donald Bean Lean, nor any that are like him; he only allows him (a smile) wood and water."

"No great boon, I should think, Evan, when both seem to be very scanty."

"Ah! but ye dinnae see through it. When I say wood and water, I mean the loch and the land; and I fancy Donald would be put ill if the laird were to take for granted that I put him up in the wood of Ralchay's tavern; and if our boats, with a score or ten more, were to come down the loch to Unimah Rdi, headed by myself, or any other pretty man.

"But then there never a crook party came against him from the Low Country, would not your Chief defen him?"

"Na, he would not war the spark of a flint for his life;—they would rating with the law."

"And what must Donald do, then?"

"He believed to rid this country of himself, and at last, it may be, over the mount upon Letterchive."

"And if he were pursued to that place?"

"I'm warrant he would go to his cousin's at Ranoch."

"Well, but if they followed him to Ranoch?"

"This through Evan, I'm in placed, all belief: and indeed, to tell you the truth, there durst not a Lothianer in all Scotland follow the fray a gun-shot behind Bally-Brouoh, unless he had the help of the Sidher Dhu."

"Whom do you call so?"

"The Sidher Dhu? the black soldier; that is what they call the indpendent companies that were raised to keep peace and law in the Highlands. Vich Ian Vohr commanded one of them for three years, when I was sergeant myself, I shall warrant ye. They call them Sidher Dhu, because they wear the tartans, they call their men King George's men,—Sidher Dhu, or, the chief men; that is the last generation."

"Well, but when you were in King George's pay, Evan, you were surely King George's soldiers?"

"Truth, and you must ask Vich Ian Vohr about that; for I was, and he was, I believe, which o' them it is. At any rate, nobody can say we are King George's men now, when we have not seen his pay this twelvemonth."
This last argument admitted of no reply, nor did Edward attempt any; he rather chose to bring back the discourse to Donald Bean Lean. "Does Donald confine himself to cattle, or does he itt as you call it?"

"Truth, he's nae nice body, and he'll just tak any thing, but most readily cattle, horse, or live Christians; for sheep are slow of travel, and inside plen- ening is cumbersome to carry, and not easy to put away for silent in this country."

"But does he carry off men and women?"

"Out, ay. Did ye ne'er hear him speak 'o the Perth road? He always had five hundred marks up to the south o' Bally-proof. And once ane Donald played a pretty sport. There was to be a blythe brid- ing between the Lady Cranefeather, in the howe o' the Morius, and the Alan of the Slieve. There was no hint o' the ceremony, and none o' the queenly household."

"And warn ye nothin about it in his warning the bridegroom; for Donald would not lower a fathernie of a thousand punds."

"The devil!"

"Oh, that's Scottish, ye shall understand. And the lady had not the glaze she if she had worn her gown, and they appli'd to the governor o' Stirling castle, and to the major o' the Black Watch; and the governor said, it was over to the northeast, and out o' his district; and the major said, his men were gone home to the shering, and he would not call them out because the victual was got in for all the Causeways we had. And the Mearns, for that it would prejudice the country. And in the meanwhile ye'll no hinder Gilliewhackit to take the small-pox."

"There was not the doctor in Perth or Stirling would look near the poor lad; and I cannot blame them, for Donald had been misconceived by one of these doctors about Paris, and he swore he would fling the first into the loch that he caught beyond the Parian. However, some callow, (that is, old women,) that were about Donald's hand, nursed Gillie- whackit as well, that between the free open air in the cave and the fresh whie, he did not recover; and at last he was forced to have a glazed chamber and a bed with curtains, and foils with red wine and white meat. And Donald was vexed about it, that when he was stout and well, he could not be pleased with anything they would like to give him for the pleasure and trouble which he had about Gillie- whackit to an unkend degree. And I cannot tell you precisely how they sorted; but they agreed as right that Donald was invited to dance at the wed- ding in his Highland trews, and they said that there was never seen muckle slicker clinked in his purse either before or since. And to the boot of all that, Gillie- whackit said, that be the evidence what it liked, if he had the luck to be on Donald's inquest, he would bring him in guilty of nothing whatever, unless it were wilful anor, or murder under trust."

With such bald and disjointed chat, Evan went on illustrating the state of the Highlands, more perhaps to the amusement of Waverley than of that...

* The story of the bridegroom carried off by Caterine, on his broom, was mentioned by the late Laird of Mac-Nab, many years since. To carry off per- sons, without their consent, was a common practice with the wild Highlanders, as it is said to bo the fashion in the south of France. Mackintosh related the following circumstance, before the marriage could be agreed on; and whether it was the fine cool air and the height of the season. Mackintosh did not pretend to be positive; but he was sure, that the prisoner recovered, his ransom was paid, and he was restored to his friends and country. A tradition, which is considered the Highland way, of having saved his life, his treatment of his master.
dreaded because it seemed much under its owner's command. In short, the countenance of the Chief-tain resembled a smiling summer's day, in which, notwithstanding, we are made sensible by certain, though slight signs, that it may thunder and lighten before the close of evening.

It was not, however, upon their first meeting that Edward had an opportunity of making these less favourable remarks. The Chief received him as a friend of the Baron of Brandwine, with the utmost expression of kindness and obligation for the visit; upbraided him gently with choosing so rude an abode, as he had done the night before; and entered into a lively conversation about the Duke of Berwick, whose he had lately been, but without the least hint; as to his predatory habits, or the immediate occasion of Waverly's visit, a topic which, as the Chief did not introduce it, our hero also avoided. While they walked merrily onwards towards the house of Glennaquick, Evan, who now fell respectfully into the rear, followed with Callum Beg and Dugald Mahony.

We shall now take the opportunity to introduce the reader to some particulars of Fergus Mac-Ivor's character and history, which were not completely known to Waverly till after a connexion, which, though arranged by the Duke of Berwick, was not entirely concluded until after he had spent a long time of the deepest influence upon his character, actions, and prospects. But this, being an important subject, must form the commencement of a new chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHIEF AND HIS MANSION.

The ingenious licentiate Francisco de Ubéca, when he commenced his history of La Pietra Justina, said, 'by the way, is not one of the most rankling books of Spanish literature—complained of the pen having caught a hair, and fortnight besides, with more eloquence than common sense, an affectionate speculation with that useful implement, upbraiding it with the following of a grave, and a bitter, and base, and nature, as frequenting the three elements of water, earth, and air, indifferently, and being, of course, "to one thing constant never." Now I protest to thee, fair reader, that I entirely dissent from Francisco de Ubéca in this matter, and hold it the most useful quality of my pen, that it can swiftly chance from grave to gay, and from description and dialogue to exclamation, without that care of my discipline to mention no other properties of its mother-goose than its mutability, truly I shall be well pleased; and I conceive that you, my worthy friend, will have no occasion for that man of the Highland gillies, I pass to the character of the Chief. It is an important examination, and therefore, like Dobbesford, I must spare no wisdom.

The ancestor of Fergus Mac-Ivor, about three centuries before, had set up a claim to be recognised as chief of the numerous and powerful clan to whom he belonged, the name of which it is unnecessary to mention. Being defeated by an opponent who had more justice, or at least more force, on his side, he moved southwards, with those who adhered to him, in quest of new settlements, like a second Æneas. The very name of the Pertie Hill was calculated to indicate the purpose. A great baron in that country had lately become traitor to the crown; Iann, which was the name of our adventurer, united himself with those who were desirous of being supplanted. He was successful, and did such good service, that he obtained a grant of the property, upon which he and his posterity afterwards resided. He followed the king also in war to the westward of Leith, where he employed his leisure hours so actively in raising subsidies among the Boors of Northumberland and Durham, that upon his return he was enabled to erect a stone tower, or tower-house, against his neighbours, that he, who had hitherto been called Ian Mac-Ivor, or John the son of Ivar, was thereafter distinguished, both in song and genealogy, by the title of Chief.

The descendants of this worthy were so proud of him, that the reigning chief always bore the poetical title of Visch Ian Yehr, i.e. the son of John the Great, while the clan at large, to distinguish them from the from which they had descended, were denominated Strath nan Ivar, the race of Ivar.

The failure of this enterprise, the too direct descent from John of the Tower, engaged heart and hand in the insurrection of 1715, and was forced to fly to France, after the attempt of that year in favour of the Stuarts had proved unsuccessful. Not so fortunate other than other figures, he obtained employment in the French service, and married a lady of rank in that kingdom, by whom he had two children, Ferguson and Cuthbert, and his estate at Drumbeau was forfeited and exposed to sale, but was repurchased for a small price in the name of the young proprietors, who in consequence came to reside upon his native domains. It was not perceived, he possessed a character of uncommon acuteness, fire, and ambition, which, as he became acquainted with the spas of the country, gradually assumed a mixed and peaceable tenor; it could only have been acquired thirty years since.

Had Ferguson Mac-Ivor lived sixty years sooner than he did, he would, in all probability, have warded the fortunes of the nation politically, which he now possessed; and had he lived sixty years later, his ambition and love of rule would have lacked the fuel which his situation now afforded him. He was, indeed, one of those fine heads, great politicians as Castlemoe Castlemoan himself. He applied himself with great earnestness to apprise all his friends and connections which often arose among other clans in his neighbourhood, so that he became a frequent umpire in their quarrels. His own paternal power he strengthened at every expense which his fortune would permit, and indeed stretched his means to the uttermost to maintain the rude and pleasant hospitality, which was the most valued attribute of a chiefman. For the same reason, he crowded his estate with a tenantry, hardly indeed, and fit for the purposes of war, but equally outwitting what his soil was calculated to maintain. This patronage the chief of his own clan, not one of whom he suffered to quit his lands if he could possibly prevent it. But he maintained, besides, many adventurers from the mother-cept, who declared a less warlike, though most wealthy chief, to do honour to Ferguson Mac-Ivor. Other individuals, too, who had not even that apology, were nevertheless received into his allegiance, and that without distinction, which indicated that he despised none, as far as the Point of Pate, proper men of their hands, and were willing to assume the name of Mac-Ivor.

He was enabled to discipline these forces, from having obtained the command of the independent companies, raised by government to preserve the peace of the Highlands. While in this capacity he was actuated with vigour and spirit, and preserved great order in the country under his charge. He summoned his vassals to enter by rotation into his company, and serve for a certain space of time, which gave them all in turn a general notion of military discipline. In his campaigns against the heathen, it was observed that he assumed and exercised to the utmost the discretionary power, which, while the law had no fixed course in the Highlands, was conceived to belong only to the military commanding chief. He never took advantage of this power. He acted, for example, with great and suspicious lenity to those free-brothers who made restitution on his summons, and offered personal submission to himself, while he rigorously pursued, apprehended, and sacrificed to justice, all such interlopers as dared to despise his admonitions or commands. On the other hand, if any officers of justice, military parties, or others, presumed to put their feet within his territories, and without applying for his
and concurrence, nothing was more certain than that they would meet with some notable foil or defeat; upon which occasions Fergus Mac-Ivor was the first to condescend with them, and, after gently blaming their uncivil conduct and loudly censuring its lawless state of the country. These lamentations did not exclude suspicion, and matters were so represented to government, that their Chiefman was deprived of his command.

Whatever Fergus Mac-Ivor felt on this occasion, he had the art of entirely suppressing every appearance of discontent; but in a short time the neighbourhood was roused by disasters from beyond the Seas. The death of Sir Donald Bean Lean, and others of his class, whose depredations had hitherto been confined to other districts, appeared from thenceforward to have made the Lowland gentry the less distrusting of the Highland savages, which were now carried on with the same opposition, as the Lowland gentry were chiefly Jacobites, and disarmed. This forced many of the inhabitants into contrivance of some sort, and such, not only established his claim to their protection, and gave him great weight in all their consultations, but, moreover, supplied funds for the waste of his feudal power, in order to increase the distinguishing of his pay might have otherwise essentially diminished.

In following this course of conduct, Fergus had a further object than merely being the great man of his neighbourhood, and ruling despotically over a small clime, but he shrewdly and diligently applied himself to the cause of the exiled family, and had persuaded himself, not only that their restoration to the crown of Britain would be speedy, but that those who assisted him would be raised to honour and rank. It was with this view that he laboured to reconcile the Highlanders amongst themselves, and augmented his own force to the utmost, to be prepared for the first favourable circumstains of rising. With this purpose also he conciliated the favour of such Lowland gentlemen in the vicinity as were friends to the good cause; and for the same reason, having in vain petitioned Mr. Balfour, the Earl, who, notwithstanding his peculiarities, was much respected in the country, he took advantage of the foray of Donald Bean Lean to sully the dispute in the manner we have mentioned. Some, indeed, surmised that he caused the enterprise to be suggested to Donald, in order to pave the way to a reconciliation, which, supposing that to be the case, cost the Lowlanders a twofold loss. This thought and the House of Stuart repaired with a considerable share of their confidence, an occasional supply of letters' du'or, abundance of fair words, and promises of assistance. This was expected, but did not answer. The Chiefman returned, purporting to be an earl's patent, granted by no less a person than James the Third King of England, and King of Scotland, to his right feel, trusty, and true, and to his terror. The Chiefman of Glenguequid, in the county of Perth, and kingdom of Scotland.

With this double conseir, Fergus plunged deeply into the correspondence and lot of that unhappy Highland, and, like all successful agents, easily reconciled his conscience to going certain lengths in the service of his party, from which honesty and pride would have deterred him, and the solicitude of his personal interest. With this insight into a bold, ambitious, and ardent, yet artful and politic character, we resume the broken thread of our narrative.

The Chief and his guest had by this time reached the house of Glenguequid, which consisted of Janan Chaistail's mansion, a rude-looking square house, with the addition of a lofted house, that is, a lofted house on the second story. Fergus was introduced to this house by the shepherd, who returned from that memorable expedition, well remembereed by the western shires.

"This is the seat of many a noted race," said Mac-Ivor in reply to the frequent inquiries of the visiters. The idea of the disestablished Lords of the eastern counties was lowered, and the chiefman's domain was a splendid and magnificent one, but valued at much pains and trouble and cost of living in the Jacobite cause. The chiefman's interest was to secure these investments, and his chief man was to have nothing to do with kings, making, being his own patron. He was not averse to the land, but had a "half-man" of the day, and a "half-man" a month, under the name of the Highland Host. Upon occasion of this crusade against the Ayshire Whigs and Covenanters, the Ichan Vohr of the time had probably been as successful as his predecessor was in the former crusade against the Covenanting party, and had captured the only rival edifice, as a monument of his magnificence.

Around the house, which stood on an eminence in the midst of the Highlands, all the ravages were caried on with little opposition, and the Lowland gentry were chiefly Jacobites, and disarmed. This forced many of the inhabitants into contrivance of some sort; and such not only established his claim to their protection, and gave him great weight in all their consultations, but, moreover, supplied funds for the waste of his feudal power, in order to increase the distinguishing of his pay might have otherwise essentially diminished.

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pressing on Waverley no light sense of their merit as soldiers, and of the power of him who commanded them."

"And what number of such gallant fellows have the happiness to call you leader?" asked Waverley.

"In a good cause, and under a chieftain whom the love, the race, and the heart have taken to their bosom; and the field, under five hundred claymores. But you are aware, Captain Waverley, that the disarming act, passed about twenty years ago, prevents their being in the complete state of preparation as in former times; and I keep no more of my clan under arms than may defend my own or my friend's property, when the country is troubled with such men as your last night's landlord; and government, which has renounced other means of defence, must confine att our protecting ourselves."

"But, with your force, you might soon destroy, or put down, such gangs as that of Donald Bean Lean."

"Fair; but faith and hearth did not turn many a man to mona to deliver up to General Blakeney at Stirling, the few broadswords they have left us; there were little policy in that, methinks.—But come, captain, to find it out, and one, and one, and one, and one; dinner is prepared—let me have the honour to show you into my rude mansion."

CHAPTER XX.
A HIGHLAND FEAST.

Fea Waverley entered the banqueting hall, he was offered the patriarchal refreshment of a bath for the feet, which the sultry weather, and the morasses he had traversed, rendered highly acceptable. He was not, however, so much influenced by this decision as the heroic travellers in the Odyssey; the task of ablation and abstention being performed, not by a beautiful damsel, trained

To claffle the limb, and pour the fragrant oil, but by a smoke-dried skinny old Highland woman, who did not seem to think herself much honoured by the duty imposed upon her, but muttered between her gasps, "Your foot! Your foot!" At the head of the table was the Chief himself, with Edward, and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring clans; the eldest of his own tribe, waidbearers and tacksman, as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate as mortgagees or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews, and foster-brothers; then the officers of the Chief's household, according to their order of birth, and next, the gentlemen who actually cultivated the ground. Even beyond this long perspective, Edward might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of fishling doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer, and of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating around this extreme were of the banquet, a clannish group of women, raged boys and girls, weans, young and old, large greyhounds, and terriers, and pointers, and curs of low degree; all of whom took some interest, more or less immediate, in the main action of the piece.

This hospitality, apparently unbounded, had yet its line of economy. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes, in the style of our rustic lairds, e.g., which were served at the upper caff of the table, and immediately under the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense clumsy joints of mutton and beef, which, for the absence of pork, abhorred in the Highlands, resembled the rude festivity of the banquet of Venuelop's Dublin feast. But the central dish of the principal table was a sucking lamb, called "a hog in harat," roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cook, who paged himself more on the table. The sides of this poor animal were fiercely attacked by the clansmen, some with dirks, others with the knives which were usually in the same sheath with the dirk, and with the dexter hand; and a maneged and roofed speciel sieve. Lower down still, the victuals seemed of yet coarser quality, though sufficiently abundant. Both, onions, cheese, and the remains of the frequent courses, the feast, regained the sons of Ivor who feasted in the open air.

The liquor was supplied in the same proportion, and under similar regulations. Exceivcent claret and MacCallum, were liberally dispensed for the conclusion of the Chief's immediate neighbours; whisky, plain or diluted, and strong beer, refreshed those who sat near the lower end. Nor did this inequality of distribution appear to affect the manners of the guests, who all understood that his taste was to be formed according to the rank which he held at table; and, consequently, the tacksmen and their dependents always professed to drink in wines too cold for the social, and some one present understood by so large a party, and pleaded the necessity of his situation, on which unlimited hospitality was imposed as a paramount duty. These stout idle kinsmen of the Chief, behaved, as is said, "according to the hour in their house, held in trust for their support; and I must find them beef and ale, while the rogues will do nothing for themselves but practise the broadsword, or wander about the hills, shooting, fishing, hunting, drinking, and making love to the laird's sheep; what can I do, Captain Waverley? every thing will keep after its kind, whether it be a hawk or a Highland." Edward made the expected answer, a complete one, as he possessing so many bold and attached followers."

"Why, yes," replied the Chief, "were I disposed, like my father, to put myself in the way of getting my blow a little higher, as all the young ones of the house are always doing, I could soon have Venter, and Edward, and MacCallum, and the rest of my tenants assembled at the same table."

"Pork, or swine's flesh, in any shape, was, till late years, much abominated by the Scots, nor is it yet a favourite food among the people. I have eaten this meat myself, and I am said to have abhorred pork almost as much as he did himself."

"According to Sir John Scott, there were two or three unique patches of porridge, each having a little piece of sodden meat. And when the table was served, it was customary to sit down at it, not without a little struggle, with some pleasure in the last course."

"Till within this last century, the farmers, even of a respectable condition, dined with their work people. The difference between the like dish of the table, raised above the level of the seat, or, sometimes, by a line drawn on the table as a mark of distinction."

"One thing more. How to feed the vants, and restrain the appetite of his clansmen, allowed for the fair Fraser trial, who had a short and simple plan of being a Dunke-wrasel, the full house being all the sitting at the same time, took care that his young kinsmen did not eat forcing, the day before his visit, by a flagon of rum. In this case it was always ready with some honourable apology. But the meat and vegetables which I conceived might be the better lasts of his country, should not be Cornelius seat as an assigned point on the table."
the loons would stand by me. But who thinks of that in the present day, when the maxim is—better an old friend with you than a young man with belted bands?” Then, turning to the company, he proposed the “Health of Captain Waverley, a worthy friend of his kind neighbour and all the community.”

“Is he welcome hither,” said one of the elders, “if he come from Coosha Camyce Bradwardine?”

“Tis my say that,” said an old man, who apparently did not mean to please any, except to please himself; “I say may to ye, where there is a green leaf in the forest, there will be fraud in a Camyce.”

“There is nothing but honour in the Baron of Bradwardine,” answered another; “and the gun which I gave him from the house should be welcome, though he came with blood on his hand, unless it were blood of the race of Ivor.”

The old man, whose cup remained full replied, “Tis a thing that has been good enough of the race of Ivor on the land of Bradwardine.”

“Ath Ballochkiroch,” replied the first, “you think rather of the flash of the carbine at the Mains of Tully-Volcan, than the glance of the sword that fought for the cause at Preston.”

“Myself I may,” answered Ballochkiroch; “the flash of the gun cost me a fair-haired son, and the glance of the sword has done but little for King James.”

The Chieftain, in two words of French, explained to Waverley, that the Baron had shot this old man’s son in a fray, which took place seven years before; and then hastened to remove Ballochkiroch’s prejudice, by informing him that Waverley was an Englishman, unconquered by birth or alliance with the family of Bradwardine; and, where is the sum of hidden, my friends, that Mac-Murrough cannot find it?”

Mac-Murrough, the family bard, an aged man, immediately took the hint, and began to chant, with low and rapid utterance, a profession of Celtic verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardour seemed to increase. He had at first spoken with his eyes fixed on the ground; he now cast them around as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding, attention, and his tones rose into wild and wonderful declamations, which were so exquisitely fitted to the slow and solemn music of his bards, that Waverley thought he could discern his own name, and was convinced his conjecture was right, from the eyes of the company being at that moment turned towards him simultaneously. The ardor of the poet appeared to communicate itself to the audience. Their wild and sun-burnt countenances assumed a fierce and exalted expression; all bent forward towards the reciter, many sprang up and waved their arms in ecstasy, and some laid their hands on their swords.

When the song ceased, there was a deep silence; while the enthusiasm of the feast and of the company was so elevated, that no one could bear it. The Chieftain, who, during this scene, had appeared rather to watch the emotions which were excited than to partake their high tone of enthusiasm, filled with claret a small silver cup which stood by him. “Give this,” he said to an attendant, “to Mac-Murrough (not Fonn, i.e. the son) and when he has drunk the juice, bid him keep, for the sake of the Ivors, with his cup, to conjure with, and as a dam in the future.” The eft was received by Mac-Murrough with profound gratitude; he drank the wine, and kissing the cup, exclaimed it with rapture in the strain which was followed by the reciter; a strain which, in the Chieftain’s ears, saved him from the error into which he was almost persuaded, in his path of enthusiasm, to run.

The Chieftain regarded the generosity of their Chieftain with high approbation. Many approved Gaelic toasts were then proposed, of some of which the Chieftain gave his assent the following versions:

“To him that will not turn his back on friend or foe.”

“To him that never forsook a comrade.”

“To him that never gave up self or sold justice, to the exile, and broken bones to the tyrant.”

“The lad with the kilts.”

“Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder,” with many other pithy sentiments of the like nature.

Edward was particularly solicitous to know the meaning of that song which appeared to produce such effect upon the passions of the company, and repeated his desire of hearing it from the Chieftain, “that you have passed the battle during the last three rounds, I was about to propose to you to retire to my sister’s tea-table, who can explain these things to you better than I can.” Although I cannot stint my clan in the usual current of their festivities, yet I neither am addicted myself to exceed in its amount, nor do I,” added he, smiling, “keep a bear to devour the intellects of such as can make good use of them.

Edward readily assented to this proposal, and the Chieftain, saying a few words to those around him, left the table followed by Waverley. As the back was closed behind them, Edward, in view of Voil’s health invoked with a wild and animated cheer, that expressed the satisfaction of the guests, and the depth of their devotion to his service.

CHAPTER XXI.
THE CHIEFTAIN’S SISTER.

The drawing-room of Flora Mac-Ivor was furnished in the plainest and most simple manner; for at Glenmore each other sort of expenditure was branded as being extravagant; but the Chieftain, maintaining, in its full dignity, the hospitality of the Chieftain, and returning and multiplying the number of his dependants and adherents. But there was no appearance of this parsimony in the dress of the lady herself, which was in texture elegant, and even rich, and arranged in a manner which partook partly of the Parisian fashion, and partly of the more simple dress of the Highlands, blended together with great taste. Her hair was not disfigured by the art of the friseur, but fell in tawny ringlets on her neck, confined only by a circle richly set with diamonds. This was the one peculiar mark of her exterior beauty; and it was not possible to have any more decided proof that the Highland prejudices, which could not endure that a woman’s hair should be covered before wedlock.

Flora Mac-Ivor bore a most striking resemblance to her brother and his present companion, so that they might have played Viola and Sebastian with the same exquisite effect produced by the appearance of Mrs. Henry Siddons and her brother, Mr. William Murray, in these characters. They had the same antique and regular correctness of profile, the same dark eyes, eye-lashes, and eye-brows; the same elegance of complexion, excepting that Flora’s was enhanced by exercise, and Flora’s received the utmost refinement.

But the honesty, and some what stern regularity of Flora’s features, was beautifully softened in those of Flora. Their voices were also similar in tone and quality, that of Flora, especially when issuing orders to her followers during their military exercise, reminded Edward of a favourite passage in the description of Ermesina:

Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.

That of Flora, on the contrary, was soft and sweet, an excellent thing in woman; yet, in urging any thing important, it had the same effect as the voice of her brother, with added dignity and grace of eloquence, it possessed as well the tones which impressed awe and conviction, as those of persuasive influence. The clear glance of the keen black eye, which, in the Chieftain’s eyes, was the torch, even of the material obstacles it encountered, had, in its sister, acquired a gentle persuasiveness. Her whole countenance seemed to seek power, authority, all that could exalt her, heighten her position, without those of her
Waverley. [Chap. XXII.

sister, as if she were already conscious of mental susceptibilities, rather than the party, that they were struggling for any farther distinction. Her sentiments corresponded with the expression of her countenance. Early education had impressed upon her mind a warm attachment to the family of Stewart. She was one of the most devoted attachment to the exiled family of Stewart. She believed it the duty of her brother, of his clan, of every man in Britain, at whatever personal hazard, to recover the dignity of the Stuart family, to purchase the pardon of the perturbed heir of the Chevalier St. George, had not ceased to hope for. For this she was prepared to do all, to suffer all, to sacrifice all. But her loyalty, as it exceeded her brother's, was less exhilarating; she was also in juniors. Custom to petty intrigue, and necessarily involved in a thousand paltry and selfish discussions, ambitious also by nature, her political faith was tainted, at least, if not tainted, by the views of interest and advancement so easily combined with it; and at the moment she should unsheathe his claymore, it might be difficult to say whether it would be most with the view of making James Stewart a king, or Fergus Mac-Ivor an earl.

This indeed, was a mixture of feeling which he did not allow even to himself, but it existed, nevertheless, in a powerful degree.

In Flora's bosom, on the contrary, the zeal of loyalty was united with ambition; she would have as soon made religion the mask of ambitious and interested views, as have shrouded them under the opinions which she had been taught to entertain. The passions of her heart, and the ideas of glory, were not uncommon among the followers of the unhappy race of Stewart, of which many memorable proofs will recur to the mind of most of my readers. But peculiar attention on the part of the Chevalier's son, and St. George and his princess to the parentage of Fergus and his sister, and to themselves, when orphans, had riveted their faith. Fergus, upon the death of his parents, had been for some time a page of honor to the train of the Chevalier's lady, and, from his beauty and sprightly temper, was uniformly treated by her with the utmost distinction. This was also extended to Flora, who was maternal at some time at a convent of the first order, at the princess's expense, and removed from thence into her own family, where she spent nearly two years. Both brother and sister retained the deepest and most grateful sense of her kindness.

Having thus touched upon the leading principle of Flora's character, I may dismiss the rest more shortly. Fergus, who was highly accomplished, and had acquired those elegant manners to be expected from one who, in early youth, had been the companion of a princess; yet she had not learned to substitute the world for the home of her native country. When settled in the lonely regions of Glenmacknoigh, she found that her resources in French, English, and Italian literature, were likely to be few and intersected; and, in order to fill up the vacant time, she allowed a part of it upon the music and pastoral traditions of the Highlanders, and began really to feel the pleasure in the pursuit, which her brother, whose perceptions of literary merit were more blunt, rather affected for the sake of popularity than actually experienced. Her resolution was strengthened in these researches, by the extreme difficulty which her inquiries seemed to afford those to whom she resorted for information.

Her love of her clan, an attachment which was almost hereditary in her bosom, was like her loyalty, a more pure passion than that of her brother. He was too thorough a politician, regarded his patriotic influence too much as the means of accomplishing his own aggrandizement, that he should feel the same anxiety for cherishing and extending their patriarchal sway, but it was with the generous desire of vindicating from poverty, or at least from want of sustenance, his whole family. She was born by birth, according to the notions of the time and country, entitled to govern. The savings of her income, for she had a small pension from the Presbyterian church, were directed to provide the comforts of the peasantry, for which there was a word which they neither knew nor apparently wished to know but to relieve their absolute necessity, when sickness or extreme old age. At every other period, they rather toiled to procure something which they might share with the Chief, as a proof of their sincerity, in such a manner, as to save what was afforded by the rude hospitality of his castle, and the general division and subdivision of his estate among them. Flora was so much beloved by the clan, that they were often to be seen, in which he enumerated all the principal beauties of the district, and intimated her superiority by concluding that "the fairest apple hung on the highest branch, though the lowest apple hung in the same tree." But the duals of the clan, more sedate-barly than would have sowed his Highland Panassus, the Bard's craft, as it was called, ten times over.

From situation, as well as choice, Miss Mac-Ivor's society was extremely limited. Her most intimate friend had been Rose Bradwardine, to whom she was much attached; and when seen together, they would have afforded an artistic and admiring subject for the gay and the melancholy muse. Indeed Rose was tenderly watched by her father, and her circle of wishes was so limited, that none arose but what he was willing to gratify, and next to none which did not concern the welfare of her brother. With all this it was otherwise. While almost a girl, she had undergone the most complete change of scene, from gayety and splendour to absolute solitude and ease, a rapid transition from the pleasures of a court to the consolation of society, and stood very high in the opinion of the old Baron, who used to sing along with her such French duets of Linder and Cliris, &c. as were in fashion about the end of the reign of King Louis le Grand.

It was generally believed, though no one has hitherto hinted it, that the Baron of Bradwardine, that fine intiatrix had no small share in alloying the wrath of Fergus upon occasion of their quarrel. She took part on her brother's side; as, dwelling first upon the Baron's age, and then representing the incapacity in which the case must sustain, and the dislike which must arise to his own character in point of prudence, so necessary to a political agent if he possessed a mind capable of carrying on an interest to extremity, Fergus would have terminated it in a duel, both because the Baron had, on a former occasion, shed blood of the clan, though the matter had been truly accommodated, and there was never a man to address at his weapon, which Fergus almost considered as a toy. For the same reason she had urged their reconciliation, which the Chief at first readily consented to, as it favoured some little private projects of his own.

To this young lady, now providing at the female emprise of the tea-table, Fergus introduced Captain Waverley, whom she received with the usual forms of politeness.

CHAPTER XXII.

HIGHLAND MISTRENY.

When the first salutations had passed, Fergus said to his sister, "My dear Flora, before I return to the barbarous ritual of our forefathers, I must tell you that Captain Waverley is a worshipper of the Celn, and as such will do what he can to extirpate from among us that superstition which so often is evident in the translation of Highland poetry, and that Mac-Murrich adds a version of his own upon the same principle; that Captain Waverley shall make extracts from the whole of our Bard, and transcribe them for you. Will you have the goodness to read or note to us our most in English, the extraordinary strain of names which Mac-Murrich has stuck together in the style of poetry? in the style of poetry; for you know you are in all
the bard's counsels, and acquainted with his songs long before he rehearses them in the hall.

"How can you say so, Fergus? You know how little these things have meditated in the memory of an English stranger, even if I could translate them as you pretend.

"Not less than they interest me, lady fair. To-day you are in the company of one who has a share in it, has cost me the last silver cup in the castle, and I suppose will cost me something else next time I hold court平原, if the muse descends on Mac-Maccallum of Fleran, for you prove a poet well, and would not give up his ghost-kine purses for all the louids or which it could contain.

"Well pronounced, Flora; blow for blow, as Colonel Mac-Intyre would say. But my verses and my rhymes, and my odes and poetry, if not of purses and claymores, while I return to do the final honours to the senators of the tribe of Ivor. So saying, he left the room.

"My second, Flora, and my third. Flora and Waverley for two well-dressed young women, whose character seemed to hover between that of companions and dependants, took no share in it. They were both young girls, but seemed only as foils to the grace and beauty of their patronesses. The discourse followed the turn which the Chief had given it, and Waverley was equally amused and surprised with the manner in which his chieftain was compared to the Celtic poets in the boards and poetry, if not of purses and claymores.

"The recitation," she said, "of poems, recording the feats of heroes, the complaints of lovers, and the wars of contending tribes, forms the chief amusement of a winter fire-side in the Highlands. These are, and are to be very ancient, and if they are ever translated into any of the languages of civilized Europe, cannot fail to produce a deep and general sensation. Others are more modern, the composition of those family bards, whom the chieftains of more distinguished name and power retain as the poets and historians of their tribes. These, of course, possess various degrees of art in their construction or manipulation, or be lost on those who do not sympathize with the feelings of the poet.

"And your bard, whose effusions seemed to produce a feeling of melancholy in company to-day, was esteemed one among the favourite poets of the mountains?"

"That is a trying question. His reputation is high among his countrymen, and you must not expect me to depreciate it."
chief to him by way of appeal. He was unable, from the cause of disease which her situation conveyed, to return the salute; and was never more relieved than when the fair apparition passed on from the precocious eminence which she seemed to occupy with much indifference, and disappeared on the other side.

Advancing a few yards, and passing under the bridge which he had viewed with so much terror, the path led him to the brink of the stream, and on the other side the glen widened into a silvan amphitheatre, wavering with birch, young oaks, and hazels, with here and there a scattered yew-tree. The rocks now receded, and the birch made up the rise, which created rank and rank among the cope-wood. Still higher, resonances ant peaks, some bare, some clothed with wood, some round and purple with heath, and others splintered into rocks and crags. At a short distance, the path, which had for some distance lost sight of the brook, suddenly placed Waverley in front of a romantic waterfall. It was not so remarkable either for great height or quantity of water, as for the beautiful accompaniments which made the spot interesting. After a broken cataract of about twenty feet, the stream was received in a large natural basin filled to the brink with water, which, where the bubbles of the fall were light, glittered, and it was of great depth, the eye discerned each pebble at the bottom. Edging round this reservoir, the brook found its way as if over a broken part of the ledge, forming the stream up which Waverley had just ascended.* The borders of this romantic reservoir corresponded in beauty; but it was beauty of a stern and commanding cast, as if in the act of expanding into grandeur. Many banks of turf were bright with flowers and interrupted by huge fragments of rock, and decorated with trees and shrubs, some of which had been planted under the direction of Flora, but so cautiously to the grace, without diminishing the romantic wildness of the scene.

Here, like one of those lovely forms which decorate the landscapes of Poussin, Waverley found Flora gazing on the waterfall. Two paces farther back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scotch harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rolly Dall, one of the last harpers of the Western Highlands. The sound of the stream mingled with a rich and varied tune to all the objects which surrounded Waverley, and seemed to add more than human brilliancy to the full expressive darkness of Flora's eye, enlarged and deepened by her genius, and enhanced the dignity and grace of her beautiful form. Edward thought he had never, even in his wildest dreams, imagined a figure of such exquisite and interesting loveliness. The wild beauty of the retreat, bursting upon him as if by magic, augmented the mingled feeling of delight and awe with which he approached her, like a fair enchantress of Bein or Aristo, by whose nod the scenery around seemed to have been created, an Eden in the wilderness.

Flora, like every beautiful woman, was conscious of her own power, and pleased with its effects, which also happened to be coincident from the same cause with the petulance of the young soldier. But, as she possessed excellent senses, she gave the romance of the scene, and other accidental circumstances, full weight in all her feelings with which Waverley seemed obviously to be impressed; and unaccompanied with the fanciful and susceptible peculiarities of his character, considered his hommage as the passing tribute which a woman of even inferior forms might have from the same cause.

The description of the waterfall is taken from that of Levid, at the farm so called on the northern side of the Lake, and near the head of the Lake, four or five miles from Aberfoyle. It is upon a small scale, but otherwise singular in its beauty. The appearance of Flora with the harp, as described, has been justly remarked as too theatrical and affected for the like-like simplicity of life which accompanies her French education, in which point and striking effect always makes a considerable object.

* The young and daring Adventurer, Charles Edward, landed at Glenfinlas in Moidart, and displayed his standard in the hall of the Chief of Clan Chisholm, Adam of Balnagown, and Camerons, and other less numerous clans, whom he had prepared to support him. There is a monument in memory of this event, and a Latin inscription by the late Dr. Crichton.

† The Marquis of Tullialla’s elder brother, who, long exiled, returned to Scotland with Charles Edward in 1746.
Dear Fergus, you have certainly partaken of the inspiration of Mac-Murrough's cup, rather than of mine.

I disclaim it, ma belle demoiselle, although I protest it would be the more congenial of the two. Which of your crink-brained Italian romancers is it that says,

Io d'Ziccoa niente
Mi cura, in fa de Dio, ch'è ben d'acque
(Bos chi be re vaal) sempre mi spiacque.

But if you prefer the fine Gaelic song, Waverley, here is little Caithness singing you Drumsindoon.—Come, Cathleen, astors, (i.e. my dear,) begin; no apologies to the Clan-kinnis.

Cathleen sang with such vivacity a little Gaelic song, the burthen of the cry of a countryman on the loss of his cow, the comic tones of which, though he did not understand the language, made Waverley laugh louder than once.

Admirable, Cathleen! cried the Chieftain; I must find you a handsome husband among the clansmen one of these days.

Cathleen laughed, blushed, and sheltered herself behind her companion. In the progress of their return to the castle, the Chieftain warmly pressed Waverley to remain for a week or two, in order to see a grand hunting party, in which he said he was going to propose to join. The charms of melody and beauty were too strongly impressed in Edward's breast to permit his declining an invitation so pleasing. It was his declared wish to join them; nor should he write a note to the Baron of Bradwardine, expressing his intention to stay a fortnight at Glen-na-quoch, and requesting him to forward by the bearer (a gaily of the Chieftain's) any letters which might have arrived for him.

This turned the discourse upon the Baron, whom Fergus highly extolled as a gentleman and soldier. His character was touched with yet more discrimination by Flora. She declared he was the very model of the old Scottish cavalier, with all his excellencies and peculiarities. It is a character, Captain Waverley, which is fast disappearing; for its best point was a self-respect which was never lost sight of till now. But in the present time, the gentlemen whose principles do not permit them to pay court to the existing government, are neglected and degraded, and many conduct themselves accordingly; and, like some of the persons you have seen at Tully-Vrolan, adopt habits and companions inconsistent with their birth and breeding. The ruthless proscription of party seems to degrade the worth of a name it brands, but Waverley.

But let us hope a brighter day is approaching, when a Scottish country-gentleman may be a scholar without the pedantry of our friend the Baron, a sportsman without the extravagance of Mr. B------, a sensible improver of his property without becoming a borisir two-legged stoat like Killanuret.

Thus did Flora prophesy a revolution, which time indeed has produced, but in a manner very different from what she had in her mind.

The amiable Rose was next mentioned, with the warmest encomium on her person, manners, and mind. That man," said Flora, "will find an inexhaustible treasure in the affections of Rose Bradwardine, who shall be so fortunate as to become their object. Her very soul is in her home, and in the discharge of all those quiet duties of which housekeeping is the head. Her husband will be to her what her father now is, the object of all her cares, solicitude, and affection. She will see nothing and connect herself with nothing, but by him and through him. She is a man of sense and virtue, and she will sympathize in his sorrows, divert his fatigue, and share his pleasures. If she becomes the property of a churlish or negligent husband, she will suit his want, and in so doing, she will not long survive his unhappiness. And, alas! how great is the chance that some such unworthy lot may be that of my poor friend!—O that I were a queen this moment and could give my blessing to such a man!

This ancient Gaelic ditty is still well known, both in the Highlands and islands. It was translated and published, if I mistake not, under the auspices of the earl of C------

Chap. Xxiii.

Waverley.

Here a large greyhound, bounding up the glea, leapt upon Flora, and interrupted her music by his importunate caresses. At a distant whistle, he turned, and shot down the path again with the rapidity of an arrow. That was Ferguson's Gallic hound, attendant on Captain Waverley, and that was his signal. He likes no poetry but what is humorous, and comes in good time to interrupt my long catalogue of the tribes, whom one of your saucy English poets calls

"O Mac Leane, Mac-Kenzie, and Mac-Gregor."

Waverley expressed his regret at the interruption.

"You cannot guess how much you have lost. The bard, as to duty bound, has addressed three long stanzas to Vich Ian Vohr, of the Banners, enumerating all his great properties, and not forgetting his being a cheerer and barder—a giver of bounteous gifts. Besides, you should have heard a practical admonition to the fair-haired son of the stranger, who lives in the land where the grass is always green—the rider on the shining pampred steed, in a garment which he knew not was the dress of whose nephew it is like the scream of the eagle for battle. This valiant horseman is affectionately conjured to remember that his ancestors were distinguished by their loyalty, as well as their courage. All this you have lost; but, since your curiosity is not satisfied, I judge, from the distant sound of my brother's whistle, I may have time to sing the concluding stanza before you return from your walk by the hillside, break your head on the rocks, or sing your own song and endure it no more.

Away on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the firth, and the lake!
'Tis to the brave—yes, but the signal for the charge and song,
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.
'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mount and heath:
They can see the stars, they can see the dawn once more,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

But the brand of each Chieftain like Fin's in his liver,
May the hero's blood arise like those flames of fire
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sire did of yore,
Or die like your sire, and endure it no more.

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Chapter Xxiii.

Waverley continues at Glen-na-quoch.

As Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood before her. "I knew I should find you here, even with our honest friend, if you had not been driven, by the unbridled taste now, like my own, would prefer a jet d'eau at Versailles to this cascade, with all its accompaniments of rock and roar; but this is Flora's Parnassus. Captain Waverley, and that fountain her Helicon. It would be greatly for the benefit of my ear if she could teach her conductor, Mac-Murrough, the value of its influence: he has just drunk a pint of unction to corrig, he said, the coarseness of the clergy;—Let me try its virtues. He appealed a little water in the hollow of his hand, and immediately commenced, with a theatrical air—

"O Lady of the desert, hail! That which the stars of the Goil,
Through fair and fertile regions born,
Where never yet grew grass or corn.

But English poetry will never succeed under the influence of Highland Helicon—Alone, courage—

O vous, qui lez, ent nez de plaine,
A cette beauté fontaine,
On en vois, sur le rivage,
Sur l'onde, sur l'eau, sur l'oeil,
Suis de nymphes de village,
Qui les couvent sans sabords.

"A trace, dear Fergus! I spare us those most tedious and endless passages of Beethoven. Do not, for heaven's sake, bring down Cordion and Lindor upon us meanly!"

"Nay, if you cannot relish la houlette et le chatouille,
Have with you in heroic strains!"
could command the most amiable and worthy youth of my kingdom to accept happiness with the hand of Ro- recommended to her跗

"I wish you would command her to accept mine en attendant," said Fergus, laughing.

I don’t know by what capitse it was that this wish, however revolting to its consequences, was received on Edward’s feelings, notwithstanding his growing inclination to Flora, and his indifference to Miss Bradwardine. This is one of the inexplicabilities of human beings, with whom nothing to do with the imposing a new tax, excepting the trifling circumstance of being obliged to pay more happy surely in the present case, since, thought it lies within my arbitrary power to extend my favor to Flora as I think proper, I cannot call you into engage if you do not think proper to read my narrative. Let me therefore consider. It is true, that the austere and dogmatic laws by which our Highland chieftain; but then I can find copious materials for description elsewhere. There is old Linnier of Pitscottie ready at my elbow, with his Abre hunting, and his left and right-handed pate of gun timber; with all kind of drink to be had in burs, land, ale, beer, wine, muscadel, mulvaise, vinous, and aquavitae; with wheat-bread, main-bread, gur- gur-bread, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, pheasants, capon, coney, crane, swan, partridges, duck, drake, brasted-cock, fowl, and capercailzie: not forgetting the cook, who is very dreadfully and nappy, and least of all is "exceeding stews, cutting brasses, and the odd parts and pottingars, with confects and drugs for a dessert." Besides the particulars which may arise, there is perhaps Highland chieftain (the splendid of which induced the Pope's legate to call except from the opinion which he had hitherto held, that Scotland, namely, was the——the latter end of the world besides, they might I not illuminate my page, will Taylor the Water Poet’s hunting in the books of the where,

"Through heather, mouse, "mung frogs, and bees, and bee.

"Mosspit craygs clive and thunder batter’d hurls.

"Hans, hunts, and hounds, and fowl and dogs;

"Where two hours’ hunting four score of deer kill.

"Lowland, and noon, and as we are now on the

The Highland games and minds are high and gree.

But without further tyranny over my pages, a display of the extent of my own reading, I shall content myself with borrowing a single incident from the memorable hunting at Lude, comrrmarized the ingenuous Mr. Gunn’s Essay on the Caledonian Harp, and so proceed in my story with all the breadth that my natural style of composition, partaking of what scholars call the paraphrastic and ambiguities, and the various circumlocutions are capable of.

The solemn hunting was delayed, from various causes, for about three weeks. The interval was spent by Waverley with great satisfaction at Cumber- me, Sogurich, for the impression which Flora made on his mind at their first meeting grew daily stronger. She was precisely the character to fascinate a youth of romantic imagination. Her manners, her looks, her talents for poetry and music, gave additional and varied influence to her eminent personal charms. Even in her hours of gayety, she was in his fancy exalted above the ordinary daughters of Eve, and reserved only to stop for an instant on those topics of amusement and gallantry which others appear to live for. In the neighbourhood of this enchantress, while sport continued the morning, and music and the dance led on the evening, Waverley became daily more delighted with his hospitable landlord, and more enamoured of his bewitching sister.

At length, the period fixed for the grand hunting arrived, and Waverley and the Chieftain departed for the place of rendezvous, which was a day’s journey to the northward of Glenmuick. Fergus was stationed on the east side of the Nevis, and Waverley on the west side of the Nevis, and his clan, well armed, and accoutered in their best fashion. Waverley conducted so far with the customs of the country as to follow the druid (he could not abide the kilt), briar rod, and tam o’shanter as the fittest dress for the exertions in which he was to be engaged, and which least exposed him to be stared at as a stranger when they should reach the place of rendezvous. They found, on the way approached, 

"Waverley. "
cular powerful Chiefs, to all of whom Waverley was formally presented, and by all cordially received. Their vassals and clansmen, a part of whose feudal duty it was to attend on these parties, appeared in such numbers as amounted to a small army. These assemblages were held at a very far distance from the town, in the near, forming a circle, technically called the tinchal, which, gradually closing, drove the deer in herds together towards the glen, where the Chiefs and principal sportsmen lay in wait for them. In the meantime, while these distinguished personages bivouacked among the flowery heath, wrapped up in their plinths; a mode of passing a summer's night which Waverley found uncommonly agreeable.

For many hours after sun-rise, the mountain ridges and passes retained their ordinary appearance of solemn and solitude, and the Chiefs, with their followers, mounted themselves with various pastures, in which the joys of the shell, as Ossian has it, were not forgotten. "Others apart sat on a hill retired," probably as deeply engaged in the discussion of politics and war, as Milton's spirits in metaphysical disquisition. At length signals of the approach of the game were decreed and heard. Distant shouts resounded from valley to valley, as the various parties of the two Wavers, and through the scopes, waiting brooks, and traversing thickets, approached more and more near to each other, and compiled the astonished deer, with the other wild animals of the glen, which they drove over the high moor, and scattered in every direction.

Every now and then the report of muskets was heard, repeated by a thousand echoes. The baying of the deer was soon added to the chorus, which grew ever louder and more loud. At length the advanced parties of the deer began to show themselves; and as the stragglers came bounding down the pass by two or three at a time, the Chiefs showed their skill by discharging their guns and their dexterity in injured them down with their guns. Ferguson exhibited remarkable address, and Edward was also so fortunate as to attract the notice and applause of the company.

But now the main body of the deer appeared at the head of the glen, compelled into a very narrow compass, and presenting such a formidable phalanx, that their antics appeared at a distance, over the ridge of the steep pass, like a leafless grove. Their number was very great, and from a desperate stand which they made, with the tallest of the red deer stag ar

Edward observed, with some surprise, that even Ferguson, notwithstanding his knowledge and education, seemed to fall in with the superstitious ideas of his countrymen, either because he deemed it impoli
tic to affect an opinion contrary to that of his forebears, or more probably because, like most men who do not think deeply or accurately on such subjects, he had in his mind a reserve of superstition which balanced the freedom of thought which his education and occasions had given him in other respects. Waverley made no commentary, therefore, on the manner of the treatment, but rewarded the professor of medicine with a liberality beyond the utmost conception of his situation and on the occasion, so many inept and pernicious blessings in Gaelic and English, that Mac-Ivor, rather scandalized at the excess of his acknowledgments, cut them short, by exclaiming, Crud mule hualachort! i.e. "A hundred thousand curses on you!" and so pushed the helper of men out of the cabin.

After Waverley was left alone, the exhaustion of pain and fatigue—for the whole day's exercise had been severe, threw him into a profound, but not a feverish sleep, which he chiefly owed to an opiate draught administered by the old Highlander from some decoction of belladonna and phaenopsia.

Early the next morning, the purpose of their meeting being over, and their sports damped by the untoward accident, in which Ferguson and all his friends expressed the greatest sympathy, it became urgent how to dispose of the disabled sportsman. This was

The thrust from the type, or branch of, the stag's horn, was most dangerous than those of the bear's.

If thou be hurt with horn of star, it brings thee to the bier. But if the bear's shall hurt man, therefore they have that so fear.

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settled by Mac-Ivor, who had a litter prepared of "birds of paradise" in a granary which was built for them by his people with much caution and dexterity as renders it not improbable that they may have been the ancestors of some of those sturdy Gaeil, who have now the happiness of transporting belted kelp, and who believe that the clan—this clan—had ten rows in one evening. When Edward was elevated upon their shoulders, he could not help being gratified with the romantic effect produced by the singing up of this noble camp.

The various tribes assembled, each at the pibroch of their native clan, and each headed by their patriarchal ruler. Some, who had already begun to retire, were tutored by the sheikhs, descending in the pass which led to the scene of action, the sound of their bagpipes dying upon the ear. Others made still a moving picture upon the narrow plain, forming various changeful groups, their fierce eyes, loose plait, waving in the morning breeze, and their arms glittering in the rising sun. Most of the chiefs came to take farewell of Waverley, and to express their anxious hope it might again, and speedily, meet the care of Fergus abridged the ceremony of taking leave.

At length, his own men being completely assembled and mustered, Mac-Ivor commended his march, but not till after what they had conceiv’d. He gave Edward to understand, that the greater part of his followers, now on the field, were bound on a distant expedition, and that when he had deposited him of a gun-bag and a purse he was sure would pay him every attention, he himself should be under the necessity of accompanying them the greater part of the way, but would lose no time in rejoining his friend.

Waverley was rather surprised that Fergus had not mentioned this ulterior destination when they set out upon the hunting-party; but his situation did not admit of many interrogatories. The greater part of the clansmen went forward under the guidance of old Ballenkeirch, and Evan Dhu Maccomibich, apparently in high spirits. A few remained for the purpose of escorting the Chieftain, who walked by the side of Edward, and attended him with the most affectionate assiduity. About noon, after a journey which the nature of the conveyance, the pain of his bruised, and the roughness of the way, rendered incomparably more wearisome, Waverley was hospitably received into the house of a gentleman related to Fergus, who had prepared for him every accommodation which could make the simple habits of living then universal in the Highlands, more pleasant to his person, an old man about seventy, Edward admired a relic of primitive simplicity. He wore no dress but what his estate afforded; the cloth was the fleece of his own sheep, which he had himself woven into tartan by the dyes produced from the herbs and lichens of the hills around him. His linen was spun by his daughters and maid-servants, from his own flax, nor did his table, though plentiful, and varied with game and fish, offer an article but what was of native produce.

Claiming himself no rights of chasship or vassalage, he was fortunate in the alliance and protection of Vich Ian Vohr, and other bold and enterprising chiefains, who protected him in the quiet unambitious life he loved. It is true, the youth born on his grands and often enticed to leave him for the service of his more active friends; but a few old servants and tenants used to shake their grey locks when they heard their master censured for want of spirit, and observed: When the wind is still, the shower falls soft.” This good old man, whose charity and hospitality were unbounded, would have received Waverley with kindness, had he been the meanest Saxon, he would have bestowed assistance.

* On the morrow they made their bier.

Of birth and race gray. (Chery Chas.

The author has been sometimes accused of confusing facts
with reality. He therefore thinks it necessary to state, that
the circumstances of the hunting described in the text as prepara-
tory to the Rebellion of 1715, has not been known, and is not
imaginary. But it is well known such a hunting was held at
Greenock in the session of 1716, under the auspices of the Earl of
Moray as preparatory to the Rebellion of 1715; and most of the
Highland chieftains who afterwards engaged in that civil commotion
were present on this occasion.

But his attention to a friend and guest of Vich Ian Vohr who was wounded by a shot fired from the tower of his mansion. Other embrocations were applied to the injured limb; but although they were put in practice, at length, after more solicitude than was perhaps for the advantage of his health, Fergus advised Waverley to be careful. For a few days, when he was examined by a surgeon, it was declared that time Waverley would be able to ride one of the Highland ponies of his landlord, and in that manner return to Tornay and the camp.

The next day, when his good host appeared, Edward learned that his friend had departed with the dawn, leaving none of his followers except Callum Beg. This sort of foot-page, an illiterate, rude, but well-mannered man, used to attend his person, and whom Edward now in charge of the baggage at Waverley. On asking his host, if he knew where the Chieftain was gone, the old man looked fixedly at him, with something mysterious, and said in the smile which was his only reply. Waverley repeated the question, to which his host answered in a proverb—

"What sent the messengers to hell,
Was asking what they knew full well."* But he was about to proceed, but Callum Beg said, rather pertly, as Edward thought, that “in the Chief” did not mind a Sassenach Dunbar—wuss to go, though they would find the way. From this Waverley concluded he should dissemble his friend by inquiring of a stranger the object of a journey which he himself had not communicated. It is unnecessary to trace the progress of his new recovery. The sixth morning had arrived, and he was able to walk about with a staff, when Fergus returned home, and, after a score of inquiries, thought that Waverley was one of the highest spirits, congratulated Waverley on his progress towards recovery, and finding he was able to sit on horseback, proposed their immediate return to Glennaquoich. Waverley joyfully assented, and in the form of its fair mistress had lived in his dreams during all the time of his confinement.

Now let us listen to more moss, and mow, to gett, and many a gie.

Fergus, all the while, with his myrmidons, striding stoutly by his side, or diverging to get a shot at a heath-cock. Waverley’s bosom beat thick till they approached the old tower of Iain man Chais, and could distinguish the fair form of its mistress advancing to meet them. Fergus began immediately, with his usual spirit, with the words, "Open your gates, incomparable princess, to the wounded Moor Abindares, whose Rodrigo de Narvaez, constable of Antiqueros, convey to your castle; or open them, if you like it better, to the renegade, the traitor, the traitor of their king, the traitor of his half-bred friend, Baldovinos of the mountains.―Ah, long rest to thy soul, Cervantes! I without getting thy remnants, how should I frame my language to befit romantic ears?"

Flora now advanced, and welcoming Waverley with much kindness, expressed her regret for his accident of which she had already heard particulars, and she surprised that her brother should not have taken better care to put a stranger on his guard against the perils of the sport in which he engaged him. Edward easily excused the Chieftain, who, indeed, was his own personal risk, had probably not attended. This greeting over, Fergus said three or four words to his sister in Gaelic. The tears instantly sprang to her eyes, but they seemed to be tears of devotion and joy, for she looked up to heaven, and folded her hands as in a solemn expression of prayer or gratitude. After the pause of a minute, she presented to Edward some letters which had been forwarded from a Viscount, ’twas learned, by the real, some time, delivered some to her brother. To the latter she likewise gave three or four numbers of the Colonial Mercury, the only newspaper which was published in the north of the Two—Edward speedily found that those which he had received contained matters of very deep interest.

1 Corresponding to the Lowland saying. "Many see as
the gate they go in (eat)."
CHAPTER XXV.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND

The letters which Waverley had hitherto received from his relations in England, were not such as required, or invited, a reply. His father usually wrote to him with the pompous affectation of one who was too much oppressed by public affairs to find leisure to attend to those of his own family. Now and then he mentioned persons of rank in Scotland to whom he wished his son should pay some attention; but Waverley, hitherto occupied by the amusements which he had found at Tully-越南 and elsewhere, and filled with any attention to hints so coldly thrown out, especially as distance, shortness of leave of absence, and so forth, furnished a ready apology. But latterly the burden of Mr. Richard Waverley's paternal epistles consisted in certain mysterious hints of greatness and influence which he was speedily to attain, and which would ensure his son's obtaining the most rapid promotion, although he shewed no signs to the soul; but they were kind and affectionate, and seldom concluded without some allusion to our hero's stud, some question about the state of his purse, and a few words of commendation from whom he said he had procured him from Waverley-Honour, Aunt Rachel charged him to remember his principles of religion, to take care of his health, to beware of Scotch mistle, which would not do him good, and lastly, a Mr. William through and through; never to go out at night without his great coat; and, above all, to wear flannel next to his skin.

Mr. Waverley could not write directly out of his studies, but it was of the bulk of six epistles of these degenerate days, containing, in the moderate compass of ten folio pages, closely written, a precis of a supplementary quarto manuscript of adventures, details, and discoveries, which would have served as a pretext with which he had presented Waverley. This he considered as a mere sop in the pan to stay the appetite of Edward's curiosity, until he should find an opportunity of sending down the volume itself, which was much too heavy for the post, and which he proposed to accompany with certain interesting pamphlets, lately published, by his friend in Little Britain, with whom he had kept regular intercourse, and in virtue of which the library-shelves of Waverley-Honour were loaded with much trash, and a good round bill, seldom summed, in fewer than three years. Mr. Richard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, Bart., was marked Dr. to Jonathan Grubbel, bookseller and stationer, Little Britain. Such had hitherto been the style of the letters which Edward had received from England; but the packet delivered to him at Glennaquoch was of a different and more interesting complexion. It would be impossible for the reader, even were he to insert the letters at full length, to comprehend the real cause of their being written, without a glance into the interior of the British Cabinet at the period in question.

The business of the day happened (no very singular event) to be divided into two parties: the weakest of which, making up by assiduity of intrigue their inferiority in real consequence, had of late acquired some new proclivities, and with them the hope of superseding their rivals in the favour of their sovereign, and overpowering them in the House of Commons. Amongst others, they had thought it worth while to practice on Richard Waverley. This honest gentleman, by a grave mysterious demeanour, an attention to the etiquette of business, rather than to its essence, a facility in making long dull speeches, combined, with a technical jargon of office, which prevented the mastery of his orations from being discovered, had acquired a certain name and credit in public life, and certainly seemed to be possessed of a ready and handy business, which would wear well, as the ladies say in choosing their silks, and ought in all reason to be good for common and every-day use, since they were confessedly of the most excellent quality. This faith had become so general, that the insurgent party in the cabinet of which we have made mention, after sounding Mr. Richard Waverley, were quite contented with the information they received, and were prepared to propose, that, in case of a certain revolution in the ministry, he should take an ostensible place in the new order of things, not indeed of the very first rank, but greatly higher, in point both of emoluments and influence, than that which he now enjoyed. There was no resisting so tempting a proposal, notwithstanding that the Great Man, under whose patronage he had enlisted, and by whose banner he had hitherto stood firm, was the principal object of the proposed attack by the new allies. Unfortunately this fair scheme of ambition was blighted in the very bud, by an accident which was as natural as it was unexpected. The official sentence, concerned in it, who hesitated to take the part of a voluntary resignation, were informed that the king had no further occasion for their services; and, in accordance with Richard Waverley's request, were reprimanded, considered as aggravated by inordinate nation was accompanied by something like personal contempt and contumely. The public, and even the party of the insurgents, who had felt the greatest disgust and disappointment of this selfish and interested statesman; and he retired to the country under the comfortable reflection, that he had lost, at the same time, character, credit, and,—what he at least equally declared,—eminence.

Richard Waverley had thought momentarily on this occasion was a masterpiece of his kind. Aristides himself, that unjust monarch, and an ungrateful country, were the burden of each rounded paragraph. He spoke of long services, and unrequited sacrifices; though the former had been overpaid by his own son, by the natural son of the ill-treat ed, and outshone by throwing up his commission as soon as the letter reached him. This, he said, was also his uncle's desire, as he would himself intimate in due course.

According to the letter which Edward opened was from Sir Everard. His brother's disgrace seemed to have removed from his well-natured bosom all recollection of their differences, and, removing also was from every means of learning that Richard Waverley's disgrace was in reality only the just, as well as natural consequence, of his own unsuccessful intrigues the good, but crotcheting Baronet, at once set it down as a new and enormous instance of the injustice of the existing government. It was true, he said, and he must not disguise it even from Edward, that his father could not have sustained such an insult as was now, furtively, put to some of his house, unless he had subjected himself to it by accepting of an employment under the present system. Sir Everard had no doubt that he now both saw and felt the magnitude of this error, and that it would his (Sir Everard's) business to take care that the cause of his regret should not extend itself to pecuniary consequences. It was enough for a Waverley to have sustained the public disgrace of his house, his father's injury could be easily obviated by the head of their family. But it was both the opinion of Mr. Richard Waverley and his own, that Edward, the representatives of the real greats, and hastened to the most speedy opportunity, of transmitting the treasure
tion to the War-Office, and hunted, moreover, that little ceremony was necessary when so little had been used to his father. He sent multitudinous greet-
ing to the Baron of Bradwardine.

A letter from aunt Rachel spoke our ever more press- ing father's wants of the hand which she knew to be Richard's just reward of his forfeiting his allegiance to a lawful, though exiled sovereign, and taking the oaths to an alien; a concession which her grandfather, Sir Nigel Waverley, refused to make, either to the Round-head Parliament or to Cromwell, when his life and fortune stood in the utmost extremity. She hoped her dear Edward would follow the footsteps of his ancestor, and as speedily as possible get rid of the badge of servitude to the usurp- ing family, and regard the wrongs sustained by his father as an admonition from Heaven, that every desertion of the line of loyalty becomes its own pun-
ishment. She also concluded with her respects to Mr. Bradwardine, and begged Waverley would in-
form her whether his daughter, Miss Rose, was old enough to wear a pair of very handsome earrings, which she proposed to send as a token of her affec-
tion. The good lady also desired to be informed whether Mr. Bradwardine took as much Scotch dry as he did when he was at Waverley-Honour about thirty years ago.

Those letters, as might have been expected, highly excited Waverley's indignation. From the desultory way in which he had heard of the opinion to place in opposition to the movements of the papers which he felt at his father's supposed errors. Of the real cause of his discourse, Edward was totally ignorant; nor had his habits at all led him to investigate the politics of the period in which he lived, or remark the intrinsics in which his father had been so actively engaged. Indeed, any impressions which his father's name left on him were connected to the bold and decisive activity of an intellect which was sharpened by the habit of acting on a precise and regular system, as well as by extensive knowledge of the world.

When Edward found his friend, the latter had ed-

t in his hand the newspaper which he had procured, and advanced to meet him with the unanswerable 
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argument which his friend had understood in your letters. Captain Waverley, confirm the unple-
sing information which I find in this paper?

He put the paper into his hand, where his father's dis- course had taken place, and hesitated before he transferred it to his friend. He had been educated in the Nottingham of nature rather unfavourable to the existing government, and even in the present state of the times, where the resentful feeling of the relations who had the best title to dictate his conduct; and not perhaps the less willingly, when he remembered the tedium of his quarters, and the inferior figure which he had made among the officers of his regiment. If he could have had any doubt upon the subject, it would have been decided by the following letter from his commanding officer, on which, as it is very short, shall be inserted verbatim:

"Sir,

"Having carried somewhat beyond the line of my duty last night, and which some events of nature, and much more those of Christianity, direct towards errors which may arise from youth and inexperience, and that altogether without effect, I am reluctantly compelled to reprimand you under the only means remaining which is in my power. You are, therefore, hereby commanded to repair to the head-quarters of the regiment, within three days after the receipt of this letter. If you shall fail to do so, I must request you to the War-Office as absent without leave, and also take other steps, which will be disagreeable to you, as well as to me."

"Your obedient Servant,

"J. GARDINES, Lieut. Col.

"Commanding the Regt. Dragoons."

Edward's blood boiled within him as he read this letter. He had been accustomed, from his very in-
cency, to possess, in a great measure, the disposal of his own time, and thus acquired habits which ren-
vered the rules of military discipline as unleashing to him in this as they were in some other respects. An idea that in his own case they would not be enforced in a very rigid manner, had also obtained full posses-

sion of his mind, and the corresponding sense of the peremptory conduct of his lieutenant-colonel. Neither had any thing occurred, to his knowledge, that should have induced his commanding officer with any step to such a course. Edward wrote in his discretion at the end of the fourteenth chapter, so suddenly to assume a harsh, and, as Edward deemed it, so insen-

sible a tone of dictatorial authority. Connecting it with the letter he had just received from his father, he could not but suppose, that it was designed to make him feel, in his present situation, the same pres-
sure of authority which had been exercised in his father's time, and that his father's connection with the Waverley family.

Without a pause, therefore, Edward wrote a few cold lines, thanking his lieutenant-colonel for per-
civilities, and expressing regret that he should have chosen to efface the remembrance of them, by as-

suring a different tone towards him. The strain of his letter, as he spoke it specially for duty, and as it was, be his duty, in the present crisis, called upon him to lay down his commission; and he therefore enclosed a formal resignation of a situation which subjected him to so unpleasant a correspondence, and requested Colonel Gardiner would have the goodness to forward it to the proper authorities.

Having finished this magnificent epistle, he felt somewhat uncertain concerning the terms in which his resignation ought to be expressed, upon which subject he resolved to consult Fergus Mac-Ivor. It may be observed in passing, that the bold and prompt acts of his youth, and his insouciant manner in dis-
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to his known and established character, should have proceeded in so harsh and unusual a manner, was a mystery which command, could it be, use. He hoped our hero, however, to the best of his power, and began to turn his thoughts on revenge for his insulted honour.

Fergus paused; "It is an act of friendship which you should command, could it be use. He hoped to the righting your honour; but in the present case, I doubt if your commanding officer would give you the meeting on account of his having taken measures, which, like Fergus's, powerful, still, were still within the strict bounds of his duty. Besides, Gardiner is a precise Huguenot, and has adopted certain ideas about the sinfulness of such romances, from which it would be impossible to make him depart, especially as his courage is beyond all suspicion. And besides, I—, to say the truth—I dare not at this moment, for some very weighty reasons, go near any of the military quarters or garrisons belonging to this government.

"If am I," said Waverley, "to sit down quiet and contented under the injury I have received?"

"That will I never advise my friend," replied Mac-Ivor, "if I am not the only one to fall on the head, not on the hand; on the tyrannical and oppressive government which designed and directed these premeditated and reiterated insults, not on the two hundred men that agitated in the execution of the injuries they aimed at you."

"On the government! said Waverley.

"Yes," replied the impetuous Highlander, "on the usurpers! You have seen the times that I have spent in the last half-century, without seeing in the white bread of the great field of law!"

"But since the time of my grandfather, two generations of the dynasty have possessed the throne, said Edward, gloomily.

"True," replied the Chieftain; "and because we have passively given them such means of showing their native character, because both you and I myself have lived in quiet submission, have even trucked to the times so far as to accept commissions under them, and thus have given them an opportunity of disgracing us publicly by assuming them, are we not on that account to resent injuries which our fathers only apprehended, but which we have actually sustained? Or is the cause of the unfortunate Scottish people more long to increase their just indignation than is devolved upon an heir who is innocent of the charges of misgovernment brought against his father?—Do you remember the lines of your favourite poet?

Had Richard unconstrained resign'd the throne
A kingly grace can give no more to his own;
Yet Edward, had Richard resign'd the crown
You see, my dear Waverley, I can quote poetry as well as Flora and you. But come, clear your moody brow, and trust to me to show you on honourable road to a speedy and glorious revenge. Let us seek Flora, who perhaps has more news to tell us of what has occurred during our absence. She will rejoice to learn that you are relieved of your servitude. But first add a postscript to your letter, marking the time when you shall have joined your companions, express your regret that the hastiness of his proceedings prevented your anticipating them by sending your resignation. Then let him blush for his injustice.

The letter was sealed accordingly, covering a formal resignation of the commission, and Mac-Ivor dispatched it with some letters of his own by a special messenger. Colonel's first epistle, and express your regret that the hastiness of his proceedings prevented your anticipating them by sending your resignation. Then let him blush for his injustice.

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Chapter XXVI.

An Explanation.

This hint which the Chieftain had thrown out respecting the marriage of Waverley to his sister, nor did he see any bar to their union, excepting the situation which Waverley's case rendered it, and his heart swelled when he considered how his own interest would be exalted in the eyes of the ex-monarch to whom he had dedicated his service, by an alliance with one of those ancient, powerful, and ardent families reposing in the stead of a steady cavalier faith, to awaken whose decayed attachment to the Stuart family was now a matter of such vital importance to the Stuart cause. Nor could Fergus perceive any obstacle to such a scheme. Waverley's attachment was evident; and as his person was handsome, and his taste apparently coincided with her own, he anticipated no opposition on the part of Flora. Indeed, between his ideas of patriarchal power and those which he had acquired in France respecting the disposal of females in marriage, any opposition from his sister, dear as it was to him, would have been the last that would have been calculated, even had the union been less eligible.

Influenced by these feelings, the Chief now led Waverley in quest of Miss Mac-Ivor, not without the hope that Miss Mac-Ivor's pertinacity to the chief might give him courage to cut short what Fergus termed the romance of the courtship. They found Flora, with her faithful attendants, Una and Cathleen, busied in preparing what appeared to be a white bridal favour. Disguising as well as he could the agitation of his mind, Waverley asked for what joyful occasion Miss Mac-Ivor made such ample preparations.

"It is for Fergus's bridal," she said, smiling.

"Indeed!," said Edward; "he has kept his secret well. I hope he will allow me to be his brides-man.

"That is not the case, office, but not yours, as Beatrice says," retorted Flora.

"And who is the fair lady, may I be permitted to ask, Miss Mac-Ivor?"

"Did not I tell you long since, that Fergus wooed no bride but honour?" answered Flora.

"And am I then incapable of being his assistant and counselor in the pursuit of honour?" said our hero, colouring deeply. "Do I rank so low in your opinion?"

"Far from it, Captain Waverley. I would to God you were of our determination! and made use of the expression which displeased you only because you are not of our quality, but stand against us as an enemy."

"That time is past, sister," said Fergus; "and you may wish Edward Waverley (no longer captain) set of being freed from the slavery to an usurer, implied in that able and ill-nominated emblem.

"Yes," said Waverley, undouing the cockade from his hat, "it is pleasing to the king who bestowed this badge upon me, to resume it in a manner which leaves me reason to regret his service."

"Thank God for that! cried the enthusiast; "and that they may be blind enough to treat every mark of honour who serves them with the same indolence, that I may have less to sigh for when the struggle approaches!"

"And now, sister," said the Chieftain, "replace his cockade with one of a more lively colour. I think it was the fashion of the Index of the to arm and send forth their knights to high achievement."

"Not," said the natural adventurer, back, or weight the Justice and the danger of the cause, Fergus. Mr. Waverley is just now too much agitated by feelings of recent emotion, for me to press any on him a resolution of consequence.

Waverley felt alarmed at the thought of adopting the badge of what was by the majority of the kingdom esteemed rebellion, yet he could not disgrace his chariot at the cost of one of his brother's wits. 

Chapter XXVI.
the knight unworthy of her encouragement and favour," said he, somewhat bitterly.

Not so, Mr. Waverley," she replied, with great sweet firmness. "Why should I reject my brother's valued friend a boon which I am distributing to his whole clan? Most willingly would I enlist every man of honour in the cause to which my brother has devoted himself for the public weal. It is an enterprise of his measure and his eyes open. His life has been devoted to this cause from his cradle; with him its call is sacred, were it even a summons to the tomb. But how can I wish you, Mr. Waverley, new to the world, so far from home, to court every friend who might advise and ought to influence you,—in a moment too sudden piqued and indignation,—how can I wish you to plunge yourself at once in the dross of the world's mote, with all its evil eye, with all its wicked girl that has thus blunted your spirit?—Never mind her, dear Edward; the wisest of your sex are fools in what regards the business of women.

"Indeed, my good friend," answered Waverley, "all that I can charge against your sister is, that she is too sensible, too reasonable."

If that be all, I ensure you for a louis d'or against the mood lasting four-and-twenty hours. No man was ever steadier sensible for that period; and I will engage, if that will please you, Flora shall be unreasonable to-morrow as any of her sex. You must leave your sister to Edward, to "en muscovitaise." So saying, he seized Waverley's arm, and dragged him off to review his military preparations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UPON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Fergus Mac-Ivor had too much tact and delicacy to renew the subject which he had interrupted. His mood was, or appeared to be, so full of gun-barrels, mousquet words, and tartan hope, that Waverley could not for some time draw his attention to any other topic.

"Are you to take the field so soon, Fergus," he asked, "that you are making all these martial preparations?"

"When we have settled that you go with me, you shall know all; but otherwise, the knowledge might rather be prejudicial to you."

"But are you serious in your purpose, with all inferior forces, to rise against an established government? It is mere fancy.

"Laissez les autres se consacrer a la gloire de Dieu et de leur pays, mon cher Antoine—I shall take good care of myself. We shall at least use the compliment of Conam, who never got a stroke but he gave one. I would not, however, continued the Chevalier, if you think me mad enough to stir up a favourable opportunity: I will not slip my dog below the game's afoot. But, once more, will you join with us, and you shall know all?"

"How can I?" said Waverley. "I, who have lately held that commission which is now passing back to those that gave it? My accepting it implied a promise of fidelity, and an acknowledgment of the locality of the government."

"A rash promise," answered Fergus, "is not a steed's handcuff; it may be shaken off, especially when it was given under duress, and has been repudiated by the result."

"But my heart is as true to you, Fergus," said he, with emotion. "I have not been the excuse. Captain Waverley's character is so open—is, in short, of that nature, that it cannot be misconstrued, either in its strength or its weaknesses.

"And for that weakness you despise me?" said Edward.

"Forgive me, Mr. Waverley—and remember it is but within this half hour that there existed between us a situation impossible to me to grapple with, a situation, in which I never could think of an officer in the service of the Elector of Hanover in any other light than as a casual acquaintance. Permit me then to arrange my days upon no unexpected a topic and in less than an hour I will be ready to give you such reasons for the resolution I shall express, as may be satisfactory at least, if not pleasing to you." So saying, Flora withdrew, leaving the captain in his measure to his own devices.
more gravely, "or are we in the land of romance and fiction?"

"My earnest, undoubtedly. How could you suppose me jesting on such a subject?"

"I am very glad to hear it; and so highly do I think of Flora, that you are the only man in England for whom I would say so much. — But before you shake my hand so warmly, there is more to be considered.

"Your own family — will they approve your connecting yourself with the sister of a high-born Highland laird?"

"Or uncle's situation," said Waverley, "his general opinions, and his uniform indulgence, entitle me to say, that birth and personal qualities are all he would look to in such a connexion. And where can I find both united in such excellence as in your sister?"

"O nowhere! ceda va sans dire," replied Fergus with a smile. "But your father will expect a father's prerogative in being consulted.

"Surely; but his late breach with the ruling powers removes all apprehension of objection on his part, especially as I am convinced that my uncle will be warm in my cause."

"Religion, my dear," said Fergus, "may make obstacles, though we are not bigoted Catholics."

"My grandmother was of the Church of Rome, and her religion was never objected to by my family. — Do not, my dear friends, let your prejudices affect you rather have your influence where it may be more necessary to remove obstacles — I mean with your lovely sister."

"My lovely sister," replied Fergus, "like her loving brother, is very apt to have a pretty decided will of her own, by which, in this case, you must be ruled; but you shall not want my interest, nor my counsel. And in that case, I will give you one hint — Loyalty is her ruling passion; and since she could spell an English book, she has been in love with the memory of the gallant Captain Wogan, who renounced the Stuart cause for the Protestant."

"Well, sir, said Waverley, "further into the story of Charles II., Marched a handful of cavalry from London to the Highlands to join Middleton, then in arms for the king, and at length died gloriously in the royal cause. Ask her to show you some verses she made on his history and fate; they have been much admired, I assure you. The next point is — I think I saw Flora go up towards the waterfall a short time since; fol-low, Fergus, and show her the garden time to strengthen its purposes of resistance — Alert to la muraille! Seek Flora out, and learn her decision as soon as you can, and Cupid go with you, while I ask you a question that you have not considered.

Waverley ascended the glen with an anxious and throbbing heart. Love, with all its romantic train of hopes, fears, and wishes, was mingled with other feelings. He consulted with no delusion, but he became involuntarily the confidant at least, if not the accomplice, of plans, dark, deep, and dangerous, which must either obscure the path of the government or be so lately served, or the destruction of all who had participated in them. Should Flora even listen to his suit favourably, what prospect was there of its being brought to a happy termination, amid the tumult of an impending insurrection? How could he make the selfish request that she should leave Fergus, to whom she was so much attached, and, retiring with him to England, wait, as a distant spectator, the betrothal of two sisters, or the ruin of all his hopes and fortune? — On, on the other hand, to engage himself, with no other aid than his single arm, in the dangerous and precipitate counsels of his brother. He writhed along by him, the partaker of all his desperate and indescribable motions, renouncing almost the power of judging, or deciding upon the correctness or prudence of his actions — this was no pleasing prospect for the secret pride of Waverley to stoop to. And yet what other conclusion remained, saving the rejection of his addresses by Flora, an alternative not to be thought of in the present height of her distemper, a state of health short of mortal agony. Pondering the dreadful and dangerous prospect before him, he at length arrived near the cascade, where, as Fergus had supposed, he found Flora seated.

She was quite alone, and as soon as she observed his approach, she rose, and came to meet him. Edward attempted to say something within the verge of ordinary exhibition and confidence, but found himself unequal to the task. Flora seemed at first equally embarrassed, but recovered herself more speedily, and (an unfavourable augury for Waverley's suit) was the first to enter upon it. But better of their last interview.

"It is too important, in every point of view, Mr. Waverley, to permit me to leave you in doubt on my sentiments.

"Do not speak them, scarcely," said Waverley, much affected, "unless they are such as I fear, from your manner, I must not dare to anticipate. Let time — let my future conduct — let your brother's influence —

"Forgive me, Mr. Waverley," said Flora, her complexion a little heightened, but her voice firm and composed. "I should incur my own heavy censure, were I to express my sincere conviction that I can never regard you otherwise than as a valued friend. I should do you the highest injustice did I conceal my sentiments for a moment — I see I distress you, Mr. Waverley. I believe for it, too; and, O, better a thousand times, Mr. Waverley, that you should feel a present momentary disappointment, than the long and heart-sickening grief which awaits a rival who is attached to his fortune!"

"Good God! exclaimed Waverley, "why should you anticipate such consequences from a union, where birth is equal, where fortune is favourable, and where, if you except the Duke of Argyll, there is no family more particular, where you allege no preference for another, where you even express a favourable opinion of him whom you reject?"

"Mr. Waverley, I here that favourable opinion, answered Flora; and so strongly, that though I would rather have been silent on the grounds of my resolution, you shall command them, if you exact such a sacrifice of my own feelings, and a possibility of a broken marriage!"

She sat down upon a fragment of rock, and Waverley, placing himself near her, anxiously pressed for the explanation she offered.

"I dare not tell you the situation of my feelings, they are so different from those usually ascribed to young women at my period of life; and I dare hardly touch upon what I conceive to be the real nature of my affection. He could not love me, but remember how much this morning had changed his fate, and into what a complication of perplexity it was likely to plunge him. Sun-rise had seen him possessed of an esteemed rank in the honourable profession of arms, his father to all appearance rapidly rising in the favour of his sovereign; — all this had passed away like a dream — he himself was dishonoured, his father disgraced, and he had become involuntarily the confidant at least, if not the accomplice, of plans, dark, deep, and dangerous, which must either subversion of the government he had so lately served, or the destruction of all who had participated in them. Should Flora even listen to his suit favourably, what prospect was there of its being brought to a happy termination, amid the tumult of an impending insurrection? How could he make the selfish request that she should leave Fergus, to whom she was so much attached, and, retiring with him to England, wait, as a distant spectator, the betrothal of two sisters, or the ruin of all his hopes and fortune? — On, on the other hand, to engage himself, with no other aid than his single arm, in the dangerous and precipitate counsels of his brother. He writhed along by him, the partaker of all his desperate and indescribable motions, renouncing almost the power of judging, or deciding upon the correctness or prudence of his actions — this was no pleasing prospect for the secret pride of Waverley to stoop to. And yet what other conclusion remained, saving the rejection of his addresses by Flora, an alternative not to be thought of in the present height of her distemper, a state of health short of mortal agony. Pondering the dreadful and dangerous prospect before him, he at length arrived near the cascade, where, as Fergus had supposed, he found Flora seated.

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be more in unison, and because his more blunted sensibility would not require the return of enthusiasm which had been the basis of his happiness. But Mr. Waverley, would for ever refer to the idea of domestic happiness which your imagination is capable of painting, and whatever fell short of that ideal representation, laced and interrupted by indecision, while you might consider the enthusiasm with which I regarded the success of the royal family, as defrauding your affection of its due return.

"And Miss Mac-Ivor, you cannot love me?" said her suitor dejectedly.

"I could esteem you, Mr. Waverley, as much, perhaps, more than any man I have ever seen; but I cannot accept your suit. ought to be not, for your own sake, desire so hazardous an experiment! The woman whom you marry, ought to have affections and opinions moulded upon yours. Her studies ought to agree with her feelings, her hopes, her fears, should all mingle with yours. She should enhance your pleasures, share your sorrows, and cheer your melancholy."

"And why will not you, Miss Mac-Ivor, who can so well describe a happy union, will not you judge for yourself the person you describe?"

"Is it possible you do not yet comprehend me?" answered Flora. "Have I not told you, that every known obstacle to my marriage was, in fact, unconsciously to my own advantage and to yours? But you, Mr. Waverley, are not my mistress designed to keep her apart in that evening, went himself in quest of her; but apparently his remonstrances were in vain, for he returned with a heightened complexion and a look of mingled anger and symptoms of displeasure. The rest of the evening passed on without any allusion, on the part either of Flora or Waverley, to the subject which engaged the reflections of the latter, and perhaps, both of them.

When retired to his own apartment, Edward endeavoured to sum up the business of the day. That the pulse he had received from Flora, would be persisted in for the present, there was no doubt; and if he could hope for ultimate success in case circumstances permitted the renewal of his suit? Would the enthusiastic loyalty, which this animating prompting left, not at least in its engrossing force, the success or the failure of the present political machinations? And if so, could he hope that the interest which she had acknowledged him to possess in her favour, might be improved into a warmer attachment? He taxed his memory to recall every word she had used, with the appropriate looks and gestures which had enforced them, and ended by finding himself in the same state of uncertainty. It was very late before sleep brought relief to the tumult of his mind, after the most painful and agitating day which he had ever passed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LETTER FROM TULLY-VEOLAN.

In the morning, when Waverley's troubled reflections had for some time given way to repose, there came music to his dreams, but not the voice of Selina. He imagined himself transported back to Tully-VEOLAN, and that he heard Dave Gellatley singing in the court those matins which used generally to be the first sounds that disturbed his repose while a guest of the Baron of Bradwardine. The notes which suggested this vision continued, and waxed louder, until Edward awoke in earnest. The illusion, however, did not seem entirely dispelled. The apartment was protracted from that of Ian nan Chaimbeul, but it was still the voice of Dave Gellatley that made the following lines resound under the window:

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-roaming the deer;
A-clasping the wild deer, and following the roe.
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Curious to know what could have determined Mr. Gellatley on an excursion of such unbidden extent, Edward was about to dress himself in all haste, during which operation the minstrelsy of Dave changed its tune more than once:

There's sought in the Highlands but syces and looks,
And long-leggit cattle gang wanting the braes.
* These lines form the burden of an old song, to which some versed additional verses.
WAVERLEY.

3 Chap. XXVIII.

Waverley

Wanting the breaks, and without base and shows.

But well how, when he comes home.

Waverley was dressed and had issued forth, David had associated himself with two or three of the numerous Highlanders who always graced the steets of the castle with their presence, and was appearing one fine morning in the double order and form of a Scotch fourr neale, to the music of his own whistling. In this double capacity of dancer and musician, he continued, until an idle pipe-player, observing his zeal, and the unanimous call of Still stand, (i.e. blow up,) and relieved him from the latter part of his trouble. Young and old then mingled in the dance as they could find partners. The opinion of Waverley did not interrupt David's call, though he contrived to get in no small portion, and throwing one or two inclinations of the body into the stances with which he performed the Highland fling, this was a symptom of recognition. Then, while busily employed in setting, whooping on all the while, and snapping his fingers over his head, on a sudden prolonged his side-step until it brought him into the dance, then rose, and continued his satisfaction without pause or intermission.

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"I fear I am using an improper freedom by intruding upon you, yet I cannot trust to any one else to let you know some things which have happened here, which seems necessary you should be acquainted. Forgive me, if I am wrong in what I am doing; for, alas! Mr. Waverley, I have no better advice than that of my own feelings;—my dear father is gone from this place, and where he can return to my assistance and protection, God alone knows. You have probably heard, that in consequence of some troublesome news from the Highlands, warrants were sent out for apprehending several gentlemen, and, among others, my dear father. In spite of all my tears and entreaties that he would surrender himself to the government, he joined with Mr. Fal- coner, and is supposed to have gone northwards, with a body of about forty horsemen. So I am not so anxious concerning his immediate safety, as about what may follow afterwards, for that he is in no danger to you, Mr. Waverley, only I thought you would be glad to learn that my father has escaped, in case you happen to have heard that he was in danger.

The day after my father went off, there came a party of soldiers to Tully-Veolan, and behaved very rudely to Bains Macwhistle; but the officer was very civil to me, only said his duty obliged him to search for arms and paper. My father had provided against this by taking away all the arms except the old useless things which hung in the hall, and he had put all his papers away.

But O! Mr. Waverley, how shall I tell you, the great distress in which you found yourself when you asked, and when you had been at Tully-Veolan, and where you now were. The officer is gone back with his party; but a non-commissioned officer and four men remain as a sort of garrison in the house. They have hinted they behaved very well, as we are for- bidden to keep them in good humour. But these soldiers have no fear of your falling into their hands you would be in great danger. Do so kind a service to write what wicked falsehoods they said, for I am sure they are falsehoods; but you will best judge what you have to do. The officer that returned carried off your servant priser, with his horse, and horses, all the horses, in everything that you left at Tully-Veolan. I hope God

will protect you, and that you will get safe home to England, where you used to tell me there was no military danger, but you are mistaken, but everything was done according to an equal law that protected all who were harmless and innocent. I hope you will exert your indulgence as my kind friend to the young ladies, to whom, if it seems to me, though perhaps erroneous, that Captain Waverley's honour are concerned. I am sure—at least I think, my father would approve of my writing, for, Mr. Ra- phaell is fled to the country at this time, out of danger of being taken as a soldier and the Waverley and Bains Macwhistle does not like to meddle (he says) in oth- er men's concerns, though I hope what may serve my father's friend at such a time as this, cannot be termed improper manners. Indeed, Mr. Waverley, I shall probably never see you more, for I would be very improper to wish you to call at Tully-Veolan. But, even now, even if these men were gone, but I will al- ways remember with gratitude your kindness in visiting so poor a scholar as myself, and your atten- tions to my dear, dear father.

"I remain your obedient servant,

ROBERT CRAWFORD,

P. S.—I hope you will send me a line by David Gellatley, just to say you have received this, and that you will take care of yourself; and forgive me if I again trouble you to entertain you in your unhappy cabals, but escape, as fast possible, to your own fortunate country.—My compliments to my dear Flora, and to Glencaquoich. Is she not as handsome and accomplished as I described her?"

Thus concluded the letter of Rose Crawford, the contents of which both surprised and affected Waverley. It was strange that the Baron should fall under the suspi- cions of government, in consequence of the present stir among the partizans of the house of Stewart, seemed only the natural consequence of his political principles, and the insinuations of his employers; but how should he, himself, have been involved in such suspicions, conscious that until yester- day he had been free from harbouring a thought against the prosperity of the reigning family, seemed inexplicable. Both at Tully-Veolan and Glenca- quoich, his hosts had respected his engagements with the existing government, and though enough passed by accidental innuendo that might induce him to evince the Baron and the Chief among those disaf- fected gentlemen who were still numerous in Scot- land, yet until his own connexion with the army had been broken off by the resumption of his commission, he had no reason to believe he had ever given any immediate or hostile attempts against the present establishment. Still he was aware that unless he meant at once to embrace the prophecies of Ferguson and M'Leod of Mac-Ivor, all would be lost; for all could see in the suspicious neighbourhood without delay, and repair where his conduct might undergo a satisfactory exa-mination. Upon this he the rather determined, as Flora's advice favoured his doing so, and he felt inexplicable repugnance at the idea of being ac- cessory to the plague of civil war. Whatever were the original rights of the Stewarts, calm reflection told him, that, on the question how far James the Second could forfeit those of his posterity, he had, according to the united voice of the whole nation, forfeited his own. Since that period, every march had been to the glory over Britain, sustaining and exalting the character of the nation abroad, and its liberties at home. Reason asked, was it worth while to disturb a government so long established and established, and to plunge a kingdom into all the miseries of civil war, for the purpose of replacing upon the throne the descendants of a monarch by whom it had been wilfully forfeited? If, on the other hand, his conscience did not allow his integrity on himself, or on his Father, or on the command of his father or uncle, should recommend to him allegiance to the Stewarts, still it was for him to clear his own mind, showing that he had not, as seemed to be falsely in- sinuated, taken any step to this purpose, during his holding the commission of the excise agent.

The all-estimate sympathies of Flora's heart,

For his safety. This was too much for her unapproachable heart.
and of the terror and actual dangers to which she might be exposed, made an impression upon his mind, and he instantly wrote to thank her in the kindest terms for her solicitude on his account, to express his earnest good wishes for her welfare and that of her family, and of her husband's health and safety. These feelings which this task excited were speedily lost in the necessity which he now saw of bidding farewell to Flora Mac-Ivor, perhaps for ever. At one point, attended by the prolonged elevation of character, her self-devotion to the cause which she had embraced, united to her scrupulous restraint as to the means of serving it, had divided the attention of the eligible young lady between his affections and her passions. But time pressed, calumny was busy with his fame, and every hour's delay increased the power to injure it. His departure must be instant.

With this determination he sought out Ferguson, and communicated to him the contents of Rose's latter, with his own resolution instantly to go to Edinburgh, and put into the hands of some one or other of these persons of influence to whom he had letters from his father, his exclamation from any charge which might be preferred against him.

"You run your head into the lion's mouth," answered Mac-Ivor. "You do not know the severity of a government harassed by such apprehensions, and a consciousness of their own illegality and insecurity. I shall have to deliver you from some dungeon in Strangeways or Newgate or raise your fine."

"My innocence, my rank, my father's intimacy with Lord M. General G. &c., will be a sufficient protection," said Waverley. "I shall find the contrary," replied the Chief; "these gentlemen will have enough to do about their own matters. Once more, will you take the plaid, and stay a little while with us among the mists and the moorlands, in the bravest cause ever sword was drawn in?"

"For many reasons, my dear Ferguson, you must hold me excused," said Mac-Ivor. "I shall certainly find you exerting your poetic talents in elegies upon a prison, or your antiquarian researches in depicting the Ogmios character, or some Punic hieroglyphic upon the key-stones of a vault, curiously arched. Or what say you to un petit pendement bien joli against which awkward ceremony I don't warrant you should you meet a body of the armed west-country Whigs."

"And why should they use me so?" said Waverley.

"For a hundred good reasons," answered Ferguson. "First, you are an Englishman; secondly, a gentle- man; thirdly, you are an officer. By the influence of friendship, they may be induced to treat you, let, like the Celts and Mandanes of yore, they should resume the humour of sending their lovers into banishment. Distance, in truth, produces in idea the greatest respect as in reality the least. Others are softened, and rounded, and rendered doubly grateful; the harrier and more ordinary point of character are mollified down, and those by which it is remembered are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. There are mists too in the mental, as well as the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects, and there as happy lights, to illumine in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.

Waverley forest Flora Mac-Ivor's prejudices in her heart by the magnanimity of his intercourse towards his affection, when he recollected the grand and decisive object which seemed to fill her whole soul. She, whose sense of duty so wholly engrossed her in the cause of a benefactor, what would be her feelings in favour of the happy individual who should be so fortunate as to awaken them? Then came the doubtful question, whether he might not be that happy man. His mind, which was in the affirmative, by conjuring up all she had said in his praise, with the addition of a com- ment much more flattering than the text warranted, discovered the name she so longed to hear.

The Ogmios is a species of the old Irish charmed. The idea of the contest between the Ogmios and Punic, founded on a scene in Plutarch, was not started till General Valenciennes set up his theory, long after the date of Flora Mac-Ivor.
every-day world, was melted away and obliterated in those dreams of imagination, which only remembered with advantage the points of grace and dignity that distinguished Flora from the generality of her sex, not the particulars which she held in common with them. Edward, was, in short, in the fair way of catching a Highland beauty; and he submitted habitually to get his orders for dinner, and to disturb the reveries of our hero. But observing him rouse himself at the sight of the village, Callum pressed closer to his side, and hoped when they came to the public house his host was not saying nothing about Vich Ian Vohr, for the people were better Whigs, dear bust tem.'

Waverley assured the prudent page that he would be careful how he now distinguished him, both in the ring of the bells, but the tinkling of something like a hammer against the side of an old mossy, green, inverted pony-pot, that hung in an open booth, of the other. He was at pains to get to the east end of a building resembling an old barn, he asked Callum Beg if it were Sunday.

Could na say just precisely—Sunday seldom came by hilly crofts, but Mr. Ebenoezer Cruickshanks from his window that overlooked the dark and narrow court in which Callum Beg rode down the horses after their journey, Waverley heard the following foot-page of Vich Ian Vohr and his landlord:

"Ye'll be fare the north, young man?" began the latter.

"And ye may say that," answered Callum.

"And ye'll have ridden a lang way the day, it may weel be?"

"Sae lang, that I could weel tak a dram." Waverley heard the noise of the gill stow at his back.

Here some compliments passed fitting the occasion, when my host of the Golden Candlestick, hearing, as he thought, opened his guest's heart by this hospitable acquaintance, made the following:

"Ye'll na hae mickle whisky than that abou the Pass?"

"I am nae fare abou the Pass." He seems to be tongue.

"Na; I am but just Aberdeen-a-way."

"And did your master come fare Abileen wi you?"

"Ay—a is it I've left it myself," answered the good and imperturbable Callum Beg.

"And what kind of a gentleman is he?"

"I believe he is an o' King George's state officers, at least he's aye for ganging on the south, and he has a bantle siller, and never grudges any thing till a poor body, or in the way of a lawin."

"He wants a guide and a horse fare to Edinburgh?"

"Aye, and ye mean find it him with." Waverley heard the noise of the gill stow at his back.

"Aheem! It will be chargeable."

"He cares na for that a boule.

"Aweel, Duncan—did ye say your name was Dun can, or Donald?"

"Na, man—Jamie—Jamie Steenson—I tell ye before."

This last untrained parry altogether foil'd Mr. Cruickshanks, who, though not quite satisfied with the reserve of the master, or the extreme readiness of the man, was contented to lay a tax on the reckoning and horse hire, that might compound for his unsatisfied curiosity. The circumstance of its being the fast day was not forgotten in the charge, which, on the whole, did not, however, amount to much more than double what in fairness it should have been.

Callum Beg soon appeared in person the ratification of this treaty, adding, "Ta ual decwel was cangin to ride wi ta Dunhe-wassed hersel."

"That will not be pleasant, Callum, nor altogether safe, for our host aensome a person of great curiosity; but a travaller must submit to these inconveniences. Meanwhile, my good lad, here is a trifle for you to part with, Vich Ian Vohr." The hawk's eye of Callum flashed delight upon a golden guinea, with which these last words were accompanied. He hastened, not without a curse on the intracacies of his breeches pocket, or splinter, as it called it, to deposit the treasure in his pocket and then, as if he conceived the benevolence called for some requital on his part, he gathered close up to Edward, with an expression of the most confiding knowlin, and spoke in a under voice, "Wiel"...
WAVERLEY.

And thus, brave yeast of the touch!
Repeat not; if our eyes decay,
Above those honours and as you, as
The beauteous of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
But bow, wherever sun they pass
Before the winter storm decay—
Can their worth be type of thine?

No, no; no type of Poesy among thine:
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,
And as the diastole the sense rehearse
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

Twas then thou sought'st on Albion's hill,
(Here England's sons the strife resound)
A rugged rose resisting still,
And unshod though unfriended.

They bade thee in the mosses hearst, with
No holy knell thy requiem run;
The vamps were the placid wave,
They dree the crimson florid flame.

Yet wise, in Fortune's summer-alms
To waste life's longest term away
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darkest not its moonshine day?

Be these the Pearl whose dearest house
Was summer's delight and winter's gloom
Some bond with oak her patrons draw,
An ash and shadows Wogan's tomb.

Whatever might be the real merit of Flora Mac
Ivor's poetry, the enthusiasm which it intimated was well calculated to make a corresponding impression upon her lover. The lines were read—read again—

At his side, in Wogan's bosom—then as
Drawn out and read line by line in
As hehesten of his sweet voice, and with frequent pauses which
Prolonged the mental treat, as an epic prose
By stopping slowly, the enjoyment of

The essence of Mrs. Cruickshank's prose, the
Subliminary articles of dinner and wine, had
Interpreted this pantomime of affectionate

At length the tall ungainly figure and ungraceful
Visage of Rhenus presented themselves. The upper
Part of his form, notwithstanding the season required
No such defense, was shrouded in a large great-coat,
Belved over his body habiliments, decorated with a
Huge cowl of the same stuff, which, when drawn
Over the head and hat, completely overshadowed both,
And buttoned beneath the chin, was called
A tref-ranzer. His face was large and beckoning,
Stained with brass mountainous. His the
Legs tenanted a pair of camisoles, fastened at
The sides with rusty clasps. Thus accounted for,
He walked into the midst of the apartment and
Exclaimed in brief phrase:—Yet horses are ready.

"You go with me yourself then, landlord?"

"I do, as at Perth; where ye may be supplied
With a guide to Embro, as your occasions shall
require."

Thus saying, he placed under Waverley's eye the bill which was
The same time, self-invested, filled a glass of wine, and directed me
to a blessing on their journey. Waverley, stood at
The man's impudence, but, as their connection was
Not to be short, and promised to be convenient, he made no
Observation on it; and, having paid him his reckoning,
Expressed his intention to depart immediately. He
Mounted Dermoel accordingly, and sallied forth
With the Golden Candlestick, followed by the puny
Figure we have described, after he had, at the expense
Of some time and difficulty, and by the assistance of
A "lamp-on-stump," or structure of masonry
Erected for the purpose of throwing a convenient light in front of
The house, elevated his person to the back of a long-backed,
Raw-boned, thin-cutted phantom of a broken-down
Blood-horse, on which Waverley's portmanteau
Was deposited. Our hero, though not in a very
Optimal humour, could hardly help laughing at the appearance
Of his new steed, and at the astonishment
Which his person and equipage would have excited at

Edward's tendency to mirth did not escape

Host of the Candlestick, who, conscious of the case,
Unfolded a double portion of sorrow into the
Plangent usual grief. The Name, which antedated
Internally that, in one way or other, the young
Englischer should pay dearly for the contumacy with which he
Seemed to record him. Callum also stood at the
gate, and enjoyed, with undissembled glee, the ridiculous figure of Mr. Cruckshanks. As Waverley passed his horse's head, and, grasping its stirrup, bade him "Take heed the said White Doe civilly played him one cuntin.'

Waverley once more thanked, and bade him farewell, and then proceed onward, not sorry to be rid of him. He had heard of the above-mentioned stories as they old Ebenezer rise and sink in his stirrups, to avoid the exactions occasioned by a hard trot upon a half-paved street. The village of— was some miles behind him.

CHAPTER XXX.

SHOWS THAT THE LOSS OF A HORSE'S SHOE MAY BE A SERIOUS INCUMBERANCE.

The manner and air of Waverley, but, above all, the glittering contents of his purse, and the indolence with which he seemed to regard them, somewhat overawed his companion, and deterred him from making any attempt to enter upon conversation. Hence his reflections were more or less regulated by various emotions, and by plans of self-interest, with which these were intimately connected. The travellers journeied, therefore, in silence, until it was interrupted by the singular appearance on the part of the gentleman. For long having had a forefootshoe, which, doubtless, his honour would consider it his part to replace.

"Indisputably," answered Mr. Cruckshanks; "tho' there was no precise clause to that effect, it can be expected that I am paid for the casualties while my horse is the pair male while in your honour's service."—Nathan's.

"O, you mean I am to pay the farrier; but where shall we find one?"

The horses in distress there would be no objection made on the part of his temporary master, Mr. Cruckshanks assured him that Cairnveeken, a village which they were about to enter, was happy in an excellent blacksmith; but as he was a professor, he would drive a nail for no man on the Sabbath, or kirk-fast, unless it were in a case of absolute necessity, for which he always charged sixpence each nail.

The most important part of this communication, which was not so much a request as a question, had a slight impression on the hearer, who only internally wondered what college this veterinary professor belonged to; not aware that the word was used to denote any person or building devoted to uncommon sanctity and manner.

As they entered the village of Cairnveeken, they speedily distinguished the smith's house. Being a public, it was two stories high, and proudly reared its crest, covered with slate sky, above the thatched roofs by which it was surrounded. The adjoining smithy bequeathed none of the Sabbatical silence and repose which Ebenezer had augured from the sanctity of his friend. On the contrary, hammer crashed and anvil rang, the bellows groaned, and the whole apparatus of Villan appeared to be in full activity. After a short time, there appeared from the door of the master smith, benedict, as his sign intimated, John Muckleware, with two assistants, toiled busily in swarms, repining, and furbishing old muskets, pistols, and swords, which lay scattered around his work-shop in military confusion. The open shed, containing the forge, was crowded with persons who came and went as if receiving and communicating messages from the vicinity. It was a scene fitted to please all those people who traversed the street in haste, or stood grouped in groups, with eyes elevated, and hands uplifted, announced that the house was extraordinary; for it is not every day that one met with a public shop of the manufacture of Cairnveeken.

"There is some news," said one of the Candlestick push; his fellow-eyed, visaged, and bare-boned mug readily forward into the crowd; "there is some news; and if it, please my Creator, I will forthwith obtain sparrings thereof.

Waverley, with better regulated curiosity than his attendant, dismounted, and gave his horse to a boy who stood idle near. It arose, perhaps from the shyness of his character in early youth, that he felt dislike at applying to a stranger even for casual information, without previously by his physiognomy and appearance. While he looked about in order to select the person with whom he would most willingly hold that communication, the buzz around saved him in some degree the trouble of uncertain guess. The names of Lochin, Claymore, Glenarry, and other distinguished Highland Chiefs, amongst whom Vich Ian Vonh was frequently mentioned, were as familiar in men's mouths as they were household words. The alarm generally expressed, he easily conceived that their descent into the Lowlands, at the head of their troops, even if already taken place, or was instantly apprehended.

For Waverley could ask particulars, a strong, brawny, hard-featured woman, about forty, dressed in the manner of her country, her clothes being flame on with a pitchfork, her cheeks flushed with scarlet, where they were not painted with boot and lambblack, posted through the crowd, and, brandishing high a child of two years old, which she carried in her arms, without regard to mankind, and with some spirit of terror in her eyes, she might.

"Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling."

"Lottie and Jenny's coming."

"A' the wild Maccara's coming."

The Vulcans of Cairnveeken, who acknowledged his Venus in this exciting placet Boscace, regarded her with a grin and a horrid leer, as if she were the prisoner of some of the senators of the village hastened to intercept. Whist! gudewife; is this a time, or is this a day, to be talking your ranting fule sana in the daytime when the wine of wrath is poured out without mixture in the cup of indignation, and a day when the land should give testimony against poyery, and treachery, and superstitious, and independency, and subversion, and fanaticism, and antimonianism, and a' the errors of the church!"

And that's a' your Whiggery," re-echoed the Jacobite heroine; "that's a' your Whiggery, and your prosperity."

"That's a' your Whiggery," replied the same woman. "We d'ye think the lad wi' the kilt wi' care for yer sylvans and yer prebyterians, and yer buttock-mail, and yer stood o' repentance? Vengeance on the black face o' mine! It's a short character upon it than streaks doon beside ony Whig in the country, I myself."

Here John Muckleware, who dreaded her entering upon a detail of personal experience, interrupted his matrimonial authority. "Gae hame, and be d,—(that I should say sac) and put on the sowens for supper."

"And you, ye doil'd dotar," replied his gentle handmaiden, her wrath, which had hitherto wandered abroad over the whole assembly, being at once and violently impelled into its natural channel, ye stood and walked. "Come, there hammer-throwing dovecocks for foles that will never snap them at a Highlander, instead of earning broad for your family, and showing this wisome young gentleman's horse that's just come frae the north! I warrant him none of your whiggery King George folk, but a gallant Gordon, at the least o' him."

The eyes of the assembly were now turned upon Waverley, who, with the opportunity, as the smith gave him his order, to glance his sides, observed the whole in all speed, as he wished to proceed on his journey; for he had heard enough to make him sensible that there would be danger in delaying any longer. The next he eyes, instead of on him with a look of displeasure and suspicion, not lessened by the consciousness with which his wife enforced Waverley's mandate. "D'ye hear what the well-favoured young gentleman says, ye drunken ne'er-do-good?"
"And what may your name be, sir?" quoted Muckleworth.

"It is of no consequence to you, my friend, provided I pay your labour."

"But it may be of consequence to the state, sir," replied Waverley, "to know the strength of whose authority peat-smoke, and I doubt we may delay your journey till you have seen the Laird."

"You certainly," said Waverley, haughtily, "will find it with difficulty to detach me, unless you can produce some proper authority."

There was a pause and a whisper among the crowd—Secretary Murray; Lord Lewis Gordon; 'Maybe the Chevalier himself, Lord—'

"But it is the Chevalier himself who worship the same God, and only alms, and thereby was obviously an increased disposition to resist Waverley's departure. He attempted to argue mildly with him, but his voluntary ally, Mrs. Muckleworth, broke in upon him and denounced Waverley's actions, taking his part and asserting his innocence."

"We were the guests of the good popular, a man of strong character who daub him to the council, and his experience in the army."

"His name is dearest to me."

"O gi'ye we are dead, gudeman! And a green turf on your head, gudeman! They are my widow's, upon a renting Highlandman."

This canticle, which excited a suppressed titter among the younger part of the audience, totally overcame the patience of the taunted man of the inn. "Watch out, my friend, I'll put a mouth down your throat!" cried he, in an ecstasy of wrath, snatching a bar from the forge; and he might have executed his threat, had he not been withheld by a part of the mob, while the rest endeavoured to force the tormentant out of his presence.

Waverley meditated a retreat in the confusion, but his horse was nowhere to be seen. At length he observed a man, sitting on the one hand, to shout "Wauchope! Wauchope! Wauchope!" Waverley's horse, "Na, na! if ye are ye friend to kirk and king, and are detained as siccan a person, yo maun answer to honest men of the country for breach of contract, and I maun keep the name and the valour for dammage and expense, in respect my horse and myself will lose to-morrow's day's work, besides the afternoon preaching."

Edward, out of patience, hemmed in and harried by the rabble on every side, and every moment expecting personal violence, resolved to try measures of intimidation, and at length drew a pockett-pistol, threatened on the one hand, to shout "Kirkdale! Kirkdale! Kirkdale!" should he dare to stop him, and, on the other, menacing Ebenezer with a similar doom, if he stirred a foot with the horses. The sanguine Partly says, that one man with a pistol, is equal to a hundred unarmed, because, though he can shoot but one of the multitude, yet no one knows but that he himself may be that luckless individual. The lesser name of Cairnervant, who therefore probably have given way, nor would Ebenezer have waxen three shades more cadaverous, have ventured to dispute a mandate so enforced, had not the Vulcans, with the WILL TO DISCHARGE, thrown upon some more worthy object the force which had been reserved for Waverley, and provoked, and not ill satisfied to find such an object in Waverley, rushed at him with the red-hot bar of iron, with such determination, as made the discharge of a pistol an act of self-defence. The unfortunate

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN EXAMINATION.

Major M'tville of Cairnervant, an elderly gentleman, who had spent his youth in the military service, received Mr. Morton with great kindness, and our hero with civility, which the equivocal circumstances wherein Edward was placed rendered considerably more agreeable than his conversation might have been. The nature of the smith's hurt was inquired into, and as the actual injury was likely to prove trifling, and the circumstances in which it was received removed the infraction, on Edward's part, a natural act of self-defence. Major M'tville was apprised of the matter that was brought, on Waverley's depositing in his hands a small sum for the benefit of the wounded person. "I could wish, sir," continued the Major, "my full authority, whether I should have any farther inquiry into the cause of the Vehement.

- The Rev. John Erskine, D. D., an eminent Scot, given, and a most excellent man, headed the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, and who, in his time, was the leader of the Moderate party. Those persons who were adherents of the Old Grey Fries Church, Edinburgh; and, however they differed in church politics, preserved the most perfect harmony as private friends, and as clergymen serving the same cure.
your journey through the country at this unfortunate and distracted time."

Mr. Ebenzer Cruckshanks now stood forth, and resolved to continue the matter, and the next day he knew he expected, from the reserve of Waverley, and the evasions of Callum Beg. The horse upon which Edward rode, he said, he knew to belong to Vich Ian Mac-Ivor; and after a trusty review of the former attendant with the fact, lest he should have his horses and stables burnt over his head some night by that godless gang, the Mac-Ivors. He concluded by ex- pressed his own servile to kirk and state, as having been the means, under God, (as he modestly qualified the assertion,) of attacking this suspicious and formidable delinquent. He intimated hopes of future moral and physical reimbursement for loss of time, and even of character, by travelling on the state business on the fast-day.

To this Major Melville answered, with great composure directed to the magistrate, that the means with which he expected, for a purpose of religion and loyalty, he should not impute that conduct to disaffection, but only suppose that his zeal for kirk and state had been lulled asleep by the opposition of charging a minister with double horse-hire; that, however, feeling himself incompetent to decide singly upon the conduct of a person of such importance, he should reserve it for consideration of the next quarter-sessions. Not for our history for the present sake no more of him of the Candlestick, who avoided dolorous and malcontent back to his own dwelling.

Major Melville then commanded the villagers to return to their homes, excepting two, who officiated as constables, and whom he directed to wait below. The apartment was thus cleared of every person but Mr. Morton, in the meantime remaining in a sort of factor, who acted as clerk; and Waverley himself. There ensued a painful and embarrassed pause, till Major Melville, looking upon Waverley with much compassion, and after consulting a paper or memorandum which he held in his hand, requested to know his name,—"Edward Waverley."

"I thought so; late of the —— dragons, and nephew of Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Ho—nour?"

"The same."

Young gentleman, I am extremely sorry that this painful charge is laid upon you. I am, as far as in me lies, willing to vindicate the character which I enjoy. I request to know that this charge is laid upon you, and upon what authority I am forcibly detained to reply to it?"

"Duty, Major Melville, renders apologies superfluous."

"True, sir; permit me, therefore, to ask you how you have obtained the means of ex-leave of absence from your regiment, several weeks ago, until the present moment?"

"My reply," said Waverley, "is to so general a question must be guided by the nature of the charge which venders it necessary. I request to know what this charge is, and upon what authority I am forcibly detained to reply to it?"

"The charge, Mr. Waverley, I grieve to say, is of a very high nature, and affects your character both as a soldier and a subject. In the former capacity, you are charged with spreading mutiny and rebellion among the men you commanded, and setting them the example of desertion, by prolonging your own absence from the regiment, contrary to the express orders of your commanding officer. The civil crime of which you stand accused is that of high treason, and levying war against the king, the highest delinquency of which a subject can be guilty."

"And by what authority am I detained to reply to such a monstrous charge?"

"By one which you must not dispute, nor I dis-obey."

"He handed to Waverley a warrant from the Superintendant of Blantyre in full name, superseding and securing the person of Edward Waverley, Esq., suspect of treasonable practices, and other high crimes and misdemeanours."

The astonishment which Waverley expressed at this communication was imputed by Major Melville to conscious guilt, while Mr. Morton was rather disposed to construe it to a suspicion of unjustly suspected. There was something true in both conjectures; for although Edward's mind acquitted him of the crime with which he was charged, yet a profession of innocence might have great difficulty in establishing his innocence to the satisfaction of others.

"It is a very painful part of this painful business," said Major Melville, "that under so grave a charge, I must necessarily request to see such papers as you have on your person."

"You shall see it, sir; and as it can be of no service, I beg it may be returned." He took from his bosom the lines he had that morning received, and presented them with the envelope. He then pressed his clerk to make a copy of them. He then wrapped the copy in the envelope, and placing it on the table before him, returned the original to Waverley, with an air of melancholy, as if Waverley seemed to object to general questions, his interrogatories should be as specific as his information permitted. He then proceeded in his investigation, dictating, as he went on, the import of the questions and answers to the amanuensis, by whom it was written down.

"Did Mr. Waverley know one Humphry Houghton, a non-commissioned officer in Gardiner's draughts?"

"Certainly; he was sergeant of my troop, and son of a tenant of my uncle."

"Exactly—and had a considerable share of your confidence, and an influence among his comrades?"

"I had never occasion to repose confidence in a person of his description," answered Waverley. "I favoured Sergeant Houghton as a clever, active young fellow, and I believe his fellow-soldiers respected him accordingly."

"But you used through this man," answered Major Melville, "to communicate with such of your troop as were enlisted upon Waverley, and continued, extended, then, particularly those soldiers who followed you to the regiment from your uncle's estate?"

"Surely—but what is that to the present purpose?"

"To that I am just coming, and I beseech your candid reply. Have you, since leaving the regiment, held any correspondence, direct or indirect, with this Sergeant Houghton?"

"I hold no correspondence with a man of his rank and situation!—How, or for what purpose?"

"That you are to explain;—but did you not, for example, send to him for some books?"

"You remind me of a trifling commission," said Waverley, "which I gave Sergeant Houghton,—because my servant could not read. I do recollect I bade him, by letter, select some books, of which I sent him a list, and send them to me at Tullie-Ven-ian."

"And of what description were those books?"

"They related almost entirely to elegant literature; they were designed for a particular purpose."

"Were these not, Mr. Waverley, treasonable tracts and pamphlets among them?"

"There were some political tracts among which."

"And of what description were those tracts?"
hardly looked. They had been sent to me by the officiousness of a kind friend, whose heart is more to be esteemed for its prudence or critical sagacity; they seemed to be dull compositions.

"That friend," continued the persevering inquirer, "was a Mr. Pembroke, a nonuring clerisyman, the author of several pamphlets to which the manuscript was found among your baggage?"

"But of which, I give you my honor as a gentleman," replied Waverley. "I never read six pages." 

"And yet your judgment, Mr. Waverley; your examination will be transmitted elsewhere. And now to proceed—Do you know a person that passes by the name of Wily, or Will Rutherfurd?"

"I have heard of such a name, at this moment."

"Did you ever meet with such a person, or any other person, communicate with Sergeant Humphry Houghton, instigating him to desert, with as many of his comrades as he could seduce to join him, and unite with the Highlanders and other rebels lower in arms under the command of the young Pretender?"

"I dare you I am not only entirely guiltless of the plot you have laid to my charge, but I detest it from the very bottom of my soul, nor would I be guilty of such treachery to gain a throne, either for myself or any other man alive."

"When I consider this envelope in the handwriting of one of those misguided gentlemen who are now in arms against their country, and the verses which it enclosed, I cannot but find some analogy between what a man of science like I have myself observed and the plot of Wozan, which the writer seems to expect you should imitate."

"Waverley," said the advocate, coincidentally did not rest or expect the terms of the letter-writer would be regarded as proofs of a charge otherwise chimerical.

"But, if I am rightly informed, your time was spent, during your absence from the regiment, between the house of this Highland chief, and that of Mr. Bradwardine, of Bradwardine, also in arms for this unfortunate cause?"

"I do not mean to discuss it; but I do deny, most resolutely, being privy to any of their designs against the government."

"You do not, however, I presume, intend to deny that you attended your host Glenquacoch to a rendezvous, where, under a pretence of a general hunting match, most of the accomplices of his treason were assembled to concert measures for taking advantage of your absence."

"I acknowledge having been at such a meeting," said Waverley; "but I neither heard nor saw any thing which could give it the character you assign to it."

"From thence you proceeded," continued the magistrate, "with Glenquacoch and a part of his clan, to join the army of the young Pretender, and returned, after having paid your homages to him, to dissemble and arm the remainder, and unite them to his bands on their way southward?"

"I never went with Glenquacoch on such an errand. I never so much as heard from the person whom you mention in the country."

"He then detailed the history of his misfortune at the hunting match, and added, that on his return he found himself suddenly deprived of his commission, and did not deny that he then, for the first time, observed symptoms which indicated a disposition in the Highlanders to take arms; but added, that having no inclination to join their cause, and no longer any reason for remaining in Scotland, he was now on his return to his native country, to which he had been summoned by those who had a right to demand his presence, as Major Melville would perceive from the letters on the table."

Major Melville accordingly perused the letters of Richard Waverley, of Sir Eyvart, and of Aunt Fanny. After the letter from Sir Eyvart and the letter from Aunt Fanny, he was of different from what Waverley expected. They held the language of discount with government, threw out no offensive hints of revenge, and that of poor Aunt Rachel which plainly asserted the justice of a very short personal remonstration, will be the
consequence that can arise from your accission to these unhappy intriguers.

Waverley's presence was great comfort until the end of this extortation, when, springing from his seat, with an energy he had not yet displayed, he replied, "Major Melville, since that is your name, I have neither a head upon my shoulders nor a heart in my breast, nor do I decline them with temper, because their import concerns me alone; but as you presume to esteem me mean enough to commence informer against others, upon their assurance, and their misconduct, as a guest and friend,—I declare to you that I consider your questions as an insult infinitely more offensive than your calamitous suspicion, which it was my heart's desire to free the hearers from, by no other mode of remonstrating them than by verbal defence, you should sooner have my heart out of my bosom, than a single syllable of information on subjects which I could only become acquainted with in the full confidence of unsuspecting hospitality.

Mr. Morton and the Major looked at each other; and the former, who, in the course of the examination, had been repeatedly troubled with a very violent headache, retired to his lodging, and never returned.

"Mr. Waverley," said the Major, "my present situation prohibits me from giving or receiving offices, and I will not prolong a discussion which may lead to suspicions of me. I shall not be a witness against you, for I have not the least wish to impugn your character or your conduct, but I will order introductions to you in your apartment.

Our hero bowed and withdrew, under guard of the officers of justice, to a small but handsome room, where he sat down; and after spending some time in filling himself with the food on the bed, and sups, to which the harrowing events and mental fatigue of the miserable day, he sunk into a deep and heavy slumber. This was more than the Major could bear, and he was missed by the North-American Indians, when at the move of torture, that on the least intermission of agony, they would stop the fire is applied to waken them.

When Waverley retired, the land and clergyman of Cairnwood sat down in silence to their evening meal. While the servants were in attendance, neither chose to say anything on the circumstances which had involved them, and their minds and thoughts were not fit to be spoken upon any other. The youth and apparent frankness of Waverley stood in strong contrast to the statues of suspicion which darkened around him, and he was well listened to, with open ears, and that seemed to belong to one unshackled in the ways of intrigue, and which pleased highly in his favour.

The cause over the particulars of the examination, and each viewed it through the medium of his own feelings. Both were men of ready and acute talent, and both were equally competent to combine various parts of the subject, which led to the same conclusion. But the wise difference of their habits and education often occasioned a great discrepancy in their respective deductions from admitted positions.

Major Melville had been versed in camps and cities; he was vigilant by profession, and cautious from experience; and had met with much evil in the world, and therefore, though himself an upright magistrate and an honourable man, his opinions of others were always strict, and his affections were not the less invigorated when the rest of his family. Mr. Morton, on the contrary, had passed from the literary pursuits of a college, where he was educated by his companions, and respected by his teachers, to the more painful task of instructing others. The opportunities of witnessing evil were few, and never dwelt upon, but in order to encourage repentance and amendment; and where the love and respect of his countrymen was in a measure stored up in his heart. The Major, by endeavouring to disguise from him what they knew would give him the most acute pain, namely, their own occasional transgressions of the duties of his profession, and the harmful effects of the work. Thus it was a common saying in the neighbourhood, (though both were popular characters,) that the lad knew only the ill in the parish, and the minister only the good.

A love of letters, though kept in subordination to his clerical studies and duties, also distinguished the Pastor of Cairnwood, and had funded his mind in earlier days with a slight feeling of romance, which he occasionally indulged, to the disgust of his friends. The early loss of an amiable young woman, whom he had married for love, and who was quickly followed to the grave by an only child, had also served to bring him even after the most ardent and passionate nature naturally mild and contemplative. His feelings on the present occasion were therefore likely to differ from those of the severe disciplinarian, strict magistrate, and devout minister of the paper.

When the servants had withdrawn, the silence of both parties continued, until Major Melville, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle to Mr. Morton, commenced:

"A distressed affair this, Mr. Morton. I fear this youngster has brought himself within the compass of a halter."

"God forbid!" answered the clergyman.

"Marry, and amen," said the temporal magistrate; "but I think even your merciful logic will hardly deny the conclusion;"

"Surely, Major," answered the clergyman, "I should hope it might be averted, for aught we have heard to-night?"

"Indeed!" replied Melville. "But, my good parson, you are one of those who would communicate to every criminal the benefit of clergy."

"Unquestionably I would: Mercy and long-suffering are the grounds of the doctrine I am called to teach."

"True, religiously speaking; but mercy to a criminal may be gross injustice to the community. I don't speak of this young fellow in particular, who I heartily wish had never been born, for I like both his modesty and his spirit. But I fear he has rushed upon his fate."

"And why? Hundreds of misguided gentlemen are now in arms against the government, many, doubtless, upon principles which education and early prejudice have gilded with the names of patriotism and heroism;—Justice, when she selects her victims from such a multitude, (for surely all will not be destroyed,) must regard the net as well; He who vulgarly seeks, or hopes of personal advantage, has led to disturb the peace of a well-ordered government, let him fall a victim to the laws; but surely youth, made by the wild visions of the day, and imaginary loyalty, may plead for pardon."

"If visionary chivalry and imaginary loyalty command within the precincts of this temple," replied the magistrate, "I know not where to find the Habens Corpus."

"But I cannot see that this youth's guilt is at all established to our satisfaction," said the clergyman.

"Because your good nature; blinds your good sense," replied Major Melville. "Observe now: This young man, descended of a family of hereditary Jacobites, his uncle the Earl of Tweedmouth, and his father a disaffected, discontented courtier, his tutor a non-Juror, and the author of two reasonable volumes—this youth ...

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Gardiner's dragoons, bringing with him a body of young fellows from his uncle's estate, who have not stucked at avowing, in their way, the high-church principles promulgated at Waverley, and the more the movement of a favourite sergeant, through whom they hold an unusually close communication with their captain, and affect to consider themselves as independent of the other offices, and superior to their comrades. To these young men Waverley is unusually attentive; they are supplied with money beyond a soldier's wants, and inconsistent with the mode of life, and the spirit of the movement of a favourite sergeant, through whom they hold an unusually close communication with their captain, and affect to consider themselves as independent of the other offices, and superior to their comrades. To these young men Waverley is unusually attentive; they are supplied with money beyond a soldier's wants, and inconsistent with the mode of life, and the spirit of the movement of a favourite sergeant, through whom they hold an unusually close communication with their captain, and affect to consider themselves as independent of the other offices, and superior to their comrades.

"All this, my dear Major, is the natural consequence of their attachment to their young landlord, and of their finding themselves in a regiment levied chiefly in the north of England and the west of Scotland, and of course among comrades disposed to quarrel with them, both as Englishmen, and as members of the Church of England."

"Well said, parson," replied the magistrate. "It would some of your synod heard you—but let me go on. This young man obtains leave of absence, goes to Tullie-Veolan—the principles of the Baron of Bradwine are pretty well known, not to mention that this lad's uncle brought him off in the year fifteen; he engages there in a brawl, in which he is said to have disarmed the commission he bore, Colonel Gordon himself, I should think. I think we will not discuss his actions here, but go on."

In the meanwhile, his soldiers become restless and disorderly, and at length, when the rumour of this unhappiness becomes general, his favourable reputation suffers, and another fellow, are detected in correspondence with a French emissary, accredited as he says, by Captain Waverley, who trusts him, according to the men's confession, to desert with the troops and carry their captain, with its Charles. In the meanwhile this trusty captain is, by his own admission, residing at Glenandoichi with the most active, subtle, and desperate Jacobite in Scotland; he goes with him at least as far as their famous hunting rendezvous, and I fear a little farther. Meanwhile two summonses are sent him; one warning him of the disturbances in his troop, another expressly ordering him to repair to the regiment, which had more than once his name discrediting, when he observed rebellion thickening all round him. He returns an absolute refusal, and throws up his commission.

"He had been already deprived of it," said Mr. Morton.

"But he recants," replied Melville, "that the measure had anticipated his resignation. His baggage is sent to him at Tullie-Veolan, and it is found to contain a stock of pestilent Jacobite pamphlets, enough to poison a whole country, besides the unprinted incitements of his worthy friend and tutor, Mr. Pombourge.

"He says he never read them," answered the minister.

"In an ordinary case I should believe him," replied the magistrate, "for they are as stupid and pedantic in composition as mischievous in their tenets. But can you suppose any thing but value for the principles they maintain, would induce a young man of his age to recant hurriedly about with him? When, then, when near the approach of the rebels, he sets out in a sort of disguise, refusing to tell his name; and, if you are tarantistic tell truth, attended by a very suspicious and mounted on a horse known to have belonged to Glenandoichi, and bearing on his person letters from his family expressing high rancour against the house of Brunswick, and a copy of a resolution of the House of Lords, and the minute sheet of the Parliament to join the Highland insurgents, when in arms to restore the house of Stewart, with a body of English cavalry—the very counterpart of his last name. I am not a blind man, and I shall look upon this as no coincidence, from that loyal subject, and most safe and peaceable character, Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glenandoichi, Visch Ian Vohr, and so forth. And, lastly, continued Major Melville, warming in the detail of his arguments, "where do we find this second edition of Cavalier Wogan? Why, truly, in the very place most proper for execution of his design, and passing the first of the king's subjects who ventures a question his intentions?"

Mr. Morton profoundly abstained from argument, in which he perceived Major Melville had the management in his opinion, and merely asked how he intended to dispose of the prisoner?

"It is a question of some difficulty, considering the state of the country," said Major Melville. "Could you not detain him (being such a gentleman-like young man) here in your own house, out of harm's way, till this storm blows over?""My social friend and Major Melville, "not your house nor mine will be long out of harm's way even were it legal to confine him here. I have learned that the commander-in-chief, who marched into the Highlands to seek out and disperse the insurgents, has declined giving them battle at Croydon, and marched on northward with all the disposability of force of government to Inverness, John-o'-Groat, House of the hardy, for what I know, being left to road to the Low Country open and unfortified to the Highland army."

"Good God!" said the clergyman. "Is the man coward?"

"None of the three, I believe," answered Melville. "Sir John has the common-place courage of a common soldier, is honest enough, does what he is commanded, and, until he has had him, is fit to act for himself in circumstances of importance. As, my dear parson, to occupy your pulpit."

This important public intelligence naturally divided the assembly, and the discussion lasted some time; at least however, the subject was resumed.

"I believe," said Major Melville, "that I must this young man in charge to some of the detachment of armed volunteers, who were lately sent to overawe the disaffected districts. They are called towards Stirling, and a small body groups this way to-morrow or next day, commanded by a westland man—what's his name? You saw him, and said he was the very model of one of Cromwell's military pains."

"Giffillan, the Cameronian," answered Mr. Morton. "I wish the young gentleman may be safe with him. Strange names are eaten up, and minds of men in so agitating a crisis, and I fear Giffillan is of a sect which has suffered persecution without coming through it."

"He has only to lodge Mr. Waverley in Strichen Castle," said the Major. "I will give strict instructions to treat him well. I really cannot devise a better mode for securing him, and I fancy you would not hazardly encounter the responsibility of setting him at liberty."

"But you will have no objection to my seeing his to-morrow in private?" said the minister.

"No, certainly; your loyalty and character is my warrant. But with what view do you make the request?"

"Simply," replied Mr. Morton, "to make the experiment whether he may not be brought to communicate to me some circumstances which may hereafter be useful to alleviate, if not to exculpate, his conduct."

The friends now parted and retired to rest, and pleased with the most anxious reflections on the rest of the country.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A CONFIDENT.

Waverley awoke in the morning, from trouble dreams and overclouded spirits, to a full consciousness of the horrors of his situation. How might terminate he knew not. He might be deliver'd up to military law, which, in the midst of civil war, might accord with the laws of the age, and all the victims, or the quality of the evidence. Nor did he feel much more or comfortable at the thoughts of a before a Scottish court of justice, where he knew it
laws and forms differed in many respects from those of England, and had been taught to believe, however repeatedly they were repeated, that the English or the English were less carefully protected. A sentiment of bitterness rose in his mind against the government, which he considered as responsible for his imprisonment and destitution. In his letters and conversations, he often referred to the incident of Mac-Ivor's invitation to accompany him to the field.

"Why did not I," he said to himself, "like other members of the clergy, take the earliest opportunity to seek come from Britain the descendant of her ancient kings and claim her of her throne? Why did not I

"I entreat the rude eye of the battle,
And bow with humble faith,
Rocking Prince Charsies, and fall before your feet!"?

All that has been recorded of excellence and worth in the house of Waverley has been founded upon their loss of such a man, and their loss of such a man. From the insinuation which this Scotch magistrate has put upon the letters of my uncle and father, it is plain that I ought not to have understood them as marshalling me to the contest, as I have always borne in mind the concealment and the concealment of the clergyman, joined to the obscurity of expression which they adopted for the sake of security, which has conformed my judgment. Had I yielded to the first general impression of the clergyman, I might have left me soon that my loyalty was practised, not shown a different man. My present situation! I have been free and in arms, fighting, like my forefathers, for love, for loyalty, and for freedom. And now I am here, nettled and out of sorts, and the clergyman, a stern and cold-hearted man, perhaps to be turned over to the solitude of a dungeon, or the infamy of a public execution. O, Ferguson! How true has your prophecy proved! and how swiftly, how very swiftly, has been its accomplishment!"

While Edward was ruminating on these painful subjects of contemplation, and very naturally, through no fault of his own, the approach of Mr. Waverley was perceived. Edward had no idea that Mr. Waverley would make an unexpected appearance, and it was the unlooked-forness of the clergyman's visit that was his astonishment. He was surprised upon his arrival, and he was surprised upon the unexpected visit of the clergyman. Edward had no idea that Mr. Waverley would make an unexpected appearance, and it was the unlooked-forness of the clergyman's visit that was his astonishment. He was surprised upon his arrival, and he was surprised upon the unexpected visit of the clergyman.

"I believe, sir," said the unfortunate young man, "in the present circumstances, I should have the same respect to express to you as the safety of my life is worth; but such is the present tumult of my mind, and such is my anticipation of what may happen, that I cannot hardly offer you thanks for your interposition."

Mr. Morton replied, "that, far from being any claim upon his good opinion, his only wish was to find out the means of satisfying it. My excellent friend, Major Melville, as continued, "has feelings and duties as a soldier and public functionary, by which I am not fettered. I can always come in at single terms of the clergyman, perhaps with too little allowance for the imperfections of human nature." He paused, and then continued: "I do not intrude myself on your confidence, Mr. Waverley, for the purpose of learning anything about the circumstances, the knowledge of which can be prejudicial to yourself or to others; but I own my earnest wish is, that you would intrust me with any particulars which could lead to your excitement. I can solemnly assure you that they will be deposited with a faithful, and, to the extent of his limited powers, a zealous agent."

"In that case, sir, I presume, a Presbyterian clergyman?"—Mr. Morton bowed. "Were I to be guided by the prepossessions of education, I might distrust your friendly professions in my case; but I have observed in your manner of conversing with him, that you were not altogether without respect for your professional brethren of the clerical persuasion, and I am willing to believe that you are neither unfounded in either case.

"Evil to him that thinks otherwise," said Mr. Morton; "or who holds church government and ceremonies as the exclusive badge of Christian faith or civil virtue."

"But," continued Waverley, "I cannot conceive why I should trouble you with a detail of particulars, out of which, after revolving them as carefully as possible in my mind, I found no more than that, Major Melville is involuntarily obliged to intrust the custody of your person to another."

"I am glad of it," answered Waverley, "I see that he intends to solicit your confidence."
that cold-blooded calculating Scotch magistrate. I hope he and I shall never meet more; he had neither sympathy with my innocence nor with my wretchedness; and the petrifying accuracy with which he attended to every form of civility, while he tortured me, made his face, and his inflexible, unflinching eye, as tormenting as the racks of the Inquisition. Do not vindicate him, my dear sir, for that I cannot bear with patience; tell me rather who is to have the charge of so important a state prisoner as I am.

"I believe a person called Giffilin, one of the sect who are termed Cameronsians," said Morton before.

"Ah, yes," replied the clerk, "to represent the more strict and severe Presbyterians, who, in Charles Second's and James Second's days, refused to profit by the Toleration, or Indulgence, as it was called, which was extended to others of that religion. They held conventicles in the open fields, and being treated with great violence and cruelty by the Scotch government, more than once took arms against those reigns. They take their name from their leader, Richard Cameron."

"I recollect," said Waverley; "but did not the triumph of Presbytery at the revolution extinguish that sect?"

"By no means," replied Morton; "that great event fell yet far short of what they proposed, which was not too long delayed the establishment of the Presbyterian Church, upon the grounds of the old Solemn League and Covenant. Indeed, I believe they scarce knew what they wanted; but being a turbulent body of men, and unacquainted with the use of arms, they kept themselves together as a separate party in the state, and at the time of the Union had nearly formed a most unnatural league with France. This, though not great in point of importance, was the most important national measure. Since that time their numbers have gradually diminished; but a good many are still to be found in the western counties, and the chief man among them, who has now taken arms for government, is the person, whom they call Giffilin, has been long a leader among them, and now heads a small party, which will pass here-to-day, or to-morrow, on their march towards Stirling, under whose escort Major Melville proposes you shall travel. I would willingly speak to Giffilin in your behalf; but, having deeply imbibed all the prejudices of his sect, and being of the same fierce disposition, he would pay little regard to the remonstrances of an Erastian divine, as he would plottily term me. And now, farewell, my young friend; I trust you will make the Major's indulgence, that I may obtain his permission to visit you again in the course of the day."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THINGS MEND A LITTLE.

About noon, Mr. Morton returned, and brought an invitation from Major Melville that Mr. Waverley would honour him with his company to dinner, notwithstanding the unpleasant affair which detained him at Caithness, from which he should heartily rejoice to return to the delight of his dearest expectations.

The truth was, that Mr. Morton's favourable report and opinion had somewhat staggered the preconceptions of the old soldier concerning Edward's supposed accession to the succession in the regiment; and in the unfortunate state of the country, the mere suspicion of disaffection, or an inclination to join the insurgent Jacobites, might infer criminality indeed, but certainly not as the judge of his subordinates. The Major trusted had reported to him, (though, as it proved, inaccurately); a contradiction of the agitating news of the preceding evening. According to this account the twenty Highlanders who had withdrawn from the Lowland frontier with the purpose of following the army in their march to Inverness. The Major was at a loss, indeed, to reconcile the high opinion he had of the well-known abilities and services of some of the gentlemen in the Highland army, yet it was the course which was likely to be most agreeable to others. He remembered the same policy had obtained them in the north in the year 1715, and he anticipated a similar termination to the insurrection, as upon that occasion.

This notion was not better humour, that Mr. Morton acquiesced in Mr. Morton's proposal to pay some hospitable attention to his unfortunate guest, and voluntarily added, he hoped the whole affair would prove a youthful cæcitas, which might be easily atoned by a short confinement. The kind medi-ator had some trouble to prevail on his young friend to accept the invitation. He dared not urge to him the real motive, which was a separate and to secure a favourable report of Waverley's case from Major Melville to Governor Blaskey. He remarked, from the flashes of our hero's spirit, that touching upon this topic would be sure to defeat his purpose. He therefore pleaded, that the invitation arose the Major's disbelief of any part of the accusation which was inconsistent with Waverley's conduct as a soldier and man of honour, and that to decline his courtesy might be interpreted into a consciousness that it was unmerited. In short, he so far satisfied Edward that the manly and proper course was to meet the Major's kind invitation that Waverley should disliking to encounter his cold and punctilious civility, Waverley agreed to be guided by his new friend.

The meeting, at first, was stiff and formal enough. But Edward having accepted the invitation, and his mind being really soothed and relaxed by the kindness of Mr. Morton, held himself bound to behave with civility; and, with the aid of the good wine, the Major was somewhat of a bon vivant, and his wine was excellent. He told his old campaign stories, and displayed much knowledge of men and manners. Mr. Morton had an anecdote, that Waverley was glad to hear, which related to a certain officer of the Royal Guards, who was one of the most gallant and lively of the party. He had at all times remarkable natural powers of conversation, though easily silenced by discouragement. On the present occasion, he possessed himself upon leaving on the minds of his companions a favourable impression of one who, under such disastrous circumstances, could sustain his misfortunes with case and gaiety. His spirits, though not mellowed, were abundantly elastic, and soon ascended to the radiant height.

The Major, who, in the title of an old soldier, had forgot the duties of a magistrate, cursed, with a muttered military oath, the circumstances which recalled him to his official functions. He and went towards the window, which commanded a very near view of the high-road, and he was followed by his guests.

The drum advanced, beating no measured martial tune, but a kind of rub-a-dub-dub, like that with which the fif-drums startle the slumbering artizans of a Scotch burgh. It is the object of this history to do justice to all men; I must therefore record, in justice to the man, that the drummers were not guilty of any remark. The known march or path of war known in the British army, and had accordingly commenced with "Dumbarton's Drums," when he was silenced by Giffilin, the bandmaster, of the party, who was likely to permit his followers to move to this posture, and even, as he said, peremptorily, and commanded the drummer to beat the 11th Psalm. As this was beyond the capacity of the drum-now a hummer in question was no less than town-drummer of Anderton. I remember his successor in office a member of that enlightened body, the British Cong."
CHAPTER XXXV.

Waverley.

It was not of creature-comforts I spake," answered
the Covenanters, regarding Major Melville with
something like a smile of contempt; "howbeit, I
thank you; but the people remained waiting upon
the minister, Mr. John Mclaurin, for the out-pour-
ing of the afternoon exhortation."

"And have you, sir," said the Major, "when the
rebels are about to spread themselves through this
country, actually left the least part of your command
at a field-preaching?"

Ghilian again smiled scornfully as he made this
indirect answer. "Even thus are the children of
this world wiser in their generation than the children of
light!" "However, sir," said the Major, "as you are to
take charge of this gentleman to Stirling, and de-

er, him into the hands of Gov-

ern Blakeney, I beseech you to observe some

"It has looked into my commission," said Mr. 
Ghilian, "and by way of friend to the

"Ah, erection as I am, I shall be no

Major Melville reddened even to the well-powdered
cells which appeared beneath his neat military side-
curls, the more so as he observed Mr. Morton smile
at the same moment. "Mr. Ghilian," he answered,

"But your escort, sir," Mr. Ghilian said, "is not so
strong as I expected," Major Melville.

"The dinner hour of Scotland Sixty Years since
was two o'clock. It was therefore about four o'clock
of a delightful summer afternoon that Mr. Ghilian
commenced his march, in hopes, although Stirling
was eighteen miles distant, he might be able, by be-

CHAPTER XXXXVI.

AN INCIDENT.

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struck, and marched stoutly along at the head of his followers, setting our hero from time to time, as if he longed to enter into controversy with him. At length, unable to resist the temptation, he slackened his pace till he was alongside of his prisoner's horse:

"Yes, for it is not by the sword of battle, nor by the flash of terror and a clatter of com- mon, without any sense, or savour, or life—Yet I have seen in scone a child, believe it?"

"No; I am of the Church of England," said Waverley.

And they're just neither sur-like," replied the Com- nander; and now would they see the sea. Why would not the goodly structure of the Kirk of Scotland, built up by our fathers in 1612, was defended by cannon and the corruptions of the time—say, who had been taught the carved word? The sanctuary would have been seen soon cut down?

To this lamentation, which one or two of the as- serters chanced with a deep groan, our hero thought of the trades he had to make any note upon Mr. Giffillan, resolving that he should be a hearer at heart, if not a disputant, proceeded in his Jeremiad.

And now is it wonderful, when, for lack of ex- ercise, to the service of the field and the duty of the day, ministers fall into small compliances with patronage, and indemnities, and oats, and bona, and other corruptions—is it wonderful, I say, that you, sir, and other seic-like unhappy persons, should labour to build your own Holy of Miu, as in the blushing presence saint-killing times? I trow, sin ye wereca blinda wil the grace and favours, and services and enjoyments, and employment, and inheritance, of this creakered man I could prove to you, by the Scripture, in what a filthy racy ye put your trust; and that your supplies, and your cupes and vestments, are but cast-off garments of the much-handled, that sitteth upon every hills, and dranketh of the cup of abomination. But, I trow, ye are deaf as adders upon that side of the head; ay, ye are deceived with your enchantments, and ye traffic with their deceivers, and ye are drunk with the cup of their fornication!

How much longer this military theologian might have continued his invective, in which he spared no- body, but took all by the back, and called them, is absolutely uncertain. His matter was copious, his voice powerful, and his memory strong; so that there was little chance of his ending his ex- hortation till the party had reached Stirling, had not his attention been attracted by a pedlar who had joined the march from a cross-road, and who sighed or groaned with great regularity at all fitting passions of his body.

And what may ye be, friend?" said the Gifted Giffillan:

A poor pedlar, that's bound for Stirling, and craves the honour of my company for the next kiltimes. Ah! your honour has a notable faculty in searching and explaining the secret,—say, the secret and obscure and incomprehensible causes of the back- slidings of the land; ay, your honour touches the root of the bane."

"Friend," said Giffillan, with a more complacent voice than he had hitherto used, "honour not me. I d not so out to park-dikes, and to stealings, and to thieving of the bums and pull off their bonnets to me as they do to Major Melville o' Cairnveekan, and ca'mo laid, or captain, or honour;—no; my small means, whilst are not about twenty crowns, he having haid the blessing of increase, but the pride of my heart has not increased with them; nor do I delight to be called captain, though I have the subscribed commission of that arching nobleman, the Earl of Gleenarne, in

while I am so designated. While I live, I am says, he called Halakuk Gilfillan, who will stand up for the standards of doctrine agreed on by the name-famous Kirk of Scotland, before she trafficked with the accursed Achat, while he has a plac in his purse, or a drip of blood in his veins. If he be absent, he is as much as any land's land in Scotland."

"Ah," said the pedlar, "I have seen your land and Mauchlin—a fertile spot! your lines have fallen a pleasant place! And scone a breed of cattle is as in any land's land in Scotland."

"Ye say right,—ye say right, friend," returned Giffillan earnestly, for he was not inaccessible to fame upon this subject,—"Ye say right; they are the same, Lancashire, Low Countries, Flanders, and the Mains of Kilmaur. And he then entered into a discussion of their excellence, to which our reader will probably be as indifferent as our hero. After these conversations, the pedlar returned to the instant, while the pedlar, less profound upon the mystic points, contented himself with groaning of expressing his edification at suitable intervals.

This Interviews with the godly, black papish nations among whom I have sojourned, have shown a light to their paths! I have been as Moses in my own trading way, as a traveling merchant in the Low Countries, and a' Poland, and maintain fast, and O! it would grieve your honor'sشع to see the murmuring, and the singing, and masses of the base in the middle, but the magnificent in the ear, and the heathenish dancing and delighting upon the blith path!"

This ret Giffillan upon the Book of Sports, on the Convocation and the Estates, and the Whigamore's Raid, and the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, and the Lower and Short Catechism, and the Excommunication at Torbay, and the slaughter of Archbishop Sharp. This is the topie, mein, led him into the lawlessness of defence, on which subject he uttered much more than could have been expected from some of his hangers, and attracted even Waverley's attention, who, had hitherto been lost in his own reflections. Mr. Giffillan then considered the limitations of a private man's standing forth as the avenger of public oppression, and as he was labouring with the earnestness the cause of Miss Jones Mitchell was fired at the Archbishop of St. Andrews some years before the prelate's assassination on Magnus, an incident which interrupted his harangue.

The reader will have already seen how the pedlar and the small party who were Waverley's more immediate guard, were near the top of the ascent, and the remainder struggled after them at considerable interval.

Such a mass of matters, when the pedlar was missing, as he said, a little doggie which belonged to him, began to halt and whole for the animal. The signal, repeated more than once, gave offence to the favour of his companion, the rather because it seemed to indicate inattention to the tradesman of theological and controversial knowledge which was pouring out for his elucidation. He therefore signified gruffly, that he could not waste his time in waiting for an unimportant cur, and hurried on.

"But if your honour was consider the case of the pig?"

"Tobit!" exclaimed Giffillan, with great heat: "Tobit and his dog bath are altogether heathenism and apocryphal, and none but a prelatist or a priest would draw them into question. I doubt I have met 'em in your friend."
of a considerable body of water, although its stream was invisible in the darkness,) the party again stopped before a small and rudely-constructed hovel. The door was opened by the sound of wailing and lamentation, as of a woman, complaining of great pain and other bodily sufferings, as if she was approaching death. The door was then pulled shut, and the door being secured, the party took up their position outside, and waited in the cold and darkness for what seemed to be an eternity.

Then, at last, the door was opened, and a young man, bearing a lighted candle, came out and showed the way to the little girl, who was lying on the floor. The party entered, and were met by the girl's mother, who was very ill and in great pain. The party then proceeded to comfort the mother and to console her for her sufferings. The party then proceeded to the window, and looked out, and saw that the sky was clear and the stars were shining brightly. The party then proceeded to the door, and knocked, and the door was opened, and the party entered, and were met by the little girl's father, who was very ill and in great pain. The party then proceeded to comfort the father and to console him for his sufferings. The party then proceeded to the window, and looked out, and saw that the sky was clear and the stars were shining brightly. The party then proceeded to the door, and knocked, and the door was opened, and the party entered, and were met by the little girl's mother, who was very ill and in great pain. The party then proceeded to comfort the mother and to console her for her sufferings. The party then proceeded to the window, and looked out, and saw that the sky was clear and the stars were shining brightly. And so on, the party proceeded to comfort the sick and to console them for their sufferings, until they were all together, and they all comforted each other, and they all were happy, and they all lived happily ever after.

**CHAPTER XXX VII.**

**WAVERLEY IS STILL IN DISTRESS.**

The velocity, and indeed violence, with which Waverley was hurled along, nearly deprived him of sensation; for the injury he had received from his fall prevented him from aiding himself so effectually as he should have done. He was carried to the door of his room, and conveyed to the bed, where he was assisted by his conductors, who called to their aid two or three others of the party, and wafting us amidst the leaves of the trees, and with difficulty, with the aid of the men, they were enabled to extricate him from the difficulty in which he was involved. So the party proceeded, and they were able to extricate themselves, and they were able to proceed on their journey to Stirling, carrying with them their wounded captain and comrades.

Our hero now endeavored to address them, but it was only answered with "O chival Beurl, a' bram," i.e. "I have no English," being, as Waverley well knew, the constant reply of a Highlander, when he either does not understand, or does not choose to reply to, an Englishman, Lowlander. He then mentioned the name of Vich Ian Vohr, concluding that he was indebted to his friendship for his rescue from the clutches of Grieff Giffen; but neither did this produce any mark of recognition from his escort. The twilight had given place to moonshine when the party halted upon the brink of a precipitous glen, which, as partly enlightened by the moon-beams, seemed full of trees and tangled brushwood. Two of the Highlanders dived into it by a small foot-path, as if to explore its recesses, and one of them returning in a few minutes, said something to his companions, which he seemed to impress upon him, with great attention and care, down the narrow and abrupt descent. Notwithstanding their precautions, however, Waverley's party came more than once into contact with the enemy, and the result of his efforts and assistance appeared to be to cover himself with a mail so effectually, that the door could not be drawn till the exterior impediment was removed. But while resting upon the cause of this contradictory spirit, the party, feeling the need of rest and repose, and the want of plunder, and who, in all other points, appeared to consult their welfare and his wishes, it occurred to our hero, that, during the worst crisis of his illness, a female figure had appeared to float around his head, and that he had but a very indistinct recollection of placing it. Waverley heard the rushing
he often heard in the course of the day, the voice of another female conversing in a whisper with a youth. Who said it? And why should the speaker assist in the work of the man who was to be destroyed at a stroke? — these two questions he could not answer, even when he was hurrying towards Flora Mac-Iver. But the memory of Flora Mac-Iver, and of the devoted youth who was to be sacrificed to the loves of another, was enough to bring his mind back to the scene of his own sufferings.

Yet he had seen a great deal of Flora Mac-Iver, and he knew that she was not the only one who had been led away by the allurements of her beauty and of his own passion. But he had no wish to think of Flora Mac-Iver now. He was too busy with his own affairs. He was too busy with the thought that his own life was in danger, and that the man who was to destroy him was about to make his appearance.

After a while he found himself in front of the cottage. He knocked at the door, and was admitted by an old woman who lived there. She was old and feeble, but she still had a kindly face, and she welcomed him with a smile.

"What do you want, young man?" she asked.

"I want to speak with Flora Mac-Iver," he replied.

"She is not here," the old woman said.

"But I have a message for her," he said. "A message from another who is in danger."

"I will convey the message to Flora," she said. "But I warn you, young man, that Flora is not the only one who is in danger."

"I know that," he said. "But I cannot help it. I must save as many as I can."

"You are a brave man," the old woman said. "But you must be careful."

"I will be careful," he said. "But I must act now."

He left the cottage, and went back to the village. He was determined to see Flora Mac-Iver, and to warn her of the danger that threatened her. He was determined to save as many as he could, even if it meant sacrificing himself.

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Waverley.

[Chap. XXXVII]

Michael Woodhouse, the tenant of the cottage, was not the only one who was in danger. There were two Highlanders who had been held prisoner by the English, and who were about to be executed. They had been captured in a recent battle, and had been taken to the village of Flora Mac-Iver.

The Highlanders had been treated with kindness, but they were still in danger. They were to be executed the next day, unless they could be saved. And Waverley was determined to save them, even if it meant sacrificing himself.

He went to see Flora Mac-Iver, and told her of the danger that threatened the Highlanders. He told her of the plans that had been made to execute them, and of the hope that he had for their salvation.

Flora Mac-Iver was much moved by Waverley's words, and she promised to do all in her power to save the Highlanders.

"I will do all I can," she said. "But I warn you, young man, that it will not be easy. The English are powerful, and they will not轻易 give up their prisoners."

"I know that," Waverley said. "But I will not give up without a struggle."

He left Flora Mac-Iver, and went back to the village. He was determined to save the Highlanders, and to save as many as he could, even if it meant sacrificing himself.

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Waverley.

[Chap. XXXVII]

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

There was a moment's pause when the whole party had set out of the hut, and the Highlander with his Glasgow pistol, and without any guidance, followed the path that led to the moor. He moved with great precaution, as if it were inhabited by spirits, and as soon as he came to the verge of the ascent, Waverley was soon sensible of the reason, for he heard at no great distance an English sentinel call out 'All's well.'

The moon shone down on the woody glen, and was answered by the echoes of its banter. A second, third, and fourth time the signal was repeated fainter and fainter, as if at a greater and greater distance, and it was only for a few minutes that he could discern them. He was not only in the middle of his march, but in the middle of his life, and he was going to the verge of the moor. He was going to the verge of his life, and he was going to the verge of the moor.

When these sounds had died under the silence of the night, the Highlanders began to march swiftly, yet with the most cautious silence. Waverley had little time to distill from the features of these soldiers, but he could only discern that they passed at some distance from a large building, in the windows of which a light or two yet seemed to twinkle. A little further on, the leading Highlander shufled the wind like a writing spaniel, and then made a signal to his party again to halt. He stooped down upon all fours, wrapped up in his plaid, so as to be scarce distinguishable from the rest of the party, and advanced, as if to meet the view of the young warrior, in this posture to reconnoitre. In a short time he returned, and dismissed his attendants excepting one, and, intimating to Waverley that he must imitate his conduct, moved forward, all three crept forward on hands and knees.

After proceeding in this inconspicuous manner than was at all comfortable to his knees and hands, they came to a spot where they could probably have been much sooner distinguished by the more acute nasal organs of his guide. It proceeded from the corner of a low and rustless sheep-fold, the walls of which were made of loose stones, as is usual in Scotland. Close by this low wall the Highlander guided Waverley, and, in order probably to make him sensible of his danger, or perhaps to obtain the full credit of his own exertion, he intimated to him, by a sign and example, that he might raise his head so as to peep into the sheep-fold. Waverley did so, and beheld an out-post of four or five soldiers lying by their watch-fire. They were all asleep, except the sentinel, who paced backwards and forwards with his firelock on his shoulder, which glanced red in the light of the fire as he crossed and re-crossed before it in his short walk, casting his eye frequently to the stars, and from time to time to the heavens from which the moon, hitherto obscured by mist, seemed now about to make her appearance.
alarm which he excited seemed still to continue, for a stopping shot or two were heard at a great distance, where they all took to an addition to the mirth of Duncan and his comrades.

The mountaineer now assumed the arms with which he had intrusted our hero, giving him to understand that he was the jouster at the sporting ass mounted. Waverley was then mounted upon one of the horses, a change which the fatigue of the night and his recent illness rendered exceedingly acceptable. He appeared well placed on his pony. Duncan mounted a third, and they set forth at a round pace, accompanied by their escort. No other incident marked the course of that night’s journey, and at the dawn of day Waverley attained the banks of a rapid river. The country around was at once fertile and romantic. Steep banks of wood were broken by corn fields, which this year presented an abundant harvest, already in a great measure cut down.

On the opposite bank of the river, and partly surrounded by a winding of its stream, stood a large and massive castle, the half-ruined turrets of which were already glittering in the first rays of the sun. It was in form an oblong square, of size sufficient to contain a large court in the centre. The towers at each angle of the square rose higher than the walls of the building, and their upper part seemed differing in height, and irregular in shape. Upon one of these a sentinel watched, whose bonnet and plaid, streaming in the wind, declared him to be a Highlandman. A little distance from another tower, announced that the garrison was held by the insurgent adherents of the house of Stewart.

Passing hastily through a small and mean town, where the greater part were excited and neither surprise nor curiosity in the few peasants whom the labours of the harvest began to summon from their repose, the party crossed an ancient and narrow bridge of several arches, leading to the lofty and huge old sycamores, Waverley found himself in front of the gloomy yet picturesque structure which he had admired at a distance. A huge iron-grated door, which formed the exterior defence of the gateway, was already thrown back to receive them; and a second, heavily constructed of oak, and studded thickly with iron nails, being next opened, admitted them into the interior court-yard. A gentleman, dressed in the Highland garb, and having a white cockade in his bonnet, assisted Waverley to dismount from his horse, and with much courtesy bid him welcome to the castle.

The governor, for so we must term him, having conducted Waverley to a half-mournful apartment, where, however, there was a small camp-bed, and

having offered him any refreshment which he desired, was then about to leave him.

"Will you then,” said Waverley, after having made the usual acknowledgment, "by having the kindness to inform me where I am, and whether or not I am to consider myself as a prisoner for ?"

"I am not at liberty to be so explicit upon this subject as I could wish. Briefly, however, you are in the Castle of Doune, in the district of Menteith, and is no manner whatever.

"And how am I assured of that ?"

"By the honour of Donald Stewart, governor of the garrison, and lieutenant-colonel in the service of the Prince of the Republic of the Caledonian, who, greatly appalled at the said saying, he hastily left the apartment, as if to avoid further discussion.

Exhausted by the fatigues of the night, our hero now threw himself upon the bed, and was in a few minutes fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE JOURNEY IS CONTINUED.

After Waverley awakened from his repose, he found that he had slept many hours without food. This was supplied in form of a copious breakfast, but Colonel Stewart, as if wishing to avoid the queries of his guest, did not breathe a word. The breakfast were, however, delivered by a servant, with an offer to provide any thing in his power that could be useful to Captain Waverley on his journey, which he intimated with a smile that he would be continued that evening. To Waverley’s further inquiries, the servant opposed the impenetrable barrier of real or affected ignorance and stupidity. He removed the table and provisions, and Waverley was again consigned to his own meditations.

As he contemplated the strangeness of his fortune, which seemed to delight in placing him at the disposal of others without the power of directing his own motions, Edward’s eye suddenly rested upon his portmanteau, which had been deposited in his apartment during his sleep. The mysterious appearance of Alice, in the cottage of the elm, immediately rushed upon his mind, and he was about to secure and examine the packet which she had deposited among his clothes, when the servant of Colonel Stewart again made his appearance, and took up the portmanteau upon his shoulders.

"May I not take out a change of linen, my friend?"

"Your honour shall get one of the Colonel’s ain rugged saris, but he is a week in the way.

And so saying, he very coolly carried off the portmanteau, without waiting further renouncement, leaving our hero in a state where disappointment and indignation struggled for the mastery. In a few minutes he heard a cart rumble out of the rugged court-yard, and made no doubt that he was now disposed, for a space at least, if not for ever, of the only documents which seemed to promise some light upon the dubious events which had of late influenced his destiny. With such melancholy thoughts he had to beguile about four or five hours of solitude.

When this space was elapsed, the tenant of horse was laced in the court-yard, and Colonel Stewart soon after made his appearance to request his guest to take some further refreshment before his departure. The offer was accepted, for a late breakfast had by no means left our hero incapable of doing honour to dinner, which was now presented. The conversation of his host was that of a plain country gentleman, mingled with some salt-like sentiments and expressions. He cautiously avoided any reference to the military operations or civil politics of the time; and to Waverley’s direct inquiries concerning some of the countries, he would say that he was not at liberty to speak upon such topics.

When dinner was finished, the governor arose, and, wishing Edward a good journey, said, that he could not have been more cordially served. Waverley’s servant, that his baggage had been sent forward, he had taken the
freedom to supply him with such changes of linen as he might find necessary, till he was again possessed of the company of the dissipated lady. A servant acquainted Waverley an instant afterwards, that his horse was ready.

Upon this hint he descended into the court-yard, and mounted, with a servant and horse, on which he mounted, and saluted from the portal of Doune Castle, attended by about a score of armed men on horseback. These had less the appearance of mounted guards, and more of mounted revenues, and very unexpectedly the man who had suddenly assembled arms from some pressing motive of unexpected emergency. Their uniform, which was blue and red, an affected imitation of that of French chasseur, was made to respect the punctuality of going, and as the said FVyten wad never help me to my rider for sending out naigs against the government, why, conscience? sir, I thought my best chance for payment of my services was to judge, sir, as I have dealt a' my life in化疗s, I think na muckle o' putting my crag in peril of a St. Johnstone's tippet.

"You are not, then, by profession a soldier?" said Waverley.

"Na, na; thank God," answered this doughty parisisan, "I wasna bred at sae short a tether; I was brought up to hack and mangle. I was bred a horse-couper, sir; and if I might live to see you at Whitehaven, or at Stagshawbank, or the white bar at Hawick, and ye wanted a spooker that would lead the lead, I'd see caution I would serve ye e'e; for Jamie Jinker was no spooker that ce innae."

The commander of this small party was mounted upon an excellent hunter, and although dressed in uniform, his change of apparel did not prevent Waverley from recognising the old acquaintance, Mr. Falconer of Balnawhapple.

Now, although the terms upon which Edward had parted with this gentleman were none of the most friendly, he would have sacrificed all recompense of their foolish quarrel, for the pleasure of enjoying once more the social intercourse of question and answer, from which he had been so long secluded. But Edward, amid all this applause of the Baron of Bradwardine, of which Edward had been the unwilling cause, still rankled in the mind of the low-bred, and yet proud lord. He carefully avoided giving the least sign of recognition, riding doggedly at the head of his men, who, though scarce equal in numbers to a scotsman's party, were denominated Captain Falconer's troop, being preceded by a trumpeter, which sounded from time to time, and a standard, borne by Cornet Falconer, the last young brother. The lieutenant, an elderly man, had much the air of a low sportman and boon companion, a ground now, a predominating feature in his countenance on features of a vulgar cast, which indicated habitual intemperance. His cocked hat was not knowing upon one side of his head, and was put aside. But of deference, under low indulgence, and the ince of servitude adulation.

In about two hours' time, the party were near the Castle of Stirling, over whose battlements the sun was bright, and as he was riding along the street by the royal park, which reaches to and surrounds the rock upon which the fortress is situated.

With a mind more at ease, Waverley could not have been more desirous to admire the mixture of romance and reality which rendered the scene through which he was now passing—the field which had been the scene of the tournaments of old—the rock from which the ladies beheld the contest, while each made vows for the success of some favourite knight—the towers of the Gothic church, where these vows might be heard.

"The Judges of the Supreme Court of Session in Scotland are powerfully armed, among the country people. The Folkea.

"To give a complete view of the field, to be select, who's fitter to look after the breaking and the keeping of the poor beasts than myself, that bought and sold every one o' them?"

"A fool's errand, I fear," answered this communitative personage.

"In that case," said Waverley determined not to spare civility, "I should have thought a person of your appearance would not have been found on the road."

"This is true," said the merry and free Jinker, "for the very reason why your horse is there wherefore. Yon moun, ken, the laird there bought a' th' beasts frae me to munt his troon, and agreed to pay for them according to the pound, and I gladly offered me this commission, and as the said FVY TEN wad never help me to my rider for sending out naigs against the government, why, conscience? Sir, I thought my best chance for payment of my services was to judge, sir, as I have dealt a' my life in化疗s, I think na muckle o' putting my crag in peril of a St. Johnstone's tippet."

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be paid—and, surmounting all, the fortress itself, at once a castle and palace, where Valour received the prize from royalty, and knights and dames closed the evening amid the revelry of the dance, the song, and the feast. Athelstan flitted to and fro to arouse and interest a romantic imagination.

But Waverly had other objects of meditation, and an incident soon occurred of a nature to disturb meditation of any kind. He saw the cloud of smoke hanging over the heart, as he wielded his little body of cavalry round the base of the castle, commanded his trumpet to sound a flourish, and his standard to be displayed. He could not produce apparently some sensation; for when the cavalcade was at such distance from the southern battery as to admit of a gun being depressed so as to bear upon them, a flash of fire issued from one of the embrasures upon the rock; and ere the report with which it was attended could be heard, the rushing sound of a cannon-ball passed over Balnahashpapple's head, and the bulk, burring itself at a few yards' distance, covered him with the earth which it drove up. There was no need to bid the party trouble. In fact, every man acting upon the impulse of the moment, soon brought his ancient pistols to bear; and the enemy, retreating with more speed than regularity, never took to a trot, as the lieutenant afterwards observed, until an intervening eminence had secured their escape. The remainder of an unimproving cavalcade left a commentator at the post of Stirling Castle. I must do Balnahashpapple, however, the justice to say, that he not only kept the rear of his troop, and laboured to maintain that line of his side, but in the heat of gallantry, answered the fire of the enemy with one of his horse-pistols at the brush-piles; although, the distance being nearly half a mile, I could never learn that this measure of retaliation was attended with any particular effect.

The traveller now passed the memorable field of Bannockburn, and reached the Torwood, a place glorious or terrible to the recollections of the Scottish past. He recalled the words of the travelant Wade Willie Grims, predominant in his recollection.

At Falkirk, a town formerly famous in Scottish history, and now to be again distinguished as the scene of other important events, where Edinburgh was pro\-\[\text{posed to halt and repose for the evening. This was performed with very little regard to military discipline, his worthy quarter-master being chiefly occupied in arrangements for the night where the party might have the best of quarters. Sentinel were deemed unnecessary, and the only visits performed were those of such of the party as could procure liquor. A few resolute men made a habit of it, but of destitute inhabitants some were favourable, many indifferent, and a few overawed. So nothing memorable occurred in the course of the evening, except that Wav\-erly joined the company of the few who werehallowing forth their Jacobite songs, without remorse or mitigation of voice.

Early in the morning they were armed mounted, and on the road to Edinburgh, though the tall visages of some of the troop betrayed that they had spent a night of sleepless demur. They halted at Linlithgow, distinguished by its ancient palace, which, Sixty Years since, was entire and habitable, and whose venerable ruins, not quite Sixty Years since, very narrowly escaped the unworthy fate of being converted into a barrack for French prisoners. May repose and blessings attend the ages of the patriotic statesman, who, amongst his last services to Scotland, interposed to prevent this profanation!

As they approached the metropolis of Scotland, through a champain and cultivated country, the sounds of war began to be heard. The distant, yet distinct report of heavy cannon, fired at intervals, apprised Waverly that the work of destruction was now commenced. The day was calm, and the officer thought it proper to take some precautions, by sending an advanced party in front of his troop, keeping the main body in tolerable order, and moving steadily forward.

The former, which from which they could view Edinburgh stretching along the ridgy hill which slopes eastward from the Castle. The latter, being in a state of siege, or rather of blockade, by the northern insurgents, who had already occupied the town for two or three days, fired at intervals upon such parties of Highlanders as exposed themselves, either on the main street, or elsewhere in the vicinity of the fortress. The morning being calm and fair, the effect of this dropping fire was to invest the Castle in wreaths of smoke, the eddies of which, swolled apparently by the pressure of the4 central veil was darkened ever and anon by fresh clouds poured forth from the battlements; the whole giving, by the partial concealment, an appearance of a cup a mustard-coloured curl or a shrill terror. When Waverly reflected on the cause by which it was produced, and that each explosion might ring some brave man's knell.

For they approached the city, the partial cannonade had wholly ceased. Balnahashpapple, however, having in his recollection the unfriendly greeting which his troop had received from the battery at Stirling, had apparently no wish to tempt the furtherance of the artillery of the Castle. He therefore left the direct road, and sweeping considerably to the southward, so as to keep out of the range of the cannon, approached the wall of the city with more confidence. He soon came in sight of a guard of Highlanders, whose officer conducted them to the door of the building.

A long, low, and ill-proportioned gallery, hung with pictures, afforded to be the portraits of kings, who, if they ever flourished at all, lived several hundred years before the invention of painting in oil colors, which is said at times to confute the story. To the right of the entrance which the adventurous Charles Edward now occupied, the palace of his ancestors. Officers, both in the Highland and Lowland garbs, passed and repassed in haste, or loitered in the hall, as if waiting for orders. Secretaries were engaged in making out passes, muskets, and returns. All seemed busy, and more or less intent upon something of importance; but Waverly was so preoccupied to return scouted in the recess of a window, unnoticed by any one, in anxious reflection upon the crisis of his fate, which seemed now rapidly approaching.

CHAPTER XI.

AN OLD AND A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

While we were deep sunk in his reveries, the rustle of tarian was heard behind him, a friendly arm clasped his shoulders, and a friendly voice exclaimed,

"The day is come, sir, must I sit here and pocket sooth? Or must second sight go for nothing?"

Waverly turned, and was warmly embraced by Foreux Mac-Ivor. "A thousand welcomes to Holy\-icked!," said Foreux Mac-Ivor. "A thousand welcomes to Holy\-icked to see you, once more to see you, and to see if you will fall into the hands of the Philistines if you parted from us?"

"Dear Foreux!" said Waverly, eagerly returning his greeting; "it is long since I have heard a friend's voice. Where is Flora?"

"Safe, and a triumphant spectator of our success."

"In this place," said Waverly.

"Ay, in this city at least," answered his friend, "and you shall see her, but first you must meet a friend whom you little think of, who has been frequent in his inspirations after you."

Thus saying, he drew Waverly by the arm out of the guard chamber, and, ere he knew where he was conducted, Edward found himself in a presence room, fitted up with some attempt at royal state.

A young man, wearing his own fair hair, distinguished by the dignity of his mien and the noble expression of his well-formed and regular features, advanced and introduced each of military and Highland chiefs, by whom he was surrounded. In his easy and graceful manners Waverly afterwards thought he could have discovered his high birth and rank, although they at first marked him as a poor, borderer of the country. At his knee, he had not appeared as its indications.
WARWICK.

"Let me present to your Royal Highness," said Fergus, bowing profoundly—

"The descendant of one of the most ancient and royal families in England," said the young Chevalier, interrupting him. "I beg your pardon for interrupting you, my dear Mac-Ivor; but no master of ceremonies is necessary to present a Waverley to a Stewart.

The saying, he extended his hand to Edward with the utmost courtesy, who could not, had he desired it, have avoided rendering him the homage which seemed due to his rank, and was certainly the right of his station. But he understood, Mr. Waverley, that, owing to circumstances which have been as yet but ill explained, you have suffered some restraint among your followers in Perthshire, and on your march here we are in such a situation that we hardly know our friends, and I am even at this moment uncertain whether I can have the pleasure of considering Mr. Waverley as among mine.

He then paused for an instant; but before Edward could adjust a suitable reply, or even arrange his ideas as to its purport, the Prince took out a paper, and then proceeded:—"If I should indeed have no doubts upon this subject, I have been solicited to act by a man of consideration, set forth by the friends of the Elector of Hanover, in which they rank Mr. Waverley among the nobility and gentry who are menaced with the pains of exile and separation from their native soil. But I desire to gain intimation, and freedom to press upon, and free permission to do so; and I can only regret that my present power will not extend to protect him against the probable consequences of such a measure. But I remove this from my mind, and after another short pause, "if Mr. Waverley should, like his ancestor, Sir Nigel, determine to embrace a cause which has little to recommend it but its justice, and follow a principle of Conscience, at the head of his people to recover the throne of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt, I can only say, that among these nobles and gentlemen he will find worthy associates in a gallant enterprise, and will follow a master who may be unfortunate, but I trust, will never be ungrateful.

The political Chief of the race of Ivor knew his advice would be acted upon, and informed his message by the royal Adventurer. Unaccustomed to the address and manner of a polished court, in which Charles was eminently skilful, his words and his manner were naturally the less effective in conveying his ideas of a hero of romance; to be counted by him in the ancient halls of his paternal palace, recovered by the sword which he was already bending towards other conquests, gave Edward, in his own eyes, the dignity and importance which he had ceased to consider as his attributes. Rejected, slandered, and threatened upon the one side, he was irresistibly attracted to the cause which the prejudices of education, and the political principles of his family, had already recommended as the most just. These thoughts rushed through his mind like a torrent, sweeping before them every consideration of an opposite tendency—the time, besides, admitted of no deliberation,—and Waverley, kneeling to Charles Edward, devoted his heart and sword to the vindication of his rights.

The Prince for, although unfortunate in the faults and foibles of his forefathers, we shall here, and elsewhere, give him the title due to his birth) raised Waverley from the ground, and embraced him with an expression which the heroic countenance of the Chevalier could not fail to acknowledge. "I have no doubt," he added, "that you will not distrust my good faith; for besides, I have not forgotten the services which you have rendered to his Highness, the Duke of York, and who, I am sure, would do his utmost to procure you a passport to Germany, even had he not been a slave under the express stipulation, that he should be assisted by an army of Swiss mercenaries, in order to facilitate his escape. To prevent you from hurrying your escape would be desperate. Wishing well to his cause, these enemies, now, and were it possible, to give you an opportunity to pass through France, I can only say, that, if you are not cooly and quietly to the end; and I wish you a good voyage to your destination. But if you are in France, I promise you that I shall not fail to give you all the assistance in my power."

"I am, my lord, your obedient servant," answered Edward, "and I shall not fail to take the most grateful notice of your kind intentions."

"You are now, my lord," replied the Chevalier, "as we were in the north, in Scotland, we shall be in France. But although the great families of the Whig party have taken the side of the King, and are not disposed to follow the exiles, we shall be sure to find friends among the people, and I am sure, also, that my dear Mac-Ivor repeatedly for having brought him such an adherent, and presented Waverley to the various noblemen, chiefs, and officers with whom he had conversed, as the highest hopes and prospects, in whose bold and enthusiastic avowal of his cause, they might see an omen of the sentiments of the English families of
**WAVERLEY.**

The officers who use these last arguments, among whom is your friend Ferguson Mac-Ivor, maintain that you cannot overlook them. I have dedicated this book to the unusual military discipline of Europe, the soldiers whom they are to encounter are no less strangers to their peculiar and formidable mode of attack, that the attachment of the whole of the soldiers to the service of the chief and gentlemen is not to be doubted; and that as they will be in the midst of the enemy, their clanmen will as surely follow them in fine, that having drawn the sword we should throw away the scabbard, and trust our cause to battle and to the God of battles. Will Mr. Waverley favour us, with his opinion in these arduous circumstances? I have been assured high betwixt pleasure and modesty at the distinction implied in this question, and answered, with equal spirit and readiness, that he could not venture to offer an opinion as derived from military skill, but that the counsel would be far the most acceptable to him which would itself afford him an opportunity to evince his zeal in his Royal Highness's service.

"Spoken like a Waverley!" answered Charles Edward; "and that you may hold a rank in some degree corresponding to your name, allow me, instead of the captain's commission which you have lost, to offer you a share in the seventy-six regiment, with the advantage of acting as one of my aids-de-camp until you can be attached to a regiment of which I hope several will be speedily embodied.

"The general direction of some of our regiments will be given to the forty-five," answered Waverley, (for his collection turned to Balmainappol and his scanty troop), "if I decline accepting any rank until the time and place where I may have intermediate offices sufficient to make my command useful to your Royal Highness's service. In the meanwhile, I hope for your permission to serve as a volunteer under my friend Ferguson Mac-Ivor.

"At least," said the Prince, who was obviously pleased with this proposal, "allow me the pleasure of arming you after the Highland fashion. With these words, he unburdened the bundswardo which he wore, the belt of which was plated with silver, and the steel basket-hilt richly and curiously inlaid. "The blade," said the Prince, "is a genuine Andrea Ferrara; it has been a sort of heirloom in our family; but I am convinced I put it into better hands than my own, and will add to it pistols of the same workmanship. Colonel Mac-Ivor, you must have much to say to the Prince, and I will detain you no longer from your private conversation; but remember, we expect you both to attend us in the evening. It may be perhaps the last night we may enjoy in these halls, and I shall be content with a quiet conscience, we will spend the day of battle merrily."

Thus licensed, the Chief and Waverley left the presence-chamber.

**CHAPTER XII.**

THE MYSTERY BEGINS TO BE CLEARED UP.

"How do you like him?" was Ferguson's first question, as they descended the large stone staircase.

"A prince to live and die under," was Waverley's enthusiastic answer.

"I knew you would think so when you saw him, and I intended you should have met earlier, but was prevented by your pain. And yet he has his foibles, or rather he has difficult cards to play, and his Irish officers, who are much about him, are but sorry.

Divisions early showed themselves in the Chevalier's little army, not only amongst the independent chieftains, who were far too proud to brook submission to another, but between the Scot, who had served under his majesty, and Governor O'Sullivan, who was very young, and the Sassenach, who, with some of his countrymen bred in the Irish Br-Br, made in the ranks of the Lowland French, had had no experience with the Prince of France, but were sensible that the Chevalier made the chief or rather the only vehicle of his enterprise. There were, however, but faint ties, between Lord George Murray, and John Murray of Bront, the Prince of France, had a candidate of the Sassenach, and the Sassenach the Prince, of the Scots. In general, a thousand differing prepossession, and petty grudge, in the army, and finally contributed in no small degree to its overthrow.
dence) in his own great name! Upon my honour, if I live to see the caim of Fenimore again, I shall be tempted to hang that fellow! I recognize his hand papered with the blood of a canting rascal Gilfian, and I have little doubt that Donald himself played the part of the pedlar on that occasion; but how he should not have plundered you, or put you to further pain—you know I could ask him to explain particulars—and requested my opinion about disposing of you. I recommended that you should be brought here as a prisoner, because I did not wish to prejudice you further with the English government, in case you pursued your purpose of going southward. I knew nothing, you must recollect, of the charge brought against you of aiding and abetting, a higher reason, which, I presume, he had some share in changing your original plan. That sullen, good-for-nothing brute, Balmawhapple, was sent to escort you from Doune, with what he calls his troop of professional soldiers. I was unable to bear down to that natural antipathy to every thing that resembles a gentleman, I presume his adventure with Bradwardine rakes in his recollection, the rather that I dare say he was called up to the service, from the very reports which reached your quondam regiment.

"Very likely," said Waverley; "but now surely, my dear Fergus, you may find time to tell me something of Flora.

"Why," replied Fergus, "I can only tell you that she is well, and residing for the present with a relation in this city. I thought better she should come here in the course of this present occasion, rather than attend our military court; and I assure you, that there is a sort of consequence annexed to the near relative of such a person as Flora Mac-Ivor, and where there is such a hustling of claim and counter-claims, a man must use every fair means to enhance his importance."

There was something in this last sentence which grated on Waverley's feelings. He could not hear that Flora should be considered as conducing to his brother's preferment, by the admiration which she must unquestionably attract; and although it was in strict correspondence with many points of Fergus's character, he had no wish to intrude it on his sister's high mind and his own independent pride. Fergus, to whom such manoeuvres were familiar, as to one brought up at the French court, did not observe the faint frown which had unawares made upon his friend's mind, and concluded by saying, "that they could hardly see Flora before the evening, when she would be at the concert and ball, with which the Prince's party was to be entertained."

She and I had a quarrel about her not appearing to take leave of you. I am unwilling to renew it, by soliciting her to receive you this morning; and perhaps my doing so might not only be unfeelingly, but prevent your meeting this evening."

While thus conversing, Waverley heard in the court, before the windows of the parlour, a well-known voice. "Mr. Waverley," said a voice of partisans, who had come up to him, "that it is a total dereliction of military discipline; and were you not as it were a tyrant, your purpose would deserve strong repudiation. For a prisoner of war is on no account to be coerced with letters, or doled out in erga tuum, as would have been the case had you put this gentleman into the pit of the peal-house at Balmawhapple. I grant, indeed, that it is a matter for security to be coerced in your career, that is, in a public prison."

The growing voice of Balmawhapple was heard as taking leave in displeasure, but the word "handicapped" was loudly repeated by the company who had listened before Waverley reached the house, in order to greet the worthy Baron of Bradwardine. The uniform in which he was now attired, a blue coat, namely, with gold lace, a scarlet waistcoat and march.
CHAPTER XLII.
A SOLDIER'S DINNER.

JAMES OF THE NEEDLE was a man of his word, when whisky was no party to the contract; and upon this occasion Callum Beg, who still thought himself in Waverley's debt, since he had declined accepting compensation at the expense of mine Host of the Candlestick's person, took the opportunity of discharging the obligation, by mounting guard over the heraldic tablet of St. Andrew, and so, as he expressed himself, "tailed him tightly until the finishing of the job." To rid himself of this restraint, Shemus's needle flew through the tartan like lightning; and as the shadows, richly bearded and sceptred, of Macon, he accomplished at least three stitches to the death of every hero. The dress was, therefore, soon ready, for the short coat fitted the wearer, and the rest of the costume was little adjusted to his person; a spirit of fire and a head of iron.

Our hero having now fairly assumed the "garb of old Gaul," well calculated as it was to give an appearance of strength to a figure, which, though tall and well-made, was rather elegant than robust, I hope my fair readers will excuse him if he looked at himself in the mirror more than once, and could not help acknowledg that the reflection seemed that of a very handsome young fellow. In fact, there was no disguising it. His light-brown hair, for he wore no wig, notwithstanding the universal fashion of the time, became the bonnet which surmounted it. His person promised firmness and agility, to which the ample folds of the tartan added an airy of dignity. His blue eye seemed of that kind.

"Which method to have, and which kindled in war,"

and an air of boldness, which was in reality the effect of want of habitual intercourse with the world, gave interest to his features, without injuring their gravity and independence.

"It's a pretty man—a very pretty man," said Evan Dhu (now Euskin Maccombie) to Fergus's bosom fellow.

"I was well," said the Widow Flockhart, "but no manch was well-far'd as your colonel, ensign.

"I wasn't comparing you, madam," said Evan, "nor was I speaking about his being well-favoured; but only

that Mr. Waverley looks clean-made and deliver'd as like a proper lad o' his quarters, that will not try my

lady in a blush. And, indeed, he's a little anachronism to a broadsword and tartar. I have played w' him mysel' in various quarters, and I've seen him vich Ian Vohr, the son of a Sunday afternoon.'

"Lord forgive ye, Euskin Maccombie," said the alarmed Presbyter; "I'm sure the colonel will never do the like of that!"

"Hunt! Hunt! Mrs. Flockhart," replied the ensign, "we're young blude, ye ken; and young sailes, sailes!"

"But will ye fight w' Sir John Cope the mor. Euskin Maccombie?" demanded Mrs. Flockhart her ensign.

"Truth I' I say, ensign, an he'll lead us, Mr. Flockhart," replied the Galg.

"And will ye face that bearing shields, the dragoons, Euskin Maccombie? again inquired the landlord.

"Claw for claw, as Conan said to Satan, Mrs. Flockhart, and the duxill tak the shortest nails!"

"And will the colonel venture on the baggins himself?"

"Ye may swear it, Mrs. Flockhart; the very fist man will be he, by Saint Plutar!"

"Merciful goodness! and if he's killed among red-coats!" exclaimed the soft-hearted widow.

"Truth, ensign, and may the Lord be wi' ye! I ken ane that will no be living toweep for him. For we mean a' live the day, and have our dinner; and there's Vich Ian Vohr has packed his dorch, and my master Waverley's weared wi' majoring youth, and the muckle pier-glass; and that gray auld stoat creak, the Baron o' Bradwardine, that shut young Rollo of Balleknorke, he's coming down the close w' that draughtling castihing baleh body they ca'y it; and whupp, just like the Laird o' Kitleg's Front coo, wi' his turnspit doggie trilling ahi'm, and I am as hungry as a gied, my bonny bow, as bi Kate set o' me, and do ye wot for? A virgin; for ye ken Vich Ian Vohr wan no sit down till ye be at the head o' the table; and dinna forget the pot heepple o' brandy, my woman."

This hint produced Mr. Flockhart, sitting in her weeds like the sun through a mist, took the head of the table, thinking within herself, perhaps that she cared not how long the rebellion lasted, that her lord brought her into company so much above her used associates. She was supported by Waverley and the Baron, with the advantage of the Chiefman rur. The men of peace and of war, that is, Bailie MacIvor and his Macweeblies, the chief of whom was profound conges to their superiors and each other, took their places on each side of the Chiefman. That fare was excellent, time, place, and circumstances being considered, and the table was a spirit high. Regardless of danger, and sanguine from top, youth, and ambition, he saw in imagination all his prospects crowned with success, and was totally indifferent to the probable alternative of a soldier's grave. The Baron apologized slightly for bringing Macweeblies. They had been providing, he said, for the expenses of the campaign. And, by my faith," said the old man, "as I think this will be my last, just end where I began—I ha'e evermore found the sinews of war, as a learned author calls the corps militaire, mair difficult to come by than either flesh, blood, or bone."

"What have you raised up our only efficient body of cavalry, and got ye none of the louts—d'or out of the Donelle, to help you?"

"No, Ginnaquoch; clever fellows have been before me."

"That's a scandal," said the young Highlander;

"but you will share what is left of my subsidy; it will save us all expensive business to go, and we will be all one to-morrow, for we shall all be provided for, one way or other, before the sun sets." Waverley, blushing deeply, but with great earnestness, pressed the same request again.

"The Donellev was an armed vessel, which brought a small supply of money and arms from France for the use of the insurgents."

"That's a scandal," said the young Highlander;
"I thank ye, lady, my good lady," said the Baron, 
but I will not infringe upon your pension. Ballie 
Macwebslie has provided the sum which is neces-
sary.

Here the Ballie shifted and fidgeted about in his 
seat and appeared extremely uneasy. At length, 
after several preliminary hems, and much tautologi-
ical expression of his devotion to his honour's service, 
by night or day, living or dead, he began to intone 
that the Banks had removed a thirteen score of 
cash into the Castle; that, nay doubt Sandie Goldie, the 
silversmith, would mind for his honour; but 
there was little time to get the waistcoat made out; so, 
being short of cash, or, Mr. Waverley, could accommodate——

"Let me hear of no such nonsense, sir," said the 
Baron, in a tone which rendered Macwebslie une-
told. " Never mind, Ballie," said Fasson Mac-
combie, "for the gude auld times of rugged and ri-
vling (pulling and tearing) are come back again, an' 
Snickers Mac-Snackers (meaning, probably, annexus, 
convexus) for a third of our friends, man's gie 
place to the latter claymores.

And that claymore shall be ours, Ballie," said the 
Chiefman, who saw that Macwebslie looked very 
blank at this intimation.

"We'll give the fields and our mountain afores, 
tallaghans, bullens a la. And in place of law and 
swords, we'll pay with broadwords, 
Laws, les., &c.
With ams and with deekles we will soo clear our 
score, 
For the man that thus paid will crave payment no more, 
Laws, les., &c.

But come, Ballie, be not cast down; drink your wine 
with a jovous heart; the Baron shall return safe 
and victorious to Tully-Veolan, and unite Killaneuric's 
headship with his own, since the cowardly half-bred 
swine will not turn out for the Primer like a gentle-
man."

"To be sure, they lie maist est-wast," said the 
Rae-
lie, wipping his eyes, "and should naturally fit under 
the same frame.

And I preserved the Chiefman, "shall take care 
of myself too; for you must know, I have to com-
plete a good work here, by bringing Mrs. Flockhart 
into the bosom of the Catholic church, or at least 
the half way, so to your honour, and I trust to your 
willingly remain silent. Perhaps he had better carry 
the goud to Miss Mac-Yor, in case of mortality, or 
sanity; so the moment you hear her is put to the 
case donation in the young leddy's favour, and wast 
but the scrape of a pen to make it out. 
The young lady," said Fassion, "should such an 
event happen, will have other matters to think of 
than these wretched lousis-dor!"

"True—undeniable—there's nae doubt o' that; 
but your honour kens that a full sorrow."

"Is endurable by most folk, aye, and by 
most for much more easily than a 
hungry one?"—"True, Ballie, very true, and I believe 
there may even be some who would be consolcd by 
such a reflection for the loss of the whole existing 
generation, and there is a sorrow and a hunger 
neither nor thirst; and poor Flora."

He paused, and the whole company sympathized in 
his emotion.

The Baron's thoughts naturally reverted to the un-
protected state of his daughter, and the big tear came 
to the veteran's eye. "If I fall, Macwebslie, you 
have all my papers, and know all my affairs; be just 
and careful."

The Ballie was a man of earthy mould, after all, 
a good deal of dirt and gross about him, undoubtedly, 
but some kindly and just feelings he had, especially 
where the Baron or his young mistress were 
concerned. He saw a lot of his land in the hands of 
the now? a good deal of force should come, while Duncan Macwebslie 

had a bottleneck, it should be Miss Rose's. He wals

Old women, on whom devolved the duty of lamenting for 
the dead, which the truth calll Accosting."
Whil versed Robertson of Struan, Chief of the Clan Donnochy, (unless the claims of Laidie ought to be preferred primo loco,) has thus elegantly rendered:

“For croust love has gart’nd low my leg, and with my back is carft, and my bairies in a phislick.”

Although, indeed, ye wear the tares, a garnish while, I approve maist of the twa, as mair ancient and

seemly.”

“Or rather,” said Fergus, “hear my song:

‘She wadna hae a Lowland laird,
But she’s a’ with Duncan Grame,
Now her in his plaid.”


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

It was not 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 service of Waverley, the present heir of Waverley, had 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 on his ear with such a perfect and hurried manner as to have some effect on his feelings; and, still, however, he was too much restrained, 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 intelligence 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 was now acquainted, 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 found the expectation so now vanished. He accompanied Fergus with downcast eyes, tinging ears, and the feelings of the criminal, who, while the melancholy cart moves slowly through the crowds that load it with gold, beheld his exclamation, 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.

“I and 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 connexion.” Edward stopped, bowed, and looked at Fergus, who bit his lip; a movement of anger, which proved that he also had, if not formed an interpretation on which he could see any connexion which his sister had given his friend. “This, then, is the end of my day’s dream!” Such was Waverley’s first thought, and it was exquisitely painful to the Chevalier, who had been aware of his good.

“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 in dispensable, Waverley recovered himself so far as to fall to 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 connection with the Chevalier, and the state of their affections towards the house of Stewart. To these queries Edward could not at any time have given more than general answers, as he may be supposed to have, 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 same style of conversation, their intentions, and the possibility of an honest occupation of the principal share of it until he perceived that Waverley had recovered his presence of mind. It is probable that this long silence was partly meant to further the idea which the Prince desired should be entertained among his followers, that Waverley was a character of politics, influence, but it appeared, from his concluding expressions, that he had a different and good-natured motive, perhaps to take a step nearer to his own objects, or to have a chance of expressing from his reason, “I cannot resist the temptation,” he said, “of boasting of my own discretion as a lady’s confidant. You see, Mr. Waverley, that I know all, and will trust only to myself. All that I have told you is not to be betrayed to any one, but my good young friend, you must put a more strict restraint upon your feelings. There are many here whose eyes can see as clearly as mine, but the preservation of whose tongues may not be equal to trust.”

So saying, he turned easily away, and joined a circle of officers at a few steps’ distance, leaving Waverley, overwhelmed by this unexpected expression, which though not intelligible to him in its whole purport was sufficiently so in the caution which the last words recommended. Mending, therefore, an effort to shov’d off from himself, he moved toward Flora, who had expressed, by instant obedience to his room, a desire to walk 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 conversati on upon general topics.

If, my dear reader, thou hast ever happened to talk post-horses at — or — or — (one at a time of 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 delight, that in the beginning, the middle, and at first appearance of their 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 sensible of the agitation and being worn 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 Bythe’s Art of Poetry might supply me.

Exempt, 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 continuing sensation, is an useful though severe remedy for the wounds of affection, came rapid and to his aid. Distinguished by the favour of a Prince destined, he had room to hope, to play a conspicuous part in the situation on which he could see any connection which his sister had given his friend. “This, then, is the end of my day’s dream!” Such was Waverley’s first thought, and it was exquisitely painful to the Chevalier, who had been aware of his good.

“Good God!” said Rose Bradwardine, “he is not yet recovered?”

With the feeling expressed in these beautiful lines
WAVERLEY.

Waverley determined upon convincing Flora that he was not to be depressed by a rejection, in which case, his vast expectations of receiving a reply, and 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 Flora might more readily come to the same conclusion when she did not conceive it to be altogether within her own choice to attract or repulse it. There was a musing tone of encouragement, also, in the Cherubiny's address, and one might almost refer to the wishes of Fergus in favour of an union between him and his sister. But the whole circumstances of time, place, and incident, combined at once to throw a gloomy and decisive tone of conduct, leaving to fate to dispose of the issue. Should he appear to be the only one and disheartened on the eve of battle, how could it be the case when the splendid victory 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 imagination, Waverley exerted his powers of fancy, animation, and eloquence, and attracted the general admiration of the company. The conversation gradually assumed the tone of a tour of romance, the students, the talents and accomplishments of the company were evinced. The gayety of the evening was exalted in character, rather than checked, by the approaching dangers of the morrow. All nerves were strained for the future, and presentiments were strong these circumstances, which his presence were altogether free from the haughty restraint by which, in a moment of less excitement, they were usually clouded, gave universal delight. It was by no means to be supposed that a gentleman who regarded him with a degree of coldness and reserve; yet even she could not suppress a sort of wonder at talents, in which, in the course of their acquaintance, she had never been 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 address of a lover, who seemed so well fitted to fill a high place in the highest stations of society. Certainly she had hitherto accounted among the incalculable deficiencies of Edward's disposition, the want of courage; 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 passion which could have been unmasking and attractive, its influence was momentary, for circumstances had arisen since they met, which could have been the season that she had formed and respecting him, final and irrevocable.

With opposite feelings, Rose Bradfordine bent her whole soul to listen. She felt a secret triumph at the announcement, which she had been so full of, that Edward was going to the Holyrood, and that she had been invited to the castle. She was determined 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 entered, in her eyes, the resolution she had formed respecting him, final and irrevocable.

They occur in Miss Seward's fine verses, beginning...

"To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu,..."

"...and joy be with you!"
WAVERLEY.

(Chapter XLIV.)

câ the King's Park,* and many one's on his side thanks the day that will be carried on their folk's ere nightage.

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

By this periphery Waverley readily apprehended his portmanteau was intended. He thought upon the mule, the poorest of the lot of the cavalry, which seemed always to escape him when he was in his very grasp. But this was no time for indulgence of curiosity; and having declined Mrs. Fluckhart's compliments, made a hasty exit, and hastened away, probably the only man in the Chevalier's army by whom such a courtesy would have been rejected, he made his adieux, 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 deel and ye maun think o'," said Callum.

"Vich Ian Vohr's Marching on foot at the head of his kins, (not to say ta Prince, who does the like) wi' his target on his shoulder; and ye maun cen be neighbour-like and help me. And so I will, Callum—give me my target;—so there are fixed. How does it look?"

"Like the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the clack change-house they ca' Luckie Middlesmaas," said Callum. I must observe, a high compliment for, in his opinion, Luckie Middlesmaas's sign was an exquisite specimen of art. Waverley, however, not feeling the full force of this poltroon simile, agreed to make the best of the situation.

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 became, for the third time, conscious of the events of the preceding evening, and with hope and resolution towards those of the approaching day.

When he had surrounded 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 burning meeting with Prince Charles I., but this was on a scale of much greater magnitude, and incomparably deeper interest. The rocks, which formed the back-ground of the scene, and the very sky itself, seemed to move and transform with the numbers and movements of the troops, each with his appropriate pibroch, his chief and clan. The mountaineers, rousing themselves from their couch under the canopy of heaven, with the hum and bustle 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 arming of the Highlanders the last day was the lazy perambulations of the various clans under their respective banners, for the purpose of getting into the order of march, which was 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 this natural order of things, bustle and confusion, and confused appearance of wavy tartsans and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud gathering word of Clannmod, Gordon Cokers—Gordon Rosses and Glares, the Mac-Farlanes; Farke, Fortune, and all the fell

* The main body of the Highland army encamped, or rather bivouacked, in that part of the King's Park which lies towards the village of Duddeston.
descent from Comhial, the father of Finn or Fingal, were a sort of Gibbonites, or hereditary servants to the unhappy monarch of that name, were subjects to the Morays, and clan Donnchay, or Robertson of Abholé; and many other examples might be given which show how far the spirit of chivalry which may yet be left, and thereby drawing
a Highland tempest into the shop of my publisher.
Now these same Hebrides, though forced into the field by the arbitrary authority of the chiefs under whom they were, was as the sound of these, in their turn, was
perceived to occupy their station as the advanced guard, and to push on reconnoitering parties to ascertain
and repel 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 ba-
saltic rocks which fronts the little lake of Dudd-
ngston.
The infantry followed in the same direction, regu-
lating 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 Fer-
gus's followers occupied in the line of march.

CHAPTER XLV.

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 were then drawn up in two lines, and a broad shout of the men, most of whom knew him personally, and were delighted to see him in the three of the country and of their sept.

"You shall have the honor of a neighbouring clan to Evan Dhu," as if the chief was just
"Mar a Brn is a brothair, if it be not Bran, it is Bran's brother," was the proverbial reply of Mac-
comish.

"O, then, it is the handsome Sassenach Dunh-
wessel, that is to be married to Lady Flora?"

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

Fergus advanced to embrace the volunteer, and af-
ford him a warm and hearty welcome; but he thought it necessary for the diminished number
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 Linn had deprived him of at least thirty
harpies, whose services he had fully reckoned
upon, and that many of his occasional adherents
had been recalled by several chief's to the standards
of which they most properly owed their allegiance.

The chief of the great northern branch also of his own clan, had mustered his people, although
they had not yet received any official notification or for
the Chevalier, and by his intrigue 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 Veil
Ian Vohr, in point of appearance, equipment, arms,
and dexterity in using them, equaled the most choice
troops which followed the standard of Charles Ed-
ward. Old Ballenreich acted as his major; and,
with the other officers who had known Waverley
when at Glennaquich, gave our hero a cordial recep-
tion, as the sharer of their future dangers and expected
honours.

The route pursued by the Highland army, after

But yet they are but simple men
To stand a stricken field

The Highlanders are pretty men
But yet they are not naked men

For the cannon's roar on a summer night

Was never man in Highland garb
Would face the cannon ball.

But the Highlanders of 1745 had got far beyond the nonsense of their forefathers and throughout the whole way little dived artillery, although the common people still attached some importance to the possession of the field-piece, which led to this disappointment.

But, the well-known song of Flinzel, is often the "home of Highland proverbs as well as songs."
leaving the village of Duddingstone, was, for some time, the common post-road between Edinburgh and Haddington, until they crossed the Esk, at Musselburgh, and followed 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 scene of movements that spread in many places far and wide, and where 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 heard a skirmish with some of the enemy's cavalry, and that the Baron of Braddawilie 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 towards the coast along the coast. Passing still a little farther on, he was struck with a groan which issued from a hollow. He approached the spot, and heard a voice, in a tone of agony, which seemed to be uttered by a native of his own country, 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 hastened towards the hollow, 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's 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 face with a bewildered look,—"that's young Carr,"

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!" he said, gazing on the ghastly features which death was fast disfiguring,—"tell 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 I would say nothing aloud of the wrong done me. I know not how could you stay from us so long, and let us be thus tampered with. I am Ruftin—we should have followed you through flood and fire, to break this."

"Ruftin! I assure you, Houghton, you have been visibly imposed upon," said Edward; "I will get you a surgeon presently."

"I often thought so," said Houghton; "though they thought they had me, Timms 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."

"I had no strength to suffer. I was now returning from head-quarters, where he 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 out, 'My friends, I have thrown away the scabbard. Come, Waverley, we move instantly.'"

"A more desperate conflict is now to come," said the prisoner; "where shall I find a surgeon?"

"Why, where should you? We have none, we know, but two or three French fellows, who believe, are little better herself yet of her insurmountable."

"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 fault, no matter who."

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

"O, there's a follower of yours, he must he looked to; I shall find Callum to it. Disturb not—call milling mollightheart," continued the impatient Chevalier, "what made an old soldier like Bradward, send dying men here to cumber us?"

Callum came with his usual airiness; 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 secret in which he was involved, and the Scottish philanthropy, which rendered it almost impossible for Waverley to have passed any person in such distress but apprehending that the sufferer was one of a following, they unanimously allowed that Waverley's conduct was not that of a kind and easy-hearted man, 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, to remember his death and his fame, and congratulating him not to fight with these wild pietistic-men against old England.

When his last breath was drawn, Waverley, with a faithful yet simple and abashed air, told his father the sad news of the untimely fall of one of his soldiers, and no slight tear of remorse, the final agons of mortality, now witnessed for the first time, commanded Callum to remove the body into the hut. This the young Highlander performed with all the deference the duty required, which, however, he remarked, had been pretty well sapon'd. He took the cloak, however, and proceeded with the provident caution of a Spaniel hiding a bone, concealed it among some fresh and carefully marked the spot, observing, that if he chanced to return that way, it would be an excellent relic, for his aunt mother Kelpet.

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

This melancholy interview with his late serjeant, forced many unavailing and painful reflections upon Waverley's mind. He was not slow to perceive the inevitable consequence of the man, that Colonel Gardiner's proceedings had been strictly warranted, and even rendered indispensable, by the steps taken in Edward's name. The emblems of his troops to mutiny. In the circumstance of the seal, he now, for the first time, re-collected, and that he had lost it in the custom of the robber, Bean Lean. That the artful villain had secured it, and used it as the means of concealing an intrigue in the regiment for his own purposes, was sufficiently evident; and Edward had now no doubt that the packet placed in his portmanteau was his daughter, but, having secured his right upon the proceedings. In the meanwhile, the repeated expressions of the lady, "Ah, squires, why do 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 good and kind landlord, and when I had subjected you to all the prejudices and the ignobleness of the art, to my own share of the burden, and wandered from duties I had undertaken, leaving alone those whom my business to protect, and my own reputation and interests, I must, in justice and indecency of mind if not in your own, view, how much exquisite misery and mischief do so frequently prepare the way!"
Waverley

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE EYE OF BATTLE.

Although the Highlanders marched on very fast, the English also did so, and when they reached 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 Preston and Cockenzie, and the larger one of Preston. One of the low coast-roads to Edinburgh passed through this plain, issuing upon it from the enclosures of Seaton-le-Mere and the town 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 long enough 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 judgment 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, they formed in order of battle along the brow of the hill. Almost at the same instant the van of the English army appeared issuing from among the trees and enclosures of Seaton-le-Mere and Preston; the plain below them, 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 issuing from the wood, the baggage-van, and the vassal on 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 edge of the plain, were brought into line, and pointed against the heights. The march was continued by three or four regiments of infantry marching in column, their fixed bayonets showing the flags of their regiments, 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 line, 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 order came upon the regiment, it obeyed their signal, and formed into line, so that both armies got into complete order of battle in the morning. When this was accomplished, the Highlanders formed a tremendous array, which was not less formidable to my country, a renegade to my standard, and a foe, as that poor dying wretch expressed himself, to my native England.

The regulars, who were in high spirits, returned a loud cheer as a mark of respect to 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 Ferguson by way of argument, that his old, old boy was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a stake of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her) could change 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, rumbled through on which the Highlanders had used their swords, on which they were taught to rely. The authority of the commander, the interest of the man 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 was a military spectacle of no ordinary interest, or usual occurrence. The two armies, so different in aspect and discipline, yet each admirably trained, were placed in a position upon which the unexpected fate of at least 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 view each other, issuing 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 contest of individual sharp-shooters, and a hat or bonnet was snapped off by one with as little regard for the other as if by a wound in his own arm. These, however, were but trifling skirmishes, for it suited the views of neither party to advance in that direction. From the neighing of the horses, and the sound of weapons, the whole army was aware that some event was about to happen, and if the watchful eye of the spectator, as if watching the issue of the expected engagement; and at no great distance in the bay were two square-rigged vessels, bearing the English ensign, and yards were crowded with less limited spectators.

When this awful pause had lasted for a short time, Ferguson, with another chief, received orders to detach from their ranks fifty men, under a Piper, 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 Chevalier of Glenniquich, patronising, and at the same time directing the 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 Chieftainship, with the rest of the 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 also larded. He heard the trumpets and kettledrums sound the signal of advance, which he had so often obeyed. He could hear, too, the well-known word given in the English dialed, by the equally well-distinguishable command of the commander-in-chief, which 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 whisps 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, incredible, and unnatural. "Gottlob," he thought, "is this the day they are about to my country, a renegade to my standard, and a foe, as that poor dying wretch expressed himself, to my native England.

Froboos's private report or another recollection, the tall military form of his late commander came in view, for the purpose of reconnoitring. "I can hit him now," said Callum, cautiously raising his fuses over the wall under which he lay crouched, at scarce sixty yards' distance.

Edward felt as if he was about to see a parictric 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 anything, he heard a familiar voice:

"Hold!" an aged Highlander, who lay beside Callum, Beg, stopped his arm. "SSare," he said, "the seer, his hour is not yet come. But let him beware of to-morrow—I see his winding sheet high upon his breast.

Callum, hint to other considerations, was penitent to superstition. He turned pale at the words of the Tushaer, and recovered his piece. Colonel Gardner, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, turned his head, and rode slowly back to the front of his regiment.

By this time the regular army had assumed a new line, with one flank inclining to the side of the sea, and the other resting upon the village of Preston. The men did not seem to be in similar difficulties occasioned in attacking their new position. Ferguson and the rest of the detachment were recalled to their former post. This scene was at once repeated. The Highlanders made some charge in George's Cope's army, which was again brought into line parallel with that of the Highlanders.
CHAP. XLVII.

THE CONFLICT.

When Fergus Mac-Ivor and his friend had set 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 prince's officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of straw, which had been lately his couch, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the end of the consultation had broken up. "Courage, brave friends," said the Chevalier, "and each put himself instantly at the head of his command: a faithful friend has offered to guide us by a perishable, though strong and certain road, 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. The difficulties of the road are great. Heaven and your good swords must do the rest."

The proposal spread instantaneous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with a little noise as possible. The army, therefore, right from the ground on which they had rested soon entered the path through the morass, crossing their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The men were armed with short and light weapons, and the noise was so great as to imprison the advantage of daylight. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and the head of the column, crossing its dangers, descended into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its weight over the whole plain, and over the sea which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now encountered, insurmountable 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, the noiseless boats, and the fear of huging, and they continued a steady and swift movement.

As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground following the track of those who preceded them.

* * *
the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though they could not see the dragon by whom it was addressed. "Who goes there?"

"Hush," cried Ferguson. "Hush! Let none answer, as he values his life—press forward;" and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The sun of the day, however, had been with them, and the report was instantly followed by the clang of his horse's feet as he galloped off. "Hylax in limine latet," said the Baron of Bradwurdine, who heard the signal, "let not the horse give the alarm."

The clan of Ferguson had now gained the firn plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expanse was unbroken by cornfields or trees, except here and there, at any distance, the rest of the army were following fast, when they heard the drum 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 their 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 divided into four columns, the second, the right and the left. The Highlanders had been trained to charge in rectangular form, and every 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 line, and their reputation. The 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 presence, adorning both physical impulse, and added ardor and confidence, to those who were first to encounter the danger.

"Down with your plaid, Waterley," cried Ferguson, 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 plaid, prised their arms, and there was an awful pause of a few moments, during which the men, pulling down 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. Waterley, with his Poverty, and some more wounded than he was, as if he 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 impulsion, that with its emotion chilled and astounded, then fevered and maddened his mind. The sounds around him conduced 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 vapour arose like a curtain, and showed the two armies in the set of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly facing the attack of the Highlanders; it pierced with the appointments of a complete army, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the right impressed no terror on the assailants.

"Forward, sons of Ivor," cried their Chief, "take the Covenant and draw the next blood!"—they rushed on with a tremendous yell.

That was well known. The horse, whom they commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the first attack, fired with all the fire of a brave foe; they ran on, and, seized with a disdainful panic, watered, halted, disabused, and galloped from the field. The artillerymen, directed by the cavalry, fled along the line, and, when the Highlanders, with the multicast of their guns when fired, and drew their broad-

swords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry.

It was at this moment of confusion and terror, that Waterley 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 commanded, had been discharged against the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of Highlanders within his aim. Struck by his tall, martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waterley outstripped for an instant 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 Waterley received in the breast; and then, perceiving the Englishman's weapon brake. At the same time the battle-scene of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waterley interceded and prevented the blow, and the officer, perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward's generous anxiety for his safety, resigned fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waterley 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 fiercely, but the English forces, reduced 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 as the situation of each was improved, the nature of the Highlanders' weapons, and their extraordinary ferocity and activity, gave them a decided superiority over those who had been accustomed to trust much to their arms and discipline; and felt that the one was broken and the other useless. Waterley, as he cast his eyes towards this scene of smoke and slaughter, observed Colonel Guelph, desolate by his sight of the battle, in the thick of all the 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 against the wall of his house (for the field of battle continued a desperate and unavailing resistance. Waterley could perceive that he had already received many wounds, his clothes and shield 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, were thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a sconce, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, such severe injuries, that he was unable to rise. When Waterley came up, however, perception had not entirely fled. The dying warrior seemed to recognize Edward, for he fixed his eye upon him with an upbraving, yet sorrowful look, and appeased the 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 Waterley in his dying moments, did not strike him so deeply at that crisis of hurry and confusion, as when it occurred to his imagination at the distance of some time ago.

The death of this good Christian and valiant man is thus given by his affectionate biographer, Dr. Doddridge, from the "Evidences of Christianity."

"He continued all night under arms, wrapped up in his cloak, and generally sheltered under a rock of barley, which happened to be in the field. A soldier of the men of the house of his host, a hospitable servant to him, of whom there were four in writing. He dismissed me, and I travelled on with much trouble, and some advice, and such solace chances relating to the performance of his duty, and the care of his soul, as seemed partly to indicate that he was in a state of great distress, and that he was at a great loss what to do, in taking his last farewell of them. There is great reason to believe that he was now生命的, if not much above an hour, in those devout exercises of soul which had been so long habitual to him, and to which so many circumstances, especially the kindness of the officer to call his mind, and the time at break of day, by the noise of the rebels' approach, and the sconce of such a manner that a man enough to discern what was passing. As soon as the enemy came within gun-shot they made a furious fire and it is seen in the Englishmen which continued a few minutes unpublished. Sec.

Waverley,
CHAPTER XLVIII.

UNEXPECTED EMBARRASSMENT.

When the battle was over, and all things coming into order, the Baron of Bradwardine, returning from the field of the day, and having disposed those under his command, took the initiative. He thought the Chieflain of Glennaquich and his friend Edward Wavely. He found the former bruised in determining disputes among his clanmen about points of precedence and debts of value, besides many 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 judgment was awarded consolde himself by observing. "She (i.e., the watch, which he took for a living animal) died the very night that Vich Ian Voher gave her to Mur- ruck." The watch had been presented to the head of the baron's house by his ancestors; but a few months, received a wound by a bullet in his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle upon a hillside, where he fell, and where he might have perished to him, but he said it was only a wound in the face of the enemy. Said his Lordship in his right thigh. In the meanwile, it was discerned that some of the enemy fell by him and particularly one man, who had made him a tremendous visit for a few days before, with great proficiency of real for the present establishment.

"Events of this kind pass in less than the description of them can be written, or than it can be read. The Colonel was for a few moments supported by his men, and particularly by that worthy person, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitley, who was shot through the arm here, and a few months after fell nobly at the side of Falick. But as a man of distinguished bravery, as also by about fifteen dragons, who stood by him, some of whom were quartered in the regiment in his right thigh. In the meantime, it was discerned that some of the enemy fell by him and particularly one man, who had made him a tremendous visit for a few days before, with great proficiency of real for the present establishment.

"The ground was covered with carcasses," said the old mountaineer, turning sullenly away; "one more would hardly have been known upon it; and if it was worse for yourself, Vich Ian Voher, that one should be Bradwardine's or mine!"

The chief soothed while he hurried away; and then returned to the Baron. "It is Bal lenkereith," he said, "in an understand and confidential voice, "father of the young one, whose all eight years since in the unlucky affair at the Mains."

"Ah!" said the Baron, instantly relaxing the doubtfull sternness of his features, "I can take mickle frack and riddle, at the least." But he added, "I know not what to do."

The court martial, however, in the course of the business, surprised by the issuing of an order of discharge, the question came to rest in the form of a court martial, especially as they were deserted by the cavalry, and those who undertook to manage the artillery. But the affair was soon over, and the question decided. I have always understood that many of the in- 


I may remark on this extract, that it confirms the account given in the text of the account offered by the British infantry. Surprised by a force of peculiar and unusual description, the opposition cannot but be overcome by them, especially as they were deserted by the cavalry, and those who undertook to manage the artillery. But the affair was soon over, and the question decided. I have always understood that many of the in-
CHAPTER XLIX.

THE ENGLISH PRISONER.

The first occupation of Waverley, after he departed from the Chieftain, was to go in search of the office whose life he had saved. He was attacked, however.
Waverley.

"I am just returned," answered the officer; "as being a Scotchman, I thought it my duty to act when my services promised to be useful. Yes, Mr. Waverley, I am that Colonel Talbot, the husband of the lady you have named; and I am proud to acknowledge the services that you, with the help of your arm and your brave soldiers, have rendered to my country. I am the husband of Lady Emily Blantyre; but I thought Colonel Talbot had been abduct..."
aim by your conduct. He is my oldest friend—how often shall I repeat it—my best benefactor! he sacrificed his own Muscovite sense of the innocent, he never uttered a word, he never harboured a thought, that beneficence itself might not have thought or spoken. I found this man in confinement, rendred harsher by the-esprit du temps of feeling, wounded and-forgiven, Mr. Waverley,—by the cause through which this calamity had come upon him. I cannot picture from you my feelings upon this occasion; they were most strongly, unanswerably, emotion towards you. Have, by my family interest, which you probably know is not inconsiderable, succeeded in obtaining Sir Edward's release, I set out for Scotland. I saw Colonel Talbot, the gentle, unpardoned, prince, is sufficient to render this instruction over excusable. In the course of conversation with him, I found, that from late circumstances, from a re-examination of the persons engaged in the mutiny, and from his original good opinion of your character, he was much altered towards you; and I doubted not, that if I could be so fortunate as to discover you, all might yet be well. But this unnatural rebellion has ruined all. I have, for the first time, in a long and active military life, seen Britons disgrace themselves by a panic flight, and that before a foe without either arms or shield to show the issue of their valour! and the son—the son, I may say, of his affections—shaming a triumph, for which he ought the first to have blushed. Why should I lament Gardner! his lot was just, and his end to any account good.

There was so much dignity in Colonel Talbot's manner, such a mixture of military pride and manly sorrow, and the news of Sir Edward's imprisonment, we told in so deep a tone of feeling, that Edward's, most mortified, abused, and distressed, in presence of the prisoner, who owed to his life not many hours before. He was not sorry when Ferguson came. His Royal Highness commands Mr. Waverley's attendance. Colonel Talbot threw upon Edward's expression of grief, which did not escape the quick eye of the prisoner. His immediate attendant returned, with considerable emphasis. Waverley turned towards the Colonel.

"We shall meet again," he said; "in the meanwhile, every possible accommodation."

"I desire none," said the Colonel; "let me fare like the meanest of those brave men, who, on this day of calamity, have preferred wounds and captivity to flight, and abstained for the sake of them, those who have fallen, to know that my words have made a suitable impression on your mind."

"Let Colonel Talbot be carefully secured," said Ferguson to the jailer, who looked after the prisoners; "it is the Prince's particular command; he is a prisoner of the utmost importance.

"But let him want no accommodation suitable to his rank," said Waverley.

"Consistent always with secure custody," replied Ferguson. The officer signified his acquiescence in both commands, and Edward followed Ferguson to the garden, where Callum Beg, with three saddle-horses, awaited them. Turning his head, he saw Colonel Talbot re-conducted to his place of confinement by a file of Highlanders; he jangled on the threshold of the gate, and with his hand towards Waverley, as if enforcing the language he had held towards him.

"Sirs," said Ferguson, as he mounted; "are now as placid as a wan weather, every man may have them for the catching. Come, call Callum adjust your straps, and let us to Pinkie-house as fast as these devilish dragons-horses choose to carry us."

CHAPTER L.

BARTER UNIMPORTANT.

"I was turned back," said Ferguson to Edward, as they galloped from Preston to Pinkie-house, "by a message from the Prince. But, I suppose, you know the value of this most noble Colonel Talbot as a prisoner. He is not the only rank of the present gentleman the red-coats; a special friend and favourite of the Elector himself, and of that dreadful hero, the Duke of Cumberland, who has been summoned from his triumphal triumphs at Falscarnie to witness the exploits of the Highlanders alive. Has he been telling you how the bells of St. James's ring? Not turn again, Wittington," like those of Bow, in the days of old."

"Ferguson," said Waverley, with a reproving look.

"Nay, I cannot tell what to make of you," answered the Chief of Mac-Ivor, "you are blown out with every wind of doctrine. Here have we gained a victory, unpardoned, unparalleled, praised by every living mortal to the skies—and the Prince is eager to thank you in person—and all our beauties of the White Rose are pulling caps for you—and you, the gentle Chevalier of the day, are stooping on your horse's neck like a butternut-woman riding to market, and looking as black as a funeral!"

"I am sorry for poor Colonel Gardiner's death: he was once very kind to me."

"Why, then, be sorry for five minutes, and then be glad again; his chance to-day may be ours to-morrow, and what does it signify? The next best thing is victory by the sword, by the column of victory, and one would rather a foot led it than one's self."

"But Colonel Talbot has informed me that my father and uncle are both imprisoned by government orders."

"We'll put in bail, my boy; old Andrew Ferrarat shall lodge his security; and I should like to see him put to justify it in Westminster Hall."

"Nay, they are already at liberty, upon bail of a more civil disposition."

"Then why is the public spirit cast down, Edward? I think that the Elector's ministers are such dukes as to set the foot of liberty at this critical moment, if they could or durst confine and punish them? I assure thyself that either they have no charge against your relations which they can continue their imprisonment of, or the cause is a private quarrel, and not any one of your friends, the jolly cavaliers of old England. At any rate, you need not be apprehensive upon their account; and we will find some means of conveying to them assurance of your safety."

Edward was silenced, but not satisfied, with these reasons. He had now been more than once shocked at the small degree of sympathy which Ferguson exhibited, and was almost for the first time, at least, astonished at his want of the energy of sentiment, that if they did not correspond with his own mood at the time, and more especially if they thwarted him while earnest in a favorite pursuit. Ferguson sometimes interested Edward, and often observed to him, that he always intent upon some favourite plan or project of his own, he was never sufficiently aware of the extent or duration of his displeasure, so that the reiteration of these petty omissions somewhat cooled the volunteer's extreme attachment to his officer.

The Chevalier received Waverley with his usual favour, and paid him many compliments on his distinguished bravery. He then took him apart, made many inquiries concerning Colonel Talbot, and when he had received all the information which Edward was able to give concerning him and his compeers, he proceeded,—"I cannot but think, Mr. Waverley, that since this gentleman is so particularly connected with our worthy and excellent friend, Sir Edward Waverley, and since his lady is of the house of Blane-ville, whose love is to the true and loyal prince..."

The name of Andre de Ferrarat is inscribed on all the French broadsides which are accounted of temporal excellence. Who this artist was, what were his fortunes, and when he flourished, have been the subject of much discussion and research. It is generally believed that Andre de Ferrarat was a Spaniard, or Italian, and that he is the artist who first drew the field of Pinkie, in which period the historic Painter is supposed to have been "all the arts and sciences of all kinds, and of such exceeding good temper, that as I never saw any so good, I think it hard to describe."—[Drawn by Ricciardel, 1589.]
ples of the Church of England is so generally known, the Colonel's own private sentiments cannot be unfavourable to us, whatever mask he may have assumed to accommodate himself to the times."

"Well, it is worth making a trial at least. I therefore congratulate Colonel Talbot, with power to act concerning him as you think most advisable; and I hope you will find means of ascertaining what are his real dispositions towards our late Father's restorers."

"I am convinced," said Waverley, bowing, "that if Colonel Talbot chooses to grant his parole, it may be securely depended upon; but if he refuses it, I trust your Royal Highness will devise on some other person than the nephew of his friend the task of laying him under the necessary restraint."

"I will trust him with no person but you," said the Prince, smiling, but peremptorily repeasing his mandate; "it is of importance to my service that there should appear to be a good intelligence between you, even if you are unable to gain his confidence in earnest. You will therefore receive him into your quarters; but you must give him parole, you must apply for a proper guard. I beg you will go about this directly. We return to Edinburgh to-morrow."

Being thus reminded to the vicinity of Preston, Waverley lost the Baron of Bradwardine's solemn act of homage. So little, however, was he at this time in love with vanity, that he had quite forgotten the ceremonious in which Peruginus had laboured to engage his curiosity. But next day a formal Gazette was circulating, containing a detailed account of the battle of Gladsmuir, as the Highlanders chose to denominate the fray. To conclude the products of the Court afterwards held by the Chevalier at Pinkie house, which contained this among other high-brown descriptive paragraphs:

"To Scotland, which annihilates Scotland as an independent nation, it has not been our happiness to see her princes receive, and her nobles discharge, those acts of feudal homage, which, founded upon the splendid actions of Scottish valor, recall the memory of her early history, with the manly and chivalrous simplicity of the ties which united to the Crown the homage of the warriors whom it was repeatedly upheld and defended. But on the evening of the 20th, our memories were refreshed with one of those ceremonies which belong to the ancient days of Scotland's glory. After the council was formed, the Chevalier, of that illustrious, colonel in the service, &c. &c. &c. castigated the Prince, attended by Mr. D. Macwheeble, the Bailie of his ancient barony of Bradwardine, (who, we understand, has been named a commissary) and, under form of instrument, claimed the submission to perf., to the person of his Royal Highness, as representing his father, the service used and wont, for which, under a charter of Robert Bruce, of which the original was produced and inspected by the Masters of his Royal Highness's Chancery for the time being, the claimant held the barony of Bradwardine, and lands of Tully-Veolan. His claim being admitted and his Highness had placed his foot upon a cushion, the Baron of Bradwardine, kneeling upon his right knee, proceeded to undo the latches of the brogue, or low-heeled Highland shoe, which our gallant young hero wears in compliment to his brave followers. When this was performed, the Royal Highness declared the ceremony completed; and embracing the gallant veteran, protested that notwithstanding the whole of his Highness's Bruce, could have induced him to receive even the symbolical performance of a memorial office from hands which had fought so bravely to put the crown upon the head of his father in law, to deliver into his hands the pieces repeatedly, and one of these havin"
accidentally loaded with barn, the bullet grazed the young lady's temple as she waved her handkerchief to her husband, who was at her side in an instant; and, on seeing that the wound was trifling, he drew his broadsword, with the purpose of rushing down upon the man by whose concentrated fire he was being held by the plain. "Do not harm the poor fellow," she cried; "for Heaven's sake, do not harm him! but thank God with me that the accident happened to Florina MacIvor for had it befallen a Whig, they would have pretended that the shot was fired on purpose."

Waverley escaped the alarm which this accident was thought to involve to him, as he was unavoidably delayed by the necessity of accompanying Colonel Talbot to Edinburgh.

They performed the journey together on horseback, and for some time, as if to sound each other's feelings and sentiments, they conversed upon general and ordinary topics.

When Waverley again entered upon the subject which he had most at heart, the situation, namely, of his father and his uncle, Colonel Talbot seemed now rather desirous to alleviate to aggravate his anxiety. This appeared particularly to be the case when he turned the history, which he did not scruple to confide to him.

"And so," said the Colonel, "there has been no malice present, as lawyers, I think, term it, in this recent act of violence. You have the service of this Italian knight-errant by a few civil speeches from him and one or two of his Highland recruiting sergeants? It is safely foolish, to be sure, but so much as I am concerned. However, you cannot desert, even from the Pretender, at the present moment,—that seems impossible. But I have little doubt that, in the dispositions incident to this most complicated and complex situation, some opportunity may arise, by availing yourself of which, you may extricate yourself honourably from your rash engagement before the bubble burst. If that be the case, I would have you go to a place of safety in Flanders, which I shall point out. And I think I can secure your pardon from government after a few months' residence abroad."

"I cannot permit you, Colonel Talbot," answered Waverley, "to speak of any plan which turns up on my deserting an enterprise in which I may have engaged hastily, but certainly voluntarily, and with the purpose of serving my country."

"Well," said Colonel Talbot, smiling, "leave me my thoughts and hopes at least at liberty, if not my speech. But have you never examined your mystery?"

"It is in my bag," replied Edward; "we shall find it in Edinburgh."

In Edinburgh they soon arrived. Waverley's quarters had been assigned to him, by the Prince's express orders, in a handsome lodging, where there was accommodation for Colonel Talbot. His first business was to examine his portmanteau, and, after a very short search, found the expected packet. Waverley opened it eagerly. Under a blank cover, simply addressed to E. Waverley, Esq., he found a number of open letters. The uppermost were two from Colonel Gardiner, addressed to himself. The earliest in date was a kind and gentle remonstrance for neglect of the writer's advice, respecting the disposal of his time during his leave of absence, the renewal of which, he reminded Captain Waverley, would specifically expire. "Indeed," the letter proceeded, "had it been otherwise, the news from abroad, and my instructions from the War-office, must have called it, as it were, the great enemy, since the disaster in Flanders, both of foreign invasion and insurrection among the disaffected at home. I therefore entreat you will repair, as soon as possible, to the borders, and, if you can, turn the whole of the men who are to be acceded to, of which I am informed, to add that, this is still the more necessary, as there is some discontent in your troop, and I possess inquirie into particulars until I can have the advantage of your experience and of that danger, which I had assured you they would have pretended that the shot was fired on purpose.

The second letter, dated eight days later, was in such a style as might have been expected from the Colonel's receiving no answer to the first. It reminded Waverley of his duty, as a man of honour, an officer, and a Briton; took notice of the increasing dissatisfaction of his men, and that some of them had been heard to hint, that their Captain encouraged them, and approved of what was unlawful. In the latter part, the writer expressed the utmost regret and surprise that he had not obeyed his commands by repairing to headquarters, reminded him that his leave of absence had been recalled, and conjured him, in a style in which paternal remonstrance was mingled with military authority, to redeem his error by immediately joining his regiment. That I may be certain," concluded the letter, "that this actually reaches you, I dispatch it by Corporal Timms, of your troop, with orders to deliver it into your own hand."

Upon reading these letters, Waverley, with great anxiety of mind, was compelled by the memory of the brave and excellent writer; for surely, as Colonel Gardiner must have had every reason to conclude they had come safely to hand, Waverley's letters could not have been intercepted and saved. He was troubled at a third and final summons, which Waverley actually received at Glencairn, though too late to obey it. And being superseded, in consequence of his apparent absence, the regiment of the agent Alexander was so far from being a harsh or severe proceeding, that it was plainly inevitable. The next letter he unfolded was from the Major of the regiment, acquainting him that a report, to the effect that he had desisted from his recruiting, had been published in the country, stating, that one Mr. Falconer of Balliokirk, or some such name, had proposed, in his presence, a treasurously, which he permitted to pass in silence, although it was so gross an affront to the royal family, that a gentleman in company, not remarkable for his zeal for government, had nevertheless taken the matter up, and, that supposing the account true, Captain Waverley had thus suffered another, comparatively unconcerned, to resent an affront directed against him personally as an officer, and to go out with the person by whom it was offered. The Major of the regiment had no one of the royal interest, nor did his brother officers believe this scandalous story, but that it was necessarily their joint opinion that his own honour, equally with that of the regiment, depended upon the matter being instantly contradicted by his authority, &c. &c. &c.

"What do you think of this all?" said Colonel Talbot, to whom Waverley handed the letters after he had perused them.

"I think it renders thought impossible. It is enough to drive me mad."

"Be calm, my young friend; let us see what are these dirty scribblings that follow."

The first was addressed, "For Master W. Ruffin, This:- Dear Sir, sum of our yong gulpins will not bite, tho' I told you you should shew the squire's deevil was in the well. But Timms will deliver you the letters you desired, and toll ollad Addem he gave to squire's hand, as to be sure yours is the name, and shall be held for signal, and hoy for Hoy Church and Sauchy, as sadlery in Christ-whelme."

"Yours, dear Sir."

"Postcript. Do'te tell squire we longre to hear from him, and has dootings his not writing himself and Lifeutenant Bottler is smokky."

"This Ruffin, I suppose, then, is your Donald of the Cavern, who has intercepted your letters, and carried out the advice with the poor devil Houghton, as if under your authority?"

"It seems too true. But who can Addem be?"

"Possibly Adam, for poor Gardiner, a war.- war. on his way to the other letters were the same purpose.
they soon received, yet more complete light upon Don-ald Bean's machinations.

In the mean time, the conduct of Waverley's servants, who had remained with the regiment, and who had been taken at Preston, now made his appearance. He had sought out his master, with the purpose of again entering service. For a time he was unsuccessful; but at last, that same evening, it was reported that Waverley had gone from the head-quarters of the regiment, a pedlar, called Ruthven, Ruffin, or Ruffin, known among the soldiers by the name of Willy Will; and he had made frequent visits to the town of Dundee. He appeared to possess plenty of money, and to have sold his commodities very cheap, seeming always willing to treat his friends at the ale-house, and easily inserting himself into the society of the soldiers, particularly Sergeant Houghton, and one Tim, also a non-commissioned officer. To these he unfolded, in Waverley's name, a plan for leaving the regiment and joining him in the Highlands, where report said the clans had already taken arms in great numbers.

The men, who had been educated as Jacobites, so far as by human opinion at all, and who knew their landlord, Sir Edward, had always been supposed to hold such tenets, easily fell into the snare. That Waverley was at a distance in the Highlands, was really a sufficient excuse for transmitting his letters through the medium of the pedlar; and the sight of his well-known seal seemed to authenticate the negotiations in his name, where writing might have been considered too dangerous. The cabal, however, began to take air, from the premature泄漏 of the project; and some were concerned. Why Willy Justified his appetitive; for, after suspicion arose he was seen no more. When the General discovered, in which Waverley was superseded, great part of the trouble broke out to arise from the actual mutiny, but were surrounded and disarmed by the rest of the regiment.

In consequence of the sentence of a court-martial, Houghton and Tim were condemned to be shot, but after permission to communicate with their families for Houghton, the survivor, allowed much petitioning being convicted from the recollections and the demonstrations of Colonel Gardiner, that he had really engaged in a very serious crime. It is remarkable, that as soon as the poor fellow was satisfied of this, he became also convinced that the instigator had acted without authority from Edward, saying, "If it was dishonorable and against old England, the squire could not have nought about it; he never did, or thought to do, any thing dishonorable, no more didn't Sir Edward, nor none of them afore him, and in that belief he would live and die that Ruffin had done it all of his own head."

The strength of conviction with which he expressed himself upon this subject, as well as his assurances the pedlar, Colonel Gardiner's code which he had been delivered to Ruthven, made that revolution in Colonel Gardiner's opinion which he expressed to Talbot.

The reader has long since understood that Donald Bean Lean played the part of tempter on this occasion. His motives were shortly these. Of an active and intriguing spirit, he had been long employed as a subaltern agent and spy by those in the confidence of the Chevalier, to an extent beyond what was suspected, even by Fergus Mac-Ivor, whom, though obliged to him for protection, he regarded with fear and dislike. To success in this political department, he naturally looked for raising himself by some bold stroke above his present hazardous and precarious trade of rapine. He was particularly employed in learning the strength of the regiments in Scotland, the character of the officers, &c., and had long had his eye upon Waverley's troop, as open to temptation. Donald even believed that Waverley himself was at bottom in the Stuart interest, which seemed confirmed to him by the conduct of his kindred of the Clanbrandon. When, therefore, he came to his caves, with one of Glannagouch's attendants, the robber, who could never appreciate his real motive, which was to incite to rebellion, the ladies and gentlemen of the household of the chief, and to hope that his own talents were to be employed in some intrigue of consequence, under the auspices of this wealthy young Englishman. Now was he undecided by Waverley's conduct, and what a prudent reserve, and somewhat piqued Donald Bean, who, supposing him out of a secret, where confidence probably to be advantageous, determined have his share in the drama, whether a regular part were assigned him or not. For this purpose, during Waverley's sleep, he possessed himself of his sword, as a token to be used in any of the proceedings, which might discover to be possessed of the captain's confidence. His first journey to Dundee, the town where the regiment was quartered, undeceived him of his original supposition, undeceived him of a new field of action. He knew there would be no service so well rewarded, by the friends of the Chevalier, as deciding a part of the regular army to his standard. He expected to be one of the colonels, with which the Glannagouch is already acquainted, and which a crew to all the intricacies and obscurities of the narrative previous to Waverley a linking Glannagouch.

By Colonel Talbot's advice, Waverley declined determining in his service the lad whose evidence had thrown additional light on these intrigues. He represented to him it would be doing the man an injury to engage him in a desperate undertaking, and that whatever should happen, his evidence would go some length, at least, in explaining the circumstances under which Waverley himself had been betrayed. Waverley therefore wrote a short state of what had happened, to his uncle and his father, cautioning them, however, in the present circumstances, not to attempt to answer the questions they might ask; Talbot then gave the man a letter to the commander of one of the English vessels of war cruizing in the frith, requesting him to put the bearer ashore at Berwick, with a pass to proceed to London with the money to make an expeditious journey, and directed to get on board the ship by means of bribing a fishing-boat, which, as they afterwards learned, he easily effected.

To the attendance of Callum Beg, who, he thought, had some disposition to act as a spy on his motions, Waverley hired as a servant a simple Edin-burgh swain, who had mounted the white horse in a fit of spleen and jealousy; because Jenny Jop had dashed a whole night with Corporal Bullock of the Fusiliers.

CHAPTER LII.

INTRIGUES OF SOCIETY AND LOVE.

Colonel Talbot became more kindly in his demeanour towards Waverley after the confidence he had reposed in him, and as they were necessarily much together, the character of the Colonel rose in Waverley's esteem, and his ideas of his character had been sharpened. Waverley had been delivered to Ruthven, made that revolution in Colonel Gardiner's opinion which he expressed to Talbot.

The reader has long since understood that Donald Bean Lean played the part of tempter on this occasion. His motives were shortly these. Of an active and intriguing spirit, he had been long employed as a subaltern agent and spy by those in the confidence of the Chevalier, to an extent beyond what was suspected, even by Fergus Mac-Ivor, whom, though obliged to him for protection, he regarded with fear and dislike. To success in this political department, he naturally looked for raising himself by some bold stroke above his present hazardous and precarious trade of rapine. He was particularly employed in learning the strength of the regiments in Scotland, the character of the officers, &c., and had long had his eye upon Waverley's troop, as open to temptation. Donald even believed that Waverley himself was at bottom in the Stuart interest, which seemed confirmed to him by the conduct of his kindred of the Clanbrandon. When, therefore, he came to his caves, with one of Glannagouch's attendants, the robber, who could never appreciate his real motive, which was to incite to rebellion, the ladies and gentlemen of the household of the chief, and to hope that his own talents were to be employed in some intrigue of consequence, under the auspices of this wealthy young Englishman. Now was he undeceived by Waverley's conduct, and what a prudent reserve, and somewhat piqued Donald Bean, who, supposing him out of a secret, where confidence probably to be advantageous, determined have his share in the drama, whether a regular part were assigned him or not. For this purpose, during Waverley's sleep, he possessed himself of his sword, as a token to be used in any of the proceedings, which might discover to be possessed of the captain's confidence. His first journey to Dundee, the town where the regiment was quartered, undeceived him of his original supposition, undeceived him of a new field of action. He knew there would be no service so well rewarded, by the friends of the Chevalier, as deciding a part of the regular army to his standard. He expected to be one of the colonels, with which the Glannagouch is already acquainted, and which a crew to all the intricacies and obscurities of the narrative previous to Waverley a linking Glannagouch.

By Colonel Talbot's advice, Waverley declined determining in his service the lad whose evidence had thrown additional light on these intrigues. He represented to him it would be doing the man an injury to engage him in a desperate undertaking, and that whatever should happen, his evidence would go some length, at least, in explaining the circumstances under which Waverley himself had been betrayed. Waverley therefore wrote a short state of what had happened, to his uncle and his father, cautioning them, however, in the present circumstances, not to attempt to answer the questions they might ask; Talbot then gave the man a letter to the commander of one of the English vessels of war cruizing in the frith, requesting him to put the bearer ashore at Berwick, with a pass to proceed to London with the money to make an expeditious journey, and directed to get on board the ship by means of bribing a fishing-boat, which, as they afterwards learned, he easily effected.

To the attendance of Callum Beg, who, he thought, had some disposition to act as a spy on his motions, Waverley hired as a servant a simple Edinburgh swain, who had mounted the white horse in a fit of spleen and jealousy; because Jenny Jop had dashed a whole night with Corporal Bullock of the Fusiliers.
the fruitless siege of Edinburgh Castle occupied several weeks, during which Waverley had little to do, excepting to seek such amusement as society afforded. Her father was at this time a widower, and her friend and guardian became acquainted with some of his former intimates. But the Colonel, after one or two visits, shook his head, and declined farther experiment. Indeed he did not want her to serve her purposes. Flora was too young and passionate, and our heroine was too much interested in her by remonstrance, because she saw in this line of conduct the most probable chance of her friend securing at length a return of affection.

The truth is, that at her first conversation after their meeting, Rose had discovered the state of her mind to that acute and intelligent friend, although she was not herself aware of it. From that time, though Flora was interested in the direction of Waverley's addresses, but became anxious that they should, if possible, be transferred to her friend. Nor was she less interested in this plan, though her brother had from time to time talked of it between just and earnest, of paying his suit to Miss Bradwine. She knew that Ferguson had the true emotional sympathy, and she was interested in the present feeling of the man in whose mind she was present, and by the effort her anxious and attempted affection had made, she could find a better than such a fellow as this, whose temper seemed equally active, supple, and variable, and who was followed, and implicitly obeyed, by a gang of such cut-throats as those whom you are pleased to admire so much.

The ladies of the party did not escape her notice. She observed that Flora Mac-Ivor was a fine woman, and her beauty had made her a little pretty. But she thought that the former destroyed the effect of her beauty by an affectation of the grand air which she had probably so well practiced in the mock court of St. Germain, and that it was impossible for any mortal to admire such a little uninformative woman, who, small portion of education was as still applied to her sex, or as if she had applied it to the first of her sex. The young and angular Flora, once upon her person for her sole garment. Now much of this was mere spleen and prejudice in the excellent Colonel, whom with the white cockade and the breast, and the Macl at the beginning of a name, would have made a devil out of an angel; and indeed himself generally allowed, that he could not have endured Venice herself, if she had been arranged and named by a drawing-room by the name of Miss Mac-Jupiter.

Waverley, it may easily be believed, looked upon this young ladies with very different eyes. During the period of the siege, he paid them almost daily visits, although he observed with regret that his suit made little progress in the affections of the former. The arms of the Chevalier in subduing the fortress, she maintained with rigour the rule she had laid down of treating him with indifference, without either affecting to avoid him, or that his intervention with him. Every word, every look, was strictly regulated to suit the code of refined and the dejectment of Waverley, nor the anger which Ferguson so severely suppressed, could extend Flora's attention to Edward beyond that which the most ordinary politeness demanded. But Waverley, however, continued to be continually in the presence of Waverley's opinion. He had several opportunities of remarking, that, as her extreme timidity wore off, her manners assumed a higher character; that the agitation of the stormy time seemed to call forth a certain dignity of expression, and the second, which he had not formerly observed; and that she omitted no opportunity within her reach to extend her knowledge and refine her taste.

Flora Mac-Ivor called Rose her pupil, and was attentive to assist her in her studies, and to fashion both her taste and understanding. It might have been observed that the presence of Waverley was too much to think of exhibiting her friend's excellences than her own. But I must request of the reader to suppose, that this kind and disinterested purpose was concealed by the most cautious delicacy, studiously shunning the most distant approach to affectation. So that it was as unlike the usual exhibition of one pretty woman affecting upon another as the manner of David and Jonathan might be to the intimacy of two Bond-street lothians. The fact, that in that effect was felt, the cause could hardly be observed. Each of the leading persons of the party, and performed themselves to the delight of the audience; and such being the case, it was almost impossible to discover that the elder constantly ceded to her friend that which was most suitable to her talents.

But to Waverley, Rose Bradwine possessed an attraction which few men can resist, from the marked interest which she took in every thing that affected him. She was not herself aware of it; she had not in her eye, or in her mind, estimated the full force of the constant attention which she paid to him. Her father was too abstracted in his learned and military discussions to ob- serve her sweetness, and to serve her purposes. But Waverley was interested in her by the remonstrance, because she saw in this line of conduct the most probable chance of her friend securing at length a return of affection.

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Having escaped from the old gentleman, Waverley went to Ferguson's lodgings by appointment, to await his return. He was a polyood-Highlander make general between all the gunpowder Highlanders in the army. I beg your pardon, Flora, your brother, you know, is out of the question; he has more sense then half of them, and can think the issue, but, furious spirits, of whose brawl we are much and hear more, and who terrify me out of my life every day in the street, are all at be compared to Waverley!

"in enter, I think you are invited to Mr. M'cLachlan's, and that, for his name is discharged with every heart, my dear Rose. I only lament, that, with his talents and genius, he does not assume that place in society for which they eminently fit him, and that he does not kind that their full impotence to the noble cause with which he is enlisted. Are there not Lochiel, and P——, and M——, and G——, all men of the highest instructions, and, as well as the first talents,—why will he not stop like them to be alive and useful?—I often believe his soul is frozen by that proud cold-blooded Englishman, whom he now lives with so much!"

"Colonel Talbot!—he is a very disagreeable person.—He told me as he dared forty British women the trouble of handing her a cup of tea. But Waverley is so gentle, so well informed."

"Yes," said Flora, smiling, "he can admire the moon, and quote a stanza from Tasso."

"Besides, you know how he fought," added Miss Bradwardine.

"Yes, Load the fighting," answered Flora, "I believe all men (that is, who deserve the name) are pretty much alike; there is generally more courage required to run away. They have, besides, when confronted with each other, a certain instinct for strife, as we see in either male animals, such as dogs, bulls, and so forth. But high and perilous enterprise is not Waverley's forte. He would never have been his celebrated ancestor Sir Nigel, but only Sir Nigel's eldest and post. I will tell you where he will be at home, my dear, and in his place,—in the quiet circle of domestic happiness, lettered indolence, and elegant enjoyments of Waverley-Honour. And he will sit the old oak in the most exquisite taste, and garnish its shelves with the rarest and most valuable volumes; and he will draw plans and landscapes, and write verses, and rear temples, and dig grooves, and sit the whole night in the colonnade before the hall, and gaze on the decor as they stray in the moonlight, or lie shadowed by the boughs of the huge old fantastic oaks; and he will sit the bold warrior's arm, and let the buck hang upon his arm, and he will be a happy man."

And she will be a happy woman, thought poor Rose. But she only sighed, and dropped the conversation.

CHAPTER LIII.

FERGUSS A SUTER.

Waverley had, indeed, as he looked closer into the state of the Chevalier's Court, less reason to be satisfied with it. It contained all the ramifications of the future oak, as many seeds of tracasserie and intrigue, as might have done honour to the Court of a large empire. Every person of consequence had some separate object, which he pursued with a fury that Waverley considered as altogether disproportionate to its importance. Almost all had their reasons for discontent, although the most legitimate was that of the worthy old Baron, who was only distressed on account of the common cause.

"We shall hardly," said he one morning to Waverley, "the Waverley had been well received, and certainly my heart has not been disturbed to the least, by my subsequent behaviour. Now, at value this hauberk of a coronet as little as you can, the philosopher of the Selkirk, for I hold that the crown of Scotland, such a claim to the Stuarts is not rank to any earl in Scotland. But I had a special reason for assuming this cursed title at this time. You must know that I learned acquaintance with
Prince has been pressing that old foolish Baron of Bradwardine to disinherit his male heir, or nineteen of his sons, and have his two daughters married to the Elector of Hanover’s militia, and to settle his estate upon your pretty little friend Rose; and this, as being the command of his king and overlord, who meant it to be a piece of fine deference, the old gentleman seems well reconciled to.

"And what becomes of the homage?"

"Curse the homage!—I believe Rose is to pull off the years of her youth, and being so, or some more to such trash. Well, sir, as Rose Bradwardine would always have made a suitable match for me, but for this idiotical predilection of her father for the heir, and that, I need not say, it would have remained no obstacle, unless that the Baron might have been added to his daughter’s husband to take the name of Bradwardine, (which you know would be impossible in my case) and that I have been by my assuming the title to which I had so good a right, and which, of course, would supersede that difficulty. If she was to be also

"...&; and, with a little of Flora’s instructions and warning, will make a very good figure. As to her be- her, he is an original, it is true, and an absurd one;

"...H-h halibut, that dear defunct the Laird of Balma-

"...no大地; it goes for nothing. I tell you there-...I have had the thing entirely in my own mind."

"...said Waverley, for Rose’s sake?"

Do to what purpose? To have spoke to the Bar-

before I had assumed my title would have only

...-a bear and boot-jack party per pale, or in a

...in pretence, or in a separate shield perhaps-

...any way that would not blemish my own coat-of-

...I might have made, if her father was satisfied.

...Perhaps the same that your sister makes to me-

...from being satisfied."

...And stand at the same time as a maximum which

...the supposition implied, but cautiously suppres-

...the answer which rose to his tongue. "O, we should

...we should have arranged all that.-So, sir, I craved a pri-

...the promises so repeatedly made, and the patent-

...But I propose, as a natural consequence, to as-

...the rank which the patent bestowed—I have the old story of the jealousy of the first, and I will stand up against me. I have set this pretexts, and offer to write an intelli-

...in virtue of the date of my patent as prior to their silly claims—their assurance you would have

...such a consent from them, if it had been at the

...the rem. truth; and he dares to tell me, to my face, that

...my patent must be suppressed for the present, for fear of
disputing that rascally coward and jigsaw—indeed, the

...Vaverley has no better title to be a chief than I to be Emperor of China; and who is pleased to shelter his distantly

...and the Prince’s partiality to me. And, to leave this

...therein not to press my just and reasonable request at

...after this, put your faith in Princes?"

...End? O no! I was determined to leave him no

...with all the composure I could muster,—for I promise

...the Prince of course cannot, in particular to some

...I had for wishing that his Royal Highness would im-

...any other mode of exhibiting my duty and devotion, as my views in life made, what at any other time would have been a mere flight; at this crisis a severe sacrifice; and then I explained to him my full plan.

...the king, no, not in thy thought!—why, he answered,

...to prevent more grievous disappointment, for he could

...man, no, for the marriage is utterly out of question, there need be no hurry, you know, about the carbine. And so he closed off, and left me planta la.

...And what did you do?"

...I could have done at that moment—sold myself to the devil or the Elector, which ever offered the dearest revenge. However, I am now cool. I know he intends to marry her to some of his rascally Frenchmen, or his Irish officers, but I will watch them. They will catch them with that plant and I will plant me well to himself.——Bisogno capricisi,

...Nicer."

After some further conversation, unnecessary to be

...Waverley took leave of the Chieflain, whose fury had now subsided into a deep and strong desire of vengeance, and returned home, scarce able to ana-

...the mixture of feelings which the narrative had weakened in his own bosom.

CHAP. LIV.

To one thing constant never.

I am the very child of caprice," said Waverley to himself, as he bolted the door of his apartments, and paced it with hasty steps.—What is it to me that Fergus Mac-Ivor should wish to marry Rose Bradwardine? I love her not—I might have loved by her perhaps—but I rejected her simple, natural, and heart-admiring tenderness, and affected to be interested in her, until she herself conceived false hopes, and the name which she had been made to all those who were willing to hear the tale of the young Argyll and the young Laird of Balmain; and the taint of the devil was upon the enterprise, and all who had been interested in it. The devil might have taken the barren moors, and drawn off the royal caliga, for any thing I have in mind. But, framed as she is for domestic affection and tenderness, for giving and receiving all those kind and quiet attentions which sweeten life to those who pass it together, she is sought by Fergus Mac-Ivor. He will not use her ill, to be sure—of that he is incap-

...But then will canker sorrow eat her bad,

...And she will look as homely as a ghost,

...and she is as brave as an eagle bill,

...And she will die."

...that is, very much, handsomer than Rose. She is taller in-

...in her manner more formed; but many people think Miss Waverley a very handsome girl, and she is certainly much younger. I should think Waverley is two years older than I am—I will look at them par-

...this evening."
And with this resolution Waverley went to drink tea (as the fashion was Sixty Years since) at the head of a group of ladies, and it happened to be the Chevalier, where he found, as he expected, both the ladies. All rose as he entered, but Flora immediately resumed her place and the conversation in which she had been interrupted. The Chevalier, however, almost imperceptibly made a little way in the crowded circle for his advancing the corner of a chair.—

"Her manner, upon the whole, is most engaging," said Waverley: "but coming as what sorrow can.

A dispute occurred whether the Gallic or Italian language was most liquid, and best adapted for poetry; the opinion for the Gallic, which probably might not be long to be defended by seven Highland ladies, who talked at the top of their lungs, and screamed the company deaf, with examples of Celtic euphony. Flora, observing the Lowland ladies sneer at the comparison, produced some reasons to show that it was not altogether so absurd; but Rose, when asked for her opinion, gave it with animation in praise of Italian, and added that she had studied with Waverley's assistance. "She has a more correct ear than Flora, though a less accomplished musician," said Waverley to himself. "I suppose Miss Mac-Ivor will next compare Mac-Mur-phy's to the Scotch.

Lastly, it so befell that the company differed whether Fergus should be asked to perform on the flute, at which he was an adept, or Waverley invited to read a part of the play. The latter proposal was chosen and the good-humouredly undertook to collect the votes of the company for poetry or music, under the condition, that the gentleman whose talents were not laid under contribution should think it the duty of either to protest. The latter was next proposed. The next. It was proposed that the casting vote. Now Flora, who seemed to impose it as a rule upon herself never to countenance any proposal which might not receive a majority, was to vote for music, providing the Baron would take his violin to accompany Fergus. "I wish you joy of your taste, Miss Mac-Ivor," thought Edward, as they sought for his book. "I thought it better when we were at Glennaquich; but certainly the Baron is no great performer, and Shakespeare is worth listening to." Romeo and Juliet was selected, and Edward read with taste, feeling, and spirit; several scenes from that play. All the company applauded with their hands, and many with their tears. Flora, to whom the drama was well known, was among the former; Rose, to whom it was new, but whom the situation and human interest of admirers. "She has more feeling too," said Waverley, internally.

The conversation turning upon the incidents of the play, and the characters, Fergus declared that the only one worth naming, as a man of fashion and spirit, was Mercutio. "I could not," he said; "quite follow all his old-fashioned wit, but he must have been a very pretty fellow, according to the ideas of his time.

And it was a shame," said Ensign Maccomich, who usually followed his Colonel everywhere, "for that Tiberi, or Taggart, or whatever was his name, to stick him under the other gentleman's arm while he was making the fray.

The ladies, of course, declared loudly in favour of Rosalind, but this opinion did not go undisputed. The mistress of the house, and several other ladies, severely reproved the levity with which the hero transferred his affections from Rosalind to Juliet. Flora remained silent until her opinion was repeatedly requested, and then answered, she thought the circumstance objected to, not only reconcilable to nature, but such as in the highest degree enhanced the art of the poet. "It was a young man, peculiarly susceptible of the softer passions; his love is at first fixed upon a woman who could afford no return; he quickly replies to you.

- From love's weak, childish bow, so lives unharmed; so again.-

- She with forebrow to love.

Now, as it was impossible that Romeo's love, supporting him a reasonable being, could continue to subsist without hope, the poet has, with great art, seized in mount when he was reduced actually to despair, a throw in his way an object more accomplished by her than whom he had been rejected, and who is disposed to repay his attachment. I can scarce conceive a situation more calculated to enhance the aris- en, and the innumerable satisfactions to Miss Mac-Ivor's heart, which are raised by her from the state of drooping melancholy in which she appears first upon the scene, to the static state in which he.exclaims:

It cannot erasure all the exchange of joy.
That one short moment gives me in her sight.

"Good now, Miss Mac-Ivor," said a young lady, "of your young age?" etc.

"I am well pleased, my dear Lady Betty," said Flora, "as I conceive, persevere in your suit under very diverse circumstances. Affection can now and then withstand very severe storms of ruggor, but not a polar frost of downright indifference. Don't you with your attractions, try the experiment upon a lover whose faith you value. Love will subdue, but a wonderful beauty, but not the same; so though Rosalind was peroperative, it is impossible they can ever succeed; and should they miscarry, what then?-then alora como aloras. And with this resolution of being guided by circumstances, did our hero emit himself to repose.

CHAPTER LV.

A BRAVE MAN IN BORROW.

If my fair readers be able to opinion that hero's levity, another portion to the last place of admirers in justice of the cause he had espoused. "Not," he said, "that it is possible for you to suit it at this present moment, for, come what will, you must stand by Flora or Rose Bradwardine, but which was not the right with you; that you are fighting against the real interests of your country; and that you, as an Englishman, patriote, to take the first opportunity of sending this unhappy expedition before snow-ball melts.

In such political disputes, Waverley usually opposed the common arguments of his party, with wit and energy. "It is unnecessary to say that when the Colonel urged him to come the strength by which they had undertaken to throw the government, with that which was now resembling for its support. To this argument Waverley had had one answer: "If the cause have undertaken be perilous, there would be a greater disgrace in abandoning it."

And in his general plots of Colonel Talbot, and success in changing the subject.
One night, when, after a long dispute of this nature, the friends had separated, and our hero had retired to bed, he was awakened about midnight by a suppression of nature, which alarmed him. He got up, dressed, and went to the chamber of Colonel Talbot, which was divided from his own by a wainscotted partition, with a door of communication. Waverley approached this room and distinctly heard our two deep-drawn sighs. What could be the matter? The Colonel had parted from him, apparently, in his usual state of spirits. He must have been taken suddenly ill. Under this impression, he opened the door of communication, very gently, and perceived the Colonel, in his nightgown, seated by a table, on which lay a letter and picture. He raised his head hastily, as Edward stood uncertain whether to advance or retire; and Waverley perceived that his cheeks were stained with tears.

As if ashamed at being found giving way to such emotion, Colonel Talbot rose with apparent displeasure, and said, with some sternness, "I think, Mr. Waverley, my own apartment, and the hour, might have secured even a prisoner against friction.

"Do not say intrusion, Colonel Talbot; I heard your heavy breathing, and feared you were ill; that alone could have induced me to break in upon you."

"I am well," said the Colonel, "perfectly well."

"But you are distressed," said Edward; "is there anything to distress you?"

"Nothing, Mr. Waverley; I was only thinking of you, and some unpleasant occurrences then."

"Good God, my uncle!" exclaimed Waverley.

"No, no," he said, "it is a grief entirely my own. It is an affair which you should have seen it disarranged me so much; but it must have its course at times, that it may be at others more decently supported. I have kept it secret from you, and I have kept it from you, and yet you can administer no consolation. But you have surprised me,—I see you are surprised yourself,—and I hate mystery."

Read that letter.

It was a letter from Colonel Talbot's sister, and in these words:

"I received yours, my dearest brother, by Hodges. Sir E. W. and Mr. R. are still at large, but are not permitted to leave London. I wish to heaven I could go as an good an account of matters in the south. But the news of the unhappy affair at Preston came upon us, with the dreadful addition that you were among the fallen. You know Lady Emily's state of health, when your friendship for Sir E. induced you to leave her. She was much harassed with the sad necessity of the reconciliation. But she has been broken out; but kept up her spirits, as, she said, it became your wife, and for the sake of the future heir, so long hoped for in vain. Alas, my dear brother, thus you have left her! No, no; without all my watchful care, this unhappy reunion reached her without preparation. She was taken ill immediately; and the poor infant scarce survived its birth. Would to God this was all! But although the contradiction of the horrible report by your own letter has greatly revived her spirits, yet Dr. — apprehends, I grieve to say, serious, and even dangerous consequences, to her health, especially from the uncertainty in which she must necessarily remain for some time, aggravat- ed by the ideas she has formed of the ferocity of those with whom you are a prisoner.

"For her sake, and for that of your brother, as soon as this reaches you, endeavour to gain your release, by parole, by ransom, or by any way that is practicable. I do not exaggerate Lady Emily's state of health; but I must not — dare not — suppress the truth. Ever, my dear Philip, your most affectionate sister.

"Lucy Talbot."

Edward stood motionless when he had perused this letter, and then rose up and turned towards the bed. The Colonel's journey in quest of him, he had incurred this heavy calamity. It was severe enough, even in its irreparable part; for Colonel Talbot and Lady Emily are so united, that their persons cannot exist in the hopes which were now blasted. But this disappointment was nothing to the extent of the threatened evil; and Edward, with horror, regarded himself as the original cause of both.

Erst he could collect himself sufficiently to speak.

Colonel Talbot had recovered his usual composure of manner, though his troubled eye denoted his mental disturbance. He looked at Waverley, and said:

"She is a woman, my young friend, who may justify even a soldier's tears. He reached him the miniature, exhibiting features which fully justified the eulogium; and yet, God bless you, what you see of her there is the least of the charms she possesses — possessed, I should perhaps say — but God will do so.

"You must fly — you must fly instantly to her relief. It is not—it shall not be too late."

"Fly? how is it possible? I am a prisoner — upon parole."

"I am your keeper — I restore your parole — I am to answer for you."

"You cannot do so consistently with your duty: nor can I accept a discharge from you, with due regard to my own honour — you would be made responsible."

"I will answer it with my head, if necessary," said Waverley impulsively. "I have been the unhappy cause of the loss of your child, make me not the murderer of your wife."

"No, my dear Edward," said Talbot, taking him kindly by the hand, "you are in no respect to blame; and if I come to the conclusion of a domestic duty in which it was lost your sensibility should view it in that light. You could not think of me, hardly knew of my existence when I left England in quest of you. It is a responsibility. Heaven knows, sufficiently heavy for mortality, that we must answer for the foreseen and direct result of our actions, for their indirect and consequential operation, the great and good Being, who alone can foresee the dependence of human events on each other, hath not pronounced his frail creatures liable.

"But that you should have left Lady Emily," said Waverley, with much emotion, "of all others the most interesting to a husband, to seek a."

"I only did my duty," answered Colonel Talbot, calmly, "and I do not, ought not, to regret it. If the path of gratitude and honour were always smooth and easy, there would be little merit in following it; but it moves often in contradiction to our interest and passions, and sometimes to our better affections. These are the trials of life, and this, though not the least bitter," (the tears came unbidden to his eyes), "is not the first which it has been my fate to encounter. But Lady Emily's — she has said, wringing Waverley's hands. "Good night; strive to forget it for a few hours. It will dawn, I think, by six, and it is now past two. Good night."

Edward retired, without trusting his voice with a reply.

CHAPTER LVI.

EXECUTION.

When Colonel Talbot entered the breakfast-parlour next morning, he learned from Waverley's servant that our hero was abroad at an early hour, and was not yet returned. The morning was well advanced before he again appeared. He arrived out of breath, and said, "I have detained your letter with an industry that astonishes me."

"There," said he, throwing a paper on the table, "there is my morning's work. — Ack! pack, up the Colonel's clothes. Make haste, make haste."

The Colonel examined the paper with astonishment. It was a pass from the Chevalier to Colonel Talbot, to repair to Leith, or any other port in possession of his Royal Highness's troops, and there to wait on his Majesty's orders. "Let me be sure;" he only giving his parole of honour not to bear arms against the house of Stewart for the space of a twelvemonth.

"In the name of God," said the Colonel, his eyes sparkling with eagerness, "how did you obtain this?"

"I was at the Chevalier's house; I was at the Chevalier's house," he said, "I was at the Chevalier's house. He went to the camp at Leith."

I pursued him hither, and there, and there.
ance—but I will tell you not a word more, unless I see you begin to pack.'

"Before I know whether I can avail myself of this passport, or how it was obtained?"

"Oh, you can take out the things again, you know. — Some, perhaps, I will take with me. When I first mentioned your name, his eyes sparkled almost as bright as yours did two minutes since. 'Had you,' he earnestly asked, 'shown any sentiments favourable to his cause?"'

"Not in the least, nor was there any hope you would do so.' His countenance fell. I requested your freedom. 'Impossible,' he said; — 'your importance, as a friend and confident of such a man, will make my request altogether extravagant.' I told him my own story and yours; and asked him to judge what my feelings must be by his own. He has a heart, and a kind one, Colonel Talbot, you may say what you please. He took a sheet of paper, and wrote the pass with his own hand.

"I will not trust myself with my council,' he said; — 'they will argue me out of what is right. I will not endure that a friend, valued as I value you, should be loaded with the painful reflections which might afflict you in case of further misfortune in Colonel Talbot's family; nor will I keep a brave enemy a prisoner under such circumstances.' Beside this, said he, 'I think I can justify myself to my prudent advisers, by pleading the good effect such lenity will produce on the minds of the great English families with whom you are connected.' "Thus the politician peppe out," said the Colonel.

"Well, at least he concluded like a king's son — Take the passport; I have added a confidant for form's sake; but if the Colonel objects to it, let him depart without giving any parole whatever. I come here to war with men, but not to distress or endanger women.

"Well, I never thought to be so much indebted to the Pretend — "

"To the Prince," said Waverley, smiling.

"Oh, said "the Colonel; " it is a good travelling name, and which we may both freely use. Did he say any thing more?"

"Only asked if there was any thing else he could oblige me in; and when I replied in the negative, he shook me by the hand, and wished all his followers were as considerate, since some friends of mine not only asked all he had to bestow, but many things which he thought of little value, that of the greatest sovereign upon earth. Indeed, he said, no prince seemed, in the eyes of his followers, so like the Deity as himself, if you were to judge from the extravagant veneration in which they looked to him."

"Poor young gentleman," said the Colonel, "I suppose he begins to feel the difficulties of his station. Well, dear Waverley, this is more than kind, and you must accept it. I shall not forget that you bear a name that is to be remembered in any thing. My life — phew — let Emily thank you for that; this is a favour worth fifty lives. I cannot hesitate on giving my parole in the circumstances; there it is — (he wrote it out in form) — And now, how am I to get off?"

"All that is settled: your baggage is packed, my horses wait, and a boat has been engaged, by the Prince's permission, to put you on board the Frigate. I sent a messenger down to Leith on purpose.

"That will do excellently well, Captain Beaver, my particular friend; he will put me aboard at Berwick or Shields, from whence I can ride post to London; and you must intrust me with the packet of papers which you recovered by means of your Miss Beaumont, I may have an opportunity of using them to your advantage. But I see your Highland friend, Glen — what do you call his barbarous name? and his order with him — I must not call either. I am not without any respect to any one. So, how he walks as if the world were his own, with the bonnet on one side of his head, and his plaid pulled out across his breast! I should like now to meet that you have a chance of putting the Prince, or any one to peril his name. I would tame his pride, or he should tame mine."

"For shame, Colonel Talbot! you swell at sight of tartan, as the bull is said to do at scarlet. You and Mac-Ivor have some points not much unlike, so far as national prejudice is concerned."

The latter part of this discourse took place in the street. They passed the Chief, the Colonel and he sternly and punctiliously greeting each other, like two duellists before they take their ground. It was evident the dislike was mutual. "I never see that surly fellow that does his heels," said the Colonel, after he had mounted his horse, "but he reminds me of lines I have somewhere heard — upon the stage, I think:"

"Close behind him
StalksullenBeige,
The sorcerer's hand,
Pressing to be employed."

"I assure you, Colonel," said Waverley, "that you judge too harshly of the Highlanders."

"Not a whit, not a whit; I cannot spare them a jot; I cannot bate them an ace. Let them stay in their own barren mountains, and puff and swell, and hang their bonnets on the horns of the moon, if they have a mind; but what business have they to come where people wear breeches, and speak an intelligible language? — I mean intelligible in comparison to their gibberish, for even the Lowlanders talk a kind of English little comprehensible by us; and what the devil could pity the French, I mean the Chevalier himself, for having so many desperationes about him, and their trade so early. There is a kind of subaltern imp, for example, a sort of sucking devil, whom your friend Glen — Glenamuck there, has sometimes in his train. To look at him, he is about fifteen years; but he is a century old in mischief and villany. He was playing at quoits the other day in the court; a gentleman, a decent-looking person enough, came past, and as a quoit hit his shin, he lifted his cane: But your young Bravo whips out his pistol, like a man in the civil, to the bonnet of the Chevalier, and had not a scream of Gardsdes leau, from an upper window, set all parties a scampering for fear of the inevitable consequences, the poor gentleman would have lost his life by the hands of that little cockatrice."

"A fine character you'll give of Scotland upon your return, Colonel Talbot."

"O Justice Shallow," said the Colonel, "will save me the trouble — Barren, barren, beggars all, beggars all. Marry, good air, — and that only when you are fairly out of Edinburgh, and not yet come to Leith as our capital, and on a good road."

In a short time they arrived at the seaport.

"The boat rock'd at the pier of Leith. Full loud the wind blew down the ferry; The sea, and the sea, — and the passengers."

"Farewell, Colonel; may you find all as you would wish it! Perhaps we may meet sooner than you expect; they talk of an immediate route to England."

"Tell me not that Talbot cares — I wish to carry no news of your motions."

"Simply, then, adieu. Say, with a thousand kind greetings, all that is dutiful and affectionate to Sir Everard and Aunt Rachel — Thank of me as kindly as you can — speak of me as indulgently as your conscience will permit, and once more adieu."

And adieu, dear Waverley; many, many thanks for your kindness. Unpaid yourself on the first opportunity. I shall ever think on you with gratitude, and the worst of my censure shall be, Quo diable al lot il faiре dans cette galerie?"

And they parted as Colonel Talbot going on board of the boat, and Waverley returning to Edinburgh."

CHAPTER LVII.

THE MARCH."

"It is not our purpose to intrude upon the provinces of history. We shall therefore only remind our readers, that about the beginning of November the Young Chevalier, at the head of about six thousand men at arms, the utmost of the army, set sail from London to penetrate into the centre of England, although aware of the mighty preparations which were made.
for his reception. They set forth on this crusade in the hope, which he had, to see any other
his troops incapable of marching, but which in reality
gave these active mountaineers advantages over a
less hardy enemy. In defiance of a superior army
young and valiant as a Highland chieftain, and
Wade, they besieged and took Carlisle, and soon afterwards
prosecuted their daring march to the southward.

As Colonel Mac-Ivor's regiment marched in the
van of the clans, he heard many a song equalled
by any Highlander in the endurance of fatigue, and was
become somewhat acquainted with their language,
peremptorily at its head. They marked the pro-
progress of the day, and yet no bullet equalled
Jimmie the Third, "no man cried, God bless
him." The mob stared and listened, heartless, stu-
pid, and their eyes gave few signs even of that boia-
terous spirit, which induces the gallant Highlanders upon
occasions, for the mere exercise of their most sweet
voices. The Jacobites had been taught to believe
that the northwestern counties abounded with
wealthy squires and hard-hearted women, devoted to the
cause of the White Rose. But of the wealthier Tories
they saw little. Some fled from their houses, some
learnted themselves sick, some surrendered themselves
to the government, as suspected traitors. Of such as
remained, the ignorant gazéd with astonishment,
mixed with horror and avarice, at the wild appear-
ance, unknown language, and singular gait of the
Scottish clansmen. And although their number was small,
ty numbers, apparent deficiency in discipline, and
poverty of equipment, seemed certain tokens of the
imminent termination of their rash undertaking.
Thus the few who joined them were such as bigotry
of political principle blinded to consequences, or
whose broken fortunes induced to hazard all on a
risk so dear.

The Baron of Bradwardine asking what he
thought of these recruits, took a long pinch of snuff,
and answered dryly, "that he could not but have an
excellent opinion of them, since they resembled pro-
cisely the description given to him by a good King David at the cave of Adullam; ridded,
every one that was in distress, and every one that
was in debt, and every one that was discontented,
and every one that was in poverty, and that was in
lesse," he said, "they will prove mighty men of
their hands, and there is much need that they should,
for I have seen many a sorry look cast upon us.

But none of these considerations moved Fergus.
He admired the luxuriant beauty of the country, and
the situation of many of the seats which they passed.
"In Waverley-Honour like that house, Edward?"
"It is a very fine park for a very fine house, sir.
"Is your uncle's park as fine as one at that?"
"It is three times as extensive, and rather resembles
a forest than a mere park.
"You will be a happy woman.
"And I hope Miss Mac-Ivor will have much reason
for happiness, unconnected with Waverley-Honour.
"But so far; but, to be mistress of such a place,
when the prettiest addition to the sum total.
An addition, the want of which, I trust, will be
emptily supplied by some other means.
"Hear me, Fergus, stopping short, and turning
up to Marmion, "Hear me, what do you understand that, Waverley? Had I the pleasure to hear you sing?
"Perfectly right, Fergus.
"And I am to understand that you no longer desire
my services?"
"Your sister has refused mine," said Waverley,
"both directly, and by all the usual means by which
ladies receive desired attentions."
"I have no idea," answered the Chieftain, "of a lady descending or a gentleman withdrawing his suit, after it has been approved of by her legal guardian, without giving her a proper opportunity of acquainting the matter over to the lady. You do not, I suppose, expect my sister to drop into your mouth like a ripe plum, the first moment you chose to open it?"
"It is a point to the lady's interest and Waverley's to encourage, Colonel.
replied Edward, "it is a point which you must
argue with, as I am ignorant of the customs of the
Highlanders, in that particular. But as to my title
to acquiesce in a rejection of yours, it is a signal appeal
to your interest, but I will tell you plainly, without
regarding to undervalue Miss Mac-Ivor's admitted beauty
and accomplishments, that I will not take the
hand of an angel, with an empire for her dowry, if
her consent were extorted by the importunity of her
friends, and guardians, and did not flow from her own
free inclination.
"An angel, with the dowry of an empire," repeated
Edward, "in a tone of bitter irony, "is not very likely
to be pressed upon a ---shire squire. But, sir,
chanting his song, "if Flora Mac-Ivor have not the
dowry of an empire, she is my sister, and that is suf-
icient at home, and is better treated with any thing approaching to levity."
"She is Flora Mac-Ivor, sir," said Waverley, with
firmness, "which to me, were I capable of treating
any woman with levity, would be a more effective
protection."

The brow of the Chieftain was now fully clouted,
but Edward felt too insignificant at the unreasonable
tone which he had adopted, to aver the form of his
least concession. They both stood still while this
short dialogue passed, and Fergus seemed half dis-
persed to say something more violent, but, by a strong
effort, suppressed his passion, and, turning his face
forward, walked sullenly on. As they always
hither to walked together, and almost constantly
side by side. Waverley pursued his course silently in the
same direction, and let the Chieftain take his
own time in recovering the good-humour which he
had so unreasonably discarded, and firm in his resolu-
tion not to bate him an inch of dignity.

"After they had marched on in this sullen manner
about a mile, Fergus resumed the discourse in a dif-
f erent tone. "I believe I was warm, my dear Edward,
but you provoke me with your want of knowledge of
the world. You have taken part in the play of
prudery, or high-flying notions of loyalty, and now,
like a child, you quarrel with the plaything you
have been crying for, and beat me, your faithful keeper,
because my soul rebelled against the project you
had put into my head. Peace to you, and that to
you. I am sure, if I was passionate, the mortifi-
cation of losing the alliance of such a friend, after
your arrangement had been the talk of both High-
lands and Lowlands. I am sure, if I was aware of
knowing why or wherefore, might well provoke calme
better blood than mine. I shall write to Edinburgh,
and put all to rights; that is, if you desire I should
do so; as indeed I cannot suppose that your good
opinion of Flora, it being such as you have often ex-
pressed to me, can be at once laid aside.

Colonel Mac-Ivor," said Edward, "who had no
mind to be hurried either faster than he chose, in
a matter which he had already considered as broken
off, "I am fully sensible of the value of your good
offices; and certainly, by your zeal on my behalf in
such an affair, you do me no small honour. But as
Miss Mac-Ivor has made her election freely and vol-
untarily, and as all my attentions in Edinburgh were
received with more than coldness, I cannot, in justice
either to her or myself, consent that she should again
be harassed upon this topic. I would have mentioned
this to you some time since, but you saw the footing
upon which we stood together, and must have under-
stood that it was either to her or myself, consent that she should
earlier spoken; but I had a natural reluctance to en-
ter upon a subject so painful to us both.
"Very well," said Waverley, "Edward, handsom-
ely, "the thing is at an end; I have no occasion to
press my sister upon any man."
Not have I any occasion to court rejected rejection from the same young lady," answered Edward, in the same tone.

"I shall make due inquiry, however," said the Chieftain, without noticing the interruption, "and learn what my sister thinks of all this: we will then see whether it is to end here."

Regarding such inquiries, you will of course be guided by your own judgment," said Waverley. "It is, I am aware, impossible Miss Mac-Ivor can change her mind; and were such an impossible case to happen, it is certain our talks and our meetings, if not more, will mention this to prevent any possibility of future misconstruction.

Gladdly at this moment would Mac-Ivor have put their affair to a personal arbitration; his eyes flashed fire, and he measured Edward as if to choose where he might best plant a mortal wound. But although we do not now quarrel, according to the modes and figures of Carnach or Vincent Savilia, no one knew better than Fergus that there must be some decent pretext for a mortal duel. For instance, you may challenge a man for treading on your corn in a crowd, or for pushing you up to the wall, or for taking your seat in the theatre; but the modern code of honour will not permit you to find a quarrel upon your right of compelling a man to continue addresses in a fancy dress, when that kind of hypocrisy has merely raised your ire.

So that Fergus was compelled to stomach this supposed affront, until the whirling of time, whose motion he promised himself he would watch most sedulously, showed him an opportunity of revenge.

Waverley’s servant always led a saddle-horse for him in the rear of the battle to which he was attached, though his master seldom rode. But now, finding that in the absence of his friend he had been unduly irritated, and mounted his horse, resolving to seek the Baron of Bradwardine, and request permission to volunteer in his stead the next time the Mac-Ivor fought. A happy time of it I should have had, thought the young gentleman, after he was mounted, to have been so closely allied to this superb specimen of pride and self-opinion and passion. A colonel! why, he should have been a generalissimo. A petty chief of three or four hundred men! his pride might suffice for the Charn of Tartary—the Grand Segniour—the Great Mogul. I am well free of him. Were Flora an angel, she would bring with her a second Lucifer of ambition and wrath for a brother-in-law.

The Baron, whose learning (like Sancho’s jests with Don Quixote) seemed to grow most rapidly for want of exercise, joyfully embraced the opportunity of Waverley’s offering his service in his regiment, to bring it into some exertion. The good-natured old gentleman, who had been but a reluciant acknowledge between the two quadrimen friends. Fergus turned a cold ear to his remonstrances, though he gave them a respectful hearing; and as for Waverley, he saw no reason why he should be the first in courting a renewal of the intimacy which the Chieftain had so unreasonably disturbed. The Baron then mentioned the matter to the Prince, who, anxious to prevent quarrels in his little army, declared, he would himself remonstrate with Colonel Mac-Ivor on the unreasonableness of his conduct. But, in the hurry of their march, it was a day or two before he had an opportunity to exert his influence in the manner proposed.

In the meanwhile, Waverley turned the instructions he had received while in Gardner’s dragoons, to some account, and assisted the Baron in his command as a sort of adjutant. "Parmi les cesugile un borgne est roi," says the French proverb; and the cavalry, which consisted chiefly of Lowland gentlemen, being light, they formed a high opinion of Waverley’s skill, and a great attachment to his person. This was indeed partly owing to the general, in which they felt at the distinguished English volunteer, who led the buglers in the forenoon, and his kindred, and among whom; for there was a latent grudge between the horse and foot, not only owing to the difference of the services, but also because most of the gentlemen, living near the Highlands, had at one time or other had quarters with the tribes in the vicinity, and all of them looked with a jealous eye on the Highlanders against pretensions to superior valour, and utilitarian the Prince’s service.

CHAPTER LVII.

The Confusion of King Agramant’s Camp.

It was Waverley’s custom sometimes to ride a little apart from the main body, to look at any object of curiosity which caught his eye. He and his party were now in Lancashire, when, attracted by a tall edifice old hall, he left the squadron for half an hour to take a survey and slight sketch of it. As he returned down the avenue, he was met by Ewen Macconochie. This man had contrived a sort of card for Edward since the day of his first seeing her, fully-Volcan, and introducing him to the Highl

Yet, as he passed him, he only approached a string, and pronounced the single word, "Beware," and then walked swiftly on, shunning all further communication.

Edward, somewhat surprised at this hint, followed, with his eyes the course of Evan, who speedily appeared among the trees. His servant, Ali Peary, was in the wood, and he looked after Highland, and then riding up close to his master.

"The ne’er be in me, sir, if you think you are among Highland rusher’s court."

"What do you mean, Ali?" said Waverley

"The Mac-Ivors, sir, has gotten it into their heads that ye have afforded their young lady, Miss Flora, and I have heard it aye and aye. Why not make a muckle to make a black-cock o’ ye; and you know there’s many o’ them wadna mind a baw, but the wassing a ball through the Prince himself, sit; she’s got a name for the Mac-Ivor, and they’ll see if they thought it a thing that would please when it was done."

Waverley, though confident that Fergus Mac-Ivor was incapable of such treachery, was by no means equally sure of the forbearance of his followers. He knew, that where the honour of the Chief of the family was supposed to be touched, the happiest would be he that could first avenge the stigma; and had often heard them quote a proverb, "That he’s bravest was the most speedy and most safe." Staying with this hint of Evan, he judged it best to project the main body of the party not far from the hostelry, and back to the squadron. Ere he reached the end of a long avenue, however, a ball whistled past him, as the report of a pistol was heard.

It was Edward’s servant, Callum Beg, said: Ali: "I saw him whist him away through amang the reises."

Edward, justly incensed at this act of treachery, slalomed out of the avenue, and observed the localization of Mac-Ivor at some distance moving across the common, in which it terminated. He also saw an individual running very fast to join the part this, he concluded was the intended assassin, who, by leaving an enclosure, might easily make a shorter path to the main body than he could be on horseback. Unable to contain himself, he remonstrated and followed the party to the man who was at the head of his regiment about half a mile in front, and acquainted with what had happened. He himself immediately rode up to Ferguson’s regiment. The Chief himself was in the act of getting them. He was on horseback, having returned from waiting on the Prince. On perceiving Edward approaching, he put his horse in motion towards his regiment. It was a difficult, and with Edward, without further salutation, "I have to inform you that your people has this instant fired at me from a lurking-place."

As that," answered Mac-Ivor, "accepting the circumstances a lurking-place, is a pleasure which I presently propose to myself, I should be glad to know which of my clansmen dared to anticipate me.

"I shall certainly be at your command whenever
you please;—the gentleman who is the office upon himself is your page there, Callum Beg. Did you fire at Mr. Waverley?"

"No," answered the unblushing Callum. "You did," said Alec Polwarth, who was already returned, having met a troop from whom he discerned what was going forward to the Baron of Bradwardine, while he himself returned to his master at full gallop, neither sparing the rawness of his spurs nor the sides of his horse. You did fire!" replied Callum. "I am as truly of the Highlands, and as true a clansman, as ever saw theauld kirk at Coldingham."

"You lie," replied Callum, with his usual impermeable obstinacy. The answer of the wild and reckless warrior, as the days of chivalry, have been preceded by an encounter between the squares, (for Alec was a stout-hearted Merseman, and feared the bow of Cupid far more than a Highlander's dirk or claymore), but Fergus, with his usual tone of decision, demanded Callum's pistol. The cock was down, the pan and muzzle were black with the smoke; it had been the instant fired.

"Take it," said Fergus, striking the boy upon the head with the heavy pistol but with his whole force,—"take that for acting without orders, and lying to disfigure the Highland name. Callum, let us blow without a thought of flinch from it, and fall without sign of life. "Stand still, upon your lives!" said Fergus to the rest of the clan; "I blow out the brains of the first man who interferes between Mr. Waverley and me."

Fergus now aloud showed symptoms of vexation and anxiety. Callum scy on the ground bleeding copiously, but no one ventured to give him any assistance. It seemed as if the whole body of the Highlanders was then in a state of agitation, and the Prince called for word, and formed squadron, and the Baron and Chieftain were silent.

The Prince called them and Waverley before him. Having heard the original cause of the quarrel through the villa of Callum Beg, he ordered him into custody of the provost-marshal for immediate execution, in the moment of his surviving the chastisement inflicted by his Chieftain. Fergus, in a tone bewailing and seeking a relief, he opened his subject from whose action he was absent; he complained of the Aggrieved, on the grounds of which they were very jealous, and they were not persons to be displeased. Callum was therefore left to the justice of his own tribesmen.

The Prince next demanded to know the new cause of quarrel between Colonel Mac-Ivor and Waverley. There was a pause. Both gentlemen found the presence of the Baron of Bradwardine (for by this time all had approached the Chevalier by his command) an insurmountable barrier against entering upon a subject where the name of his daughter must necessarily be mentioned. However, he stood on the ground, with looks in which shame and embarrassment were mingled with displeasure. The Prince, who had been educated amongst the discontent and mutinous spirits of the court of St. Germain, where feuds of every kind were the daily subject of solicitude to the dethroned sovereign, had served his apprenticeship, as old Frederick of Prussia, would have said, to the trade of royalty. To promote or restore concord among his followers was indispensable. Accordingly he took his measures.

"Monseigneur de Beaumont," he said, "Monsieur de la Sens, a very handsome French cavalry officer, who was in attendance. Ayers la bonté d’alliger ces montagnardes là, ainsi que la cavalerie, s’il vous plaît, et de les remettre à la marche. Vous avez vu la débandade de l’Anglais, cela ne vous donnera pas beaucoup de peine."

"Ah! pas de tout, Monseigneur," replied M. de la Compte de Beaumont, his head bending down to the neck of his little prancing highly managed charger. Accordingly hepièfled away, in high spirits and confidence, to the head of Fergus's regiment, although understanding not a word of Gaelic, and very little English.

"Messieurs les sauvages Ecoossais—dit qu'est—gentil-"man savages, have the goodness d'arranger vous." The clansman comprehending the order more from the gesture than the words, and seeing the Prince himself present, hastened to dress their ranks.

"Ah! very well! that is fort bien!" said the Count de Beaumont. "Gentilhommes sauvages—mais, très bien—eh bien! dites ce que vous appelez vengeance, Mon-" seigneur?" (to a lounging trooper who stood by him)

"Ah, oui! face—Je vous remercie, Monseigneur—Gentilhommes, have you goodness to make face to face right part for us?" said the Frenchman. "Nous vivons en bonne, encore, Messieurs; il faut vous mettre à la marche... Marchez donc, au nom de Dieu, parce que j'ai oublié le mot Anglais—mais vous êtes des Français, bien..."

The Count next hastened to put the cavalry in motion. "Gentilhomme cavalry, vous me fassiez... sauf... pas ma foi, j'ai dit sauf off... I am..."
c'est le Commissaire qui nous a appor- tée les premières nouvelles de ce maladroit fracas. Je suis trop séché, Monsieur !"

"Mais poor Macwheelieh, who, with a sword stuck about his neck when mounted on a horse as a pancake, now figured in the character of a commissary, being overturned in the battle occasioned by the troopers hastening to get themselves in order in the presence of the queen, having shrunk to the rear amid the unstrained laughter of the spectators._

"Il bien, Messieurs, wheel to de right. Ah! dat is—eh, Monsieur de Bawldwaind, avec la bonne de vous mettre un let de votre régiment, car, par Dieu, je n'en puis plus!"

The Baron of Bawldwaind was obliged to go to the assistance of Monsieur de Beauvoir, after he had fairly expended his few English military phrases. One purpose of the Chevalier was thus answered. The other he proposed was, that in the eagerness to hear and see, several of the soldiers in both corps might get a current different from the angry channel in which the two young men worked at the time.

Charles Edward was no sooner left with the Chieflain and Waverley, the rest of his attendants being at some distance, than he said, "If I owed less to your excellent service, Mr. Waverley, I should be extremely angry with both of you for this extraordinary and causeless brawl, at a moment when my father's service so decidedly demands the most perfect unanimity. But the situation of my situation is, that my very best friends hold the liberty of bullying me at the time when my life and interests, as well as the cause they are engaged in, are in the highest degree precarious."

Both the young men protested their resolution to submit every difference to his arbitration. "Indeed," said Edward, "I hardly know of what I am accused. I sought Colonel Mac-Ivor merely to mention to him that I narrowly escaped assassination at the hand of his men yesterday. We have had a few sharp words, which I knew him to be incapable of authorizing. As to the cause for which he is disposed to fasten a quarrel upon me, I am ignorant of it, unless it be that he accuses me, most unjustly, of having engaged the affection of a young lady in prejudice of his pretensions."

"If there is an error," said the Chieflain, "it arises from a mistake which I held this morning with his Royal Highness himself."

"With me?" said the Chevalier; "how can Colonel Mac-Ivor have so far misunderstood me?"

He was right, and, while he talked, eight minutes' earnest conversation, spurred his horse towards Edward. "Is it possible—nay, ride up, Colonel, for I desire no secrets—is it possible, Mr. Waverley, that I am accused of loving Miss Bawldwaind? a fact of which I was by circumstances, though not by communication from you, so absolutely convinced, that I alleged it to my Lord John, this morning as a reason why, without offence to him, you might not continue to be ambitious of an alliance, which to an unengaged person, even though once resolved, holds out so many charms to a highly placed lady."

"Your Royal Highness," said Waverley, "must have founded on circumstances altogether unknown to me, when you did the distinguished honour of supporting me an accepted lover of Miss Bawldwaind. I feel the distinction implied in the supposition, but I have no title to it. For the rest, my confidence in my own merit is too justly strong to admit of my hoping for success in any quarter after positive rejection."

The Chevalier was silent for a moment, looking steadily at both, then said, "Upon my word, Mr. Waverley, you cannot imagine with you in the same gallant cause, lay my pretensions to be obeyed by you entirely out of view, and consider your own honour, and how far it is well, or becoming to give our enemies the advantage, and our friends the scandal, of showing that, few as we are, we are not united. And forgive me if I add, that the names of the ladies who have been the subject of our conversation have all too much been made themes of discord."

He took Fergus a little apart, and spoke to him very earnestly for two or three minutes, and then, returning to him, said—"I beg you, Colonel Mac-Ivor, that his resentment was founded upon a misconception, to which, indeed, I myself gave rise; and I trust Mr. Waverley is too generous and too virtuous a young man to take any steps which will not assure him that such is the case. You must state this matter properly to your clan, Vich Ian Vohr, to prevent a recurrence of their precipitate violence."

Fergus bowed, and said, "let me have the pleasure to see you shake hands."

They advanced coldly, and with measured steps, each apparently reluctantly to appear most forward in conciliation. They did, however, shake hands and parted, taking a respectful leave of the Chevalier.

Charles Edward then rode to the head of the
WAVERLEY

Mac-Ivor, having himself from the horse, bode a dig which at a blow brought Dalrymple to the ground, and warned his companion, about half a mile along with them, into the history and connections of Sliochan nan Ivor, adroitly using the few words of Gaelic he possessed, and affording a great desire to learn more thoroughly. He then approached the Baron’s party, which in front, halted them, and examined their accoutrements and state of discipline; took notice of the principal gentlemen, and even of their horse’s trappings, and commended their horses; rode about an hour with the Baron of Bradwardine, and endured three long stories about Field Marshal the Duke of Berwick.

"Ah, Beaumieu, mon cher ami," said he as he returned to his usual place in the line of march, "quon mon mérite de prince errent est ennuyant, parfois. Mais, courage! c’est le grand jeu, après tout."

CHAPTER LIX.

A SKIRMISH.

The reader need hardly be reminded, that after a council of war held at Derby on the 12th of December, the Prince of Wales furnished them with a plan to penetrate further into England, and, greatly to the dissatisfaction of their young and daring leader, positively determined to return northward. They commenced their operations on the 28th of December, and under the success already witnessed, the movements of the Duke of Cumberland, who now pursued them with a very large body of cavalry.

The retreat of the French was pretty regular for the time. None had been so sanguine as Mac-Ivor for Mac-Ivor; none, consequently, was so cruelly morbid at the change of measure. He argued, or rather remonstrated, with the utmost vehemence at the contemplated retreat. Mr. Robert D. Mac-Ivor, who had just been re-elected to the Assembly of the Universe, was received in the state of grief and indignation. From that moment his whole manner was so altered, that he could scarcely be recognized for the same loving and saintly spirit, for whom the whole earth seemed too narrow but a week before. The retreat had continued for several days, when Edward, to his surprise, early on the 19th of December, received a visit from the Chieftain in his quarters, in a hamlet about half way between Shap and Penrith.

Having had no intercourse with the Chieftain looking extracts correlative of the general opinion respecting the Prince of Wales, the latter, considering the chance of his evading detection, and his being in the possession of a manuscript account of his romantic expedition, by James Maxwell of Kirkconnel, which I suppose a copy, by the hand of S. M. Rey, I was desirous of hearing his opinion of the Prince, whom he faithfully followed, seemed to have been a fair and useful youth, acquainted with the mirages among the Adventurers of the Congress.

"Every body was mightily taken with the Prince’s figure and personal behaviour. Sandford had in some degree to raise his character to the highest pitch, besides the greatness of the enterprise, and the content that had hitherto appeared in the execution of it. There were several instances of good nature and humanity, which had made a deep impression on people’s minds. I shall confine myself to two instances later at the battle, as the Prince was riding along the ground that Cope’s army had occupied a few minutes before, one of the officers came up to hear me, and I am sure that he was the most脓ious of persons at the time’s. The Prince, far from evoking, exulting, exulting, the condemned officers, as was sometimes the case, whom he decried he was sadly sorry to see that posture. Next day, while the Prince was at Penrith, a citizen of Edinburgh came to make some communications to the Chieftain, Murray about the tents that city was ordered to furnish. The Prince, who had a great desire to be out of the way, sent a message to the Prince, informing him of the Prince’s hearing, of having to give the gentleman brought to him, saying, he would not, though he was not, but being by granting every thing that was asked. So much influence as the Prince, who, in some measure, was entirely from his enemies. But what gave the people the highest idea of him, was the negative ease to a thing that very nearly affected their lives, in his manner of doing it, so much, perhaps, depended. It was proposed to send one of the Prince’s intimates, with orders to bring the change of prisoners taken, and to be taken, during this war, and to understand a refusal would be looked upon as a resolution to part and quarter his army. It would be of great advantage to the Prince’s affairs; his friends would be since their rupture. Edward waited with some anxiety for the explanation of his visit, and the found, help being surprised, and somewhat shocked, with the change in his appearance. His eye had lost much of its fire, his cheek was hollow, his voice was lank, even his gait seemed less firm and elastic than it was wont to be. He seemed to be particularly attentive, was now carelessly flung about him. He invited Edward to walk out with him by the little river in the vicinity; and smiled in a melancholy manner. As he observed the observer take down and buckle on his sword. As soon as they were in a wild requested path by the side of the stream, the Chief broke out,—"Our fine adventure in the North is now totally abandoned. I wish to know what you intend to do. Nay, never stare at me, man. I tell you I received a packet from my sister yesterday, and had the information which I am always vexed when I think of. In a letter written after our dispute, I acquainted her with the cause of it; and she now replies to me, that she has not heard from me, nor could have any purpose of giving me encouragement; so that it seems I have acted like a madman. Poor Flora! she writes in high spirits, what a change will the news of this unhappy retreat make in her happiness."

Waverley, who was really much affected by the deep tone of melancholy with which Fergus spoke, affectionately entreated him to banish from his remembrance all thoughts of the adventure; and, as the words of Corinna chimed in, and their eyes met, they once more shook hands, but now with sincere cordiality, Fergus again inquired of Waverley what he intended to do. "Had you not better leave this luckless army, and go down to form the Continent from some of the eastern ports that are still in our possession? When you are out of the kingdom, your friends will easily negotiate your pardon; and, to tell you the truth, I imagine you will find that you will not care to live under your wife, and take Flora under your joint protection,"—Edward looked surprised. "She loves you, and I believe you love her, though, perhaps, you have not found it out; for it would not be calculated for knowing your own mind very pointedly." He said this with a sort of smile.

"How," answered Edward, "can you advise me to desist the expedition in which we are all embarked?"

"Embarked? said Fergus; "the vessel is going more ready to declare for him if they had nothing to fear but the Convention of Berwick."

"But, consider, the Convention of Berwick! you are about to settle a cartel, the Prince was authorized to treat his prisoners in the same manner the Elector of Hanover was determined to leave him to his fate, without the slightest consideration. It was a sect that a few examples would compel the support of Louis XV. These are the heart of the British army, and the British army was made a point of it. They had never entered in the service, but upon such terms as are in the army among all civilized nations, and it could not be made upon their honour to lay down their commissions if these terms were not observed, and that owing to the obstinacy of the own Prince. Though this scheme was plausible, and represented as very important, the Prince could never be brought into it; it was before him, he said, to make empty threats, and he would never put such as those into execution; he would neither cold look away from lives which he had saved in heat of action in the end of the part of his own. Those were not the only proofs of good to the Prince about this time. Every day produced something new of this kind. These things softened the reverse of a military government, which was intended to mould the Prince, and the Prince could not have this honour to lay down their commissions if these terms were not observed."

"It has been said," replied Edward, "the Prince sometimes exacted more state and secretarium than seemed to suit his condition; but, on the other hand, some strictness of manner was altogether indispensable, when they had otherwise been exposed to general irritation. He could also endure, with a good grace, the retorts which he has been guilty of in his writings, but not without a hint that a previous interview with the barber might not have been wholly unnecessary. It is not beastly boys," answered the disconsolate Chief, "that can make a chevalier."

The Chevalier took the rebuke in good part.

"I am the wiser after having submitted his life so long after his miraculous escape, his character in history very load, have stood very high. As it was, his stations were in the highest of his reputation, his country. He was an honest, a brave, a noble citizen to all which precedes, and all which follows."
to pieces, and it is full time for all who can, to get into the long-boat and leave her.'

"Why, what will other gentlemen do?" answered Waverley, and why did the Highland Chiefs consent to this retreat, if it is so ruinous?"

"O," replied Mac-Ivor, "they think that, as on former occasions, the heading, hanging, and forfeiting, will chiefly fall to the lot of the Lowland gent; they are well aware that it is meagrefastnesse, there, according to their proverb, 'to listen to the wind upon the hill till the waters abate.' But they will be disappointed; they have been too often troublesome to be so repeatedly passed over, and this time John Bull has been too heartily frightened to recover his good-humour for some time. The Hanoverian ministers always deserved to be hanged for rascals; but now, if they get the power in their hands, another or later, they must, since there is neither rising in England nor assistance from France, —will they preserve the galloways as fools, if they leave a single clan in the Highlands in a situation to be again troublesome to government. Ay, they will make root-and-branch work, I warrant them."

"And while you recommend flight to me," said Edward, "a counsel which I would rather die than entertain, if it saved my country, or my life;" — answered Mac-Ivor, with a melancholy air, "my fate is settled. Dead or captive I must be before to-morrow."

"Why do you mean by that, my friend?" said Edward.

"The enemy is still a day's march in our rear, and if he comes up, we are still strong enough to keep him in check. Remember Glencoe and the Munro's point."

"This is notwithstanding, so far as I am individually concerned."

"Upon what authority can you found so melancholy a prediction?" asked Waverley.

"I, the affairs of this a person of my house, I have seen," he said, lowering his voice, "I have seen the Bodach Glass."

"Bodach Glass?"

"Yes; have you been so long at Glenquoich, and never heard of the Grey Spectre? though indeed there is a certain reluctance among us to mention him."

"No, never." "All! it would have been a tale for poor Florn to have told you. Or, if that hill were Benmore, and that long blue lake, which you see just winding towards you mountainous country, were Loch Tay, or near a more distant, the tale would be better suited with scenery. However, let us sit down on this knoll; even Saddleback and Ullswater will suit what I have to say better than the English hedgerows, enclosures, houses. You need not know, that when my ancestor, Ian Can Chaistiel, wasted Northumbland, there was associated with him in the expedition a sort of Southland Chief, or captain of a band of Lowlanders, called Halbert Halt. In their return through the Cheviots, they quarrelled about the division of the great booty they had acquired, and came from words to blows. The Lowlanders were cut off to a man, and their chief fell the last, covered with wounds by the sword of my ancestor. Since that time, his spirit has crossed the Vich Innoh of the day when any great disaster was impending; and never did before approaching death, a father saw him twice; once before he was made prisoner at Sheriff-Muir; another time on the morning of the day on which he died."

"How can you, my dear Fergus, tell such nonsense with any face in the world?"

"I do not ask you to believe it; but I tell you the truth, ascertained by three hundred years' experience in this part, and last night by my own eyes."

"The particulars for heaven's sake!" said Waverley, with eagerness.

"If I will, on condition you will not attempt a jest on the suspect. —Since this unhappy retreat commenced, he has never been able to sleep for thinking of my clan, and of this poor Prince, whom they are leading back like a dog in a string, whether he will or no, and of the downfall of my family. Last night I felt so feverish that I left my quarters, and walked out, in hopes the keen frosty air would brace my nerve — I cannot tell how much I dislike going on, for I know you will hardly believe me. However — I crossed a small footbridge, and kept walking back and forth on the downs, and then observed with astonishment by the clear moonlight, a tall figure in a gray plaid, such as shepherds wear in the south of Scotland, which, move at what pace I would, kept regularly about four yards before me."

"You saw a Cumberland peasant in his ordinary dress, probably."

"No! I thought at first, and was astonished at the man's audacity in daring to dog me. I called to him, but not many paces. I felt a feverish throbbing at my heart, and to ascertain what I dreaded, I stood still, and turned myself on the same spot successively to the four points of the compass — By Heaven, Edward, turn where you will, but you must instantly before my eyes, at precisely the same distance. I was then convinced it was the Bodach Glas. My hair bristled, and my knees shook. I manned myself, for whom, in his present distress, he held his fortune. My ghastly visitant glided before me, (for I cannot say he walked,) until he reached the footbridge; there he stopped, and turned full round. I must either let him pass or die, or take his skeleton to my arm. A desperate courage, founded on the belief that my death was near, made me resolve to make my way in despite of him. I made the sign of the cross, drew my sword, and uttered a furious oath. "God, Evil Spirit, give place!" 

"Vich Ian Vohr, it said, in a voice that made my very blood quiver, 'be-warn of to-morrow? It seemed at that moment not half a yard from my breast, and I saw a certain expression in his face, and I could not sooner spoken than it was gone, and nothing appeared further to obstruct my passage. I got home, and threw myself on my bed, where I slept a few hours soundly enough; and this morning, as I was reported to be near us, I took my horse, and rode forward to make up matters with you. I would not unwillingly fall until I am in charity with a wronged friend."

Edward had little doubt that this phantom was the operation of an exhausted frame and depressed spirits, working on the belief common to all Highlanders in such superstitions. He did not the least pity Fergus, for whom, in his present distress, he held his fortune, with less regard revive. With the view of diverting his mind from these gloomy images, he offered, with the Baron's permission, which he knew he could readily obtain, to let the veteran tell Fergus's corps should come up, and then to march with them as usual. The Chief seemed much pleased, yet hesitated to accept the offer.

"We shall see, I know, in the rear, the post of danger in a retreat."

"And therefore the post of honour."

"Well," replied the Chief, "let Alick have your horse in readiness, in case we should be overmatched, and I shall be delighted to have your company once more."

The rear-guard were late in making their appearance, having been delayed by various accidents, and by the badness of the roads. At length they entered the hamlet. When Waverley joined the clan Mac-Ivor, arm-in-arm with their Chief, all the recent events they had heard of, began to come vividly off at once. Evan Dhu received him with a grin of congratulation; and even Callum, who was running about as active as ever, pale indeed, and with a great patch on his head, appeared delighted to see him.

"That galloway's skull," said Fergus, "must be harder than marble: the lock of the pistol was actually broken."

"How can you strike so young a lad so hard?" said Waverley, with some interest.

"Why, if I did not strike hard sometimes, the rascals would forget themselves."

They were now in full march, every caution being taken to keep a circle round Fergus's people, and a fine clan regiment from Badenoch, commanded by Cluny Mac-Pherson, had the rear. They had passed a large open moor, and were entering into the enclosures which surround a small village called Clifton.
The winter sun had set, and Edward began to rally Fergus upon the false predictions of the Gray Spirit. The words which he said were not pleasing to Mac-Thomas, who smiled; when, suddenly casting his eyes back on the moor, a large body of cavalry was indistinctly seen to hover upon its brown and dark surface. To line upon the road by which the enemy must move from it upon the village, was the work of a short time. 

While these manoeuvres were accomplishing, night sunk down, dark fell, and all was quiet as if the mountains were at rest. Sometimes, however, she gleamed forth a dubiously light upon the scene of action.

The Highlanders did not long remain undisturbed. As the grey of dawn brightened a little, in front of Waverley, concealed by the mist, one large body of dismounted dragoons attempted to force the enclosure, while another, equally strong, strove to penetrate by the highroad.

But the Highlanders were not to be outmatched, nor were they to allow the English to gain any additional advantage. With a show of disconcerted their ranks, and effectually checked their progress.

Unsatisfied with the advantage thus gained, Fergus, to whose ardent spirit the approach of day did not add to its elasticity, harkened his sword, and calling out “Claymore!” encouraged his men, by voice and example, to break through the hedge which divided them, and rush down upon the enemy. With falling with the dismounted dragoons, they forced them through the gap, the dust flying to the open moor, where a considerable number were cut to pieces. But the moon, which suddenly shone out, seemed to double the English the small number of assailants, disordering them. For a few moments it seemed to them that the English were two squadrons of horse moving to the support of their companions, the Highlanders endeavoured to recover the advantage they had gained.

But the French, whom the English numbered among others, in a sudden, bold movement, forced their way through the line of the enemy, before they could effect their purpose. Waverley, looking eagerly for Fergus, from whom, as well as from the retreating body of his followers, he had been separated, found him, saw him, hailed him, and saw him, Du and Callum, defending themselves desperately against a dozen of horsemen, who were hewing at them with their long broadswords. The moon was at that moment by which, and how, when Edward, in the obscurity, could neither bring aid to his friends, nor discover which way lay his own road to rein in the 250-yard. After one or two narrowly escaping being slain or made prisoner by parties of the cavalry whom he encountered in the darkness, he at length reached an enclosure, and, climbing over it, concluded himself in safety; and on the way to the French leader, Edward was equal to an equal distance. For Fergus hardly a hope remained, unless that he might be made prisoner. Revolving his fate with sorrow and anxiety, the superintendence of the Boar’s Head, and Edward, now alone, said to himself, with internal surprise, “What can the devil speak truth?”

The following account of the skirmish at Clifton, is extracted from the manuscript account of Evan Macintosh, Chief of the clan Macintosh, who had the merit of supporting the principal bent of that spirited affair. The Memoirs appear to have been composed about 1755, ten years after the action and before his departure to France; they were written in French, with their chief interest in exile, which accounts for some Gallicisms which occur in the narrative.

In the Prince’s return from Derby back towards Scotland, my Lord George Murray, Lieutenant-General, cheerfully charged himself with the command of the rear-guard, a post, which, although honourable, was attended with great danger. In the battle, there was observed, and no small fatigue: for the Prince being apprehensive that his rear-guard might fall into the hands of the enemy, and the road to the northward of him with an armistice much superior to the rest of our French followers hard in the war, was obliged to hasten his march. It was not, therefore, possible for the artillery to march with the Prince’s troops, as it might be expected: but the weather, and the road in England: so Lord George Murray’s first report to the Duke of Cumberland, though the weather was dark and wet, almost every night, while at the same time he had frequent alarms and discussions from the Duke of Cumberland’s and other regiments. The Prince, after the Battle of Preston, December 1757, the Prince entered into the ruling in the Prince, and the orders of the English troops were given by Lord George Murray could not be brought upon the army so fast as he would have wished it, he was obliged to give the night six miles in order to that town, together with the regiment of Argyll. Of Cluny and his followers, that they happened to have the arrow point. The Prince, in order to receive the orders of the Duke of Cumberland with the whole body of his army, the same evening, he was ordered to enter under arms at the Bridge, waiting the arrival of his Lord George Murray, the orders of that day, which he had ordered to cover in passing the bridge. They arrived about seven o’clock, further in the Duke of Cumberland with the whole body of his army, and was received with a shout of triumph by a thousand of whom, as near as might be computed, disembarked, in order to receive the orders of the Duke of Cumberland, with the hour when the Prince reached, the while the Duke and the others remained on board in order to attack the town. was Lord George Murray at

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**The Leatherstocking Tale**

The page displays a segment of the text from the novel by Sir Walter Scott. The text is part of a narrative style, describing a scene and the reactions of the characters. Here's a transcription of the highlighted section:

> "What hast he here, wench?"
> "O! cried the poor girl, almost going off in hysterics. I thought it was Ned Williams, and it is one of his pet phrases."
> "And what was thee ganging to do wi' Ned Williams at this time o' night?"
> "To see him, though, Ned Williams had been my heart's delight; but when I saw that, mon? ad, they'll sliver thee like a twine, mon."
> "I know my life is in great danger," said Waverley, "but if you can assist me, I will reward you handsomely." He held out a sovereign. St. Lachlan, but an unfortunate English gentleman."

"Be hos Scot or no," said the honest farmer, "I wish thou hast kept the other side of the hallan. But when the lawyer and his wife gave me this address, I thought to myself, 'Well, I shall see if this young lad will be received after the fatigues of this unhappy day.'"

With the morning arrived the news that the Highlanders had evacuated Penrith, and marched off to the north. The Duke of Caroline thought it was an opportunity to recover the roads in every direction. To attempt to get through undiscovered would be an act of the most frantic impudence. Ned Williams (the right Edward) was now called on to counsel with the General and his father, and with the best directions that could be obtained, to attempt to take the entire command after the fatigues of this unhappy day."

The necessary articles of dress were accordingly procured, and, by following the instructions given, the young farmer, they hoped to escape any unpleasant encounter. A recompense for their hospitality was advanced, and although he found Mons. de Chury and his tribe in good spirits under arms, yet the circumstance appeared extreme. In fact, the Duke of Caroline, an old royalist, did not object to such time as he had Mons. de Chury's opinion. "I wear my sword, but I carry no arms," said the Duke of Caroline. "I wear my sword for the sake of the good time that is about to come, and I carry no arms so that I may be able to do as I please."

**The Capture of the Enemy**

The capture of one of the English troops was a fortunate event. Mons. de Chury lost only in the action, and one of whom some have been but one wound, fell afterwards into the hands of the enemy, and were sent to the French. Mons. de Chury was not the only one who bore arms. The Comte de Nairme, Brigadier, who is being imprisoned, is now in France, with the three battalions of the Duke of Atholl, the battalion of the Chevalier, and the battalion of the Duke of Atholl's command, in order to support Chury, and to bring off the artillery. But it must be said that Comte de Nairme, with his command, could not reach the place. They therefore returned all to Penrith, and the artillery marched up and down the country for several days, but without effect. The troops are now in good order, and the general pursuit is being continued with great prudence and safety when in some manner surrounded by enemies."
CHAPTER LXI.
A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

The family at Fásthwaite were soon attached to Fáward. He had, indeed, that gentleness and urbanity which almost universally attracts corresponding kindness; and to their simple ideas his learning gave him consequence, and his sorrows interest. The last he ascribed, gravely, to the loss of a brother in the service, and his return to the state of society, where the ties of affection were highly deemed of, his continued depression excited sympathy, but no surprise. Then the last days of January, his more lively powers were called out by the happy union of Edward Williams, the son of his host, with Cicely Joison. Our hero would not cloud with sorrow the festivity attending that occasion, who was the more loth, as he was barely obliged. He therefore exerted himself, danced, sung, played at the various games of the day, and was the blithest of the company. The next morning, however, thinking that he would rather talk of the rank, though perfectly plain and simple, he accomplished crossing the country, and found himself in the desired vehicle risqué to Mrs. Nosebag, the lady of Lieutenant Nosebag, adjutant and riding-master of Waverley.

Farmer Williams, Edward passed for a young knightman, educated for the church, who was come to reside in the town, where the civil tumults permitted him to pass through the country. This silenced suspicion among the kind and simple yeomanry of Cumberland, and accounted sufficiently for the grave manners and retired habits of a man who had abandoned the frontiers, retiring upon Glasgow; and that the Duke of Cumberland had formed the siege of Carlisle. His army, therefore, cut off all possibility of Waverley's escaping into Scotland in that direction. On the eastern border, Marshal Wade, with a large force, was advancing upon Edinburgh, and all along the frontier parties of militia, volunteers, and partisans, were in arms to suppress insurrection, and shivered such stragglers from the Highland army as had been left in England. The surrender of Carlisle, and the severity with which the rebel garrison were threatened, secured to Wade further protection. The peasants were not convinced of the necessity of a solitary and hopeless journey through a hostile country and a large army, to carry the assistance of a single sword to a cause which seemed altogether desperate.

In this lonely and secluded situation, without the advantage of company or conversation with men of cultivated minds, the arguments of Colonel Talbot often recurred to his mind. He still remembered with anxiety recollection haunted him—burned him—he was not again to give him the honor of his presence in civil conflict. Then his mind turned to the supposed death of Peruginus, to the desolate situation of Flora, and, with yet more tender recollection, to that of Rose Bardwaring, who was destitute of the devoted enthusiasm of loyalty, which, to her friend, bellowed and exalted misfortune. These revives he was permitted to enjoy, undisturbed by queries or interruption; and it was many a winter walk by the shores of Lochet, that he acquired a more complete mastery of a spirit tamed by adversity, than his former experience had given him; and that he felt himself entitled to say firmly, their suffering was nothing to a sigh, that the romance of his life was ended, and that its real history had now commenced. He was soon called upon to justify his pretensions by reason and philosophy.

Such was this distressing paragraph. — "Good God!" exclaimed the parricide — "Impossible! My father, who never showed the affection of a father while he lived, cannot have been so much affected by my supposed death as to hasten his own; no, I believe, he has still the power of entertaining for a moment such a horrible idea. But it were, if possible, worse than parricide to suffer any danger to hang over my noble and generous uncle, who has ever been more to me than a father, if we do not brave the evil, can be averted by any sacrifice on my part!"

While these reflections passed like the visions of a spirit through Waverley's sensorium, the worthy divine was started in a long disquisition on the battle of Falkirk, and the glories of which they communicated to his looks, and asked him if he was ill? Fortunately the bridge, all smirks and blushes, had just entered the room. Mrs. Williams was none of the brightest of women, who, after carefully considering, concluded that Edward had been shocked by disagreeable news in the papers, interfered so judiciously, that without exciting suspicion, she drew off Mr. Twight's eyes, and engaged with the widow after her left. Waverley then explained to his friends, that he was under the necessity of going to London as little delay as possible.

One cause of delay, however, did occur, to which Waverley had been very little accustomed. His purse, though well stocked when he first went to Tully Veolan, had not been reinforced since that period, and although his life since had not been of a nature to exhaust it hastily, for he had lived chiefly with his friends or with the army, yet, he found, that, after settling with his kind landlord, he should be too poor to encounter the expenses of a London visit. Of course, therefore, seemed to be, to get into the great north road about Borough-bridge, and there take a place in the Northern Diligence, a huge old-fashioned tub, drawn by two horses, which completes the journey from Edinburgh to London (God willing, as the advertisement expressed it) in three weeks. Our hero, therefore, took an affectionate farewell of his friends, and retired to the town of Carlisle; where he never to forget, and tacitly hoped one day to acknowledge, by substantial proofs of gratitude. After some petty difficulties and vexatious delays, and after putting his horse in the lath or a rank, though perfectly plain and simple, he accomplished crossing the country, and found himself in the desired vehicle risqué to Mrs. Nosebag, the lady of Lieutenant Nosebag, adjutant and riding-master of Waverley.
the — dragons, a jolly woman of about fifty, wearing a blue habit, faced with scarlet, and grasping a silver scabbard.

This lady was one of those active members of society who take upon them faire le frais de conversation. She had just returned from the north, and indeed the whole household were out hunting, or had been hunting the peticoat people into ribands at Falkirk, "only somehow there was one of those nasty, awkward maresies, that they are never without in Scotland, I think, and so our poor dear little regiment suffered something, as my Nosebag says, in that unsatisfactory affair. You, sir, have served in the dragons?" Waverley was taken so much at unawares that he answered, "Yes, sir, and for a regiment?"

"O, I knew it at once: I saw you were military from your air, and I was sure you could be none of the foot-wobblers, as my Nosebag calls them. What regiment, pray?"

"Gordier's dragons, ma'am; but I have retired some time."

"O aye, those as won the race at the battle of Preston, as my Nosebag says. Pray, sir, were you there?"

"I was so unfortunate, ma'am," he replied, "as to vote for a winner!

"And that was a misfortune that few of Gardiner's stood to witness, I believe, sir—ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon; but a soldier's wife loves a joke."

"Ha! ha! ha! a soldier's wife, what infernal luck has penned me up with this inquisitive hag! Fortunately the good lady did not stick long to one subject. We are coming to Ferrybridge, now, and she said, "Wait a minute, were we left to support the bearables, and constables, and justices, and these sorts of creatures that are examining papers and stopping rebels and all that. They were hardly in the town before they were saluted by a cheer from the windows, and groans of Waverley to the door of Bridget, saying, "Yonder comes Corporal Bridget, of our poor dear troop; he's coming with the constable man; Bridget's one of my lambs, as Nosebag calls him."

"Come, Mr. — a—a—pray, what's your name, sir?"

"Butler, ma'am," said Waverley, resolved rather to make free with the name of a former fellow officer, than run the risk of detection by inventing one, not to be found in the regiment.

"O, you got a troop lately, when that shabby fellow, Waverley, went over to the rebels? Lord, I wish my old comrade Captain Crump would go over too! The rebels, that Nosebag might get the troop!—Lord, what can Bridget be standing swinging on the bridge for? I'll be hanged if he ain't hazy, as Nosebag says, you are, and going to the service, we'll put the race in mind of his duty."

Waverley, with feelings more easily conceived than described, saw himself obliged to follow this doughty female commander. The gallant trooper was as like a lamb as a drunk corporal of dragons, about six feet high, with very broad shoulders, and very thin legs, not to mention a great scar across his nose, could well be. Mrs. Nosebag addressed him with something, which if not an oath, sounded very much like one, and commanded him to attend to his duty.

"You be — for a —" commenced the gallant cavalier; but, looking up in order to suit the action, or perhaps the voice, with which he addressed the lady, he also enlaced the party, he recognised the speaker, made his military salam, and altered his tone. "Lord love your hands, ma'am!-Did ever Nosebag, is it you? Why, if a poor fellow does happen to fire a slug of a morning, I am sure you were never the lady to bring him this.

"Well, you rascalion, go, mind your duty; this gentleman and I belong to the service; but be sure you look after that shy cock in the slouched hat that sits in the corner of the coach. I believe he's one of the rebels."

"D—n her cowberry wig," said the corporal, when she was out of hearing, "that gimlet-eyed jade—mother adjutant, as we call her—a greater plague to the regiment than provost-marshal. sergeant-major, and old Hubble-de-Shuff, the colonel, into the bar gain.—Come, Master Constable, let's see if this shy cock, as he calls him, (who by the way, was a Quaker from Leeds, with whom Mrs. Nosebag had had some tart argument on the legality of bearing arms,) will stand godfather to a pup of brandy, for your Yorkshire and Lancashire society.

The vivacity of this good lady, as it helped Edward out of this scrape, was like to have drawn him into one or two others. In every town where they stopped, she wished to examine the corpse de garde, if there was one, and once very narrowly missed introducing Waverley to a recruiting-sergeant of his own regiment. Then she Captain'd and Butler'd him till he was quite maddened with vexation, and never was he more rejoiced in his life at the termination of a journey, than when the arrival of the coach in London freed him from the attentions of Madam Nosebag.

CHAPTER LXII.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE NEXT?

It was twilight when they arrived in town; and having shaken off his companions, and walked through a good many streets, to avoid the attention of Edward, traced by them, Edward took a hackney-coach and drove to Colonel Talbot's house, in one of the principal squares at the west end of the town. That gentleman, with his two children, had been exposed to many ridicule and ridicule since his marriage to a large fortune, possessed considerable political interest, and lived in what is called great style.

When Waverley knocked at his door, he found it at first difficult to procure admittance, but at length was shown into an apartment where the Colonel was at table. Lady Emily, whose very beautiful features were still pallid from indisposition, sat opposite to him. The instant he heard Waverley's voice, he started up and embraced him. "Frank Stanley, my dear boy, how d'yde?—Emily, my love, this is young Stanley."

The blood started to the lady's cheek as she gave Waverley a reception, in which courtesy was mingled with kindness, while her trembling hand and faltering voice showed how much she was startled and discomposed. Dinner was hastily replaced, and while Waverley was engaged in refreshing himself, the Colonel proceeded—"I wonder you have come here, Frank. The Doctors tell me the air of London is very bad for the complaint. You should not have troubled yourself with it. But I am delighted to see you, and, Emily is Emily, though I fear we must not reckon upon your staying long."

"Some particular business brought me up," muttered Waverley.

"I suppose so, but I shan't allow you to stay long. Spontoon," (to an elderly military-looking servant out of livery,) "take away these things, and answer the bell yourself, if I ring. Don't let any of the other fellows disturb us—My nephew and I have business to talk of."

When the servants had retired, "In the name of God, Waverley, what has brought you here? It may be as much as your life is worth."

"Dear Mr. Waverley," said Lady Emily, "to whom I owe so much more than acknowledgments can ever pay, how any one of these rebels can disturb us—""

"My father—my uncle—this paragraph,"—he handed the paper to Colonel Talbot.

"I wish to Heaven these scoundrels were condemned to be exhibited to death in their own press."

"William T. Talbot," said Talbot, "to whom I am told there are not less than a dozen of their papers now published in town, and no wonder that they are obliged to invent lies to find sale for their rags. It is the art of Edward, that you have lost your father; but as to this flourish of his unpleasant situation having grated upon his spirits, and hurt his health—the truth is—is a clever fellow, and not rebellious enough to wish to say so. Let your mind from the idea of weighty responsibility—the truth then is, that Mr. Richard Waverley, through this whole business, showed great want of sensibility, both to your situation and that of your uncle; and
the last time I saw him, he told me, with great glee, that as I was so good as to take charge of your inte-
rests, Sir Edward is gone down to Waverley-Ho-
nor, freed from all uncessiness, unless upon your own 
account. But you are in peril yourself—your name is 
every proclamation—warrants are out to apprehend you. Do you think Edward is afraid of you?
Edward told his story at length, suppressing his 
quarrel with Ferguson; for, being himself partial to 
Highlanders, he did not wish to give any advantage 
to the Colonel's national prejudices.
"Are you sure it was your friend Glen's footboy 
you saw dead in Clifton Moor?"
"Quite positive."
"Then that little limb of the devil has cheated the 
gallows, for cut-throat was written in his face; though (turning to Lady Emily) "it was a very 
hand-some face too.—But for you, Edward, I wish 
you had been the judge, for I wish you had never 
sterred from thence, for there is an embargo in all 
the seaports, and a strict search for the adherents of the Pretender; and the tongue of the 
outrider is as much on her head as the clack of a 
mill, till somehow or other we will detect Captain 
Butler to be a feigned personage."
"Do you know any thing, asked Waverley, "of 
my husband?"
"Her husband was my sergeant-major for six 
years; she was a buxom widow, with a little money— 
his married her—was steady, and got on by being 
a good horseman and Spontoon; to which she is 
about; he will find her out among the old regimental 
connections. To-morrow you must be indisposed, 
and keep your room from fatigue. Lady Emily is to 
be relieved by Spontoon and your attendants. 
You hear the name of a near relation of mine, whom 
none of my present people ever saw, except Spontoon, 
so there will be no immediate danger. So pray feel 
your head ache and your eyes grow heavy as soon as 
possible, that you may be put upon the sick list; and, 
Emily, do you order an appointment for Frank 
Stanley with all the attentions which an invalid may 
 reciprocity.
In the morning the Colonel visited his guest.
"Now," said he, "I have some good news for you. Your reputation as a gentleman and officer is effectu-
ally cleared of neglect of duty, and accusation to the 
rectory in Garvock, and a personal assurance from 
yourself on this subject with a very zealous 
friend of yours, your Scottish parson, Morton; his 
first letter was addressed to Sir Frederick; but I re-
lieved the good Baronet of the trouble of answering 
it. You must know, that your free-booting acquaint-
tance, Donald of the Cave, has at length fallen into 
the hands of the Philistines. He was driving off 
the cattle of a certain proprietor, called Killan—some-
things or other—""
"Killaneare?"
"It seems so. Now the gentleman being, it seems, a 
great farmer, and having a special value for his breed 
of cattle, being, moreover, rather of a timid disposi-
tion, had got a party of soldiers to protect his 
property. So Donald ran his head unawares into 
the lion's mouth, and was defeated and made prisoner. 
Being ordered for execution, his conscience was assa-
issed on the one hand by a Catholic priest, on 
the other by your friend Morton. He repulsed the Catho-
lic, but yielded to Morton. He had a certain 
extravagant notion, which this economical gentleman consid-
ered as an excessive waste of oil. So his conversion 
from a state of impertinence fell to Mr. Morton's 
share, who rendered him a service, and gained another of 
this sort. I suppose, Donald made but a queer kind of 
Christian after all. He confessed, however, before a 
magistrate, one Major Melville, who seems to have been a 
correct friendly sort of person, his full intrigue with 
Houghton, explaining particularly how it was car-
ried on, and fully acquitting you of the least acces-
sation to it. I was sent for by the men who have 
been going about and seizing the hands of the xv rnter officer, and sending you, by orders of the; First-Chevalier, I mean—as a pris-
oner to Doune, from whence you understood you were 
carried prisoner to Edinburgh, and quartered in 
quarters which cannot tell in your favour. He hint-
ed that he had been employed to deliver and protect you, and rewarded for doing so; but he would not 
confess by name or place; but I have mind breaking any ordinary oath to satisfy the 
curiosity of Mr. Morton, to whose plaus admonitions 
he owed so much, yet, in the present case, he had been so wronged, as I would tell you which, it seems, constituted, in his opinion, an invi-
nable obligation.
"And what is become of him?"
"Oh, he was hanged at Stirling after the rebels 
raised the siege, with his lieutenant, and four planks 
besides; he having the advantage of a gallows more 
lofty than his friends."
"Well, I have little cause either to regret or re-
joice at his death; and yet he has done me both good 
and harm to a very considerable extent."
"His confession, at least, will serve you material-
ly, since it is able to colour the picture of the confi-
dences which gave the accusation against you a com-
plexion of a nature different from that with which so 
many unfortunate gentlemen, now, or lately, in arms 
against the government, have been convicted. Their 
transgression—I must give it its name, though you 
participate in its guilt—is an action arising from mis-
taken virtue, and therefore cannot be classed as a 
disgrace, though it be doubtless highly criminal. Where 
the quality are so numerous, clemency must be 
extended to far the greater number; and I have little 
doubt of procuring a remission for you, providing we 
can keep you out of the clutches of justice, till she 
has selected and consigned her victims; for in this, as 
in other cases, it will be according to the vulgar pro-
verb, "First come, first served." Besides, govern-
ment are desirous at present to intimidate the Eng-
lish Jacobites; though I think they can find few ex-
amples for punishment. This is a vindictive and timid 
feeling which will soon wear off, for, of all nations, 
the English are least blood-thirsty by nature. But it 
exists at present, and you must, therefore, be kept 
out of the way in the mean time."

Now entered Spontoon with an anxious counte-

ancient—his regimental acquaintance—had 
reed out Miss Porter, and, with his full of ire, 
ness, and fidget, at discovery of an impostor, who had 
travelled from the north with her under the assumed 
capte of Captain Butler of Gardiner's dragoons. 
She was going to the city, and Sir Frederick, 
who have him sought for as an emissary of the Pretender; 
but Spontoon, (an old soldier,) while he pretended to 
As the brethren desires continued an indecible old man, 
they were by Stux, the Scottish Highlanders had usually some 
peculiar sentiment attached to an oath, which they inten-
ded should be binding on them. Very frequently it was 
your hands, as they were, on their own drawn dirk; when 
anger, becoming a party to the transaction, was smooked to 
punish any breach of faith. But by whatever ritual the oath 
was sanctioned, the party was extremely desirous to keep secret 
what the special oath was, which he considered as inviolable. 
This was a matter of great convenience, as he felt no scruple in 
breaking his solemn word when such seemed to be the will 
that he accounted as peculiar solemn; and therefore rea-
dly granted any engagement which bound him no longer than 
he inclined. When the law of the oath which he accounted inviolable was once publicly 
known, no party with whom he might have 
veracity of contract, would have rested satisfied with any other. 
Louis XI. of France practiced the same sophistry, for he also 
had a peculiar species of oath, the only one which he was ever 
known to respect, and which, therefore, he was very unwilling 
to pledge. The only engagement which was thus tacitly 
accepted binding, for example, was an oath of the Holy Cross 
or Saint Louis' Angels, which contained a portion of the True Cross. 
If the peculiarity of the oath was not recognized at a certain 
due within the year. The Constable Saint Paul, being invited to a 
personal conference with Louis, refused to meet the king 
unless he would promise him such a form of oath as was known 
this. But, says Comines, the king replied, he would 
be more accommodating to you, my lord, though I was 
will to engage with any other oath which could be devised. 
The treaty broke off, therefore, after much discussing concerning 
the nature of the oath which Louis was to give, the 
ance between the dicta of superstition and those of 
science.
Turning to Scotland? No relenting longings towards the land of mountains and foords, I am afraid.

"None of that," said the Baroness. "I am far from longing to move to Edinburgh, perhaps to your uncle, and even to Colonel Talbot, who now directs his course was now, therefore, the question.

"To Scotland," said Waverley.

"To Scotland?" said the Colonel; "with what purpose, not to engage again with the rebels, I hope?"

"No," I considered my campaign ended, when, after all my efforts, I could not reconcentrate; and now, by all accounts, they are gone to make a winter campaign, I think. In this, His Highness, the Commissioner-in-Chief, for, as Fluellen says, the Duke of York loves me well, and I thank Heaven I have deserved some love at his hands. I am now going out for an hour or two to some man's pate for your departure; your liberty extends to the next room, out by Emily's parlour, where you will find her when you are disposed for music, reading, or conversation. We have taken measures for all servants but Spontoon, who is as true as steel.

In about two hours Colonel Talbot returned, and found my young friend conversing with his lady; she pleased to give the information, and he delighted at being restored, though for a moment, to the society of his own rank, from which he had been for some time excluded.

"And now," said the Colonel, "hear my arrangements, for there is little time to lose. This youngster, Edward Waverley, alias Williams, alias Captain Butler, must continue to pass by his fourth alias of Francis Stanley, my nephew; who shall go out tomorrow for the North, and the charter shall take him the first two stages. Spontoon shall then attend him, and they shall ride post as far as Huntingdon, where the presence of his Grace is expected on the road as my means will check all disposition inquirers. At Huntingdon you will meet the real Frank Stanley. He is studying at Cambridge, but a little while ago, doubtful if the Duke of York's health would permit me to go down to the North myself, I secured him a passport from the secretary of state's office to go in my stead. As he went chiefly to look after you, his journey is not unseasonable. He knows your story; you will dine together at Huntingdon. Remember, in your wine-ride may hit upon some plan for removing or diminishing the danger of your farther progress northward. And now, taking out a morocco case, let me put you in funds for the campaign."

"I am ashamed, my dear Colonel," said I.

"Nay," said Colonel Talbot, "you should consider your purse in any event, but this money is your own. Your father, considering the chance of your being attainted, left me his trustee for your advantage. So that you are worth above 15,000l., besides Broxwood Lodge—a very independent person, I promise you."

My situation was here a little hazy, but the sum you may have, or credit abroad, as soon as your motions require it.

The first event which occurred to Waverley of his newly-acquired wealth, was to write to his former friend Farmer Jopson, requesting his acceptance of a silver tankard on the part of his friend Williams, who had not forgotten the night of the eighteenth December last. He hoped him at the same time carefully to preserve for him his Highland garb and accoutrements, particularly the arms, curious in themselves, and to which the friendship of the donors gave additional value. Lady Emily undertook to find some suitable token of remembrance, likely to flatter the vanity and please the taste of Mrs. Williams; and the Colonel, who was a kind of farmer, promised to send the Underwood, with an excellent team of horses for cart and plough.

One happy day Waverley spent in London and travelling in the manner projected, he met with Frank Stanley at Huntingdon. The two young men were acquainted in a minute.

"I can read my uncle's riddle," said Stanley; "the cautious old soldier did not care to hint to me that I might have more than one chance for him this year. I have no occasion for; but if it should afterwards come out as the rattle-paced trick of a young Cantab, care not, fire &c. You are to General to be Francis Stanley, with the underwood in your service. This is a matter of no moment; this year's campaign will be a joke withal, as the French will not be in sight this year."

"Indeed! and what can induce you to think of re-
dissolved all political purposes from his present journey, and engaged in a series of machinations against the government, while travelling under protection of the secretary's passport.

The day passed morosely away. The young student was inquired into the Waverley campaigns, the Highlanders, and Edward, and was obliged to satisfy his curiosity by whistling a pibroch, dancing a strathspey, and singing a Highland song. The next morning Stanley roared above the wind with his new looks, and parted from him with great reluctance, upon the remonstrances of Spontoon, who, accustomed to submit to discipline, was rigid in enforcing it.

CHAPTER LXIII.

DEBOLATION.

Waverley, riding post, was as the usual fashion of the period, without any adventure save one or two coxcombs, which the talisman of his passport sufficiently answered, reached the borders of Scotland. Here he heard the tidings of the decisive battle of Culloden. It was no more than he had long expected, though the success at Falkirk had thrown a faint and lingering gleam of hope into his mind. The news fell upon him like a shock, by which he was for a time altogether unmanned. The generous, the courteous, the noble-minded Adventurer, was then a fugitive, with his horse broken, and his wig, so enthusiastic, so faithful, were dead, imprisoned, or exiled. Where, now, was the exulted and high-souled Fergus? If, indeed, he had survived the night at Crichton? Where the pure-hearted and primitive blind Bard of Brigwardine, whose foibles seemed foils to set off the disinterestedness of his disposition, the genuine goodness of his heart, and his unskewered courage? Who among the clans for support to these fallen columns, Rose and Flora, where they were to be sought, and in what distress must not the loss of their natural protectors have involved them? Of Flora, he thought with the regret of a brother for a sister; of Rose, with a sensation yet more deep and tender. It might be still his fate to supply the want of those guardians they had lost. Agitated by these thoughts he precipitated his journey.

When he arrived in Edinburgh, where his inquiries must necessarily commence, he felt the full difficulty of his situation. Many inhabitants of that city had seen and knew Edward; how could he then, could he avail himself of a passport as Francis Stanley? He resolved, therefore, to avoid all company, and to move northward as soon as possible. He had no baggage, nor horse or two in expectation of a letter from Colonel Talbot, and he was also to leave his own address, under his feigned character, at a place agreed upon. With this latter purpose he sailed out in the dusk through the well-known streets, carefully shunning observation, but in vain: one of the first persons whom he met at once recognized him. It was Mrs. Flockhart, Fergus MacIvor's good-bombarmed landlady.

"Gude guide us, Mr. Waverley, is this you? na, ye needna be feared for me. I wad betray nay gentleman in your circumstances—ah, lack a daisy! lack a daisy! here's a change o' markets; how merry Colonel MacIvor and you used to be in our house! And the good-natured widow shed a few natural tears. As there was no resisting her claim of acquaintance, Waverley acknowledged it with a good grace, as well as the danger of his own situation. "As it's near the darkning, sir, we'd ye just step in by to our house, and tak a dish o' tea? and I am sure if ye like to ride now the road from the road is clear, and no wars are disturbed, and nobody was ken ye; for Kate and Matty, the limmers, gaed a'it twa o' Hawley's dragoons, and I ha' twa new quens instead o' them."

Waverley, with a sense of unparalleled gratitude, engaged her lodging for a night or two, satisfied he should be safer in the house of this simple creature than anywhere else. When he entered the parlour, his heart swelled to see Flora—and, with the white cockade hanging beside the little mirror.

"Ay," said Mrs. Flockhart, seeing as she observed the direction of his eye, "he was a new one just the day before they marched, and I winna let them tak that aye doun, but just to brush it lika day myself; and whiles I look at it till I just thought it was the new head to bring him his breakfast, as he used to do when he was grana. It's unco silly—the neighbours ca' me a Jacobite—but they may say their say—I am sure it's for that—but he was as kind-hearted a gentleman as ever lived, and as weel-fa'd too. Oh, ye ken, sir, when is to suffer?"

"Suffer! Good heaven!—Why, where is he?"

"Eh, Lord knows! They've nae ken. The Lord be His land body, Duagall, Macalony, cam here a while aye, wi' ane o' his arms cutt off, and a sair clout in the head—ye'll mind Duagall, he carried cee eye an ax on his shouther—and he cam here just begging, as I may say, for something to eat. Aweel, he tauld us the Chief, as they ca'd him, (but I aye ca' him the Colonl,) and Ensign Maccomich, that ye mind best, were ta'en somewhere beside the English border, when it was one dark that his folk never missed him till it was ower late, and they were like to gant clean dant. And he said that little Callum Bog, he was a baud mischievous callant that,) and your honour, and a captain, and three more, were killed. That was the end of it. He's nae mae braun men. But he grat when he speak o' the Colonel, ye never saw the like. And now the word gainges the Colonel is to be tried, and to suffer wi' them that was at Carlisle."

"And his sister?"

"Ay, that they ca'd the Lady Flora—well, she's away up to Carlisle to him, and lives wi' some grand aunt lady theretoun to be near him."

"And," said Edward, "the other young lady?"

"Whilk other? I ken only of an sister the Colonel had."

"I mean Miss Brigwardine," said Edward.

"Ou, ay; the laird's daughter," said his landlady.

"She was a very bonne lassie, poor thing, but far skerrier than Lady Flora."

"Where is the neep o' God's sake?"

"Ou, wha kens where ony o' them is now? pair things, they're a'ar ta'en down for their white coarkles and their white roseus; but she gaed north to her father's in Perthshire, when the government troops cam back to Edinbro'. There was some pretty men among them, and ane Major Whacker was quartered on me, a very ceevil gentleman,—but O, Mr. Waverley, he was nothing as weel-fa'd as she pur Colonl."

"Do you know what has become of Miss Brigwardine's father?"

"The auld lad? na, nabcly kens that; but they say he fought very hard in that bluddy battle at Inversnaess; and Deacon Clank, the white-iron smith, says that the government folk are aar against him for having been ou' twice; and trith he might ha' ta'en warning, but there's nae fule like an auld fule—the pur Colonl was only out a'nce."

Such conversation contained almost all the good-natured widow knew of the fate of her late lodgers and acquaintances, but it was enough to determine Edward, at all hazards, to proceed instantly to Tully-Veolan, where he concluded he should see, or at least hear something of Rosetta. He therefore left a letter for Colonel Talbot at the place agreed upon, signed by his assumed name, and giving for his address the post-town next to the Baron's residence.

From Edinburgh to Perth, he took post-horses, resolving to make the rest of his journey on foot; a mode of travelling to which he was partial, and which had the advantage of permitting a deviation from the road, and of keeping a better eye on the distance. His campaign had considerably strengthened his constitution, and improved his habits of enduring fatigue. His baggage he sent before him as an opportunity of bringing the movements of hostile armies. As he advanced northward, the traces of war became visible. Broken carriages, dead horses, unroofed cottages, trees felled for palisades, and bridges destroyed, on only partially repaired, and the movements of hostile armies. In those places
Waverley.

... where the gentry were attached to the Stewart cause, their houses were dismantled, or deserted, and the usual course of what may be called ornamental labour was totally interrupted, and the inhabitants were seen arguing about with fear, sorrow, and dejection on their faces.

It was one of the greatest misfortunes which his imagination anticipated, and it seemed to him that his time ought only to be consecrated to elegant or amusing study, and relieved now and then by the observation of the heavens; and how saddened, yet how elevated was his character, within the course of a very few months! Danger and misfortune are rapid, though severe teachers.

A sad tale a whisperer of a man, he felt, in internal confidence and mental dignity, a compensation for the pay dreams which, in his case, experience had so rapidly dissolved.

As he approached the village, he saw, with surprise and anxiety, that a party of soldiers were quartered near it, and, what was worse, that they seemed stationary there. This he conjectured from a few tents which he beheld glittering upon what was called the garrison hill, or, if its task of being stopped and questioned in a place where he was so likely to be recognised, he made a large circuit, altogether avoiding the hamlet, and approaching the place by a road known only to him. A single glance announced that great changes had taken place. One half of the gate, entirely destroyed, and split up for firewood, lay in piles ready to be taken away; the other swung useless about upon its loosened hinges. The battlements above the gate were broken and thrown down, and the carved Bears, which were said to have done sentence of duty upon the gate, lay broken and torn from their posts, lay among the rubbish. The avenue was cruelly wasted. Several large trees were felled and tumbled across the path; and the cattle of the villagers, and the monument, which had been placed in black mud the verdant turf which Waverley had so much admired.

Upon entering the courtyard, Edward saw the feras realised which these circumstances had excited. The place had been sacked by the king's troops, who, in wanton mischief, had even attempted to burn it; and though the thickness of the walls had resisted the fiercest efforts of the assailants and our houses were totally consumed. The towers and pinnacles of the main building were scorched and blackened; the pavement of the court broken and shattered; the corn down the park, the grass demolished, and the court strewn with articles of furniture broken into fragments. The accessories of ancient distinction, to which the Baron, in the pride of his heart, had attached so much importance and veneration, were treated with peculiar contumely. The fountain was demolished, and the spring, which had supplied it, now flooded the courtyard. The stone basin seemed to be destined for a drinking-trough for cattle, from the manner in which it was arranged upon the ground. The whole tribe of Bears, large and small, had experienced as little favour as those at the head of the avenue, and one or two of the family pictures, which seemed to have served as targets for the soldiers, lay on the ground in tatters.

With an aching heart, as may well be imagined, Edward viewed this wreck of a mansion so respected. But his anxiety to learn the fate of the proprietors, and his tears as to what that fate might be, increased with his expectation. Then he entered upon the terrace, new scenes of desolation were visible. The balustrade was broken down, the walls destroyed, the borders overgrown with weeds, and the fruit-trees cut and torn up. In one moment of the old-fashioned garden, were two immense horse-chestnut trees, of whose size the Baron was particularly vain: too lazy, perhaps, to cut them down, the spoil from their branches had placed a quantity of gunpowder in the cavity. One

... had been shivered to pieces by the explosion, and the remnants of the fragments loosened, encouraged the ground it had so long shadowed. The other mine had been more partial in its effect. About one-fourth of the trunk of the tree was torn from the mass, which, raised and defaced on the one side, still spread on the other its ample and undiminished boughs.

... Amid these general marks of ravage, there were some which more particularly engaged the feelings of Waverley. Viewing the front of the building, thus wasted and defaced, his eyes naturally sought the little balcony which more properly belonged to Rose's apartment than to the public stage. It was easily discovered, for beneath it lay the shrubs of flowers and shrubs, with which it had its pride to decorate it, and which had been buried from the bastman; several of her books were mingled with branches and flower-pots and other remnants. Among these, Waverley distinguished one of his own, a small copy of Ariosto, and gathered it as a treasure, though wasted by the wind and rain.

While plunged in the sad reflections which the scene excited, he was looking around for some one who might explain the fate of the inhabitants, he heard a voice from the interior of the building singing, in well-remembered accents, an old French song:

"They came upon us in the sight, And made my bower and bow my knight." "My servants for life did flee, And all my hopes were gone by me."

"They slew my knight, to me was dear, They slew my knight, and drive his ghost." "They made me set the sun may rise, But a deadly sleep has closed his eyes." "Alas, thought Edward, is it thou? Poor helpless being, art thou alone left, to gibe and moan, and fill with thy wild and unconnected scraps of minstrelsy the hall, that infected thou?—He then called his voice, first low, and then louder, "Davie—Davie Gallatref!"

The poor simpトン showed himself among the ruins of a sort of green house, that once terminated with a beautiful garden house, of which Waverley had so much admired. The poor fellow appeared amongst the ruins of the house, and of the sweetness which John had largely admired. Edward, now in the face, and said, "A dead and gale—s and gale."

"Who are dead?" said Waverley, for feeling the incapacity of Davie to hold any connected discourse.

"Baron—and Bailie—and Saunders Saumerson—and Lady Rose, that sang so sweet—A dead and—gale—dead and gale."

"But, my dear, where are you?" When Edward saw me.

"While I was busy with the dead, I was also writing the dead should be—" Each in his shroud, in his shroud.

"While winds pipe loud, and red roses posse dis through the cloud."

... A pair of chestnut trees, destroyed, the one entirely, and the other in part, by such a miscible and wasteful set of revenge as grew at Falstaff Castle, the fastnesses of Macbeth of theERRY.

... The first three completions are from an old ballad, called the Border Widow's Lament.
CHAPTER LXIV.

COMPARING OF NOTES.

The Baron's story was short, when divested of the adages and common-places, Latin, English, and Scotch, with which his tradition garnished it. He said the Baron his great at the loss of Edward, and of Glengarnock, sought the fields of Falkirk and Coloden, and related how, after all was lost in the last battle, he had returned home, under the idea of more easily finding shelter among his own tenants, and on his own estate, than elsewhere. A party of soldiers had been sent to lay waste his property, for decency was not the order of the day. Their presence was so much respected that the court. The estate, it was found, might not be diverted to the crown, to the prejudice of Malcolm Bradwine and Inch-Grahame, the heir-male, whose estate was to be sold without regard for decency, as deriving no right through him, and who, therefore, like other heirs of entail in the same situation, entered upon possession. But, unlike many in similar circumstances, he knew his right to the property, and that he had retained uttery to exclude his predecessor from all benefit or advantage in the estate, and that it was his purpose to avail himself of the old Baron's evil fortune to the utmost. This was a matter as it was generally known, that, from a romantic idea of not prejudicing this young man's right as heir-male, the Baron had refrain from setting his hand to the deed.

This selfish injustice was resented by the country people, who were partial to their old master, and irritate against his successor. In the Baron's own words, "The matter did not coincide with the feelings of the commons of Bradwine, Mr. Waverley; and the tenants were black and repugnant in payment of their rents and duties; and when my kinsmen came to the village we were received by James Howie, to last the rents, some wenchworth person. I suspect John Heatherbutter, the pride keeper, that were out in the year fifteen—find a spot at him in the glumery, whereby he was so affrighted, that I may say with Tullis in Caution, Abill, erewit, erewrit, effeul. He fled, sir, as one may vy, incontinent to Sirling. And now he hath advertised the estate for sole, being himself the last substitute in the entail. And if I were to lament about such matters, this would give me more than its passing from my immediate possession, which, in the course of nature, must necessarily have passed in the end, and now it passes from the lineage that should have possessed it in serena secessum. But Girls will be done, and many perfect sexes, Sir John of Bradwine—Blackhead, that model for a common-ancestor of our house and the Inch-Grabins. Little thought such a person would have sprung from his joint. Meantime, he has accused me to some of the notables, the rulers for the time, as if I were a cut-throat, and an abbot of bravest and assassins, and coper-jarets. And they have sent solders here to abate on the estate, and hunt me like a partridge, upon the meanimons, as sharpness, eye of good King David, or like our valiant Sir William Wallace, in that I bring not's it into comparison with either—I thought, when I heard at the door, they had driven the wild deer to his den at last; and so I can propose to do at bay, like a buck of the first head. But now, Janet, cume ye gie us something for supper."

"Ou ay, sir, I' ll brander the moor flood that John Heatherbutter brought in this morning; and ye see par Davie's roasting the black hen's eggs. I daur say, Mr. Waverley, ye never kent that a' the eggs that were sold to the dead men red about red about yesterday, were ay turned by our Davie?—there's no the like o' him any gate for powtering wi' his fingers among the hot peat ashes, and roasting eggs." Davie all this while lay with his arms folded, his eyes fixed among the ashes, kicking his heels, mumbling to himself, turning the eggs as they lay in the hot burners, as if to confute the provest, that there goes reason to roasting of eggs, and justify the culgummon which poor Janet poured out upon.

"His wife she loved, her idiot boy."
swar at me that it was the auld rebel, as the villains called his Honour: and Davie was in the wood, and heard the tiulzie, and he, just out o' his ain head, got up the auld gray mantle that his Honour had flung off him to gae the faster, and came out o' the very same bit o' the wood, majoring and looking about a\l like his Honour, that they were clean beguiled, and thought they had letten aff their gun at crack-brained Sam bowy, as they ca'd him; and they gae me a\l expanse, and I a salmon fish, to say nothing about it.—Na, na, Davie's no just like other folk, puir fello\l; but he's no sae silly as folk tak him for.—But, to be sure, we saw nae doon for his Honour, when we and ours have lived on his ground this twa hundred years; and when he kept my puir Jamie at school and college, and even at the Ha'—house, till he was on a master; and when he saved the true being ta'en to Perth as a witch—Lord forgive'thee that would touch sic a puir silly auld body!—and has maintained puir Davie at buck and manger maint feck o' his life?'

Waverley at length found an opportunity to interrupt Janet's narrative, by an inquiry after Miss Bradwardine.

"She's weel and safe, thank God! at the Duchan," answered the Baron; "the laird's distinctly related to us, and more nearly to my chaplain, Mr. Rubrick; and, though he be of Whig principles, yet he's not for gay."

The Bailie's wife was doing what he can to save something out of the wreck for puir Rose; but I doubt, I doubt, I shall never see her again, for I maun lay my bane in some far corner of the house.

"Hout na, your Honour," said old Janet, "ye were just as ill aff in the fifties, and got the bonnie bonnie back, na a'.—And now the clog is ready, and the hun-cock's bann'd red, and their gall's a thrush and the heel o' the white loof that can frae the Bailie's; and there's plenty o' brandy in the greybeard that Luckie Mac-Learn sent down, and we've ye in plenty, as I was sair!"

"I wish, the Prince, at least, of our acquaintance, may be no worse off," said the Baron to Waverley, who joined him in cordial hopes for the safety of the unfortunate Chevalier.

Then they began to talk of their future prospects. The Baron's plan was very simple. It was to escape to France, where, by the interest of his old friends, he hoped to get some military employment, of which he still conceived himself capable. He invited Waverley to go with him, a proposal in which he acquiesced, providing the interest of Colonel Talbot should fail in procureing his pardon. Of this he hoped to be informed by the laird, and give him a right to assist him in his exile; but he forbore to speak on this subject until his own fate should be decided. Then he added, that he had, if possible, become more anxious, for whom the Baron expressed great anxiety, although, he observed, he was "the very Achilles of Horatius Flaccus."

"Imperator, Invincibilis, incolatus, acer."

Which," he continued, "has been thus rendered (vernacularly) by Struan Robertson:

A fine eel, a furious chief.
As lie so zingal le d' clive at steel."

Flora had a large and unqualified share of the good man's sympathy.

It was about a week late. Old Janet got into some kind of kennel behind the hallan; Davie had been long asleep and snoring between Ban and Bucscar. These dogs had followed him to the hut after the mansion-house was deserted, and there constantly resisted; and their ferocious watch against a woman's temptation of being a witch, contributed a good deal to keep visitors from the glen. With this view, Bailie M'Intyre had provided Janet underhang with gloves over their main body; and also with what articles of luxury for his patron's use, in supplying which much precaution was necessarily used. After some completion, the mansion-house occupied his usual course, and Waverley reclined in an easy chair of tatter'd velvet, which had once garnished the state bed-room of Tully Colin, 011 the furniture of this mansion was now scattered through all the cottages in the vicinity, and went to sleep as comfortably as if he had been in a bed of down.

CHAPTER LXV.

MORE EXPLANATION.

With the first dawn of day old Janet was scuttling about the house to wake the Baron, who usually slept sound and heavily.

"I must go back," he said to Waverley, "to my cover: will you walk down the glen with me?" They went out together, and followed a narrow and entangled foot-path, which the occasional passage of anglers, or woodcutters, had traced by the side of the stream. On their way, the Baron explained to Waverley, that he would be under no danger in remaining a day or two at Tully-Veolan, and even in being seen walking about, if he used the precaution of pretending that he was looking at the estate as agent or surveyor for an English gentleman, who designed to be purchaser. With this view, he recommended to him to visit the Bailie, who still lived at the factor's house, called Little Veolan, about a mile from the village, though he was to remove at next term. Stanley's passport would be an answer to the officer who commanded the military; and as to any of the country people who might recognize Waverley, the Baron assured him he was in no danger of being betrayed by them. "I believe," said the old man, "half the people of the barony believe that their poor servant, my Scotch howbee, is nowhere hereabout; for I see they do not suffer a single barn to come here a bird-nesting; a practice, which, when I was in full possession of my power as baron, I was unable to put a stop."

No one could find her of things in my way, that the poor bodich, God help them! leave there, because they think they may be useful to me. I hope they will get a wiser master, and as a curse, as I was." A natural sigh closed the sentence; but the quiet equanimity with which the Baron endured his misfortunes, had something in it venerable and even sublime.

There was no fruitless repining, no turbulent melancholy: he bore his lot, and the hardships which it involved, with a good-humoured, though serious composure, and used no violent language against the prevailing party.

"I did what I thought my duty," said the old man, "and questionless they are doing what they think it. Grives me sometimes to look upon these bloodsuckers, these traitors; but doubtless officers cannot always keep their hand from depredation and spoliation; and Gustavus Adolphus himself, as ye may read in Colonel Munro his History, (which the great traveller Poggeke called Jerbo,) a feeble people, that make our abode in the rocks. So, fare you well, my good lad, till we meet at Janet's in the even; for I must get into Patmos, which is no easy matter for my auld stiff legs." With that he began to ascend the rock, striking, with the help of his hands, from one precarious foothold to another, not without fear, for two or three bushes concealed the mouth of a hole, resembling an oven, into which the Baron insinuated, first his head and shoulders, and then, by slow gradation, the rest of his long body. His legs and feet, finally disappearing, seemed, as it were, a huge snako entering his retreat, or a long pedigree introduced with care and difficulty into the narrow pigeon-hole of an
old cabinet. Waverley had the curiosity to clamber up and look in upon him in his den, as the lurking- place of a small black, roomy, old deal chest, which he looked not unlike that ingenious puzzle, called a reel in a bottle, the marvel of children, (and of some grown people too, myself for one,) who can neither comprehend it nor get it undone, and yet desire to be taken out. The cave was very narrow, too low in the roof to admit of its standing, or almost of his sitting up, though he made some awkward attempts at it. He observed that, in the highest part of this cave, was dried beef, and filled with clean straw and withered fern. "It made," as he said, coiling himself up with an air of simperous and comfort which contrasted strangely with his situation, "unles when the wind was due north, a very passable air for an old soldier." Neither, as he observed, was he without sentinels for the purpose of reconnoitring. Davie and his mother were constantly on the watch, to discover and aver danger; and it was singular what instances of address seemed dictated by the instinctive attachment of the poor simpleton, when his patron's safety was concerned.

With Janet, Edward now sought an interview. He had recognised her at first sight as the old woman who had nursed him during his sickness after his military exploit at Brunanburh. She was very tall, though a little repaired, and somewhat better furnished, which certainly was the place of his confinement; and he now recollected on the common roar of Tully-Veolan the talk of a large decayed house, called the Gaye Ee-tree, in which he had no doubt was the same at which the Highlanders rendezvoused on that memorable night. All this he had combined in his imagination the night before last, and, like a savage, who has never read a book, prevented him from cataclysming Janet in the presence of the Baron.

He now commenced the task in good earnest; and the first question was, Was it the young lady that visited the hut during his illness? Janet paused for a little; and then observed, that to keep the secret now, would neither do good nor ill to any body.

"It was just a laddy that hainn her equal in the world—Miss Bardwadine!"

"Then Miss Rose was probably also the author of my deliverance." Inferred Waverley, delighted at the thought of which he was so much the author, as the art in which he was about to display his ingenuity to keep a word about the matter; for she said, "I meant to speak asye Gaelic when ye was in hearing, to make ye trow we were in the Hebrides. I could speak it well enough, for my mother was a Hebridean woman."

A few more questions now brought out the whole mystery respecting Waverley's deliverance from the bondage in which he left Carnwarken. Never did a bowel sound sweeter to an aquaint, than the coarse teutology, with which old Janet detailed every circumstance, thrilled upon the ears of Waverley. But his reason was not so dull a lover, and I must spare his patience, by attempting to comprehend within reasonable compass, the narrative which old Janet spread through a baragone of nearly two hours.

Janet had informed to Ferguson the letter he had received from Rose Bardwadine, by Davie Geltair, giving an account of Tully-Veolan being occupied by a small party of soldiers, that circumstance and the well being of her busy and active mind of the Chieftain. Eager to display the power of his mind and the force of the enemy, desire to prevent their establishing a garrison so near him, and willing also to obtain some news of his wife, which was then exactly in his duty, the news of Cope's having marched into the Highlands to meet and disperse the forces of the Chevalier, they came to a head, obliged him to join the standard with his whole forces.

He sent to David to find him; but that cautious freebooter, who well understood the value of a separate command, instead of joining sent various messages which the pressure of the times compelled him to send from one side to another, without the internal resolution of being renowned on him for his procrastination, time and place convenient. However, as he could not avoid the matter, he issued orders to David to return into the Low Country, drive the soldiers from Tully-Veolan, and, paying all respect to the mansion of the Baron, to take his abode somewhere near it, for protection of his daughter, which he knew would keep away any of the armed volunteers, or small parties of military, which he might find moving about the vicinity.

As this charge formed a sort of roving commission, which Donald proposed to interpret in the way most advantageous to himself, as he was relieved from the immediate terror of Ferguson, and as he had, from former secret services, some interest in the concerns of the Chevalier, he resolved to make hay while the sun shone. He achieved, without difficulty, the task of driving the soldiers from Tully-Veolan; but although he desired to cut to the quick of the Chevalier, or to disturb Miss Rose, being unwilling to make himself a powerful enemy in the Chevalier's army.

"For well he knew the Baron's wrath was deadly; yet he set about to raise contributions and exactions on the tenantry, and otherwise to turn the war to his own advantage. Meanwhile he mounted the white cockade, and waited upon Rose with a pretence of great devotion for the service in which her father was engaged, and many apologies for the freedom he used, but in which he did not use the power to assume. It was at this moment that Rose learned, by open-mouthed fame, with all sorts of exaggeration, that Waverley had killed the smith at Carnwarken, in an attempt to arrest him; and then cast into a dungeon by Major Melville of Carnwarken, and was to be executed by martial law within three days. In the anxiety which these tidings excited, she proposed to Donald Bean the rescue of the prisoner. It was the very sort of service which he was desirous to undertake, judging it might constitute a merit of such a nature as would make amends for any pecuniary losses which his action might have occasioned, and add to the art, however, pleasure all the while duty and discipline, to hold off, until poor Rose, in the extremity of her distress, offered to him the enterprise with some valuable presents which had been her mother's.

Donald Bean, who had served in France, knew, and perhaps over-estimated, the value of these trinkets. But he also perceived Rose's apprehensions of its being discovered that she had parted with her jewels for Waverley's liberation. Resolved this scruple should not part him and the husband, he voluntarily offered to take an oath that he would never mention Miss Rose's share in the transaction; andforeseeing convenience in keeping the oath, and no probable advantage in breaking it, he took the engagement—in order, as he told his lieutenant, to deal handomely by the young lady—in the only modest form by which, with a mental pact with himself, he considered as binding—he swore secrecy upon his own head.

It was not until the next day and the time of his departure, that Miss Bardwadine showed to her daughter Alice, which, while they cared the heart of the mountain damsels, highly gratified the spirit of the lady. And Alice, who would now have poured out the whole contents of her little English, was very unwilling to account for Rose's kindness, rashly confided to her the whole papers respecting the intrigue with Garneth, those papers which were the demonstration, and as readily undertook, at no instance, to restore them to Waverley without her father's knowledge. For they may oblige the young lady and the young some young gentlemen, and Alice, and what use has my father for a mere o' scarted paper?"
The reader is aware that she took an opportunity of executing this purpose on the eve of Waverley's leaving the glen.

How Donald executed his enterprise, the reader is aware, but the expulsion of the military from Tullie-Veolan was, he was told, so skillfully managed that the provost's son might have been in one of the windows had he not been hurried away by a gale of wind. Captain Parker, a gentleman and a disciplinarian, neither intruded himself on Miss Bradwardine, whose unprotected situation he respected, nor permitted his soldiers to commit any breach of discipline, nor even to cut down a little elm, which was left standing near the house of Tullie-Veolan, and placed proper guards at the passes in the vicinity. This unwell news reached Donald Bean Lean as he was returning to Tullie-Veolan. Determined, however, to obtain the good of his labour, he resolved, since approach to Tullie-Veolan was impossible, to deposit his prisoner in Janet's cottage, a place, the very existence of which could hardly have been suspected even by those who had long lived in the vicinity, unless they had been guided thereto, and which was utterly unknown to Waverley himself. This effected, he claimed a reward; and the whole affair, as it appeared, was an event which deranged all their calculations. Donald was obliged to leave the neighbourhood with his people, and to seek more free course for his adventures. He, in his beauty, he carried with him an old man, a herbalist, who was supposed to understand a little of medicine, to attend Waverley during his illness.

In the meanwhile, new and fearful doubts started in Rose's mind. They were suggested by old Janet, who insisted, that a reward having been offered for the apprehension of Waverley, and his own personal enemy and habitual haunts not being far, the danger was not so great as to make him sacrilegious, and that what breach of faith Donald might be tempted. In an agony of grief and terror, Rose took the resolution of explaining to the Prince himself the danger that was so imminent. Waverley, of course, would not object to any interference on his part, both as a politician, and a man of honour and humanity. Charles Edward would interest himself to prevent his falling into the hands of the opposite party. This letter she at first thought of sending anonymously, but naturally feared it would not, in that case, be credited. She therefore subscribed her name, though with reluctance and terror, and consigned it to the hands of an old man, who was to take it along with his family to join the Chevalier's army, made it his petition to her to have some sort of credentials to the Adventurer, from whom he hoped to obtain a commission. Waverley enclosed a letter to Charles Edward, fixing his descent to the Lowlands, and, aware of the political importance of having it supposed that he was in correspondence with the English Jacobites, he caused the messenger to be transmitted, to Donald Bean Lean, to transmit Waverley, safe and uninterred, in person or effects, to the governor of Doune Castle. The freewheeling durst not disobey, for the army of the Prince was now so near him that punishment might have followed; besides, he was a politician as well as a robber, and was unwilling to cancel the interest created through former secret services by being refractory on this occasion. He therefore made a virtue of necessity, and transmitted orders to his lieutenant to convey Edward to Doune, which was safely accomplished in the mode mentioned in a former chapter. The governor of Doune was directed to send him to Edinburgh as a prisoner, because the Prince was apprehensive that Waverley, if set at liberty, might have resumed his purpose of returning to England, without affording him an opportunity of a personal interview. In this, indeed, he acted by the advice of the Chevalier of Glenfinnan, with whom it may be remembered the Chevalier consulted the morning of the mysterious departure of Edward, though without telling him how he came to learn the place of his confinement.

This, indeed, Charles Edward considered as a libel, though Rose's letter was couched in the most cautious and general terms, and proffered to be written merely from motives of humanity, and zeal for the Prince's service, on which she expressed so anxious a wish that she should not be known to have interfered, that the Chevalier was induced to suspect the deep interest which she took in Waverley's safety. This conjecture, which was well founded, led, led, in the eyes of the court, and the court of public estimation, to the report of his death. His death, however, so far as the world was concerned, was not known, and the report was that he was being prepared for the service of the Chevalier, and that it would be his last, and his last would be the last of the order, and that he would never return to his country again. It was this report that was current among the people; and, watching attentively the behaviour of the ladies towards Waverley, he had no doubt that the young Englishman had no interest with Flora, and was beloved by Rose Bradwardine. Desirous to bind Waverley to his service, and wishing also to do a kind and friendly action, the Prince next assailed the Baron upon the subject of settling his estate upon his daughter, Mr. Bradwardine acquiesced; but the consequence was, that Fergus was immediately induced to prefer his double suit for a wife and an earldom, which the Prince rejected in the manner we have seen. Fergus expected the result of his own multiplied affairs, had not hitherto sought any explanation with Waverley, though often meaning to do so. But after Fergus's declaration, he saw the necessity of appeasing the couple between the rival, devotedly hoping that the matter, which now seemed fraught with the seeds of strife, might be permitted to lie over till the termination of the expedition. When on the march to Derby, Fergus, being conversing concerning his quarrel with Waverley, alleged as the cause, that Edward was desirous of retracting the suit he had made to his sister, the Chevalier plainly told him, that he had observed nothing suspect in the Chevalier's behaviour to Waverley, and that he was convinced Fergus was under the influence of a mistake in judging of Waverley's conduct, who, he had every reason to believe, was endeavoring to do nothing prejudicial. The quarrel which ensued between Edward and the chieftain is, I hope, still in the remembrance of the reader. These circumstances will serve to explain such points of our narrative, as, according to the custom of story-tellers, we deemed it fit to leave unexplained, for the purpose of exciting the reader's curiosity.

Wh. Janet had once finished the leading facts of this narrative, Waverley was easily enabled to apply the clue which they afforded, to other mazes of the labyrinth in which he had been engaged. To Rose Bradwardine, to Charles Edward, to the Lowlands, to the English Jacobites, to Doune Castle, to Janet, and to Donald Bean Lean, he could freely and unreservedly communicate all the secrets of his mind, that his heart might share with him either in foreign countries or in his own. The pleasure of being allied to a man of the Baron's high worth, and who was so much valued by his uncle Sir Everard, was also an agreeable consideration, had anything been wanting to recommend the match. His absconders, which had appeared grotesquely ludicrous during his prosperity, seemed, in the sunset of his fortune, to be harmonized and assimilated with the noble features of his character, so as to add peculiarly without exciting ridicule. His mind occupied with such projects of future happiness, Edward sought Little Veolan, the habitation of Mr. Duncan Macwheeble.
of oatmeal-porridge, and at the side thereof, a horn-spoon and a bottle of two-penny. Eagerly running his eye over a voluminous law-paper, he from time to time shovelled an immense spoonful of these nutritive substances into his mouth, and, topping them off with a Dutch bottle of brandy which stood by, intimated either that this honest limb of the law had taken his morning already, or that he meant to season his porridge with such digestive; or perhaps both circumstances might reasonably be inferred. His night-cap and morning-gown had-whilom been of tartan, but, equally cautious and frugal, the honest Baillie had not the face to let his old ill-turned colours stand; and might remind his visitors of his unlucky excursion to Derry. To sun up the picture, his face was daubed with snuff up to the eyes, and his fingers with ink up to the knuckles. He looked dubiously at Waverley as he approached the little green sail which fenced his desk and stall from the approach of the vulgar. Nothing could give the Baillie more annoyance than the idea of his acquaintance being claimed by any of the unfortunate gentlemen, who were now so much more likely to need assistance than to afford profit. But this was the rich young Englishman—who knew what Americans mean by a mansion house—I was the Baron's friend too—what was to be done?

While these reflections gave an air of absurd perplexity to the poor man's visage, Waverley, reflecting on the situation, and the manner in which he was about to take his ease, had a sort of a nature so ridiculously contrasted with the appearance of the individual, could not help bursting out a-laughing, as he checked the propensity to explain with Syphax.

"Cato's a proper person to intrust a love-tale with."

As Mr. Macwheddie had no idea of any person large enough to be opprobred by a young man, or oppressed by poverty, the hilarity of Edward's countenance greatly relieved the embarrassment of his own, and giving him a tolerably hearty welcome to Litle Vilder, he chose for his breakfast. His visitor had, in the first place, something for his private ear, and begged leave to bolt the door. Duncan by no means liked this precaution, which savoured of danger to be apprehended; but he could not now draw back.

Convinced he might trust this man, as he could make it his interest to be faithful, Edward communed with his visitor, and the conversation was connected and was much witted by Macwheddie. The wily agent listened with apprehension when he found Waverley was still in a state of procession—was somewhat comforted by learn'r's repelling him, and chose for his breakfast. His visitor had, in the first place, something for his private ear, and begged leave to bolt the door. Duncan by no means liked this precaution, which savoured of danger to be apprehended; but he could not now draw back.

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tion to the late rebellion." The other proves to be a protection of the same tenor in favour of Edward Waverley, Esq. Colonel Talbot's letter was in these words:

"My dear Edward,

"I am just arrived here, and yet I have finished my business; it has cost me some trouble though, as you shall hear. I waited upon His Royal Highness immediately on my arrival, and found him in very good humour for my purposes. Three or four Scotch gentlemen were just leaving his levee. After he had expressed himself to me very courteously; 'Would you think it," he said, 'Talbot, here have been half a dozen of the most liberal gentlemen and best friends to government north of the Forth, Major McVilfe of Carscraggan, Rubrick of Duchran, and others, who have fairly wrung from me, by their downright importunity, a present protection, and the promise of a future pardon, for that stubborn old rebel whom they call Baron of Bradwardine. They allege that his high personal character, and the clemency which he showed to such of us as fell into the rebels' hands, should weigh in his favour; especially as the loss of his estate is likely to be a severe enough punishment. Rubrick has undertaken to keep him informed of all things settled in the country; but it's a little hard to be forced in a manner to pardon such a mortal enemy to the House of Brunswick. This was no favourable moment for open business, but it was fortunate for me to learn that his Royal Highness was in the course of granting such requests, as it embodied me to present one of the like nature in my name. He was at first a little peremptory; I mentioned the uniform support of our three votes in the House, touched mostly on services abroad, though valuable only in his Royal Highness's having been pleased kindly to hear me, and found my pretty string on his own expressions of friendship and good-will. He was embarrassed, but obstinate. I hinted the policy of detaching, on all future occasions, the heir of such a family from the machinations of the disaffected. But I understood peremptorily the obligations which I lay under to Sir Everard, and to you personally, and claimed, as the sole reward of my services, that he would be pleased to afford me the means of expressing my gratitude. I perceived that he still manifested a refusal, and, taking my commission from my pocket, I said, (as a last resource) that as his Royal Highness did not, under these pressing circumstances, grant me the grant I desired, it was the more necessary for me to seek the protection of his Royal Highness, and to retire from the service. He was not prepared for this; he told me to take up my commission; said some handsome things of my services, and granted my request. You are therefore once more a freeman, and I have promised for you that you will be a good boy in future, and remember what you owe to the lenity of government. Thus you see my prince can be as generous as yours. I do not pretend, indeed, that he confers a favour with all the foreign graces and compliments of your Chevalier errant; but he has a plain English manner, and the evident reluctance to grant for your request, indicates the sacrifice which he makes of his own inclination to your wishes. My friend, the adjacent-general, has procured me a duplicate of the Baron's protection, (the original being in Major McVilfe's possession,) which I send to you, as I know that if you can find him you will have pleasure in being the first to communicate the joyful intelligence. He will of course repair to the Bank to give your dividend of quarter, and remain, if necessary, a few weeks. As for you, I give you leave to escort him thither, and to stay a week there, as I understand a certain fair lady is in that quarter. And I have the satisfaction of knowing you will do all that can make in your good graces will be highly a cressible to Sir Everard and Mrs. Rachel, who will not believe your views and prospects settled, and the three eminent personages in actual safety, until you present them with a Mrs. Edward Waverley. Now, certain love-affairs of my own—a good many years since—interrupted some services which were then proposed in favour of the three eminent personages; so I am bound in honour to make them amends. Therefore make good use of your time, for, when your week is expired, you will be necessary to go to London to plead your pardon in the law courts.

"Ever dear Waverley, yours must truly,

"Philip Talbot."

CHAPTER LXVII.

Happy the warning.

That's not long a doing.

When the first rapturous sensation occasioned by these excellent tidings had somewhat spent, the latter part of the day was spent in going down to the prison to acquaint the Baron with their import. But the cautious Bailie justly observed, that if the Baron were to appear instantly in public, the tenantry and villagers might become furious in opposing their joy, and give offence to "the powers that be," a sort of persons for whom the Bailie always had unlimited respect. He therefore proposed that Mr. Waverley should not enter, but should give the Bailie two horsemen, two officers, and one of his servants; and let him go to Edinburgh under their protection, and obtain his countenance for harbouring him that night, and he would have horses ready on the morrow to set him on his way to the Durham along with Mr. Stair, who would comply with all his wishes. Then, by moving on, the Bailie's sworn to give no hint of the Baron's return, and certainly Mr. Stair would--but you will not go down to the glen yourself in the evening to meet your patron's wishes.

"That I would, I will do it, and I would oblige to your honour for putting me in mind of your own business. But it will be past sunset before I get back from the Captain's, and as these unseemly hours the glen has a bad name; there's something so nasty about old Janet Gallatry. The Laird he'll no believe these things, but he was aye o'er rash and venturesome—and feared neither man nor devil—and said he was o' the luik. But right sure am I Sir George MacKenzie says, that no divine can doubt there are witches, since the Bible says they shall not suffer them to live; and that no lawyer can argue that their death be any death but one of their own.

So there's baith law and gospel for it. And his honour would believe the Leviticus, he might aye believe the Statute of Black-well—but he might aye believe it is to Dunnin Mr. Mclachlan. However, I shall send to ask up auld Janet this even; it's best no to light them up that have that character—and we'll want Davie to turn the spit, for I'll pair Bogie put down a fat goose to the fire for your honour's to your supper.

When it was near sunset, Waverley hastened to the hut; and he could not but allow that superstition had chosen no improper locality, or unfit object, for the foundation of her fantastic terrors. It resembled exactly the description of Spenser:

"There, in a gloomy hollow glen, she found a little cottage, where a devilish devil dwells,
In honeyed wires, and weal'd with rose-armed,
In which a witch did dwell in loathly woods,
And wield'd all cares of her male;—
So choosing solitary to abide
For fear of Satan's hand;
And all his devils, and all her own;
And build'd arts, from people she might hate;
And hurt for all, unknown, whomsoever she caped."

He entered the cottage with these verses in his memory. Poor old Janet, that wept in the seclusion, and bleared with pent-smoke, was tottering about the hut with a bough broom, muttering to herself as she endeavoured to make her hearth and floor a little clean for the reception of her expected guests. Waverley's spirit made her start, look up, and fall a-trembling, so much had her nerve been on the rack for her patron's safety. With difficulty Waverley made her comprehend that the Baron was now safe from..."
personal danger; and when her mind had admitted that joyful news, it was equally hard to make her believe to others the real possession of her cousin. "It behoved to be," she said, "he had got it back again; nobody was to be gripped as to take his heir after they had given him a patron: and for that I am very grateful. I am very grateful to myself, and to the witch for his sake, if I were not feared the Enemy wad take me at my word." Waverley then gave her some money, and promised that her fertility should be rewarded; and the woman could be reckoned on to do well, as yet to see my auld master and Miss Rose come back and break their a' arm.

Waverley now took leave of Janet, and soon stood before the palace of his patron. At a saw whistle, he observed the veteran peeping out to reconnoitre, like an old beggar with his head out of his hole. "Ye hae come rather early, my good lad," said he, descending; "I wonder if the redcoat has beat the tattie yet, and we're not safe till then."

"Good news cannot be told too soon," said Waverley; and with infinite joy communicated to him the happy tidings. The old man stood for a moment in silent devotion, then exclaimed, "Praise be to God!—I shall see my bairn again."

"And never, I hope, to part with her more," said Waverley. "I trust in God, not, unless it be to win the means of supporting her; for my things are but in a bruck state, and what signifies worldly gain?"

"And if," said Janet, "there were a situation in which Miss Bradwardine would, and the uncertainty of fortune, and in the rank to which she was born, could you object to it, my dear Sir Everard, because I could make one of my friends the happiest man in the world?"

"The Baron turned, and looked at him with great earnestness. "Yes," continued Edward, "I shall not consider my sentence of war as a remission of your obligation to accompany you to the Duchan, and—"

The Baron seemed collecting all his might to make a suitable reply to what, at another time, he would have treated as the propounding of a treaty of alliance between the houses of Bradwardine and Waverley. But his efforts were in vain; the father was too mighty for the Baron; the pride of birth and rank were swept away—"in the joy of surprise, a slight convulsion passed over his features as he gave way to the feelings of nature, threw his arms around Waverley's neck, and pressed his lips to Rosina's. My son, my son! if I had been able to reach the world, I would have made my choice here."

Edward returned the embrace with great sympathy of feeling, and for a little while that the passion was broken by Edward. "But Miss Bradwardine?"

"She had never a will but her old father's; besides, you are a likely youth, of honest principles, and high moral character, and if you will have the artful intrigue, and in my proudest days I could not have wished a more eligible espousal for her than the nephew of my excellent old friend, Sir Everard.—But I hope, young man, you deal as rashly in this matter? I hope ye have assured the approbation of your a' friends and allies, particularly of your uncle, who is in loco parentis? Ah! we maun tak heed o' that."

Edward assented to him that Sir Everard would think himself highly honoured in the flattering reception his proposal had met with, and that it had his entire approbation; in evidence of which, he put Colonel Talbot of Waverley to his heart with great attention. Sir Everard," he said, "always despised wealth in comparison of honour and birth; and indeed he hath no occasion to court the former. Yet I may say, since the Duke of Althorp turned out such a partridge, for I can call him no better, as to think of alienating the family inheritance—indeed I wish he fixed on a part of the revenue to myself. But I am generally inclined to think that I could have left Rose the auld hurley-house, and the rigg belonging to it. And yet," said he, resuming more cheerfully, "it's may be as well as it is; for, as Baronet, you are to inherit all the rank and prestige of a baronet, and the right to imprint upon certain cutpoints respecting name and bearings. While now, as a landless laird wi a
with the most distant hope of saving Fergus, but to see him for the last time. I ought to have mentioned, that he had furnished funds for the defence of the prisoners in the most liberal manner, as soon as he heard the tale of their sufferings, and the first council, accordingly attended; but it was upon the same footing on which the first physicians are usually summoned to the bedside of some dying man of property or of fashionable standing. And he was not greatly unhappy during Waverley's six days' stay at the Duchray.

It was finally arranged that Edward should go to Waverley-Honour to make the necessary arrangements for his marriage, thence to London to take the proper measures for pleading his pardon, and return as soon as possible to claim the hand of his beloved bride. He attended accordingly, and even visited Talbot; but, above all, it was his most important object to learn the fate of the unfortunate Chief of Glen-naquich; to visit him at Carlisle, and to try whether any thing could be done for procuring, if out a pardon, a commutation at least, or alleviation, of the punishment to which he was almost certain of being condemned; and, in case of the worst, to offer the miserable Flora an asylum with Rose, or otherwise to assist her views in any mode which might seem possible. The fate of Fergus seemed hard to be averred. Edward had already striven to interest his friend in the cause, and Talbot had not felt it possible to give distinctly to understand, by his reply, that his credit in matters of that nature was totally exhausted.

The Colonel was still in Edinburgh, and proposed to take a walk the next day. Edward was to be met by him by the Duke of Cumberland. He was to be joined by Lady Emily, to whom easy travelling and good society were recommended, and who was to journey northwards, to join the rest of the expedition. Edward accepted; he was to go to Carlisle, where he was to be met by Francis Stanley.

Edward, therefore, met the Colonel at Edinburgh, who wished him joy in the kindest manner on his approaching happiness, and cheerfully undertook what was constituted the chief part of his mission, which was to place his cousin under no obligations to delegate to his charge. But on the subject of Fergus he was inexorable. He satisfied Edward, indeed, that his interference would be unavailing; but Talbot might, he said, make a conscientious use in favour of that unfortunate gentleman. "Justice," he said, "which demanded some penalty of those who had wrapped the whole nation in fear and in mourning, could not perhaps have selected a fitter victim. He came to the field with the fullest light upon the nature of his attempt. He had studied and understood the subject. His father's fate could not intimidate him; the kingly of the laws which had restored to him his father's property and rights could not melt him. That he was brave, generous, and possessed many good qualities, was not to be questioned; but that he was enlightened and accomplished, made his crime the less excusable; that he was an enthusiast in a wrong cause, only made him the more fit to be its victim. To make him appeal to the court, and hang him, would never have broken the peace of the country.

"I repeat it," said the Colonel, "though Heaven knows with a heart distressed for him as an individual, that this young gentleman has studied and fully understood the desperate game which he has played. He threw for life or death, a coat or a collar, and he cannot now be permitted, with justice to the country, to draw stakes because the dice have gone against him."

Such seems to be the reasoning of those times, held even by brave and humane men towards a vanquished enemy. Let us devoutly hope, that, in this respect at least, we shall never see the scenes, or hold the sentiments, that were general in Britain Sixty Years since.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

To mount 10 that's sudden! — Spare him, spare him! — Shakespeare.

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the sentence of the law of high treason, with all its
awful accompaniments. The execution was ap-
pointed for the next morning. "When the signal
Ivor," continued the Judge, "I can hold out no hope of
mercy. You must prepare against to-morrow for
your last sufferings here, and your great audit here-
after."
"I desire nothing else, my lord," answered Fergus,
in the same manner and firm tone.
"The hard eyes of Evan, which had been perpetually
beaten on his head, and ferocious, knew no fear. "For
you, poor ignorant man," continued the Judge, "who
following the ideas in which you have been educated,
have this day given us a striking example how the
low born and the outcaste, is, from your unhappy ideas of classship, transmitted to some am-
biguous individual, who ends by making you the tool
of his crimes—for you, I say, fell so much compas-
sion, that if you can make up your mind to petition
for grace, I will endeavour to procure it for you.
Otherwise:"
"Grace me no grace," said Evan, "since you do not
shed Ich Jan Voit's blood, the only favour I
would accept from you, is—to bid them loose my
hands and give me my claymore, and bid you just a
smile—sitting where you are?"
"Me no grace," said the Judge; "his blood
is upon his own head."
Almost astonished with his feelings, Edward found
that the rush of the crowd had conveyed him out
and away from the place where the execution
immediate wish was to see and speak with Fergus,
more ever. He applied at the Castle where his un-
fortunate friend was confined, but was refused ad-
mission. The Hereditary, an uncommissioned of-
er said, "has requested of the governor that none
should be admitted to see the prisoner excepting his
friend and his sister."
"Are you Miss Mac-Ivor?" They gave him
the direction. It was the house of a respectable Ca-
tholic family near Carlisle.
Replied from the gate of the Castle, and not
returning any make application to the Hereditary
Judes in his own unpopular name, he had recons-
troller who came down in Fergus's behalf. The
gentleman told him, that it was thought the public
mind was in danger of being debauched by the
account of the last moments of those persons, as
given by the friends of the Pretender; that there had
been a resolution, therefore, to exclude all such per-
sonts from the place of execution. It was in vain;
they insisted on them. Yet, he promised (to oblige the heir
of Waverley-Honour) to get him an order for admittance
to the prisoner the next morning, before his iron
wheels were touched.
"It of Fergus Mac-Ivor they speak thus, thought
Waverley, or do I dream? Of Fergus, the bold, the
courageous, the free-minded! The lofty chieftain of a
title devoted to him? Is it he, that I have seen lead
the chase and head the attack,—the brave, the acti-
ve, the young, the noble, the love of ladies, and the
theme of song,—is it he who is ironed like a ma-
fector; who is to be dragged on a hurdle to the cul-
ymen gallows; to die a lingering and cruel death,
and to be mangled by the hand of the most outcast of
wretches? Evil indeed was the spectacle, that boded
me fate as this to the brave Chief of Glen-
rasschoch!"

With a faltering voice he requested the solicitor to
send means to warn Fergus of his intended visit,
should he obtain permission to make it. He then
began a long separation, and, returning to the inn,
two a scarcely intelligible note to Flora Mac-Ivor,
summing his purpose to wait upon her that even-
da, should it be expedient. It was, a letter in Flora's
beautiful Italian hand, which seemed scarce to trem-
ble, even under this load of misery. "Miss Mac-
Ivor," the letter bore, "could not refuse to see
the noble Fergus, who was determined to see her;
her present circumstances of unsurpassed distress."

When Edward reached Miss Mac-Ivor's present
place of abode, he was instantly admitted. In a large
room, and darkly open to the street, between the
street curtains, was a large window, sewing what seemed to be a
garment of white flannel. At a little distance sat an
elderly woman, apparently a foreigner, and a reli-
gious character. The first was in a book of Catholic
devotion, but when Waverley entered, laid it on the
table and left the room. Flora rose to receive him,
and stretched out her hand, but neither ventured to
attempt emission of a fine completion was too
long; her person considerably enlaced; and her
face and hands as white as the purest statuary mar-
ble, forming a strong contrast with her sable dress
and jet-black hair. Yet, amid those marks of dis-
tress, there was nothing negligent or ill-arranged
about her attire; even her hair, though totally with-
out ornament, was disposed with her usual attention
to neatness. The first word she uttered were, "Have
you seen him?"
"Alas, no," answered Waverley, "I have been re-
 fused admittance."
"It accorded with the rest," she said; "but we
must submit. Shall you obtain leave, do you sup-
pose?"

"For—to-morrow," said Waverley; but mut-
ttering the last word so faintly that it was almost un-
intelligible.
"Ay, then or never," said Flora, "until—she ad-
ded, looking upward, "the time when, I trust, we
shall all meet in the hope you will see him while
earth yet bears him. He always loved you at his
heart, though—but it is vain to talk of the past."
"Vain indeed!" echoed Waverley.
"Or, even now, so far as earthly events are con-
cerned; for how often have I pictured to myself the strong possibility of this
horrid issue, and tasked myself to consider how I
could support my part; and yet how far has all my
anticipations fallen short of the unimaginable bitter-
ness of this hour?"

"Dear Flora, if your strength of mind—"
"Ay, there it is," she answered, somewhat wildly;
"there is, Mr. Waverley, there is a busy devil at my
heart, that whispers—but it were madness to listen
to it—that the strength of mind on which Flora
prided herself has deserted her brother!"
"Good God! how can you utterance to a
thought so shocking!"

"Ay, is it so? but yet it haunts me like a phan-
ton; I know it is untruthful and vain; but it will
be present; will intrude its horrors on my mind; will
whisper that my brother, as volatile as ardent,
would have divided his energies amid a hundred ob-
tacts. It was in vain; Fergus was not to be swayed
and to gage all on this dreadful and desperate case.
Oh that I could recollect that I had but once said
to him, 'He that striketh with the sword shall die
by the sword;' but I could not, in Fergus's home;
reserve yourself; your vassals, your life, for enter-
prises within the reach of man. But O, Mr. Wa-
verley, I spurned his fiery temper, and half of his
ruin at least lives with his sister'!"

The horrid idea which she had intimaded, Edward
endeavoured to combat by every incoherent argument
that occurred to him. He recalled to her the prin-
ciples on which both thought it their duty to act, and
in which they had been educated.
"Do not think I have forgotten them," she said,
looking up, with eager quickness; "I do not regret
this attempt, because it was wrong! O no! on that
point I am armed; but because it was impossible it
could end otherwise than thus."

Yet it did not always seem so desperate and haz-
ardous as it was; and it would have been chosen by
the bold spirit of Fergus, whether you had approved
it or no; your counsels only served to give unity and
consistence to his conduct; to dignify, but not to
appoint. To Flora this was totally to listen to Edward, and was again intent upon her
needle-work.

"Do you remember," she said, looking up with a
ghastly smile, "how the day before her marriage, when she was
all the bride-favours, and now I am sewing his bridal-gar-
ment. Our friends here," she continued, with
suppressed emotion, "are to give hallowed earth in that
chapel to this brave brother, of the last Vechten. But
they will not all rest together; no—his heart—"
I shall not have the last miserable consolation of kissing the cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!

The unfortunate Flora here, after one or two hysterics on her chair, who had been attending in the anteroom, now entered hastily, and begged Edward to leave the room, but not the house. It was then he ventured to urge Miss Bradwardine's claim, to be considered as an adopted sister, and empowered to assist her plans for the future.

"I have had a letter from my dear Rose," she replied, "to the same purpose. Sorrow is selfish and encroaching; I would have written to express, that, even in my own despair, I felt a gleam of pleasure at learning her happy prospects, and at hearing that the good old Baron has escaped the general wreck. Give this to my dearest Rose; it is her poor Flora's only ornament of value, and was the gift of a princess."

She put into his hands a case, containing the chain of diamonds with which she used to decorate her hair. "To me it is in future useless. The kindness of my friends has secured me a retreat in the convent of the Scottish Benedictine nuns in Paris. Tomorrow—if indeed I can survive tomorrow—I set forth for my happy home with this invaluable sister."

And now, Mr. Waverley, adjourn! May you be as happy with Rose as your amiable dispositions deserve; and think sometimes on the friends you have lost. Do not forget to see me again; it would be impossible to forget such an event."

He gave her hand, on which Edward shed a torrent of tears, and, with a faltering step, withdrew from the apartment, and returned to the tower of Carlisle. At the inn, he found a letter from his law friend, intimating, that he would be admitted to Fergus next morning, as soon as the Castle gates were opened, and permitted to remain with him till the arrival of the Sheriff gave signal for the fatal procession.

CHAPTER LXIX

A dark, wintry night is near
The dawn. The first was clear
Waverley found Carlisle on the eastern front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle Castle. But he paced it long in every direction, before the hour when, according to the orders of the guard, the gate was to be opened, and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the sergeant of the guard, and was admitted.

The place of Fergus's confinement was a gloomy and dungeon, the entrance of which was approached by a narrow and window, towards my bed. Why should I fear him, I thought, I feared a little that time, I was as immaterial as he. False Spirit, I said, art thou come to close thy walks on earth, and enjoy thy triumph in the full of the last descendant of thine enemy? The spectre seemed to beckon and smile, as he faded from my sight. What do you think of it?—I asked the same question of the priest; he was a good and sensible man; he admitted that the church allowed that such apparitions were possible, but urged me not to permit my mind to dwell upon the subject, as images are so strange. What do you think of it?"

"Much as your confessor," said Waverley, willing to avoid dispute upon such a point at such a moment. A tap at the door now announced that good man, and Edward retired while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion, in the mode which the Church of Rome prescribes.

In about an hour he was admitted; soon after a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners. You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage. The soldiers, riding on the backs of the wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy, and when they free us, they send six soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm!" Edward afterwards learned that these severe pre-
cautions had been taken in consequence of a desperate attempt of the prisoners to escape, in which they had very nearly succeeded.

Singly and solemnly the drums of the garrison beat to arms. "This is the last turn-out," said Fergus, "that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, ere we part, let us speak of Flora—a subject which awakens the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me."

"We part not here!" said Waverley.

"O yes, we do; you must come no further. Not that I feel what is to follow for myself," he continued, "nor, perhaps, how I shall feel. It tortures me as art; and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the thorns of a mortal and painful disorder, in the space of a short half hour! And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly, may kill a living friend to look upon,—This same law of high treason," he concluded, "is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated your old Scotland—her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose one day or other,—when there shall be a change, a change for the better, and the land be the better for it,—our sister may claim some of the tender incongruities; they will blot it from their records, as levelling them with a nation of cannibals. The munificence, too, of exposing the senseless head—they have been so generous with their coronet there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, to which I so dearly love. The Baron would have added, "Moritur, et mortis dulce reminiscitur Argiv."

A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horses' feet, was now heard in the court-yard of the Castle. "As I have told you why you must not follow me, and these remarks admonish me that my time flies fast, it is best perhaps to tell you," Waverley added.

Waverley, with a voice interrupted by suffocating sensations, gave some account of the state of her heart.

"Poor Flora!" answered the Chief, "she could have borne her own sentence of death, but not mine. You, Waverley, will soon know the happiness of mutual affection in the married state; long, long may both enjoy it."

"What will become of Flora?" said Fergus, "a woman so bright, and so beautiful, and so devoted to me," and his eyes filled with tears. "What will become of Flora, Fergus?"

"I know not. She was always the first to think of me. She will burn your heart with her love."

"Shall she not see you then?" asked Waverley.

"She seemed to expect it."

"A necessary deciet will spare her the last dreadful parting. I could not part with her without tears, and I cannot bear that these men should think they have power to extort from her. She was made to believe she was talking an hour later, and this letter, which my visitor will deliver, will apprise her that all is over."

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants wanted the gate of the Castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus Macleay and Evan Macmichael. "'Tis true," said Fergus. "Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Ivan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the steps of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was theslide, or box, on the steps of which to be drawn up to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the Executioner, at the other the Bodyguard. Behind it the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway, that opened

the draw-bridge, were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette be

twixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come further. 'Twas all but a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he glanced around upon the apparatus of murder. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the captives, "I heard the valet de chambre, off at Glenshiro, before we could kill a dozen of them. They look bold enough now, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sleigh was now approached, and Fergus, turning round, embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stopped musingly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carrick, which was to be conveyed to his patron's residence at whose Grasmuir, Fergus wove his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledges, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop. While the governor of the Castle and the High Sherriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the Keeper of Kirkcudbright, said the High Sheriff. While the ceremony was concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledges, and with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King James!" These were the last words which Waverley heard him say.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledges vanished from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead-march was then heard, and it was loudly sung by severals of those of a muffled peal, tolled from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on; the sullen clang of the bells was succeeded by a sound as if rolling from the earth.

The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway through which they had been filing for several minutes; the court-yard was now totally deserted. Waverley and the priest, if uplifted, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend. At length, a female servant of the governor's, struck with compassion at the stupified misery which his countenance expressed, asked him if he would not walk into her master's house and sit down? She was obliged to repeat her question twice ere he comprehended it; his eyes, however, showed a new interest in her. The priest was asked if he could not then rush into an apartment, and bolt the door. In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fife, performed by the soldiers, was heard. The servant appeared, and urged her master to enter the walls. He dared hardly look back towards the Gothic battlements of the fortified gate under which he passed, for the place is surrounded with an
old wall. "They're no there," said Alec Polwarth, who guessed the cause of the delicious look which Waverley cast upon the wall. "Here Mr. Membrose, the valiant, with the vulgar appetite for the horrors, was master of each detail of the butchery,—"The heads are over the Scotch yoke, as they cut it. It's a great pity of Evan Dhu, who was killed at Flodden, to be turned over, to be buried in Hildesland, and indeed so was the Laird o' Glencairn too, for that matter, when he was in nine o' his twenties."

CHAPTER LXIX.

DEUX DOMM.

The impression of horror with which Waverley left Carlisle suffered by degrees into melancholy, a gradation which was accelerated by the painful, yet soothing task of writing to Rose; and, while he could not suppress his own feelings of the calamity, he endeavored to place it in a light which might grieve her, without shocking her imagination. The picture which Waverley had elaborated, was so familiar to his own mind, and his next letters were more cheerful, and referred to the prospects of peace and happiness which lay before them. Yet, though his first letters had been written in a tone of melancholy, Edward had reached his native country before he could, as usual on former occasions, look confidently upon the face of nature.

He then, for the first time since leaving Edinburgh, beheld the scene of his infant pleasures, which in his heart still seemed to be the same as long possessed by his forefathers; recognized the old oaks of Waverley-Chace; and with what delight he should introduce Rose to all his favorite haunts; beheld at length the tower of his venerable hall arise above the woods which embosomed it, and finally threw himself into the arms of the venerable relatives to whom he owed so much duty and affection.

The happiness of their meeting was not tarnished by a single word of reproach. On the contrary, whatever pain Sir Everard and Mrs. Rachel had felt during Waverley's perilous encounter with the cunning Chevalier, it was assuaged too well with the principles in which they had been brought up, to inure reproduction, or even censure. Colonel Talbot also had smoothed the way, and when Sir Everard had shown him more than usually affected by dwelling upon his gallant behavior in the military character, particularly his bravery and generosity at Preston; until, warned at the idea of their nephews being thus ungraciously treated and exiled from their country, as the price of their principality and their personal avowal, so distinguished at officer as the Colonel himself, the imagination of the Baronet and his sister ranked the exploits of Edward with those of Edward, Hildesbrand, and Nigel, the vaunted heroes of their line.

The appearance of Waverley, embrowned by exercise, and dignified by the habits of military discipline, had assumed an athletic and hearty character, which not only verified the Colonel's narration, but surprised and delighted all the inhabitants of Waverley-Honour. They crowded to see, to hear him, and to sing his praises. Mr. Pembroke, who secretly envied his spirit and courage in embracing the genuine cause of the Church of England, censured his pupil gently, nevertheless, for being so careless of his manuscripts, which, indeed, he said, had occasioned him some personal inconvenience, as, upon the Baronet's being arrested by a king's messenger, he had deemed it prudent to retire to a concealment called "The Priest's Hole." From the use it had been put to in former days; where, he assured our hero, the butler had thought it safe to venture with food only once in the day, so that he had been repeatedly compelled to dine upon virtuals only, by not being able to put on a good face, but was worse, only half warm, not to mention that sometimes his bed had not been arranged for two days together. Waverley's mind involuntarily turned to the Patronage of the Baron of Bradwardine, who was well pleased with Janet's fare, and a few bunches of strawberries in a clift in the front of a sand-cast, a contrast which could only mortify his worthy tutor.

All was now in a blaze to prepare for the marriage of Edward, an event to which the good old Baronet and Mrs. Talbot had looked forward as if to the renewal of their own youth. The match, as Colonel Talbot had intimated, had seemed to them the highest degree eligible, having every recommendation, but was by no means which the yoke of matrimony, not to mention than enough. Mr. Clippurce was, therefore, summoned to Waverley-Honour, under better auspices than at the commencement of our story. But Mr. Clippurce did not come alone; for, in the days since he had associated with him a nephew a younger vulture, (as our English Juvenile, who tells the tale of Swallow the attorney, might have informed him), and was, in his turn, to be the partner in the charge of Misses Clippurce and Hookum. These worthy gentlemen had directions to make the necessary settle- ments on the most splendid scale of liberality, as Edward was provided a secure inheritance, with her paternal estate tacked to the fringe of her criminal.

But before entering upon a subject of unalloyed delay, I must remind my reader of the progress of the story. It was an afternoon of a pastime at which I was myself expert in my more juvenile years; it moves at first slowly, avoiding by inflection every obstacle of the least importance, but when it has attained its full impetus, and draws near the denouement of the scene near which it gives a loud thunders down, taking a road at every spring, clearing hedge and ditch like a Yorkshire huntsman, and becoming most furiously rapid in its course when it is nearest to being consumed to rest for ever. Ever such is the course of a narrative, like that which you are perusing. The earlier events are studiously dwelt upon, that you, kind reader, may be introduced to the characters, rather by narrative, than by the medium of direct description; but when the story draws near its close, we hurry over the circumstances however important, which your imagination must have foreseen, and leave you to supply the things which it would be abusing your patience to relate at length.

We are, therefore, so far from attempting to trace the full particulars of Misses Clippurce and Hookum, or that of their worthy officious brethren, who had the charge of snuffing out the passions of Edward Waverley and his intended father-in-law, that we are but touching the surface of the circumstances of this occasion, though matchless specimens of eloquence in their various parts. As the summer vanishes, Nor can I tell you at length, how worthy Aunt Rachel, not without a delicate and affectionate allusion to the circumstances which had transferred Rose's unwelcome tidings to the hands of Donald Bean Lenn, stocked her casket with a set of jewels that a duchess might have envied. Moreover, the reader will have the goodwill to imagine that Jeff Houghton and his dozen were suitably provided for; although they could not be persuaded that the son fell otherwise than fighting by the young sisters; so that Alick, who, as a lover of truth, has made many needless attempts to expand the circumstances to them, was finally ordered to say not a word more upon the subject. He indemnifies himself, however, by the liberal allowance of desperate battles, grisly executions, and raw-headed and bloody-bone stories, with which he astonishes the servents-hall.

But although these important matters may be briefly told, for Jeff Houghton's purpose, it is a Chancery suit, yet, with all the urgency which Waverley could use, the real time which the law proceedings occupied, joined to the delay occasioned by the most perplexing delays, as I have hitherto, it is considerably more than two months ere Waverley leaving England, alighted once more at the man- sion of the Laird of Ducharn to claim the hand of his pledged bride.
lay of his marriage was fixed for the sixth day's arrival. The Baron of Bradwardine, with bridegrooms, and friends, as signifiers of high and solemn import, felt a little hurt, including the family of the Duchan, and all the mediators who had title to be present on an occasion, which could not but be a thirty-third of the whole. When he was married, he had three hundred horsemen born, benvetors, and some score or two of Highlanders who never got on horseback, were present on such an occasion as this pride found some consolation in reflecting, and his son-in-law having been so lately in grant government, it might give matter of fear and wonder to the ruling powers, if he were to collect together the kith, kin, and allies houses, arrayed in affect of war, as was the custom of Scotland on these occasions—without dubitation," he concluded with a sigh, of those who would have rejoiced most freely with joyful espousals, are either gone to a bet, or are now exiles from their native land. Doncaster took place on the day following. Mr. Rubrick, kinsman to the noble hospitable mansion where it was solemnly in chaplain to the Baron of Bradwardine, and on the day following he danced up with his usual gallantry, as the Baron, and then to Rose, passing his hands over his clothes, crying, "Bra, bra, Davie," and scarce able to sing a bar to an end of his thousand-and-one exceedings, for the blessings of my days and nights. The dogs also acknowledged their old master with thousands of gambols. "Up maje conscience, Rose," ejaculated the Baron, "the gratitude of thee shall be the brave, the courage, the valor, and the instant fortitude to my aid even, while that schellum Malcolm—but I am obliged to Colonel Talbot for putting my hounds into such good condition, and Likewise for pur Davie. But, Rose, my dear, we must not permit them to a life-enduring burden upon the estate."

As he spoke, Lady Emily, leaning upon the arm of her husband, met the party at the lower gate, with a thousand welcomes. After the ceremony of introduction had been gone through, much abridged by the ease and excellent breeding of Lady Emily, she apologized for having used a little art to wile them back to a place which might awaken some painful reflections—"But as it was to change masters, we were very desirous that the Baron"—

"Mr. Bradwardine, madam, if you please," said the old gentleman.

"Mr. Bradwardine, then, and Mr. Waverley, should see what we have done towards restoring the mansion of your fathers to its former state."

The Baron answered, "That's a low word." Indeed, when he entered the court, excepting that the heavy stables, which had been burnt down, were replaced by buildings of a lighter and more picturesque appearance, all seemed as much as possible restored to the state in which he had left it when he assumed arms some months before. The pigeon-house was replenished; the fountain played with its usual activity, and not only the Bear who predominated over its basin, but all the other Bears whatsoever, were replaced on their several stations, and renewed or repaired with so much care, that they bore no tokens of the last stone Bears, those mutilated Dagenis of his town, over his head, as is now a new proprietor," said he to Edward. "Has mhair gasto, as the Italians call it, in the short time it has had this domain, than that hound Malhough, for all he may have Hesiod, the villain, and amongst others, the race he called. And now I talk of hounds, it is a Ban and Bucar, who come scoping up the with David Gellatley."

At least such a dog is the crest of the marl noot.

Waverley, "for I believe the present master of the house is Colonel Talbot, who will expect to see us. We hesitated to make you our host with our ancient patrimony, property, and even yet, if you do not incline to visit him, we can pass on to the Balile's."

The Baron had a notion for all his magnanimity. However, he drew a long breath, took a long snuff, and observed, since they had brought him so far, he could not pass the Colonel's gate, and he would be happy to see the new master of his old tenants. He was accordingly, as did the other gentlemen and ladies; he gave his arm to his daughter, and as they descended the avenue, pointed out to her how speedily the "Bra e Pocini" of the Southerne—"their iritial duty, he might call her—had removed the marks of spoliation."

In truth, not only had the fallen trees been removed, but, their stumps been grubbed up, and the earth round them levelled and sown with grass, every mark of devastation, unless to an eye intimately acquainted with the spot, was already totally obliterated. There was a similar reform in the outward manner of David Gellatley, who met them, every now and then, stopping to admire the new suit which grace his person, in the same colours as formerly, but bodium of number and elegance to have served Touchstone himself. He was the handsomest man in the usual height, and he danced up with his usual gallantry, as the Baron, and then to Rose, passing his hands over his clothes, crying, "Bra, bra, Davie," and scarce able to sing a bar to an end of his thousand-and-one exceedings, for the blessings of my days and nights. The dogs also acknowledged their old master with thousands of gambols. "Up maje conscience, Rose," ejaculated the Baron, "the gratitude of thee shall be the brave, the courage, the valor, and the instant fortitude to my aid even, while that schellum Malcolm—but I am obliged to Colonel Talbot for putting my hounds into such good condition, and Likewise for pur Davie. But, Rose, my dear, we must not permit them to a life-enduring burden upon the estate."

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Waverley.

ren owned Esda of Shawsword, to whom your fa-
mily are probably blood relations."

"I believe," said the Colonel, smiling, "our dogs are
whelps of the same litter—for my part, if crests
were to dispute precedence, I should be apt to let
them decide it by their bear teeth."

As he made this speech, at which the Baron took
another long pinch of snuff, they had entered the
house, that is, the Baron, Rose, and Lady Emily,
with young Stanley, and the Bailie, for Edward and
the rest of the party remained on the terrace, to
examine a new green-house stocked with the finest
plants. The Baron resumed his favourite topic:
"By the by, the Lord avoweth, in his own
honour of your burgess, Colonel Talbot, which is
doubtless your humour, as I have seen in other
gentlemen of birth and honour in your country, I must
again repeat it as a most ancient and distinguished
bearing, as well as that of my young friend Francis
Stanley, which is the eagle and child."

The bird and bantling they call it in Derbyshire,
sir," said Stanley.

"Ye're a daff callant, sir," said the Baron, who
had a great liking to this young man, perhaps be-
cause he sometimes teased him—"Ye're a daff cal-
lang, sir, in language, I mean, and as you say, these
days of shaking his great brown fist at him. "But what
I meant to say, Colonel Talbot, is, that yours is an
ancient praesidium, or descent, and since you have
lived in the West—or rather, your ancestors, not
yours, which I have lost for me and mine. I wish
may remain in your name as many centuries as it
has done in that of the late proprietor."  

"They," answered the Colonel, "is very hand-
some, Mr. Bradwardine, indeed."

"And yet, sir, I cannot but marvel that you, Col-
nel, whom I noted to have so much of the aem patr"-
"ier, which you put in Edinburgh, as well as to en-
spend other countries, should have chosen to establish
your laws, or household gods, procul a patria finibus,
and in a manner to expatriate yourself."

"Your Honor will forgive me for mentioning the
matter, to keep the sense of these foolish boys, Waverley
and Stanley, and of my wife, who is no wiser, one old soldier
should continue to impose upon another. You must
know then that I have so much of that same prude-
niort in favour of my native country, that the sum
of money which I advanced to the seller of this ex-
tensive barony has only purchased for me a box in
---for goodness sake, do lodge, with about two
hundred and fifty acres of land, the chief merit of
which is, that it is within a very few miles of Wa-
verley-Honour."

"And, by the way, in the name of Heaven, has
bought this property?"

"That," said the Colonel, "it is this gentleman's
profession to explain."

I cannot enter into this reference regarded, and who
did all this while shifted from one foot to another
with great impatience, "like a hen," as he after-
wards said, "upon a net girdle;" and chuckling, he
must have added, like the said hen in all the glory
of laying an egg,—now pushed forward. "That
then, I can, that your Honour;" drawing from his
pocket a bundle of papers, and untying the red tape
with a hand trembling with exasperation. Here is
the disposition and assignation, by Malcolm Brad-
wardine of Inch-Grabbit, regularly signed and
tested in terms of the statute, whereby, for a certain
sum of sterling money presently contented and paid to
him, he has disposed, alienated, and conveyed, the whole
estate and barony of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan,
and others, with the forfeit and manor-place;

"For God's sake, to the point, sir; I have all that
y heart," said the Colonel.

"To Cosmo? Comyn Bradwardine, Esq.," pursued
the Bailie, "be heirs and assigns, simply and in
the name of his brother, aie me rd de me—"

Pray read short, sir."

"On the conscience of an honest man, Colonel, I
read as short as is consistent with style. Under the
account of the marriage of the two—"

"Mr. Macwheebie, this would outright a Russian
winter—give me leave. In short, Mr. Bradwardine,
your family estate is your own once more in full
property, and at your absolute disposal but only burde-
nened with the sum advanced to re-purchase it, which I
understand is utterly disproportioned to its value."

"An auld sang—an auld sang, if it please your le-
nour," cried the Bailie, rubbing his hands; "look
at the rental book."

"Which sum being advanced by Mr. Edward Wa-
verley, chiefly from the price of his father's property
which I bought from him, is secured to his lady's
daughter, and her family by this marriage."

"It is a catholic security," shouted the Bailie, "to
Rosc Comyn Bradwardine alias Waverley, in for-
tent, and the children of the said children, in
forever, and I made up a wee bit minute of an antenu-
perial contract, intuitu matrimonii, so it cannot be
subject to reduction hercelf, as a donation inter cirum
et aurem."

It is difficult to say whether the worthy Baron
was most delighted with the restitution of his family
property, or with the delicacy and generosity that let
him unfeathered to pursue his purpose in disposing of
it after his death, and which avoided, as much as
possible, the appearance of laying him under pecun-
iary obligation. When his first pause of joy
and the quick attention to the presents which the
unworthy heir male, who, he pronounced, had
sold his birth-right, like Esau, for a mess of
pottage.

"But who cooked the parritch for him?" explained
the Bailie, "the Bailie Talbot, and the children of the
honour's to command, Duncan Macwheebie? His
honour, young Mr. Waverley, put it in my hand:
the beginning—free the first calling o' the
summons, as I may say. I circumvented that; I played
at bogle about the bush wi' them—I enjoyed them;
and if I havana gien Inch-Grabbit and Jamie Howie
a bonnie begunk, they ken themselves. Him a
writer? I didn't think; he is a laaw-cutter—"a
bridegroom, to gar them hand up the market: na;
na; I earled them wi' our wild tenantry, and the
Mac-Iovars, that are but ill settled yet, till they
durate on one crime. But whatever came out of
meafter ghamming, for fear John Heatherbutter, or some
sican dare-the-dial, shall tak a ball at them; then,
on the other hand, I befeemin them wi' Colon
Talbot—wad they offer to keep up the price again
the Duke's friend? did they na ken who was master
had they na seen enough, by the end of
example of mony a pair misguided unhappy body."

"Who was the other?" asked Mr. Macwheebie?
"said the Colonel to him, aside.

"O' whicht, Colonel, for the love o' God! let that
flee stick 't the wa'. There were many good folk at
Derby; and a good week of it, winkin' and wakin' in
the east of his eye toward the Baron, who was in a deep
reverie.

Starting out of it at once, he took Macwheebie by
the button, and led him into one of the low recesses,
w这里 我们只能看到部分文字，无法完整获取文档内容。
for several days with laudable prudence, had unloosed his tongue upon beholding the arrival of the carriage.

But, while Edward received Major Melville with politeness, and the clergyman with the most affectionate and grateful kindness, his father-in-law looked a little alienated, as uncertain how he should answer the necessary claims of hospitality to his guests, and forward the festivity of his tenants. Lady Emily relieved him, by intimating, that, though she must be an indifferent representative of Mrs. Edward Waverley in many respects, she hoped the Baron would approve of the entertainment she had ordered, in expectation of so many guests; and that they would find and find in abundance, the remarkable spirit of hospitality, with some degree support the ancient hospitality of Tully-Veolan. It is impossible to describe the pleasure which this assurance gave the Baron, who, with an air of gallantry half appertaining to the stiff Scottish tartar, and half to the officer in the French service, offered his arm to the fair speaker, and led the way in something between a stride and a minuet step, into the large dining parlour, followed by all the rest of the good company.

By dint of Saunders's directions and exertions, all here, as well as in the other apartments, had been done to make the Baron as comfortable as the old arms in the parlour, and where none moveables had been necessary, they had been selected in the same character with the old furniture. There was one addition to this, and that the charming beauty of the Baron's eyes. It was a large and spirited painting, representing Pyma Mac-Ivor and Waverley in their Highland dress, the scene a wild, rocky, and picturesque one, through which the pair were descending in the background. It was taken from a pen-and-ink sketch, drawn while they were in Edinburgh by a young man of high genius, and had been painted by a celebrated Edinburgh artist, Ramburn himself, (whose Highland chiefs do all but walk out of the canvas,) could not have done more justice to the subject; and the ardor, fidelity, and figure, of the unburthened, free and garish style of Gainsborough, was finely contrasted with the contemplative, inarticulate, and enthusiastic expression of his impartial friend. Beside this painting hung the arms which Waverley had borne in the unfortunate civil war. The whole piece was beheld with admiration, and deeper feelings.

Man must, however, eat, in spite both of sentiment and extremity. When the Baron, who had remained at the lower end of the table, insisted that Lady Emily should do the honours of the head, that they might, he said, get a meet example to the young folk. After a few minutes' consultation, the Baron presumed on his own brain the precedence between the Presbyterian Kirk and Episcopal church of Scotland, he requested Mr. Morton, as the stranger, to crown a blessing, which was accordingly pronounced by the Baron, and then the Baron's thanks for the distinguished mercy it had been his lot to experience. The dinner was excellent. Saunders attended in full costume, with all the former domestics, who had been collected, excepting one or two, that had not been heard of since the affair of Culloden. The collars were stuck with wine which was pronounced to be superb, and it had been consumed in the Bear of the Fountain, in the enclosure, should (for that night only) play excellent brandy for the benefit of the lower orders.

When the dinner was over, the Baron, about to propose a toast, cast a somewhat sourful look upon the side-board, which, however, exhibited much of his plate, though neither selected, or purchased by neighbouring gentlemen from the stocklady, and by them gladly restocked to the original owner.

"In the late times," he said, "those must be thankful who have saved life and land; yet when I am about to pronounce this toast, I cannot but regret an occurrence, dear to Lady Emily—a specimen potatorum, Colonel Talbot!"

Here the Baron's elbow was gently touched by his Major Domo, and, turning round, he beheld, in the rear of the room, the person who invested the title of Saint Guthrie, the Blessed Bear of Bradwadine! I question if the recovery of his estate afforded him more rapture. "By my honour," he said, "one might almost believe in brownies and fairies, Lady Emily, when your ladyship is in presence!"

"I am truly happy," said Colonel Talbot, "that by the recovery of this piece of family antiquity, it has fallen within my lot to present these blessings to the deep interest in all that concerns my young friend Edward. But that you may not suspect Lady Emily for a sorceries, or me for a conjurer, which is no joke in Scotland, I must tell you that Frank Stanley, your friend, who has been seized with a tertian fever ever since he heard Edward's tales of old Scottish manners, happened to describe to us at second hand this remarkable spirit of hospitality. Some one else, a true old soldier, observes every thing and says little, gave me afterwards to understand that he thought he had seen the piece of plate Mr. Stanley mentioned, in the possession of a certain Mrs. Nuspling, who, having been originally the helmsmate of a pawa-breaker, had found opportunity, during the late unpleasant scenes in Scotland, to trade a little in her old line, and so become the depository of the more valuable part of the spoil of half the army. You may believe the cup was speedily recovered; and it will give me very great pleasure if you allow me to suppose, that its value is a little enhanced by having been restored through my means."

A tear mingled with the wine which the Baron filled, as he proposed a cup of gratitude to Colonel Talbot, and the "learned and religious Houses of Waverley-Honour and Bradwadine!"

It only remains for me to say, that as no wish was ever uttered with more affectionate sincerity, than the few which allowed for the necessary incidents of human events, have been, upon the whole, more happily fulfilled.

CHAPTER LXII.

A POSTSCRIPT, WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PREFACE.

Our journey is now finished, gentle reader; and if your patience has accompanied me through these sheets, the contract is, on your part, strictly fulfilled. Yet, like the driver who has received his full hire, I still linger near you, and, with becoming diffidence, a trifling additional claim upon your bounty and good nature. You are as free however, to shut the volume of the one petitioner, as to close your door on the face of the other.

This should have been a prefatory chapter, but for two reasons: First, that most novel readers, as my own conscience reminds me, are apt to be grieved at the stop such an interesting narrative is made to take in the shape of a preface; Secondly, that it is a general custom with that class of students, to begin with the last chapter of a work; so that, after all, the remarks, being introductory, and not introduced last, would not, I think, still be the better chance to be read in their proper place.

There is no European nation, which, within the course of half a century, or little more, has undergone so complete a change as this kingdom of Scotland. The effects of the insurrection of 1745,—the destruction of the patriarchal power of the Highland chiefs,—the abolition of the hereditary jurisdictions of the Lowland nobility and barons,—the total eradication of the Jacobite party, which, averse to intermingling with the English, or adopt their customs, long continued to pride themselves upon maintaining ancient Scottish manners and customs,— commenced this innovation. The gradual influx of wealth, and extension of commerce, have since united to render the present people of Scotland a class of beings as different from their grandfathers, as the existing English are from those of Queen Elizabeth's time. The political and economical effects of these changes have been traced by Lord Neilkirk with great precision and accuracy. He has demonstrated, that this country, which is rapidly progressive, has, nevertheless, been gradual; and, like those who drift down the stream of a deep and smooth river, we are not aware of the progress, unless it be indicated by some point from which we have been drifted. Such of the present generation as can recollect the last wakening
or twenty-five years of the eighteenth century, will be fully sensible of the truth of this statement; especially of their acquaintance and connexions lay among those who, in my younger time, were factiously called "folks of the old leaven," who still cherished a lingering, though hopeless attachment, to the house of Stewart. This race has now almost entirely vanished from the land, and with it, doubtless, much absurd political prejudice; but also, many living examples of singular and disinterested attachment to the principles of loyalty which they received from their fathers, and of old Scottish faith, hospitality, worth, and honour.

It was my accidental lot, though not born a Highlander, (which may be an apology for much bad Gaelic) to reside, during my childhood and youth, among persons of the above description; and now, for the purpose of preserving some idea of the ancient manners of which I have witnessed the almost total extinction, I have embodied in imaginary scenes, and ascribed to fictitious characters, a part of the incidents which I then received from those who were actors in them. Indeed, the most romantic parts of this narrative are precisely those which have a foundation in fact. The exchange of mutual protection between a Highland gentleman and an officer of rank in the king's service, together with the spirited manner in which the latter asserted his right to return the favour he had received, is literally true. The accident by a musket-shot, and the heroic reply imputed to Flora, relate to a lady of rank not long deceased. And scarce a gentleman who was "in riding," after the battle of Culloden, but could tell a tale of strange concealments, and of wild and hair's-breadth escapes, as extraordinary as any which I have ascribed to my heroes. Of this, the escape of Charles Edward himself, as the most prominent, is the most striking example. The accounts of the battle of Preston and skirmish at Clifton, are taken from the narrative of intelligent eye-witnesses, and corrected from the History of the Rebellion by the late venerable author of Douglas. The Lowland Scottish gentlemen, and the subordinate characters, are not given as individual portraits, but are drawn from the general habits of the period, of which I have witnessed some remnants in my younger days, and partly gathered from tradition.

It has been my object to describe these persons, not by a caricatured and exaggerated use of the national dialect, but by their habits, manners, and feelings; so as in some distant degree to emulate the admirable Irish portraits drawn by Miss Edgeworth, so different from the "Teagues" and "dear joys," who so long, with the most perfect family resemblance to each other, occupied the drama and the novel.

I feel no confidence, however, in the manner in which I have executed my purpose. Indeed, so little was I satisfied with my production, that I laid it aside in an unfinished state, and only found it again by mere accident among other waste papers in an old cabinet, the drawers of which I was rummaging, in order to accommodate a friend with some fishing tackle, after it had been unread for several years. Two works upon similar subjects, by female authors, whose genius is highly creditable to their country, have appeared in the interval; I mean Mrs. Hamilton's Glenburnie, and the late account of Highland Superstitions. But the first is confined to the rural habits of Scotland, of which it has given a picture with striking and impressive fidelity; and the traditional records of the respectable and ingenious Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, are of a nature distinct from the fictitious narrative which I have here attempted.

I would willingly persuade myself, that the preceding work will not be found altogether uninteresting. To older persons it will recall scenes and characters familiar to their youth; and to the rising generation the tale may present some idea of the manners of their forefathers.

Yet I heartily wish that the task of tracing the evanescent manners of his own country had employed the pen of the only man in Scotland who could have done it justice,—of him so eminently distinguished in elegant literature, and whose sketches of Colonel Caustic and Umphaville are perfectly blended with the finer traits of national character. I should in that case have had more pleasure as a reader, than I shall ever feel in the pride of a successful author, should these sheets confer upon me that envious distinction. And as I have inverted the usual arrangement, placing these remarks at the end of the work to which they refer, I will venture on a second violation of form, by closing the whole with a Dedication;

THese Volumes
BEING RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO
OUR SCOTTISH ADJOINER,
HENRY MACKENZIE
BY
AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER
OF HIS GENIUS.

END OF WAVERLEY.
GUY MANNERING;

OR,

THE ASTROLOGER.

'Tis said that words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour;
But scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.
INTRODUCTION TO GUY MANNERING.

The Novel of Romance of Waverley made its way to the public slowly, of course, at first, but afterwards with such accumulating popularity as to encourage the author to a second attempt. He looked about for a name and a subject; and the manner in which the new novel was conceived cannot be better illustrated than by relating the simple narrative on which Guy Mannering was originally founded; but to which, in the progress of the work, the production ceased to bear any of the most distinct resemblance. The tale was originally told me by an old servant of my father's, an excellent old Highlander, without a fault, unless a preference to mountain-dew over less potent liquors be accounted one. He believed as firmly in the story, as in any part of his creed

A grave and elderly person, according to John M'Klaiy's account, while travelling in the wilder parts of Galloway, was beseiged. With difficulty he found his way to a country-seat, where, with the hospitality of the time and country, he was readily admitted. The owner of the house, a gentleman of good fortune, was much struck by the reverend appearance of his guest, and apologized to him for a certain degree of confusion which might attend his reception and could not escape his eye. The lady of the house was, he said, confined to her apartment, and on the point of making her husband a father for the first time, though they had been ten years married. At such a time, he feared his guest might meet with some apparent neglect.

"Not so, sir," said the stranger; "my wants are few, and easily supplied, and I trust the present circumstances may even afford an opportunity of showing my gratitude for your hospitality. Let me only request that I may be informed of the exact minute of the birth; and I hope to be put in possession of some particulars, which may influence, in an important manner, the events destined to take place in the child's life. It comes into the world busy and changeable. I will not conceal from you that I am skilled in understanding and interpreting the movements of these planetary bodies, which exert their influences on the destiny of mortals. It is a science which I do not practise, like others who call themselves astrologers, for hire or reward; for I have a competent estate, and only use the knowledge I possess for the benefit of those in whom I feel an interest." The Laird bowed in respect and gratitude, and the stranger was accommodated with an apartment which commanded a ample view of the astral regions.

The guest spent a part of the night in ascertaining the position of the heavenly bodies, and calculating their probable influence; until at length the result of his observations induced him to send for the father, and conjure him, in the most solemn manner, to cause the assistance to retain the birth, if practicable, were it but for five minutes. The answer declared this to be impossible; and almost in the instant that the message was returned, the father and his guest were made acquainted with the birth of a boy.

The Astrologer on the morrow met the party who gathered around the breakfast table, with looks so grave and ominous, as to alarm the fears of the father, who had hitherto exulted in the prospects held out by the birth of an heir to his ancient property, falling which event it must have passed to a distant branch of the family. He hastened to draw the stranger into a private room.

"I fear from your looks," said the father, "that you have bad tidings to tell me of my young stranger; perhaps God will resume the blessing he has bestowed ere he attains the age of manhood, or perhaps he is destined to be unworthy of the affection which we are naturally disposed to devote to our offspring."

"Neither the one nor the other," answered the stranger; "unless my judgment greatly err, the infant will survive the year of its minority, and in temper and disposition will prove all that his parents can wish. But with much in his horoscope which promises many blessings, there is one evil influence strongly predominant, which threatens to subject him to an unhappiness of which he is not conscious, till about the time when he shall attain the age of twenty-one, which period, the constellation intimates, will be the crisis of his fate. In what shape, or with what peculiar anguish, this temptation may beset him, my art cannot discover."

"Your knowledge, then, can afford us no defence," said the anxious father, "against the threatened evil?"

"Pardon me," answered the stranger, "it can. The influence of the constellations is powerful; but He, who made the heavens, is more powerful still, if we are disposed to attach certainty and truth. You ought to dedicate this boy to the immediate service of his Maker, with as much sincerity as Samuel was devoted to the worship in the Temple by his parents. You must regard him as being separated from the rest of the world. In childhood, in boyhood, you must surround him with the pious and virtuous, and protect him, to the utmost of your power, from the sight or hearing of any crime, in word or action. He must be educated in religious and moral praecepts of the strictest description. Let him not enter the world, lest he learn to partake of its folly, or perhaps of its vices. In short, preserve him as far as possible from all sin, save that of which too great a portion belongs to all the fallen race of Adam.

With the approach of his twenty-first birth-day comes the crisis of his fate. If he survives it, he will be happy and prosperous on earth, and a chosen vessel among those elected for heaven. But if he is otherwise"—The Astrologer stopped, and sighed deeply.

"Sir," replied the parent, still more alarmed than before, "your words are so kind, your advice so serious, that I will pay the deepest attention to your advice and your behaviour in any case. Further in this most important concern? Believe me, I will not be ungrateful."

"I require and deserve no gratitude for doing a good action," said the stranger, in an earnest manner; for he considered it was in my power to save from an abode of horror the harmless infant to whom, under a singular conjunction of planets, last night gave life. There is my address; you may write to me from time to time concerning the child, and the result of your observations. If he be bred up as I advise, I think it will be best that he comes to my house at the time when the fatal and decisive period approaches, that is, before he has attained his twenty-first year complete. If you send him such as I desire, I humbly trust that God will protect his own, through whatever strong temptations his fate may subject him to." He then gave his host his address, which was a country-seat near a post-town in the north of England, and bid him an affectionate farewell.

The mysterious stranger departed, but his words remained impressed upon the mind of the anxious parent. He lost his lady while his boy was still in infancy. This calamity, I think, had been predicted by the heavenly bodies, which, like most people of the period, he had freely given to the science; but he was afterward confirmed. The utmost care, therefore, was taken to carry it's effect the severe and almost ascetic plan of education which the sage had enjoined. A tutor of the strictest principles was employed to superintend the youth's education; he was surrounded by domestics of the most established character, and closely watched and looked after by the anxious father himself.

The years of infancy, childhood, boyhood, passed as the father could have wished. A young Nazarene could not have been bred up with more rigor. All that was evil was witheld from his observation—he only heard what was pure in precept—he only witnessed what was worthy in practice. But when the boy began to be lost in the youth, the attentive father saw cause for alarm. Shadows of sadness, which gradually assumed of darker character, began to overcloud the young man's temper. Tears, which seemed involuntary, broken sleep, moon light wanderings, and a melancholy for which he could assign no reason, seemed to threaten at once his bodily health, and the stability of his mind. The Astrologer was consulted by letter, and returned for answers, that this fitful state of mind was but the commencement of his trial, and that the poor youth was in a stage of waking up from a state of torpor, when he should attack the age of twenty-one, which period, the constellations intimates, will be the crisis of his fate. In what shape, or with what peculiar anguish, this temptation may beset him, my art cannot discover."
INTRODUCTION TO GUY MANRING.

The dispositions of the young man were so excellent, that he combated, by reason and religion, the fits of gloom which at times overset his mind, and it was not till he attained the commencement of his twenty-first year that he assumed a character which made his father tremble for the consequences. It seemed as if the gloomiest and most hideous of mental maladies was taking the form of religious despair. Still the youth was not cast down; he looked up to his father's will, and resisted with all his power the dark suggestions which were breathed into his mind, as it seemed, by some enunciation of the Evil Principle shouting, him, like the wicked witch of Job, to curse God and die. The time at length arrived when he was to perform what was then thought a long and somewhat perilous journey, to the monastery of the early friend who had calculated his nativity. His father, at length, and after several years of the amusement of travelling, more than he himself thought would have been possible. Thus he did not reach the place of his destination till noon, on the day preceding his birth-day. It seemed as if he had been carried away with an unwonted tide of pleasurable sensation, so as to forget, in some degree, what his father had communicated concerning the purpose of his journey. He halted at length before a respectable but solitary old mansion, to which he was directed as the abode of his father's friend.

The servants who came to take his horse, told him he had been expected for two days. He was led into a study, where thePrior to the master, a gentleman, named Lord Curzon, was father's guest, met him with a shade of displeasure, as well as gravity, on his brow. "Young man," he said, "whence so slow on a journey of such importance?"—"I thought," replied the youth, "that, however late I arrive, there was less harm in travelling slowly, and satisfying my curiosity, providing I could reach your residence by this day; for such was my father's charge."—"You were to blame," replied the sage, "in lingering, considering the time of the year; the matter of blood was pressing on your footsteps. BUT you are come at last, and we will hope for the best, though the conflict in which you are to be engaged will be found more dreadful, the longer it is postponed. But first, neglect of such refreshments as nature requires, to satisfy, but not to pamper, the appetite." The old man led the way into a summer parlour, where a frugal meal was placed on the table. As they set down to the board, they were joined by a young lady about eighteen years of age, and so lovely, that the sight of her carried off all the feelings of the young stranger from the peculiarity of his own lot, and riveted his attention to every thing she did or said. She spoke little, and it was on the most serious subjects. She played on the harpsichord at her father's command, but it was hymns with which she accompanied the instrument. At length, on a sign from the sage, she left the room, turning on the young stranger as she departed, a look of inexorable anxiety and interest.

The old man then conducted the youth to his study, and conversed with him upon the most important points of religion, to satisfy the curiosity of young people, and to bring him nearer to the faith of his father, which was in his mind. During the examination, the youth, in spite of himself, felt his mind occasionally wander, and his recollections go in quest of the beautiful vision who had shared their meal at noon. On such occasions, the Astrologer looked grave, and shook his head at this relaxation of attention; yet, on the whole, he was pleased with the youth's replies.

At sunset the young man was made to take the bath; and, having done so, he was directed to till himself in a robe, somewhat like that worn by Armenians, having his long haircombe down on his shoulders, and his neck, hands, and feet bare. In this guise, he was conducted into a remote chamber to the table, and allowed to partake of such refreshments as he would like, and was told to lay a Bible. "Here," said the Astrologer, "I must leave you alone, to pass the most critical period of your life. If you can, by recollection of the great truths of which we have spoken, repel the attacks which will be made on your courage and your principles, you have nothing to apprehend. But the trial will be severe and arduous." His features then assumed a pathetic solemnity, the tears stood in his eyes, and his voice faltered as he added: "Death, and those who come within the circle of conversation with uncommon excellence, has been my grace to support it with firmness!"

The young man was left alone; and hardly did he find himself in the midst of the surrounding silence, when he was seized by a sense of omission and commission, rendered even more terrible by the superficialness with which he had been educated, rushed on his mind, and, like furies armed with fiery scourges, seemed determined by the spirit of the Evil Principle to subdue him with horrible recollections with distressed feelings, but with a resolved mind, he became aware that his arguments were answ the sophistry of another, and that the dispute was no confined to his own thoughts. The Author of Evil was in the room; but his face was in a manner suffused with a melanoucholy cast, was impressing upon him the deep grace of his state, and urging suicide as the readiest mode to end to his sinfull career. Amid's his errors, the pleasure I taken in perusing his writings, and observing his manner of behaving to his associates, which he had bestowed on the beauty of the fair female his thoughts ought to have been dedicated to the religious course of her father, were set before him in the darkest ex rem, and he was treated as one who, having sinned against was, therefore, deservedly left a prey to the Prince of Dae As the fated and influential hour rolled on, the terror to the Prince of Darkness, and no thought of the vicissitudes and the amusements he had enjoyed, the more inextricable in appearance, at least to the prey which surrounded him. He had not power to explain the ease of pardon which he continued to assert, or to name the cause in which he trusted. But his faith did not fail him, though he lacked for a time the power of express "Say what you will," was his answer to the Tempt "I know there is as much between the two boards of this B can ensure me forgiveness for my transgressions, and still my soul." As he spoke, the clock, which announced the hour of the fatal hour, was heard to strike. The speech and actual powers of the youth were instantly and fully reced the calamity, and he enjoyed the peace of mind of the vels himself, his reliance on the truth, and on the Author, of theiel. The demon retired, yelling and disinclined, and t, man, entering the apartment, with tears congratulated his pleasant and delightful manner.

The young man was afterwards married to the maiden, the first sight of whom had made such an imp on him, and they were consigned over at the close of the vels to domestic happiness. —He ended John McKinn's life of a woman.

The Author of Waverley had imagined a possibility of an interesting, and perhaps not an unedifying, tale, out incidents of the life of a doomed individual, whose ef good and wise, the shooting of the poppy, the furnishing of the intervention, as it were, of some malevolent being, ar was at last to come victorious from the fearful struggle short, something was mediated upon a pian resembles imaginative tale of Histram and his Companions, by Mc Baron de la Motte Foulqué, although, if it then existed, lord had not seen it.

The scheme projected may be traced in the three or fo chapters of the work, but further consideration induced theor to lay his purpose aside. It appeared, on mature c onclusion, that Astrology, though its influence was once re and admitted by Bacon himself, does not now retain its over the great mass of minds; and sufficient evidence of the spring of a romance. Besides, it occurred, that to do ju such a subject would have required not only more talent the author could be conscious of possessing, but also in the doctrines essential to the faith of his father, and for the character of the narrative. In changing hi however, which was done in the course of printing, thats retained the vestiges of the original tenor of the although they now hang upon it as an unnecessary and u ral incumbrance. The cause of such vestiges occurring explained, and apologized for.

It is here worthy of observation, that while the astro doctrines have fallen into general contempt, and been sup erstitions of a more gross and far less beautiful c het, they have, even in modern days, retained some votary.

One of the most remarkable believers in that forgot the settled system, was a man of great reputation in the legendarium. One would have thought that a person of description ought, from his knowledge of the thousand which human eyes could be deceived, to have been less others subject to the fancies of antiquation. Perplexed human habits, and was much given to prophetic communications.

He constructed a scheme of his own nativity, calculated to such rules of art as he could collect from ti as it is known to the known world, and from how to what he hitherto been belted him, but in the important pe of the future a singular difficulty occurred. Their two years, during the course of which he could by no obtain any information that would have confirmed their sa of being dead or alive. Anxiety concerning so remark
circumstance, he gave the scheme to a brother Astrologer, who was also baffled in the same manner. At one period he found the native, or subject, was certainly alive; at another, that he was unquestionably dead; but a space of two years extended between these events, during which he could find no certainty as to his death or existence.

The Astrologer marked the remarkable circumstance in his Diary, and continued his exhibitions in various parts of the republic until the period was about to expire, during which his existence had been warrantied as actually ascertained. At last, while he was exhibiting to a numerous audience his usual tricks of legendarium, the hands, whose activity had so often baffled the most observant, ceased, and suddenly their power, the cards dropped from them, and he sunk down a disabled parasite.

In this state the artist languished for two years, when he was at length removed by death. It is said that the Diary and the papers of this Astrologer filled a large public library.

The fact, if truly reported, is one of those singular coincidences which occasionally appear, differing so widely from ordinary calculation, yet without which irregularities, human life would not present to mortals, looking into futurity, the abyss of impenetrable darkness, which it is the pleasure of the Creator it should offer to them. Were every thing to happen in the ordinary train of events, the future would be subject to the restraint of the present, and future events, so far as these are similar to ordinary events, and wonderful runs of luck, defy the calculations of mankind, and throw impenetrable darkness on future contingency.

In the above anecdote, another, still more recent, may be added. The author was lately honoured with a letter from a gentleman deeply skilled in these mysteries, who kindly undertook to calculate the nativity of the writer of Guy Mannering, and to narrate the history of his life, which he professed. But it was impossible to supply data for the construction of a horoscope, had the native been otherwise disposed of, as those who could supply the minutiae of day, hour, and minute, have been long removed from the mortal sphere.

Having thus given some account of the first idea, or rude sketch, of the story, which was soon deserted from the author, as far as his concern was the natural development of the prototype of the principal characters in Guy Mannering. Some circumstances of local situation gave the author, in his youth, an opportunity of seeing a little, and learning a great deal, about that degraded class who are called gipsies; who are in most cases a mixed race, between the ancient Egyptians who arrived in Europe about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and vagrants of European descent.

The individual gipsy upon whom the character of Meg Merlin was founded, was well known about the middle of the last century, by the name of Jean Gordon, an inhabitant of the village of Kirk Yetholm, in the Cheviot hills, adjoining to the English Border. He was a very well-known personage in the neighborhood. The author met with one of the prototypes of the principal characters in Guy Mannering, in one of the early numbers of Blackwood's Magazine, to the following purpose:

"My father remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had a reputation of a very dangerous and worthless sort, a Meg Merlin, and possessed the savage virtues of idolatry in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farmhouse of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood-sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she abanoned herself from Lochside for several years."

"It happened, in course of time, that in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the Goodmat of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to raise some money to pay his rent. He was a very honest man, but, according to the mountains of Cheviot, he was acquainted and lost his way."

"A light, shimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farm-house to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter; and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure, for she was nearly six feet high, and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to use her as prey. She was employed in weaving, which she had done for half a century; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at so great distance from her clan, was a grievous surprise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been a heavy blow to his way of living) and, good enough in his situation to keep the wolves at bay."

"Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—"Eh, sir! the wi'some Goodman of Lochside! Light down, light down: for ye maunna gang further the aight, and a friend's house me near./" The runner was obliged to dismount, and accept of the gipsy's offer of supper and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by; and preparations were going on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed, was calculated for tea or coffee, during guest, of the same description, probably, with his landlord."

"Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and anxiety it had caused. She added that the farmer, during the whole period of his absence, had been looking for her, and that, on the return of his goods, she had, as it were, thrown herself into his arms."

"This end of all this was, an inquiry what money the farmer had about him; and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her his housekeeper, since the damsels, as she called her name, would be very serviceable to him. Jean, in this instance of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless."

"This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of sketl-drear, as the Scotch call it, or bed clothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not."

"About midnight he dozed off into a light slumber, full of pleasant dreams of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there."

"'Een this', says the wiser of the two, 'the man of the blackest hair had applied Jean; 'he's been at Newcastle seeking wikler to pay his rent, honest man, but deed be-likkit he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gaun e'en hame wi' a strong purse and a sair heart.'"

"'That maun be a beau lump o' money,' said the other. 'It's mair man in his pocket than is ever seen. He's caund his man to rie his poucheis a bit, and see if the tale be true or no.' Jean set up her threat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him in retain, he held a con conspiring council of war, to divide the spoil, and to determine the order of the booty, and the vivacity of Jean's remembrances, determined them in the negative. They calmed and went to rest. As soon as day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the sashin, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the high-road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property: nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea."

"I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say, that all Jean's sons were consigned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and cut the Gordans' throats, and cried, 'Let us die not as gouls at a!' Unanimity is not required in a Scotch jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, and only said, 'The Lord help the innocent in this like thing.' Her on a large scaffold, was publicly burnt as a witch. I am informed the guillotine of poor Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. She had, among other dementies, or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being a staunch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market-day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being seized in their loyalty, when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no lighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling fiercely, and bitting the hands of the men who had seized her, and, while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at such intervals, 'Charlie yet! Charlie yet!' When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for poor Jean Gordon."

"Before quitting the Border gipsies, I may mention, that my grandfather, while riding over Cawtershoot moor, then a very extensive common, fell suddenly among a large band of them, and had no escape but to run into the bushes. They instantly seized on his horse's bridle with many shouts of welcome, exclaiming (for he was well known to most of them) that they had often dined at his expense, and he must now stay and drink with them. My grandfather, a little alarmed, for, like the Goodman of Lochside, he had more money about his person than he cared to risk in such society. However, being naturally a bold lively-spirited man, he entered into the humour of the thing, and took down to the beast, which was
INTRODUCTION TO GUY MANCERLING.

sated of all the varieties of game, poultry, pigs, and so forth, that could be collected by a wide and indiscriminate system of plunder. The dinner was a very merry one; but my relative got a hint from some of the older gipsies to retire just when

'T the mirth and fun grew hot and furious,' and, mounting his horse accordingly, he took a French leave of his entertainers, but without experiencing the least breach of hospitality. I believe Jean Gordon was at this festival.'—(Blackwood's Magazine, vol. i. p. 84.)

Notwithstanding the failure of Jean's issue, for which,

Weary at the waste's end,
a grand-daughter survived her whom I remember to have seen.

That is, as Dr. Johnson had a shadowy recollection of Queen Anne, as a stately lady in black, adorned with diamonds, so my memory is haunted by a solemn remembrance of a woman of more than feminine height, dressed in a long red cloak, who commenced acquaintance by giving me an apple, but whom, nevertheless, I looked on with as much awe, as the future Doctor, High Church and Tory as he was doomed to be, could look upon the Queen. I conceive this woman to have been Madge Gordon, of whom an impressive account is given in the same article in which her Mother Jean is mentioned, but not by the present writer:—

"The late Madge Gordon was at this time accounted the Queen of the Yetholm clans. She was, we believe, a grand-daughter of the celebrated Jean Gordon, and was said to have much resembled her in appearance. The following account of her is extracted from the letter of a friend, who for many years enjoyed frequent and favourable opportunities of observing the characteristic peculiarities of the Yetholm tribes:—"Madge Gordon was descended from the Faas by the mother's side, and was married to a Young. She was a remarkable personage of a very commanding presence, and high stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large aquiline nose—penetrating eyes, even in her old age—bulky hair that hung around her shoulders from beneath a gipsy bonnet of straw—a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff nearly as tall as herself. I remember her well—every week she paid my father a visit for her assmess, when I was a little boy, and I looked upon Madge with no common degree of awe and terror. When she spoke vehemently, (for she made loud complaints,) she used to strike her staff upon the floor, and throw herself into an attitude which it was impossible to regard with indifference. She used to say that she could bring from the remotest parts of the island, friends to revenge her quarrel, while she sat motionless in her cottage; and she frequently boasted that there was a time when she was of still more considerable importance, for there were at her wedding fifty saddled asses, and unsaddled asses without number. If Jean Gordon was the prototype of the projector of Meg Marillan, I imagine Madge must have sat to the unknown author as the representative of her peace."—(Blackwood's Magazine, vol. i. p. 85.)

How far Blackwood's insipid correspondent was right, how far mistaken in his conjecture, the reader has been informed.

To pass to a character of a very different description, Dominie Sampson, the reader may easily suppose that a poor modest humble scholar, who has won his way through the classics, yet has fallen to leeward in the voyage of life, is no uncommon personage in a country, where a certain portion of learning is easily attained by those who are willing to suffer hunger and thirst in exchange for acquiring Greek and Latin. But there is far more exact prototype of the worthy Dominie, upon which is founded the part which he performs in the romance, and which, for certain particular reasons, must be expressed very generally.

Such a preceptor as Mr. Sampson is supposed to have been, was actually tutor in the family of a gentleman of considerable property. The young lady, his pupil, grew up and went out in the world, but the tutor continued to reside in the family, no uncommon circumstance in Scotland, (in former days,) where food and shelter were readily afforded to humble friends and dependants. The Laird's predecessors had been imprudent, he himself was inactive and unfortunate. Death swept away his sons, whose success in life might have balanced his own bad luck and incapacity. Debts increased and funds diminished, until ruin came. The estate was sold; and the old man was about to remove from the house of his fathers, to go he knew not whither, when, like an old piece of furniture, which, left alone in its wasted corner, may hold together for a long while, but breaks to pieces on an attempt to move it, he fell down on his own threshold under a paralytic affection.

The tutor awakened as from a dream. He saw his patron dead, and that his patron's only remaining child, an elderly woman, now neither graceful nor beautiful, if she had ever been either the one or the other, had by this calamity become a homeless and penniless orphan. He addressed her nearly in the words which Dominie Sampson uses to Miss Berton, and prosecutes his determination not to leave her. Accordingly, reused to the exercise of talents which had long slumbered, he opened a little school, and supported his patron's child for the rest of her life, treating her with the same humble observance and devoted attention which he had used towards her in the days of her prosperity.

Such is the outline of Dominie Sampson's real story, in which there is neither romantic incident nor sentimental passion; but which, perhaps, from the rectitude and simplicity of character which it displays, may interest the heart and fill the eye of the reader as irresistibly, as if it respected distresses of a more dignified or refined character.

These preliminary notices concerning the tale of Guy Mancering, and some of the characters introduced, may save the author and reader, in the present instance, the trouble of writing and perusing a long string of detached notes.

Aberfoyle, January, 1829.
CHAPTER I.

He could not deny that looking round upon the dreary region, and seeing nothing but bleak fields, and naked trees, hills obscured by fog, and pits covered with stagnations, he did feel some time surfeit melancholy to prevail upon him, and wished himself again safe at home.


It was in the beginning of the month of November 17—, when a young English gentleman, who had just left the university of Oxford, made use of the liberty afforded him, to visit some parts of the north of England; and curiosity extended his tour into the adjacent frontier of the six sister counties. He had visited, on the day that opens our history, some monastic ruins in the county of Dumbfries, and spent much of the day in making drawings of them from different points; so that on mounting his horse to resume his journey, the brief and gloomy twilight of the season had already commenced. His way lay through a wide tract of black moor, extending for miles on each side before him. Little eminences arose like islands on its surface, bearing here and there patches of corn, which even at this season was green, and sometimes a hut, or farm-house, shaded by a willow or two, or surrounded by large elder-bushes. These isolated dwellings communicated with each other by winding passages through the moss, impassable by any but the natives themselves. The public road, however, -in the south-west corner of the country, as it passed through the midst of gray moorness. To this was now joined the distant roar of the ocean, towards which the traveller seemed to be fast approaching. This was no circumstance to make his mind easy. Many of the roads in that country lay along the sea-beach, and were liable to be flooded by the tides, which rise with great height, and advance with extreme rapidity. Others were intersected with creeks and small islands; and it was not to be expected that it was to be possible to get to the houses of the inhabitants, however poor, he might chance to reach, unless he could procure a guide to this unhappy village of Kippletringan.

A miserable want of light afforded him an opportunity to execute his purpose. He had found the door with no small difficulty, and for some time knocked without producing any other answer than a request for the female servant, the door being opened by a servant, who was already become quite disposed to be well acquainted with the keeper of the house and the girl of the house, which was the case with the present situation of the matter. The girl was not disposed to have her heart out, or the other screaming in chorus. By degrees the human tones predominated; but the angry bark of the dog being at the instant changed into a howl, it is probable something more than fair strength of lungs had contributed to the ascendency.

"Sorrow in your throat then!" these were the first articulate words, "will ye no let me hear what the man wants, wi' yer yapping?"

"Am I far from Kippletringan, good dame?"

"Praise Kippletringan! I'll in an exalted tone of wonder, which we can but faintly express by three points of admiration; "Ow, man! ye should nae hadden caist to Kippletringan—ye maun gae back as far as the Whasp, and hau the Whasp till ye come to Ballenloan, and then—"

"This will never do, good dame! my horse is almost quite knocked up—can you not give me a night's lodgings?"

"The Hope, of the overgrown Whasp, is the sheltered port or hollow of the Islay, such and such—what regulations of the same sort.
"Troth can I no—I am a lone woman, for James he's awa to Drumshayrouch fair with the year-salad, and I daurna for my life open the door to ony o' your gang-there-out sort o' bodies.

"If then, good dame? for I can't sleep here upon the road all night."

"Troth, I kenna, unless ye like to gae down and speak for quarters at the Place. I 'se warrant they'll take you in, whether ye be gentle or common.

"Simple enough, to be wandering here at such a time of night," thought Mannerings, who was ignorant of the meaning of the phrase; "but how shall I get the door open to it?"

"Ye maun hand weesed by the end o' the loon, and take tient o' the jaw-hole."

"O, if ye get to casset and weeset again, I am undone—is there anybody that could make me to this place? I will pay him handsomely."

The word pass operated like magic. "Jock, ye villain," exclaimed a voice from the interior, "are ye lying round there, and a young gentleman seeking the way to the Place? Get up, ye false loon, and show him the way down the muckle eloaming.—He'll show you the way, sir, and I 'se warrant ye'll be well pleased with the manner of the door; and ye'll be come in the canny moment, I'm thinking, for the laird's servant—that's no to say his body servant, but the helper like—rude express by this c'en to the place, and a short raid the drinking o' twa pints o' tippenny, to tell us how my laddie was ta'en wi' her pain."

"Perhaps," said Mannerings, "at such a time a stranger might be inclined to wait.

"Hout, na', ye need be blee and amit that; their house is muckle enough, and clockin' time's aye canti time.

In this time Jock had found his way into all the intricacies of a tattered doublot, and more a tattered pair of breeches, and sailed forth, a great white-headed, bare-legged, ribberboy hoof of twelve years old, so exhibited by the glimpse of a rush-light, which his half oiled red whiskers, and a black coat and brown frock jacket, ne'er having slept in the same bed or stowed together a patch, and a patch, the winter of the year. He had the little patch which bordered the formidable jaw-hole, whose vicinity the stranger was made sensible of by means of more organs than one. His guide then disappeared, and Jock, walking some distance, arrived at a cart-track, next over a ploughed field, then broke down a stop, as he called it, in a dry-stone fence, and lugged the unresting animal through the breach, abounding with the lust of the chase, and the spleen of the wayfarer, with which he passed. Finally, he led the way, through a wicket, into something which had still the air of an avenue, though many of the trees were cut, and some of the edges near the gate were split and full, and the moon, which began to make her appearance, gleamed on a turreted and apparently a ruined mansion, of considerable extent. Mannerings fixed his eyes upon it with a disconsolate sensation."

"Why, my little fellow," he said, "this is a ruin, not a house."

"Ah, but the lairds lived there Langsyne—that's Ellangowan Auld Place; there's a hantie bogies about it—but ye needna be feared—I never saw omy myself, and we're just at the door o' the New Place."

Accordingly, leaving the ruins on the right, a few steps brought the traveller in front of a modern house of moderate size, at which his guide rapped with great importance. Mannerings told his circumstances to the servant; and the gentleman of the house, who heard his tale from the parlour, stepped forward, and welcomed the stranger hospitably to Ellangowan. The young man, made happy with half-a-crown, was haimed to his cottage, the weary horse was conducted to a stall, and Mannerings found himself in a few minutes seated by a comfortable supper, for which his cold ribs and his hearty appetite.

* Provincial for fast and westward.

* Hasting time.
but on the breaking out of Appy's rebellion, Dennis Benjamin, the present possessor, appointed by government, appeared, on the 28th of April, 1715, he was summoned to the bar, and there he was had in charge, his conduct was then charged, and he was detained for a considerable time, during which time he was compelled to stay, and the court was opened, and the case was tried, and the verdict was given in favor of the defendant, and the case was remanded for further proceedings. The court then adjourned, and the defendant was sent to prison, and there he remained until he was discharged, and then he was released.

Donohoe Jr., with somewhat of an Irish name, and so great a thirst for the past, that he went to the house of the Rev. Aaron Macfarlane, his mother's chaplain, (it is said they quarrelled about the good graces of a milkmaid,) drank himself daily drunk with brimming health to the king, council, and bishops; held orgies with the Laird of Lagg, Theophilus Oglethorpe, and Sir James Turner; and lastly, took on his drink, and joined Clavers at Killecrankie. At the skirmish of Dunkeld, 1699, he was shot dead by a Cameronian with a silver button, (being supposed to have, from the evil One against lead and steel,) and his grave is still called, the "Wicked Laird's Lair." He was, so the story goes, more given up to his lusts than usual to have belonged to the family. He nourished what property was yet left to him; for Donohoe's excesses, as well as fines and forfeitures, had made as much of a fortune of it. But though one, he did not escape the fury which induced the Lords of Eillangowan to interfere with politics, he had yet this prudence, ere he went out with Lord Eglinton's army. He had the fear of a man of sense, in order to avoid perjury and penalties, in case the Earl of Mar could not put down the Protestant succession. But Scylla and Charybdis—a word to the wise and wicked, a word of a life without a suit, which again subdivided the family property. He was, however, a man of resolution. He sold part of the lands, evacuating the old castle, where the family had passed their decadence, as a mouse (said an old farmer) lives under a firtol. Pulling down part of these venerable ruins, he built with the stones a narrow house of three stories high, with a front like a grenadier's cap, having in the very centre a round window, like the single eye of a Cyclops, two windows on each side, and a door in the middle, leading to a parlour and withdrawing room, full of all manner of furniture.

This was the New Place of Eillangowan, in which we left our hero, better amused perhaps than our readers, and to this Lewis Bertram retreated, full of prosperity, wearing the prosperity of his family. He took over land, planted it, sent some of the proceeds from neighbouring proprietors, bought and sold Highland cattle and Cheviot sheep, rode to fairs and tayset, fought hard bargains, and held necessity at the end as well as he might. But what he gained in purse, he lost in honour, for such agricultural and commercial negotiations were very ill looked upon by his brother lairds, who minded nothing but cock-fighting, hunting, courting, and horse-racing, with now and then the alteration of a desperate duel. The occupations which he followed encroached, in their opinion, upon the estate of Eillangowan's gentry, and, as a gentleman, he was an enemy to the laird himself, from their society, and sink into what was then a very ambiguous character, a gentleman farmer. In the midst of his schemes death claimed his tribute, and the heavy clouds of a large property descended upon him. The brothers of the Gentleman Farmer, Godfrey Bertram, the present possessor, his own son.

The danger of the father's speculations was soon seen. Deprived of Laird Lewis's personal and active support of his speculative schemes, he became more and more involved, and became an object of derision and ridicule. Without a single spark of energy to meet or repel these misfortunes, Godfrey put his faith in the activity of another, and the severity of a large property descended upon him, and two brothers from other northern preliminaries to ruin; but as he has been observed of his countrymen, he kept a man of business, who answered the purpose equally well. Under this gentleman's supervision small debts grew into large, interests were accumulated upon capi-

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CHAPTER III.

Do not make the history of all ages

Relate miraculous premises,

Pore upon the face of God.

The circumstances of the landlady were pleaded to Manning, first, as an apology for her not appearing to welcome her guest, and for those deficiencies in her entertainment which her attention might have supplied, and then as an excuse for pressing an extra bottle of good wine.

"I cannot keep my mouth shut," said the Laird, with the anxious feelings of a father in such a predicament, "till I hear she's got a woman with it—and if you, sir, are not very sleepy, and would do me the honour to sit up with me, I am sure we will not detain you very late. Luckie Howatson is very expedient—there was once a lass that was in that way—she did not live far from hereabouts—ye needna shake your head at her. Good man, Domingue—I am sure the kirk does weep a' weel paid, and what can man do mair?—it was laid till her ere she had a kirk over her head, and the man that she since washed does not think her a pin the war for the munificence. They live, Mr. Manning, by the shore-side, at Annan, and a mair decent, orderly couple, with six as fine bairns as ye would wish to see splash in a salt-water dune and little curlie Godfrey—that's the eldest, the come o' will, as I may say—he's on board an excise yacht—I have a cousin at the board of excise—that's Commissioner Bertram; he got his commsittee, I believe, through the Bishop, who had been auld familiar with high huzzaers, and had his hopes and prospects, to share the poverty of his parents. As he had neither friend nor confidant, hardly even an acquaintance, no one had the means of knowing that the Bishop saw him. In his relations to the patron, he was a young man, a young student, of humanity, of the holy influence of the Principal, that the fugitive had not, in imitation of his mighty namesake, taken the college gates as a means of entry in his vocation.

To all appearance, the eagerness of Sampson was unshaken. He sought to assist his parents by teaching a school, and soon had plenty of scholars, but very few fees. In fact, he taught the sons of farmers for what they chose to give him, and the poor for nothing; and, to the shame of the former he is spoken, the pedagogue's gains never equalled those of a skilful ploughman. He wrote, however, a good hand, and added something to his pittance by copying accounts and writing letters for Ellangowan. By degrees, the Laird, who was much estranged from general business, became partial to the views of Domingue Sampson. Conversation, it is true, was out of the question, but the Domingue was a good listener, and stirred the fire with some address. He attempted everything, but, whenever he became successful, was so relished that ambitious post of constable after having twice reduced the parlor to total darkness. So his civilities, therefore, were confined to taking off his glass of ale in exactly the same time and measure with the Laird, and in uttering certain in distinct murmurs of acquiescence at the conclusion of the long and winding stories of Ellangowan.

On one of those occasions, by presentment, for the first time to Manning, his face, so gaunt, so wasted, so bony, figure, attired in a threadbare suit of black, with a coloured handkerchief, not over clean, about his snifter, his grey mustache, and his mother person arrayed in gray breeches, blue stockings, clouted shoes, and small copper buckles.

Such was a brief outline of the lives and fortunes of those two persons, in whose society Manning now found himself comfortably seated.

"It's Meg Merrilies, the gipsy, as sure as I am a sinner," said Mr. Bertram. The Domingue ground deep, uncrossed his legs, drew in the huge spay foot which his former posture had extended, placed it perpendicularly, and stretched the other limb over it instead, passing out between whiles huge volumes of tobacco smoke. "What need ye grieve, Domingue? I am sure Meg's sangs do nae ill.

"Nor good neither," answered Domingue Sampson, in a voice whose untuneable harshness corresponded with the awkwardness of his figure, they were the first words that Manning had heard him speak, and as he had been watching with some curiosity, when this eating, drinking, moving, and smoking automation would perform the part of speaking, he was a good deal disconcerted with the harsh tongue on which issued from him. But at this moment the door opened, and Meg Merrilies entered.

Her appearance made Manning start. She was full six feet high, and wore a broad hat over the rest of her dress, had in her hand a goodly sloe-thorn cudgel, and in all points of equipment, except her petticoats, seemed rather masculine than feminine. Her dark eyes were shot out like the snakes of the gorgon, between an old-fashioned bonnet called a bongrace, heightening the singular effect of her strong and weather-beaten features, which they partly shadowed while her eye cut like a thorn in the indicated something like real or affected insanity.

"Aweel, Ellangowan," she said, "wa' it no has been a bonnie thing, an' the leddy had been brought-to-bed, and the lad out o' Drummurru, or fair o' Drummore is com- ming, nor dreaming a word about it! Wha was to keep awa the worceeres, I trow? Ay, and the elves and grye-carlings frae the bonny bairn, grace be in their bed! Ay, and what Colme's chair's like the chair I the chair?" And without waiting an answer she began to sing—
"Treflig, vereina, John's-wo't, dill,
Hinders wi' shes of their will;
Weel is thim, that weel may
Fart upon, Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,
Baint Coline and his cat,
Keep the house from rain and dirt.

This charm she sung to a wild tune, in a high and shrill voice, and cutting three capers with such strength and force, it almost to touch the roof of the room, concluded, "And now, Laird, will ye no order me a tass o' brandy?"

"That you shall have, Meg—sit down yont there at the table and tell us what news yo have heard at the fair o' Drumshourloch.

"Truth, Laird, and there was muckle want o' you, and the like o' you; for there was a whin bonnie lass's

"Forbye myself, and deil ane 'to gie them hands!"

"Weel, Meg, and how many gipsies were sent to the tolbooth?"

"Three, Laird, for there were nane mair in the fair. bbye myself, as I said before, and I e'en gie them leg-bad, for there's nae ease in dealing wi' quarrelseome folk. And there's Dunobg has warned the Red Rotten and John Young all his grunde-black be his cast? he's nae man's guid but a gentleman, was grudge twa gangrel puir bodies the shelter o' a waste house, and the thistles by the road-side for a bit cuddy, and the bits o' rotten birk to boil their dunghill auld wath. Weel, it was a—"but we'll see if the red cock cran not in his bonnie barn-yard ae morning before day-dawing."

"Hush! Meg, hush! hush that's no safe talk."

"What does the mean?" said Manning to Sampson, in an under tone.

"Fire-raising," answered the laconic Dominie.

"Who, or what is she, in the name of wonder?"

"Hart, flicht, witch, and gypsy," answered Sampson again.

"O true, Laird," continued Meg, during this by-talk, "it's but to the like o' you ane can open their hearts, and does this the man?" Manning and Sampson is no mair a gentleman than the blunter that's biggit the bonnie house down in the howm. But the like o' you, Laird, that's a real gentleman for sane mony hundreds of years, and never hundr' puir folk a' aff your ground as if they were mad tykes, nae o' our fowl was stir your yarn if ye had as mony capons as there's leaves on the trayting-tree.—And now some o' ye man lay down your warm, and seat yoursel' in the hour the wean's born, and I'll spae its fortune."

"Ay, but, Meg, we shall not want your assistance, for here's a student from Oxford that ken's mair better how you how to spae its fortune—he does it by the stars."

"Certainly, sir," said Manning, entering into the simple humour of his landlord, I will calculate his security according to the rule of the Triplificites, as recommended by Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Diocles, and Aviceenna. Or will I begin ab hora questionis, as Haly, Messahala, Ganehwaik, and Guido Bonatus, have recommended.

One of Sampson's great recommendations to the favour of Mr. Bertram was, that he never detected the most gross attempt at imposture, so that the Laird, whose position at Oxford was considered to be chiefly confined to what were then called bits and bane, since denominated knaves and quizzes, had the fairest possible subject of wit in the unsuspecting Dominie. It is true, he never laughed, or joined in the laugh which his own simplicity afforded—nay, it is said, he never laughed but once in his life; and on that memorable occasion his landlady miscarried, partly through surprise at the event itself, and partly from terror at the hideous grimaces which attended this unusual cackhastening. The only effect which the discovery of such impostures produced upon this saunterer, was a compensation for the slight encroachments of his conversation. The word "prodigious!" or "very facetious!" pronounced syllabically, but without moving a muscle of his own countenance.

On the present occasion, he turned a gaunt and glassy stare upon the youthful astronomer, and seem-

ed to doubt if he rightly understood his answer to his patron.

"I am afraid, sir," said Manning, turning to wards him, "you may be one of those unhappy persons, who, their dim eyes being unable to penetrate the starry vault, and discerned through the smokes of heaven at a distance, have their hearts bars against conviction by prejudice and misprision."

"Truly," said Sampson, "I opine with Sir Isaac Newton, Kneller, and Linnell, that the peculiar scien-
ty's mini, that the (pretended) science of astrology is altogether vain, frivolous, and unsatisfactory." And here he repised his oracular jaws.

"Really, sir," said the treoler, "I am sorry to see a gentleman of your learning and gravity labouring under such strange blindness and delusion. Will you place the brief, the modern, and, as I may say, the vernacular name of Isaac Newton, in opposition to the grave and reverend authorities of Drury, Bo-

natus, Prolomus, Holby, Exeter, Dieterick, Naiob, Harfurt, Zael, Tausticket, Agrippa, Dureutus, Magi-

Iqen, Origen, and Argol? Do not Christians and Heathens, and Jews and Gentiles, and poets and philosophers, unite in allowing the starry influences?""

"Communi error—it is a general mistake," an-
swered the inflexible Dominic Sampson.

"Not so," said the viscount, "it is a general and well-grounded belief."

"It is the resource of cheaters, knaves, and co-
zours," said Sampson.

"Abusus non facit eum nocens. The abuse of any thing does not abrogate the lawful use thereof."

During this discussion, Ellangowan was somewhat like a woodcock caught in his own springe. He turned his face alternately from the one spokes-
man to the other, and began, from the gravity with which Manning pled his adversary, and the learning which he displayed in the controversy, to give him credit for being half serious. As for Meg, she fixed her bewildered eyes upon the astrologer, overpowered by a jargon more mysterious than her own.

Manning pressed his advantage, and ran over all the hard words of the Dominie; Describing his munro-

supplied, and which, from circumstances hereafter to be noticed, had been familiar to him in early youth.

Signs and planets, in aspects sextile, quartile, trine, conjoint or opposite; houses of heaven, with their cusps, hours, and minutes; Almucet, Almachoden, Alanibazon, Catalibazon; a thousand terms of equus, thousand and one thousand, pounds, on the unshrinking Dominie, whose stubborn in-
credulity bore him out against the pelting of this pi-

tetor storm.

At length the joyful announcement that the lady had presented her husband with a fine boy, and was (or course) as well as could be expected, broke off this intercourse. Mr. Bertram hastened to the lady's apart-

ment, Meg Merriell descended to the kitchen to sec-
ure her share of the groaning malt, and the "ken-
no," and Manning, after looking at his watch, and noting, with great exactness, the hour and minute of the birth, requested, with becoming gravity, that the Dominie would conduct him to some place where he might have a view of the heavenly bodies.

The schoolmaster, without further answer, rose and threw open a door half railed with glass, which led to an old-fashioned terrace-walk, behind the mod-

ern house, communicating with the platform on

* The groaning malt mentioned in the text was the ale brewed for the purpose of being drunk after the lady or gentleman's safe delivery. The beer was a more stringent service, and perhaps the custom may be derived from the secret rites of the Bond Des. A large and rich cheese was made by the women of the family, with great art, and secrecy, for the benefit of the guests who were to attend at the coming minute. This was the cheese des-se, so called from the assistance of ten men (or more) supposed to be so) from all the males of the family, but especially from the head of the family. He was always, accordingly, on hand to conduct himself as if he knew of no such preparation, so as to derive the female guests to refreshments, and to make them surprised at the great entertainment which was being turned the Arse was produced; and after all had been done to satisfy their appetite, the proper accomplishment of malt, the remainder was divided among the guests, each carry-

ing a large portable home with the name Belchemy of new secrecy.
which the ruins of the ancient castle were situated. The wind had arisen, and swept before it the clouds which had formerly obscured the sky. The moon was high, and at the full, and all the lesser satellites of Jupiter and Mars, with the fixed stars, were bright. The scene which their light presented to Manning, was in the highest degree unexpected and striking.

We have observed, that in the latter part of his journey our travelers approached the sea-shore, without being aware how nearly. He now perceived that the ruins of Ellangowan castle were situated upon a promontory, or projection of rock, which formed one side of a small bay and a placed island on the sea-shore. The modern mansion was placed lower, though closely adjoining, and the ground behind it descended to the sea by a small swelling green bank, divided into lovely natural terraces, on which grew some old trees, and terminating upon the white sand. The other side of the bay, opposite to the old castle, was a sloping and varied promontory, covered chiefly with coppice, which on that favoured coast grows almost within water-mark. A fisherman's cottage peeped from among the trees. Even at this dead hour of night there were lights moving upon the shore, probably in the unceasing anagnorisis of the lugger from the Isla of Man, which was lying in the bay. On the light from the shaven door of the house being observed, a halloo from the vessel, of Ware head, was sent to the shore and answered. The lugger were on shore, and the lights instantly disappeared.

It was one hour after midnight, and the prospect around was lovely. The gray old towers of the ruin, partially concealed by the bare, leafless, weather-stains of ages, and those pantingly ured with ivy, stretched along the verge of the dark rock which rose on Manning's right hand. In his front was a little lake, and a little stream running sparkling to the moonbeams, rolled successively along its surface, and dashed with a soft and murmuring ripple against the silvery beach. To the left the moon was reflecting in the coolness of the moonlight along ground of an undulating and varied form, and presenting those varieties of light and shade, and that interesting combination of glade and thickets, upon which the eye delights to rest, charmed with what it sees, yet curious to pierce still deeper into the intricacies of the woodland scenery. Above rolled the planets, each, by its own liquid orbit of light, distinguished from the interior or more distant stars. So strangely can imagination deceive even those whose vocation it has been excited, that Manning, while gazing upon these brilliant bodies, was seized with the idea that they had sent Him a message from the stars, a message of love and kindness, revalued in the Ephebe, and rectified their poet the hour and moment of the nativity. Without blaring our readers with the general prognostic which judicious astrology would draw from these circumstances, in this diagram there is a signification, which pressed remarkably upon orator's attention. Mars having dignity in the twelfth house, threatened captivity, or a violent death, to the native: and Manning giving recourse to those further rules by which he pretend to ascertain the vehemence of this evil, observed from the result, that the period of these circumstances was on the third twenty-first year.

It was somewhat remarkable, that Manning once before met a similar case of folly, at a distance of Sophy Wallou, on the road from London to the north, when he was attached, and that a similar conjunct planetary influence threatened her with death; and, prison, in her thirty-ninth year. She was this time only twenty, so that, according to the scheme of both cases, the same year thrashed her with the same misfortune that was predicted to the nation in eighteen hundred and forty-four; whom that night had recency to the world. Struck with the results, Manning repeated his calculations; and the events predicted, until, at the same month, and day of the month, seem signed as the period of peril to be.

It will be readily believed, that, in such a case, we lay no weight whatever upon

CHAPTER IV.

Come and see I trust thine own eyes. A fearful sign stands in the house of life.

**Collins, from Schœf**
pretted information thus conveyed. But it often happens, such as our natural love for the marvellous, that we willingly contribute our own efforts to bring forth better judgments. Whether the coincidence which I have been led, through repeated operation of these obscure influences, which sometimes happen against all ordinary calculations; or whether Manningering, bewildered amid the archaic labyrinth and technical jargon of all ages, has innumerable times followed the same clue to guide him out of the maze; or whether his imagination, seduced by some point of apparent resemblance, lent its aid to make the similitude between the two operations more of exact truth than it might otherwise have been, it is impossible to guess; but the impression upon his mind, that the results exactly corresponded, was vividly and indelibly strong.

He could not help feeling two instants a conviction so singular and unexpected. "Does the devil mingle in the dance, to avenge himself for our trifling with an art said to be of magical origin? Or is it possible, as Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne admit, that there is some truth in a sober and regulated astrology, and that the influence of the stars is not to be denied, though the due application of it, by the ignorance of the regular ascet, led from the heavens as greatly as it could be suspected?"—A moment's consideration of the subject induced him to dismiss this opinion as fantastical, and only sanctioned by those learned men, who have not the universal prejudices of their age, or because they themselves were not altogether freed from the contagious influence of a prevailing superstition. Yet the result of the research that he had left so pleasing an impression on his mind, that, like Prosper, he mentally relinquished his art, and resolved, neither in jest nor earnest ever again to practise j sympathetic astrology.

He hesitated a good deal what he should say to the Lord of Ellangowan, concerning the futility of his first-born; and, at length, resolved plainly to tell him. This he did the very next day, at the same time acquainting him with the futility of the rules of art on which he had proceeded. With this resolution he walked out upon the terrace.

If the view of the scene around Ellangowan had been pleasing by moonlight, it lost none of its beauty by the light of the morning sun. The land, even in the month of November, smiled under its influence. A smile, however, but a smile, led from the terrace to the neighbouring eminence, and conducted Manningering to the front of the old castle. It consisted of two massive round towers, projecting, deeply and darkly, at equal distances from a less fine wall which united them, and thus protecting the main entrance, that opened through a lofty arch in the centre of the curtain, into the inner court of the castle. The area of the court, in front of the gateway, and the portal showed the spaces arranged by the architect for lowering the portcullises, and raising the drawbridge. A rude farm-gate, made of young fir-trees nailed together, now formed the only safeguard of this once formidable entrance. The escarpment in front of the castle commanded a noble prospect.

The dreary scene of desolation, through which Manningering's road had lain on the preceding evening, was excluded from the view by some rising ground, and the landscape showed a pleasing alternation of woods and dale, intersected by a river, which was in some places visible, and hidden in others, where it rolled between deep and wooded banks. The spire of a church, and the appearance of some houses, indicated the situation of a village at the place where the stream had its junction with the ocean. The vales seemed well cultivated, the little enclosures into which they were divided skirted the bottom of the hill, so that the eye could only trace the winding hedge-rows a little way up the ascent. Above these were green pastures, tenanted chiefly by herds of black cattle, then the staple commodity of the country, lowing, and forming an impressive ornament to the landscape. The remoter hills were of a stern character, and, at still greater distance, swelled into mountains of dark heath, bordering the horizon with a screen which gave a defined and limited boundary to the cultivated country, and added, at the same time, the pleasing idea, that it was sequestered and solitary. The sea coast, which Manningering noticed not of these singularities, looked like an easy guide to him out of the maze; or whether his imagination, seduced by some point of apparent resemblance, lent its aid to make the similitude between the two operations more of exact truth than it might otherwise have been, it is impossible to guess; but the impression upon his mind, that the results exactly corresponded, was vividly and indelibly strong.

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GUY MANNEERING.

make himself master of the exact words of her song; afterwards attempted the following paraphrase of what, from a few intelligible phrases, he concluded to be its purport:

Twist ye, twice ye! even so
Mingle studies of joy and we,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
Still the thread of human life.

While the mystical twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Birdly seen through twilight winging,
Lo! what varied shapes attending
Passions wild, and Polly's rain;
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they was, and now they dwindled,
And now they grew, and now they dwindled.

Mingled human bliss and woe.

Bere our translator, or rather our free imitator, had arranged those stanzas in his head, and while he was yet hammering out a rhyme for duidle, the task of the ably was accomplished, or her wool was expended. She took the spindle, now charged with her laborious product, measured the wool, and cast it, by casting it over her elbow, and bringing each loop round between her forefinger and thumb. When she had measured it out, she merrierd herself—"A hat, king, kid, and a new coat before this month is gone, and ten, and but this broke, and then to cope, H. C. to unite, he'll be a lucky man if he win through with it."

Our hero was about to speak to the prophetess, when the voice of the ably rang out: "{Miss, Miss Murtle!—Gipsy—hag—and thousands more."

"I am coming, I am coming, Captain," answered Miss; and in a moment or two the impatient commander whom she addressed made his appearance from the broken part of the ruins.

He was apparently a small man, rather under the middle size, and with a countenance bronzed by a thousand conflicts with the north-east wind. His frame was prodigiously muscular, strong, and thickset; so that it seemed as if a man of much greater height would have been an inadequate match in any close personal conflict. He was hard-favoured, and, which was worse, his face bore nothing of the inquisitive, the careless frown, the pitty and vacant curiosity which so often follow on their own merits, perhaps as much as any others, contribute to the high popularity of our seamen, and the general good inclination which our society expresses towards them. The look of the man was one of那, which excite reverence, and perhaps rather humble pacific mendicant in their presence; and neither respect, nor a sense of humiliation, are feelings easily combined with a familiar fondness towards those who inspire them. But the boyish frolics, the exulting high spirits, the unrelenting mirth of a sailor, when enjoying himself on shore, temper the more formidable parts of his character. There was nothing like these in this man's face; on the contrary, a surly and even savage scowl appeared to darken features which would have been harrow and unpleasant to be any expression or modification. "Where are you, Mother Deivyson?" he said, with somewhat of a foreign accent, though speaking perfectly good English. "Donner and blitzen! we have been staying this half hour, and the time is going and the voyage, and be cursed to ye for a hag of Satan!"

At this moment he noticed Manneering, who, from the position which he had taken to watch Miss Murtle's incantations, had the appearance of some one who was concealing himself, being half hidden by the utters behind which he stood. The Captain, for such he styled himself, made a sudden and startled pause, and thrust his right-hand into the bosom of his jacket and waistcoat, as if to draw some weapon, "What cheer, brother? you seen on the outlook, eh?"

Manneering, somewhat struck by the man's sanguine and insolent tone of voice, had made any answer, and waited for his raft to emerge from her vault and joined the stranger. He questioned her in an looking at Manneering—"A shark alongside."

She answered in the same tone of voice, and with the same language—"Shall we go?"

"The fellow's cloudy visage cleared up. of the morning to you, sir; I find you are my friend Mr. Bertram—l'm beg pardon, but for another man—Whatis and show them a gentry cove of the fellow's cloudy visage cleared up. of the morning to you, sir; I find you are my friend Mr. Bertram—l'm beg pardon, but for another man—Whatis and show them a gentry cove of Manneering, replied, "And you, sir, I'm the master of that vessel in the bay?"

"Ay, ay, sir; I am Captain Dirk Hatter Yungfrau Hagenaslopen, well known on Man—next cognizant, the Keys, and the Muckin face, if you want any—Right coo bumped ashore a hundred kugs last night."

"Really, sir, I am only a traveller, a sort of occasion for anything the kind of thing."

Why, then, good morning to you, it must be minding—"You know no of that?—you shall have a pouch-full of Dirk Hatterack knows how to be civil."

There was a mixture of impudence, hard suspiciously from about that scene, and the whole of the room was dismally disgusting. His manners were then thin, conscious of the suspicion attending him, yet aiming to bear it down by the air of careless and hard familiarity. Manneering determined his proffered civilities; and after a while, Hatterack retired with the rail of the ruins from which he had fire appearance. A very narrow stretch of water to the beach, intended probably for the cook of the garrison during a siege. By this couple, equally amiable in appearance, as able by profession, descended a small convict embarked in a small boat who appeared to wait for him, and then mained on the shore, reciting or singing, culling with great vehemence.

CHAPTER V.

You have fed upon my seigneur's,
Disparce from my side, and follow me,
From mine own windows turn my house-hold,
Razed out my impress, leave me to mine,
Have me for a dream's, and my soul to God,
To show the world I am a gentleman.

When the boat which carried the wort on board his vessel had accomplished the sail, he began to ascend, and the ship was to be seen.

"Ay, ay," said the Laird, who had something for some time, and now joined him;—go—there go the free-traders—the go on Hatterack, and the Yungfrau Hagenaslopen, half Dutchman, half devil, no spirit, up main sail, top and top-gallant and sky-scrapers, and away—follow me for a fellow, Mr. Manneering, is the terror of all and custom-house cruisers; they can make him of him; they drubs them, or he dances till speaking at excess, I came to bring you to you and you shall have some tea, that's."

Manneering, by this time, was aware thought strangely on to another incantation of worthy Mr. Bertram's ideas,

"Like orient pearls at random strung; and therefor before the current of his assos drifted further from the point he had left, him back by some inquiry about Dirk Hatterack's meaning—Stop your unchristian language— I am from the house below."

"A drum of liquor.
"O he's a—a—guds sort of blackguard fellow enough—somebody cares to trouble him—smugger, when his guns are in ballast—privacy or pyrate fellow—way and then others. He has done more mischief to the folk than any rogue that ever came out of Ramsay."

"But, my good sir, such being his character, I wonder he has any protection and encouragement on this coast."

"Why, Mr. Manning, people must have brandy and tea, and there's none in the country but what comes from the sea, and that's tempests and other—maybe a keg or two, or a dozen pounds left at your stable door, instead of a—plum lang account at Christmas from Duncan Robb, the grocer at Kipplinger, or a sum to pay and another wants ready money, or a short-dated bill. Now, Hatterricks will take wood, or he'll take bark, or he'll take barley, or he'll take just what's convenient at the time. I'll tell you a quiet story about that. There was once a laird—that's Macle of Gudgeonford—he had a great number of kain hens—that's hens that the tenant pays to the landlord—a sort of rent in kind. He had a few more at his kail—one Miss Finister went up there three that were to be seen only last week, but they had twelve bowa, or twenty, or all the standard. Indeed, her Miss Finister—that's him. Miss Finister (meant, of course, Mr. Manning; that's ow'r true) and speaking of that, let us live in the meanwhile, for here's breakfast on the table, and the Dominie ready to say the grace."

Tereupon Mr. Manning pronounced a benediction, that exceeded in length any speech which Manning had yet heard him utter. The tea, which of course belonged to the noble Captain Hatterricks's table, was produced elsewhere. Mr. Manning hinted, with due delicacy, at the risk of encouraging such desperate characters: "Were it but in justice to the revenue, I should have supposed—"

Mr. Manning never embraced a general or abstract idea, and his notion of the revenue was personified in the commissioners, surveyors, comptrollers, and riding officers, whom he happened to know—"the revenue-lads can look sharp enough out for themselves; no one needs to help them—and they have a soldiers to assist them besides—and as to justice—you'll be surprised to hear it, Mr. Manning—but I am not a justice of peace!"

Manning assumed the expected look of surprise, but thought within himself that the worshipful bench suffered no great deprivation from wanting the assistance of his gentle laird and land. Mr. Manning had now hit upon one of the few subjects on which he felt sore, and went on with some energy.

"No, sir, the name of Godfrey Bertram of Ellamornie, over the revenue lands!—for Mr. Bertram has never ran carte in the country that has a plough-gate of land, but what he must ride to quarter sessions, and write J. P. after his name. I ken fu' well whom I am obliged to—Sir Thomas Kittlecarr, as good as to tell me he would sit in my kirties, if he had not my interest at the last election; and because I chose to go with my own blood and third cousin, the Laird of Ballinderry, they keep me off the roll of freeloaders! and now there comes a new nomination of justices, and I am left out! And whereas they pretend it was because I let David Mac-Guffog, the constable, draw the money out of the bank and his ain gate, as if I had been a noce o' wax, it's a main untruth; for I granted but seven warrants in my life, and the Dominie wrote every one of them, and if it had not been that unlucky business of Sandy MacGrathin's, that the constables should have kept it twa or three days up yonder at the auld castle, just till they could get a witness to send him to the county jail—and then there was a forfet, none was in kilt, Thomas wants very well—it was just sie and sic like about the seat in the kirk o' Kilnigurde—was I not entitled to have the front gallery facing the minister's seat?—and then we come to the son of Deacon MacCorske, the Dumfriesweaver?

Manning expressed his acquiescence in the justice of these various complaints.

"And then, Mr. Manning, there was the story about the road, and the faid-lide—I kon Sir Thomas was behind there, and I said plainly to the clerk to the trustees, 'Why! and you take it as they like. Would any gentlemen, or set of gentlemen, go and drive a road right through the corner of a faid-lide, and take away, as my agent observed it, the two roads of good inland pasture?—And there was the story about choosing the collector of the cens'—"

Certainly, sir, it is hard you should meet with any neglect in your business, and I account judge from the extent of their residence, your ancestors must have made a very important figure."

"Very true, Mr. Manning—I am a plain man, and do not own any of these things; and I must needs say, I have little memory for them; but I wish ye could have heard my father's stories about the auld sights of the Mac-Dingwawes—that's the Bertrams that now is—er Theatre, and the Highlanders, that came here in their beringhs from Ilay and Cantray—and how they went to the Holy Land—that is, to Jerusalem and Jericho, wi' a clan at their heels—they had better have gone to Jamaica, like the Thomas Kittlecourt's uncle—and how they brought home relics, like those that Catholics have, and a flag that's up yonder in the garret—if they had been on the monscaats of Mecca, and they had, they would have been better for the estate at this day—but there's little comparison between the auld keep at Kittlecourt and the castle o' Ellamornie—I doubt if the auld keep's worth as much as a decent dinner—But I'll not trouble Mr. Manning; ye're no eating your meat; allow me to recommend some of the kipper—it wis John Hay that catch it, Saturday was three weeks, down at the street, out of the famous word."

The Laird, whose indignation had for some time kept him pretty steady to one topic, now launched forth into his usual roving style of conversation, which gave him much advantage, for the disadvantages attending the situation, which, an hour before, he had thought worthy of so much envy. Here was a country gentleman, whose most estimable quality seemed his perfect good nature, steadily fretting himself and murmuring against others, for causes which, compared with any real evil in life, must weigh like dust in the balance. But such is the equal distribution of Providence. To those who lie out of the road of great afflictions, are assigned petty vexations, which answer all the purpose of disturbing their serenity; and every reader must have observed, that a little scepticism in this philosophy can render country gentlemen insensible to the grievances which occur at elections, quarter sessions, and meetings of trustees.

Curious to know how the gentlemen of the country, Manning took the advantage of a pause in good Mr. Bertram's string of stories, to inquire what Captain Hatterrick so earnestly wanted with the gipsy woman.

"O, to bless his ship, I suppose. You must know, Mr. Manning, that these free-traders, whom the law calls smugglers, having no religion, make it all up in superstition; and they have an many spells, and charms, and nonsense."

"Vanity and waur!" said the Dominie: "it's a trafficking with the Evil One. Spells, prayers, and charms are his device—choice arrows out of Apollonius's quiver."

"Hold your peace, Dominie—we're speaking for ever—(by the way they were the first words that our man had uttered that morning, excepting that he said grace, and returned thanks)—Mr. Manning cannot get in a word for ye!—and so Mr. Manning, talking of astronomy and spells, and those sorts of matters, he couldn't consider what we were speaking about last night?"

"I begin to think, Mr. Bertram, with your worthy friend here, that I have been rather jesting with those tools; and if this man, the most extravagant and impudent fellow in the world, can put faith in the predictions of astrology, yet as it has sometimes happened that inquires upon futurity, undertaken in jest, have in their results produced serious and unpleasant effects both wise and simple.
actions and characters, I really wish you would dis-

perse with my replying to your question.

It was easy to see that this evasive answer only
rendered the Laird's curiosity more unceasing. He
Mannering, however, was determined in his own
mind, not to expose the infant to the inconveniences
which might have arisen from his being supposed the
object of evil prediction. He therefore delivered the
paper into Mr. Herron's hand, and, entrusting it to
his care, was careful to keep it for five years with the
seal unbroken, until the month of November was exp
After that date had arrived, he sent for him to liberty to examine the
writing, trusting that the first fatal period being then
safely overpast, no credit would be paid to its fur-
ther contents. This Mr. Bertram was content to
promise, and Mannering, to ensure his fidelity, handed
at mirtoun's house which would certainly take place
if his instructions were neglected. The rest of the day,
which Mannering, by Mr. Bertram's invitation, spent
at Ellangowan, passed over without any thing re-
markable; and on the morning of that which followed,
the traveller mounted his palfrey, had a courteous
acquit to his hospitable landlord, and to his clerical
attendant, repeated his good wishes for the pros-
perous issue of the plans he had laid, and his
head towards England, disappeared from the sight of
the inmates of Ellangowan. He must also disapprove
from that of our readers, for it is to another, and
later period of his life, that the present narrative
relates.

CHAPTER VI.

Nest, the Journal.
In fair round fields, with good espalier'd
borders, with eyes severe, and heart of formal cut,
Patter's spasmodic instances.
And so he plays his part.

When Mrs. Bertram of Ellangowan was able to
hear the news of what had passed during her con-
fusion, her first emotion was surprise. She could
imagine no reason for all these nervous agitations,
possessing respecting the handsome young student
from Oxford, who had told such a fortune by the
stars to the young Laird, "blessings on his dainty
face." The form, accent, and manners, of the stran-
ger, were expatiated upon. His horse, bridle, saddle,
and stirrups, did not remain unnoticed. All this
made a great impression upon the mind of Mrs. Ber-
tram, for the good lady had no small store of super-
sition.

Her first employment when she became capable of
a little work, was to make a small velvet bag for the
senator of the college, and to frame a mask from her
husband. Her fingers stilled to break the seal, but
credibility proved stronger than curiosity; and she had
the firmness to inclose it, in all its integrity, within
two slips of paper, which she sewed round it, to
prevent its being chafed. The whole was then put
into the velvet bag afresh, and hung as a charm round
the neck of the infant, where his mother re-
 solved it should remain until the period for the legiti-
mate satisfaction of her curiosity should arrive.

The father also resolved to do his part by the child,
in securing him a good education; and with the view
that it should commence with the first dawnings
of reason. Donnie Sampson was highly induced
by the offer of his public profession of parson-
master, to make his constant residence at the Place,
and, in consideration of a sum not quite equal to the
whole of the expenses, he undertook to teach the child
to communicate to the future Laird of Ellangowan
all the condition which he had, and all the grace
and accomplishments which—had he not indeed,
which he had never discovered that he was blessed.
In this arrangement, the Laird found also his private
advantage: securing the constant benefit of a patient
auditor, to whom he told his stories when they were
exchangeable; and hence he could break a jest
while he had company.

About four years after this time, a great commo-
tion took place in the county where Ellangowan is
situated.

Those who watched the signs of the times, had
been of opinion that a change of ministry was
about to take place; and, at length, after a pro-
portion of hope, fears, and delays, rumours to
the effect of a change in the creditor, good authority, and bad authority, and no sub-
sequent thing, all after the day. Now was the time when the
deal was dissolved, and parliament, as a con-
sequence, was dissolved also.

Mr. Bertram, like other members of the same
party, retired down to the county, and, after an in-
different reception. He was a person of
the old administration; and the friends of the
had already set about an active canvass in behalf
of John Featherbed, Esq., who kept the best bars
and inns in the place of fortune, who was a
man of the same materials as himself, whose
standard of wealth was Gilbert Glossin, who
was—sett for the Laird of Ellangowan. The

The gentleman had either been refused some favour
by an old member, or, what is as probable, he had seen
that his was the most distant pretension to a seat
which could only look to the other side for fresh
ment. Mr. Glossin had a vote upon Ellangow-
nangowan for the property; but Mr. Ber-
tram should have one also, there being no doubt of
his claim. Mr. Bertram would have no part in the
election. He would go to the polls, where the
election was the fairest as a party as possible; and immediately went to
make some votes, as every Scotch lawyer knows how
splitting and subdividing the superiorities o
space at an election. He therefore entered his
party as generously as possibly; but expen-
sive, that by dint of clipping and packing
and riding, and creating overloads, he did not
the estate which Bertram held in the crown
advancement to the office of lord advocate, or
the seat of justice and law, was
was a

This was the summit of Mr. Bertram's
action, that he liked either the trouble or the
spoil the offices, but he thought it
ny to which he was well entitled, and that
been withheld from him by undue prejudice.

There is an old and true Scotch proverb, "Fools
not have chattering sticks; that is, weapons also
not of the law. Which he had so much longed for,

nominating himself for the sake of his son had
newly been appointed to the post of

the following orthography. — Please send the
climate in a glass bottle. No doubt, he had
trusted the sword. The gentleman had possessed himself of the
sword, and woe to the laws with it to some purpose. Mr.
Bertram was not quite so ignorant of English

In good earnest, he considered the commission
and the office in which he expected to
and to those of his cell, was the
of the party even. He commanded him to read out
at the reading of the papers, Dominic Simpson, to read aloud the
commission; and at the first words, "The king has
pleased to appoint," — "Pleased!" he exclaimed.
"Pleasant!" was the transport of the audience. "If
cannot be better pleased than I am.

Accordingly, unwilling to confine his gratitude
to mere feelings, or verbal expressions, he gave full
feelings to the necessity of expressing his sense of the honours conferred
by an unmitigated activity in the discharge of his

New brooms, it is said, sweep clean; and I myself can bear witness, that, on the arrival of a new housemaid, the ancient, hereditary, and domestic spiders, who in the old order of things, had taken up residence in my book-shelves, (consisting chiefly of law and divinity,) during the peaceful reign of her predecessor, fly at full speed before the probationary invasions of the new. We have not the hand of long acquaintance to lose; we ruthlessly commenced his magisterial reform, at the expense of various established and superannuated pickers and stealers, who had been his neighbours for many years, who had numbered his doings with their own, and who, like the second Duke Humphrey; and by the influence of the beadle’s rod, caused the lane to walk, the blind to see, and the palace to labour. Hectic-poor, brain-dead, and heartless, hawkers of smutty broadsheets, had the applause of the bench for his reward, and the public credit of an active magistrate.

All this good had its rateable proportion of evil. Even an admitted nuisance, of ancient standing, should not be abated without some caution. The seal of our worthy friend now involved in great distress sundry personages whose idle and mendicant habits he smelt of home, to foster, until those habits had become irremediably, or whose incapacity for exertion rendered them fit objects, in their own phrase, for the charity of all well-dispose
d Christians, and long-renowned beggar," for twenty years had made his rounds with neglect not within the neighbourhood, received rather as a necessary friend than as an object of charity, was sent to the neighbouring workhouse. The dejected dame, who in the old order of things, had lived in ease, was cast out, retreating from house to house like a bad shilling, wherever one is in haste to pass to his neighbour; she, who used to call for her bakers as loud, or louder, than a traveller demands pie-pies, horses, even she shared the same disastrous fate. The "daft Jock," who, half knave, half idiot, had been the sport of each succeeding race of village children for a good many years, had thus been shrivelled and vile, where, secluded from free air and sunshine, the only advantages he was capable of enjoying, he pined and died in the course of six months. The old sailor, who had so long rejoiced the smutty ratifiers of every kitchen in the country, by singeing Captain Ward, and Bold Admiral Benbow, was banished from the county for no better reason, than that he was supposed to be a rascal and in a rascal, but a respectable rascal. Even the annual rounds of the pedlar were abolished by the Justice, in his hasty zeal for the administration of feudal police.

The word went not without notice and cen
sures. We are not made of wood or stone, and the things which connect themselves with our hearts and habits cannot, like bark or lichen, be rent away without our meaning them. The farmer’s dame lacked her usual share of intelligence, perhaps also the self-splendour which she had felt whilst distributing the sumus, (alms,) in shape of a cobber (thankful) of oolag, to the mendicant who brought the news. The cottage felt inconvenience from interruption of the petty trade carried on by the itinerant dealers. The children lacked their supply of sugar-plums and toys; the young women wanted pins, ribbons, combs, and the general conduct of the house was marred and the eggs for salt, snuff, and tobacco. All these circumstances brought the busy Laird of Ellangowan into discredit, which was the more general on account of his family. Even his lines were brought up in judgment against him. They thought "nothing of what the like of Greenside, or Burnville, or Withfight, might do, that were strangers in the estate to seek a lively means. Among the chief among them since the merk Monday, and long before—him to be grinding the pair at that rate!—They’d his grandfather the Wicked Laird— but, though he’d have his own, that was a name to be shirked, and they’d their roving company, and had been the dunt drink, he would have scorned to gang on at this gate. Na, na, the muckle chamoil in the Anlit Place recked like a kirk (an Ngân,) and there was none of them. There was none of them."

 dy, on Ilkka Christmas night it came round, gave twelve siller penneys to ilkka purr body about, in honour of the twelve apostles like. They were fond to gie the trees away, they offered them green. in the orbit a lasser frae the paps white. They gie another sort o’ help to purr folk than just dingin down a curse in the broil on the Sabbath, and kiltin', and scourgin', and thornin', them a ‘six days o’ the week besides.”

Such was the gossip over the good twopenny in every alehouse within three or four miles of Ellangowan, that both the farmer and his like personages, as the second Duke Humphrey; and by the influence of the beadle’s rod, caused the lane to walk, the blind to see, and the palace to labour. Hectopicpoor, brain-dead, and heartless, hawkers of smutty broadsheets, had the applause of the bench for his reward, and the public credit of an active magistrate.

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CHAPTER VII

Cone, prince of the ragged regiment.
Yon of the blood! Price, my most estilled lord;
And the name of Mowbray, of the old
Jericho, or Parrott, Create or Clopper-dodgers,
Foster or Affrunt—speak of all.

Beggars’ Bush.

Although the character of those gipsy tribes, which formerly inundated most of the nations of Europe, and which in some degree still subsist among them as a distinct people, is generally understood, the reader will please to hear a few words respecting their situation in Scotland.

It is well known that the gipsies were, at an early period, acknowledged as a separate and independent race by one of the Scottish monarchs, and that they were less favourably distinguished by a subsequent law, which rendered the character of gipsy equal, in the judicial balance, to that of common and habitual thieves, and upon that general principle. Notwithstanding the severity of this and other statutes, the fraternity preserved amid the distresses of the country, and received large accessions from among those whom famine, oppression, or the sword of war, had deprived of the ordinary means of subsistence. They lost, in a great measure, by this intermitgence, the national character of Egyptians, and became a mixed race, having lost all the silences and profligate habits of their Eastern ancestors, with a foracity which they probably borrowed from the men of the north who joined their society. They travelled in different bands under the rules of ancient custom, which each tribe was confined to its own district. The slightest invasion of the precincts which had been assigned to another tribe produced desperate skirmishes, in which there was often much blood shed.

The patriotic Fletcher of Saltoun drew a picture of those banditti about a century ago, which my readers will pursue with amusement.

"There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, with others, who, by living on bread, fall into various diseases) two hundred thousand people: and of these two hundred thousand people, not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of these vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subversion either to the laws of the land, or even to those of God, having nothing but a name among them, which no magistrate could ever discover, or be informed, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered and covered among them, and the unspeakable oppression to poor tenants, (who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be chastised with the most cruel blows and death,) has made their houses distant from any neighbourhood. In short, a great many thousands of them meet every year to the..."
mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other like public occasions, they are to be seen, both on horseback and on foot, with red caps on their heads, an indifferent sort of cake and ale, and other refreshments, a definition for a drunkard, cursing, blasphemying, and fighting together.

Notwithstanding the deplorable picture presented in this extract, and which Fletcher himself, though the great poet andInteresting friend of many antiquarians, saw in a letter of converting than by introducing a system of domestic slavery, the progress of time, and increase both of the means of life and of the power of government, saw that the sins of many former evil with far more boundless. The tribe of gipsies, jockies, or carnds—for by all these denominations such banditti were known—became few in number, and many, however, a sufficient number remained to give occasional alarm and constant vexation. Some rude handicrafts were entirely resided to these itinerants, particularly the making of horse and cart spoons, and the whole mystery of the tinker. To these they added a petty trade in the coarse sorts of earthenware. Such were their ostensible means of livelihood, and the simple life of a banditti, which they occasionally occupied and considered as their standing camp, and in the vicinity of which they generally abstained from depredation. They had their own food and accommodations, which were occasionally useful to them. Many cultivated music with success; and the favourite fiddler or piper of a district was often to be found in a gipsy town. They understood all out-of-door sports, and were generally spent in gaming and foxhunting. They bred the best and boldest terriers, and sometimes had good pointers for sale. In winter, when the women told fortunes, the men showed tricks of legerdemain; and these accomplishments often helped to while away a weary or stormy evening in the circle of the 'farmer's ha.' The wildness of their character, and the indomitable pride with which they defended their honor, were often the cause, which was not diminished by the consideration, that these strollers were a vindictive race, and were restrained by no check, either of fear or conscience, from taking desperate vengeance upon those who had offended them. These tribes were, in short, the Parias of Scotland, living like wild Indians among European settlers, and, like them, judged of rather by their own customs, heathen opinions, than as if they had been members of the civilized part of the community. Some of these have, however, remained, chiefly in such situations as afford a ready escape either into a wild wilderness or into another country. Nor are the features of their character much softened. Their numbers, however, are so greatly diminished, that, instead of one hundred thousand, as calculated by the most creditable administration, there should be perhaps no more than one hundred and fifty collect above five hundred throughout all Scotland.

A tribe of these itinerants, to whom Meg Merriles appertained, had long been as stationaries as their habits permitted, in a glen upon the estate of Ellangowan. They had there erected a few huts, which they denominated their city of refuge, and where, when absent on excursions, they harboured unmolested, as the crimes which rested in the old abbey were there. They had been long occupiers, that they were considered in some degree as proprietors of the wreathed shielings which they inhabited. This protection they were said anciently to have re- paid, by service to the laird in war, or, more frequently, by infesting or plundering the lands of those neighbouring baronies, with whom he chanced to be at feud. Lately, their services were of a more pacific nature. The women spun mittens for the laird, and knitted bonnet-hose for the laird, which were annually presented at Christmas with great form. The aged sisters were respected beds of married, and the cradle of the heir when born. The men repaired her ladyship's crack'd china, and assisted the laird in his sporting parties, wormed his dog, and taught his horse to obey. The little children gathered nuts in the woods, and cranberries in the moors, and mushrooms on the pastures, for tribute to the place. These acts of charity, and acknowledgments of dependance, were re-
turned to graze by the road-side, against the provision of the turnpike acts; that the constable began to make curious inquiries into their mode of gaining a livelihood, and expressed his surprise that the men should sleep in the hovels all day, and be abroad the greater part of the night.

When matters came to this point, the gipsies, without a word, or the usual manner of mitting up, or asking for charity, were in the act of taking off their hats when Ellangowan's hen-roosts were plundered, their linen stolen from the lines or bleeding ground, his fishings poached, his dogs kidnapped, his growing trees cut or broken, his hedges trampled down, and some of the dogs killed. This was evidently for the mischief of the sake. On the other hand, warrants went forth, without mercy, to pursue, search for, take, and apprehend; and, notwithstanding their desperate sallies out of the district, these无法ables were not able to escape conviction. One, a stout young fellow, who sometimes had gone to sea a-fishing, was handed over to the Captain of the impress service at D——; two of the remaining and most likely children that ever made a sword and grenadier's cap of rushes, now approached his fifth revolving birth-day. A hand-load of disposition, which early developed itself, had led to the principle of his native wood, so that he had quitted with every patch of low ground and dingle around Ellangowan, and could tell in his broken language upon what baulks grew the best mast for ships, and what copse had the ripest nuts. He repeated terrified his attendants by clambering about the ruins of the old castle, and had more than once made a stolen excursion as far as the gypsy hamlet.

On these occasions he was brought back by Meg Merricles, who, though she could not be prevailed upon to enter the Place of Ellangowan after her nephew had been given up to the pressgang, did not apparently extend her resentment to the child. On the contrary, she often contrived to waylay him in his walks, sing him a gipsy song, give him a ride upon her jackass, and thrust into his pocket a piece of gingerbread. She was the woman's ancient attachment to the family, repelled and checked in every other direction, seemed to relieve in having some object on which it could yet repose and expand itself. She prophesied a hundred times, that young Mr. Harry would be the pride of the family, and there hadn't been a sib sprout free the auld kail since the death of Arthur Macl-Dingwaize, that was killed in the battle of the Bloody Bow, for the present stick, it was good for nothing but firewood.

On one occasion, when the child was ill, she lay all night below the window, chanting a rhyme which she had learned in her infancy, and could not be prevailed upon to enter the house, nor to leave the station she had chosen, till she was informed that the crisis was over.

The affection of these women became matter of suspicion to the Laird, who was never hasty in suspecting evil, but to his wife, who had indifferent health and poor spirits. She was now far advanced in a second pregnancy, and, as she could not walk abroad herself, and the woman who attended upon Harry was young and thoughtful, she prayed the Domingie of the Laird's household, and the lady, to watch the boy in his rambles, when he should not be otherwise accompanied. The Domingie loved his young charge, and was enraptured with his own success, but having his own family to mind, and being unprovided with means to follow his young ward, he was at a loss as to spell words of three syllables. The idea of this early proving of eminence being carried off by the gipsies, like a second Adam Smith, was not to be tolerated; and, accordingly, through the charge was contrary to all his habits of life, he readily undertook it, and might be seen walking about with a mathematical problem in his head, and his eye upon a child of five years old, whose rambles led him into a hundred awkward situations. Twice was the Domingie chased by a cross-grained cow, once he fell into the brook crossing at the stepping-stones, and another time he fell from a stag without, by not being heedful of hostilities on either side.

CHAPTER VIII.

So the red Indian, by Ontario's side,
Because of the lake's ski, a hiding hide,
As does his swarthy race, with anguish seeth
The white man's evil rise beneath the trees;
Yet with the skin of his native wood,
He leaves the murmur of Ohio's flood,
And forward ranges in indigent gen
Where none foot has trod the fallen leaf,
In silence, for the night is over bright sublime,
D'v ou forest silence since the birth of time.

Scenes of Insecurity.

In tracing the rise and progress of the Scottish Maroon war, we must not omit to mention that years had rolled on, and that little Harry Bertram, one of the bravest and most likely children that ever made a sword and grenadier's cap of rushes, now approached his fifth revolving birth-day. A hand-load of disposition, which early developed itself, had led to the principle of his native wood, so that he had quitted with every patch of low ground and dingle around Ellangowan, and could tell in his broken language upon what baulks grew the best mast for ships, and what copse had the ripest nuts. He repeated terrified his attendants by clambering about the ruins of the old castle, and had more than once made a stolen excursion as far as the gypsy hamlet.

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The Laird, by this time, determined to make root-and-branch work with the Maroons of Demer-}

The old servants shook their heads at his proposal, and even Domingie Sampson ventured upon an indirect address to Bertram. As, however, it was couched in the oracular phrase, "Ne moratus Camerinam," neither the allusion, nor the language in which it was expressed, was capable of being understood. Mr. Bertram's address was immediately pressed and matters proceeded against the gipsies in form of law. Every door in the hamlet was closed by the ground-officer, in token of a formal warning to remove at new term. Still, however, they continued the symptoms of resistance or of compliance. At length the term-day, the fatal Martinmas, arrived, and violent measures of ejection were resorted to. 'A strong posse of peace-officers, sufficient to render all resistance vain, charged the inhabitants to depart by noon; and, as they did not obey, the officers, in terms of warrant, proceeded to unroof the cottages, and pull down the wretched huts which of late had been called the doors of ejection actually practised in some remote parts of Scotland, when a tenant proves refractory. The gipsies, for a time, beheld the work of destruction in fallen silent and inanimate; they cowered and hid their heads, and loading their asses, and making preparations for their departure. These were soon accomplished, where all had the habit of wandering Tartars; and they set forth at the journey's end, on their way to distant countries, where their patrons should neither be of the quorum, nor custodes rustorum.

Certain qualms of feeling had deterred Ellangowan from attending in person to see his ten acres expelled. He left the executive part of the business to the officers of the law, under the immediate direction of Frank Kennedy, a supervisor, or ruling-officer, belonging to the Master of the Rolls, and the latter draw a map of his intentions; to the effect that the Laird should meet the gipsy procession. Four or five men formed the advanced guard, wrapped in long loose great-coats that hid their tall slender figures, as large as elephants they looked, and concealed their wild features, dark eyes, and swarthy faces. Two of them carried long fowling pieces, one wore a broadsword without a scabbard, and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon
GUY MANNING.

CHAPTER IX.

Paint Scotland green over her threshold, her meatballs in a stew as long as a whale, and d—d excisemen in a booth.

Triumphant chauvinist like a mussel.

Or lamped shell.

During the period of Mr. Bertram's active man

stracy, he did not forget the affairs of the country.

Smuggling, for which the Isle of Man is particularly

famed, was a constant source of revenue to the

government. The smugglers, who had been

bribed behind the troop, unexpectedly presented

herself.

She was standing on one of the high precipices

over which, as we before noticed, overlooking the

road; so that she was placed considerably higher than

Ellangowan, even though she was on horseback;

and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky,

seemed to rise many fathoms above the horizon.

We have noticed that there was in her general air, or rather

in her mode of adjusting it, something of a forensic

costume, artfully adopted, perhaps for the purpose of

advertising an effect of her skills and pretensions, or

perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the

dress of her ancestors. On this occasion she had a

tattered old pair of red cotton cloth rolled about her head

in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark

eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and

tangled black hair fell in all-locks from the folds of

this singular attire. Her face was of a blood-red

silk in frenzy, and she stretched out, in her right

hand, a sable bough, which seemed just pulled.

I'll be d—d, said the groom, if she has not been cuttin' the young lady of Ellangowan.

—The Laird made no answer, but continued to

look at the figure which was thus perched above his

path.

"Ride your ways," said the groom, "ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking heart's—see if the fire in your ain perburn burn the blyther for that. Ye have given the slack o' seven cotter houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.—Ye may stable your stirs in the stealings at

Dermelleigh—see that the haire does not cough on the

hearthstone at Ellangowan.—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glower after our folk for?

There's thirty hearts there, that wad ha' wanted bread ere ye had wanted sumkets, and spent their lifeblood ere ye had scratched your finger. Ye—there's thirty folk that would ha' turned out o' their bits o' bidepress, to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the mires!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan; ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—look that your braw cradle at home be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to Harry, or to the bairn that's yet to be born—farb—or—and to a folk that their father!—And now, ride even your ways; for these are the last words we'll ever hear Meg Merrills speak, and this is the last resound that I'll ever hear from that Meg Merrills that blessed day.

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GUY MANNERING.

A good song, he was admitted to the occasional society of the gentlemen of the country, and was a member of most of the clubs in the set, and a regular client at the Queen's, at which he was particularly expert.

At Ellangowan, Kennedy was a frequent and always an acceptable guest. His vivacity relieved Mr. Bertram's gloom, and the latter gained in his light for the taxes, which it cost him to support a detailed communication of ideas; while the darig and dangerous expedition which he had undertaken in the discharge of his duties, formed excellent conversation. To all these revenue adventures did the Laird of Ellangowan seriously incline, and the amusement which he derived from Kennedy's society, forms an excellent reason why that gentleman was a frequent and a considerable visitor in the execution of his invidious and hazardous duty.

"Frank Kennedy," he said, "was a gentleman, though on the wrong side of the blanket—he was connected with the family of Ellangowan through the house of Glenubble. The last Laird of Glenubble would have brought the estate into the Ellangowan line; but happening to go to Harriet's, he met with Miss Jean Hasdawy—at the by, the Green Dragon at Harriet's is the best house of the town—but for Frank Kennedy, he's in one sense a gentleman born, and it's a shame not to support him and the tax collector's friend.

After this league had taken place between judgment and execution, it chanced that Captain Dirk Hatterracker had landed a cargo of spirits, and other contraband goods, on the coast of the Highlands, and enlisting in the indifference with which the Law had formerly regarded similar infractions of the law, he was neither very anxious to conceal nor to expose the transaction. The consequence was, that Mr. Frank Kennedy, armed with a warrant from Ellangowan, and supported by some of the Laird's men, who knew the country, and by a party of military men, down upon the 'boat, from Inverness, and after a desperate affray, in which several wounds were given and received, succeeded in capturing the brandy and incendiary articles, and bringing them off in triumph to the next custom-house. Dirk Hatterrack, in Dutch, German, and English, a deep and full revenge, both against the gauger and his abettors; and all who knew him thought it likely he would keep his word.

A few days after the departure of the gipsy tribe, Mr. Bertram asked his lady one morning at breakfast, whether this was not little Harry's birthday?

"Yes, exactly; the 11th day," answered the lady; "so we may look into the English gentleman's paper."

Mr. Bertram liked to see his authority in effect, and not to dispute it. The last time I was at quarter sessions, the sheriff told us, that dies—what the law in short, that it is not understood partly, but that a term-day is not begun till it's ended."

That sounds like nonsense, my dear," said the lady.

"May be so, my dear; but it may be very good law for that. I am sure, speaking of term-days, I wish, as Frank Kennedy says, that Whitaunday would kill Martinmas, and be hanged for the murder—for there I have got a letter about that interest of Jenny Cairne's, and it is a tenant's been at the Place yet wi' a boddie of paper for me, and I will not till Candelans—" said Frank Kennedy, I dare say he'll be here the day, for he was away round to Wigton to warn a king's slip that's lying in the bay about Dirk Hatterracker's being on the coast again, and he'll be back the day; so we'll have a bottle of claret, and drink little Harry's health.

"I wish," said the lady, "Frank Kennedy would come back in time. What needs he make him so busy than other folk? Cannot he sing his songs, and take his drink, and draw his salary, like a proper social man, honest man, that never fetches any trouble? A man of his age, honest, to be sure, but the thing belongs not to himself."

"Young folk will do it," said Frank Kennedy, "when they want to get the gallon punchbowl, and plenty of lemons. I'll stand for the French article by the time I come back, and we'll drink the young Laird's health. I think it will suit that is the time the Collector's yawn. So saying, he mounted his horse, and galloped off.

About a mile from the house, and upon the verge of the wood, he appeared, as we have said, to be on horseback, and in the monitory terminating in the cape called the Poa —
GUY MANNERING.

Warroch, Kennedy me: young Harry Bertram, attended by his tutor, Dominic Sampson. He had often procured the child a ride upon his galloway; and, from singing, dancing, and playing Punch for him, had, in time, made him quite a particular favourite. He no sooner came scampering up the path, than the boy loudly claimed his promise; and Kennedy, who saw no risk in indulging him, and wished to tease the dominie, in whose case he read a remonstrance, caught up Harry from the ground, placed him before him, and continued his route; Sampson's "Par- vannture; Master Kennedy;"—being lost in the chatter of his horse's feet. The pedagogue hesitated a moment whether he should go after them; but Kennedy being a person in full confidence of the family, and with whom he himself had no delight in associating, being about to address unto profane and scurrilous jests," he continued his own walk at his own pace, till he reached the Place of Ellangowan.

The spectators from the ruined walls of the castle were still watching the sloop of war, which, at length, but not without the loss of considerable time, recovered sea-room enough to weather the Point of War- rooch, and to bring her into a station of alarm, especially in so dark a night. Some time afterwards the discharges of several cannon were heard at a distance, and, after an interval, a still louder explosion, as of a vessel blazing with fire and brimstone, appeared through the mists and mingled with the blue sky. All then separated on their different occasions, auguring variously upon the fate of the smuggler, but the majority insisting that it was not possible but that something of Kennedy got to the bottom.

"It is near our dinner-time, my dear," said Mrs. Bertram to her husband, "will it be long before Mr. Kennedy comes back?"

"I expect him ever my moment, my dear," said the Laird; "perhaps he is bringing some of the officers of the ship with him."

"Mr. Mr. Bertram! why did not ye teli me this before, that we might not have the large round table—and then, they're a t'ired o' saut meat, and, to tell you the plain truth, a rump o'beef is the best part of your dinner—and then I had put on another gown, and ye wadnae been the want o' a clean neck-cloth yourself. But ye delight in surpris- ing and hurried one;—I am sure I am no to haul out for ever against this sort of goings-on. But when folk's missed, then they are mortified."

"Pshaw, pshaw! deuce take the beef, and the gown, and the table, and the neck-cloth!—we shall do all right. That's the Dervent John—(of the Dervent who was busy about the table)—where's the Dominic and little Harry?"

"Mr. Sampson's been at hame these two hours and a half, but I dinna think Mr. Harry came hame with him."

"Not come hame wi' him?" said the lady; "desire Mr. Sampson to step this way directly." "Mr. Sampson," said she, upon her entrance, "is it not the most extraordinary thing in this world wide, that you, who are free upon bed, board, and washing—and twelve pounds stirling a year, just to look after that boy, should let him out of your sight for two or three hours?"

Sampson made a bow of humble acknowledgment at each pause which the angry lady made in her enumeration of the advantages of his situation, in order to give more weight to her remonstrance, and then, in words which we will not do him the injustice to impute, told how Mr. Francis Kennedy had assumed spontaneously the charge of Master Har- don, in despite of his remonstrances in the contrary.

I am very little obliged to Mr. Francis Kennedy for his care of the lady, perversely; "suppose he lets the boy drop from his charge this day?" or suppose one of the cannons comes ashore and kills him?—or suppose—" said she, "But then my dear," said Ellangowan, "what is much more likely than any thing else, that they have gone aboard the sloop or the prize, and are come round the Point with the tide?"

"And then they may be drowned," said the lady. "Verily," said Sampson, "I thought Mr. Kennet had returned an hour since—Of a surely I dared hear his horse's feet."

"That's the way, with a broad grin," "as Grizzle chasing the humble-cow* out of the close."

Sampson coloured up to the eyes—not at the reply taunt, which he would never have discovered or resented if he had but seen ideas which over- rode his own mind. "I have been in an error", he said; "of a surely I should have tarried for the bale."

So saying, he snatched his bone-headed can and hat, and hurried away towards Warrooch, yet faster than he was ever known to walk before after.

The Laird sat some time, debating the rest with the lady. At length he saw the sloop of war again make her appearance; but without approaching the shore, she stood away to the westward all her sails set, and was soon out of sight. The* state of timorous and fretful apprehension was so habitual, that her fears went for nothing with his lord and master; but an appearance of disturbance and anxiety among the servants now excited him. It was not surprising to tell to him, and told in private that Mr. Kennedy's horse was come to the stable door alone, with the saddle thrown round below its belly, and the reins of the bridle to the black and the halter to the tree, and mingled with the blue sky. All then separated on their different occasions, auguring variously upon the fate of the smuggler, but the majority insisting that it was not possible but that something of Kennedy got to the bottom. The evening had begun to close when the prize entered the wood, and dispersed different ways a quest of the boy and his companion. The darkness of the atmosphere, and the house signs of the Veterinary wind through the naked trees, and the rustle and the withered leaves which strewed the glades, the repeated halloos of the different parties, which drew them together, in expectation of meeting by objects of their search, gave a cast of dismal subordina- tion to the scene. At length, after a minute and fruitless investigation through the wood, the searchers began to draw together into one body, and to exchange notes. The agony of the father grew beyond concealment, yet scarcely equalled the anguish of the tutor. "Was to God I had died for him!" the affectionate creature repeated, in notes of the deepest distress. They who were less interested, rushed into a tumultuous discussion of chances and possibilities. Each gave his opinion, and each was alternately awayed by the other. Some thought the object of the search had gone aboard the sloop; some that she had gone to a village at three miles' distance; some that they might have been on board the large few planks and beams of which the tide now drove ashore.

At this instant a shout was heard from the back so loud, so shrill, so piercing, so different from every sound which the woods that day had rung; and everybody hesitated a moment to believe that it was not a false- tided tidings, and tidings of dreadful import. All turned to the place, and venturing without example foot paths, which, at another time, they would have de- dicated to look at, descended towards a declivity of rock, where one boat's crew was already landed. Here, and here!—this way, for God's sake, this way the way was the road! En- gowan broke through the throng which had pressed * A cow without horns
assembled at the fatal spot, and beheld the object of their terror. It was the dead body of Kennedy. At first spark had been left. It fell from the rocks, which rose above the spot on which he lay, in a perpendicular precipice of a hundred feet above the beach. The corpse was lying half in, half out of the water, the arms and stirring the clothes, had given it at some distance the appearance of motion, so that those who first discovered the body thought that life remained. But every spark had been long extinguished.

"My bairn! my bairn!" cried the distracted father, "where can he be?"—A dozen mouths were opened to communicate hopes which no one felt. Some one at that moment heard the horse's hoofs! In a moment Ellangowan had resounded the cliffs, flung himself upon the first horse he met, and rode furiously to the huts at Dernieghill. All was there dark and desolate; and as he dismounted to make more minute search, he stumbled over fragments of furniture which had been thrown out of the cottages, and the broken wood and thatch which had been pulled down by his orders. At that moment the prophecy, or anathema, of Meg Merrilies fell heavy on his mind. "You have stripped the thatch from seven cottages—see that the roof-tree of your own house stand there vacant!"

"Restorse," he cried, "restorse my bairn! bring me back my son, and all shall be forgotten and forgiven!" As he uttered these words in a sort of frenzy, his eye caught a glimmer of light from among the ruins of the cottages— it was that in which Meg Merrilies formerly resided. The light, which seemed to proceed from fire, glimmered not only through the window, but the doors and rafters of the hut where the roof had been torn off. He flew to the place; the entrance was bolted: despair gave the miserable father the strength of ten men. He forced the doors with such violence, that it gave way before the momentum of his weight and force. The cottage was empty, but bore marks of recent habitation—there was fire on the hearth, a kettle, and some preparation for food. As he eagerly gazed around for something that might confirm his hope that his child yet lived, although in the power of those strange people, a man entered the hut.

It was his old gardener. "O sir!" said the old man, "such a night as this I trusted never to live to—ye maun come to the Place directly!"

"Is my boy found? is he alive? have ye found Harry Bertram? Andrew, have ye found Harry Bertram?"

"No, sir; but—"

"Then he is kidnapped! I am sure of it, Andrew! as sure as that I tread upon earth! She has stolen him—and I will stand here from this place till I have tidings of my bairn!"

"O, but ye maun come hame, sir! ye maun come hame!—We have sent for the Sheriff, and we'll set a watch here a night, in case he returns; but you—ye maun come hame, sir,—for my lady's in the dead thrall."

Bertram turned a stupid and unmeaning eye on the man who uttered this calamitous news; and, repeating the words, "in the dead-thrall!" as if he could not comprehend their meaning, suffered the old man to drag him towards his horse. During the ride to the Place, mother, mother, sair, sair to abide! It is needless to dwell upon the new scene of agony which awaited him. The news of Kennedy's fate had been soon spread by the inhabitants of Ellangowan, with the gratifying addition, that, doubtless, "he had drawn the young Laird over the cliff with him, though the tide had swept away the chair on which he sat, light, pure, and thing, and they fell further into the surf."

Mrs. Bertram heard the tidings; she was far advanced in her pregnancy; she fell into the pains of parturition. She was hurried to the Place, amid the agitation of the moment, so as to comprehend the full distress of his situation, he was the father of a female infant, and a widower.

* Death-agony.
cliff from which it had descended. This was easily detected, by the raw appearance of the stone where it had not been exposed to the atmosphere. They then ascended the cliff, and surveyed the place from which they had leaped. The only article that could be seen was the trunk of the cliff, with himself, from the cliff. At the same time, it appeared to have lain so loose, that the use of a lever, or the combined strength of three or four men, might easily have raised it, if it was in its position. The sight about the brink of the precipice was much trans- planted, as it stamped by the heads of men in a mortal struggle, or in the act of some violent exertion. France could not have been the cause of it, or of the occasional observer, who hastened to the verge of the cove, which, in that place, crept high up the bank towards the top of the precipice.

With patience and perseverance, they traced these marks into the thickest part of the nose, a route which no person would have voluntarily adopted, unless for the purpose of concealment. Here they found the body of water, which, at that time, was the space to space. Small bouquets were torn down, as if grasped by some resisting wrch, who was dragged forcibly along; the ground, where the least degree of violence had occurred, was unaltered; the fact that there were vestiges also, which might be those of human blood. At any rate, it was certain that several persons must have forced their passage among the rocks, by the rocky beach, and that the man who was disabled, and who had been tossed, was close to the thickets. In the bottom of the precipice, the tracks conducted them to a small open space of ground, very much transplanted, and plainly stained with blood, although withered leaves had been strewn upon the spot, and other means hastily taken to efface the marks, which so ob- viously to have been derived from a desperate effort. On one side of this patch of open ground, was found the sufferer's naked body, which seemed to have been thrown into the thicket; on the other, the belt and sheath, which appeared to have been hidden with more care and precaution. After the body was discovered, the footsteps which marked this spot to be carefully measured and examined. Some corresponded to the foot of the unhappy victim; some were larger, some less, indicating that at least from two, if not three, feet had been used. Also, and here, and here only, were observed the vestiges of a child's foot; and as it could be seen nowhere else, and the hard horse-trace which traversed the wood of Warrooch, was contiguous to the spot, it was natural to think that the boy might have escaped in that direction during the confusion. But as he was never heard of, the Sheriff, who made a careful entry of all these circumstances, did not suppress his opinion, that the deceased had met with foul play, and that the murderers, whoever they were, had possessed themselves of the person of the child Harry Bertram.

Every precaution was now made to check the animals. Suspicions existing between the smugglers and the gipsies, the fate of Dirk Hatterrack's vessel was examined. Two men from the opposite side of Warrach Bay (so the inlet on the southern side of the Point of Warrooch as called) had seen, though at a great distance, the lugger drive eastward, after doubling the headland, and, as they judging from her master and crew, or, at least, from the stern, they observed that she grounded, smoked, and, finally, took fire. She was, as one of them expressed himself, in a tight frame (bright frame) when they observed a large gale was breaking up behind the carriag. The guns of the burning vessel discharged themselves as the fire reached them; and she burned herself to the water, and the boat was running as fast they thought that the boats of the lugger had stopped to}

The slop of war kept aloof for her own safety; and, after hovering till the other exploded, stood away southward under a press of sail. The Sheriff anxiously interrogated these men, if they had left the lugger. They could not say—They had seen none—but they might have put off in such a direction as placed the burning vessel, and the thick smoke that floated landward from it, between their course and the railway. That the ship destroyed was Dirk Hatterrack's no one doubted. His lugger was well known on the coast, and had been expected just at this time. A letter from the commander of the king's slop, sent from the Sheriff made application, put the matter beyond doubt; he sent also an extract from his log-book of the transactions of the day, which intimated that party being on the verge of the cove, and that Hatterrack master, upon the information and requisition of Francis Kennedy, of his majesty's excuse service; and that Kennedy was to be on the lookout on the shore, in case Hatterrack, who was known to be a desperate fellow, and had been repeatedly outlawed, should attempt to run his slop aground. About nine o'clock a.m. they discovered a slop, which they thought that the lugger, chased her, and after repeated signals to her to show colours and bring to, fired upon her. The chase then showed Hambourgh colours, and returned to the firth; but the lugger had disappeared. At three hours, when, just as the lugger was doubling the Point of Warrooch, they observed that the mainyard was shot in the strings, and that the vessel was making for the coast—war was men for some time to profit by this circumstance, owing to their having kept too much in shore for doubling the headland. After two tacks, they came up with her; and observed the chase on fire, and apparently deserted. The fire having reached some rakes of spars, which were placed on the deck, with other combustibles, probably on purpose, burnt the vessel, with some ammunition. Such a charge, especially when shot out guns were discharging, one after another, by the heat. The captain had no doubt whatever that the crew had set the vessel on fire, and escaped in their boats. After watching the conflagration till the ship blew up, his majesty's slop, the Shark, stood towards the Isle of Man, with the purpose of intercepting the retreat of the smugglers, who, though they might conceal themselves in the woods for a day or two, would probably take the first opportunity of endeavouring to make for this island. But they never saw more of the than is above narrated. Such was the experience of the master and commander of his majesty's slop of war, Hatterrack, who concluded by regretting deeply that he had not had the happiness to fall in with the smug- gleers who escaped with John Bury. After the se- nior's flag, and with an assurance, that, should be next Mr. Dirk Hatterrack in any future cruise, he would not fail to bring him into port under his stern, to answer whatever might be alleged against him.

As, therefore, it seemed tolerably certain that the men on board the lugger had escaped, the death of Kennedy, if he fell in with them in the woods, when irritated by the loss of their vessel, and by the share he had in it, was easily to be accounted for. And it was not improbable, that to such brutal tempers, rendered desperate by their own circumstances, even the memory of the child, against whose father, Dirk Hatterrack, having become suddenly active in the proceedings of the smugglers, Hatterrack was known to have uttered deep threats, would not appear a very heinous crime.

Against this hypothesis it was urged, that a crew of fifteen or twenty men could not have lain hidden upon the coast, when so close a search took place immediately after the destruction of their vessel; or, at least, the men hid themselves in the woods, their boats must have been seen at some time in such precarious circumstances, and when all retreat must have seemed difficult, if not impossible, it was not thought that they would have all unil- tely to commit a murder, for the purpose of revenge. Those who held this opinion, supposed, either that the boats of the lugger had stood out to
men without being observed by those who were intent upon the capture of the boats. The lighthouse was a distance before the sloop got round the headland; or else, that the boats being staved or destroyed by the fire of the Shark during the chase, the crew had obtained the news of the death of Kennedy, or 'the gauger,' as she called him, with indifference; but expressed great and emphatic scorn and indignation at being supposed capable of inflicting so great a wrong on any one; and Mag had been at length liberated, but under sentence of banishment from the country, as a vessel of commerce, and disorderly person. No traces of the boy could ever be discovered; and, at length, the story, after making much noise, was gradually given up as altogether without foundation and unexplained. It is the name of 'The Gauger's Loup,' which was generally believed to stowed on the cliff from which the unfortunate man had fallen, or been precipitated.

CHAPTER XI.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

[isochor]-thecount, joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make our seat
Now take upon me, in the name of Time.
To use my wings. Impale it, not a crime
Ere you erred, ere you erred, ere you erred,
O'er sixty years, and leave the growth unsnared
Of that which grows, the life and the exile.

Oen narration is now about to make a last stride, and omit a number of nearly seventeen years; during which nothing occurred of any particular consequence with respect to the story we have undertaken to tell. The gap is a wide one; yet if the reader's experience in life enables him to look back on so many years, the space will scarce appear longer in his recollection, than the time consumed in turning these pages.

It was, then, in the month of November, about seventeen years after the catastrophe related in the last chapter, that, during a cold and stormy night, a social group had closed around the kitchen-fire of the Grand Arm at Kintailtunam, a small but comfortable inn, kept by Mrs. Mac-Candlish in that village. The conversation which passed among them will save me the trouble of telling the few events occurring during this chasm in our history, with which it is necessary that the reader should be acquainted.

Mrs. Mac-Candlish, thrown in a comfortable easy chair lined with black leather, was regaling herself, and her guests, with rambling stories about a man of genuine tea, and at the same time keeping a sharp eye upon her domestics, as they went and came in prosecution of their various duties and commissions. The clerk and the cook, stewing away as little distance his Saturday night's pipe, and added its bland influxion by an occasional sip of brand and water. Deacon Bearell, a man of great importance in the village, combined the indulgence of both charities—he had his pipe and his tea-cup, the latter being laced with a little spirits. One or two clovens sat at some distance, drinking their twopenny ale.

"Are ye sure the parlour's ready for them, and the fire burning clear, and the chimney no smoking?" said the hostess to a chambermaid.

"She was answered in the affirmative. "Aye wadna be unkindly in their distress," said she, turning to the Deacon.

"Assuredly not, Mrs. Mac-Candlish; assuredly not. I am sure any amiable thing they might want free from my shop, under seven, or eight, or two pounds, I would book them as readily for it as the first in the country. Do they come in the old chase?"

"I dare say no," said the precursor; "for Miss Bertram comes on the white powny little day to the kirk—and a constant kirk-keeper she is—and it's a pleasure to hear her singing the psalms, winsome young thing.

"And the young Laird of Hazlewood rides hame half the road wi' her after sermon," said one of the guests in company; "I wonder how auld Hazlewood likes that."

"I ken he's a gentleman, but I don't think it's likely he'll be here now," answered another of the tea-drinkers; "but the day has been wasted.
GUY MANNEERING.

Ellangowan had been liked as little to see his daughter taking up with their son."

"Oh, has been," answered the first, with somewhat of emphasis.

"I am sure, neighbour Ovens," said the hostess, "the Huckleields of Hucklewood, though they are not a very wealthy family in the county, never thought, till within these two score or, of evening till the Ellangowans—er, woman, the Bertrams of Ellangowan are the auld Dingwall's long

"Ay, aye, aye!" said the hostess, "it's about a son o' them marrying a daughter of the King of Man—it begins,

Rhyth Bertram's 't'en him over the fa'm.

"To weel a woman, and bring her name—"

I dare say Mr. Skreigh can sing us the ballad.

"Gudwife," said Skreigh, gathering up his mouth, and puffing off his tuff of brandy pipe with great solemnity, "our talents were gien us to use other than to sing daft and songs near the Sabbath day."

"Hunt for, Mr. Skreigh!" I warrant I have heard you sing 'Oby Saturday this e'en, but now—But as for the chase, Deacon, it has been out of the conch-house since Mrs. Bertram died, that's sixteen or seventeen years sin' sin'—Jock Jabs is as a son, but the brave Jock! I wonder if the auld horse will ever come back. It's pit mark—but there's no ain turn on the road but twa, and the bregg ower War-

"Ay, but," said the parish-clerk, "Facter Glosso wants to get rid of the auld Laird, and drive on the

"He had a son born a good many years ago," said the stranger; "he is dead, I suppose?"

"Nae man can say for that," answered the clerk, mysteriously.

"Dae'd!" said the Deacon, "I warrant him dead lang syne; he hasnna been heard o' these twenty years or thereabout.

"I wou'd it's no twenty years," said the land-

oh, it's a saul amazin effect in his favour. He was a handsome, tall, thin figure, dressed in black, as appear'd when he last met the riding-cast; he'd a strong head; his complexion was very cold.

His appearance, voice, and manner, produced an instant

"To every guest the appropriate speech was made, and each guest received his due deference and respect.

Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite—

"Your honour's servant—Miller Smith, good night."

On the present occasion, she was low in her curtsey, and profuse in her apologies. The stranger placed his horse might be attended—to she went out herself to school the hostler.

There was never a prettier bit o' horse-flesh in the stable o' the Glencoe Arms," said the hostler; which information increased the landlady's respect for the rider. Finding, on her return, that the stranger declined to go into another apartment, (which indeed, she allow'd, wou'd be hot and stuffy till the fire blew up,) she installed her guest hospitably by the fire-side, and offered what refreshment her house afforded.

"A cup o' your tea, ma'am, if you will favour me."

Mrs. Mac-Candlish bustled about, reinforced her teapot with hyson, and proceeded in her duties with her best grace. "We have a very nice parlour, sir, and very agreeable to gentle-folks; but it's beshook the night for a gentleman and his daughter, that are going to leave this part of the country—ome of my chaisers is gone for them, and will be back forthwith—their horses, too, are weel in the world as they have been; but we're a' subject to ups and downs in this life, as your honour must needs ken—but is not the tobacco-reck disagreeable to your honour?"

"Not a bit of it, said the gentleman, and perfectly used to it. Will you permit me to make some inquiries about a family in this neighbourhood?"

The sound of wheels was now heard, and the landlady hurried to the door to receive her expected guests; but returned in an instant followed by the postillion.

"No, then," said the lady, "the Lord knew what the Lord knew—"

"But God help them," said the landlady, "the morn's the term—the very last day they can bide in the house—a thing's to be raip't."

"Well, they can come at no rate, I tell ye—Mr. Bertram cauna be moved."

"What Mr. Bertram?" said the stranger; "no Mr. Bertram of Ellangowan, I hope."

"Just as same, sir; and if ye be a friend o' his, ye have come at a time when he's nae boun't.

"I have been abroad for many years—is his health so much deranged?"

"Ay, aye!" said the hostess, "I warrant that auld Cars an' a! said the Deacon; "the creditors have entered into possession o' the estate, and it's for sale; and some that made the muint by him—I name nae names, but Mrs. Mac-Candlish could tell ye the查看器评论和相关问题。
formed around him, delivered the following legend, having cleared his voice with one or two hesps, and making a gesticulation which weekly thundered over his head from the pulpit.

"What we are now to deliver, my brethren,—hem—hem,—I mean, my good friends,—was not done in a corner, but in the midst of a throng of worshippers, wits, artists, and misbelievers of all kinds,—Ye must know that the worshipful Laird of Ellangowan was not so precise as he might have been in clearing his land of witches, (concerning whom it is said, Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,) nor of those who had familiar spirits, and consulted with divination, and sorcery, and lotas, which is the fashion with the Episcopalians. They ca' themselfs, and other un- happy bodies, in this our country. And the Laird was three years married without having a family—

and he was sae left to himself, that it was thought he held under much trembling and commencing wit a Miss Merrilies, who was the most notorious witch in a Galloway and Dumfriesshire baith."

"Aweel, I wert there's something in that," said Mrs. Mac-Canlisth, on the Letter Glen, who ordered her two gawsies or brandy in this very house."

"Aweel, guilde-wife, then the less I lie,—See the lady was wi' bairn at last, and in the night when she was delivin' the bairn she hissed to the door of the ha'—house—the Place of Ellangowan as they ca'd—an ancient man, strangely habited, and asked for quarters. His head, and his legs, and his arms, and his feet, were all of a sudden so full as the time, but John Wilson was a blustering kind of chield, without the heart of a spraut."

"And what was the end of all this?" said the preacher, whose name was Jock, and who had been a schoolmaster in the country for a year, and he had a grey beard three quarters long. Weel, he was admitted; and when the lady was delivered, he craved to know the very moment of the birth, when the mother and her relatives could have the bairn. And when he came back, he told the Laird, that the Evil One had power over the knave-bairn, that was that night born; and he charged him that the bairn should be bred up in the ways of pitty, and that he should be gave a good seat at his elbow, to pray for the bairn and for him. And the aged man vanished away, and no man of this country ever saw mair of him."

"Now, that was not pass," said the posstion, who, at a respectable distance, was listening to the conversation, "begging Mr. Skreigh's and the company's pardon, there was no see poor huns on the warld as rude a hat, and boots and gloves as the gentleman need to wear at this moment; and he had as gade a pair o' boots a man need streak on his legs, and glooves too;—and I should understand boots by this time, I think."

"Ay? and what do ye ken o' the matter, friend Jabeo?" said the preacher, contemptuously.

"No muckle, to be sure, Mr. Skreigh,—only that I lived as rude a hat, and boots and gloves, as any gentleman need to have. To be sure he did gie an aweful glance up at the auld castle—and there was some space-wark enow on—I aye heard that; but as for your hat, you must in your dress and your hat give me a good away, and he gied me a round half-crown—he was riding on a buck they ca'd Souple Sam—it belonged to the George at Dumfries—it was a bloody fast, very droll o' the spavin—I had seen the beast before and since."

"Aweel, aweel, Jock," answered Mr. Skreigh, with a tone of mild solemnity, "our accounts differ in some particulars, but I hope you have a knowledge that ye had seen the man.—So ye see, my friends, this soothsayen having prognosticated evil to the boy, his father engaged a godly minister to be with him more or less."

"Ay, that was him they ca'd Dominic Sampson," said the posstion.

* The preacher is called by Allan Ramsey — The Letter-Gene of holy rhyme.

"He's but a dumb dog that," observed the Deacon; "I have heard that he never could preach five words of a sermon ending, for as long as he has been licensed."

"Well, but," said the preacher, waving his hand, as if eager to retrieve the command of the discourse," he waited on the young Laird by night and day. Now, it chanced, when the bairn was near five years auld, that the Laird had a sight of his ministers, and determined to put these Egyptians all his ground; and he caused them to remove; and that Frank Kennedy, that was a rough swearing fellow, he was sent to turn them off. And he cursed and damned at them, and they swore at him; and that Miss Merrilies, that was the meanest creature with the Treasury of Manhood, she as gade as she said she would have him, body and soul, before three days were over his head. And I have it from a sure hand, and that's one who saw it—and I have it from a sure hand, and that's one who saw it—and I have it from a sure hand, and that's one who saw it—and I have it from a sure hand, and that's one who saw it."

"On the event and upshot of it was, sir," said the preacher, "that while they were all looking on, before a king's ship: the smugger, this Kenned, suddenly lit upon the good bairn's head: and he was bound, and he was carried, and he was seined as a noxious tar-seed, not to be esteemed — tops nor twas not had held him—and made for the wood of Warroch as fast as his beast could carry him; and by the way he met the young Laird in the street and snatched up the bairn, and sworn, and if he was bewitched, the bairn should have the same luck as him; and the minister followed as fast as he could, and as fast as they, for he was wonderfully swift of foot—and he seized the bairn, or his Laird's bairn, and put a letter into his likeness, for it seemed bigger than any mortal creature, John could not say.

""No," said the posstion, "it might be seen—I cannae say why, but I saw it as the time; but John Wilson was a blustering kind of chield, without the heart of a spraut."

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"I believe that's very true," said the posstion.

"So, sir, she grippt him, and eldowed him like a stane from the slay over the crags of Warroch-head, where he was on the land that evening; and that's more than the tale of the babe, frankly I cannot say. But he that was minister here then, that's now in a better place, had an opinion, that the bairn was only conveyed to the bairn he had slain in another place."

The stranger had smiled slightly at some parts of this recital, but ere he could answer, the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and a smart servant, hand-somely dressed, with a coaclie in his hat, bustled into the kitchen, with "Make a little room, good people;" when, observing the stranger, he descended at once into the modest and civil domestic, his hat sunk down by his side, and he put a letter into his master's hands. "The family at Ellangowan, sir, are in great distress, and unable to receive any visits."

"I know it," replied his master: "And now, madam, if you will have the goodness to allow me to occupy the parlour you mentioned, as you are disappoin-
ted of your guests——"

"Certainly, sir," said Mrs. Mac-Canlisth, and hastened to light the way with all the imperative bustle which an active landlady loves to display on such occasions.

"Young man," said the Deacon to the servant, filling a glass, "ye'll no be the wa'ter o' this, after your ride."

"Not a feather, sir,—thank ye—your very good health, sir."

"And what may your master be, friend?"

"What, the gentleman that was here?—that's the famous Colonel Manning, sir, from the East In-
dies."

"What, what we read of in the newspapers?"
CHAPTER XII

Reputation,—that's man's idol. Who commanded us we should not kill,
And yet we say we must, for Reputation?
What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation?

If they be done to us, to suffer them
In valour too.

Ben Jonson.

The Colonel was walking pensively up and down the parlour, when the officious landlady entered to take his orders. Having given her her directions in the most diffident manner he thought would be most acceptable "for the good of the house," he begged to detain her a moment.

"I think," he said, "madam, if I understood the good people right, Mr. Bertram lost his son in his fifth year?"

"Ay, sir, there's nae doubt o' that; though there are many idle claps about the way and manner, for it's an auld story now, and every body tells it, as we were doing, their own way by the ingleside. But last housetide was his fifth year, as your honour says, Colonel; and the news be rarest o' all. He go the laddie, then great with child, cost her life that sauny night—and the Laird never threw after that day, but was just careless of every thing—though, when the laddie grew up, she tried to keep order within the house—but what could she do, poor thing?—so now they're out of house and hould."

Can you recollect, madam, about what time of the year the child was lost?"

The landlady, after a pause, and some recollection, answered, "she was positive it was about this season," and added some local recollections that fixed the date in her memory, and the beginning of the following November.

The stranger took two or three turns round the room in silence, but signed to Mrs. Mac-Candlish not to leave it.

I cannot very apprehend," he said, "that the estate of Ellangowan is in the market?"

"In the market?—it will be sell'd the morn to the highest bidder—that's no the morn, Lord help me! which is the Sale-brook, but on Monday, the first free day; and the furniture and stockin is to be roupit at the same time on the ground—it's the opinion of the hault country, that the sale has been shamefully forced on at this time, when there's nae little money stirring in Scotland wi' this weary American war, that somebody may get the land a bargain—Doil be in them, that I should say sae!—the good lady's wish is realized.

And where will the sale take place?

"On the premises, as the advertisement says—that's at the house of Ellangowan, your honour, as I understand it.

And who exhibits the title-deeds, rent-roll, and plan?"

A very decent man, sir; the sheriff-substitute of the county, who has authority from the Court of Session. He has got such a figure, as your honour, as I would like to see him; and he can tell you more about the loss of the bairn than any body, for the sheriff-depute—that's his principal, like—took much pains to examine the case carefully, as your honour had heard."

"And this gentleman's name is?"

Mac-Morlan, sir—he's a man o' character, and well spoken of;—"Send my compliments—Colonel Manning's compliments to him, and I would be glad he would do me the pleasure of supposing with me and bring these papers with him—and I beg, good madam, you will say nothing of this to any one else."

"Me sir? never a word shall I say—assure your honour, none (as I think), or I know not what that's fought for his country, (another curiosity,) had the land, since the auld family man quit, (a stech,) rather than that witty Countess, Glossin, that's raen on the nest that day, and I'll tell you what I think, I'll slip on my hood and pattens, and gang to Mr. Mac-Morlan uyeall—he's at home e'en now—it's hardly a step."

"Do as my good landlady, and many thanks—and bid my servant step here with my portfolio in the meantime."

In a minute or two, Colonel Manning was quietly seated with his writing materials before him. We have the privilege of looking over his shoulder as he writes, and we willingly communicate its substance to our readers. The letter was addressed to Arthur Mervyn, Esq., of Mervyn Hall, Llanbradwieg, Westmorland. It contained some account of the writer's previous journey since parting with him; and then proceeded as follows:

"And now, you will still upload with me my melancholy. Inconsiderably, I allude, after the lapse of twenty-five years, battles, wounds, insurmountable misfortunes of every description, I can be still—and unbroken Guy Manning, who climbed Skiddaw, a month ago, or shot great Crag in Galloway. That you, who have remained in the bosom of domestic happiness, experience a little change, that your step is as light, and your fancy as full of sunshine, is a blessed relief to the woe-drearied, I hope! Operating with content and a smooth current down the course of life. But my career has been one of difficulties, and doubts, and errors. From my infancy I have been sickly, and have been a subject of anxiety and care. My stepmother, who has oft borne me into harbour, it has seldom been into that which the pilot desired. Let me re-call to you—but the task must be brief—the evil and wayward fate of my youth, and the misfortunes of my manhood.

"The former, you will say, had nothing very appalling. All was not for the best; but all was tolerable. My father, the eldest son of an ancient but reduced family, left me with little, save the name of the head of the house, to the protection of his more fortunate brothers. They were so fond of me that, when they already had sufficient to ensure a comfortable life, they would have had me in orders, and offered me a living—my uncle the merchant, would have put me into a counting-house, and proposed to give me a share in the engaging concern of trade. But I, to whom they shall, in Lombard Street—So, between these two stools, or rather these two soft, easy, well-stuffed chairs of dignity and commerce, my unfortunate person slipped down, and pitched upon a dragon-sand. Again, the bishop wished me to marry the niece and heirress of the Dean of Lincoln; and my uncle, the alderman, proposed to me the only daughter of old Sleuthorn, the great wine-merchant, rich enough to play at non-counter with magnates; and make the headlines of bank notes—and somehow I slipped my neck out of both nooses, and married—poor poor Sophia W—— as I supposed indeed.

"You still say, my military career in India, when I followed my regiment there, should have given me some satisfaction; and so it assuredly has. You will remind me also, that if I disappointed the hopes of my guardians, I did not mourne their displeasure—that the bishop, at his death, bequeathed me his blessing, his manuscript sermons, and a curious portfolio, containing the heads of eminent divines of the church of England. My uncle left me sole heir and executor to his large fortune. Yet this availed me nothing—I told you I had that upon my mind which I should carry to my grave with me. I told you I was all alone in the world. I will tell you the curse more in detail than I had the heart to do while under your hospitable roof. You will, often, hear it mentioned, and perhaps with different and unfounded circumstances. I will therefore..."
A very slight spark will kindle a flame where every thing lies open to catch it. I have absolutely forgot the presence of my mite at the table, which occasioned high words and a challenge. We met in the morning beyond the walls and espanade of the fortress which I then commanded, on the frontiers of the settlement. This was arranged for Brown's safety, had he escaped. I almost wish he had, though at my own expense. I flattered myself I could have strove to assist him; but some of those Localia, a species of native banditti who were always on the watch for prey, poured in upon us. Archer and I mounted our horses, unladen, and endeavored to drive them after a hard contest, in the course of which he received some desperate wounds. To complete the misfortunes of this miserable day, my wife, who was behind the fortress, which had been detached, andology him military duty more to his fancy than commerce, in which he had been engaged, remained with us as a cadet. Let me do my unhappy victim justice—he bore it well. I was absent for some weeks upon a distant expedition; when I returned, I found this young girl still with us, friends of the house, and habitual attendant of my daughter. It was an arrangement which displeased me in many particulars, though no objection could be made to his manners or character—Yet I might have been persuaded with real pertinacity for the suggestions of another. If I read over—what I never dare open—the play of Othello, you will have some idea of what followed—I mean of my mood during the period; and I have no doubt the kindness, the understanding, the interest and the respect of the young man, who has so often mentioned had prepared to recite my years of retirement.

Now that you know my story, you will no longer ask me the reason of my melancholy, but permit me to brood upon it as I may. There is, sir, in the above narrative, enough to embitter, though not to poison, the fortune; which the fortune not, I say, and you so often mentioned had prepared to recite my years of retirement. I could add circumstances which our old tutor would have considered as instances of day-futility—you would laugh were I to mention such particulars, especially as you know I put no faith in them. Yet, since I have come to the home from which I now write, I have learned, a singular coincidence, which, if I find it truly established by tolerable evidence, will serve us further for subject of discussion. But I will spare you at present, as I expect a person or persons of importance is now open in this part of the country. It is a place to which I have a foolish partiality, and I hope my purchasing may be conducive to those who are passing with it, as the wood for lumber, for local use, and the like. My respectful compliments to Mrs. Mervyn, and I will trust you, though you be so lively a young gentleman, to kiss Julia for me.—Arius, dear Mervyn.—The next time, I trust, Mr. Mac-Morlan now entered the room. The well-known character of Colonel Manning was disposed of by the young man, who was a man of intelligence and probity, to be again and confided. He explained the advantages and dis-advantages of the property.

It was settled, he said, "the greater part of it at least, upon hire-mine, and the purchaser would have the privilege of retaining in his hands a certain portion of the price, in case of the reappearance, within a certain limited term, of the child who had dispelled fear,"

"To what purpose, then, force forward a sale?" said Manning.

"Mac-Morlan smiled. "Oustensively," he answered, "to substitute the interest of money, instead of the ill-paid and precarious tents of an improved estate, but chiefly, it was believed, to suit the wishes of a certain intended purchaser, who had become a principal creditor, and forced himself into the management of the estate by means best known to himself, and who, it was thought, would find it very convenient to purchase the estate without paying down the price."

Manning consulted with Mr. Mac-Morlan upon the steps for thwarting this unprincipled attempt. They then conversed long on the singular disappearance of Harry Bertram upon his fifth birth-day,
CHAPTER XIII.

They told me, by the sentence of the law,

They had communion with all thy fortune.—

Having stolen a mill with a loaded

Lifting it over a pile of many plates.

They were not in a house.

There was another, making vilius gods

At thy unloading; he had taken possession

On most domestic occasions. OTWAY.

Early next morning, Manning mounted his

And, accompanied by his servant, took the road to Ellangowan. He had no need to inquire the way. A sale in the country is a place of public resort and amusement, and people of various descriptions attend it from the vulgar; to hear their opinions.

After a pleasant ride of about an hour, the old towers of the ruin presented themselves in the landscape. The thoughts, with what different feelings he had last seen the building, the wonder and admiration it had excited in the mind of the traveller. The landscape was the same; but only changed the feelings, hopes, and views, of the spectator! Then, life and love were new; and all the prospect was gilded by their rays. And now, disappointed in affection, sated with fame, and what the world calls success, his mind gloated by bitter and repentant recollection, his best hope was to find a retirement in which he might nurse the melancholy that was to accompany him to his grave.

Yet why should an individual mourn over the instability of his hopes, and the vanity of his prospects? The ancient chiefs, who erected their pompous and magnificent edifices, were the forefathers of their race and the seat of their power, could they have dreamed the day was to come, when the last of their descendants should be expelled, a ruined wanderer, from his possession of all? The sun will shine as fair on these ruins, whether the property of a stranger, or of a sortid and obscure trickster, of the abused law, as when the banners of the founder first waved upon their battlements.

These reflections brought Manning to the door of the house, which was that day open to all. He entered among others, who traversed the apartments some to select articles for purchase; others to gratify their curiosity. There is something melancholy in such a scene, even under the most favourable circumstances. The confused state of the furniture, the disjointed mass of broken vases and other fragments, and carried off by the purchasers, is disagreeable to the eye. Those articles which, properly and decently arranged, look creditable and handsome, have then a pultry and wretched aspect; and the apartments, stripped of all that render them commodious and comfortable, have an aspect of ruin and dilapidation. It is disgusting also, to see the scenes of domestic society and seclusion thrown open to the gaze of the curious and vulgar; and the speculations and brutal jests upon the fashions and furniture to which they are unaccustomed,—a frolicsome humour much cherished by the whisky which in Scotland but in private hours on such occasions. All these are ordinary effects of such a scene as Ellangowan now presented; but the moral feeling that, in this case, they indicated the total ruin of an ancient and honourable family, gave them a weight and poignancy.

It was some time before Colonel Manning observed any one disposed to answer his rhetorical questions concerning Ellangowan himself. At last, with some reluctance to her story, she spoke, told him, "the Laird was something; and they hoped he would be able to leave the house that day. Miss Lucy expected the change very soon, and that the day was fine and bright; but when they had carried him in his easy chair up to the old castle, to be out of the way of a unco spectable." Either Colonel Manning did not at all appreciate the question of the group, which consisted of four persons. The air was steep, so that he had time to recharge the advanced, and to consider in what mode he might make his address.

Mr. Bertram, paralytic, and almost insensible, moving, occupied his easy chair, attired in his cap, and a loose camlet coat, his feet wrapped in blankets. Behind him, with his hands on the cane upon which he rested, stood Dominic son, whom Manning recognized at once. This made no change upon him, unless that his look seemed more sullen and his gesture less jaunty than when Manning last saw him. On one side the old man was a slyph-like figure—a young man of about seventeen, whom the Colonel supposed to be his daughter. She was looking, from anxiety, anxiously towards the avenue of poplar-post-chaise; and while between bushes, adjusting the blankets, so as to protect her from the cold, and in answering inquiries, seemed so much more like a carer than an observant daughter. She did not trust herself to look towards Place, although the hum of the assembled guests must have drawn her attention that direction. The fourth person of the group was a handsome, rather young man, who seemed to share Miss Bertram's anxiety, and her solicitude to soothe and entertain her parent.

This young man was the first who observed Colonel Manning, and immediately stepped forward to meet him, as if politely to prevent his drawing nearer to the distressed group. Manning instantly introduced himself to the young man, whom Mr. Bertram had formerly shown him and hospitality; he would not have intruded upon him at a period of distress, did it not occur to him that he might be in some manner of service to him; he wished merely to offer such services as might his power to Mr. Bertram and the young lady.

He then paused at a little distance from the house and laid his hat down, to get all his bearing and composure. Dominic seemed too deeply sunk in distress to observe his presence. The young man spoke with Miss Bertram, who advanced timorously thanked Colonel Manning for his goodness;

she said, the tears gushing fast into her eyes; father, she feared, was not so much able to remember him.

She then retreated towards the chair, accused by the Colonel,—"Father," she said, "this is Manning, an old friend, come to inquire about him." He's very heartily welcome," said the old lady, raising his hand, and making a sign of courtesy, while a gleam of hospitable eyes seemed to pass over his faded features; "but, my dear, let us go down to the house, you should keep the gentleman here in the cold." At last, she gained the key of the wine-cellar. Mr. a— a— a—<t>lerman will surely take something after this.

Manning was unspeakably affected at the thought which his recollection brought to the mind of his friend; and how his heart had shrank with the same individual when they last met. He could only restrain his tears, and his evident emotion attested the confidence of the friendly lady.

"Alas!" she said, "this is distressing more than stranger; but it may be better for my poor mind to be in this way, than if he knew and could..."
A servant in livery now came up the path, and spoke in an undertone to the young gentleman—

"Mr. Charles, my lady’s wanting you. You must be on your way down the steps hastily, as if not trusting his resolution at a slower pace.

Where’s Charles Hazlewood running?" said the invalid, who apparently was accustomed to his presence and attentions; "where’s Charles Hazlewood running—what takes him away now?"

"He’ll return in a little while," said Lucy, gently.

The sound of voices was now heard from the rooms.

The reader may remember there was a communication between the castle and the beach, up which the speakers had ascended.

"Yes, there’s of shells and sea-ware for marble, as you observe—and if one inclined to build a new house, which might indeed be necessary, there’s a great deal of good hewn stone about this old dungeon for the decoration.

"Good!” said Miss Bertram, hastily to Sampson, "tis that wretch Glossin’s voice—if my father see him, it will kill him outright!"

Sampson wheeled perpendicularly round, and martial with long strides to confront the attorney, as he issued from beneath the portal each of the ruin.

"Avoid ye!" he said—"Avoid ye! I wouldst thou kill and take possession."

"Yes, Master Dominic Sampson," answered Glossin insolently, "if ye cannot preach in the pulpit, we shall have no preaching here. We go by the law, my good friend; we leave the gospel to you."

The very mention of this man’s name had produced a subject of the most violent irritation to the unfortunate patient. The sound of his voice now produced an instantaneous effect. Mr. Bertram sat up without assistance, and turned round towards him; the ghastliness of his features forming a strange contrast with the violence of his exclamation.—"Out of my sight, ye viper!—ye frozen viper, the abhorred of all our race! Art thou not afraid that the walls of my father’s dwelling will fall and crush thee limb and bone?—Are ye not afraid of the very lintels of the door of Ellangowan castle should break open and swallow you up?—Were ye not frightened,—were ye not of a suddenly, as if I took ye by the hand—and are ye not expelling me,—and that innocent girl—friendless, hopeless, and pennyless, from the house that has sheltered us and ours for a thousand years.

Glossin had been alone, he would probably have slunk off; but the consciousness that a stranger was present, besides the person who came with him, (a woman of English energies)—rendered the两种 threatened goal. "Fear—Sir—Sir—Mr. Bertram—Sir, you should not blame me, but your own imprudence.

The indignation of Manning was mounting very high. "Sir," he said to Glossin, "without entering into the merits of this controversy, I must inform you, that you have been in improper place, at improper time, and presence for it. And you will oblige me by withdrawing without more words.

Glossin, being a tall, strong, muscular man, was not unwilling rather to turn upon a stranger whom he and his man maintained to have been caused against his injured patron—"I do not know who you are, sir," he said, "and I shall permit no man to use such—such freedom with me."

Manning was naturally hot-tempered—he flashed a dark light—he compressed his nether lip so closely that the blood sprung, and approaching Glossin—"Look, you, sir," he said, "that you do not know me is of little consequence. I know you, and if you do not instantly descend that bank, without uttering a single syllable, by the Heaven that is above us, you shall make but one step from the top to the bottom!"

The commanding tone of rightful anger silenced at once the frowns of the bully. He returned, turned on his heel, and, muttering something between his teeth about unwillfulness to alarm the lady, relieved himself of his horse, and was no longer seen.

Mrs. Mac-Candlish’s postilion, who had come in time to hear what passed, said aloud, "If he had stuck by the way, I would have lent him a horse, the dirty scoundrel, as willingly as ever I pitched a bottle."

He then stepped forward to announce that his horses were in readiness for the invalid and his daughter. But they were no longer necessary. The delirious frame of Mr. Bertram was exhausted by that last effort of indignant anger, and when he sunk again upon his chair, he expounded almost without a struggle of sensation. So little alteration did the extinction of the vital spark make upon his external appearance, that the screams of his daughter, when she saw his eye fixed, and felt his pulse stop, first announced his death to the spectators.

CHAPTER XIV.

Our hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and our life’s narrow verge
Look down—Oh what a fatherless will, a
A dark eternity, how surely one—

The moral, which the poet has rather quaintly deduced from the preceding mode of measuring time, may be well applied to our feelings respecting that portion of it which constitutes human life. We observe the aged, the infirm, and those engaged in precarious occupations, whose days are limited, living upon the very brink of non-existence, but we derive no lesson from the precariousness of their tenure until it has altogether failed. Then, for a moment at least, we are wise in man. As an angel spoke,

"Ye wise in man."

Our hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and our life’s narrow verge
Look down—Oh what a fatherless will, a
A dark eternity, how surely one—

The crowd of assembled guests and idlers at Ellangowan had followed the views of amusement, of what they called business, which brought them there. With little regard to the feelings of those who were suffering upon that occasion. Few, indeed, knew any thing of the family. The father, by what is called business, had been during many years, out of the notice of his contemporaries; it is true he had never been known to them. But when the general murmur announced that the unfortunate Mr. Bertram had broken his heart in the effort to leave the mansion of his forefathers, there poured forth a torrent of sympathy, like the waters from the rock when stricken by the hand of the prophet. The ancient descent and unblemished integrity of the family were respectfully remembered; and above all, the truth in which Scotland seldom demands its tribute in vain, then claimed and received it.

Mr. Mac-Morlan hastily announced, that he would suspend all further proceedings in the sale of the estate and other property, and relinquish the possession of the premises to the young lady, until she could consult with her friends, and provide for the burial of her father.

Glossin had conferred for a few minutes under the general expression of sympathy, till, hardened by observing that no appearance of popular indignation was directed against him, he had the audacity to require that the sale should proceed.

"I will take it upon my own authority to adjourn it," said the Sheriff-substitute, "and will be responsible for the consequences. I will give due notice when it is again to go forward. As for the benefit of all concerned that the lands should be

GUY MANNERING.
the highest price the state of the market will admit, and this is surely no time to expect it—I will take this opportunity of disposing of it for contributing to Miss Bertram's convenience, being no doubt the purpose to which it was destined by the bestower.

Many of the town gentry were since sincerely eager in pressing offers of hospitality and kindness upon Miss Bertram. But she felt a natural reluctance to enter any family, for the first time, as an object of sale, and further insisted on disposing of it, to the opinion and advice of her father's nearest female relation, Mrs. Margaret Bertram of Singleside, an old unmarried lady, to whom she was so long and so tenderly indebted for her education.

The funeral of the late Mr. Bertram was performed with decent piety, and the unfortunate young lady was now to consider herself as but the temporary tenant of the house in which she had been born, and where her patience and soothing attentions had so long "rocked the cradle of declining age." Her communication with Mr. Mac-Morlan encouraged her to hope, that she would not be suddenly or unkindly disposed of this asylum; but fortune had ordered otherwise.

For two days before the appointed day for the sale of the lands and estate of Ellangowan, Mac-Morlan daily expected to see the appearance of Miss Lucy, or at least a letter containing powers to act for her. But none such arrived. Mr. Mac-Morlan waited early in the morning,—walked over to the Post-office,—there was no mail. He persuaded himself that he should see Colonel Manner- ing at breakfast, and ordered his wife to place her best china, and prepare herself accordingly. But the preparations were in vain. "He will have breakfasted this," he said, "I would have travelled Scotland over, but I would have found some one to bid against Glossin."—Alas! such reflections were all too late.

The appointment of the auctioneer was prepared, and the Mason's Lodge at Kippleton, being the place fixed for the adjourned sale. Mac-Morlan spent as much time in preliminaries as decency would permit, and read over the records of the town. He had been reading his own death-warrant. He turned his eye every time the door of the room opened, with hopes which grew fainter and fainter. He listened to every noise in the street of the village, and endeavored to hear something of his news. It was all in vain. A bright idea then occurred, that Colonel Mannering might have employed some other person in the transaction—he would not have wasted a moment of time upon this, if he had been himself, such a manoeuvre would have evinced. But this hope also was groundless. After a solemn pause, Mr. Glossin offered the upset price for the lands and property of Ellangowan. No one had made, and no competitor appeared; so, after a lapse of the usual interval by the running of a sand-glass, upon the intended purchaser entering the proper surmises, Mr. Mac-Morlan was obliged, in technical terms, to "find and declare the sale lawfully completed, and to prefer the said Gilbert Glossin as the purchaser of the said lands and estate." The honest writer refused to partake of a splendid entertainment with which Gilbert Glossin, Esquire, now of Ellangowan, treated the rest of the company, and returned home in huge bitterness of spirit, which he vented in complaints against the world, the weather, the Indian nabobs, who never knew what they would be at for ten days together. Fortune generously determined to take the blame upon herself, and cut off even this evil of the Mac-Morlan's recent visit.

An express was dispatched about six o'clock at night, "very particularly drunk," the maid-servant said, with a packet from Colonel Mannering, dated four days back, at a town about a hundred miles' distance from Kippleton, containing full powers to Mr. Mac-Morlan, or any one whom he might employ, to make the intended purchase, and stating, that some family business of consequence called the Colonel himself to Westmorland, where a letter would find him, addressed to the care of Arthur Mervyn, Esq., of Mervyn Hall.
Mac-Morlan, in the transports of his wrath, flung the power of attorney at the head of the innocent maid-servant, and was only forcibly withheld from horse-whipping the rascally messenger, by whose sloth and drunkenness the disappointment had taken place.

CHAPTER XV.

My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My land now take it unto thee.
Give me thy gold, good John o’ the Scales.
And those for my land she said.
Thee John he did him to record draw,
And John he caste him a rude peevish
But he went into the house and said that John.
The land, I was, was well worth three.

The Galwegian John o’ the Scales was a more clever fellow than his prototype. He contrived to make himself heir of Linpe without the disagreeable ceremony of "sitting down the good red gold." Miss Bertram no sooner heard this, than she laid bare her expected intelligence, than she proceeded in the preparations she had already made for leaving the mansion-house immediately. Mr. Mac-Morlan assisted him in these arrangements, and presented upon her so kindly the hospitality and protection of his roof, until she should receive an answer from her cousin, or be enabled to adopt some settled plan of life, that she felt there would be no kindness in refusing an invitation made with such earnestness. The house of Sir John Mac-Morlan was a ladylike person, and well qualified by birth and manners to receive the visit, and to make her house agreeable to Miss Bertram. A home, therefore, and a shelter from the tears, and neither Lucy nor Mac-Morlan was a ladylike person, and well qualified by birth and manners to receive the visit, and to make her house agreeable to Miss Bertram. A home, therefore, and a shelter from the tears, and neither Lucy nor Mac-Morlan was a ladylike person, and well qualified by birth and manners to receive the visit, and to make her house agreeable to Miss Bertram. A home, therefore, and a shelter from the tears, and neither Lucy nor Mac-Morlan was a ladylike person, and well qualified by birth and manners to receive the visit, and to make her house agreeable to Miss Bertram.

When the least estimable qualities on either side, this task is always affecting—the present circumstances rendered it doubly so. All received their due, and even a trifle more, and with thanks and good wishes, with which some added tears, took farewell of their young mistress. There remained in the parlour only Mr. Mac-Morlan, who came to attend his guest to his house, Dominie Sampson and Miss Bertram. And now, said the poet, "I must bid farewell to one of my oldest and kindest friends.—God bless you, Mr. Sampson, and roque to you all the kindness of your instructions to your poor pupil, and your Grace, and that is a b— that I often hear from you." She slid into his hand a paper containing some pieces of gold, and rose, as if to leave the room.

Dominie Sampson also rose; but it was to stand apart with utter astonishment. The idea of parting from Miss Lucy, go where she might, had never once occurred to the simplicity of his understanding.—He laid the money on the table. It is certainly inadequate, said Mac-Morlan, mistaking his meaning, but the circumstances.

Mr. Sampson waved his hand impatiently. "It is not the lucre—it is not the lucre—but that I, that have a lover's loach, and drank of cup, for twenty years and more—to think that I am going to leave her—and to leave her in distress and dole—No, Miss Lucy, you need never think it! You would not have found it, even the dog, who would you use me waur than a meseen? No, Miss Lucy Bertram, while I live I will not separate from you. I'll be no burden—I have thought how to prevent that. I'll pit my dog up upon your nomination. I'll treat me not to leave thee, nor to depart from thee; for whither thou goest I'll go, and where thou dwellst I'll dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, and that I did, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

During this speech, the longest ever Dominie Sampson was known to utter, the affectionate creature's eyes started forth, and from his eye only did his master could refrain from sympathising with this unexpected burst of feeling and attachment. "Mr. Sampson, Mr. Mac-Morlan, after having had re-

course to his snuff-box and handkerchief alternately, "my house is large enough, and if you will accept of a bed there, while Miss Bertram honours us with her residence, I shall think myself very happy; and, my roof much favoured by receiving a man of your words and fidelity therein, with a lady, or at a time to remove any objection on Miss Bertram's part to bringing with her this unexpected satellite, he added, "My business requires my frequently having occasion for my account with my present clerks, and I should be glad to have recourse to your assistance in that way now and then."

"Of a certainty, of a certainty," said Sampson eagerly; "I understand, book-keeping by double entry and the Italian method."

Our postillion had thrust himself into the room to announce his chaise and horses; he tarried, unobserved, during this extraordinary scene, and assured Mrs. Mac-Candidh it was the most moving thing he ever saw; "the death of the grey mare, poor hizzie, was nothing till't. This trifling circumstance afterwards had consequences of greater moment to the Dominie.

The visitors were hospitably welcomed by Mrs. Mac-Morlan, to whom, as well as to others, her husband intimated that he had engaged Dominie Sampson's assistance and protection during which occupation he would, for convenience sake, reside with the family. Mr. Mac-Morlan's knowledge of the world induced him to put this colour upon the matter, and the honest and affectionate spirit of the Dominie's attachment might be, both to his own heart and to the family of Ellangowan, his exterior ill qualified him to be a "squire of dames," and rendered him, upon the whole, rather a ridiculous appendage to a beautiful young woman of seventeen.

Dominie Sampson achieved with great zeal such tasks as Mr. Mac-Morlan chose to intrust him with; but it was not till after noon, when he had a trifle of his breakfast, that he repaired to the Dominie. After breakfast he regularly disappeared, and returned again about dinner time. The evening he occupied in the labour of the office. On Saturday, he appeared before Mac-Morlan, as though in triumph, and laid on the table two pieces of gold. "What is this for, Dominie?" said Mac-Morlan.

"First, to indemnify you of your charges in my behalf, and the balance for the use of Miss Lucy Bertram."

"But, Mr. Sampson, your labour in the office much more than compensates me—I am your debtor, my good friend."

"Then be it all," said the Dominie, waving his hand, "for Miss Lucy Bertram's behoof."

"Well, but, Dominie, this money?"

"It is honestly come, by Mr. Mac-Morlan; it is the bountiful reward of a young gentleman, to whom I am teaching the tongues; reading with him three hours daily."

A few more questions extracted from the Dominie that this liberal pupil was young Hazlewood, and that he met his preceptor daily at the house of Mrs. Mac-Candidh, whose proclamation of Sampson's disinterested attachment to the young lady had procured him this indefatigable and bounteous scholar.

Mac-Morlan was much struck with what he heard. Dominie Sampson was doubtless a very good scholar, and an excellent man, and the classics were unquestionably his especial delight; but a young man of twenty should ride seven miles and back again each day in the week, to hold this sort of instruction three hours, was a zdc to literature in which he was not prepared to give entire credit. Little art was necessary to sift the Dominie, for the honest man's head never admitted any but the most direct and simple ideas. "Does Miss Bertram know how your time is employed?"

"Surely not as yet—Mr. Charles recommended it should be concealed from her, lest she should scruple to accept of the small assistance arising from it; but, he added, it would not be possible to conceal it long, since Mr. Charles promised taking his lessons occasionally in this house."

"O, he does!" said Mac-Morlan. "Yes, yes, I can understand that. And pray, Mr. Sampson,
The letter contained but a few lines, deeply regretting and murmuring against Miss Bertram's cruelty, who not only refused to see him, but permitted him to be insulted with manacles. The latter seemed to contribute to her service. But it concluded with assurances that her severity was vain, and that nothing could shake the attachment of Charles Hazlwood.

Under the name of the friendless Mr. Mac-Morlan, Sampson picked up some other scholars—very different indeed from Charles Hazlwood in rank—and whose lessons were proportionally unproductive. Still, however, they formed some sort of a circle, and, with the glory of his heart to carry it to Mr. Mac-Morlan weekly, a slight peacemaker only subtracted, to supply his snuff-box and tobacco-pouch.

And her husband must have been by Strattington to look after our hero, lest our readers should fear they are to lose sight of him for another quarter of a century.

CHAPTER XVI.

Our Polly is a sad sot, nor needs what we have taught her; I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter.

For when she's drest with care and cost, all tempests, fires, and-tempests, fires, and tempests, fires.

As men should serve a cucumber, she fits herself away.

In Europe's Own.

After the death of Mr. Bertram, Manners had set out upon a short tour, proposing to return to the neighbourhood of Ellangowan before the sale of that property should take place. He went, accordingly, to Edinburgh and elsewhere, and it was in his return to the scene in which our scene lies, that, at a post-town about a hundred miles from Kiplingstran, to which he had requested his friend, Mr. Mervyn, to address his letters, he received one from that gentleman, which contained rather unpleasing intelligence. We have assumed already the privilege of acting a secretis to this gentleman, and therefore shall present the reader with an account of the circumstances.

"I beg your pardon, my dearest friend, for the pain I have given you, in forcing you to open wounds so tendering as those your letter referred to. I have always heard, though erroneously perhaps, that the attentions of Mr. Brown were intended for Miss Manners. But, however that were, it could not be supposed that in your situation his boldness should escape notice and censure. I write now, supposing that I am not entitled to defend my purse and person against a highwayman, so much as if I were a wild Indian, who owns neither law nor machinery. The decision to issue a request must be determined by my means and situation. But, if, armed and equal in force, I submit to injustice and violence from any man, high or low, I presume it will hardly be attributed to religious or moral feeling in me, or in any one but a quaker. An aggression on your honour seems to me much the same. The insult, however trifling in itself, is one of much deeper consequence to all classes in life than any wrong which is suffered in a fight with a robber on the highway, and to redress the injured party is much less in the power of public jurisprudence, or rather it is entirely beyond its reach. If any man chooses to rob Arthur Mervyn of the contents of this purse, supposing the said Arthur has not means of defence, or the skill and courage to use them, the asses at Lancaster or Carlisle will do him justice by taking up the robber and making him have the wolf. We men say, for this justice, and submit to being plundered in the first instance, if I have myself the means and spirit to protect my own property? But if an affront is offered to Arthur Mervyn, he will seek to defend my character for ever with men of honour, and for which the twelve Judges of England, with the Chancellor to boot, can afford me no redress, by whatever rule of law or men's opinions. God help me out of that, what ought to be, and is, so infinitely dearer to every man of honour than his whole fortune? Of the re-
rigious views of the matter I shall say nothing, until
I find a reverend divine who shall condemn self-de
fence in the article of life and property. If its pro
tection be generally admitted, I suppose little distinc
tion can be drawn between defence of
person and goods, and protection of reputation. That
the latter is liable to be assailed by persons of a dif
ferent spirit, and how it is to be met, is a question
fair in character, cannot affect my legal right of self
defence. I may be sorry that circumstances have
engaged me in personal strife with such an indi
vidual, and have cast me for a genera
tious enemy who fell under my sword in a national
garret. I shall leave the question with the casual
ists; however; only observing, that what I have written
will not avail either the professed traitor, or the
man who is the aggressor in a dispute of honour. I
only presume to exculpate him who is dragged into the field
by such an offence, as, submitted to in patience, would
cure drowsiness with a little less of admira
tion which all pretty women share less or more.
She will besides, apparently, be your heiress; a trifling
situation to those who view Julia with my eyes,
but far from being contemptible, the specious, artful,
and worthless. You know how I have jeered with her
about her soft melancholy, and lonely walks at
morning before any one is up, and in the moonlight
when the Virgoans are asleep, the only time
which is the same thing. The incident which fol
ows may not be beyond the bounds of a joke, but I
had rather the jest come from you than me.
"I am sorry you have thoughts of settling in Scot
tand, and yet glad that you will still be at no im
measurable distance, and that the latitude is all in
your favor. So moving to Westmorland from Den
thire might make an East Indian shudder; but
to come to us from Galloway or Dumfries-shire, is a
step, though a short one, nearer the sun. Besides, if
I have heard you often describe the scene with comic
horror, I have always said, it will be better to miss or
be purchased. I trust, however, the hopeless ga
sipping Laird has not run himself upon the shallows,
and that his chaplain, whom you so often made us
such as, is still in reverum natura.
"And here, dear father, let me begin. I wish I could stop,
for I have incredible pain in telling the rest of my
story; although I am sure I can warn you against any
mention of impropriety on the part of my temporary
was not equal either the profound traitor, or the
generous enemy who fell under my sword in a national
garret. I shall leave the question with the casual
ists; however; only observing, that what I have written
will not avail either the professed traitor, or the
man who is the aggressor in a dispute of honour. I
only presume to exculpate him who is dragged into the field
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when the Virgoans are asleep, the only time
which is the same thing. The incident which fol
ows may not be beyond the bounds of a joke, but I
had rather the jest come from you than me.
CHAPTER XVII.

"Heaven first, in its mercy, taught mortal their letters, For ladies in limbo, and lovers in letters, Celebrates, with placing his foot before ye, Unwillingly leaves to write their own story."

When Manning returned to England, his first object had been to place his daughter in a seminary for female education, of established character. Not, however, finding her progress in the accomplishments with which he was so much pleased, as has his time and patience expected, he had withdrawn Miss Manning from the school at the end of the first quarter. So she had only time to form an eternal friendship with Miss Maria Marchmont, a young girl, but a stranger to her own age. Eighteen years. To her faithful eye were addressed those formidable quires which issued forth from Mervyn-Hall, on the wings of the post, while Miss Manning was a guest there. The perusal of a few short extracts from these may be necessary to render our story intelligible.

First Extract.

"Also! my dearest Matilda, what a tale is mine to tell! Misfortune from the cradle has set her seal upon your unhappy friend. That we should be severed for so slight a cause—an ungrammatical phrase in my Italian exercises, and three faults in one of Paisello's sonatas! But it is a part of my father's character, of whom it is impossible to say, whether I love, admire, or fear him the most. His success in life is a matter of habit, in making every tackle yield before the energy of his exertions, even where they seemed insurmountable—all these have given a hasty and peremptory cast to his character, which can neither endure contradiction, nor make allowance for deficiencies. Then he is himself so very accomplished. Do you know there was a murmur, half confirmed too by some mysterious words which dropped from my poor mother, that he possessed the science, now lost to the world, which enables the possessor to summon up before him the dark and shadowy forms of future events! Does not the very idea of such a power, or even of the high talent and commanding intellect which the world may mistake for it,—does it not, dear Matilda, throw a mysterious grandeur about its possessor? You will call this romantic, but consider I was born in the land of tale-man and spell, and my childhood filled by tales which you can only enjoy through the gnawing frigidity of a French translation. O Matilda, I wish you could have heard the beautiful tales of my grandfather Bannaleg who would bend the earnest devotion round the magic narrative, that flowed, half poetry, half prose, from the lips of the tale-teller! No wonder that European fiction seems to you but a poor affair—lack of imagination in which I have seen the romances of the East produce upon their hearers."

Second Extract.

"You are possessed, my dear Matilda, of my bosom-secret, in those sentiments with which I regard Brown. I will not say his memory. I am convinced he lives, and is faithful. His addresses to me were countenanced by my deceased parent; impossibly countenanced perhaps, considering the prejudices of my father, in favour of birth and rank. But I, then almost a girl, could not be expected surely to be wiser than her, under whose charge I nature had placed me. My father, constantly engaged in military duty, I saw but at rare intervals, and was taught to look up to him with more awe than confidence. Would to Heaven it had been otherwise! It might have been better for us all at this day!"

Third Extract.

"You ask me why I do not make known to my father that Brown yet lives, at least that he survived the wound he received in that unhappy duel; and had we been separated, this secret, with all my love for him, ever since my early years, and his hope of speedily escaping from captivity. A soldier, that in the trade of war has often slain men, feels probably no uneasiness at reflecting even the supposed catastrophe, which almost turned me into stone. And should I show him that letter, does it not follow, that Brown, alive and maintaining with pertinacity the pretensions to this letter for your poor friend, for which my father formerly sought his life, would be a more formidable disturber of Colonel Manning's peace of mind than in his supposed grave, and might escape from the hands of his pursuers, the marauders, I am convinced he will soon be in England, and then it will be time to consider how his existence is to be disclosed to my father—But if, alas! any ear has heard of any carriage that escapes from Mervyn-Hall, what would it avail to tear open a mystery fraught with so many painful recollections?—My dearest mother had such dread of its being known, that I think she even suffered from the fear of being suspected of attentions directed towards herself, rather than permit him to discover their real object; and O, Matilda, whatever respect I owe to the memory of a deceased parent, let me do justice to a living one. I cannot but condemn the dubious policy which she adopted, as unjust to my father, and highly perilous to herself and me. But peace be with her ashes! her actions were guided by the best intentions. No could bear her head; and shall her daughter, who inherits all her weakness, be the first to withdraw the veil from her defects?"

Fourth Extract.

"Mervyn-Hall.

"If India be the land of magic, this, my dearest Matilda, is the country of romance. The scenery is romantic, the costumes such as the poet's dreams—sounding caracasses—hills which rear their scathed heads to the sky—lakes, that, winding up the shadowy valleys, lead at every turn to yet more romantic scenes—hills which catch the clouds of heaven. All the wildness of Salvador here, and there the fairy scenes of Claude. I am happy, too, in finding at least one object upon which my father can share my enthusiasm; for I am the first to whom he has imparted the smart of his artist and a poet. I have experienced the utmost pleasure from the observations by which he explains the character and the effect of these brilliant specimens of her power. I wish he would settle in this enchanting land. But his views lie still further north, and he is at present absent on a tour in Scotland, looking, I believe, for some purchase of land which may suit him as a residence. He is partial, from early recollections, to that country. So, my dearest Matilda, I must be yet further removed from you before I am established in a home. And O how delighted shall I be when I can return, Matilda, and be the guest of your faithful Julia!"

"I am at present the inmate of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn, old friends of my father. The latter is precisely the appearance of a good son of his, but from the wonderful effect his sickly nature has on him, to be, for accomplishments or fancy,—good luck, my dearest Matilda, your friend might as well seek sympathy from Mrs. Teachem, you see I have not forgot school nicknames. Mervyn is a very good man—quite a different being from my father, yet he amuses and endures me, He is fat and good-nature'd, gifted with strong shrewd sense, and some powers of humour; but having been himself, I suppose, in youth, has still some pretension to be a beau garçon, as well as an enthusiastic agriculturalist. I delight to make him scramble to the tops of eminences and to the top of weald, and to look at the view, and to see him as happy as I believe to have seen him, in the smile on his face, with the grace of his figure, his turn, and his mirth. He thinks me, I fancy, a simple romantic Miss, with some,—the word will be out beauty, and some good nature; and I hold that the gentleman has good taste for the female outside, and do not expect he should comprehend my sentiments further. So he talks, hands, and hobbies, (for the dear creature has got the good of it too), and tells old stories of high life of which he has seen a great deal; and I listen, and smile, and look as pretty, as pleasant, and as simple as I can, and we do very well.

"But, to return to Matilda, how would time pass away, even in this paradise of romance, tenanted as it is by a pair assorting so ill with the scenes around them, were it not for your fidelity in replying to my uninteresting details? Pray do not fail to write.
three times a-week at least—you can be at no loss what to say.

Fifth Extract.

"How shall I communicate what I have now to tell?—My hand and heart still flutter so much, that the attempt is impossible!—Did I say that he lived? did I not say I would not despair? How could you suggest, my dear Matilda, that my feelings, considering I had parted from him so young, rather arose from the warmth of my imagination than of my heart?—O! I was sure that they were genuine, deceitful as the dictates of our bosom so frequently are—but to my tale—let it be, my friend, the mother of all the rest as it is the most sincere, pledge of our friendship.

"Our hours here are early—earlier than my heart, with its load of care, can compose itself to rest. I therefore, usually take a book for my companion, and retire to my own room, which I think I have told you opens to a small balcony, looking down upon that beautiful lake, of which I attempted to give you a sketch. Mervyn-ball, being partly an ancient building, and constructed with a view to defence, is situated on the verge of the lake. A stone dropped from the projecting balcony plunges into water deep enough to float a ship. I had left my window partly unbarred, that, before I went to bed, I might, according to my custom, look out and see the moonlight shining upon the lake. I was deeply engaged with that which had long occupied the Marchant family, and which, like many others, the Marchants were so pleased to hear. Two lovers, describing the stillness of a summer night, enhance each other's charms, and was lost in the associations of story and of feeling which it awakened, when I heard upon the lake the sound of a fragile boat, and looked out of my window to see who might be the object of my affection. Who could touch it in a night which, though still and serene, was too cold, and too late in the year, to invite forth any wanderer for mere pleasure! Driven by the wind against the windless atmosphere, the sounds paused a space, were then resumed—paused again—and again reached my ear, ever coming nearer and nearer. At length, I divined that writing was almost indistinguishable, and hearing what you called my favourite—I have told you by whom it was taught me—the instrument, the tones, were his own!—was it earthly music, or notes passing on the wind, to soothe the ear and delight the soul?

"It was some time ere I could summon courage to step on the balcony—nothing could have emboldened me to do so but the strong conviction of my mind, that if I were to see the very man of my affections—so long enduring silence, and through the shadow of the night, as perfectly as if we had parted yesterday, and met again in the broad sun-shine! He guided his boat under the balcony, and spoke to me; I hardly knew what he said, or what I replied. Indeed, I could scarcely speak for weeping, but they were joyful tears. We were disturbed by the barking of a dog at some distance, and parted, but not before he had consoled me to present a means to meet him at the same place and hour this evening.

"But where and to what is all this tending?—Can I answer this question? I cannot. Heaven, that saved him from destruction, and delivered him from captivity; that saved my father too, from shedding the blood of one who would not have blemished a hair of his head, that heaven must guide me out of this labyrinth of error, and lead me to the true path. For me, at a time of great trial, of mental anguish, that Matilda shall not blush for her friend, my father for his daughter, nor my lover for her upon whom he has fixed his affection."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Talk with a man out of a window—a proper saying.

We must proceed with our extracts from Miss Manning's letters, which throw light upon natural soul passions, principles, and feelings, blanished by an imperfect education and the folly of a misjudging mother, who called her husband of her tyrant until she feared him as much, and read romances until she became so enamoured of the complicated intrigues which they contain, as to assume the management of a little family novel of her own, and consider her, my dear Matilda, as the principal heroine. She delighted in petty mystery, and intrigue, and secrets, and yet trembled at the indignation which these paltry manoeuvres excited in her husband's mind. Thus she was, upon a scheme merely for pleasure, or perhaps for the love of contradiction, plunged deeper into it than she was aware, endeavour to extricate herself by new arts, or by seeking her error by devoting herself involved in meshes of her own weaving, and was forced to carry on, for fear of discovery, machinations which she had at first resorted to in mere wantonness.

Fortunately the young man whom she so imprudently introduced into her intimate society, and encouraged to look up to her daughter, had a fund of principle and honest pride, which rendered him a safer intimate than Mrs. Manning ought to have dared to hope or expect. The obscurity of his birth could alone be objected to him; in every other respect, with prospects bright upon the world he came, pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame; Men watched the way his lofty mind would take, and all foresaw the course which it was going to make.

But it could not be expected that he should resist the snare which Mrs. Manning's imprudence threw in his way, or avoid becoming attached to a young lady, whose beauty and manners might have justified his passion, even in scenes where these were more generally met with, than in a remote fortress in our Indian-settlements. The scenes which followed have been partly detailed in Manning's letter to Mr. Mervyn; and, to expand what there stated into a further explanation, would be to abuse the patience of our readers.

We shall, therefore, proceed with our promised extracts from Miss Manning's letters to her friend.

Sixth Extract.

"I have seen him again, Matilda—seen him twice. I have used every argument to convince him that this secret intercourse is dangerous to us both—even pressed him to pursue his views of fortune without further regard to the want of a mind as sufficiently secured by the knowledge that he had not fallen under my father's sword. He answers—how can I tell all he has to answer? but he claims the right of my heart, and he induced him to entertain, and would persuade me to the madness of a union without my father's sanction. But to this, Matilda, I will not be persuaded. I have resisted, I have subdued the rebellious feelings which arose to aid his plea; yet how to extricate myself from this unhappy labyrinth, in which fate and folly have entangled us both!

"I have thought upon it, Matilda, till my head is almost giddy—nor can I conceive a better plan than to make a full confession to my father. He deserves it, for his kindness is unceasing; and I think I have observed in his character, since I have studied it more nearly, that his harsher feelings are chiefly excited where he suspects deceit or imposition; and in that respect, perhaps, his character was formerly misunderstood by one who was dear to him. He has, too, a time of great provocation, when I have seen the narrative of a generous action, a trait of heroism, or virtuous self-denial, extract tears from him, which refused to flow at a time of much distress. But then, Broth , God be thanked that he is so unworthy of him—And the obscurity of his birth—that would be indeed a stumbling-block. Matilda, I hope none of your ancestors ever sought at Pointier or Agnacourt! After all, Matilda, my father attaches to the memory of old Sir Miles Manning, I should make out my explanation with such the tremor which must now attend it."
SEVENTH EXTRACT.

"I have this instant received your letter—your most welcome letter!—Thanks, my dearest friend, for your sympathy and your counsels—I can only repay them with unbounded confidence.

But your silence is by origin, that his descent should be so unpleasing to my father. His story is shortly told. He is of Scottish extraction, but, being left an orphan, his education was undertaken by a family of relations, settled in Holland. He was bred to commerce, and sent very early to one of our settlements in the East, where his guardian had a correspondent. But this correspondent was dead when he arrived, and the trade was not so resource than to offer himself as a clerk to a counting-house. The breaking out of the war, and the straits to which we were at first reduced, threw the army open to men who were disposed to embrace that mode of life, and Brown, whose genius had a strong military tendency, was the first to leave what might have been the road to wealth, and to choose that of fame. This I took to you, to convince the irritation of my father, who despises commerce, (though, by the way, the best part of his property was made in that honourable profession by my great-uncle,) and has a particular antipathy to the war. He would have been the first to judge whether he would be likely to receive proposals for his only child from Vanbeest Brown, educated for charity by the house of Vanbeest and Vanbruggen! O, Matilda, it will never do!—it will never do! I have no presentiment, nothing to throb with his aristocratic feelings. Mrs. Vanbeest Brown! The name has little to recommend it, to be sure.—What children we are!"

EIGHTH EXTRACT.

"It is all over now, Matilda!—I shall never have courage to tell my father—nay, most deeply do I fear he has already suspected my secret from another quarter, which will entirely remove the grace of my communication, and ruin whatever gleam of hope I had ventured to connect with it. Yet sternly, Brown came as usual, and his flagon on the table announced his approach. We had agreed, that he should continue to use this signal. These romantic lakes attract numerous visitors, who indulge their enthusiasm in visiting the scenery at all hours, and we hoped, that if Brown were noticed from the house, he might pass for one of those admirers of nature, who was giving vent to his feelings through the medium, that it sounds like any other to be my say, should I be observed on the balcony. But last night, while I was eagerly enforcing my plan of a full confession to my father, which he earnestly deprecated, I heard a toast raised to Mr. Mervyn's health, which is under my room, open softly. I signed to Brown to make his retreat, and immediately re-entered, with some faint hopes that our interview had not been observed."

"But, alas! Matilda, these hopes vanished the instant I beheld Mr. Mervyn's countenance at breakfast the next morning. He looked so provokingly intelligent and confidential, that, had I dared, I could have been more angry than ever I was in my life; but I must be on good behaviour, and my walks are now limited within his farm precincts, where the good gentleman can amble along by my side without inconvenience. I have detected him once or twice attempting to sound my thoughts, and watch the expression of my countenance. He has talked of the flagon more than once, and has, at different times, made eulogiums upon the watchfulness and ferocity of his dogs, and the regularity with which the keeper makes his rounds with a loaded fowling-piece. He would be truly happy in the company of a young gentleman who loves shooting. I should be loath to affront my father's old friend in his own house; but I do long to show him that I am my father's daughter, a fact of which Mr. Mervyn will certainly approve, if I return a reply to these incipient hints. Of one thing I am certain—I am grateful to him on that account— he has not told Mrs. Mervyn. Lord help me, I should have had such lectures about the dangers of love and the night air on the lake, the risk arising from colds and fortune-hunters, the comfort and convenience of sack—which Mr. Mervyn would propose; and finally, reasoning, Matilda, though my heart is sad enough. What Brown will do I cannot guess. I presume, however, the fear of detection prevents his resuming his nocturnal expeditions. We may now, without being on the shore of the lake, under the name, he tells me, of Dawson, he has a bad choice in names, that must be allowed. He has not left the army, I believe, but he says he left the army in order to travel in France."

"To complete my anxiety, my father is returned suddenly, and in high displeasure. Our good hostess, as I learned from a bustling conversation between two ladies at the house, and knew nothing of it, and engaged him for a week; but I rather suspect his arrival was no surprise to his friend Mr. Mervyn. His manner to me was singularly cold and constrained—sufficiently to intermediate between me and what he supposed I once resolved to throw myself on his generosity. He lays the blame of his being discomposed and out of humour to the loss of a purchase in the south-west of Scotland, on which he had set his heart so firmly. I do not suspect the sensibility of being overtaken and thrown off its balance. His first excursion was with Mr. Mervyn's horse across the lake, to the inn I have mentioned. You may imagine the agony with which I waited. I was in a frenzy to know if there was any chance of seeing him. I can guess the consequence! He returned, however, apparently without having made any discovery. I understand, that, in consequence of his late disappointment, he has returned to his own sphere. Happily, the neighbourhood of this same Ellangowan, of which I am doomed to hear so much—he seems to think it probable that the estate for which he wishes may soon be again in the market. I will not send away this letter until I hear more distinctly what are his intentions."

"I have now had an interview with my father, as confidential as I presume, he means to allow me. He requested me to-day, after breakfast, to walk with him into the library; my knees, Matilda, shook under me, and it was no exaggeration to say, I could scarce follow him into the room. I feared, I knew not what—From my childhood I had seen all around him tremble at his brow. He motioned me to seat myself, and I never obeyed a command so readily, for, in truth, I could hardly stand. He himself continued to walk up and down the room. You have seen my father, and noticed, I recollect, the remarkable expression of his eyes, the usually soft expression, now naturally rather light in colour, but agitation or anger gives them a darker and more fiery glance; he has a custom also of drawing in his lips, when much moved, with a movement of his mouth that indicates the en- durance of temper and the habitual power of self-command. This was the first time we had been alone since his return from Scotland, and, as he betrayed these tokens of agitation, I had little doubt that he was about to enter upon the subject I most dreaded."

"To my unutterable relief, I found I was mistaken, and that whatever he knew of Mr. Mervyn's suspicions or discoveries, he did not intend to converse with me on the topic. Coward as I was, I was inexpressibly relieved, though if he had really investigated the reports which may have come to his ear, the reality could have been nothing to what my apprehensions might have conceived. But, though my spirits rose high at my unexpected escape, I had not courage myself to pursue the discussion, and remained silent to receive his commands."

"Julia," he said, "my agent writes me from Scotland, that he has been able to hire a house for me, decently furnished, and with the necessary accommodation. It is only three miles of that I had designated to purchase."—Then he made a pause, and seemed to expect an answer.

"Whatever place of residence suits you, sir, must be perfectly safe and convenient, and to me the isolation of this house during the winter would suit you."

Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn, thought I to myself, —
'Whatever company is agreeable to you, sir,' I answered aloud.

'Not at all, too much of this universal spirit of submission; an excelle[r]nt disposition in action, but your constantly repeating the jargon of it, puts me in mind of the eternal salams of our black dependants in the household of Julia. I am sure I have a respect for society, and I intend to invite a young person, the daughter of a deceased friend, to spend a few months with us.'

'Not at all, it is a nonsense for the love of Heaven, papa,' exclaimed poor I, my fears at that moment totally getting the better of my prudence.

'No, not a governess, Miss Mannerings,' replied the Colonel, "but I have been acquainted with a lady from whose excellent example, bred as she has been in the school of adversity, I trust you may learn the art to govern yourself.'

'It is nonsense, sir; I will go no further on so dangerous a ground, so there was a pause.

'Is the young lady a Scotchwoman, papa?'

'Yes—dryly enough.

'Has she the same accent, sir?'

'Much of the devil!' answered my father, hastily.

'do you think I care about accent, and is it is a woman, do you think it is a matter of any moment at all, or am I to be expected to care about accent—Is there something to be taken up with accent which you call such—(was not that very harshly said, Matilda)—I shall never wish to give you an opportunity at least to make one deserving female a subject of conversation, and have resolved that this young lady shall be a member of my family for some months, and I expect you will pay her that attention which is due to misfortune and virtue.'

'Include me, sir, in my future friend red-haired?'

'He gave me one of his stern glances; you will say, perhaps, I deserved it; but I think the duce prompts me with teasing questions on such occasions.

'She is as superior to you, my love, in personal appearance, as your prudence and affection for your friend are to your acquaintance with her.

'Lord, papa, do you think that superiority a recommendation—Well, sir, but I see you are going to take all this too seriously; whatever the young lady may be, I am sure, being recommended by you, she shall have no reason to complain of my want of attention.—(After a pause)—Has she any attendant? because you know I must provide for her proper accommodation.

'No—no—properly an attendant—the chaplain who lived with her father is a very sort of man, and I believe I shall make room for him in the house.'

'Chaplain, papa? Lord bless us!'

'Yes, Miss Mannerings, chaplain; is there any thing very new in that word? Had we not a chaplain at home when I was young, papa?'

'Yes, papa, but you was a commands then.'

'So I will be now, Miss Mannerings,—in my own family at least.'

'Certainly, sir—but will be read us the Church of England service?'

'The apparent simplicity with which I asked this question got the better of his gravity. 'Come, Julia,' he said, 'you are a sad girl, but I gain nothing by scolding you—Of these two strangers, the young lady is one whom you cannot fail, I think, to love—the person whom, for want of a better term, I called chaplain, is a very worthy, and somewhat ridiculous personage, who will never find out you laugh at him, if you don't laugh very loud indeed.'

'Dear papa, I am delighted with that part of his character.—But pray, is the house we are going to as pleasantly situated as this?'

'Not perhaps as much to your taste—there is no lake under the windows, and you will be under the necessity of being on my arm whenever you wish to have your air. This last coup de main ended the keen encounter of our wits, for you may believe, Matilda, it quelled all my courage to reply.

'The meeting, I think, perhaps will appear too manifest from this dialogue, have risen insensibly, and, as it were, in spite of myself. Brown alive, and free, and in England! Embarrassment and anxiety I can and must endure. We leave this in two days for our new residence. I shall not fail to let you know what I think of these Scotch inmates, whom I have but too much reason to believe my father means to quarter in his house as a bravo of honourable spies; a sort of female Rosencreutz and reverend Guildenstern, one in tartan petticoats, the other in a cassock.

'What a condition to be in!—Well, I am safe, if I am secured to myself! I shall write instantly on my arriving at our new place of abode, and acquaint you of my nearest Matilda with the further fates of—her Julia Mannerings.'

\[CHAPTER XIX.\]

Which sloping hills around enclosed,
What many a beach and brown oak grow,
Beneath whose dark and branching bower
His lady's farthest river pours.
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tuscan of rural cases!—

\[WATTON\]

WOODCOURT, the habituation which Mannerings, by Mr. Mac-Morlan's mediation, had hired for a season, was a large house, neatly set in a park about a mile, and on a hill covered with wood, which shaded the house upon the north and east; the front looked upon a little lawn bordered by a grove of old trees; there I have resolved that this young lady shall be a member of my family for some months, and I expect you will pay her that attention which is due to misfortune and virtue.

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presse into the situation of an humble companion. Lucy Bertram, with some hesitation, accepted the invitation to reside a few weeks with Miss Manning. She had not been in the situation of a gentleman's dairy maid; but she could not suppose that her kindness might disguise the truth, her principal motive was a generous desire to afford her her situation and protection, which his high connexions, and higher interest, were likely to render influential in the neighbourhood.

About the same time the orphan girl received a letter from Mr. Bertram, the relation to whom she had written so long ago, and even her most fervent imagination could not have thought of. It enclosed, indeed, a small sum of money, but strongly recommended economy, and that Miss Bertram should board herself in some quiet family, such as her youth and circumstance would well fit. She declined the money, but would accept the offer. This had the effect of enabling her to retain her independence, and she was enabled to act as she proposed.

On the same evening, when Miss Bertram was on her way home, she met Miss Mansfield, who had just arrived from her visit to Colonel and Miss Manning. This meeting came as a surprise, as Miss Bertram had not expected to see her again so soon.

The first time in his life that he had ever thought of meeting Miss Bertram was when he went to stand trial for his license as a preacher.

When the Dominie first heard the liberal proposal of Colonel Manning, he turned a jealous and doubtful face towards Miss Bertram, as if he suspected that the project involved her separation; but when Mr. Mac-Morlan hastened to explain that she would be in the house of Woodbourne for some time, he rubbed his huge hands together, and burst into a portentous sort of chuckle, like that of the Affrite in the tale of the Affrite and the Affrite.

He was aware, from his knowledge of mankind, that Manning, though generous and benevolent, had the foible of expecting equality of respect and some veneration from all his dependents, and that he was more than once from the garret to the stables. Mrs. Mac-Morlan, in a letter of recommendation, comprehended the dining parlour, housekeeper's room, and

CHAPTER XX.

A gigantic genius, fits to grapple with whole libraries. Boswell's Life of Johnson.

The appointed day arrived, when the Colonel and Miss Manning were expected at Woodbourne. The hour was fast approaching, and the little circle within doors had each their separate subjects of anxiety. Mac-Morlan naturally desired to touch himself the patronage and countenance of a person of Manning's wealth and consequence. He was aware, from his knowledge of mankind, that Manning, though generous and benevolent, had the foible of expecting equality of respect and some veneration from all his dependents, and that he was more than once from the garret to the stables. Mrs. Mac-Morlan, in a letter of recommendation, comprehended the dining parlour, housekeeper's room,
kitchen. She was only afraid that the dinner might be spoiled, to the discredit of her housewife accomplishments. Even the usual passiveness of the Dominic was so far disturbed, that he twice went to the window, which looked out upon the avenue, and twice exclaimed: "Is this the 'front of your chariot?'" Lucy, the most quiet of the expectants, had her own melancholy thoughts. She was now about to be consigned to the charge, almost to the banishment, of strangers, with whose character, though hitherto very amiable displayed, she was but imperfectly acquainted. The moments, therefore, of suspense passed anxiously and heavily.

As the clacking of the tramplings of horses, and the sound of wheels, were heard. The servants, who had already arrived, drew up in the hall to receive their master and mistress, with an importance and emotion which, to Lucy, who had never been accustomed to society, or witnessed what is called the manners of the great, had something alarming. Mac-Morlan went to the door to receive the master and mistress of the family, and in a few moments they were in the drawing-room.

Manning, who had travelled as usual on horseback, entered with his daughter hanging upon his arm, a tall unshaken, but over-sentimental, formed with much elegance; piercing dark eyes, and jet-black hair of great length, corresponded with the gravity and intelligence of features, in which were blended a reserve and an indifference, Staluness, a great deal of shrewdness, and some power of humorous sarcasm. "I shall not like her," was the result of Lucy Bertram's first glance; "and yet I rather think I shall welcome her, but I am not entitled to the second.

Miss Manning was furred and mantled up to the throat against the severity of the weather; the Colonel in his military great-coat. He bowed to Mrs. Mac-Morlan, his daughter and his daughter's husband, with a fashionable curtsey, not dropped so low as at all to accommodate her person. The Colonel then led his daughter up to Miss Bertram, and, taking the hand of her new guest, said: "Miss Bertram, this is my daughter, my only daughter; and, with the most paternal affection, he said, "Lucy, this is the young lady whom I hope our good friends have prevailed on to honour our house with a long visit. I shall be much gratified indeed if you can render Woodborne as pleasant to Miss Bertram, as Ellangowan was to me when I first came as a wanderer into this country."

The young lady curtsied acquiescence, and took her new friend's hand. Manning now turned his eye upon the Dominic, who had made bows since his entrance into the room, sprawling out his leg, and being conscious that the attention extended to expect the same movement until the motion is stifled by the artist. "My good friend, Mr. Sampson," said Manning, introducing him to his daughter, and leaving at this time to the young gentleman the daring, notwithstanding he had himself some disposition to join her too obvious inclination to reflection. "This gentleman, Julie, is to put my books in order when they arrive, and I expect to derive great advantage from his extensive learning."

"I am sure we are obliged to the gentleman, papa, and, to borrow a ministerial mode of giving thanks, I shall never forget the extraordinary circumstances. It is very kind of you, Miss Bertram."

She continued she hastily, for her father's bows began to darken, "we have travelled a good way,—will you permit me to retire before dinner?"

When the day was concluded, Manning took an opportunity of a minute's conversation with his daughter in private.

"How do you like your guests, Julia?"

"Miss Bertram of all things—but this is a most interesting excitement; I shall be able to look him at without laughing,"

"While he is under my roof, Julia, every one must learn to do so."

"Lord, papa, the very footmen could not keep their gravity!"

"Then let them strip off my livery," said the Colonel, "and laugh at their leisure. Mr. Sampson is a man whom I esteem for his simplicity and benevolence of character."

"Oh, I am convinced of his generosity too," said this lively lady; "he cannot lift a spoolful of sand to his mouth without bestowing a share on every thing round."

"Julia, you are incorrigible—but remember I expect your mirth to be temperate and proportioned; that it shall neither offend this worthy man's feelings, nor those of Miss Bertram, who may be more apt to feel upon his account than he on his own. And so, good night, my daughter, and recollect, that though Mr. Sampson has certainly not sacrificed to the graces, there are many things in this world more truly deserving of ridicule than either awkwardness of manners or simplicity of character."

In a day or two Mr. and Mrs. Mac-Morlan left Woodborne, after taking an affectionate farewell of their late guest. The household were now settled in the Abbey. Their new guest was in a great deal of studies and amusements together. Colonel Manning was greatly surprised to find that Miss Bertram was well skilled in French and Italian, thanks to the lessons of her father, and able to understand and readily make him acquainted with most modern as well as ancient languages. Of music she knew little or nothing, but her new friend undertook to give her her lessons; in mathematics she was to learn from Lucy the habit of walking, and the art of riding, and the courage necessary to defy the season. Manning was careful to substitute for their amusement the 'company of the countryside' in a solid instruction with entertainment, and as he read aloud with great skill and taste, the winter nights passed pleasantly away.

Julia and I discovered where there were so many inducements. Most of the families of the neighborhood visited Colonel Manning, and he was soon able to select from among them such as best suited his taste and habits. Charles H. was held a distinguished place in his favour, and was a frequent visitor, not without the consent and approbation of his parents; for there was no knowing what they thought, what assiduous attention might produce, and the beautiful Miss Manning, of high family, with an Indian fortune, was a prize worth looking after. Dazzled with such a prospect, they never considered the propriety of his treatment of Lucy Bertram, who had nothing on earth to recommend her, but a passionate, good nature, and a natural disposition. Manning was more prudent. He considered himself acting as Miss Bertram's guardian, and, while he did not think it incumbent upon him altogether to check her intercourse with a young gentleman for whom, excepting in wealth, she was a match in every respect, he laid it under such insensible restraints as might prevent any engagement or elaisement taking place upon the young mans head, as he had more of life about him, and, have attained that age when he might be considered as entitled to judge for himself in the matter in which his happiness was chiefly interested.

While this matter was engaged the attention of the other members of the Woodborne family, Dominic Sampson was occupied, body and soul, in the arrangement of the late bishop's library, which had been sent there, and of course the company again assembled in the drawing-room, and from thence adjourned to the dining-parlor.

When the day was concluded, Manning took an opportunity of a minute's conversation with his daughter in private.

"How do you like your guests, Julia?"

"Miss Bertram of all things—but this is a most interesting excitement; I shall be able to look him at without laughing,"

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and now his vanity and delight in being superinten-
dent of the collection, raised him, in his own opinion, to a considerable range above the common man, which he had always regarded as the greatest and happiest
man on earth. Neither were his transports diminished
upon a hasty examination of the contents of these various cabinets, pictures, prints, curiosities, pieces of
plays, or mummies, he tossed indignant aside, with
the implied censure of "psalm," or "frivolous;" but the
greater and bulkier part of the collection bore a
very different character. The dressed pelisse, a di-
vine of the old and deeply-learned cast, had loaded
his shelves with volumes which displayed the antique
and venerable attributes so happily described by a
modern poet:

That weight of wood, with bolder seat o'er said,
Those ample walls of solid marble, etc.
The close-pressed deal was unspared for any age,
And ever thus the sage of Spenser
Gloated with rapture. He entered them in the
catalogue in his best running hand, forming each letter
with the care of a lover who would label a volun-
taire, with which he placed individually on the destined shelf with
all the reverence which I have seen a lady pay to a
jar of old china. With all this zeal his labours ad-
vanced but slowly, often obliged to give up the
volume when half-way up the library steps, full soon his interest
passing, and, without shifting his inconvenient posture, continued immersed in the fascinating re-
ual until the servant pulled him by the skirts to assure him that dinner waited. He then required to take a
parloir, bolted his food down his capacious throat in
squares of three inches, answered ay and no at ran-
don to whatever question was asked at him, and
again hurried back to the library, as soon as his nap-
kin was removed, and sometimes with it hanging
round his neck like a pin-fore

How happily the days
Of that time went by.

And, having thus left the principal characters of
our tale in a situation, which, being sufficiently
comfortable to themselves, is, of course, utterly uninter-
esterly, I cannot find myself taking up the story of a person
who has as yet only been named, and who has all the
interest that uncertainty and misfortune can give.

CHAPTER XXI

What say' st thou, Wise-One?—that all powerful Love
Can fortune's strong impediments remove?
Nay, it appears that worth should wed to worth,
The pride of genius with the pride of birth.

V. BROWN—I will not give at full length his thrice
unhappy name—had been from infancy a ball for
fortune to spurn at; but nature had given him that
elasticity of mind which raises higher from the re-
bound. His form was tall, manly, and active, and his
features corresponded with his person; for, although
far from handsome, they had an expression of intelli-
gence and good humour, and when he spoke, or was
particularly animated, might be decidedly pronounced
interesting. His manner indicated the military pro-
ession, which had been his choice, and in which he
now had attained the rank of captain, the person
who succeeded Colonel Manning in his command
having laboured to repair the injustice which Brown
had for a long time suffered. They had an expression of gratitude and friendliness towards him. But this, as well as his liberation from capi-
tivity, had taken place after Manning left India.
Brown followed at no distant period, his regiment
being recalled home. His first inquiry was after the
family of Manning, and, early learning their route
northward, followed it with the purpose of resum-
ing his addresses to Julia. With her father he
declared he had no measures to keep; for, ignorant of
the more venous belief which had been instilled
into the Colonel's mind, he regarded him as an op-
pressive and despicable character, who would be a
commanding officer to deprive him of the preference
due to his behaviour, and who had forced upon him
a personal quarrel without any better reason than his
attentions to a pretty woman, intolerable to herself,
and permitted and countenanced by her mo-
ther. He was determined, therefore, to take no re-
jection unless from the young lady herself, believing
that the heavy misfortune which had befallen him
and imprisonment were direct injuries received from
his father, which might dispense with his using much
ceremony towards him. How for his scheme had
succeeded is not to be told, but it was most
nearly discovered and unmasked by Mr. Mervyn, our
readers are already informed.

Upon this unpleasant occurrence, Captain Brown
absented himself from the inn in which he had re-
sided for the last few days, and Captain and
Manserial's attempts to discover and trace him were
unavailing. He resolved, however, that no difficul-
ties should prevent his continuing his enterprise,
while Julianna, on the contrary, was well pleased to
learn his mode of thinking and inten-
tions from his own communication to his special friend and confidant, Captain Delaselle, a Swiss
gentleman, who had a company in his regiment.

Extract.

"Let me hear from you soon, dear Delaselle.

"Remember, I can leave nothing about residential
affairs but the actual occurrences; and I long to
know what has become of Ayre's court-martial,
and whether Elliot has the majority; also how
recruiting comes on, and how the young officers like
me and my friends, etc.

"I need ask nothing;—I saw him as I passed through
Nuttington, happy in the bosom of his family.

"What a happiness it is, Philip, for us poor devils, that
we have a little station of life, and can get
away, and the grave, if we can manage to escape disease, and
steel, and lead, and the effects of hard living. A retired
soldier is always a grateful and respected char-
pacter. He智能化 a ray of light; and then, if his
is licensed muffing—were a lawyer, or a
physician, or a clergyman, to breathe a complaint of
hard luck or want of preferment, a hundred
officers would say "enough."

"But the most stupid veteran that ever faltered out
the thirteenth tale of a siege and a battle, and a cock
and a bottle, is listened to with sympathy and re-
tent assistance, which raises his thin blood even
with indignation of the boys that are put over his head.
And you and I, Delaselle, foreigners both,—for what
am I the better that I was originally a Scotchman,
since, could I prove my descent, for the English are a wise
noble; while they praise themselves, and affect to under-
value all other nations, they leave us, luckily, trap-
doors and back-doors open, by which we strangers,
less favoured by nature, may arrive at a share of the
advantages. And thus they are, in some respects,
like a boastful landlord, who exalts the value and
flavour of his six-years-old mutton, while he is as
lighted to dispense a share of it to all the company.

"In short, you, whose proud family, and I, whose hard
fate, made us soldiers of fortune, have the pleasant
recollection, that in the British service, stop where we
may, we may not, we have the option of paying the turnpike,
and not from our being prohibited to travel the road.
If, therefore, you can persuade little Weisecul to come into ours, for God's sake let
him buy my horse, lend me his money, think of his
minds, and all that is done in the service, and trust to the fate for promotion.

"And now, I hope you are exasperating with curiosity
to learn the end of my romance. I told you I had
decided it convenient to make a few days' tour on
The mountainous Westmoreland, with a young English artist, with whom I have some connection, would. A fine feeling has this, I saw, Delaserre—he always tolerably wa-
ply, converses well, and plays charmingly on t; and, though thus well entitled to be a of the sort, is, in fact, a modest unpretending lad. Of his way of the successor little—there that the enemy had been reconnoitring. M. Burge had crossed the lake, I was informed un-
land, with the squire himself and a visitor. t sort of a person, landlord he was, a dark officer-looking man, at they clonel—Squire Mervyn questioned me as I had been at size—I had guess, Mr. Daw-
old of the village, the squire little—there I sought of your vagaries, and going out in the mere a-noights—not I—an I can make I re-spoin none—and Squire Mervyn's a cross rust too, mon—he's a man of a striking air, a field, his house, though it be mark-
fourth station in the Survey. Noa, noa, un small things out of themselves for Joe will allow there was nothing for it after this. honest Joe Hodge's bill, and departing, had preferred making him my confidant, for fact I forgot that he was a man in the “De-
ienenti” Colonel was on full retreat for, carrying off poor Julia along with him. tand from those who conduct the heavy bag-
na and wither—saw with them. Julia is not, it is a great mistake in the Mysore country, while most of the others felt only awe and astonishment at the height and grandeur of the scenery, I rather shared your feelings and those of Cameron, and partly those of Woodbourne, in—shire in Scotland. He is the alert just now, so I must let him enter en
tments without any new alarm. And you, Julia, I owe you so many thanks, pray look to your defence.

Best to you, Delaserre, I often think there is contradiction enters into the armour of my life, I am aware, I have the necessity of calling his daughter Mrs. than I would wed her with his full consent, a king's permission to change my name styles and arms of Mannerings, though his manner went with them. Julia is not, it is a
tance that chills me a little—Julia is young Janet. I would not willingly hurry her into a rich roper years might disapprove—now I think I like her, and this puts it out of a
dance of her eye, with having ruined her for
or less give her reason to say, as some have I know to tell the lords, that, and I left her
expectedly, and I will not leave Mervyn-Hall, but I am, she owes difficulties only by name: and, if she
down and farm, it is a ferme ornée, which ly to be found in poetic descriptions, or in the a gentleman of twelve thousand a-year. She is all prepared for the privations of that real take we have so often talked of, and for the the which must necessarily surround us even as planned that have. This must be ascribed to
although Julia's beauty and andorneness have made an impression on me it is possible to enter into any consideration which could be
ascertained. Although Julia's beauty and andorneness have made an impression on me it is possible to enter into any consideration which could be

"Did you know that Colonel Manning was a draughtsman?—I believe not, for he scorned to dis-play his accomplishments to the view of a subaltern. He draws beautifully, however. Since he and Julia left Mervyn-Hall, it is said, she has been seen every month, she seems, it wanted a set of drawings made up, of which Manning had done the first four, but was interrupted, by his hasty departure, in his purpose of

"Perhaps he has not the means of expressing anything so masterly, though slight, and each has attached to it a short poetical description. Is Saul, you will say, among the prophets?—Colonel Manning will write poetry!—Why, surely this man must have taken all the pains to conceal his accomplishments that others do to display theirs. How reserved and unsociable he appeared among us—How little dis-played he was posed to enter into any consideration which could be

"And then his attachment to that unworthy Archer so much below him in every respect; and all this, because he was the brother of Viscount Archer, a nobleman and a peer! I think if Archer, had longer survived the wounds in the affair of Cuddyboram, he would have told something that might have thrown light upon the inconsistencies of this singular man's character. He repeated to me more than once, 'I have that to say, which will alter your hard opinion of our late Coloncl. But death pressed him too hard; and if he were to write, as his actions seemed to imply, he died before it could be made.

"I propose to make a further excursion through this country while the weather is fair. Dudley, almost as good a walker as myself, goes with me for some part of the way. We part on the west-
ds of Cumberland, where he must return to his"
has in youth experienced the confident and independent feeling of a stout pedestrian in an interesting country, and during fine weather, will hold the taste of the great moralist in closest comparison.

Part of Brown's view in choosing that usual tract was doubtless the conviction that no retired corner of Scotland, no matter how desolate; but neither the busy scenes in which he had been engaged, nor the pleasures of youth, nor the precocious state of his own circumstances, had disturbed his native judgment. And this then is the Roman Wall; he said, squabbling up to a height which commanded the course of that celebrated work of antiquity: "What by people, whose labours, even at this extreme edge of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the sciences of war shall have changed, how shall these be regarded?"

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr. on, on the footpath way.
And merely bend the stile a;* a
A merry host goes all the
time, in one tire in a mile.
Winter's Tail.

Let the reader conceive to himself a clear frosty November morning, the scene an open heath, having for the back-ground that huge chain of mountains in which Skiddaw and Saddleback are pre-eminent; let him look along that bident road, by which I mean the track so slightly marked by the passers-by's foot-stops, that it can but be traced by a slight shade of verdure from the darker heath around it, and, being only visible to the eye when at some distance, cannot be distinguished while the foot is actually treading it—along this faintly-traced path advances the object of our present narrative. His firm step, his erect and free bearing, his military air, which corresponds well with his well-proportioned limbs, and stature of six feet high. His dress is so plain and simple that it indicates nothing as to rank—it may be that of a gentleman or a soldier, or of a favorite person of whom it is the proper and usual garb. Nothing can be more reduced on a scale than his travelling equipment. A volume of Shakspeare in his pocket, a cloak with a change of linen slung across his shoulders, an oaken cudgel in his hand, complete our pedestrian's accommodations, and in this equipage we present him to our notice.

Brown had parted that morning from his friend Dudley, and began his solitary walk towards Scotland. The first two or three miles were rather melancholy, from want of the society to which he had of late been accustomed. But this unusual mood of mind soon gave way to the influence of his natural good spirits, excited by the exercise and the bracing effects of the cold wind drizzling on his face, and on the latter, as he went along, not "from want of thought," but to give vent to those buoyant feelings which had no other mode of expressing. For each peasant whom he chanced to meet, he had a kind greeting or a good-humoured smile; the hardy Cumbrians grinned as they passed, and said, "That's a kind heart, God bless un!" and the market-girl looked more than once over her shoulder at the pedestrian who was busy in this most Masonic of all conversations with the stranger.

Dr. Johnson thought life had few things better than the excitement produced by being whisked rapidly along in a post-chaise; but he who

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* It is fitting to explain to the reader the locality described in this chapter. There is, or rather I should say there was, a little inn, called Mumpo's Hall, that is, being interpreted, Muppo's Hostel, or, as it is called, Muppo's Hostel, a name which had not always the same sound, but was known by the inhabitants as a sort of metonymy to the name as a sign. It was a humble alehouse, where the Border fellows of one part of the country often stooped to refresh themselves before they went on their way, to and from the fair and trials in Cumberland, and especially those who came from or went to Scotland, through the narrow road and lonely district known as the farm or pathway, emphatically called the Waite of Newcastile. At the door of the place was a notice, which, to the best of my recollection, is to the effect:

"To all persons: Persons are hereby notified that we are now in possession of the Waite of Newcastile, and that we have been put in here with leave to make, sell, and drink wines, spirits, and other liquors, to the comfort of all persons,"

Mumpo's Hall had a bad reputation for harbourship, and dipti who committed such degradations. An old and sturdy yeoman belonging to the Scottish side, by surname an Armstrong or Elliot, but well known by his sobriquet of Fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and still remembered for the courage he displayed in the frequent frays which took place on the Border fifty or sixty years since, had the following lines set over the gate of the new inn, which suggest the image of the old inn, in the text:

"Each day that Charlie had at Stauphank bank fair, held his sheep or cattle, or whatever he brought to market, and was on his return to Liddesdale. There were then no country banks where cash could be deposited, and bills were received instead, which greatly encouraged robbery in that wild country, as the objects of plunder were usually found with gold. The robbers had spies in the fair, by means of whom they generally knew whose purse was best stocked, and who took a low and despicable kind of homeward—those, in short, who were best worth robbing and likely to be most easily robbed. All this was the case now well; but he had a pair of excellent pistols, and a double barrel. He stopped at Mumpo's Hall, and was accommodated where he might have the necessary read and food of eorn; and Charlie himself, a dashing fellow, grew graces with the chear, and the humble queen, who did not think much of him in her power to induce him to stop all night. The landlord was not so much known for his hospitality as for the light meals which are described in the wood, and the right must needs occur on him before he gained the Scottish side, which was reckoned the saibert. But Fighting Charlie, though he never thought of himself to be determined, did not account Mumpo's Hall's safe place to quarter during the night. He tore himself away, therefore, from Muppo's

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The first object which caught his eye in the kitchen, was a tall, stout, country-looking man, in a large jockey great-coat, the owner of the horse which stood in the shed, who was busy discussing huge slices of cold boiled beef, and casting from time to time an eye through the window, to see how his horses were, with his provender. A large tanker of ale flanked his place, or, rather, the ample length of himself by intervals. The good woman of the house was employed in baking. The fire, as usual in that country, was on a stone hearth, in the midst of an inn—a pleasant companion. Two horses had two seats extended beneath the vcnt. One of these sat a remarkably tall woman, in a red cloak and slouched bonnet, having the appearance of a tinker or beggar. She was busily engaged with a short black tobacco-pipe.

At the request of Brown for some food, the landlady wiped with her mealy apron one corner of the door, but came up no time doing so, the inn crowded to both. For a while, his opposite neighbour and he were too busy to take much notice of each other, except by a good-humoured nod as each in turn raised the blunted head of the pipe. Our persevering landsman began to supply the wants of little Wasp, the Scotch store-farmer, for such was Mr. Dinmont, fond himself at leisure to enter into conversation.

"Ay, sir? that's a pity, begging your pardon—it's a great pity that; beast or body, education should n't be minded. I have six terriers at home, forbide two or three: I should not like to have the dogs alone, given out to the toads and brooks—and then we'll eat them all.

"I suppose game is very plenty with you?"

"Plenty, man!—I believe there's hair hares than sheep on my farm; and for the moor-fowl, or the gray-fowl, they lie thick as doons in a dooket.—Did ye ever smoke a black-cock, man?"

"Really I had never even the pleasure to see one, except in the museum at Keswick."

"There now! could you—I blame your South-weister!—It's no fault of these English folk that good fare and kind words, and mounted his nag, having first examined his pistols, and tried by the ramrod whether the charges were right in the boxes. He proceeded a mile or two, at a round trot, when, as the Waste stretched black before him, apprehensions began to awaken in his mind, partly arisen out of Meg's unnatural kindness, which he could not help thinking had rather a suspicious appearance. He, therefore, resolved to load his pistols, but was what was his surprise, when he drew the charge, to find neither powder nor ball, while each barrel in turn was emptied, and its contents found empty. On coming to the loading he had occupied; and, the priming of the weapons being attended to, the three charges of powder and lead, including the charge could have discovered the inefficiency of his aim till the fatal moment arrived when their services were required. He then resolved to load his pistols, but his mind was in a turmoil, and he tried another course on the head of the headland, and loaded his pistols with care and accuracy, having the balls of lead fitted. He was not far engaged in the Waste, which was then, and is now, traversed only by such routes as are described in the text, when two or three fellows, disguised and variously armed, started from a moss-bag, while, by a glance behind him, (for, come here, how few of them has seen a black-cock!"

"I'll tell you what—ye seem to be an honest lad, and if you'll call on me—Dandy Dinmont—at Charles- hope—ye shall see a black-cock, and about a black-cock, and eat a black-cock too, man?"

"Why, the proof of the matter is the eating, to be sure, sir; and I shall be happy if I can find time to accept your dinner, and at the Waste in the morning wi' the callant?"

The galloway was turned out upon the fell, and was swear to catch—"Aweel, aweel, there's nae help for't, the best of luck to you, and to my father—And now, good wife, I mean ride, to get to the Liddel or it be dark, for your Waste has but a little character, ye ken yourself."

"Hout be, Mr. Dinmont, that's no like you, to give the country an ill name—I wot, there has been nane stirred in the Waste since Sawney Culloch, the travelling-merchant, that Rowley Overlies and Jock Penny suffered from Carlisle two years since. There's no one in Bennets were could do the like o' that now—we be a' true folk now."

"Ay, Tib, that will be when the devil's blind—and his own nane is there. But I wot, ye, gudewife, I have been through jock O'Galloway and Dumfries—""

"Hae ye been in Dumfries and Galloway?" said the old daim, who sate smoking by the fire-side, and who had not yet spoken a word."

"True—I have, gudewife, and a weary round I've had o't."

"Then ye'll maybe ken a place they ca' Elin- gowtan?"

"Elin-gowtan, that was Mr. Bertram's—I ken; the place weel enough. The Laird died about a fortnight since, as I heard;"

"Diesl?"—said the old woman, dropping her pipe, and raising her face. The Laird died upon the floor—"Diesl? are you sure of that?"

"Troth, ain I," said Dinmont, "for it made nae snia' noise in the country-side. He died just at the roup of the day, and there was mind and money raised for the group, and mony folk were disappointed. They said he was the last o' an auld family too, and mony were sorry—for gude blude's scarcity in Scotland than it has been."

"Diesl!" replied the old woman, whom our readers have already recognised as their acquaintance Meg Merrilles—"dead! that quite a scores. And did ye say he died up the mor o' the morn?"

"Ayd did he, gudewife, and the estate's sel'd by the marching, as the Spaniard says, with his head on his shoulder, be reconnoitered in every direction. Charlie instantly saw retreat was impossible, as other two men moved toward him at some distance. The Borderers lost no moment in taking his resolution, and boldly trotted against his enemies in front, who called loudly on him to stand and deliver! Charlie spurred on, and presented his pistol. "D—your p'tool," said the foremost robber; whose Charlie to his dying day protested he believed to have been the landlord of Mump's Ha'. "D—your pistol! I care not for it a curse for it."—"Ay, lad," said the deep and rapid voice of Figure, "will ye try the next?" He had no occasion to utter another word; the negro, surmounting his man of renown, and exulting in his prowess, gave no signal for the people of the house suffered. But these are all tales of at least half a century old, and the Waste has been for many years as safe as any place in the kingdom."

* The real name of this veteran sportsman is now unknown.
same token; for they said, they couldna have sell’d it, if there had been an heir-male.

"Sell’d!" echoed the gipsy, with something like a scream; "and who durst buy Ellangowan that was not of Bertram’s blade!—and who could tell whether the body of Ellangowan, Gude be wis—’tis a very awful warld!—I wished him ill—but no sic a downfa’s as a that neither—waes me! waes me to think o’! —She remained a moment silent, but still opposing with her hand the humdrum retreat, who, between every question, was about to turn his back, but good-humouredly stopped on observing the deep interest in the honest farmer’s answers appeared to excite.

"It will be seen and heard of—earth and sea will not hold their peace longer!—Can ye say if the same man now be the Sheriff of the county, that has been seen for some years past?"

"The sheriff was born in Edinburgh, they say—but gude day, gudewife, I maun ride."

—She followed him to his horse, and, while he drew the girths of his saddle, adjusted the values, and put on the bridle, still talking with oblique concerning Mr. Bertram’s death, and the fate of his daughter; on which, however, she could obtain little information from the honest farmer.

"Did ye ever see them ca’ Derneclough, about a mile frae the Place of Ellangowan?"

"I wot weel have I, gudewife,—a wild-looking den it is, w’l a whin auld wa’s o’ shealings yonder—I saw it when I went o’ the ground w’i’ ane that wanted to take the farm.

"It was a blythe bit anece!" said Meg, speaking to herself—"Did ye notice if there was an auld saugh trout in that den?—the boots are in the earth, and it hangs ower the bit burn—mony a day hae I wrought my stocking, and sat on my sulkie under that saugh.

"Hout, devil’s the wife, w’l her saughs, and her sunkies, and Ellangowans—Godeawe, woman, let me away—there’s saencepence tye to buy half a mutchkin, instead o’ clarving of those auld-sward stories.

"Thans to ye, gudeman—and now ye have answer’d a’ my questions and never spared wherefo’ I asked them, I’ll give you a bit canny advice, and ye maunna speir what for neither. Tib Mumps will be out, and the stirrup-cup, which is a griffing—’ll ask ye whether ye know what Willie thinks through Concerner causthert marn—tell her o’ne ane ye like, but be sure (speaking low and emphatically) to tak the ane ye dinna wish to tell her. The farmer laughed and promised, and the gipsy retreated.

"Will you take her advice?" said Brown, who had been an attentive listener to this conversation.

"That will I no—the randy quae—Na, I had far rathet Tib Mumps kent’d which way I was gaun than her—though Tib’s no muckle to lippen to neither, and I would advise ye o’ no account to stay in the house o’ night."

At this moment, Tib, the landlady, appeared with her stirrup-cup, which was taken off. She then, as Meg had predicted, inquired whether he went the hill or the moor road. He answered, the latter; and, having gone a good way, and more than half way, he again told him, "he depended on seeing him at Charles-hope, the morn at latest," he rode off at a round pace.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

**Callowis and Knock are too powerful on the highway, Winter’s Tale.**

The hint of the hospitable farmer was not lost on Brown. But, while he paid his reckoning, he could not avoid repeatedly fixing his eyes on Meg Merriles. She, in her part, the same witch-like figure when we first introduced her at Ellangowan-Place.

Time had grizzled her raven locks, and added wrinkles to her wild features, but her height remained erect, and her activity was unimpaired. It was remarked of this woman, as of others of the same description, that a life of action, though it destaun’d of humour, had given her the command over limbs and figure, so that the attitudes into which she most naturally threw herself, were free, unconstrained, and picturesque. At present, she stood by the window of the cottage, her person drawn up as to show to full advantage her masculine stature, and her head somewhat thrown back, that the large bonnet, with which her face was shrouded, might not interrupt her steady gaze at Mr. Brown. At every words, or tone which he uttered, she seemed to give an almost imperceptible start. On his part, he was surprised to find that he could not look upon this singular figure without some repugnance, for, however he tried to conceal such a figure?" he said to himself, "or does this wild and singular-looking woman recall to my recollection some of the strange figures I have seen in our Indian pagaes?"

While he embellished himself with these discussions, and the hostess was engaged in rummaging out silver in change of half-a-guineas, the gipsy suddenly made a dash for the drawer, and scrambled back with a bundle. He expected, of course, a display of her skill in palmaristry, but she seemed agitated by other feelings.

"Tell me," she said, "tell me, in the name of God, young man, what is your name, and whence you came?"

"My name is Brown, mother, and I come from the East Indies.

"From the East Indies!" dropping his hand with a sigh; "it cannot be then—I am such an auld fool, that every thing I look on seems the thing I want most to see. But the East Indies! that cannot be—Weel, be what ye will, there’s a face and a torque that puts me in mind of auld times. Good day—make haste on your road, and if ye see any of our folk, bide not make and not make, and they’ll do you harm.

"Brown, ye canna see the livings, put a shilling into her hand, bide her hostess fare-well, and, taking the route which the farmer had gone before, walked briskly on, with the advantage of being guided by the fresh hoof-pints of his horse. Meg Merriles looked after him for some time, and then muttered to herself, "I maun see that lad again—and I maun gang back to Ellangowan too—The Laird’s dead—well, death’s aither a kind man never. The Sheriff’s fitt’d, and I can keep canny in the bush—so there’s no muckle hazard o’ securin the cramp-ring."—I would like to see booty Ellangowan again or I die.

Brown, who had been proceeding northward at a round pace along the moorish tract called the Waste of Cumberland. He passed a solitary house, towards which the horseman who preceded him had apparently turned, and Brown, seeing that direction. A little further, he seemed to have returned again into the road. Mr. Dimmont had probably made a visit there either of business or pleasure—I wish, thought Brown, the good farmer had said till I came up; I should not have been sorry to ask him a few questions about the road, which seems to grow wilder and wilder.

In truth, however, if she had designed this tract of country to be the barrier between two hostile nations, it has stamped upon it a character of wildness and desolation. The hills are neither high nor rocky, but the land is so intersected with deep gullies and valleys that save the trouble of enclosures, intimate the farmer’s chief resource to be the breeding of horses. The people, too, are of a ruder and more inhospitable class than are elsewhere to be found in Cumber-land, partly from their own habits, partly from their intercourse with vagrants and criminals, who make this wild country a refuge from justice. So much were the

To occur the cramp-rings, is said metaphorically, for being thrown into fetters, or, generally, into prison.
men of these districts in early times the objects of suspicion and dislike to their more polished neighbours, who had the manners and speech of the corporation of Newcastle, prohibiting any freeman of that city to take for apprentice a native of certain of these dales. It is pathetically said, "Give a dog an ill name and he will act as if he was a man; or, as the saying goes, let a man or race of men, an ill name, they are very likely to do something that deserves hanging. Of this Brown had heard something and suspected more, from the district through which Dimont and the gipsies; but he was naturally of a fearless disposition, had nothing about him that could tempt the spoiler, and trusted to get through the Waste with day-light, with the help of a few pence, little damage likely to be done. The weather proved longer than he had anticipated, and the horizon began to grow gloomy, just as he entered upon an extensive morass.

Choosing his steps with care and deliberation, the young officer proceeded along a path that sometimes sunk between two broken black banks of moss earth, sometimes crossed narrow but deep ravines filled with a confluence between mud and water, and sometimes surmounted heaps of gravel and stones, which had been swept together when some torrent or waterfall on the neighbouring hills overflowed the marshy ground below. He began to ponder how a horse could jump this most monstrous obstacle: the traces of hoofs, however, were still visible; he even thought he heard their sound at some distance, and, convinced that Mr. Dimont's progress through this most monstrous obstacle was not his own, he resolved to push on, in hopes to surprise him, and have the benefit of his knowledge of the country. At this moment his little terraced ground was lost, and he was lost completely.

Brown quickened his pace, and, attaining the summit of a rising ground, saw the subject of the dog's alarm. In a hollow about a furlong or two, the bed of a small stagnant stream, mantled over with bright green masses, Dimont directed his steed towards a pass where the water appeared to flow with more freedom over a barer bottom; but Dimont, instead of the proposed crossing place, put his head down as if to reconnoitre the swamp more nearly, stretching forward his face-feet, and stood as fast as he could.

"Had we not better," said Brown, "dismount, and leave him to his fate—or can you not urge him through the swamp?"

"Na, na," said his pilot, "we mean cross Dumble at no rate—he has mare sense than many a Christian." So saying, he relaxed the reins, and shook them loosely. "Come now, lad, take your air way o'let's see where we'll take it through.

Dumble, left to the freedom of his own will, trotted briskly to another part of the lath less promising, as Brown thought, in appearance, but which the horseman's sagacity and the GHOST of his knowledge made the safer of the two, and, plunging in, he attained the other side with little difficulty.

"I am glad we're o' that mossa," said Dimont, "where there is no water, that this new opponent was equally stout and resolute; and after exchanging two or three blows, one of them told him to "follow his nose over the heath, in the dear's name, for they had nothing to say to him."

Brown rejected this composition, as having to their mercy the unfortunate man whom they were about to pillage, if not to murder outright; and the skirmish had just recommenced, when Dimont unexpectedly recovered his senses, his feet, and his weapon, and hastened to the scene of action. As he had been no easy antagonist, even when surprised and overhauled, the vaunted dimont was now joining forces with a man who had singly proved a match for them both, but fled across the bog as fast as their feet could carry them, pursued by Wasp, who had acted gloriously during the skirmish, annoying the rear of the enemy, and effectually effecting a moment's diversion in his master's favour.

"Deil, but your dog's weel entered w' the vermin now, sir!" were the first words uttered by the jolly face-feet, who was as blundering as ever, and full of blood, and recognized his deliverer and his little attendant.

"I hope, sir, you are not hurt dangerously?"

"No, no, sir—my head can stand a gay cloures thanks to them, though, and mony to you. But now, hinnie, ye maun help me to catch the beast, and we maun get on behind me, for we maun off like whire trets before the whole chajmfray be down upon us—the rest o' them will no be far off." The galloway was, by good chance, cut into a piece, and brown made some apology for overloading the animal.

"Deal a fear, man," answered the proprietor, "Dumble could carry six folk, if his back was lang enough—but we'll pack you just as far as ye need go, for I see some folk coming, through the black yonder, that it may be just as weel to wait for."

Brown was of opinion that this apparition of five or six men, who had the dimont in their train, join company, coming across the moss towards them, should avenge ceremony; he therefore mounted Dumble en croupe, and the little spirited nag carried away with his master the gipsy and his youth, as if they had been children of six years old. These men, whom the paths of these wilds seemed intimately known, pushed on at a rapid pace, manning, with much dexterity, to choose the safest route, in which he was aided by the sagacity of the galloway, who never failed to take the difficult passes exactly at the particular spot, and in the special manner by which they could be most safely crossed. Yet, even with these advantages, the road was so broken, that they were so often thrown out of the direct course by various impediments, that they did not gain much on their pursuers. "Never mind," said the unadorned Brown, "there is an easy outlet to the Witherwen's lath, the road's no near the soft, and we'll show them fair play for't."

They soon came to the place he named, a narrow pass where the water appeared to flow with more freedom over a barer bottom; but Dimont, instead of the proposed crossing place, put his head down as if to reconnoitre the swamp more nearly, stretching forward his face-feet, and stood as fast as he could.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Liddell till now, except in Doric days,
Tuned to her nuances by her love-sick swain,
Unknown in song—though not a pure stream
Rolls towards the western main.

Art of Preserving Health.

The present store-farmers of the south of Scotland are a much more refined race than their fathers, and in the manners I am not to say have either altogether disappeared, or are greatly modified. Without losing the rural simplicity of manners, they now cultivate arts unknown to the former generation, not only in the improvement of their productions, but in all the comforts of life. Their houses are more commodious, their habits of life regulated so as to keep pace with those of the civilised world, and the number of luxuries, of which their knowledge, has gained much ground among their hills during the last thirty years. Deep drinking, formerly their greatest failing, is now fast losing ground; and, while the frankness of their extensive hospitality continues the same, it is, generally speaking, refined in its character, and restrained in its excesses.

"Deil's in the wife," said Dandie Dinmont, shaking off his cloak in embraces, with a look of great affection—"deil's in ye, Allie—deil's in ye see the stranger gentleman?"

Allie turned to make her apology—"Truth, I was seen, or I would see the good, I am gude gracious! what's the matter wi' ye baith?—for they were now in her little parlour, and the candle showed the streaks of blood which Dandie Dinmont's wounded head had plentifully imparted to the clothes of his companion as well as to his own. "Ye've been fighting again, Dandy, wi' some o' the Buccleuch horse-couplers! Wow, man, a married man, wi' a bonny family like yours, should ken better what a father's life's worth in the world." The tears stood in the good woman's eyes as she spoke.

"Whist! whist! guidewife," said her husband, with a scold that had much more mock reproach than ceremony in it; "Never mind—never mind—there's a gentleman that will tell you, that just when I had gan to up to Lourie Lowther's, and had bidden the drink to come, the deil and the devil doth go just in again on the moss, and was woggelieing to the gate. I wame, twa land-loupers jump out of a pheasant on me or I was thinking, and got me down, and the devil doth tell me aye and another, I could wish ye man to be thankful to him for it, under God." With that he drew a pocket a large grey leather pocket-book, and bade the guidewife lock it up in her kist.

"God bless the gentleman, and o' God bless him wi' my heart—but what can we do for him, but to
gave him the most and quarters we wadna refuse to the poorest body on earth—unless (her eye directed to the vapid, yellow, and pitiful object of her pity which made the inference the most delicate plausible) unless there was any other way"—Brown saw, and estimated at its due rate, the mixture of surprise and mortification in the child's face; he spoke the downright way of expressing itself, yet qualified with so much delicacy; he was aware his own appearance, plain at best, and now and then splattered with blood made him an object of pity at least, and perhaps of charity. He hastened to say his name was Brown, a captain in the regiment of cavalry, travelling for pleasure, and on foot, both from motives of economy and the gentlemanly way he took his kind landlady would look at his husband's wounds, the state of which he had refused to permit him to examine. Mrs. Dinmont was used to her husband's trifling injuries and had trained a hand of a captain of dragoons. She therefore glanced at the table-cloth not quite clean, and listened over her proposed supper a minute or two, before putting her plate to the table and made him sit down for a "hard-headed loan, that was bringing her other folk into collder-slanges.

When Dandie Dinmont, after executing two or three capers, and putting the Highland-fling, by way of ridiculous demonstration and to sit down, and commit his round, black, shaggy bullet of a head to her inspection, Brown thought he had seen the regimental surgeon look grave upon a near neighbour. The general way how he took some knowledge of chirurgery—she cut away with her scissors the gory locks, whose stiffened and coagulated clusters interfered with her operations, and clapped on the wound some lint bennearmed with a vulnerary salve, esteemed sovereign by the whole dale, (which afforded upon Fair nights considerable experience of such cases)—she then fixed her plaster with a bobby pin and her patient's resistance was pulsed over all a night-cap, to keep every thing in its right place. Some contusions on the brow and shoulders she fomented with brandy, which the patient did not object to this mine and laid a heavy load to his mouth. Mrs. Dinmont then simply, but kindly, offered her assistance to Brown.

He assured her he had no occasion for anything but the accommodation of a basin and towel. "And that's what I should have thought of sooner," she said; "and I did think o't, but I durst na open the door, for there's a' the barns, poor things, sale kept there out there."

This explained a great drumming and whining at the door of the little parlour, which had somewhat surprised Brown, though his kind landlady had only noticed that she could be heard. She heard it begin. But on her opening the door to seek the basin and towel, (for she never thought of showing the guest to a separate room,) a whole tide of whitehead vermin ran hame in; some from the stable, where they had been seeing Dumble, and giving him a welcome home with part of their four-hours crones; others from the kitchen, where they had been listening to old Elizabeth's tales and ballads; and the youngest half-naked, out of bed, all roaring to see daddie, and to inquire what he had brought home for them from the various fairs he had visited in his regiment. The knight of the broken head first kissed and hugged them all round, then distributed whistles, penny-trumpets, and gingerbread, and, lastly, when the tumult of their joy and welcome went beyond bearing, exclaimed to his guest:—"This is the generous fault, captain—he will give the barns a' their sin way."

"Mist Lord help me," said Ali; "and who at that in the stable, and, between coaxing and scolding, they can't keep them?—I have nothing else to give them, poor things?"

Dinmont then exerted himself, and, between coaxing and scolding, they can't keep them?—I have nothing else to give them, poor things?

CHAPTER XXXV.

—Give ye, Britons, then,
Your sporting fury, pusilliwous to pour.
Loose then their robber of the fold.
Him from his crazy wounding bane's asunder.
Let all the thunder of the clamour sound.

THORNSON'S DISTRIBUTION.

Brown rose early in the morning, and walked out to look at the establishment of his new friend. All was rough and neglected in the neighbourhood of the house; and hardly can I make the vicinage dry or comfortable, and a total absence of all those little neatnesses which give the eye so much pleasure in looking at an English farm-house. There were, notwithstanding, evident signs that this arose only from want of taste, or ignorance, not from poverty, or the negligence which attends it. On the contrary, a noble cow-house, well filled with good milk-cows, a feeding-house, with ten bullocks of the...
patching his breakfast, as, "the frost having given way, the scene would be like this morning primarily."

But they saluted accordingly for Otter's-eyes-and-ears, the farmer leading the way. They soon quitted the little valley, and involved themselves among hills as steep as those they had descended from, on which the sides often presented gullies, down which, in the winter season, or after heavy rain, the torrents descended with great fury. Some dappled mist still floated along, and the sky was covered with the morning clouds, for the frost had broken up with a smart shower. Through these fleecy screens were seen a hundred little temporary streamlets, or rills, descending from the top of the hill, and forming up that country a slough—it had once been the defence of a fortress, of which no vestige now remained, but which was said to have been inhabited by the same demoniacal family that had been the protectors of the land for ages. Brown endeavoured to make some acquaintance with the children, but, "the rogues fled from him like quicksilver"—though the two oldest stood peeping when they had turned back, no for a dozen of you scallies!"

Brown had recognised his worthy host, though a mawn, as it is called, or a grey shepherd's-plain, supplied his travelling jockey-cost, and a cap, faced with white, and lined with scarlet, and his bagged head than a hat would have done. As he appeared through the morning mist, Brown, accustomed to judge of men by their throes and sinews, could not help admiring the size of his shoulders, and the steady firmness of his step. Dimmont internally paid the same compliment to Brown, whose athletic form he now perceived somewhat more at leisure than he had done formerly. After the usual greetings of the morning, the guest inquired whether his host found any inconvenience consequent from the last night's arfray.

"I never was better, sir," said the Borderer; "but I think this morning, now that I am fresh and sober, if you and I were at the Withershins' Latch, you'd like a gude oon stable in your hand, we wadna turn back, no for a dozen o' you scallies!"

"But are you prudent, my good sir," said Brown; "not to take an hour or two's repose after receiving such severe contusions?"

"I can't tell you, the farmer, laughing in dejection; "Lord, Captain, naething confuses my head—I ane jumped up and laid the dogs on the fox after I had tumbled from the rap o' Christenbury Craig, and the water is everywhere confusen. No, naething confuses me, unless it be a scree o' drink at an orra time. Besides, I behooved to be round the hirsle this morning, and see how the herds were coming on; they have to be vigilant wi' their footballs, and fares, and tyants, when a' anes away. And there we met! Tam o' Todshale, and a wheen o' the rest o' the billys on the water side; they're a' for a fox-hunt this morning. I'll give ye Dumple, and take the brood mare myself."

"But I fear I must leave you this morning, Mr. Dimmont," replied Brown.

"I fear not it at all," exclaimed the Borderer. "I'll—nae, nae wi' ye at any rate for a fortightmair—Na, na; we dinna meet sic friends as you on a Bow-castle moose every night."

Brown had not designed his journey should be a sporting one; but he was more readily compounded with this hearty invitation, by agreeing to pass a week at Charries-hope.

On their return to the house, where the good-wife provided them with a hearty breakfast, she heard news of the proposed fox-hunt, not indeed with approbation, but without alarm or surprise. "Dand! ye're the suld man yet—naething will make ye take warning till ye bruage hame some day wi' your feet for' moe."

"Tut, lass!" answered Dandie. "ye ken yourself I am never in the prain o' my rambles."

So saying, Brown was to hastie in dis-
of the hounds, ascending as it were out of the bowels of the earth. When the fox, thus persecuted from noon to night, had thus incessantly pursued till he was obliged to abandon his valley, and to break away for a more distant retreat, those who watched his motions from the top slipped their greyhounds, which, excelling the fox in lightness and fleetness of foot, and in swiftness of pursuit, quickly overtook and speedily overtook and speeded past his own. The man himself, with the fox equally in sight and in view, would soon bring the plunderer to his life's end.

In this way, without any attention to the ordinary rules and decorums of sport, but apparently as much to the hunt itself, and more to the regulation of sportsmen if all due ritual had been followed, four foxes were killed on this active morning; and even Brown himself, though he had seen the princely sports of India, and ridden in both hunting and horse-riding, was astonished with the Nabob of Arcot, professing to have received an excellent morning's amusement. When the sport was given up for the day, most of the sportsmen, according to the established hospitality of the country, went to dine at Charleys-hope.

During their return homeward, Brown rode for a short time beside the huntsman, and asked him some questions concerning the mode in which he had conducted the sport. The man showed an ulterior pleasure in meeting his eye, and a disposition to be rid of his company and conversation, for which Brown could not easily account. He was a thin, dark, active fellow, and he had evidently a large share of what is called skill exercised. But his face had not the frankness of the jolly hunter; he was down-looked, embarrassed, and avoided the eyes of those who looked hard at him. After some answer had been given, which was relating to the success of the day, Brown gave him a trifling gratuity, and rode on with his landlord. They found the goodwife prepared for their reception—the fold and the poultry-yard, the jewellery, the entertainment, and the kind and hearty welcome made amends for all deficiencies in elegance and fashion.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Elliot and Armstrongs dined convivially.

**They were a gallant company.**

**Roused of Johnstone Armstrongs.**

Without noticing the occupations of an intervening day or two, which, as they consisted of the ordinary sylvan amusements of shooting and courting, have nothing sufficiently interesting to detain the reader, we pass to one in some degree peculiar to Scotland, which may be called a sort of salmon-hunting. This chase, in which the fish is pursued and struck with hooks, is not laughed at in the south, called a waster,* is much practised at the mouth of the Esk, and in the other salmon rivers of Scotland. The sport is followed by day and night, but most commonly in the night. It has its own torches, or fire-gates, filled with blazing fragments of tar-barrels, which shed a strong though partial light upon the water. On the present occasion, the principal party were embarked in a crazy boat upon a part of the river which was enlarged and deepened by the restrained of a mill- weir, while others, like the ancient Bacchani in their gambols, ran along the banks, brandishing their torches and spears, and pursuing the salmon, some of which endeavoured to escape up the stream, while others, shrouding themselves under roots of trees, fragments of stones, and large roots of trees, concealed themselves from the researches of the fishermen. These the party in the boat detected by the slightest indications; the twinkling of a fin, the rising of an air-bell, was sufficient to point out to these adroit sportsmen in what direction to use their weapons.

The scene was inexpressibly animating to those accustomed to it; but as Brown was not practised to use the spear, he was soon tired of making efforts, which would have been useful. He did, however, on one occasion, seeing a salmon crossing the river, much to the delight of the party, dash his arms against the rocks at the bottom of the river, upon which, instead of the devoted salmon, he fortunately bestowed his bow. Nor did he relish, though he was informed to do so, the custom of the sportsman of falling into the river, and then taking the fish with his hands. He was convinced, after observing the salmon, that it is by no means so easy as it is sometimes supposed. The salmon thus preserved is eaten as a delicacy, either fried in the roasting passage, or under the roasting passage, a luxury to which Brown had given his sanction as an ingredient of the Scottish breakfast.

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* Or daster. The long spear is used for striking; but there is a shorter, which is cast from the hand, and with which an experienced sportsman hits his fish with singular dexterity.
terion. He resolved to speak to his host Dinmont on the subject, but for obvious reasons concluded it would be better for the explanation until a cool hour in the morning.

The sportsmen loaded with fish, upwards of one hundred salmon having been killed within the range of the house, and having a particular liking for the use of the principal farmers, the others divided among their shepherds, cotters, dependants, and others of inferior rank who attended. These fish, dried in the turpentine of their tails, or sheablings, formed a savoury addition to the mess of potatoes, mixed with onions, which was the principal part of their winter food. In the meanwhile a liberal distribution of ale, whisky was made among them, besides which was called a kettle of fish—two or three salmon, namely, plunged into a cauldron, and boiled for their supper. Brown accompanied his jolly landlord and the rest of his bands into the large and smoky kitchen, where this savoury mess reeked on an oaken table, massive enough to have dined Johnnie Armstrong and his merry-men. All was hearty cheer and buzzas, and jest and clamorous laughter, and bragging alternately, and raillery between whiles. Our traveler looked earnestly around for the dark countenance of the fox-hunter; but it was nowhere to be seen.

He put the question confronting him:

"That was an awkward accident, my lads, of one of you, who dropped his torch in the water when his companion was struggling with the large fish."

"A awk restation," said the shepherd picking up, (the same stout young fellow who had scared the salmon,) "he deserved his pails for—to put out the light when the fish was on ane's witters!"—"I'm sure I am sorry for dropped the roughest thing in the water on purpose—he doesna like to see any body do a thing better than himself."

"Ay," said another, "he's sair ashamed o' himsell, else he wad have come up here the night—Gabriel likes a little o' the gude thing as well as any o' us."

"Is he of this country?" said Brown.

"Na, na, he's been but shortly in office, but he's a full hunter—he's free down the country, some gate on the Dumfries side.

"And what's his name pray?"

"Gabriel," said one.

"But Gabriel what?"

"Oh, Lord kens that; we dinna mind folk's after names—muck here, they run sea muck into clams.

"Ye see, sir," said an old shepherd, rising, and speaking very slow, "the folks here about are a's Armstrongs, and the like, and the farmers have the names of their places that they live at—as, for example, Tom o'Todhaw, Will o' the French, whisky.

"He's not quite right in his head, this man, for, by his employment; as for example, TodGabriel, or Hunter Gabbie. He's nae been lang here, sir, and I dinna think any body kens him by any other name. But it's no the忧 him sair abint his ha' back, for he's a full fox-hunter, though he's maybe nae seae clever as some o' the folk hereaw wa' the waster."

The barbs of the spear.

When dry subjects, or branches, are used as fuel for the lime kiln, or burning, as is the case in Ireland, they are termed, as in the text, toastings. When logs, dipped in tar, are employed, they are called Ha's, probably from the French.

The distinction of individuals by nicknames when they possess no proper name is common in the Border, and indeed necessary in the case of certain classes, as in the same name, for instance, Jacobin. In the small village of Lowstruther, in Roxburghshire, there dwelt, in the middle of the town, a clergyman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Low. They were distinguished as Dandie Easie-sate, Dandie Bungalo, Dandie Thimbles, and Dandie Dumbie. The two first names were the same, and were written in the street of the village; the third from some peculiarity in the cut of his nose; and the fourth from his tameness.

It was well known that, as a beaver woman, repudiated from door to door as she was for her uncleanliness, and when the daughter of Annandale, noted, in her despair, if there were no Christians in the house, and asked of her what she ground for making herself so unwashed, answered, "Na, na, there are our Christianes here: we are a Johnstones and Jamies."

After some further deactory conversation, the superior sportsmen retired to conclude the evening after their own manner, less familiarly, and the younger, unknown to themselves, unwaved by their presence. That evening, like all those which Brown had passed at Charlieshope, was spent in much innocent and conviviality. The occasion of right, an extraordinary confluence of riot but for the good women; for several of the neighboring mistreses (a phrase of a significa
tion how different from what it bears in more familiar life) had assembled at Charlieshope to witness the event of this memorable evening. Finding the punch-bowl was so often replenished, that there was some danger of their gracious presence being forgotten, they retired in valuable time to witness the recreant revelers, headed by our good mistrees Ailie, so that Venus speedily routed Bacchus. The fiddler and piper next made their appearance, and the best of the bands was gallantly consumed in dancing to their music.

An otter-hunt the next day, and a badger-baiting the day after, consumed the time merily. I hope our traveler is so expressively describing the badger-hunt as a thing that will win the sen-
noral favour of Mr. Dinmont, that the poor badger, who had made so gallant a defence, should be permitted to retire to his earth without further mole-

The farmer, who would probably have treated this request with supreme contempt had it come from any other person, was contented, in Brown's case, to express his satisfaction. "Well," he said, "that's queer aneuch!—but since ye take his part, deil a syke shall meddle wi' him mair in my day—we'll e'en mark him, and ca' him the Captain's buck—and I'm sure I'm glad I can do anything to help you—but, Lord save us, to care about a buck?"

After a week spent in rural sport, and distinguished by the most keen attentions on the part of his honest landlord, Brown bade adieu to the banks of the Liddel, and the hospitality of Charlieshope. The children, with all of whom he had now become an intimate, and a favourite, roared manfully in full chorus at his departure, and he was obliged to promise twenty times, that he would soon return and play over all their favourite tunes upon the fife, till they had got them by heart. —Come back again, said they; be back three good times, and when you come back we'll say you will be your wife." Jenny was about eleven years old; she ran and hid herself behind her mammy.

"Captain, come back," said a little fat roll-about girl of six; with good manners to be kissed, and "I'll be your wife my ainself."

They must be of harder mould than I thought Brown, who could part from so many kind hearts with indifference—"The good dame too, with modesty, and an affectionate simplicity that marked the olden time, offered her cheek to the departing guest—"It's little the likeous we can do," she said. "I'll indeed—" said he, "but—yes, we can be so happy as ye like to see a body else that would be a sair wish to some folk."

I must not omit to mention, that our traveler left his trusty attendant, Wapsy to be a guest at Charlieshope, and the boy was so popular that he was invited to every frolic and amusement, and set up as an authority on the history of his native country. He had learnt the language and feelings of the country even during the short time of his residence, and was aware of the pleasure the request would confer.

"A tart o' woe! would be scarce among us," said the goodwife brightening, "if ye shouldna have that, and as gude a tweed as ever cam aff a p'rt. I'll speak to Johnnie Goodside, the weaver at the Castle-town, they be very good weavers there ye wad be just as happy as ye like to see a body else that would be a sair wish to some folk."

I must not omit to mention, that our traveler left his trusty attendant, Wapsy to be a guest at Charlieshope. He left the boy to give me a knowledge of a troublesome attendant in the event of his being in any situation where secrecy and concealment might be necessary. He was therefore consigned to the case.
of the eldest boy, who promised, in the words of the old song, that he should have

"A bit of his supper, a bit of his bed,"

and that he should be engaged in none of those perversities in which the race of Mustard and Pepper had suffered frequent mutilation. Brown now deposited in the post-office many letters and notes, and fixed the postmark with a temporary farewell of his trusty little companion.

There is an odd prejudice in these hills in favour of riding. Every farmer rides well, and rides the whole day. Probably the extent of their large pasture farms, and the necessity of surveying them rapidly, first introduced this custom; or a very zealous antiquary might derive it from the times of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when gentlemen and ladies assembled at the light of the beacon-fires. But the truth is undeniable; they like to be on horseback, and can be with difficulty convinced that any one chooses walking from other motives than those of convenience or necessity. Accordingly, Dinnont insisted upon mounting his guest, and accompanying him on horseback as far as the nearest town in Dumfriesshire. But Brown had directed his baggage to be sent on, and from which he proposed to pursue his intended journey towards Woodbourne, the residence of Miss Manning.

Upon the way he questioned his companion concerning the character of the fox-hunter; but gained little information, as he had been called to that office while Dinnont was making the round of the highland farms in the Highlands.

"and, he dared to say, had gipsy blood in his veins—but at any rate he was none of the smashers that had been on their quarters in the moor—he would ken them well—Ken them and the stag. Surrounding his horse he bade folk among the gipsies too, to be sic a gang," added Dandie; "‘if ever I see that mad randle-tree of a wife again, I'll give her something to buy tobacco— I hope a great notion she meant me very fair after all.'"

While the farmer spoke, the good farmer held Brown long by the hand, and at length said, "Captain, the woo's a' weel up the year, that it's paid 'a' the rent, and we have nothing to wi' the rest of the siller when Ailie has her new gown, and the barns their bits o' duds—now I was thinking of some safe hand to put it into, for it's ower muckle to ware on brandy and sugar—now I have heard that you have such a one at Miss Man."

"Oh, this is from your kindness, and aye might just take your name to the siller, and aye offer some verra unexpected acquaintance to me," Brown, who felt the full delicacy that wished to disguise the conferring an obligation under the show of asking a favour, thanked his grateful host, and said he would have recourse to his purse, without scruple, should circumstances ever render it convenient for him. And thus they parted with many expressions of mutual regard.

CHAPTER XXVII.

If thou hast any love of mercy in thee,

Turn me upon my face that I may die. —JOANNA BaILLIE.

Our traveller hired a post-chaise at the station where he separated from Dinmont, with the purpose of proceeding to Kippenarina, there to inquire into the state of the family at Woodbourne, before he should venture to make his presence in the country known to Miss Manning. The stage was a long one of eighteen or twenty miles, and the road lay across the country. To add to the inconveniences of the journey, the snow began to fall pretty quickly. The postilion, however, proceeded on his journey for a good many miles, without expressing doubt or hesitation. It was not until the ninth or commodity was set in, that he intimated his apprehensions whether he was in the right road. The increasing snow rendered this intimation rather alarming, for as it drove full in the lad's face, and lay whitening all around him, it hurried in by the present ways out of the notice of the country, and to diminish the chance of his recovering the right track. Brown then himself got out and looked round, not, it may be well imagined, from an affectionate regard for the Woodbourne house at which he might make inquiry. But none appeared—he could therefore only tell the lad to drive steadily on. The road on which they were, ran through plantations of considerable extent and depth, and the traveller therefore conjectured that there must be a gentleman's house at no great distance. At length, after struggling wearily on for about a mile, the post-boy met a person that had neither horses nor sleds, did not budge a foot further; "but he saw," he said, "a light among the trees, which must proceed from a house; the only way was to inquire the road there."

Our traveller grooped along the side of the enclosure from which the light glimmered, in order to find some mode of approaching in that direction, and to simulate at every step in the slush, and to avoid a stile in the hedge, and a pathway leading into the plantation, which in that place was of great extent. This promised to lead to the light which was the object of his search. But the distance was next in that direction, but soon totally lost sight of it among the trees. The path, which at first seemed broad and well marked by the opening of the wood through which it had been widened was distinctly distinguishable, although the whiteness of the snow afforded some reflected light to assist his search. Directing himself as much as possible through the more open parts of the wood, he proceeded almost a mile without either encountering a view of the light, or seeing any thing resembling a habitation. Still, however, he thought it best to persevere in that direction. It must surely have been a light in the hut of a forester, for it showed itself so rapidly, and Brown's impatience was obvious there was a deep dell, or ravine of some kind, between him and the object of his search. Taking every precaution to preserve his footing, he continued to descend until he reached the bottom of a very steep and narrow glen, through which winded a small rivulet, whose course was then almost choked with snow. He now found himself embarrassed among the ruins of cottages, whose black gables, rendered more distinguishable by the contrast with the whitened surface from which they rose, were still standing; the side-walls had long since given way to time. He was perforce stopped, piled snow to heaps, and snow-flakes, and snowstorms, and snow-winds; he offered frequent and embarrassing obstacles to our traveller's progress. Still, however, he persevered, crossed the rivulet, not without some trouble, and at length, by a broad and open space, which was now covered with snow, ascended its opposite and very steep bank, until he came on a level with the building from which the gleam proceeded.
GUY MANNERING.

It was difficult, especially by so imperfect a light, to discover the nature of this edifice; but it seemed a square building of small size, the upper part of which was totally rumous. It had, perhaps, been the abode, in former times, of some lesser proprietor, or a place of sacrifice, but the buildings were much altered, and in a case of need, for one of greater importance. But only the lower vault remained, the arch of which formed the roof in the present state of the building. Brown first approached the place from whence the light proceeded, which was a long narrow slit or loop-hole, such as usually are to be found in old castles. Impelled by curiosity to reconnoitre the interior of this strange place before he entered, Brown glanced at this aperture. A scene of greater desolation could not well be imagined.

There was a fire upon the roof, the smoke of which, after circling through the apartment, escaped by a hole broken in the roof above. Seen by this smoky light, had the rude and waste appearance of a ruin of three centuries old at least. A cask or two, with some broken boxes and packages, lay about the place, and sometimes one or two of them would be found, but the inmates chiefly occupied Brown's attention. Upon a lair composed of straw, with a blanket stretched over it, lay a figure, so still, that, except that it was not dressed in the ordinary style of the glens, Brown would have concluded it to be a corpse. On a steadier view he perceived it was only on the point of becoming so, for he heard one or two of those low, deep, and hard-drawn, breaths characteristic of the frames in tenacious of life.

A female figure, dressed in a long cloak, sat on a stone by this miserable couch; her elbows rested upon her knees, and her face, averted, on her iron lamp; she was alone, and spoke, or rather was heard upon that of the dying person. She moistened his mouth from time to time with some liquid, and between wheals sung, in a low monotone cadence, once or twice spoke or listened, which, in the parts of Scotland, and the north of England, are used by the vulgar and ignorant to spread the passage of a parting spirit, like the tolling of the bell in a churchyard. This direful sob was heard with a slow rocking motion of her body to and fro, as if to keep time with her song. The words ran nearly thus:

"Wasted, weary, wherefore stay

With time and earth and clay?

From the body pass away—

Hark! the man is singing.

From thee doth thy mortal wound,

Mary Mother be thy speed,

Saints help to thee to ascend.

Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,

Sooth, or hail, or tempests.

Hark! the tempest is passing fast,

And the deep be on thee cast

Day shall never wake knowing.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,

Earth fits thy last, and time draws on—

Gasp thy gasps, and meet thy last—

Day is near the breaking.

The song was passed, and was answered by one or two deep and hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agony of the mortal strain. ‘It will not be,’ she muttered to herself—‘He cannot pass away with that on his mind—it tethers him here—

Heaven cannot abide it.

Earth refuses to hide it.’

The mysterious rites in which Meg Merrilies is described as engaged, belong to her character as a queen of her race. All know that giants in every country claim acquaintance with the gift of fortune-telling; but, as is often the case, they are liable to the superstitions of which they avail themselves in others. The correspondent of Blackwood, quoted in the Introduction to this Tale, gives some information on the subject of their credulity.

‘I do not understand,’ he says, speaking of the Yetholm giants, ‘that they are extremely superstitious—carefully avoiding the formation of the clouds, the flight of particular birds, and the like. I am told that they believe, before attempting any enterprise, they have been known for several successive days to earn to those things that concern them, to which they have been accustomed, and which they feared to escape. As for the giants, we have been assured, was offered to the entrance of any frightful form which they might meet with in the forest; but it seems that the habitations were in most such a sacred limit, and the subject of such superstition. A bride, even to this day, is always lifted over it, a rule it appears to be a very strange belief of their race.’

‘The redding strain,’ says the Yetholm giant, ‘is a blow received by a person who has been long in the forest, and who, on his return to his friends, is told by all the people to whom he comes, that he will be the most dangerous blow a man can receive.'
proach of those whose voices had been heard without.

Brown was a soldier, and a brave one; but he was also ma
ture, and long to Mr. M—- he mastered his
courage so completely, that the cold drops burst
out from every pore. The idea of being dragged out of
his miserable concealment by wretches, whose tra
ture he had sought with murder, without the
or the slightest means of defence, except entreaties,
which would be only their sport, and cries for help,
which could never reach other ear than their own—
this was the press of the apparent conclusion of
being associated with these felons, and whose trade
of rapine and imposture must have hardened her
against every human feeling,—the bitterness of his
emotions must have clung to him. He endeavored to
read in her to the withered and dark countenance, as
the lamp threw its light upon her features, something
that promised those feelings of compassion, which
females, even in their most degraded state, can ac
sume altogether smother. There was no such touch of
humanity about this woman. The interest, whatever
it was, that determined her in his favour, arose
not from the impulse of compassion, but from some
interminable activity with which she undertook the
feet, to which he had no clew. It rested, perhaps,
end the like, such as Lady Macbeth found to her
father in the sleeping monarch. Such were the
nostrils of the good, the good the good, and
Brown's mind, as he gazed from his hiding place
up on this extraordinary personage. Meantime the
gang did not yet approach, and he was almost promised
that the whole party would have been to
the hut, and cursed internally his own irre
solution, which had consented to his being caught
up where he had neither room for resistance nor flight.

She was as dead enough. She seemed equally con
victed of herself, and equally comforted at that
sound that whistled round the
old walls. Then she turned again to the dead body,
and found something new to arrange or alter in its
posture, with which she undertook the task. Brown
noticed, and felt the fag end of Satan's 
dar you leave the door open?" was the first salutation of
the party.

And when ever heard of a door barred when
a man was in the dead throw?—how do you think the
spirit was to get away through bolts and bars like
these?"

Is he dead, then?" said one who went to the side
of the coffin to look at the body.

"Ah, yes,—dead enough." said another, "but here's
what shall give him a rousing lykewick." So saying,
he fetched a keg of spirits from a corner, while
Meg hastened to display pipes and tobacco. From
the activity with which she undertook the task,
Brown conceived good hope of her fidelity towards
her guest. It was obvious that she wished to engage
the ruffians in their debauch, to prevent the discovery
where they had been and what they had been doing.
Brown should approach too nearly the place of Brown's
concealment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Norse: nor a farmer own we now,
Nor nose nor latchet door.
Nor kind mate, bound, by holy vow,
To bless a good store.

Nor lull us in a gloomy den,
And light our own our own our day;
Upward ye, then, my merry men! JOANNA BAILLIE.

And use it as ye may.

Brown could now reckon his foes—they were five in number; two of them were very powerful men,
who appeared to be either real seamen, or strollers
who assumed that character; the other three, an old
man and two lads, were slighter made, and, from
their black hair and dark complexion, seemed to be
Bohemian fugitives from justice. The lads were the
other cup out of which they drank their spirits.

"Here's to his good voyage!" said one of the se
men, drinking; "a equally night he's got, however, to
the drift through it in their own way!"

We omit here various excursions with which these
honorable gentlemen garnished their discourse, retaining
only such of their expletives as are least offensive.

"A to the brown wind—" A had many a north-easter in his day."

"He had his last yesterday," said another gruffly;
"and now old Meg may pray for his last fair wind,
as she's often done before."

"I'll pray for name's sake," said Meg, "nor for you
neither, you randy dog. The times are ass altered
since I was a kinchen-mort. Men were men then,
and fought other in the open field, and there was none
milling in the darkmans. And the gentry had kind,
hearts, and would have given batth lap and ponnelt
to any purs pipey; and there was none, from John
nie Faa the upright man, to little Chirnios that was
in the pansie-quot, and not some of them, but
yes, ye are a altered—from the gude auld rules, and
no wonder that you scour the cramp-ring, and trine
to the chest's safe often. Yes, ye are a altered—you'll
never see a man in a stamtrumm* in his barn, and break his house and cut
his throat for his pains! There's blood on your hands,
too, ye dogs—mair than ever came there by fair fight
ning. See what you're writin and what you're
—-he strove, and strove sair, and could neither die nor
live—but you half the country will see how ye'll
grace the wooldie."

The party burst out a hoarse laugh at Meg's prophecy.

"What made you come back here, ye auld belam?" said
one of the pigs; "could ye no have staid where you were, and spaced fortunes to the Cumber
nand land-flats and the"—but Brown had a perfect
see that nobody has scented; that's a you're good
for now."

"Is that a I am good for now?" said the indig
mution. "I was good for mair than that in the
great fight between our folk and Patricus Gules';
if I had not helped you with these very families,
(holding up her hands,) Jean Baillie would have
frummaged ye, ye feckless doo-little!"

There was here another laugh at the expense of the
hero who had received this amason's assistance.

"Here, mother," said one of the sailoors, "here's a
cup of the right for you, and never mind that bully
huff."

Meg drank the spirits, and, withdrawing herself
from further conversation, sat down before the spot
where Brown lay; but in such a place it may have been difficult for any one to have approached it
without her rising. The men, however, showed no
disposition to disturb her.

They closed around the fire, and held deep consultation
low tone in which they spoke, and the cant language which they used, prevented
Brown from understanding much of their conversation.
He gathered in general, that they expressed
"He shall have his gruel," said one, and then whispered
something very low into the ear of his comrade.

"I'll have nothing to do with that," said the other.

"No, by G—d, no more than yourself, but I won't
—-it was something like that stopped all the trade
fifteen or twenty years ago—you have heard of the
Loup?"

"I have heard him (indicating the corpse by a jerk
of his head) tell about that job. G—d, how he used
to laugh when he showed us how he fetched him off
the lochside!"

"Well, but it did up the trade for one while," said
Jack.

"How should that be?" asked the sly villan.

"Why," replied Jack, "the people got lusty aro
A girl. 4 Murder by night. 5 Luquet and Fusa.
6 The leader (and greatest vagabond) of the gang.
7 Stolen a rag. 8 Get imprisioned and hanged. 9 Break
10 Go out and watch. 11 Thrusted you.
GUY MANNERING.

CHAP. XXVIII.

And would not deal, and they had bought so many boughs that—'

"Well, for all that," said the other, "I think we should be down upon the fellow one of these dark nights, and him get it with us!

But old Meg asleep now," said another; "she grows a drivelier, and is afraid of her shadow. She'll sing out, some of these odd-come-shorties, if you don't look after her that."

"Never mind that," said the old gipsy man; "Meg's true-bred; she's the last in the gang that will start—but she has some queer ways, and often cuts queer corners.

With more of this gibberish, they continued the conversation, rendering it thus, even to each other, a dark obscure dialect, eked out by significant nods and signs, but never expressing distinctly, or in plain language, the subject on which it turned. At length one of them, observing Meg was still fast asleep, or appeared to be so, desired one of the lads "to hand in the black Peter, that they might flick it open. The boy stepped to the door, and brought in a portmanteau, which Brown instantly recognized for his own. His thoughts immediately turned to the unfortunate lad he had left with the carriage. Had the ruffians managed to get possession of him?—his mind. The agony of his attention grew yet keener, while the villagers pulled out and admired the different articles of his clothes and linen, he examined, and sought for, but it might intangibly state the fate of the posse. But the ruffians were too much delighted with their prize, and too much busied in examining its contents, to enter into any detail concerning the manner in which they had acquired it. The portmanteau contained various articles of apparel, a pair of pistols, a leather case with a few paper, and some money, &c. &c. At any other time Brown would have looked with an excess of awe to see the uncovenantor in whom the thieves shared his property, and made themselves merry at the expense of the owner. But the moment was too peculiarly charged with the presence of what had immediate reference to self-preservation.

After a sufficient scrutiny into the portmanteau, and an equitable division of its contents, the ruffians applied themselves more closely to the serious occupation of drinking, in which they spent the greater part of the night. Brown was for some time in great hope that they would drink so deep as to render themselves incapable of robbing him, and so have been an easy matter. But their dangerous trade required precautions inconsistent with such unlimited indulgence, and they stopped short on this side of absolute inebriety, and then that. They might have rested themselves to rest, while the fourth watched. He was relieved in this duty by one of the others, after a vigil of two hours. When the second watch had elapse, and he awoke, and found himself composed, the moon being up, and Brown's inexpressible relief, began to make some preparations as to for departure, bundles up the various articles which each had appropriated. Still, however, there remained something to be done. Two of them, after some rummagings, which not a little alarmed Brown, produced a mattock and shovel, another took a pickaxe from behind the straw on which the dead body was extended. With these implements two of them left the hut, and the remaining three, two of whom were the seamen, very strong men, still remained in garnison.

After the space of about half an hour, one of those who had departed again returned, and whispered the others. They wrapped up the dead body in the seacoal which had served as a pall, and went out, bearing it along with them. The agonized retired from his real or feigned slumber. She first went to the door, as if for the purpose of watching the departure of her late inmates, then returned, and commenced to laugh and stifled sobs, to follow her instantly. He obeyed; but, on leaving the hut, he would willingly have reprehended himself of his money, or papers at least, but this he prohibited in the most peremptory manner. It immediately occurred to him that the suspicion of having removed any thing, of which he might possess himself, would fall upon this woman, by whom, in all probability, his money had been saved. He immediately desisted from his attempt, contenting himself with seizing a cutlass, which one of the ruffians had hung aside among the straw. On his feet, and possessed of a knife, he appeared to be delivered from the dangers which beset him. Still, however, he felt stiffened and cramped, both with the cold, and by the constrained and unaltered position which he had maintained all night. At last, the gipsy from the door of the hut, the fresh air of the morning, and the action of walking, restored circulation and activity to his benumbed limbs. The pale light of a winter's morning was rendered more clear by the snow, which was lying all around, crissped by the influence of a severe frost. Brown cast a hasty glance at the landscape around him, that he might be able again to know the spot. The little tower, of which only a single vault remained, forming the dismal apartment in which he had spent this remarkable night, was perched on the very point of a projecting rock overhanging the wharfe. It was accessible only by a ladder, and that from the ravine or glen below. On the other three sides the bank was precipitous, so that Brown had on the preceding evening escaped more dangers than one; for, had he had in the tower, he might have once his purpose, he must have been dashed to pieces. The dell was so narrow that the trees met in some places from the opposite sides. They were now covered with snow ranged in a line which drained the snow by the rocks which had formed a sort of frozen canopy over the rivulet beneath, which was marked by its darker colour, as it soaked its way obscurely through wreaths of smoke in one place where the glen was a little wider, leaving a small piece of flat ground between the rivulet and the bank, were situated the ruins of the hamlet in which Brown had been involved on the preceding evening. The ruined buildings, the ruins which were covered with turf-smoke, looked yet blacker, contrasted with the patches of snow which had been driven against them by the wind, and with the drifts which lay around them.

Upon this wintry and dismal scene, Brown could only at present cast a very hasty glance; for his guide, after pausing an instant, as if to permit him to indulge his feelings, had then and there composed himself for the path which led into the glen. He observed, with some feelings of suspicion, that she chose a track already marked by several feet, which he could only suppose to be the track which had been taken during the night in the vault. A moment's recollection, however, put his suspicions to rest. It was not to be supposed that the woman, who might have delivered him up at once, had the least need; he, without more or less, would have suspended her supposed treachery until he was armed, and in the open air, and had so many better chances of defence or escape. He therefore followed his guide in confidence and silence. They crossed the small brook at the same place where it previously had been passed by those who had gone before. The foot-marks then proceeded through the ruined village, and thence down the gully, the path was again narrowed to a ravine, after the small opening in which they were situated. But the gipsy no longer followed the same track; she turned aside, and led the way by a very rugged and uneven path up the bank which overhung the village. Although the snow in many places hid the path-way, and rendered the footing uncertain and unsafe, Meg proceeded with a firm and determined step, which indicated an intimate knowledge of the ground she traversed. At length they gained the top of the bank, through a passage so steep and intricate, that Brown, though convinced of their not being pursued, and convinced that he had fallen asleep on the night before, was not a little surprised how he had accomplished the task without breaking his neck. Above, the country opened wide and untenanted, till it was a mile or two before the eye met with anything but grass and scattered heather, accompanied by some thick plantations of considerable extent.

* Got so many warrants out.
* All out of article in the case, is when a rogue, being apprehended, peaches against his commander.
Megg, however, still led the way along the bank of the brook; and they had ascended until she heard beneath the marshy ground for the trees, planted to a deep plantation of trees at some distance.

— The road to Rappeltrian, she said, 'is on the other side of the brook.' And now she said, 'Can there be a path or path there?'

— And you have lost all—say. She fumbled in an immense pocket, from which she produced a greasy purse. I have been thinking to pay her back in money; and she had given her promise on Meg and herself—and she had lived to pay it back in a small degree—'and she placed the purse in her hand.

The woman is insane, thought Brown; but it was not the same woman for the point, because the sound was heard in the ravine below, as he proceeded from the banditti. How shall I repay this money, she said, or how shall I repay the kindness you have done me.

— I have both to repay, answered the sibyl, speaking slowly and hazily; 'one, that you will never speak of what you have seen this night; the other, that you have left the country all you see again, and that you leave word at the Gordon-army where you are to be heard of; and when I next call for you, be it in church or market, at wounding or at burial, Sunday or Saturday, mea time or fasting, I will have it copied with the sibyl's copy of you.'

— Why, that will do you little good, mother.

— But 'twill do you more, that's what I'm thinking of—I am not mad, although I have had enough of it. I am not mad, except when I am drunk—know what I am asking, and I know it is to be the will of God to preserve you in strange dangers, and that I shall be the instrument to set you in your father's seat again. Sae give me your promise, and mind that you owe your life to me this blessed night.

There's wiliness in her manner, certainly, thought Brown; but yet it is more the wildness of energy than of madness.

— Well, mother, since you do ask so uselessly and trifling a favour, you have my promise. It will at least give you opportunity to repay your money with additions. You are an uncommon kind of creature, no doubt, but—'

— Away, away, then!' said she, waving her hand.

— Think not about the good—it's your sin; but remember your promise, and do not dare to follow me or see me again. So saying, she plunged again into the dell, and descended it with great agility, the water of the brook, the snow and snowheaths covering down after her as she disappeared.

Withstanding her prohibition, Brown endeavoured to gain some point of the bank, from which he could discover and with some difficulty, (for it must be conceived that the utmost caution was necessary,) he succeeded. The spot which he attained for this purpose was the point of a projecting rock, which rose precipitously from among the trees. By kneeling down among the snow, and stretching his head cautiously forward, he could observe what was going on in the bottom of the dell. He saw, as he expected, his companions of the last night, now joined by two or three others. They had cleared away the snow from the foot of the rock, and dug a deep pit, which was designed to serve the purpose of grave. Around this they stood, and lowered it into something wrapped in a naval cloak, which Brown instantly concluded to be the dead body of the man he had seen expire. They then stood silent for half an hour, as if under some touch of feeling for the loss of their companion. But if they experienced such, they did not long remain under its influence, for all hands went presently to work to fill up the grave. Brown discerning that the task would be soon ended, thought it best to take the gypsy-woman's hint, and walk as fast as possible until he should gain the shelter of the plantation.

But the first thought of was the gypsy's purse. He had accepted it without hesitation, though with something like a feeling of degradation, arising from the character of the man, and the mode in which it was obtained. But it relieved him from a serious though temporary embarrassment. His money, excepting a very few shillings, was in his portmanteau, and that was in possession of Miss Woodhouse, who had been sent to write to her agent, or even to apply to her host at Charlestown, who would gladly have supplied him. In the meantime, he resolved to avail himself of Meg's words, confident that it would give him a speedy opportunity of replacing it with a handsome gratuity. It can be but a trifling sum,

— and I dare say the good lady may have a share of my bank-notes to make the small sum."

With these reflections he opened the leathern-purse, expecting to find at most three or four guineas. But when he saw how much he was surprised to discover that it contained, besides the comparatively small quantity of those of different coinages and various countries, the joint amount of which could not be short of a hundred pounds, several valuable rings and ornaments set with jewels, and, as appeared from the slight inspection he had time to give them, of very considerable value.

Brown was equally astonished and embarrassed by the circum-stances in which he found himself, possessed, as he now appeared to be, of property to a much greater amount than his own, but which had been obtained in all probability by the same nefarious means that had fetched his companion. He could not, therefore, himself to admire his own remarkable story. But a moment's consideration brought several objections to this mode of procedure. In the first place, by observing this course, he should break, his promise of silence, and might probably by that means involve the safety, perhaps the life, of this woman, who had risked her own to preserve his, and who had voluntarily endowed him with this treasure—a generosity which might have become the means of his ruin. This was not to be thought of. Besides, he was a stranger, and, for a time at least, unprovided with means of establishing his own character and credit. He should have it condemned officer's assistance in managing matters so as to screen this unhappy madwoman, whose mistake or prejudice had been so fortunate for me. A civil magistrate might consider the interest of the sufferer for her at once, and the consequence in case of her being taken is quite evident—No, she has been upon honour with me if she were the devil, and I will be equally upon honour with her. She shall have the privilege of a court-martial, where the point of honour can qualify strict law. Besides I may see her at this place, Kippie—Couple—what did she call it—

and then I can make restitution to her, and even let the law claim its own when it can secure her. In the meanwhile, however, I cut rather an awkward figure for one who has the honour to bear his Majesty's commission, being little better than the receiver of stolen goods.

With these reflections, Brown took from the gipsy's treasure three or four guineas, for the purpose of his immediate expenses, and tying up the rest in the purse which contained them, resolved not again to open it, until he could either restore it to her or whom it was given, or put it into the hands of some public functionary. He thought of the cunning, and his first impulse was to leave it in the plantation. But when he considered the risk of meeting with these ruffians, he could not resolve on parting with his arm. In this dilemma, he had lost so much of a military character as suited not amiss with his having such a weapon. Besides, to the custom of wearing swords by persons best of uniform, he had been macroscopically, and not yet so totally forgotten as to occasion...
any particular remark towards those who chose to adhere to thee. Retaining, therefore, his weapon of defence in his bosom, and concealing the purse in a private pocket, our traveller strode gallantly on through the wood in search of the promised high-road.

CHAPTER XXIX.

All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence.
We, Berta, like two artful genii,
To see our wishes crowned both one flower,
Combining, on one cushion, on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in glee key,
And both with our sides, voices, and mimic
Had been incorporated.

Julia Manning to Matilda Marchmont.

"How can you upbraid me, my dearest Matilda, with abatement in friendship, or fluctuation in affection? Is it possible for me, forget that you are the chosen of my heart, in whose faithful bosom I have deposited every feeling which your poor Julia dares to acknowledge to herself? And you do me equal injustice by insinuating a difference on the friendship for that of Lucy Bertram. I assure you she has not the materials I seek for in a bosom confidante. She is a charming girl, to be sure, and I like her. She has beauty, wit, and we know whose engagements have left me less time for the exercise of my pen than our proposed regularity of correspondence demands. But she is totally devoid of that secret, acrobatic, and, as I often say, every contact with her, teaches me something of French and Italian, which she acquired from the most grotesque monster you ever beheld, whom my father has engaged as a kind of librarian, and whom he pays to correct his, to show his defences of the world's opinion. Colonel Manning seems to have formed a determination, that nothing shall be considered as ridiculous, so long as it appertains to or is connected with him. I remember he picked up somewhere a little mongrel cur, with hardly legs, a long back, and huge flapping ears. Of this uncouth creature he chose to make a favourite, in despite of all taste and opinion! I remember one instance which he alleged, of what he called Brown's pedantry, was, that he had criticised severely the crooked legs and drooping ears of Bongo. On my word, Matilda, I believe he nurses his high opinion of himself, above all other exalted of all pedants; I believe him to adhere to a principle. He seats the creature at table, where he pronounces a grace that sounds like the scream of the man in the square that used to cry mackerel, from the top of his chair. As he begins, he is, like a dustman loading his cart, and apparently without the most distant perception of what he is swallowing—then bursts forth another unnatural set of tones, by way of returning thanks, stalks out of the room and immerses himself among a parcel of huge worm-eaten folios that are as uncouth as himself! I could endure the creature well enough, had I any body to laugh at him along with me; but Lucy Bertram, if I but verge on the border of a jest affecting this same Mr. Sampson, (such is the horrid man's horrid name,) looks so piteous, that it deprives me of all spirit to proceed. And my father knits his brow, flashes fire from his eye, bites his lip, and says something that is extremely rude, and uncomfortable to my feelings.

It was not of this creature, however, that I meant to detestively offend, but of that, both in the modern as well as the ancient languages, he has contrived to make Lucy Bertram mistress of the former, and she has only, I believe, to thank her own goodness, that she is Hebrew, for aught I know, were not added to her acquisitions. And thus she really has a great fund of information, and I assure you I am daily surprised at the ease with which she seems to make herself by recollecting and arranging the subjects of her former reading. We begin to read together every morning, and I begin to like Italian much better than when we first took that concerted animal Cicero; this is the way to spell well, Cicero, and not Cicurichi—you see I grow a connoisseur.

But perhaps I like Miss Bertram more for the society she wants, than for the knowledge she possesses. She knows nothing of music whatsoever, and yet she must be ready to the meatiest peasants, who, by the way, dance with great zeal and spirit. So that I am instructor in my turn, and she takes with great gratitude, lessons from me on the harpsichord, and I have taught her some of La Pique's steps, and you know he thought me a promising scholar.

In the evening paper often reads, and I assure you he has the most poetical of poetry upon him. I am not like that actor who made a kind of jumble between reading and acting, staring and bellowing his brow and twisting his face, and gesticulating as if he were on the stage; and then he dressed out again. My father's manner is quite different—it is the reading of a gentleman, who produce-effect by feeling, taste, and inflection of voice, but not by action or mummerly. Lucy Bertram rides remarkably well, and I can now accompany her on horseback, having become accustomed by example. We walk also a good deal in spite of the cold—So, upon the whole, I have not quite so much time for writing as I used to have.

Besides, I have my share of all the stupid correspondents, that I have nothing to say. My hopes, my fears, my anxieties about Brown, are of a less interesting cast, since I know that he is at liberty. I cannot think that the time the gentleman might have given me some intimation what he was doing. Our intercourse may be an imprudent one, but it is not improper to feel very comfortable towards a person towards whom you should be the first to discover that such is the case, and to break off in consequence. I can promise him that we might not differ much in opinion should that happen to be his, for he seems to me to have behaved extremely foolish in that matter. Yet I have not an opinion of poor Brown, that I cannot but think there is something extraordinary in his silence.

To return to Lucy Bertram—No, my dearest Matilda, she can never, never rival you in my regard, so that all your affectionate jealousy on that account is without foundation. She is, to be sure, a very pretty, a very sensible, a very affectionate girl, and I think there are few persons to whose consolatory friendship I could have recourse more freely in what are called the evil effects of life. But then these are solid common misfortunes, which I think, our friends, will sympathise with distresses of sentiment, as well as with actual misfortune. Heaven knows, and you know, my dearest Matilda, that these diseases have not been a little the portion of the house; and I am convinced that the sight of evil as much as the evils of a more obvious and determinate character. Now Lucy Bertram has nothing of this kindly sympathy—nothing at all, my dearest Matilda. When I think of a few days which I have spent night after night to nurse me with the most unrequited patience; but with the fever of the heart, which my Matilda has soothe so often, she has no more sympathy than her old tutor. And yet what provokes me is that the demure monkey actually has a lover of her own, and that their mutual affection (for mutual I take it to be) has a great deal of complicated and romantic interest. She was always a great admirer of him, and I know, a great heiress, but was ruined by the prodigality of her father, and the villainy of a horrid man in whom he confided. And one of the handsomest young gentlemen in the world, but as he is heir to a great estate, she discourage his addresses on account of the disproportion of their fortune.

But with all this moderation, and self-denial, and modesty, and so forth, Lucy is a sly girl—I am sure she loves young Hazlwood, and I am sure he has some guess of that, and would probably bring her to know—No I am sure he has some guess of that, and would probably bring her to know, and I am sure he would give me an opportunity. But you must know the Colonel is always himself in the way to pay Miss Bertram those attentions which afford the best indirect opportunities for a young gentleman in Hazlwood's situation. But I have my good reasons, and I do not himself pay the usual penalty of meddling folks. I assure you, if I were Hazlwood, I should
GUY MANNERING.

Oh, my dear sir, I sent you a note construction upon— I would not be thought a fool for all the world.

'Then why do you talk like one?' said my father.

'Lord, sir, I am sure there is nothing so foolish in the world as what I said just now. Indeed, I am afraid I am not the very handsomest man,' (a smile was just visible) 'that is, for your time of life.' (The dawn was overcast), 'which is far from being advanced, and I am sure I don't know why you should not please yourself, if you have a mind. I am sensible I am but a thoughtless girl, and if a graver companion could render you more happy—'

'There was a mixture of displeasure and grave affectation in the manner in which my father took, that was a severe reprover to use trifling with his feelings. 'Julia,' he said, 'I bear with much of your petulance, because I think I have in some degree deserved it; but, finally, at least to the sacred claims of misfortune; and observe, that the slightest hint of such a jest reaching Miss Bertram's ears, would at once induce her to regard me as a most dangerous protector, into a world she has already felt so unfriendly.'

What could I say to this, Matilda?—I only cried heartily, begged pardon, and promised to be a good girl in future. And so here am I neutralized again, for I cannot, in honour, or on common good-nature, cease poor Lucy by interfering with Hazelwood, although I fear our memory still lingers on his turber; but, if he has so much as thought of me, he must not be led away by the peculiar notion of a kind of a manner of a certain tribe of Indians, who are a great deal of it, unless the expression of an unhappy object as your Julia, with a very homely expression of consequence, near Lucy's work-table. He made some observation, and her reply was one in which he did not see the merit of my sarcasm, for he is as sharp-sighted as a hawk, and two-footed, in short, all to see Miss Hazelwood heard this sound, and instantly repented his temporary

outright, or you are more disposed to make mischief than I have yet believed you.'
breeze in some inland lake or tranquil bay, where there was every chance of sufficient cover to give interest and to require skill, without any sensible degree of danger. So that, upon the whole, Matilda, I think you should have had my father, with his pride of country, the height of his point of honour, his high talents, and his abstemious and mystical studies—You should have had Lucy Bertram too for your friend, whose fathers, with names which alike denote manhood and orthodoxy, ruled over this romantic country, and whose birth took place, as I have been inductively informed, under circumstances of deep and peculiar interest—You should have had, too, our good old mother, who was always at our disposition, and would not have been averse to our lonely walks to haunted ruins—and I should have had, in exchange, the lawns and shrubs, and greenhouses, and conservatories, of Pine-park, with your good, quiet, intelligent aunt, her chaperone in the morning, her nap after dinner, her hand at whist in the evening, not forgetting her fat coach-horses and fat coachman.

Take notice, however, that Brown is not included in the programme—good-humour, lively conversation, and open gallantry, suit my plan of life, as well as his athletic form, handsome features, and high spirit, would accord with a character of chivalry. So as we cannot change all in and out, I think we must e'en abide as we are."

CHAPTER XXX.

I renounce your defence: if you partake so roughly I'll bar
reproach my gates against you—Do you see you bay window? Sturm,—I can't, serving the good Pulpit's talk.

Merry Desi of Edmonton.

Julia Mannerling to Matilda Marchmont.

"I rise from a sick-bed, my dearest Matilda, to communicate the strange and frightful scenes which have just passed. Alas! how little we ought to judge of the future in futurity! I closed my letter to you in high spirits, with some flippant remarks on your taste for the romantic and extraordinary in fictitious narrative. Had I been more experienced I should have had such events to record in the course of a few days! And to witness scenes of terror, or to contemplate them in description, is as different, my dearest Matilda, as to bend over the brink of a precipice holding by the frail tenure of a half-ruined shrub, or to admire the same precipice as represented in the landscape of Salvator. But I will not anticipate my narrative.

"I have no scruple to say that the story is frightful enough, though it had nothing to interest my feelings. You must know that this country is particularly favourable to the commerce of a set of desperate men from the Isle of Misery, a seaport in this country. Those smugglers are numerous, resolute, and formidable, and have at different times become the dread of the neighbourhood when any one has interfered with their contraband trade. The local magistrates, from timidity or worse motives, have become shy of acting against them, and impunity has rendered them equally daring and desperate. With all this, my father, a stranger in the land, and invested with no official authority, had, one would think, nothing to do. But it must be owned, that, as he himself expresses it, he was born when Mars was lord of his ascendant, and that step and stroke and blow found him in circumstances and situations the most retired and pacific.

"About eleven o'clock on last Tuesday morning, while Hazlwood and my father were preparing to walk to a little lake about three miles' distance, for the purpose of shooting wild ducks, and while Lucy and I were busy arranging our plan of work and study for the day, we were alarmed by the sound of a volley of gun-shot from the avenue. The ground was hardened by a severe frost, which made the clatter of the hoofs sound yet louder and sharper. In a moment, two or three men, armed, mounted, and each leading a horse loaded with packages, appeared on the lawn, and, without keeping upon the road, which makes a small sweep, pushed right across for the door of the house. Their appearance in a little space stirred up and drew down the stairs, and they frequently looked back like men with apprehended a charge and a deadly pursuit. My father and Hazlwood hurried from the door to see who they were, and what was their business. They were revenue officers, they stated, who had seized these horses, loaded with contraband articles, at a village near by. Their instructions had been reinforced, and they were now pursuing them with the avowed purpose of recovering the goods, and putting to death the officers who had presumed to do the king injury. The horses were loaded, and the pursuers gaining ground upon them, they had fled to Woodbourne, conceiving, that as my father had served the king, he would not refuse to protect the. servants on the farm, who were determined to be murdered in the discharge of their duty.

"My father, to whom, in his enthusiastic feelings of military loyalty, even a dog would be of importance if he came in the king's name, gave prompt orders for securing the goods in the hall, arming the servants, and defending the house in case it should be necessary. Hazlwood seconded him with great spirit, and we set off immediately, and stalked out of his den, and seized upon a bowling-piece, which my father had laid aside, to take what they call a rifle-gun, with which they shoot tigers, &c. in the East. The piece went off at the pond, and very nearly shot one of the excisemen. At this unexpected and involuntary explosion of his weapon, the Dominie (such is his nickname) exclaimed, 'Prodigious! such is his true calculation!' All stopped. But I observed could force the man to part with his discharged piece, so they were content to let him retain it, with the precaution of trusting him with no ammunition. This (excepting the alarm occasioned by the report) I apprised my notice at the time, you may easily believe; but in talking over the scene afterwards, Hazlwood made us very merry with the Dominie's ignorant but zealous valour.

"When my father had got every thing into proper order for defence, and his people stationed at the windows with their fire-arms, he wanted to order us out of danger—from the window. I was determined not to be prevailed upon to stir. Though terrified to death, I have so much of his own spirit, that I would look upon the peril which threatens us rather than hear it rage around me without knowing its nature or its progress. Lucy, looking as pale as a marble statue, and keeping her eyes fixed on Hazlwood, seemed not even to hear the prayers with which he conjured her to leave the house. The Dominie, who had come down from the hall-door should be forced, we were in little danger; the windows being almost blocked up with cushions and pillows, and, what the Dominie most lamented, the library, leaving only spaces through which the defenders might fire upon the assailants.

"My father had now made his dispositions, and we sat in breathless expectation in the darkened apartment, the men remaining all silent upon their posts, in anxious contemplation probably of the approaching danger. My father, who was quite at home in such a scene, walked from one to another, and repeatedly his orders, that no one should presume to fire until he gave the word. Hazlwood, who seemed to catch courage from his eye, acted as his aid-de-camp, and displayed the utmost coolness and direction of one place to another, and seeing them properly carried into execution. Our force, with the strangers included, might amount to about twelve men.

"At length the silence of this awful period of expectation was broken by a sound, which, at a distance, was like the rushing of a stream of water, but as it approached, we distinguished the heavy clang of a number of horses advancing very fast. I had arranged a loop-hole for myself, from which I could see the approach of the enemy. The noise increased, and came nearer, and at length thirty horses and men and more rushed at once upon the lawn. You never saw such horrid wretches! Notwithstanding the severity of the season, they were most of them stripped to the skin, and their hair was cut short, the ruffians knotted about their heads, and all
CHAPTER XXXI.

Julia Manning to Matilda Marchmont.

"I must take up the thread of my story, my dearest Matilda, where I left you yesterday. "

"For two or three days we talked of nothing but our sieve and its probable consequences, and dined into my father's unwilling ears a proposal to go to Edinburgh, or at least to Dublin, a remarkably good society, until the remission of those outlaws should blow over. He answered with great composure, that he had no mind to have his landowner's house and his own property at Woodbourne destroyed; that, with our good leave, he had usually been esteemed competent to take measures for the safety or protection of his family; that if he remained quiet at home, he conceived the welcome the villagers had received was not of a nature to invite a second visit, but should he show any signs of alarm, it would be the sure way to incur the very risk which we were afraid of. Heartened by his arguments, and by the extreme indifference with which he treated the supposed danger, we began to grow a little bolder, and to walk about as usual. Only the gentlemen were sometimes invited to take part when they attended us, and I observed that my father for several nights paid particular attention to having the house properly secured, and required his domestics to keep their arms in readiness in case of necessity."

"But three days ago, changed an occurrence, of a nature which alarmed me more by far than the attack of the smugglers."

"I told you there was a small lake at some distance from Woodbourne, where the gentlemen sometimes go to shoot wild-fowl. I happened at breakfast to say I should like to see this place, in its present frozen state, occupied by its ass and curlews, as they call those who play the particular sort of game that Rouget de Lisle. There is snow on the ground, but frozen so hard that I thought Lucy and I might venture to that distance, as the footpath leading there was well beaten by the repair of those who frequented it for pastime. Hazledew instantly offered to attend us, and we stipulated that he should take his fowling piece. He laughed a good deal at the idea of going a-shooting in the snow, but rejoined that he desired that a groomsman, who acts as gamekeeper occasionally, should follow us with his gun. As for Colonel Manning, he does not like crowds or sights of any kind where human presence is made manifest, unless indeed it was a military review—so he declined the party."

"We set out unusually early, on a fine frosty exhilarating morning, and we felt our minds, as usual,
as our nerves, braced by the elasticity of the pure air. One talk to the lake was delightful, or at least, the difficulties were only such as diverted us, a slippery descent for instance, or a frozen ditch to cross, which made Hazlewood's assistance absolutely necessary. I do not think they walk the less for these occasional embarrassments.

"The scene upon the lake was beautiful. One side of it is bordered by a steep crag, from which hang a series of bog-oaks, and a few tall trees, but in the sun, on the other side, was a little wood, now exhibiting that fantastic appearance which the pine-trees present when their branches are loaded with snow. On the frozen surface of the lake itself there were a multitude of floating figures, some floating along with the velocity of swallows, some sweeping in the most graceful circles, and others deeply interested in a less active pastime, crowding round the spot where the inhabitants of two rival parties contended for the prize at curling,—an honour of no small importance, if we were to judge from the anxiety expressed both by the players and bystanders. We walked round the little lake, supported by Hazlewood, who lent us each an arm. He spoke, poor fellow, with great kindness, to old and young, and seemed deservedly popular among the assembled crowd. At length we thought of retiring.

"We took our leave, by a footpath, which led through a plantation of firs. Lucy had quitted Hazlewood's arm—it is only the plea of absolute necessity which reconciles her to accept his assistance. I walked with her, and she followed wistfully close, and the servant was two or three paces behind us. Such was our position, when at once, and as if he had started out of the earth, Brown stood before us at a short turn of the road! He was very plainly dressed, and I might say coarsely, dressed, and his whole appearance had in it something wild and agitated. I screamed between surprise and terror—Hazlewood must have taken the nature of my alarm, and, when Brown advanced towards me as if to speak, commanded him haughtily to stand back, and not to alarm the lady. Brown replied with equal asperity. He had no occasion to take lessons from him how to behave to that or any other lady. I am afraid that Hazlewood was not yet impressed with the idea that he belonged to the band of smugglers, and had some bad purpose in view. He heard and understood him imperfectly. He snatched the hanger from his servant, who was not much upon a line with us, and pointing the muzzle at Brown, commanded him to stand off at his peril. My screams, for my terror prevented my finding articulate language, only hastened the catastrophe. But, then, nothing happened. Brown sprang upon Hazlewood, grappling with him, and had nearly succeeded in wrenching the fowling-piece from his grasp, when the gun went off in the struggle, and the contents were lodged in Hazlewood's shoulder, who instantly fell. I saw no more, for the whole scene reeled before my eyes, and I fainted away; but, by Lucy's report, the unhappy purveyor was then as mad as a bear on the stage of the scene before him, until her screams began to alarm the people upon the lake, several of whom now came in sight. He then bounded over a hedge, which divided the footpath from the plantation, and has not since been heard of. The servant made no attempt to stop or secure him, and the report he made of the matter to those who came up to us, induced them readily to believe in their lugubrious view of life, than show their courage by pursuing a desperado, described by the groom as a man of tremendous personal strength, and completely armed.

"We heard from Lucy's servants that he is, at Woodbourne, in safety—I trust his wound will prove no respect dangerous, though he suffers much. But to Brown the consequences must be most disastrous. He is already the object of my father's resentment, and he has now incurred danger from the law of the land. I fearless from the vengeance of the father of Hazlewood, who threatens to move heaven and earth against the author of his son's wound. How will he be able to shroud himself from the eyes of this man? He will not be able to defend himself if taken, against the severity of laws which I am told, may even affect his life? and how can I find means to warn him of his danger? Then, poor Lucy!—no, I cannot suffer him to deceive his lover's wound, is another source of distress to me, and every thing round me appears to bear witness against that indiscretion which has occasioned this calamity.

"For two days I was very ill indeed. The news that Hazlewood was recovering, and that the persons who had shot him was nowhere to be traced, only that for certain he was one of the leaders of the gang of smugglers, gave me some comfort. The suspicion and pursuit being directed towards those people, must naturally facilitate Brown's escape, and I trust, by this, ensured it. But patrols of horse and foot traverse the country in all directions, and I am tortured by a thousand confused and unauthenticated rumours of arrests and discoveries.

"Meanwhile, my greatest source of comfort is the generous support and great amusement these circumstances afford me. I shall declare, that with whatever intentions the person by whom he was wounded approached our party, he is convinced the gun went off in the struggle by accident, and that he is not in any sort of mischief. The grooms, on the other hand, maintains that the piece was wrenched out of Hazlewood's hands, and deliberately pointed at his body, and Lucy inclines to the same opinion—I do not suspect them of wild exaggeration, yet such is the fulness of human testimony, for the unhappy shot was most unquestionably discharged unintentionally. Perhaps it would be the best for the boy to remain for a while in Hazlewood—but he is very young, and I feel the utmost repugnance to communicate to him my folly. I once thought of disclosing the mystery to Lucy, and began by asking what she recollected of the degraded features of the man whom we had so unfortunately met—but she ran out into such a horrid description of a hedge-ruffian, that I was deprived of all courage and disposition to own my attachment to one of such appearance as she attributed to him. I must say Miss Bertram is strangely biased by her prepossessions, for there are few handsomer men than poor Brown. I had not seen him for a long time, and even in his strange dress and sooty appearance, I could not but admire his figure, and under every disadvantage, his form seems to me, on reflection, improved in grace, and his features in expressive dignity. Shall we ever meet again?—I cannot help thinking of that, now I write to you. The dearest Matilda—but when did you otherwise?—yet again, write to me soon, and write to me kindly. I am not in a situation to profit by advice or reproof, nor have I my usual spirits to pacify them by raillery. I feel the terrors of a child, who has, in heedless sport, put in motion some powerful piece of machinery; and, while he beholds wheels revolving, chains clashing, cylinders rolling about him, is equally astonished at the tremendous powers which his weak agency has called into action, and terrified for the consequences which he is compelled to recognize, and with, perhaps, a sentiment of regret on his own account.

"I must not omit to say that my father is very kind and affectionate. The alarm which I have received forms a sufficient apology for my nervous complaints.

"My hopes are, that Brown has made his escape into the sister kingdom of England, or perhaps to Ireland, or the Isle of Man. In either case he may wait the issue of the present negotiations, which proceed with patience, for the communication of these countries with Scotland, for the purpose of justice, is not (thank Heaven) of an intimate nature. The consequences of his flight are very floors and fear, real as well as severe, followed the uniform and tranquil state of
CHAPTER XXXII.

may see how this world goes with no eyes.—Look at a man who is blind but has a guide; and, when they told me to let the thief escape, which is the thief?—King Lear.

g those who took the most lively interest in praying to discover the person by whom young Elian and was by and by found, [ibert Glossin. Esquire. Late writer in the name of Ellangowan, and one of the worship-
mission of justices of the peace for the county of the peace of the county of the peace of the county of the peace of the county of the peace of the county.—

His motives for exertion on this occa-
sion are manifold; but we presume that our readers 
that they already know of this gentleman, will 
im of being actuated by any zealous or inten-
tive of abstract justice.

ruth was, that this respectable personage felt less at ease than he had expected, after his aition put him in possession of his benefac-
tor. His reflections within doors, where so 
scarcely any one was concerned not to think of him, 
says the self-congratulations of successful stra-

And when he looked abroad, he could not 
emissible that he was excluded from the socie-
g a gentleman who was a leading man in the community, owe to his honesty, to his 
he had raised himself. He was not admitted 
clubs, and at meetings of a public nature, 
ich he could not be altogether excluded, he 
himself was thwarted and turned with cold 
out contempt. Both principle and prejudice 
creating this dislike; for the gentle-
t county despised him for the lowness of h 
he said, with feelings that were both indig 
he had raised his fortune. With the common 
reputation stood still worse. They would 
yield him the territorial appellation of Ellan-

Nan, the usurped eminence of Mr. Glossin; 

that was he was a bit Glossin, and so incredibly 
vanity interested by this trifling circum-

he was known to give half-a-crown to 
r, because he had thrice called him Ellango-

He was sensible his elevation was too 
to be immediately forgotten, and the means 
and he had attained it too odious to be soon for 
part, thought he, diminishes wonder and 
without a tinct. With the dexterity, therefore 
who made his fortune by studying the weak 
human nature, he determined to lie by for 
for his use, and thereby trusted that the 
tration of country gentlemen to get into, 
, when a lawyer's advice becomes precious, 
house and other contingencies, of which, with 
a good address, he doubted not to tum 
when a man of business, when 
among a generation of country gentlemen, he 

in Burns's language,

"The tongue of the trump to th'm a'.,"

attack on Colonel Manning's house, by 
the accident of Haizlewood's wound, ap-

tungue of the trump is the wire of the Jew's harp, that 
was sound to the whole instrument.

peared to Glossin a proper opportunity to impress 
upon the country at large the knowledge that 
rendered by an active magistrate, (for he had been in 
the commission for some time,) well acquainted 
the law, and no less so with the habits and 
habits of the illicit traders. He had some 
experience by a former close alliance with one of 
the most desperate smugglers, in consequence 
which he had occasionally acted, sometimes as par-

or, considering how short the rare of eminent cha-

tacters of this description, and the frequent circum-
stances which occur to make them retire from partic-
ular scenes of action, had he the leisure to think 
that his present researches could possibly com-
promise any old friend who might possess means of 
retaliation. The having been concerned in these 
practices abstrusely, was a circumstance which, 
according to his opinion, ought in no respect to in 
terfere with his now using his experience in behalf 
of the public, or rather to further his own private 
views. To acquire the good opinion and connivance 
of Colonel Manning, would be no small object to 
.a gentleman who was much disposed to escape 


Coventry; and to gain the favour of old Haizlewood, 

a gentleman who was living in the country, and 
importance still. Lastly, if he should succeed in dis-

covering, apprehending, and convicting the culprit 

would have the satisfaction of marrying, and in 

some degree disparaging, Mr. MacCandish, Esquire, 
Sheriff-substitute of the county, this sort of investi-
gation properly belonged, and who would certainly 
suffer in public opinion, should the voluntary exer-

citings of Glossin be successful in accomplishing 

Actuated by motives so stimulants, and well ac-

quainted with the lower retainers of the law, Glossin 
set every spring in motion to detect and apprehend, 

and if possible, some of the most notorious and 
bourne, and more particularly the individual who 
had wounded Charles Haizlewood. He promised high 
rewards, he suggested various schemes, and urged 
his personal interest among the old acquaintances who 
failed to the trade, urging that they had better make 
sacrifice of an understrapper or two than incur the 
odium of having favoured such atrocious proceedings.

But for some time all these exertions were in vain.

The common people of the county either favoured or 
feared the smugglers too much to afford any evi-
dence against them. At length, this busy magistrate 
obtained information that a man, having the down 
and appearance of the person who had wounded Ha-
zlewood, had lodged on the evening before the ren-
court at the Gordon-arms in Kipplington. Thir-

Mr. Glossin immediately went, for the purpo 
of interrogating our old acquaintance, Mrs. Mc-
Candish.

The reader may remember that Mr. Glossin did 
not, according to this good woman's phrase, stand 
high in her books. She therefore attended his sum-
mons to the parlour slowly and reluctantly, and, on 
entering the room, paid her respects in the coldest 
manner. The dialogue then proceeded as follows:

"A fine frosty morning, Mrs. Mac-Candish.

"At sir; the morning's well enough," answered the 
landlady, dilly.

"Mrs. Mac-Candish, I wish to know if the justi-
ces are to dine here as usual after the business of the 
court on Tuesday.

"I believe— I fancy not, sir—as usual"—(about to 
leave the room.)

"Stay a moment, Mrs. Mac-Candish—why, you 
are in a provoking hurry, my good friend?—I have 
been thinking a club dining here once a month would 
be a very pleasant thing.

"Certainly, sir; a club of respectable gentlemen.

"True, true," said Glossin, "I mean landed pro-
prietors and gentlemen of weight in the county; and 
I should like to set up such a thing among us.

The short dry cough with which Mrs. Mac-Cand-

leish received this proposal, by no means indicated 
any dislike to the overt, abstruse consideration, 
but inferred much doubt how far it would success.
under the suspicions of the gentleman by whom it was proposed. It was not a cough negative, but a cough ominous, and as such Glossin felt it, but it was not his way to take it lightly.”

“Have there been brisk doings on the road, Mrs. Mac-Candlish? plenty of company, I suppose?”

“Pretty weel, sir,—but I believe I am wanted at the inn.”

“No, no,—stop one moment, cannot you, to oblige an old customer?—Pray, do you remember a remarkably tall young man, who lodged one night in your house? I saw him.”

“Troth, sir, I canna weel say—I never take heed whether my company be long or short, if they make a lang bill.”

“But if they do not, you can do that for them, eh, Mrs. Mac-Candlish?—ha, ha, ha!—But this young man that I inquire after was upwards of six feet high, had a dark frock, with metal buttons, light-brown hair unpowdered, and a straight nose, travelled on foot, had no servant or baggage—you surely can remember having seen such a traveller?”

“Indeed, sir,” answered Mrs. Mac-Candlish, bent on baffling his inquiries, “I canna charge my memory with such things. I have a house in town, like this, I thrw, than to look after passengers’ hair, or their e'en, or noses either.”

“Then, Mrs. Mac-Candlish, I must tell you in plain language, there is suspicion of having been guilty of a crime; and it is in consequence of these suspicions that I, as a magistrate, require this information from you,—and if you refuse to answer my questions, I must put you upon your oath.”

“Troth, sir, I am no free to swear—we ay gae to the Antiburgh meeting—it’s very true, in Baillie Mac-Candlish’s time, (honest man,) we kept the kirk, while he was seemingly in his own, as having office—but after his being called to a better place than Kippit trangin, I ha’en gane back to worthy Master Mac-Grainer. And ye see, sir, I am no clear to passing judgment on the one—especially against any suckless purr young thing that’s gane through the country, stranger and friendless like.”

“I shall relieve your scruples, perhaps, without troubling Mr. Mac-Grainer, when I tell you that this young fellow with whom I inquire after is the man who shot your young friend Charles Hazelwood.”

“Gudness! who could ha’e thought the like o’ that o’ him?—na, if it had been for debt, or e’en for a bit tuitie wi’ the gauger, the devil o’ Nelly Mac-Candlish’s tongue should ever ha’ wrung him. But if he really shot young Hazelwood—But I canna think ye’ll say this will be for your skin’s sake—now—I canna think it o’ sae douce a lad;—na, na, this is just some o’ your auld skite.—Ye’ll be for havin’ a horning or a caption after him.”

“I am in confidence, Mrs. Mac-Candlish; but look at these declarations, signed by the persons who saw the crime committed, and judge yourself if the description of the ruffian be not that of your guest.”

He put the papers into her hand, which she perused very carefully, often taking off her spectacles to cast her eyes up to Heaven, or perhaps to wipe a tear from them, for young Hazelwood was an especial favourite of hers. “Awee, awee,” she said, when she had concluded her examination, “since it’s e’en sae, I gie him up, the villain—But O, we are oor mortalities!I never saw a face like that, and I’m no in a mind to see a face like that any more, I thought he had been some gentleman under trouble.”—“But I gie him up, the villain!—to shoot Charles Hazelwood—and before the young ladies,—poor innocents!—I gie him up.”

“So you admit, then, that such a person lodged here the night before this vile business?”

“Troth did he, sir, and at the house were twa witnesses to hae seen him, pleasant looking man. It wanting for his spending, I’m sure, for he had a mutton-chop, and a mug of ale, and maybe a glass or two o’ wine—and I asked him to drink tea wi’—”

* Some of the strict dissenters decline taking an oath before a new magistrate.

* Ty oke.
GUY MANNERING.

We Gloxin to understand, that her pos-
oposeter had both seen the stranger upon
our Hansom before. Good old acquaintance, Jock Jabos, was first
and admitted frankly, that he had seen
him on the ice that morning with a
blue coat, had lodged at the Gro-
	

mm. did your conversation take?" said

s, we turned nase gate at s', but just

it forward upon the ice like.

what did ye speak about?" at

asked questions like ony ther stran-

gers, I deemed possible, and it seemed

refractory and uncommunicative spirit

in his mistresse.

I what?" said Gloсин.

about the folk that was playing at the

about said Jock Stevenson that was at

about the ledings, and sic like.

hees? and what did he ask about them,

the interrogator.

darne, it was Miss Jowila Manner-

sey Bertram, that ye ken fu' well, your-

seen—they were walking wi' the young

ledwood upon the ice.

i did you tell him about them?" demand-

ust said that was Miss Lucy Bertram of

of an quince once have had a great

 estate. I do not that was Miss Jowila Man-

nering to be married to young Haslewood—

as hinging on his arm—we just spoke

untry classics like—he was a very frank

What did he say in answer?

at stared at the young ledges very keen

if it was for certain that the marriage

seemed the Mannerings and young Has.

answered him that it was for positive

certain, as I had an undoubted right to

my third cousin Jean Clavers, (she's a

sir, Mr. Gloсин, ye wad ken Jean

she's aib to the housekeeper at Wood-

she's tell'd me mair than once that there

would be mair likely.

i did the stranger say when you told him

d Gloсин.

boed the posstitution, "he said naething at

aed at them as they walked round the

des, as if he could have eaten them, and

to be done and a proper glance at the Bonspiel, though there

fun among the curiers ever was seen—

rotten and gaed aff the loch by the

couch, Woodbourne fir-plantage, and we

r o' him.

'Mick," said Mrs. Mac-Candlish, "what a

man has he had, to think o' hurting the

entum in the very presence of the led

be married to?"

Mac-Candlish, said Gloсин, "there's

sea such as that on the record—doubt

seeing revenge where it would be dese.

us?" said Deacon Bealeff, "we're puir

a when left to oursaell—ay, he forgot

ge, for I will report for it advertising,
"sire," said Jabos, whose hard-headed

ated shrewdness scented sometimes to

we when others beat the bush—"Well,

be a minute yet—I'll never believe that

lay a plan to shoot another wi' his air

to ye, I was the keeper's assistant down

yeal, and I'll uphold it, the biggest man

ought to be up in, and I will report for it

through him, though I'm but sic a

obody, fit for nothing but the outside o'

fore-end o' a poscaugh—na, na, was

was sair, and they were now cost at Kirkendgreen

a chance job after a'. But if ye hae

to say to me, I am thinking I mean

gang and see my beasts fed"—and he departed

accompanying.

The hostler, who had accompanied him, gave evi-

dence to the same purpose. He and Mrs. Mac-

Candlish were then re-interrogated, whether Brown had

no arms with him on that unhappy morning. "None," they

said, "but an ordinary bit cutlass or hanger by his

side."

"Now," said the Deacon, taking Gloсин by the

button, (for, in considering this intricate subject,

he had forgot Gloсин's character), "this is but doubtful after a',

Maister Gilbert—for it was not seen doomey likely that he would go down into

battle wi' sic arms means."

Gloсин extricated himself from the Deacon's

grasp, and from the discussion, thought not with

rudeness; for it was his present interest to buy gold-

en opinions from all sorts of people. He inquired

the price of tea and sugar, and spoke of providing

himself with the necessary provisions to have a handsome entertainment in resid-

necs for a party of five friends, whom he intended to

invite to dine with him at the Gordon Arms next

Saturday week; and, lastly, he gave a half-crown to

Jock Jabos, whom the hostler had deputed to hold

his stead.

"Well," said the Deacon to Mrs. Mac-Candlish,

as he accepted her offer of a glass of bitters at the

bar, "the dell's noo ill as he's ca'd. It's pleasant
to see a gentleman pay the regard to the business o'

the county that Mr. Gloсин does."

"Aye, 'died is't, Deacon," answered the landlady;

"and yet I wonder our gentry leave their ain work

to the like o' him. But as lang as ailler's current,

Deacon, folk massuna look ower nicely at what king's

head's on't."

"I doubt Gloсин will prove but shand after a',

mistresse," said Jabos, as he passed through the little

lobby beside the bar; "but this is a gude half-crown

ony way."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A man that apprehends death to be no more dreadful but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless of that which is present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Measure for Measure.

Gloсин had made careful minutes of the information

derived from these examinations. They threw

little light upon the story, so far as he understood its

purport; but the better informed reader has received

through means of this investigation, an account of

Brown's proceedings, before the Attorney left him upon his way to Kippletringan, and the time

when, stung by jealousy, he so rashly and unhappily

presented himself before Julie Mannerings, and well

nigh brought to a fatal termination the quarrel which

his appearance occasioned.

Gloсин rode slowly back to Ellengowan, ponder-

ing on what he had heard, and more and more con-

vinced that the active and raspy prosecution of

this mysterious business was an opportunity of ingrani-

tising himself with Haslewood and Mannerings, to

be on no account neglected. Perhaps, also, he felt

taking his professional acuteness interested in bringing it to a

successful close. It was, therefore, with great plea-

sure that on his return to his house from Kippletringan,

he heard his servants announce hastily, that Mac

Guflug, the thief-taker, and two or three concurrents,

had a man in hands in the kitchen waiting for his

honour.

He instantly jumped from horseback, and hastened

into the house. "Send my clerk here directly, I'll

find him copying the survey of the estate in the little

green parlour. Set things to rights in my study, and

wheel the great leathern chair up to the writing-table

corner, and take a stool for Mr. Scrupus. (for,

he entered the presence-chamber,) hand down Sir

George Mackenzie on Crimes; open it at the section

Vis Pauhaetes at Prima, and fold down a sheet at

the message 'amend the beast's choice of coffee.

Now lend me a hand off with my buckle coat, and

hang it up in the lobby, and bid them bring up the

... Const expressions have been made.

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prisoner—I know I’ll sort him—but stay, first send up Mac-Guffog. Now, Mac-Guffog, where did ye find this child?

Mac-Guffog, a stout handy-legged fellow, with a neck like a bull, a face like a firebrand, and a most portentous squint of the left eye, began, after various contortions by way of courtesy to the Justice, to tell him how he had seen the Jew strike the boy by a pretence of knowing winks, which appeared to bespeak an intimate correspondence of ideas between the narrator and his principal audior. ‘Your honour sees I went down to the dock-yard, and I am a man of business, and I keep my eye on ’em; and I have kept my eye on ’em, by your leave, ever since I first stepped into that dock; and that is what the warrant is all about, or that is why I was kept by her that your honour knows ’em, by the sea-side. —So, says she, what are you after here? I’ll be come w—— a broom in your pocket first—Eliogbowan—So, says she, I’ll give you a broom and come free there. The Spaniards, for ye ken, says she, his honour Eliogbowan himself in former times—’

‘Well, well,’ said Glossin, ‘no occasion to be particular, tell the essentials.

‘Well, so we sat nattering about some brandy that I said I wanted, till he came in.’

‘What?’

He was pointing with his thumb inverted to the kitchen, where the prisoner was in custody. ‘So he had his griego wrapped close round him, and I judged he was not dry-handed — so I thought it was been done on to so he could sell it, and I was a Manxman man, and I kept my eye on him and her, for fear she had whistled. And then we began to drink about, and then I boiled he would not drink out a quantity of Hollands without drawing breath—and then he tried it—and he spoke so loud and clear, and the justice was sitting so near—Spurn came in, and we clinked the darest on him, took him as quiet as a lamb—and now he’s had his bit sleep out, and is as fresh as a May gowanan, to answer what your honour likes to speak. ’

This narrative, delivered with a wonderful quantity of gesture and grimace, received at the conclusion the thanks and praises which the narrator expected.

‘I’d like to ask the Justice, ’

‘Ay, ay, they are never without oarkers and slashers.’

‘Any papers?’

‘This bundle,’ delivering a dirty pocket-book.

‘Go down stairs, then, Mac-Guffog, and be in waiting. The officer left the room.

The clink of iron was immediately heard upon the stairs, and in two or three minutes a man was introduced, hand-cuffed and fettered. He was thick, brawny, and muscular, and although his shaggy and grazied hair marked an age somewhat advanced, his lithe figure showed he appeared, nevertheless, a person few would have chosen to cope with in personal conflict. His coarse and savage features were still fresh, and his eye still assumed the look of the potato plant, which had proved the immediate cause of his seizure. But the sleep, though short, which Mac-Guffog had allowed him, and still more a sense of the peril of his situation, had restored to him the full use of his faculties. The worthy judge, and the no less estimable captive, looked at each other steadily for a long time without speaking. Glossin apparently recognised his prisoner, but seemed at a loss how to proceed with his investigation. At length he broke silence. ’

‘So, Captain, this is you? — you have been a stranger on this coast for some years.’

‘A stranger,’ replied the other; ‘strange enough, I think — for hold me der d c y f l, if I seen ever here before.’

‘That won’t pass, Mr. Captain.’

‘I’ll try to pass, Mr. Justice — suppose? ’

‘And who will you be pleased to call yourself, then, for the present,’ said Glossin, ‘just until I shall bring some other folk to refresh your memory concerning who you are, or at least who you have seen?’

‘What bin I?—donner and blitzen! I bin Jans Jansou, from Covthaven — what salt Ich bin.’

‘What? a salt from a case which is found in the apartment a pair of small pocket pistols, which he loaded himself.’

‘Unarmed! ’

‘Gives information to the party concerned. ’

‘Hand-cuffed.’

with ostentations care. ‘You may retire,’ said to his clerk, ‘and carry the people with you, but — but wait in the lobby within.’

The clerk would have offered some remonstrance to his patron on the danger of remaining close such a desperate character, although ironed by the possibility of active exertion, but Glossin was too busy in his mind and with him; and—by the good fortune of Mrs. Justice took two short turns through the corridor, then drew his chair opposite to the prisoner, as we confronted him fully, placed the pistols before him, and kept his honor Eliogbowan himself in former times —’

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Yow, Mynheer."

Glossin paused—the stout break upon his brow with its deep furrowed lines betokened sad feelings, while the hard encrusted miscreant who sat opposite, cooly rolled his tobacco in his cheek, and squirted the juice into the fire-grate. "It would be ruin," said Glossin to himself, while his eye and brow darkened; there was no breadth or space left in his Within and then what might be the consequence of concoction with these men?—yet there is so little time to take measures—Hark you, Hatterack; I can't set you at liberty; if I can put you where you may set yourself at liberty—I always like to assist an old friend. I shall confine you in the old castle for to-night, and give these people double allowance of grog. Mac-Guflog will come and see you. They have stanchions on the window of the strong-room, as they call it, are wasted to pieces, and it is not above twelve feet from the level of the ground without, and the further deepens."

"But the darbies," said Hatterack, looking upon his fetters.

"Hark ye," said Glossin, going to a tool chest, and taking out a key, "there's a friend for you, you know the road to the sea by the staircase."

Hatterack shook his chains in ecstasy, as if he were already at liberty, and strove to extend his fettered hand towards his protector. Glossin laid his finger upon his lips, and ordered the idea of murder to be put aside, and then proceeded in his instructions. When you escape, you had better go to the Kaime of Dernclough."

"Donner! that howff is blown.""

"The devil!—well, then, you may steal my skiff that lies on the beach there, and away. But you must remain safe at the Point of Warroch till I come to see you."

"The Point of Warroch?" said Hatterack, his countenance again falling. "What, in the cave, I suppose? I would rather it were any where else—no, no, I must go; I must go."

But don't be hasty!—Strafe mich helle! it shall never be said Dick Hatterack feared either dog or devil. So I am to wait there till I see you?"

"Ay, ay," answered Glossin, "and now I must call in the men." He did so accordingly."

"I can make nothing of Captain Janson, as he calls himself, Mac-Guflog, and it's now too late to bundle him off to the county jail. Is there not a strong room yonder in the old castle?"

"Ay there is, sir; my uncle the constable once kept a man in it,—it was safe and strong, a man might take out a man's head. But there was an unco dust about it—it was tried in the Inner-house afore the seiften.

"I know all that, but this person will not stay there very long."

"Well, I will have a night, a mere lock-up house till further examination. There is a small room through which it opens, you may light a fire for yourselves there, and I'll send you plenty of stuff to make you comfortable. But be sure you lock the door upon the prisoner; and hark ye, let him have a fire in the strong room too, the season requires it. Perhaps he'll make a clean breast to-morrow."

With these instructions, and with a large allowance of food and liquor, the Justice dismissed his party to keep guard for the night in the old castle, under the full hopes and belief that they would neither spend the night in watching nor prayer.

There was little fear that Glossin himself should that night sleep over-sound. His situation was perilous in the extreme, for the schemes of a life of villainy seemed at once to be crumbling around and above him. He laid himself to rest, and tossed upon his pillow for a long time in vain. At length he fell asleep, but it was only to dream of his patron—now, as the cloud had passed, and the sun was rising upon his features, then again transformed into all the vigour and comeliness of youth, approaching to expel him from the mansion-house of his fathers. There he stood—wild, and wilder, and wilder, heath, came he at length to an inn, from which sounded the voice of revelry; and when that entered, the first person he met was Frank Kennedy, all smashed and gory, as he had lain on the beach at Warroch Point, but with a reeking punch-bowl in his hand. Then the scene changed to a dungeon, where he has heard how Hatterack, with his latest under sentence of Death, confessing his crimes to a clergyman.—"After the bloody deed was done," said the penitent, "we retreated into a cave close beside, the secret of which is known to all the good men of this country; we were debating what to do with the child, and we thought of giving it up to the gipsies, when we heard the cries of the pursuers hallooing to us. So we took the child and each other and hid ourselves in the cave, and it was that man who knew the secret—but we made him our friend at the expense of half the value of the goods saved. By his advice we carried it off to Holland in our craft, which came the following night to take us from the coast. That man was—"

"No, I deny it!—it was not I!" said Glossin, in half-uttered accents: and, struggling in his agony to express his denial more distinctly, he awoke.

It was, however, conscience that had prepared this mental phantasmagoria. The truth was, that knowing much better than any other person the haunts of the smugglers, he had, while the others were secret in different directions, gone straight to the cave, even before he had learned the murder of Kennedy, whom he expected to find their prisoner. He came and made known to Hatterack the misdeeds of them in the midst of their guilty terrours, while the rage, which had hurried them on to murder, began, with all but Hatterack, to sink into remorse and fear. Glossin was by no means such a base and heartless man as he was already possessed of Mr. Bertram's ear, and, aware of the facility of his disposition, he saw no difficulty in enriching himself at his expense, provided the liquids were removed, while the estate became the unlimited property of the weak and prodigal father. Stimulated by present gain and the prospect of continuing advantage, he accepted the bribe which the friar offered him, and connived at, or rather encouraged, their intention of carrying away the child of his benefactor, who, if left behind, was old enough to have described the scene of blood which he had witnessed. The only palliative which the unceasing of Glossin could offer to his conscience was, that the temptation was great, and came suddenly upon him, embracing an it were the very advantages on which his mind had so long rested, and promising to relieve him from distresses which must have otherwise speedily overwhelmed him. Besides, he endeavoured to think that self-preservation required it. He felt, in some degree, in the power of the robbers, and pleased hard with his conscience, that had he declined their offers, the assistance which he could have called upon in the hour of distress, he would not have arrived in time to save him from men, who, on less provocation, had just committed murder.

Galled with the anxious forebodings of a guilty conscience, Glossin now arose, and looked out upon the night. The scene which we have already described in the beginning of our first volume, was now covered with snow, and the brilliant, though wasteful, whiteness of the land, gave to the sea by contrast a dark and vivid tinge. A landscape covered with snow, though abstractedly it may be called beautiful, has, both from the association of cold and barrenness, and from its comparative infrequency, a wild and desolate appearance. Objects, well known to us in their common state, have either disappeared, or are so strangely varied and disguised, that we seem gazing on an unknown world. But it was not with such reflections that the mind of this bad man was occupied. His eye was upon the gigantic and gloomy outline of the old castle, where, in a flanking tower, he had placed a number of dead men, who, by means of their lights, one from the window of the strong room, where Hatterack was confined, the other from that of the adjacent apartment occupied by his keepers. "Has he been there?—for all that is out and about so?—Have these men watched, who never watched before, in order to complete my ruin?—If morning finds him there, he must be committed to prison."

Mac-Morlan or some other person will take the matter.
Woodbourne, are now lying in the Custom-house at
Portranferry (a small fishing-town).—Now I will
come and carry him, which you know is beside
the Custom-house.

"Yaw, the Rasp-house; I know it very well."

"And the red-coats are dispersed through
the country; you land at night with the
rew of your lugger, receive your own goods, and
arrive the younger Brown with you back to Flushing.
Wont that do?"

"I will carry him to Flushing," said the Captain, "or
to America?"

"Ay, ay, my friend."

"Or—to Jericho?"

"Ah! Wherely you have a mind."

"Ay, or—pitch him overboard?"

"Nay, I advise no violence."

"Nay, nay—you leave that to me. Sturm-wetter!
I am a man of old. But hark ye, that am I, Dirk
Hatterick, to be the better of this?"

"Why, is it not your interest as well as mine?"
said Glosen; "besides, I set you free this morning.
You are no longer my servant; I set myself
free. Besides, it was all in the way of your
profession, and happened a long time ago, ha, ha, ha!"

"PSHAW! PSHAW! dont let us jest; I am not
giving you a French compliment—but it's your
affair as well as mine."

"What do you talk of my affair? is it not you that
keep the younger's whole estate from him? Dirk
Hatterick has enough to worry him with.

"Hush—hush—I tell you it shall be a joint business."

"Why, will ye give me half the kit?"

"What, half the estate?—d'ye mean we should set
up here in Balloch, with the property Ellangowan,
and take the barony, ridgy about?"

"Sturm-wetter, no! but you might give me half
the value—half the gelt. Live with you? no. I
would have a lust-haus of mine own on the Middle-
brough, no thyka, and a blumen-garten like a burgomaster's.

"Ay, and a wooden lion at the door, and a painted
sentinel in the garden, with a pipe in his mouth—but
hark ye, Hatterick; what will all the tigers,
flower-gardens, and pleasure-houses in the
Netherlands do for you, if you are hanged here in Scot-
tland?"

Hatterick's countenance fell. "Der devill hunged.

"Ay, hanged, meinheer Captain. The devil can
scarcely save Dirk Hatterick from being hanged for
a treason like this. If the matter of Ellangowan
should settle in this country, and if the gal-
fant Captain chances to be caught here re-establish-
ing his fair trade! And I won't say but, as peace is
now so much talked of, their High Mightinesses may
not hand him over to oblige their new allies, even if
he remained in fader-land.

"Fox hagel blitzen and donner! I—do not you
say true."

"Not," said Glosen, perceiving he had made the
desired impression, "not that I am against being
civil;" and he slid into Hatterick's passive hand a
bank-note of some value.

"Is this all?" said the smuggler; "you had
the price of half a cargo for winking at our job, and made
us do your business too."

"But, my good friend, you forget—in this case you
will recover all your own goods."

"Ay, at the risk of all our own necks—we do that
without you."

"Doubt not what Captain Hatterick," said Glosen
d dryly, "because you would probably find a dozen
red-coats at the Custom-house, whom it must be my
business, if we agree about this matter, to have removed.
Could you, come as I am, I say, be liberal as I can, but you
should have a conscience."

"Now strafe mich der devill!—this provokes me
more than all the rest!—You rob and you murder,
and you want me to rob and murder, and play that
silver-cooper, or kidnapper, as you call it, a dozen
times over, and then, hanged and wind-storm I you
speak to me of conscience!—Can you think of it
fairer way of getting rid of this unlucky lad?"

"No, mein heer; but as I commit him to your
charge."

"To my charge—to the charge of steel and gun
powder and—well, if it must be, must—but you have
a tolerably good guess what's like to come of it."

"O, my dear friend, I trust no degree of severity
will be necessary," replied Glosen.

"Severity!" said the fellow, with a kind of groan,
"I wish you had had my dreams when I first came
to this dog-hole, and tried to sleep among the dry sea-
grass. First, there was that devilish thing he cut
his broken back, sprawling as he did when I hurled
the rock over a-top on him—he, lie, you would have
sworn he was lying on the floor where you stand,
wriggling like a fish, in the wet sand then."

"Nay, my friend," said Glosen, interrupting him,
"what signifies going over this nonsense?—If you are
turned chicken-hearted, why, the game's up, that's
all—the game's up with us both."

"Chicken-hearted?—No. I have not lived so long
upon the account to start at last, neither for devil nor
Dutchman."

"Well, then, take another snatches—the cold's at
your heart still. And now tell me, are any of your
old crew with you?"

"Nay—all dead, shot, hanged, drowned, and
annoyed. Brown has died and—God bless all—die but God
and he would go off the country for a spil of money
—or he'll be quiet for his own sake—or old Meg, his
aunt, will keep him quiet for hers."

"Which Meg?"

"Meg Merrylies, the old devil's limb of a gipsey
witch."

"Is she still alive?"

"Nay."

"And in this country?"

"And in this country. She was at the Kimm of
Dermleigh, at Vanbeest Brown's last wuke, as they
call it, the other night, with two of my people, and
some of her own blasted gypsies and then."

"That's another breaker a-head, Captain! Will she
not squeak, think yo?"

"Not she—she won't start—she swore by the
salmon, if we did the kinekin no harm, she would
ever tell how the gauer got it. Why, man, though
I gave her a wipe with my hanger in the heat of the
matter, and cut her arm, and though she was so long
after in trouble, I tell you it at up at your borough-town
there, der devill! old Meg was as true as steel."

"Why, that's true, as you say," replied Glosen.

"And yet if she could be carried over to Zeeland, or
Hamburg, or—anywhere else, you know, it
were as well."

Hatterick jumped upright upon his feet, and
looked at Glosen from head to heel. "I don't see the
spout's foot," he said, "and yet he must be the very
devil!—But Meg Merrylies is closer yet with the
Kobold than you are—ay, and I had never such wea-
ther as after having drawn her blood. Nein, nein,
I'll meddle with her no more—she's a witch of the
fiend—a real devill's kind—but that's her affair.
Donner and wetter! I neither make nor meddle—
that's her work.—But for the rest—why, if I thought
the trade would not suffer, I would soon rid of the
younger, if you send me word when he's under
embargo.

In brief and under tunes the two worthy associates
concocted their revenge, and agreed at which of his
haunts Hatterick should be heard of. The stay of
his lugger on the coast was not difficult, as there
were no king's vessels there at the time.

CHAPTER XXXV.

You are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bids you:—because we come to do you service, you think we are
raising. Odalisc.

When Glosen returned home, he found, among
other letters and papers sent to him, one of coventrates. "The great and invincible oath of the strolling vine."
ple importance. It was signed by Mr. Protocol, an attorney in Edinburgh, and, addressing him as the agent for Godfrey Bertram, Esq. late of Ellangowan, and Lucy, he informed him of the sudden death of Mrs. Margaret Bertram of Singleside, requesting him to inform his clients thereof, in case they should judge it proper to have any person present for their inspection. Opening the repository of the deceased, Mr. Glosin perceived at once that the letter-writer was unacquainted with the breach which had taken place between him and his late patron. The estate of the deceased lady should by rights, as he well knew, descend to Lucy Bertram, but it was one thousand to one that the caprice of the old lady might have altered its destination. After running over contingencies and probabilities in his fertile mind, to ascertain what sort of personal advantage might accrue to him from this incident, he could not perceive any mode of availing himself of it, except in so far as it might go to assist his plan of recovering, or rather creating, a character, the want of which he had already experienced, and was likely to feel yet more deeply. I must place myself, he thought, on strong ground, that, if any thing goes wrong with Davie, my host, I must have the consideration in my favour at least.—Besides, to do Glosin justice, bad as he was, he might feel some desire to compensate to Miss Bertram in a small degree, and in a case in which he did not feel at ease with her, the infinite mischief which he had occasioned to her family. He therefore resolved early the next morning to ride over to Woodbourne.

He arrived there at an hour that he took this step, having the natural reluctance to face Colonel Manning, which fraud and villany have to encounter honour and probity. But he had great confidence in his own powers. His talents were acutely acute, and by no means confined to the line of his profession. He had at different times resided a good deal in England, and his address was free both from ceremony and profession; so that he had considerable powers both of address and persuasion, joined to an unshaken effrontery, which he affected to disguise under plainness of manner. Confident, therefore, in himself, he appeared at Woodbourne, about ten in the morning, and was admitted as a gentleman come to wait upon Miss Bertram. He did not announce himself until he was at the door of the breakfast-parlour, when the servant, by his desire, said aloud,—"Mr. Glosin, to wait upon Miss Bertram." Lucy, remembering the last scene of her father's existence, turned as pale as death, and had a high flush of inward grief; Colonel Manning flew to her assistance, and they left the room together. There remained Colonel Manning, Charles Hazlewood, with his arm in a sling, and the Domine, whose gaunt visage and dark eyes assumed a most hostile aspect in recognising Glosin.

That honest gentleman, though somewhat abashed by the effect of his first introduction, advanced with confidence, and hoped he did not intrude upon the ladies. Colonel Manning, in a very upright and stately manner, observed, that he did not know to what he was to impute the honour of a visit from Mr. Glosin.

"Hem! hem! I took the liberty to wait upon Miss Bertram, Colonel Manning, on account of a matter of business."

"If it can be communicated to Mr. Mac-Morlan, her agent, sir, I believe it will be more agreeable to Mr. Bertram."

"I beg pardon, Colonel Manning," said Glosin, "making a wretched attempt at an easy demeanour; you are a man of the world—there are some cases in which it is least prudent for all parties to treat with principals."

"Then," replied Manning, with a repulsive air, "if Mr. Glosin will take the trouble to state his ob- ject, I assure you that Miss Bertram pays proper attention to him."

"Certainly," stammered Glosin; "but there are cases in which a man must be persuaded—Hem! I per- ceive that Colonel Manning has adopted some prejudices which may make my visit appear intru- sive; but I submit to his good sense, whether he ought to exclude me from a hearing without knowing the purpose of my visit, or of how much consequence it may be to the young lady whom he honours with his acquaintance."

"Certainly, sir. I have not the least intention to do so," replied the Colonel. "I will learn Miss Ber- tram's pleasure on the subject, and acquaint Mr. Glosin, if he can spare time to wait for her answer."

So saying, he left the room. But Glosin seized upon a chair, and threw himself into it with an air between embarrassment and effrontery. He felt the silence of his companion a discordant and oppressive, and resolved to interrupt it.

"A fine day, Mr. Sampson."

The Domine answered with something between an affected grunt and an indignant growl.

"You never come down to see your old acquaintance on the Ellangowan property, Mr. Sampson—You would find most of the old stagers still stationary there. I have no doubt you refuse to disturb old residents, even under pretence of improvement. Besides, it's not my way—I don't like it—I believe, Mr. Sampson, Scripture particularly condemns those who oppress the poor, and remove landmarks."

"Or who devour the substance of orphans," sub- joined the Domine. "Anathema, Maranatha!"

"So saying, he regarded the poor man, who he had been pursuing, faced to the right about, and marched out of the room with the strides of a grenadier."

Mr. Glosin, no way disconcerted, or at least feel- ing it necessary, turned to young Hazlewood, who was apparently busy with the newspaper. "Any news, sir?" Hazlewood raised his eyes, looked at him, and pushed the paper towards him. He then left the room, as Glosin observed, and was about to leave the room. "I beg pardon, Mr. Hazlewood—but I can't help wishing you joy of getting so easily over that infernal accident." This was answered by a sort of inclination of the head as slight and stiff as could well be imagined. Yet it encouraged our man of law to proceed. "I can promise you, Mr. Hazlewood, few people have taken the interest in that matter which I have done. Both for the sake of the country, and on account of my particular respect for your family, which has so high a stake in it; indeed, so high a stake to-day, that, as Mr. Featherhead is in its way, there's a good chance that Mr. Hazlewood and I shall be in the Chiltern Hundred, it might be worth your while to look about you. I speak as a friend, Mr. Hazlewood, and as one who understands the roll; and if in going over it to- gether—"

"I beg pardon, sir, but I have no views in which your assistance could be useful."

"O very well—perhaps you are right—it's quite time enough, any way I love to see young gentlemen cautious. But I was talking of your wound—I think I have got a cleft to that business—I think I have—and if I don't bring the fellow to condivid punishment—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, once more; but your zeal outruns my wishes. I have every reason to think the wound was accidental—certainly it was not premeditated. At the same time, my heart and my respon- sibility, should you find any one guilty of them, my re- sentment will be as warm as your own. This was Hazlewood's answer.

Another reply; but thought Glosin; I must try him upon the other tack. "Right, sir; very nobly said! I would have no more mercy on an ungrateful man than I would on a woodcock—and now we talk of hard times, (the country is full of hard times,) I think that which Glosin had learned from his former patron.) I see you often carry a gun, and I hope you will be soon able to take the field again. I observe you are confirmed in your confidence in yourself. You confess yourself converts of the Hazlewood turn. I hope, my dear sir, you will make no scruple of following your game to the Elly.
gowan bank: I believe it is rather the best exposure of the two, though both are equally capital. As this offer only excited a cold and constrained bow, Glossin was obliged to remain silent, and was presently afterwards somewhat relieved by the entrance of Sir.

"I have detained you some time, I fear, sir," said he, addressing Glossin; "I wished to prevail upon Miss Bertram to see you, as, in my opinion, her objections ought to give way to the necessity of hearing in her own person what is stated to be of importance that she should know. But I find that circumstances of recent occurrence, and not easily to be forgotten, seem to render it necessary to have a personal interview with Mr. Glossin, that it would be cruel to insist upon it: and she has deputed me to receive his commands, or proposal, or, in short, whatever he may wish to communicate to her.

"Hem, hem! I am sorry, sir—I am very sorry, Colonel Manning, that Miss Bertram should suppose—that any prejudice, in short—or idea that any thing on my part, &c.

"Sir," said the inflexible Colonel, "where no accusation is made, excuses or explanations are unnecessary. Have you any objection to communicate to me—now, that you have found my heart so accessible, the circumstances which you conceive to interest her?"

"None, Colonel Manning; she could not choose a more respectable friend, or one with whom I, in people of higher stations, might more anxiously wish to communicate to us.

"Have the goodness to speak to the point, sir, if you please.

"Sir, it is not so easy all at once—but Mr. Hadlow must not leave the room,—I mean so well to Miss Bertram, that I could wish the whole world to hear my part of the conference.

"Well, sir, and Mr. Charles Hadlow will not probably be anxious, Mr. Glossin, to listen to what cannot concern him—and now, when he has left us alone, let me pray you to be short and explicit in what you have to say. I am soldier, not romantic, and not accustomed to forms and introductions." So saying, he drew himself up in his chair, and waited for Mr. Glossin's communication.

"Be pleased to look at that letter," said Glossin, putting Protocol's epistle into Manning's hand, as the shortest way of stating his business.

The Colonel read it, and returned it, after pencilling the back, to the writer in his memorandum-book. "This, sir, does not seem to require much discussion—I will see that Miss Bertram's interest is attended to.

"Yes, sir, but, Colonel Manning," added Glossin, "there is another matter which no one can explain but myself. This lady—this Mrs. Margaret Bertram, to my certain knowledge, made a general settlement of her affairs in Miss Lucy Bertram's favor while she lived with my old friend, Mr. Bertram, at Ellangowan. The Dominie—that was the name by which my deceased friend always called that very respectable man Mr. Sampson—he and I witnessed the deed. And she had full power at that time to make such a settlement, for she was in fee of the estate of Singlesside even then, although it was let possessed by an elder sister. It was a numerical settlement of old Singlesside's; a small estate of two or three miles, with two courts, and ten or twelve acres of land, all divided and allocated.

"Well, sir," said Manning, without the slightest smile of sympathy, "but to the purpose. You say that this power to settle her estate on Miss Bertram, and that she did so?"

"Even so, Colonel," replied Glossin, "I think I should understand the law—I have followed it for many years, and though I have given it up to retire upon a handsome competence, I did not throw away that knowledge which is pronounced better than house and land, and which I take to be the knowledge of every lawyer. Your common rhyme has it, 'Tis most excellent, To win the land that's gone and spent."

"No, no, I flinch at the smack of the whip—I have a little, a very little, only a very little, to say to Miss Bertram.

"Glossin ran on in this manner thinking he had made a favourable impression on Manning. The Colonel insisted on referring him to Miss Bertram's interest, and resolved that his strong inclination to throw Glossin out at window, or at door, should not interfere with the personal interview. He put his hand on his desk, and sat down, and proposed to listen with patience at least, if without complacency. He therefore let Mr. Glossin get to the end of his self-congratulations, and then asked him if he knew where the deed was.

"I know—that is, I think—I believe I can recover it. In such cases custodiers have sometimes made a charge.

"We won't differ as to that, sir," said the Colonel, taking out his pocket-book.

"But, my dear sir, you take me so very short—I said some persons might make such a claim—I mean for payment of the expenses of the deed, treatable in the affair, &c. But I, for my own part, only wish Miss Bertram and her friends to be satisfied that I am acting towards her with honour. There's the paper, sir. It would have been a satisfaction to me to have delivered it into Miss Bertram's own hands, and to have wished her joy of the prospects which it opens. But since her prejudice on the subject is invincible, there is no use in expressing best wishes to you, Colonel Manning, and to express that I shall willingly give my testimony in support of that deed when I shall be called upon. I have the honor to wish you success.

This parting speech was so well got up, and had so much the tone of conscious integrity unjustly suspected, that even Colonel Manning was staggered in his heart. He followed him to the door, and resolving to take another step, and took leave of him with more politeness (though still cold and formal) than he had paid during his visit. Glossin left the house half pleased with the interview which he had made, half mortified by the stern caution and proud reluctance with which he had been received. "Colonel Manning might have had more politeness," he said to himself—"it is not every man that can bring a good chance of 400l. a year to a young man thirty-six years of age. 400l. a year—now—there's Reiliggegan, Gilliwick, Loverless, Liceilone, and the Spurner's Knowe—good 400l. a year. Some people might have made their own of it in my place—and yet, to own the truth, after much consideration, I don't see how that is possible.

Glossin was no sooner mounted and gone, than the Colonel dispatched a groom for Mr. Mac-Morlan, and, putting the deed into his hand, requested to know if it was likely to be available to his friend. Lucy Bertram, Mac-Morlan perused it with eyes that sparkled with curiosity, and snapped his hand at length, and at length exclaimed. "Available!—it's as tight as a glove—nobody can make better war than Glossin, when he didn't let down a stock on purpose.

—but this countenance falling, the said Mr. Mac-Morlan, that I should say so, might alight at pleasure!" "Ah! And how shall we know whether she has done so?"

"Somebody must attend on Miss Bertram's part, when the repositories of the deceased are opened."

"Can you go?" said the Colonel.

"I fear I cannot," replied Mac-Morlan, "I must attend a trial to-morrow.

"Then I will go myself," said the Colonel, "I'll set out to-morrow. Sampson shall go with me—he is witness to this settlement. But I shall want a legal advice before we reach her, which I will instantly draw out. Besides, I will be cautious for her prudence, and that she will consider it only in the light of a chance."
ed exulting hopes upon the prospect thus unexpectedly opening before her. She did indeed, in the course of time, get to know the old-fashioned, as if by accident, what might be the annual income of the Haslewood property; but shall we therefore aver for certain that she was considering whether an heiress of four or five hundred a year might be a suitable match for the young Laird?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Living near a cup of such to make mine eyes look red—For I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Charles's vein.

Henry IV. Part I.

MANNERING, with Sampson for his companion, lost not time in his journey to Edinburgh. They travelled in the Colonel's post-chariot, who, knowing his companion's habits of abstraction, did not choose to lose him out of his own sight, nor trust to him on horsecarriage, where, in all probability, a knavish stable-boy might with little advantage have contrived to mount him with his face to the tail. Accordingly, with the aid of his valet, who attended on horsecarriage, he took him in the coach of the Mr. Sampson safe to an inn in Edinburgh—for hotels in those days there were none—without any other accident than arose from his straying twice upon the road. On one occasion he was firstนก his head by ordinary horses, and wound up the hill in the manner of a children's game, this with a laugh. On another, he was made to stand by and hear the discussion of a great orator, and南海 the meaning of the word Molobatthar in that lyric effusion. His second escapade was made for the purpose of visiting the field of Killon—green, which was dear to the heart of the old vagabond. Having, on both occasions forgotten his friend, patron, and fellow-traveller, as completely, as if he had been in the East Indies. On being reminded that Colonel Mannering was waiting for him, he entered his usual ejaculations of "Prodigious!—I was oblivious," and then strode back to his post. Barnes was surprised at his master's patience on both occasions, knowing by experience how little he booked neglect or delay; but the Domine was in every respect a privilege in his patron and friend, he was never for a moment in each other's way, and it seemed obvious that they were formed to be companions for life. If Mannering wanted a particular book, the Domine found it, and brought it to him; if he wished to have accounts summed up, or checked, his assistance was equally ready; if he desired to recall a particular passage in the classics, he could have the Domine at command, and he could read from the front of the Luckenbooths to the head of the Canongate, and corresponding in breadth and length to the uncommon height of the buildings on either side.

Mannering had not much time to look and admire. His conductor hurried him across this striking scene, and suddenly dived with him into a very steep paved lane. Turning to the right, they entered a scale stair-case, as it is called, the state of which, so far as he could judge by one of his senses, annoyed Mannering's delicacy not a little. When they had ascended cautiously to a considerable height, they heard a heavy padlock and two stone steps above them. The door opened, and immediately ensued the sharp and warning bark of a dog, the squalling of a woman, the screams of an assequit cat, and the hoarse voices of a number of individuals, with vociferous tone, "Will ye, Mustard? Will ye down, sir, down!"

"Lord preserve us!" said the female voice, "an he had worried my cat, Mr. Pleydell would never have forgiv'n me."

"Aweel, my doo, the cat's no a prin the war—So he's no in, ye say?"

"Na, Mr. Pleydell's ne'er in the house on Saturday at e'en," answered the female voice.

And the morn's Sabbath too," said the querist; "I dinna ken what will be done."

By this time Mannering appeared, and found a tall strong countryman, clad in a coat of pepper-and-salt-coloured mixture, with huge metal buttons, a glazed hat and boots, and a large horse-whip beneath his arm, in collar and coat, a life-sized, well-set piece, in one hand the lock of the door, and in the other a pail of whiting, or comestane, as it is called, mixed with water—a circumstance which indicates Saturday night in Edinburgh.

"So Mr. Pleydell is not at home, my good girl?" said Mannering.

"Ay, sir, he's at home, but he's no in the house: he's aye out on Saturday at e'en."

"But, my good girl, I am a stranger, and my business express—Will you tell me where I can find him?"

"His honour," said the chairwoman, "will be at Clerigh's about this time—Hersell could ha' telt ye that, but she thought ye wanted to see his house."

"Well, then, show me to this tavern—"
he will see me, as I come on business of some conse-
quencing.

"Damn, sir," said the girl, "he didn't like to be disturbed on Saturdays' wi' business—but he's aye civil to strangers.

"I'll grug to the tavern too," said our friend Din-
mont, "I am a stranger also, and on business e'ven sic like.

"Na," said the hand-maiden, "'an he see the gen-
tleman, he'll see the simple body too—but, Lord's aye wise, aye wise, aye wise, aye wise, aye wise.

"Atween, I am a simple body, that's true, hinny, but I am no come to steal any 'o' his skeel for nau-
thing," said the farmer in his honest pride, and strut-
ted up and down in his plaid, fully 18 to the manner and the cadilio. Manning could not help admiring the determined stride with which the stranger who pre-
ceded them divided the prose, shouldering from him, but one, the old fellow, and turned and told the drunk and sober passengers. "He'll be a Tievotladle tue tae ane," said the chairmaun, "tat's for keeping a crown o' a causeway tae gate—he'll no gang far enough for to get some, to bell to cat wi' his own.

His shrewd augury, however, was not fulfilled.

Those who recoiled from the colossal weight of Din-
mont, on looking up at his size and strength, appar-
ently judged his heady metal to be rashly and con-
countered, as he had suffered him to make his course unchallenged. Following in the wake of this first-
rate, Manning proceeded till the farmer made a pause, ami, looking back to the chairman, said, "I'm th' bawbee, will you play?"

"Ay, ay," replied Donald, "tat's tae close.

Dinmont descended confidently, then turned into a dark alley—then up a dark stair—and then into an open door, as if he was whistling for the waiter, as if he had been one of his collie dogs, Man-
nering looked round him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession, and good sense, should choose such a sultry and secluded abode.

Besides the miserable entrance, the house-
"itself seemed paltry and humble. The passage in which they stood had a window to the close, which admitted a weak light and the rain. Not in the habit of Holyrood, he held the woman and the strangers to be what we heralds, our pursuivants, our Lyon, our Marchmont, our Carrick, and our Snowdown? Let the strangers be placed at our board, and regarded as a proof of these acts and these the high holiday-morn we will hear their tidings.

"So please you, my liege, to-morrow's Sunday," said one of the company.

"Sunday, is it? then we will give no offence to the assembly of the kirk—on Monday shall be their audience.

Manning, who had stood at first uncertain whether the weather was so he was now resolved to stay for the moment into the whin of the scene, though internally fretting at Mac Moriain, for sending him to consult with a crack-brained humourist. He there craved permission to lay his credentials at the feet of the Scottish monarch, in order to be perused at his best leisure. The gravity with which he accommodated himself to the humour of these acts and these the high holiday-morn we will hear their tidings.

"You are, I presume to guess," said the monarch

A large and smiling gentlewoman, Manning who drank it to the health of the reigning prince

"You are, I presume to guess," said the monarch

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"You are, I presume to guess," said the monarch
ten that the moist and humid air of our valley of Lidde- 
del inclines to stronger potation. —Senechal, let our 
faithful yeoman have a cup of brandy; it will be more 
good for him than for you.

“And now,” said Mannering, “since we have un-
warily intruded upon your majesty at a moment of 
mirthful retirement, be pleased to say when you will 
return, which will be better with us to be a little 
headed, cutting off some of those affinities of 
weight which have brought him to your northern 
capital.

The monarch opened Mac-Morlan’s letter, and 
read it with the same interest. His voice was included, 
with his natural 

voice and manner, “Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, 
poor dear Nissie!”

“A forfeit! a forfeit!” exclaimed a dozen voices; 
his majesty has forgot his kingly scepter.

“Now, what is a forfeit? I’ll ring the bell; I’ll 
be judged by this courteous knight. May not a mon-
arch love a maid of low degree? Is not King Co-
nett and the Beggar-maid, an adjudged case in 
point?”

“Professional! professional! —another forfeit,” ex-
claimed the umlautoly. 

“Had not our royal predecessors,” continued the 
monarch, “exacted a sovereign voice to drown these 
disaffected clamours,—”Had they not their Jean 
Loege, their Besane Carmichaels, their Oliphants, 
their Sandilands, and their Weirs, and shall it be denied 
to my son to have a voice to proclaim my regal 
honour? Nay, then, sink state and perish sovereign-
ity for, like a second Charles V., we will abdicate, 
and seek in the private shades of life those peace-
some hours that the court is never able to bestow.

So saying, he flung away his crown, and sprung 
from his exalted station with more agility than could 
have been expected from his age, ordered lights and a 
wash-hand basin and towel with a cup of green 
tea, into another room, and made a sign to Mannern-
ing to accompany him. In less than two minutes he 
washed his face and hands, settled his wig in the 
gen’l manner, and in the meantime looked at a 
different man from the childish Bacchanalian he 
had seen a moment before.

“T’other folks,” he said. “Mr. Mannering, be-
fore whom one should take care how they play the 
fool—because they have either too much malice, or 
too little wit, as the poet says. The best compliment 
I can pay Colonel Mannering, is to show I am not 
assumed to expose myself before him—and truly I 
think you have a right to take notice of your 
good-nature. —But what’s that great strong 
woman wanting?”

Dinmont, who had pushed after Mannering into 
the room, was seated with a scrape of his foot and a 
scratch of his head in unison. “I am Dandie Din-
mont, sir, of the Charities-hope—the Liddesdale lad—
well mind me!—it was for me ye won your grand pla.

“I tell you,” said the lawyer, “I’ve a right to 
think I can remember all the fools that come to 
plague me!”

“Sir, land, it was the grand plea about the grazing 
’at the Langstrack,” said the farmer.

“Well, curse thee, never mind; give me the 
memoir, and come to me on Monday at ten,” replied 
the learned counsel.

“Ob, sir, I haff got any distinct memoir?”

“No memorial, man?” said Pleydell.

“Na, sir, nae memorial,” answered Dandie; “for 
your honour said before, Mr. Pleydell, ye’ll mind, that 
ye haff a right to war us hill-folk tell our ain tale by 
word o’ mouth.”

“Belew thy tongue, that said so!” answered the 
counselor, “it will cost me ears a dinning. —Well, 
say in two words what you’ve got to say—ye see to 
the gentleman?”

“Ou, sir, if the gentleman likes he may play his ain 
spring first; it’s a nane to Dandie.”

“Aw, sir, just you be honest, and I’ll see ye see to 
your business,” said Dandie, not a wit disconcerted.

* The Scottish memorial corresponds to the English brief.

by the roughness of this reception. “We’re at the 
auld wark o’ the marches again, Jock o’ Dawston 
Clough and me. Ye see we march on the top o’ You-
shop-rigge, aye we cross the Pomorogans, and 
Slackeneepool, and Bloodalyews, they come in there, and they belong to the Peel; but 
after ye pass Pomorogans at a skulking great sauce-
er, we’re on the top o’ the Liddesdale, and when 
there, Dawston Clough and Charities-hope they march. 
Now, I say, the march runs on the top o’ the hill 
where the wind and water sheets; but Jock o’ Daw-
ston, he don’t mind it. Jock is a knight—no, I am 
saying, that it hands down by the auld drove-road that 
runs awa by the Knot o’ the Gate ower to Keldar-ward— 
and that makes an unco difference.”

“And what difference does it make, friend?” said 
Pleydell. “Have ye a dram, will ye?”

“Ou, no mony,” said Dandie, scrathing his head, 
—“it’s lying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, 
or aibline twa in a good year.”

“And for this grazing, which may be worth about 
five shillings a-year, you are willing to throw away 
a hundred pound or two?”

“Na, sir, it’s no for the value of the grass,” replied 
Dinmont; “that’s worth a feece.”

“My good friend,” said Pleydell, “justice, like cha-
rity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your 
wife and family, and think no more about the matter.”

“Dinmont and I are both Kirkmen,” said Jock. “It’s 
no for that, sir—but I would like ill to be bragged wi’ him—he threeps he’ll bring a score o’ wit-
nesses and mair—and I’m sure there’s as mony will 
swear for my friend, folk that lived a’ their days 
upon the Charities-hope, and wadna like to see the 
land lose its right.”

“Zounds, man, if it it be a point of honour,” said the 
lawyer, “why don’t ye take good cudgels and 
settle it?”

“Ano, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, 
it’s a nane to Dandie.”

“Hold! hold!” exclaimed Pleydell, “we shall have 
another Lord Soulive’s mistake—Pray, man, com-
prehend me! I warn you to consider how very, very 
trifling and foolish a lawsuit you wish to engage in.”

“Ay, sir!” said Dandie, in a disappointed tone.

“So ye winna take on wi’ me, I’m doubting?”

“Mef! mef!—go home, go home, take a pint and 
agree.” Dandie looked but half contented, and still 
remained stationary. “Any thing more, my friend?”

“Only, sir, about the succession of this laddie that’s 
death, said Miss Margaret Bertram o’ Singledean.

“Ay, what about her?” said the counselor, rather 
surprised.

“Ou, we hae nae connexion at a’ wi’ the Ber-
trams,” said Dandie, “they were grand folk by the 
like o’ us—But Jean Lilup, that was o’ Single-
dean’s housekeeper, and the mother of these twa 
young ladies that are gone—the last o’ them’s dead 
at a ripe age, I vow—Jean Lilup came out o’ Lidded 
water, and she was as near our connexion as second 
cousin to my mother’s half-sister—She drew up wi’ 
Singledean, nee doubt, when she was his hou-keeper, 
and it was for her sake and her lines. But he acknowledged a marriage, and satisfied the 
kirk—and now I wad ken free us if we haff not 
some claim by law?”

“Not the least of a claim,” said Dandie.

“Aw, we’re nae purry,” said Dandie—but ane 
may ha’ thought on us if she was minded to make a
testament.—Well, sir, I’ve said my say—I see ‘en wish you good night, and”—putting his hand in his pocket.

“No, no, my friend; I never take fees on Saturday nights, or without a memorial—away with you, Dan- dike! And Dandie made his reverence, and departed accordingly.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

But this poor face has neither truth, nor art, To place the fancy or to touch the heart.

Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean, Well for the curtain, where the sudden moves the curtain scene,

Prevents no objects tender or profound, But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.

Persian Regius.

"Your majesty," said Manning, laughing, “has solemnized your abdication by an act of mercy and charity.—That fellow will scarcely think of going to law."

"O, you are quite wrong," said the experienced lawyer. "The only difference is, I have lost my client and my fee. He’ll never rest till he finds somebody to encourage him to commit the folly he has permitted, and of which he is not indifferent himself.

"And sometimes through the week, I should think," said the artist, "he might have his nose in the same tone."

"Why yes; as far as my vocation will permit. I am, as Hamlet says, indifferent honest, when my clients and their solicitors do not make me the medium of converting their double-distilled lies to our bank. But oprior vite! it is a sad thing. And you to our business. I am glad my old friend Mac- Morlan has sent to me; he is an active, honest, and intelligent man, long resident in the western parish of the county of—under me, and still holds the office. He knows I have a regard for that unfortunate family of Ellangowan, and for poor Lucy. I have not seen her since our last interview, and she was then a sweet pretty girl under the management of a very silly father. But my interest in her is of an early date. I was called upon, Mr. Manning, being then sheriffs-depute of that county, to investigate the particulars of a murder which had been committed near Ellangowan the day on which that poor child was born; and which, by a strange combination that I was unhap-
santly not able to trace, involved the death or abstrac-
tion of her only brother, a boy of about five years old. No, Colonel, I shall never forget the misery of the house of Ellangowan that morning—the father half-
dressed and dead in the doorway, the helpless infant, with scarce any one to attend it, coming wailing and crying into the miserable world at such a moment of unutterable misery. We lawyers and legislators are all of us, that ye, the soldiers are of steel. We are conversant with the crimes and distresses of civil society, as you are with those that occur in a state of war, and to do our duty in either case a little apathy is perhaps necessary—

But the devil take a soldier whose heart can be as hard as his sword, and his dam catch the lawyer who braves his bosom instead of his forehead!—But come, I am losing my Saturday at e'en—will you have the kind—can’t I trust you with the papers which relate to Miss Bertram’s business?—and stay—tomorrow you’ll take a bachelor’s dinner with an old lawyer,—I insist upon it, at three precisely—and so you are not likely to have less than three hours to-morrow—extravagance.—Good night—Harry, go home with Mr. Manning to his lodging.—Colonel I expect you at a half past two to-morrow.”

The Colonel returned to his inn, equally surprised at the childish frolics in which he had found his meal consumed, and then engaged, at the point of his sense which he had in a moment summoned up to meet the exigencies of his profession, and at the too of feeling which he displayed when he spoke of the friendless.

In the morning, while the Colonel and his most quiet and silent of all retainers, Dominie Sampson were finishing the breakfast which Barnes had mad and poured, the Dominie offered the Colonel to seize him in the attempt. Mr. Pleydell was suddenly ushered in. A nicely dressed bob-wig, upon every hair o which a zealous and careful barber had bestowed it proper array of livery, powdered, powdered, and a mas blad suit, with very clean shoes and gold buckles and stock-buckle; a manner rather reserved and forms than intrusive, but, withal, showing only the formal ity of manner, by no means that of awkwardness; countenance, the expressive and somewhat com features of which were in complete resume,—all show ed a being perfectly different from the choicer spirit o the evening before. A glance of shrewd and piercing fire in his eyes, and an only marked expression which recalled the name of "Saturday at e’en."

"I am come," said he, with a very polite address "to use my regal authority in your behalf in spiritual as well as temporal matters—can I assure you, Provostly or Episcopal meeting-house.—

"Trost Tyrius, a lawyer, you know, is of both re
ergious, or rather I should say of both forms—or can I assist in passing the former through a period of your old-fashioned importance—I was born a time when a Scotchman was thought inhospitable if he left a guest alone a moment, except when they are silent—but I must add that I have my stories.

"Not at all, my dear sir," answered Colonel Man nering,—"I am delighted to put myself under your pilature. I should wish to hear some of your Scottish wits, and thus gain an honour to your country—your Blair, your Robertson or your Henry; and I embrace your kind offer with all my heart.—Only drawing the lawyer a little aside, and turning his eye towards Sampson, "my worthy friend there in the reverie is a little helpless and abstracted, and my servant, Barnes, who is his pilot in ordinary, cannot well assist him here, espe cially as he has expressed his determination of going to some of your darker and more remote places o worship."

"The lawyer’s eye glanced at Dominie Sampson. "A curious book! I have never traveled in the west of Scotland. fit custodian.—Here you, sir, (to the waiter), go a Luckie Finlayson’s in the Cowgate for Mike Mach the candle, he’ll be there this time, and tell him I wish to see him on a matter of importance."

"The person wanted soon arrived. "I will comm you my friend to this man’s charge," said Pleydell;—he’ he’ll attend him, or conduct him wherever he chooses to, with a happy indifference as to kirk or market meeting or court of justice, or—any other place whatever—and bring him safe home at whatever hour you appoint; so that Mr. Barnes there may be left to the freedom of his own will.

"This was easily arranged, and the Colonel com mitted the Dominie to the charge of this man while they should remain in Edinburgh.

"And now, sir, if you please, we shall go to the Greyfriars church—the memorial of the Caroline of the Continent, and of America."

"They were disappointed—he did not speak that morning.—Never mind," said the counsellor, "have a moment’s patience, and we shall do very well.

"The colleague of Dr. Robertson ascended the pulpit. "His external appearance was not prepossessing. A remarkably fair complexion, strangely contrasted with a black beard without a hair of hair, short hair, thin row chest and a stooping posture; hands, which placed like props on either side of the pulpit, seemed necessary rather to support the person than to assist the gestures of the speaker, who was of a size larger that of Genoa, a tumbled band, and a gesture which

"This was the celebrated Dr. Ertkine, a distinguished clergy man, and a most excellent man."
seemed scarce voluntary, were the first circumstances which struck a stranger. The preacher seems a very kindly person," whispered Manning to his new friend.

"Never fear, he's the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer—he'll show blood, I'll warrant him." The lecture was delivered, fraught with new, striking, and enterprising views of Scripture history—a sermon, in which the Calvinism of the Kirk of Scotland was traced to its source and made the basis of a sound system of practical morals, which should neither shelter the inner under the cloak of speculative faith or of peculiarly of opinion, nor leave him loose to the waves of wretched fanaticism. Something there was of an antiquated turn of phrase and metaphor, but it only served to give zest and peculiarities to the style of declamation. The sermon was not read—a scrap of paper containing the heads of the discourse was occasionally referred to, and the enunciation, which at first seemed imperfect and embarrassing, became, by the preacher warmed in his progress, animated and distinct; and although the discourse could not enter into the finer and more eloquent details, yet Manning had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument, brought into the service of Christianity. Manning found that the church, "must have been the preachers to whose unerring minds, and acute, though sometimes rudely exercised talents, we owe the Reformation."

"And you, Mr. Plydell, what do you think of their points of difference?"

"Why, I hope, Colonel, a plain man may go to heaven without thinking about them at all—besides, I am a member of the suffering and Episcopal Church of Scotland—the shadow of a shade now, and fortunately so—but I love to pray where my fathers prayed before me, without thinking worse of the Presbyterian forms, because they do not affect the same thing. And with this remark they parted until dinner-time.

From the awkward access to the lawyer's mansion, Manning was induced to form very moderate expectations of the entertainments he was to receive. The house, however, was pleasantly dim by daylight than on the preceding evening. The houses on each side of the lane were so close, that the neighbors might have shaken hands with each other from the difference sides, and occasionally the space between was traversed by wooden galleries, and thus entirely closed up. The star, the scale-star, was not well illuminated; and on entering the house, Manning was struck with the dimness and smallness of the wainscotted passage. But the library into which he was shown by an elderly respectable-looking servant, was a complete contrast to these unproductive rooms, and a perfect eminence of the finest Scotch library, hung with a portrait or two of Scotch characters of eminence, by Jamieson, the Caledonian Yanke, and surrounded with books, the best editions of the best authors, and in particular an admirable collection of classics.

"These," said Plydell, "are my tools of trade. A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere laborer. If you know anything of these, you may venture to call himself an architect."

But Manning was chiefly delighted with the view from the windows, which commanded that incomparable prospect of the ground between Edinburgh and the sea; the Firth of Forth, with its islands; the embankment which is terminated by the Law of the North Berwick, the Trinity Church, and the northward, indenting with a hilly outline the clear blue horizon.

When Dr. Plydell had sufficiently enjoyed the surprise of his guest, he called his attention to Miss Bertram's affairs. "I was in hopes," he said, "though I don't think, to have discovered some means of ascertaining her indefensible right to this property of Singlestone; but all researches have been in vain. The old lady was certainly absolute far, and might dispose of it in full right of property. All that we have to hope is, that the devil may not have tempted her to alter this will of her son's settlement. You must attend the old lady's funeral to-morrow, to which you will receive an invitation, for I have acquainted her agent with your being here on Miss Bertram's part; and I will meet you afterwards at the house she inhabited, and be present to see fair play at the opening of the settlement. The old cat had a little girl, the orphan of some relation, who lived with her as a kind of slave and received no eloquent or eloquent from conscience to make her independent, in consideration of the pains forte et dure to which she subjected her during her life-time."

Three green-coats now appeared, and were introduced to the stranger. They were men of good sense, gayety, and general information, so that the day passed very pleasantly over; and Colonel Manning assisted, about an hour, in drinking the landlord's bottle, which was, of course, a magnum. Upon his return to the inn, he found a card inviting him to the funeral of Mrs. Margaret Bertram, late of Cafeald, and now a widow, to the house to the place of interment in the Greyfriars churchyard, at one o'clock afternoon.

At the appointed hour, Manning went to a small house in the Best Street, where he found a card inviting him to the funeral of Mrs. Margaret Bertram, late of Cafeald, and now a widow, to the house to the place of interment in the Greyfriars churchyard, at one o'clock afternoon. The house was, in such a way, where he found the place of mourning, indicated, as usual in Scotland, by two useful figures with long black coats, white crapes and hat-bands, holding in their hands poles, adorned with melancholy streamers of the same description. By two other mutes, who from their visages, seemed suffering under the pressure of some strange calamity, he was ushered into the dining-parlour of the defunct, where the company were assembled for the funeral. In Scotland, the custom, now diminished in England, of inviting the relations of the deceased to the interment, is universal. Although this has a singular and striking effect, but it degenerates into mere empty form and grimace, in cases where the defunct has had the misfortune to live belied and die unlauded. In England, the most beautiful and impressive parts of the ritual of the church, would have, in such cases, the effect of fixing the attention, and uniting the thoughts and feelings of the audience present, in an exercise of devotion so peculiarly adapted to such an occasion. But according to the Scottish custom, if there be not real feeling among the assistants, there is nothing to supply the deficiency, and exalt or rouse the attention; so that a sense of tedious form, and almost hypocritical restraint, is soo apt to pervade the company assembled for the mournful solemnity. Mrs. Margaret Bertram was so luckily one of those whose acquaintance attached no general friendship. She had no near relations who might have mourned from natural affection, and therefore her funeral exhibited merely the exterior trappings of sorrow. Manning, therefore, stood among this luscious company of cousins in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth degree, composing his countenance to the deceased solemness, in a sort of half-way between being much concerned on Mrs. Margaret Bertram's account, as if the deceased lady of Singlestone had been his own sister or mother. After a deep and awful pause, the company began to feel the weight of their breaths, however, and as if in the chamber of a dying person.

"Our poor friend," said one grave gentleman, "10!"
scarely opening his mouth, for fear of deranging the necessary solemnity of his features, and slitting its whiteness between his teeth. But this was unobserved as possible.—"Our poor friend has died well to pass in the world."

"Nae doubt," answered the person addressed, with haste and sorrow. "Poor Mrs. Margaret was so careful of the gear."

"Any news to-day, Colonel Manning," said one of the gentlemen whom he had dined with the day before, but in one which, might, for its impressiveness, have communicated the death of his whole generation.

"Nothing particular, I believe, sir," said Manning, with some sarcasm. The reading of the observer, the observed, apprised the house of mourning.

"I understand," continued the first speaker, emphatically, and with the air of one who is well informed—"I understand there is a settlement."

"And what does little Jenny Gibbon get?"

"A hundred, and the auld repeater."

"That's but some gear, pair things; she had a pair time of it with the auld laddie. But it's ill waiting for dead folk's shoon."

"I am afraid," said the politician, who was close by Manning, "we have not done with your old friends this year yet—I doubt not the Company more plague; and I am told, but you'll know for certain, that East India Stock is not rising."

"I trust it will, sir, soon."

In the crowd, another person, mingling in the conversation, had some India bonds. I know why, for I drew the interest for her—it would be desirable now for the trustees and creditors to have the Company, and the time about the same as the time of converting them into money. For my part I think—but there's Mr. Mortoloe to tell us they are gaining to lift.

Mr. Mortoloe the undertaker did accordingly, with a flourish of the funeral band, and a most pious solemnity, distribute among the pall-bearers little cards, assigning their respective situations in attendance upon the coffin. As this ceremony is supposed to be regulated by propriety to the deunct, the undertaker, however skilful a master of these lugubrious ceremonies, did not escape giving some offence. To be related to Mrs. Bertram was to be of kin to the lands of Singleside, and was a prophecy of which each present present at that moment was particularly jealous. Some murmurs there were on the occasion, and our friend Dimmont gave more open offence. For his personal account, it is not to utter it in the key properly modulated to the solemnity. "I think we might have at least given me a leg of her to carry," he exclaimed, in a voice considered for her earthly position, "heavenly God! she was as good as the singing of a song, and I know she would have had her to carry myself, for as many gentlemen as are here."

A score of frowning and repining brows were bent upon the magnificent yeoman. His great coat and his cap, which, in his dudgeon, he thrust upon his head, to the displeasure, stalked sturdily down stairs with the rest of the company, totally disregarding the censure of those whom his remarks had scandalized.

And then the funeral pump set forth; saucily with their batons, and gompions of tarnished white crepe, in honour of the well-preserved maiden fame of Mrs. Margaret Bertram. Six starved horses, themselves the very emblems of mortality, well clothed and shod, moved along the hearse with its dismal embellishment, crept in slow state towards the place of interment, preceded by Jamie Duff, an idiot, who, with weeping eyes and a groan made of white paper, attended on every funeral, and followed by six mourning coaches, filled with the company. Many of these now gave more free loose to their tongues, and discoursed very much about the amount of money, the succession, and the probability of its destination.

The principal expectors, however, kept a prudent silence, indeed ashamed to express hopes which might prove false. The moment, and the recent death, of a man who alone knew exactly how large a sum were stood, maintained a countenance of mysterious importance, if determined to preserve the full interest of anxiety and awe.

"At length they arrived at the churchyard gate, and from thence, amid the gaping of two or three of male and female with infants in their arms, and ever followed by the twofold things, the hearse and the coach, and screaming alongside of the side processions, finally arrived at the burial place of the deceased. This was a square enclosure in the frigate churchyard, guarded on one side by a strong wall, without a moss, and having only one entrance, the door of which was shut during the service. Captain Andrew Bertram, first of Sinsinna, ascended the very ancient and honourable box; Eliza Elgovan, had caused this monument to be erected for himself and his descendants. A number of sepulchres and hour-glasses, and a few heads, and cross bones, garnished the following with sepulchral poetry, to the memory of the founders of the mausoleum.

Nathaniel's heart, Beazley's head,
If ever any loved,
Their bodies in thy bosom held,
Who both in this bed.

Here then, amid the deep black fat loam upon her ancestors were now resolved, they deemed a body of Mrs. Margaret Bertram; and, like sage returning from a military funeral, another person, mingling in the conversation, might be interested in the settlement. The lady, urged the dog-cattle of the hackney coach to the speed of which they were capable, and the time was put an end to further suspense on this important topic.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Die and endow a college or a cat.

Tynan is a tale told by Lucian, that while a troop of monkeys, well drilled in the art of war, were performing a tragedy with great aplomb, decorum of the whole scene was at once destroyed and the natural passions of the actors called into very indelicate and active emulation, by a who threw a handful of nutshells upon the stage. In manner, the approaching crisis stirred up many expectors, feelings of a nature very different, those, of mortoloe, they had but now been endeavoured to imitate the expression. Those eyes which were devotedly cast up to heaven, or with greater bent solemnly upon God, suddenly opened, and silverly darting their glances through shutters and windows, turkeys, and drawers, and cabinets, and all the corners of the old maiden lady's repositories.

The whole was their search without interest, though they did not find the will of which they were in quest.

Here was a promissory note for 20l. by the name of the non-juring chapel, interest marked as per Martinus last, carefully folded up in a new words to the old tune of "Over the Water to Charlestown there was a curious love correspondence for the deceased and a certain Lieutenant O'Keeffe, marching regiment of foot, and a letter was a document, which at once explained relatives why a connexion that booted them little had been suddenly broken off, being the Lucan bond for two hundred pounds, upon which so little whatever appeared to have been paid. One and bonds to a larger amount, and signed by names (I mean commercially) than these worthy dinners and also occurring the course of their researches, besides a box of men in uniform, and seen broken gold and silver, old ear-rings, hair crinkled of age and letters, c.

Still no made it appearance, and Lord Manning began full well to hope the settlement which he had obtained from Denny gained the anticipated arrangement of the old lady. But his friend Pether, who had gone..."
the room, cautioned him against entertaining this belief. "I am well acquainted with the gentleman," he said, "who is conducting the search, and I guess from his manner that he knows something more of the house and the people in it, and, while the search proceeds, let us take a brief glance at one or two of the company who seem most interested.

Of Dimont, who, with his large hunting-whip under his arm, stood poking his great round face over the shoulder of the homme d'affaires, it is unnecessary to say anything. That thin-looking oldish person, in a most correct and gentleman-like suit of black, was none other than Sir Robert Loquai, formerly of Dimont, who was ruined by having a legacy bequeathed to him of two shares in the Ayr bank. His hopes on the present occasion are founded on a very distant relationship, upon his sitting in the same pew with the deceased every Sunday, and upon his playing at bridge with her regularly on the Saturday evenings—taking great care never to come off a winner. That other coarse-looking man, wearing his own grey hair tied in a leathern cue more greasy still, is a teabossist, a relation of Mrs. Bertram's mother, who, having a good stock in trade when the colonial war was at its height, rewarded the merchant of his town with a commission in all the world. Mrs. Bertram alone excepted, whose tortoise-shell snuff-box was weekly filled with the best rapping at the old prices, because the maid servant called "Cherry", who is responsible for her cousin Mr. Quid. That young fellow, who has not had the decency to put off his boots and buckskin, might have stood as forward as most of them under similar circumstances. A very good-looking and solemnly young man; but it is thought he has forfeited the moment of fortune, by sometimes neglecting her tea-table when solemnly invited; sometimes appearing too busy in the business-like to attend the funeral of the lady. Theحياء company; twice treading upon her cat's tail, and once affronting her parrot.

To Marning, the most interesting of the group was the deceased's favourite female attendant, who, drinking into a corner as soon as possible, she saw with wonder and affright the intrusive researches of the strangers amongst those recesse to which from childhood she had looked with awful veneration. This girl was regarded with an unfavourable eye by all the competitors, honest Dimont only excepted; the rest conceived they should find in her a formidable antagonist that could best entertain and diminish their chance of success. Yet she was the only person present who seemed really to feel sorrow for the deceased. Mrs. Bertram had been protected through these hours of voluntary mourning and her expressions of sympathy were forgotten at the moment while the tears flowed after each other fast down the cheeks of her frightened and friendless dependant. "There's o'er muckle salt water there, Drum-mag," said the teabossist to the ex-proprietor, "to bide ither folk muckle gude. Folk seldom gret that rate but ken what it's for." Mr. Mac-Casquil only replied with a nod, feeling the propriety of saying nothing in the presence of Mr. Pleydell and Colonel Marning.

"Very queer if there shall be nae will after a', friend," said Dimont, who began to grow impatient, "to the many of business affairs.

"A moment's patience, if you please—she was a good and prudent woman, Mrs. Margaret Bertram—a good and prudent and well-judging woman, and knew well her duties. She may have put her last will and testament, or rather her mortis causae settlement, as it relates to heritage, into the hands of some safe friend." "I don't suppose," said Pleydell, whispering to the Colonel, "he has got it in his own pocket yet"—then addressing the man of law, "Come, we'll cut this short if you please—here is a settled estate of several years' duration, in favour of Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan." The company stared fearfully wild. "You, I presume, Mr. Protocol, can inform us if there is a later deed?" "Please to favour me, Mr. Pleydell,"—and so saying, he took the deed out of the learned counsel's waistcoat pocket, and, on opening it, showed the underside of the document to the learned counsel. "Too cool," said Pleydell, "too cool by half—he has another deed in his pocket still." "Why does he not show it then, and be d—d to him?" said the military gentleman, whose patience began to wax threadbare.

"Why, how should I know?" answered the barister,—"why does a cat not kill a mouse when she takes him to her company. Protocol has a love of teasing, I suppose. Well, Mr. Protocol, what say you to that deed?"

"Why, Mr. Pleydell, the deed is a well-drawn deed, properly authenticated and tested in forms of the statute."

"But recalled or superseded by another of posterior date in your possession, eh?" said the counsellor. "Something of the sort I confess, Mr. Pleydell," rejoined the man of business, producing a bundle tied with tape, and sealed at each fold with a black wax. "That deed, Mr. Pleydell, which you cheerfully asked me to examine this morning, you now produce and formerly examined this afternoon—breaking the seals and unfolding the document slowly—"He dated the 20th—no, I see it is the 21st, of April of this present year, being ten years posterior."

"Marry, hang her, brock!" said the counsellor, borrowing an exclamation from Sir Tolyth Bech—"just the month in which Ellangowan's distresses became generally public. But let us hear what she has done."

Mr. Protocol accordingly having required silence, began to read the settlement aloud in a slow, steady, business-like style, which the listener had been in the habit of hearing, and which the counsel afterward repeated into his own ears, to catch the sense of the short sentences that he was intended to impress. He repeated it in a single tone, and in a style, and the visages of several of the hearers, which had attained a longitude that Mr. Mortlock might have envied, were perceptibly shortened, "in a style always in the uses, ends, and purposes herein after mentioned."

In these "uses, ends, and purposes," lay the cream of the affair. The first was introduced by a preamble setting forth, that the testatrix was linearly descended from the ancient house of Ellangowan, her respected great-grandfather, Henry Bertram, first of Singleside, of happy memory, having been second son to Allan Bertram, fifth of Allan Bertram. On his departure from the title, he was in a condition to state, that Henry Bertram, son and heir of Godfrey Bertram, now of Ellangowan, had been stolen from his parents in infancy, but that she, the testatrix, was well assured that he was not dead, and that the providence of heaven would be restored to the possession of his ancestors—in which case the said Peter Protocol was bound and obligated, like an hound and obliged himself, by acceptance of these presents, to dedicate himself of the said lands of Singleside and others, and of all the other effects thereby conveyed, excepting everything always useful or satisfactory to an end and in favour of the said Henry Bertram in his return to his native country. And during the time of his residing in foreign parts, or in case of his never again returning to Scotland, the said Peter Protocol, was directed to distribute the rents of the land, and interest of the other funds, deducting always
a proper gratification for his trouble in the premises, in equal portions, among four charitable establishments pointed out in the will. The power of management, of letting leases, of raising and lending such sums as the business would bear, was vested in this confidential trustee, and, in the event of his death, went to certain official persons named in the deed. There were only two legacies; one was a sum of money left to a lady, another of the like sum to Janet Gibson (whom the deed stated to have been supported by the charity of the testatrix) for the purpose of binding her an apprentice to some honest trade.

A settlement in Inverness is in Scotland termed a mortification, and in one great borough, Aberdon, (if I remember rightly,) there is a municipal officer who takes care of these public endowments, and is thence called the Besser of Mortification, or, as another of the like sum to Janet Gibson (whom the deed stated to have been supported by the charity of the testatrix) for the purpose of binding her an apprentice to some honest trade.

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GUY MANNERING.

I can't ask you home neither. Monday's a sacred day—so's Tuesday—and Wednesday we are to be heard in the great teind case in presence—but still—it's frosty weather, and if you don't leave town, and that venison would keep till Thursday—"

"You will dine with me that day?"

"Under no circumstances."

"Well, then, I will indulge a thought I had of spending a week here; and if the venison will not keep, why we will see what else our landlord can do for us."

"O, the venison will keep," said Pleydell; and now good by—look at these two or three notes, and deliver them if you like the addresses. I wrote them for you this morning—farewell, my clerk, has left me waiting this hour to begin a d—d information."—And he walked Mr. Pleydell with great activity, diving through closes and ascending covered stairs, in order the Stratae of Magellan are to the more open, but circumstaneous passage round Cape Horn.

On looking through the introduction which Pleydell had thrust into his hand, Mannerings was gratified with seeing that they were addressed to some of the first literary characters of Scotland.

"To Dr. Ferguson." "To Dr. Black." "To Lord Kames." "To Mr. Hutton." "To John Clerk, Esq. of Edin." "To Adam Smith, Esq." "To Dr. Robertson."

"Upon my word, my legal friend has a good selection of acquaintances—these are names pretty widely blown indeed—an East-Indian must rub up his faculties, and put his mind in order, before he enters this sort of society."

Mannerings gladly availed himself of these introductions; and we regret deeply, it is not in our power to give the account of the information which he received in admission to a circle never closed against strangers of sense and information, and which has perhaps at no period been equaled, considering the depth and variety of talent which it embraced, and concentrated.

Upon the Thursday appointed, Mr. Pleydell made his appearance at the inn where Colonel Mannerings lodged. The venison proved in high order, the claret excellent, and the learned council, a professor amiable in the affairs of the table, did distinguish me honour to both. I am uncertain, however, if even the good cheese gave him more satisfaction than the presence of Doctor Samson, an acquaintance of his own juridical style of wit, he contrived to extract great amusement, both for himself and one or two friends among whom the Colonel regaled on the same occasion. The lawyer afterwards answered to the insidious questions of the barrister, placed the bonhomie of his character in a more luminous point of view than Mannerings had yet seen it. Upon the same occasion he drew forth a strange quantity of miscellaneous and abstruse, though, generally speaking, useless learning. The lawyer afterwards compared his mind to the magazine of a pawn-broker, stored with goods of every description, but so cumbersomely piled together, and in such total disorganization, that the owner can never lay his hands upon any one article at the moment he has occasion for it.

As for the advocate himself, he afforded at least as much exercise to Samson as he extracted amuse-ment from him. When the man of law began to get into his animadversions, and his wit, naturally shrewd and dry, became more lively and poignant, the Dominie looked upon him with that sort of surprise with which we can conceive a tame bear might regard his future acquaintance, and would, naturally, on their first introduction to each other. It was Mr. Pleydell's delight to state in grave and serious argument some position which he knew the Dominie would be inclined to dispute. He then added the most exquisite parts of his work, with the most profound labour with which the honest man arranged his ideas for reply, and tasked his inert and sluggish powers to the board with so small wonder at a sight which many of them had never witnessed in their lives before.
bring up all the heavy artillery of his learning for de-
scious that the whiniest or horridest sneer, which had been stated—when, behold, before the ordinance
could be discharged, the foe had quitted the post, and
appeared in a new position of annoyance on the Do-
mand that the sight of it, if only an eye to look into it!
voice!"—when, marching up to the enemy in full con-
idence of victory, he found the field evacuated, and
it may be supposed that it cost him no little labour to
ascend. The story, however, is given in the words of an
Indian army," the Colonel said, "formidable by its
numerical strength and size of ordnance, but liable to
be thrown into irreparable confusion by a movement
to take them in flank. —On the whole, however, the
Dutch were in a crucial hour. Those mental
exortions, made at unusual speed and upon the
pressure of the moment, reckoned this one of the
white days of his life, and always mentioned Mr.
Peck, as a very erudite and faceious gentleman.
By degrees the rest of the party dropped off, and
left those three gentlemen together. Their conversa-
tion turned to Mrs. Bertram's settlements. Now
what could drive into the muddle of that old harri-
dan," said Pleydell, "to disinherit poor Lucy Bertram,
under pretence of settling her property on a boy who has
been so long dead and gone?—I ask your pardon, Mr. Smi-
th, for that was an outburst of old feeling for you— I
remember taking your examination upon it—and I never had
so much trouble to make any one speak three words consecutively—You may talk of
your cleverness with the Political Colonels.
—go to, I tell you this learned gentleman beats them all
tactfully—but the words of the wise are pre-
cious, and not to be thrown away lightly.
"Yet there was a moment, taking his blue-
chequed handkerchief from his eyes, "that was
a bitter day with me indeed; ay, and a day of grief hard
put to be borne—but He giveth strength who layeth on the
Colonel Mannerings took this opportunity to request
Mr. Pleydell to inform him of the particulars attend-
ing the loss of the boy; and the counsellor, who was
said of talking upon subjects of criminal jurispru-
dence, especially when connected with his own
experience, went through the circumstances at full
length. And what is your opinion upon the result
of the whole?"
"O, that Kennedy was mured-red; it's an old case
which has occurred on that coast before now—the
case of Smuggler versus Exciseman."
What then is your conjecture concerning the fate of
this boy?"
"O, mured-red too, doubtless," answered Pleydell,
"He was old enough to tell what he had seen, and
these ruthless smugglers would not scruple commit-
ting murder. He was shot to the head, and the
cause of the whole?"
"The Dominie groaned deeply, and ejaculated:
"Enormous!"
"The General's mention of gipsies in the business
was, said Mannerings, "and from what
that vulgar-looking fellow said after the funeral—a
Mrs. Margaret Bertram's idea that the child was
alive was founded upon the report of a gypsy," said
Pleydell, drawing at the half-spoken hint—"I envy
you the concatenation, Colonel—it is a shame to me
not to have drawn the same conclusion. We'll fol-
low up it. I'll put it up instantly—grievous, and
you go down to Liquor Wood's in the Cowgate; ye'll find
my clerk Driver; he'll be set down to High-Jinks by this
moment (for we and our remnants, Colonel, are
enough busy with our own irruptions); tell him to
come here instantly, and I will pay his forfeit."
"He won't appear in character, will he?" said
Mannerings.
"We shall know more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me," said Pleydell, "but we must have some news from the land of Egypt, if possible. O, if I had but hold of
the slightest thread of this complicated skein, you
should see how I would unravel it!—I would want
the advice of all my Bohemian acquaintance to
call
them, better than a Montoire, or a Plante de Tourn-
aille; I know how to manage a refractory witness."
While Mr. Pleydell was thus vainly shouting his
knowledge of his profession, the waiter re-entered
Mr. Driver, and the frog of the last draught of two-penny
ubsid on his upper lip, with such speed
obeyed the commands of his principal.—"Dri
must go instantly and find her, and find her,
old Mrs. Margaret Bertram's maid. Inquire
everywhere, but if you find it necessary to
course to Protocol, Quid the tocoaxian, or of
these folk, you will take care to appe
sell, but send some woman of your acquaintance
dare say you know enough that may be so
seeming as to oblige you. When you have
her out, engage her to come to my chambers
now at eight o'clock precisely.
"What shall I say to make her forthwith
asked the side-de-camp.
"Anything you choose," replied the lawyer
my business to take life for you, do you think
let her be in presentia by eight o'clock, as
said before." The clerk grinned, made his re
and exit.
"That's a useful fellow," said the counsel
don't believe his match ever carried a process
write to my dictating three nights in the wet
out sleep, or, what's the same thing, he
write after daylight when he would have had a
boy up. Then he's such a steady fellow—some of the
always changing their ale-houses, so that the
twenty cadies sweating after them, like they
needed capital bravery to keep them in
search of Sir John Fieldstaff. But this is a
plete fixture—he has his winter seat by his
summer seat by the window, in Luckie'
which said pax with the one on
image he's to be found at all times when he's off
in my opinion he never puts off his clothes or
sleep—siler ale supports him under every th
is meat, drink and comfort, bed, and wi.
"And is he always fit for duty upon a soud
out? I should distrust it, considering his qu
O, drink never disturbs him, Colonel;—for hours after he cannot
I re-
being called suddenly to draw an appeal case
been dining, and it was Saturday night, an
ill will to begin it—however, they got me
Clerihugh's, and there we sat until half past
rapt him here's under my belt, and then they pe
me to draw the paper. Then we had to seek
and it was all that two men could do to bear
for, when found, he was, as it happened, 
born of some scullion. But no such many
two between his fingers, his paper stretches
him, and he heard my voice, than he
gave no scrivener—and, excepting that we
have somebody to do a second job, I could
not see the standish, I never saw a thin
ed more handomely.

But how did your joint production look
morning?" said the Colonel.

"Wheugh! capital—not three words requir
altered? it was sent off by that day's post. B
The Tappit lion contained three quarts of claret
Wes she leed a twelvsh gls.

And just to see a Tappit Hose. I
have seen one of these formidable stumps at Provost
at Ediburgh, in the days of yore. It was a powder
one, being in ancient days served from the tap, an
figure of a man upon the lid. In later times, the same
as a glass bottle of the same dimensions. These are
itions among the degenerate vases of modern days.

The account given by Mr. Piccol, of his sitting
the midst of a reel to draw an appeal case, was
take
story told me by an actual witness; and
n the Dundee of Armathwaite, (father of the young
Reverend Lord Melville). It had been of the most very
distinguished lawyer was; but I'm convinced
ought be obtained in drawing an appeal case, which
ion for such an event was, as is commonly known, in
manner of great nicety. The Solicitor employed for
last, attended by my informants acting as his clerk, is
Lord Advocate, who sits in the Parliament House,
was it was Saturday at noon, the Court was just dismissed,
Advisor had an opinion that the committee of the House of Lords, as
and horses were at the foot of the close to en
Armathwaite. It was scarcely possible to get him to
word concerning the propinquity of the ugly agent, however, in
of taking one or two questions, which would not
del an hour, drew his Lordship who was no less as

GUY MANCINGER.

On the following day the new friends parted, and
the Colonel rejoined his family without any adven-
ture worthy of being detailed in these chapters.

CHAPTER XL.

Ovn narrative now recalls us for a moment to the
period when young Hazlewood received his wound.
That accident had no sooner happened, than the con-
sequences of it flashed upon Brown's mind. From the
manner in which the muzzle of the piece was pointed when it went off,
there was no great fear that the consequences would be
catastrophic. But an arrest in a strange country, and while
he was unprovided with any means of establishing his
rank and character, was at least to be avoided.

He therefore resolved to escape for the present to the
neighbouring coast of England, and to remain con-
ccealed till, if possible, until he should receive let-
ters from his regimental friends, and remittances from
his agent; and then to resume his own charac-
ter, and the name of Hazlewood, if his friends
would offer any explanation or satisfaction they might desire.

With this purpose he walked stoutly forward, after
leaving the spot where the accident had happened,
and reached within sight of his destination, the village which
he had called Portanferry, (but which the reader will
in vain seek for under that name in the county map.)
A large open boat was just about to leave the quay,
hounded for the little town in the farther land of Antrim, in Ulster.
In this vessel Brown embarked, and resolved to make
that place his temporary abode, until he
should receive letters and money from England.

On the course of the port vessel he entered into some conversation with the steersman, who was also
owner of the boat, a jolly old man, who had occasion-
ally been engaged in the smuggling trade, like many
fishers on the coast. After talking about ob-
jects of less interest, Brown endeavoured to turn
the discourse toward the Mannerings family.
The sailor had heard of the attack upon the house at Wood-
bourne, but disapproved of the smugglers' proceed-

1 Hands off is fair play; zounds, they'll bring the whole
country down upon them—na, na! when I was in
that way I played at skiff-gaff with the officers—
when they had a round jest, they was black and
white; there another carried clean through, that was mine—
na, na! hawks shouldna pike out hawks een.

"And this Colonel Manning?" said Brown.

"That's a na good name to me," said the
fisher, "but tell me why you blame me for
what I did for saving the gentry's lives—that
was very right; but it wanna like a gentleman to
fight among the poor folk's people and brandy
keys, however, he's a grand man and an officer
man, and they do what they like wi' the like o' us,"

"And his daughter," said Brown, with a throbbing
heart, "is going to be married into a great fa-
ty too, as I have heard."

"What, into the Hazlewoods?" said the pilot.

"Na, na, that's but idle clashes—every Sabbath day,
as regularly as it came round, did the young man ride
hanging round the little town of the latter's birth—there
my daughter Peggy's in the service up at Wood-
bourne, and she says she's sure young Hazlewood
thinks no man of Miss Manning than you do.

But confidingly concurring in his own precipitate adoption of
a contrary belief, Brown yet heard with delight that the
suspicions of Julia's fidelity, upon which he had so
 rashly acted, were probably void of foundation.

I know Miss Manning in India, and did
at present in an inferior rank of life, I
reason to hope she would intercede in
favour. I had a quarrel unfortunately
father, who was my commanding officer,
sure the young lady would endeavour
him to mercy. Perhaps her daughter's
letter to her upon the subject, without in
chief between her father and her?"

The old man, a friend to smuggling,
readily answered for the letter's being
sent secretly delivered; and, accordingly, so
arrived at Allony, Brown wrote to Miss
stating the utmost contrition for what he
through his negligence, and offering her an
opportunity of pleading his own
obtaining forgiveness for his indiscretion.
he to go into any detail circumstances by which she had been
upon the whole endeavoured to express his
such ambiguity, that if the letter should
wrong hands, it would be difficult either
stand its guilt that subject or react upon a
letter the old man undertook faithfully to
daughter at Woodbourne; and, as his
speedily again bring him or his boat to
promised him to. And, he promised her,
which the young lady might instigate him.

And now our persecuted traveller landed
and sought for such accommodations as
his temporary suit his means. Poverty
remaining as much unnoticed as possible.
view he assumed the name and address
friend Dudley, having command enough
and to vest his pride in that of his
the name and address of Miss Manning
of Allony. His baggage he pretended to of
Wigtown; and keeping himself as much as
possible, awaited the return of the
letters he had sent to the
Dundee-Colonel. From the first he reques-
paid of money; he conjured Delamer, if he
join him in Scotland; and from the Lieu-
then he required such treatment as his rank
in the regiment, as should place him as a
officer in the question. The inconvenience of being
Dundee-Colonel. From the first he reques-
paid of money; he conjured Delamer, if he
join him in Scotland; and from the Lieu-

It must be observed, in excuse of his con-
ents, that the post was then much more
since Mr. Palmer's ingenious invention
place, and with respect to his
families usually remained for a
rare day, having no doubt that, being
with seventy miles of his residence, he should
speedily as well as favourably answer his
are of practical utility in such mysterious
stated, to his having been robbed after his
And then, with impatience enough, thou
any serious apprehension, he waited the
these various letters.

You have acted with the most cruel in
you have shown how little I can trust to
raisons that my peace and happiness are d

You have acted with the most cruel in
you have shown how little I can trust to
raisons that my peace and happiness are d
and your rashness has nearly occasioned the death of a young man of the highest worth and honour. May he say, as I said, that he has been my self very ill in consequence of your violence, and its effects? And, alas! I need say still further, that I have thought anxiously upon them as they are likely to affect you, although you have seen me such slender evidence for ventures of this nature. The C. is gone from home for several days; Mr. H. is almost quite recovered; and I have reason to think that the blame is laid in a quarter different from that where it is deserved. Yet do not think of venturing here. Our fate has been crossed by accidents of a nature too violent and terrible to permit me to think of renewing a correspondence which has so often threatened the most dire result. Farewell, therefore, and believe that no one can wish your happiness more sincerely than "J. M."

This letter contained that species of advice, which is frequently given for the precise purpose that it may lead to a directly opposite conduct from that which it recommends. At least so thought Brown, who immediately told the young fisherman if he came from Portaferry.

"Ay," said the lad; "I am said Willie Johnstone's son, and I got that letter from my sister Peggy, who's married to Lewis Donegall."

"My good friend, when do you sail?"

"With the tide this evening."

"I'll return with you; but as I do not desire to go to Portaferry, I could put me on shore somewhere on the coast."

"We can easily do that," said the lad.

Although the price of provisions &c. was then very moderate, and the advantages of his living, together with that of a change of dress, which safety as well as a proper regard to his external appearance rendered necessary, brought Brown's reason into a strong decision, he directed me to the post-office that he should be forwarded to Kippeltrigan, whither he resolved to proceed, and retain the treasure which he had deposited in the hands of Mrs. Mac-Candish. He also felt it would be his duty to assume his proper character as soon as he should receive the necessary evidence for supporting it, and, as an officer in the king's service, give and receive every explanation which might be necessary with young Mr. Lewis. When he arrived at Kippeltrigan, his first care was to find and purchase as much bark as he could. He intended to make a boat of that kind, which he was told could not damp and shake, and, besides, he was more embarking on the Solway firth. The wind was adverse, and attended by some rain, and they struggled against it without much assistance from the tide. The boat was held together by a rope of iron. After they had spent the whole night upon the firth, they were at morning sight of a beautiful bay upon the Scottish coast. The weather was now more mild. The wind had been fresh and busy; it had given way entirely under the fresh gale of the proceeding night. The more distant hills, indeed, remained their snowy mantle, but all the open country was cleared, unless where a few white patches indicated that it had been drifted to an uncommon depth. Even under its wintry appearance, the shore was highly interesting. The line of sea-coast, with all its various forms and features, swept away from the sight on either hand, in that varied, minute, yet graceful and easy line, which the eye loves so well to pursue. And it was no less relieved and diversified by the different forms of the shore; the beach in some places being bordered by steep rocks, and in others rising smoothly from the sands in easy and swelling slopes. Building..."
of necessities which he had been obliged to purchase at Allony, was left on the rocks beneath the ruin.

And thus, unconscious as the most absolute stranger, and in circumstances, which, if not destitute, were highly embarrassing; without even the countenance of a friend within the circle of several hundred miles; accused of a heavy crime, and, what was as bad as all the rest, being nearly penniless and the hard-won wares of the result added, after the toils and labours of so many years, approach the remains of the castle, where his ancestors had exercised all but regal dominion.

CHAPTER XLII.

Yes, ye moss-green walls,
Ye towers defences, I revisit ye,
Beneath the arches where your trophies now? (1)
Your towered courts, the tytulla, the tumult.
That spoke the grandeur of my house, the homage Of neighbouring Baronies—Mysteries Maker.

Entering the castle of Ellangowan by a postern door-way, which showed symptoms of having been once secured with the most jealously care, Brown (whom, since he had set foot upon the property of his father, he had never be called the castle of Bertram) wandered from one ruined apartment to another, surprised at the massive strength of some parts of the building, the rude and impressive magnificence of the fragments of the walls and towers and gates, and of the remains of the ruined castle in his new edifice. In two of these rooms, close beside each other, he saw signs of recent habitation. In one small apartment were empty bottles, half-gnawed bones, and dirt and filth on the floor. In the next, which a strong door, then left open, he observed a considerable quantity of straw, and in both were the relics of recent fires. Hereupon, with a current of suspicion and a presentiment that such trivial circumstances were closely connected with incidents affecting his prosperity, his honour, perhaps his life.

At satisfying his curiosity by a hasty glance through the interior of the castle, Bertram now advanced through the great gate-way which opened to the land, and paused to look upon the noble landscape which it commanded. Having in vain endeavoured to guess the position of Woodburne, and having nearly ascertained that of Kippletringan, he turned to take a parting look at the gate-way which he had just traversed. He admired the massive charm of the superb tower, the height of the arch, the strength of the stones, the height of the tower, and the weight and beauty of the stonework, and the beauty of the stones of the ruined castle in his new edifice. According to the ancient custom of the old castle of Ellangowan, by which the ancient castle was supposed to be an ancient castle, and that, having no great pleasure in the remains of the stranger till he was close upon him.

"Yes, sir, as I have often said before to you, the Old Place is not a great quantity of land, but would be better for the estate if it were all down, since it is only a den for smugglers." At this instant Bertram turned short round upon Glossin at the distance of two yards only, and said—"Would you destroy this fine old castle, sir?"

His face, person, and voice, were so exactly those of his father in his best days, that Glossin, hearing his exclamation, and seeing such a sudden appearance in the town, left the spot where he had stood, and in no hurry, and in no hurry, and in no hurry, went in the direction of the castle and met the very spot where he had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, almost thought the grave had been asked, 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scenes of his infancy, and, on the other, compelled to be extremely cautious in his replies, lest he should say anything that would be a source of mortification to the slumbering train of association. He suffered, indeed, during the whole scene, the agonies which he so richly deserved; yet his pride and integrity, like the finest grains of a North American Indian, enabled him to sustain the tortures inflicted at once by the contending satellite of a guilty conscience, of hatred, of fear, and of suspicion.

"My name is Glossin," said Bertram, "of the family to whom this stately ruin belongs?"

"It is my property, sir; my name is Glossin."

Glosin—Glosin?" repeated Bertram, as if the answer were quite different from what he expected; "I beg your pardon, Mr. Glosin; I am apt to be very absent.—May I ask if the castle has been long in your family?"

"Yes, sir, said Bertram, "which is upon that scroll above the entrance gates and encircles the arms.

"Yes, sir, I really do not exactly know," replied Glosin.

"I should be apt to make it out, Our Right makes our Might.

"I believe it is something of that kind," said Glosin.

"May I ask, sir," said the stranger, "if it is your family motto?"

"N—no—no—no ours. That is, I believe, the motto of the former people—mine is—mine is—in fact I have had some correspondence with Mr. Cumming of Lorn, a nobleman about mine. He writes me the Glosinis anciently bore for a motto, 'He who takes it, makes it.'"

"If there be any uncertainly, sir, and the case were merely a matter of arms, which seems to me the better of the two."

Bertram, whose tongue by this time cove to the root of his mouth, only answered by a nod.

"It is old enough," said Bertram, fixing his eye upon the hand, and gato-way, and addressing Glosin, partly as they were thinking aloud—"it is old tracks which our memory plays upon. The remnants of an old prophecy, or song, or rhyme, of some kind from other records and the legend concerning that motto—it is a strange jangle of sounds:

'The dark shall be light,
And the wrong made right.'

When Bertram's right and Bertram's might shall meet on:

I cannot remember the last line—on some particular light—Arising is the rhyme, I am sure; but I cannot hit upon the preceding word.

'Confound your memory,' muttered Glosin; 'you remember by far too much of it!'

There are other rhymes connected with these early traditions of the castle, of which I have no recollection, so that I cannot tell you any more.

"I could sing such a ballad," said Bertram, "from end to another, when I was a boy. You must know I left Scotland, which is my native country, very young, and those who brought me up discouraged all my attempts to preserve recollection of my native land, on account, I believe, of a boyish wish which allied itself to the kind of interest which pervades young men; and which, very different from the round bold bullying voice with which he usually spoke. Indeed his appearance and demeanour during all this conversation seemed to diminish even his strength and stature; so that he appeared to wither into the shadow of himself, now advancing, now retreating, now stooping and wriggling his shoulders, now fumbling with the buttons of his waistcoat, now clapping his hands together,—in short, he was the picture of a mean-spirited水务 of the day."

To these appearances Bertram was totally indifferent, being dragged on as it were by the current of his own associations. Indeed, although he addressed Glosin—Glosin—Glosin again, it was in the capacity of the judge, as arguing upon the embarrassing state of his own feelings and recollection. "Yes," he said, "I preserved my language among the sailors, most of whom spoke English, and when I could get into a corner by myself, I used to sing that song over from beginning to end—I have forgot it all now—but I remember the tune well, though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recall it to my memory."

He took his flageolet from his pocket, and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel, who, close to Bertram, turned aside and perceived something about him, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen. She immediately took up the song.

"Auster the Links of Forth, she said,
Or are they the crooks of Dee,
Or the upper woods of Warrock-head?
The wind would soon cease."

"By Heaven," said Bertram, "it is the very ballad! I must learn these words from the girl."

Confusion! thought Glosin; if I cannot put a stop to this, all will be out. O the devil take all ballads, and ballad-makers, and ballad-singers! and d—d jade too, to set up her pipe!—You will have time enough for this on some other occasion," he said aloud; "at present"—(for now he saw his emissary with the same remark) "that I had, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen. She immediately took up the song.

"As the Links of Forth, she said,
Or are they the crooks of Dee,
Or the upper woods of Warrock-head?
The wind would soon cease."

"By Heaven," said Bertram, "it is the very ballad! I must learn these words from the girl."

Confusion! thought Glosin; if I cannot put a stop to this, all will be out. O the devil take all ballads, and ballad-makers, and ballad-singers! and d—d jade too, to set up her pipe!—You will have time enough for this on some other occasion," he said aloud; "at present"—(for now he saw his emissary with the same remark) "that I had, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen. She immediately took up the song.

"Auster the Links of Forth, she said,
Or are they the crooks of Dee,
Or the upper woods of Warrock-head?
The wind would soon cease."

"By heaven," said Bertram, turning short upon him, and not liking the tone which he made use of.

"Why, sir, as to that—I believe your name is Brown," said Glosin.

"And what of that, sir?"

Glosin looked over his shoulder to see how near his party had approached; they were coming fast on.

"Vanbeest Brown? If I mistake not."

"And what of that, sir?" said Bertram, with increasing asperity. "Any acquaintance you have with me, I respect no more."

"Why, in that case," said Glosin, observing his friends had now got upon the level space close beside them,—"in that case you are my prisoner in the king's name!"—At the same time he stretched his hand towards Bertram's collar, while two of the men who had come up seized upon his arms; he shook himself, however, free of their grasp by a violent effort, in which he pitched the most pernicious down the bank, and, drawing his cutlass, stood on the defensive, while those who had felt his strength recoiled from his presence, and gazed at a safe distance. "Observe," he called out at the same time, "that I have no purpose to resist legal authority; satisfy me that you have a magistrate's warrant, and are authorized to make this arrest, and I will obey it quietly; but let no man who loves his life venture to approach me, till I am satisfied for what crime, and by whose authority, I am apprehended."

Glosin then caused one of the officers to show a warrant for the apprehension of Vanbeest Brown, accused of the crime of wilfully and maliciously shooting at Charles Hazwood, younger of Hazwood, with an intent to kill, and also of other crimes and misdemeanors; which warrant, having been so apprehended, to be brought before the next magistrate for examination. The warrant being formal, and the fact such as he could not deny, Bertram threw himself upon the tender mercies of the officers, who, flying on him with exasperation and responding to their former pusillanimity, were about to load him with irons, alleging the strength and
activity which he had displayed, as a justification of his conduct. But Glossin was astounded or afraid, and he permitted this unnecessary insult, and directed the prisoner to be treated with all the decency, and even respect, that was consistent with safety. Afraid, however, in giving the new body arms to the Nova Scotia badge depending from the shield.

Sir Robert Haslwood of Haslwood returns Mr. G. Glossin's compliments, and thanks him for the trouble he has taken in preparing the examination for which he should receive from the Baronet. In about half an hour his servant returned with the following answer, handsomely folded, and sealed with the Haslwood seal.

"SIR ROBERT HASLWOOD, BRITISH BARONET,

"To Mr. Gilbert Glossin,  

"SIR ROBERT HASLWOOD, BRITISH BARONET,

"I have the honor to inform you that Mr. G. Glossin has been engaged by the Baronet to be his legal adviser in a matter which has been referred to him by the Baronet. I am, therefore, in a position to inform you that Mr. G. Glossin is the person who is to conduct the examination of the prisoner."

Addressed,

"Mr. GILBERT GLOSSIN, Esq.,

"Haslwood-House, near

"Mr. GILBERT GLOSSIN, Esq.,

"Haslwood-House, near

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and courtesy with which he could waive it, and de-
scend to the level of ordinary conversation with ordi-
nary men. Mr. Glossin, in short, is a gentleman of a
manner in which "young Hazlewood" was so inter-
mixedly concerned, and, pointing to his family pic-
tures, observed, with a gracious smile, "Indeed these
vows of mine: and I assure you, Mr. Glossin, do much ob-
good as I am in this case, for the labour, pains, care,
and trouble which you have taken in their behalf;
and I have no doubt, were they capable of expres-
sing themselves, would join me, sir, in thanking you for
the favour, you have conferred upon the house of
Hazlewood, by taking care, and trouble, sir, and in-
terest, in behalf of the young gentleman who is to
enjoy this influence.

Thrice bowed Glossin, and each time more pro-
foundly than before; once in honour of the knight
who stood upright before him, once in respect to the
acquaintances who patiently hung upon the wain-
scot, and a third time in deference to the young
 gentleman who was to carry on the name and family.

"Admirer as he was, Sir Robert was gratified by the
honours which he rendered, and proceeded, in a tone of
gracious familiarity: "And now, Mr. Glossin, my
exceeding good friend, you must allow me to avail
myself of your knowledge of law in our proceedings
in this case. I must premise that the law, as a body of
action such as a justice of the peace; it must better with other
gentlemen, whose domestic and family affairs require
less constant superstition, attention, and ma-
enagement.

Of course, whatever small assistance Mr. Glossin
could render was entirely at Sir Robert Hazlewood's
service; but, as Sir Robert Hazlewood's name stood
high in the list of the family, the voice of Mr. Glossin
could not presume to hope it could be either neces-
sary or useful.

"Why, my good sir, you will understand me only too
accurately. I do not lay claim to a knowledge of the prac-
tical knowledge of the ordinary details of justice-
business. I was indeed educated to the bar, and
might boast perhaps at one time, that I had made
more of the abstruse and speculative, and abstract,
and abstruse doctrines of our municipal code; but there is
in the present day so little opportunity of a man of
fortune and fortune rising to that eminence at the bar,
which is attained by adventurers who are as willing
as I am to zeal for John a Nokes as for the first noble of
the land, that I was really early disgusted with prac-
tice. The first case, indeed, which was laid on my table,
was not one of trespass respecting a bargain, such as
a tallow, between a butcher and a candle-maker; and
I found it was expected that I should grease my
mouth, not only with their vulgar names, but with all
those that have been overspread with the
name of their dirty arts. Upon my honour, my good
sir, I have never been able to bear the smell of a tallow-
candle since."

Prying, as seemed to be expected, the mean use to
which the Baronet's faculties had been degraded on
this melancholy occasion, Mr. Glossin offered to
official as clerk or assessor, or in any way in which he
"should be most useful. "And with a view to pos-
sessing you of the whole business, and in the first
place there will, I believe, be no difficulty in proving
the main fact, that this was the person who fired the
unlawful shot. Should he deign it, it can be proved
by Mr. Hazlewood, I presume?"

"Young Hazlewood is not at home to-day, Mr.
Glossin; "But we can have the oath of the servant who
attended him," said the ready Mr. Glossin; "Indeed
I hardly think the fact will be disputed. I am more
conscious, that, from the too favourable and in-
justifiable belief that Mr. Hazlewood has been pleased to
represent the business, the assault may be considered as accidental, and the
injury, as unintentional, so that the fellow may be
finally set at liberty to do more mischief."

"I have not the honour to know the gentleman
who now holds the office of king's advocate," re-
plied Sir Robert, gravely; "but I presume, sir,
may say, that the boatman, that got the man, has
the right of having wounded young Hazlewood of Hazle-
wood, even by inadvertency, to take the matter in
his mildest and gentlest, and in its most favourable
light and impression, and in the most easy manner
of deportment.

"Indeed, Sir Robert," said his amnesting brother in
justice, "I am one of your own; but I don't
know how it is, I have observed the Edinburgh gentle-
men of the bar, and even the officers of the crown,
pique themselves upon an indifferently administration
of justice, without respect to rank and family; and
I should fear—"

"How, sir, without respect to rank and family? Will
you tell me that doctrine can be held by men of
birth and blood? Impossible! No, even if the
street is termed mere picketry, but is elevated
into sacrifice if the crime be committed in a church.
so, according to the just gradations of society, the
guilt of an injury is enhanced by the rank of the per-
son to whom it is offered, done, or perpetrated, sir."

Glossin bowed low to this declaration as cathedra,
but observed, that in case of the very worst, and of
such unnatural doctrines being actually held as he
had already hinted, "the law had another hold on
Mr. Vanbeest Brown!"

"Vanbeest Brown! Is that the lad's name? Good
God, Mr. Glossin! young Hazlewood of Hazlewood
should have had his life endangered, the clavicle of
his right shoulder considerably lacerated and dis-
lodged, several large drops or slugs deposed in the
common channel, the arterial supply of his right
arm expressed bears, and all by an obscure wretch
named Vanbeest Brown!"

"Why, really, Sir Robert, it is a thing which one
cannot easily bear, but, beginning ten thou-
sand pardons for resuming what I was about to say,
a person of the same name is, as appears from three
papers, (producing Dirck Hatterick's pocket-book,)
that freebooter who offended Mr. Glossin in the
viciousness of his pursuits and those of a young
laundress at Woodbourne, and I have no doubt that this
is the same individual; which, however, your acute
discrimination will easily be able to ascertain."

"The same, my good sir, he must assuredly be—it
would be injustice even to the meanest of the people,
to suppose there could be found among them two
persons doomed to bear a name so shocking to one's
ears as that of Vanbeest Brown."

"True, Sir Robert; most unquestionably; there
cannot be a shadow of doubt of it. But you see fur-
ther, that this circumstance accounts for the man's
desperate flight, the child's desperate flight, the
motive for his crime—you, sir, will discover it
without difficulty, on your giving your mind to the
examination; for my part, I cannot help suspecting
it had something to do with the devotion of the
infantry with which Mr. Hazlewood, with all the spir-
it of his renowned forefathers, defended the house
at Woodbourne against this villain and his lawless
companions."

"I will inquire into it, my good sir," said the learned
Baronet. "Yet even now I venture to conjecture that
I shall adopt the solution or explanation of this
riddle, epigen, or mystery, which you have in some
degree thus started. Yes; revenge it must be—and,
good Heaven! entertained by and against whom?—
tertained, fostered, cherished, against young Ha-
klewood of Hazlewood, and in part carried into
effect, executed, and implemented, by the hand of Van-
beest Brown! These are dreadful days indeed, my
worthy neighbour (this epithet indicated a rapid ad-
vance in the Baronet's good graces)—days when the
bulwarks of society are shaken to their mighty base,
and that rank, which forms, as it were, its highest
grace and ornament, is mingled and confused with
the viler and more meaner orders of men. That Mr.
Gilbert Glossin, in my time, sir, the use of swords
and pistols, and such honourable arms, was reserved
by the nobility and gentry to themselves, and the dis-
advantages and duties of the civil profession to
those which nature had given them, or by cudgels cut,
broken, or hewed out of the next wood. But now,
sir, the clouted shoe of the peasant galls the knee
of the courtier, and the mark of having wounded
young Hazlewood of Hazle-

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which they must bring, forsooth, to fatal arbitlement. But what, will you? Well, lost my time—let us have it in this fellow, the Vanbeck Brown, and make an end of it at least for the present."

CHAPTER XLIII.

'Twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which returned,
Like a pestilence lighted into the bosom
Of him gave it to. Yet I hope his hurt
Is not so dangerous but he may recover.

Fair Maid of the Inn.

The prisoner was now presented before the two worshipful magistrates. Grosset, partly from some compunctious visitings, and partly out of his cautious resolution to suffer Sir Robert Hazlwood to be the ostensible manager of the whole examination, looked down upon the table, and busied himself with reading and arranging the papers respecting the business, only now and then throwing in a skilful catchword as prompter, when he saw the principal, and apparently most important, witness of the affair, stand in need of a hint. As for Sir Robert Hazlwood, he assumed on his part a happy mixture of the austerity of the justice, combined with the display of personal dignity appointed as a deposit of another party.

"There, constables, let him stand there at the bottom of the table. Be so good as look me in the face, sir, and raise your voice as you answer the questions which I may go to ask you to put," said the prisoner; "for the honest gentlemen who have brought together this sort of interjunctial whips, in a nodding and standing the difficulty, not have been furnished to answer any information upon that point."

"And pray, sir," answered Sir Robert, "what has your name and quality to do with the questions I am about to ask you to put?"

"Nothing, perhaps, sir," replied Bertram; "but it may considerably influence my disposition to answer them."

"Why, then, sir, you will please to be informed that you are in presence of Sir Robert Hazlwood of Hazlwood, and another justice of peace for this county—that's all."

From this intimacy produced a less stunning effect upon the prisoner than he had anticipated, Sir Robert proceeded in his investigation with an increasing dislike to the object of it.

"Is your name Vanbeck Brown, sir?"

"It is," answered the prisoner.

"So far well—and how are we to design you further, sir?" demanded the magistrate.

"Captain in his majesty's—regiment of horse," answered Bertram.

The Baronet's ears received this intimation with astonishment; but he was refreshed in courage by an incredulous look from Grosset, and by hearing him gently utter a sort of interjunctional whisper, in a nodding of surprise and contempt. "I believe, my friend," said Sir Robert, "we shall find you, before we part, a more humble title."

"If you do," replied the prisoner, "I shall willingly submit to any punishment which such an impertinent shall be thought to deserve."

"Well, sir, we shall see," continued Sir Robert.

"Do you mean," said the Baronet, "young Hazlwood?"

"I never saw the gentleman who I am informed bears that name excepting once, and I regret that it was under very unpleasant circumstances."

"Do you, sir, in the present young Hazlwood?"

"I have never been to the town," replied Bertram.

"I thought as much," said Sir Robert.—"Were you not during that night—in the ruins of Dernecleugh?"

"I have never been to the town," said Bertram.

"Do you intend answering that question?"

"Yes, sir, and you Vanbeck Brown who is there mentioned?"

It must be remarked, that Grosset had shuffled among the papers some writings which really did belong to Bertram, which family had lost during several large drops or slugs in the acrobatic process."

Why, sir," replied Bertram, "I can only say I am equally ignorant of and sorry for the extent of the damage as your family sustained. I met him in a narrow path, walking with two ladies and a servant, and before I could either pass them or address them, this young Hazlwood took his gun from his servant, presented it against my body, and commanded me in the most haughty tone to stand and address him. I had to submit to his authority, or to leave him in possession of the means to injure me, which he seemed disposed to use with such rashness. I therefore closed with him for the purpose of disarming him; and just as I had nearly effected my purpose, the piece went off accidentally, and, to my great regret then and since, inflicted upon the young gentleman a serious chastisement than I desired, though I am glad to understand it is like to prove no more than his unprovoked folly deserved."

"And so, sir," said the Baronet, every feature swoln with offended dignity,—"You, sir, admit, sir, that it was your purpose, sir, and your intention, sir, and the reason, sir, to arm young Hazlwood of Hazlwood of his gun, sir, or his fowling-piece, or his fusil, or whatever you please to call it, sir, upon the king's highway, sir?—I think this will do, my worthy neighbour! I think he should stand committed?"

"You are by far the best judge, Sir Robert," said Grosset, in his most instructing tone; "but if I might presume to hint, there was something about these smugglers."

"Very true, good sir.—And besides, sir, you, Vanbeck Brown, who call yourself a captain in his majesty's service, would not be better or worse than a rascally mate of a smuggler!"

"Really, sir," said Bertram, "you are an old gentleman, and acting under some strange delusion, otherwise I should not have said this angry word."

"Old gentleman, sir! Strange delusion, sir!" said Sir Robert, colouring with indignation. "I protest and declare—Why, sir, have you any papers or letters that can establish your pretended rank, and estate, and commission?"

"None at present, sir," answered Bertram; "but in the return of a post or two."

"And how do you, sir," continued the Baronet, "if you be a captain in his majesty's service, how do you chance to be travelling in Scotland without letters of introduction, credentials, baggage, or any thing belonging to your pretended rank, estate, and condition, as I said before?"

"Sir," replied the prisoner, "I had the misfortune to be robbed of my clothes and baggage."

"Oho! then you are the gentleman who took a post-chaise from — to Kipplingtanach, gave the boy the slip on the road, and sent two of your accomplices to beat the boy and bring away the baggage?"

"I was, sir, in a carriage as you describe, was obliged to alight, and I tell you, and I entreat you to enquire of the road to Kipplingtanach. The landlord of the inn will inform you that on my arrival there the next day, my first inquiries were after the boy."

"Then give me leave to ask where you spent the night—not in the snow, I presume? you do not suppose that will pass, or be taken, credited, and received?"

"I beg leave," said Bertram, his recollection turning to the gipsy female, and to the promise he had given her, "I beg leave to decline answering that question."

"I thought as much," said Sir Robert.—"Were you not during that night in the ruins of Dernecleugh? —in the ruins of Dernecleugh, sir?"

"I have never been to the town," said Bertram.

"Do you intend answering that question?"
established fully. They are mingled with ship-accounts and other papers, belonging apparently to a range of the same name.

"And wilt thou attempt to persuade me, friend," exclaimed Sir Robert, "that there are two persons in this country, at the same time, of that very uncommon and very pronounced sounding name?"

"I really do believe there are," said an old Haselwood and a young Haslewedge, why there should not: an old and a young Vanbeest Robert. And, to do him justice, I was educated in Holland, and I saw that this name, however unsonorous it may sound, is British ears."—

Glossin, conscious that the prisoner was now out to enter upon dangerous ground, interfered, sought the intervention was unnecessary, for the purpose of diverting the attention of Sir Robert Haslewood, who was speechless and motionless with astonishment at the preposterous comparison implied by Bertram's last question. In fact, the veins of his nostril and of his temples swelled almost to bursting, and he sat with the indignant and disconcerted look of one who has received a mortal insult from a man of his rank, as he is now at Nottingham. The courageous make no reply. While with a bent brow and an angry eye he was drawing in his breath slowly and intently, and putting forth again with deep and measured steps, it leaped upon his countenance. I should think now, Sir Robert, with great submission, that this matter may be closed. One of the stablers, besides the pregnant proof already produced by the prisoner, showed me the day on which the prisoner was that morning confined (while using the mail advertised), and in a legal and warrant was annexed, a letter from him in a fray between the officers and persons to their attitude upon Vooodleburn. And yet," he added, "I would not give any rash construction upon that letter; perhaps the young man can explain how he happened to write that in that state of mind.

"That question, sir," said Bertram, "I shall also answer, sir."—

"There is yet another circumstance to be inquired into, always under Sir Robert's leave," intimated Glossin. "This prisoner has put into the hands of Mrs. Mac-Canfield of Kippeltrum, a parcel containing a variety of gold coins and valuable articles of different kinds. Perhaps, Sir Robert, you might think it right to ask me any property of a description which seldom occurs?"

"You, sir, Mr. Vanbeest Brown, sir, you hear the answer, sir, which the gentleman asks you?"

"I would rather decline to answer that question," answered Bertram.

"Then I am afraid, sir," said Glossin, who had sought matters to the point he desired to reach, "there is no ground for the necessity to sign an warrant of committal."

"As you please, sir," answered Bertram; "take me, however, what you do. Observe that I know not what Mr. Vanbeest Brown means, and that I am just returned from India, and therefore cannot possibly be connected with any of the contraband traders you talk of; that my Lieutenant, Major, with the officers of my corps, at Kingston-upon-THAMES, I offer before you both to submit to any degree of ignorance, if, within the return of the Lieutenant-Colonel, I am able to establish these points. Or you may write to the regiment, if you please and—"

"This is all very well, sir," said Glossin, beginning to feel the firm resolution of Bertram could make some impression on Sir Robert, who would almost have died of shame at committing such an absurdity as sending a captain of horse to jail!—"This is all very well, sir, but there is no person who could refer to?"

"There are only two persons in this country who may any thing of me," replied the prisoner. "One is a plain Liddesdale shepherd, named Dinmont Conner, and the other is a tradesman, whom I was supposed to be a farmer, and whom I told him, and what I now tell you."

"Why, this is well enough, Sir Robert!" said Glossin. "I suppose he would bring forward this skill-mouthed fellow to give his oath of credulity, Sir Robert, ha, ha, ha!"—

"And what is your other witness, sir," said the Baronet.

"A gentleman whom I have some reluctance to mention, because of certain private reasons, under whose grace and protection I am safe in India, and who is too much a man of honour to refuse his testimony to my character as a soldier and gentleman."

"And who is this doughty witness, pray, sir?" said Sir Robert, "a half-pay quartermaster or sergeant, I suppose?"

"Colonel Guy Mannerings, late of the — regiment, in which, as I told you, I have a troop."

Colonel Guy Mannerings! thought Glossin,—who the devil could have guessed this?—

"Colonel Guy Mannerings!" echoed the Baronet, and I am ready," mumbled in his opinion,—"My good sir! —apart to Glossin, "the young man, with a dreadful plebeian name, and a good deal of modest assurance, has nevertheless something of the tone, and manners, and feeling of a gentleman. I have lived in good society—they do give commissions very loosely, and carelessly, and inaccurately, in India—I think we had better pause, till Colonel Mannerings shall return; and, by the way, I have not seen him for a long time."

"You are in every respect the best judge, Sir Robert," answered Glossin, "in every possible respect. I would only submit to you, that we are certainly hard put to it to decide whether the commission which cannot be satisfied by proof, and that we shall incur a heavy responsibility by detaining him in private custody, without committing him to a public trial, which we are absolutely sure, you are the best judge, Sir Robert; and I would only say, for my own part, that I very lately incurred severe censure by detaining a man in a place in which I thought perfectly secure, and under whose custody of the best officers. The man made his escape, and I have no doubt my own character for attention and circumspection as a magistrate has in some degree suffered—I only hint this—I will join in any step you, Sir Robert, think most advisable."

But Mr. Glossin was well aware that such a hint was of power sufficient to decide the motions of his self-importance, but not self-relying colleague. So that Sir Robert Haslewood summed up the business of the following day, which proceeded partly upon the superscription of the prisoner being really a gentleman, and partly upon the opposite belief that he was a villain—Sir, Mr. Vanbeest Brown,—I would call you Captain Brown if there was the least reason, or cause, or grounds to suppose that you are a captain, or had a troop in the very respectable corps you mention, or indeed in any corps in his majesty's service, to which circumstance I beg to be understood to give no positive, settled, or unalterable judgment, declaration, or opinion. I say therefore, sir, Mr. Brown, we have determined, considering the unpleasant predicament in which you now stand, having been robbed, as you say, an asssertion to which I suspend my opinion, and being possessed of much and valuable treasure, I am with the officers of my corps, at Kingston-upon-THAMES, offer before you both to submit to any degree of ignorance, if, within the return of the Lieutenant-Colonel, I am able to establish these points. Or you may write to the regiment, if you please and—"

"With humble submission, Sir Robert," said Glossin, "may I inquire if it is your purpose to send this young gentleman to the county jail?—for if that were not your settled intention, I would take the liberty to hint, that there would be less hardship in sending him to the fortress of Portaferry, where he could be secured without public exposure; a circumstance which, on the mere chance of his story being really true, is much to be avoided."

"Why, there is a guard of soldiers at Portaferry, to be sure, for the protection of the goods in the Customshouse; and upon the whole, considering every thing and that the place is comfortable for such a place,
say all things considered, we will commit this person, I would rather say authorize him to be detained, in the workhouse at Portferry.

The warrant was made out accordingly, and Bertram was informed he was next morning to be removed to his place of confinement, as Sir Robert had determined he should not be taken any longer under cloud of night, for fear of rescue. He was, during the interval, to be detained at Hazlewood-house.

It cannot be so hard as my imprisonment by the Lord Chancellor, I don’t think it has lasted so long. But the devil take the old formal duffer, and his more eloquent associate, who speaks always under his breath—they cannot understand a plain man’s story when it is told them.

In the meanwhile Glossin took leave of the Baronet, with a thousand respectful bows and courtesies apropos for not accepting his invitation to dinner, and venturing to hope he might be pardoned in paying his respects to him, Lady Hazlewood, and young Mr. Hazlewood, on some future occasion.

"Certainly, sir," said the Baronet, very gravely, "I hope our family was never at any time deficient in civility, and it will be in my power to give a little that way. Good Mr. Glossin, I will convince you of this by calling at your house as familiarly as is consistent— that is, as can be hoped or expected." He pulled himself together, "to find Dirk Hatterrack and his people—to get the guard sent off from the Custom-house—and then for the grand cast of the dice. Every thing must depend upon speed. How long a time has broken himself to Edinburgh! His knowledge of this young fellow is a most perilous addition to my dangers,"—here he suffered his horse to shew off his pace—"What if I should try to come up? To the court?—It’s likely he might—be brought to pay a round sum for restitution, and I could give up Hatterrack—but no, no!—there were too many eyes on me. Hatterrack himself, and the garnet—there is something that strikes to my original plan." And with that he struck his spurs against his horse’s flanks, and rode forward at a hard trot to put his machines in motion.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A prison is a house of care.
A place where none can thrive,
A friend to none true or false,
A cave for all my desolation.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men.

Discipline.

Early on the following morning, the carriage which had brought Bertram to Hazlewood-house, was, with his two attendants, taken to Portferry, with the intention of carrying him to his place of confinement at Portferry. This building adjoined to the Custom-house established at that little sea-port, and both were situated so close to the sea-bench, that it was necessary to defend the back part with a large and strong rampart or bulwark of huge stones, disposed in a slope towards the surf, which often reached and broke upon them. The entrance was surrounded by a high wall, enclosing a small court-yard, within which the miserable inmates of the mansion were occasionally permitted to take exercise and air. The prison was used as a House of Correction, and sometimes as a chapel of ease to the county jail, which was old, and far from being conveniently situated with reference to the Kippeltingian district of the county. Mac-Guffog, the officer by whom Bertram had at the time apprehended, and who was now in attendance upon him, was keeper of this palace of little ease. He caused the carriage to be drawn close up to the outer gate, and then led Bertram to supper.

The noise of his rap alarmed some twenty or thirty ragged boys, who left off selling their mimic sloops and frigates in the little pools of salt water left by the ebb tide, and who, being allowed to see what luckless being was to be delivered to the prison-house out of Glossin’s braw new carriage.

The door of the court-yard, after the heavy clanking of many chains and bars, was opened by Mrs. Mac-Guffog, an awful spectacle, being a woman for strength and resolution capable.

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right to be stripped of your money and sent to jail without a mark to pay your fees; they might have kept my neck up for evidence. But why, for a blind bottle-head, did not ye ask the guinea and I kept winking and nodding at the time, and the donnett deswil was never once look my way?—Melancholy. The sight of that title to have that property delivered up to me, I shall apply for it; and there is a good deal more than enough to pay any demand you can set up.

"Well, sir," said Mac-Guflog, "ye may be here lang enough. And then the gifting credit man be considered in the fees. But, however, as ye do seem to be a chap by common, though my wif wi' ye a gin to the in the event, I will give an order for my fees upon that money—I dare say Glosem will make it forthcoming—I ken something about an escape from Ellangowan—ay, ay, he'll be glad to carry me there.

"Well, sir," replied Bertram, "if I am not furnished in a day or two otherwise, you shall have such an order.

"Ay, weel, when ye shall be put up like a prince," said Mac-Guflog, "but mark ye me, friend, that we may have nae colly-shangie hereafter; these are the fees that I always charge a swell that must have his life. Thirty shillings a week for lodging, and twenty a week for a single bed, and I dinna get the whole of it, for I must give half a crown out of it to Donald Laird the man; for sheep, feeding, that should sleep with you by your homely in the night, and may eat some whiskey beside. So I make little upon that.

"Well, sir, go on.

"Then for meat and liquor, ye may have the best, and nae charge above twenty per cent. ower tavern price for pleasing a gentleman that way—and that's little enough for sending in and sending out, and wearing thelass's shoon out. And then if ye do drink, take care ye get wi' ye a glift in the event. Just ye give a man, and help ye out wi' your bottle. I have drank mony a gless wi' Glosem, man, that did you up, though he's a justice now. And then I'll warrant ye'll be for fire that cauld nights, or if ye want candle, that's an expensive article, for it's against the niles. And now I'll tell ye the head articles of the charge, and I dinna think there's muckle mair, though there will be some odd expenses ower and above.

"Well, sir, I must trust to your conscience, if ever you happened to hear of such a thing—I cannot help myself.

"Na, na, sir," answered the cautious jailor. "I'll permit you to be saying that—I'm forcing nothing upon ye;—an ye dinna like the price, ye needna take the article—I force no man; I was only explainin' what the expense was. The sum run o' the house, it's a' ane to me—I'll be saved trouble, that's a.

"Nay, my friend, I have, as I suppose you may easily guess, no inclination to dispose of your terms upon such a penalty," answered Bertram. "Come, show me where I am to be, for I would fain be alone for a little while.

"Ay, come along then, Captain," said the fellow, with a contortion of visage which he intended to be a smile; "and I'll tell you now—"to show you that I have a conscience, as ye ca', d—n me if I can understand it. They take the case in the court, and ye may walk in very near three hours a day, and play at pitch and toss, and hand ba', and what not.

"With this gracious promise, he ushered Bertram into the house, and showed him up a steep and narrow stone staircase, at the top of which was a strong door, chained with iron, and studded with nails. Bertram entered the cell, and found it having three cells on each side, wretched vaults, with iron bed-frames, and straw mattresses. But at the further end was a small apartment, of rather a more delicate appearance, that is, having less the air of a place of confinement, since, unless for the large lock and chain upon the door, and the crossed and ponderous stanchions upon the window, it rather resembled the "worst inn's worst room." It was designed as a sort of infirmary for prisoners whose state of health required some indulgence; and, in fact, Donald Laird himself had been just dragged out of one of the two beds which it contained, to try whether clean straw and whiskey might not have a better chance to cure his intermittent fever.

"Oh, the sight of that..." Alas! and the middle of the narrow chamber, like the banner of a chiefain, half-sinking amid the confusion of a combat.

"Never mind that being out o' sorts, Captain," said Mrs. Mac-Guflog, who now followed them into the room; then, turning her back to the prisoner, with as much delicacy as the action admitted, she stepped from her knee her ferret garter, and applied to a splicing a new fastening the breach bed-post then used more pins than her apparel could well spare to fasten up the bed-curtains in faststools—then shook the bed-clothes into something like form—then hung over all a taffeta bluish green—after which, the bed itself, and all that things were now "something picturesque.

"And there's your bed, Captain," pointing to a massy four-posted hulk, which, owing to the inequality of the floor that had been constructed (it now, having been built by contract, stood upon three legs, and held the fourth aloft as if puming the air, and in the attitude of advancing like an elephant, comatose upon the pannel of a coach—"There's your bed and the blankets; but i, ye want sheets, or bowser, or pillow, or any sort o' nappery for the table, or for your hands, ye'll have to speak to me about it, for that's out o' the warrant, I warrant ye."

"Well, I think I'll make this time left the room, to avoid, probably, any appeal which might be made to him upon this new excitation; and I never engage for any thing like that.

"In God's name," said Bertram, "let me have what is decent, and make any charge you please."

"Aweel, sweed, that's some settled; we'll no excise you neither, though we live lassie near the Custom-house. And I maun see to get you some fire and some dinner too, I'me warrant: but your dinner will be but a pur ane the day, no expecting company that would be nice and fashionable."—So saying, and in all haste, Mrs. Mac-Guflog fetched a hearth-stick and having replenished the "rusty grate, unconscious of a fire" for months before, she proceeded with unwashed hands to arrange the stipulated bed-linen, and, without a word, took a tray of buns, and without even mattering to herself as she discharged her task, seemed, in invertebrate spleen of temper, to grudge even those accommodations for which she was to receive payment. At length, however, she departed, grumbling between her teeth, that "she wad rather lock up a hail ward than be fikking about these naff-uffly galooties that gae see muckle fish wi' their faneci."
GUY MANNERING.

CHAPTER XLV.

But if thou shouldst be drage’d in scorn
To ponder ignominious love,
Thou shalt not want one faithful friend
To share the cruel fate’s decree.

Thee, Gwenn, thou record of guilt and anime,
Fell, since he was afflicted with a disposition to low spirits.
"I have been in worse situations than this too," he said, "for what signifies a little more or less? I am in the midst of the town, nothing to do, and I am a great deal better off than you are."

Be gone, thou record of guilt and anime!" he said, flinging the book upon the spare bed; "a Scottish jail shall not break, on the very first day, the spirits which have resisted climate, and want, and penury, and disease, and imprisonment, in a foreign land. I have fought many a hard battle with Dame Fortune, and she shall not beat me now, if I can help it.

Then there was a son of fortune, who, exasperating to a Scottish court, he endeavoured to view his situation in the most favourable light. Delaere must soon be in Scotland; the certificates from his commanding officer must soon arrive; nay, if Mannering were first applied to, who could say but the effect might be a reconciliation between them? He had often observed, and now remembered, that when his former colonel took the art of making no less than five different suits of clothes in a single day, that he seemed to love those persons most who had lain under obligation to him. In the present case, a favour, which had been given with honour and gratitude, with readiness, might be the means of reconciling them to each other. From this his feelings naturally turned towards Julia; and, without very nicely measuring the consequences of such a solicitude, of such a solicitude, he ex-}
near by. But Wasp rode thirty of them afores me on the saddle, and the pur doggie balanced itself on one of the weasns hae dune, whether I trotted or cantered."

In this strange story Bertram obviously saw, supposing the warning to be true, some intimation of danger more violent and imminent than could be likely to arise from a flight through the coppice on the other side. At the same time it was equally evident that some unknown friend was working in his behalf. "Did you not say," he asked Dindmont, "that this man Gabriel was of gipsy blood?"

"It was ev'n judged so," said Dindmont, "and I think this makes it likely; for they are few where the ganges of ilk ather are to be found, and they can par gares three like a' the rest of the folk, and beneath the compell'd like. An I forgot to tell ye, there's been an unco inquiry after the auld wife that we saw in Bwercastle; the sherif's had folk over the Limestone ridge after, and an unco ranging, and an unco none has gotten a sight for her; but she'll no be taen wi' them unless she likes, for a'that."

And how comes that," said Bertram. "Oh, I daurna say it's nonsense, but they say she has gathered the fern-seed, and can gang ony aigle she likes, like Jock-the-Giant-killer in the ballant, wi' his coat o' darkness and his shoon o' cunning."

A na, gudeman, said Gabriel, and I want to see yours."

"Ay, said I, and ye'll be waiting eilding now, or supping, or going to your house."

"A na, na, qu'ho, it's na I'm seeking; but I tak an unco concern in that Captain Brown that was staying wi' you, ye've na?"

"Truth do I, Gabriel," says I; "and what about ye?"

"Says he, 'There's mair tik an interest in him than you, and some that I am bound to obey; and it's no just on my sin will that I here to tell you something.'"

"Faith, naething will please me, qu'ho, I that's no meaning to him."

"And then, qu'ho, ye'll be ill-sorted to hear that he's gotten into the prison at Portanferry, if he di an take a' the better care o' himself, for there's been warnants out to tak him as soon as he comes over the water frin Allonby. And now, gudeman, an ever ye were a rich man when o' a' Portanferry ladies and let nae grass grow at the nag's heels; and if ye do in confinement, ye mae stay beside him night and day, for a day or twa, for he'll want friends that has haith heart and hand; and if ye neglect this ye'll never rue but ane, for it will be for your life."

"But, safe us, man, qu'ho, I 'ow did ye learn o' this? it's an unco way between this and Portanferry."

"Na, na, qu'ho, them that bring the news rade night and day, and ye maa be aff constantly if ye wad do any guide—and sae I have nae thing mair to tell ye.―Sae he sat himself down and haued his way intae the plan, where it wad hae been following him wi' thae beast, and I cam back to Charles—hope to tell the gudewife, for I was uncertain what to do. It wad look unco-like, I thought, not to be sent out on a hunt-the-gowk errand wi' a hand-looper like that. But, Lord! as the gudewife set up her throat about it, and said what a shame it wad be if ye was to come to any wrong, an I could na say naething else but to let them. So I took to the kist, and out wi' the pickles note a case they should be needed, and a' the ba'rians ran o' the saddle Dumble. By great luck I had taken the other beast to Portanferry, so Dumble had nae fresh meat. Says I, 'Och, and Wasp, for me, for ye wad nae haith thought he kenn'd where I was gaun, purr cast; and here I am after a trot o' sixty mile, or the handle of a stoup o' liquor; than which, our provost seems to infer there is nothing comes more readily to the green.
we acquaint the reader with some other circum
cstances which occurred about the same period.

CHAPTER XLVI.

—Stay from whence
You cometh (Wisdom 7:20).
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—
So Jonas foretold.

Upon the evening of the day when Bertram’s ex-
amination had taken place, Colonel Manning ar-
ived at Woodbourne from Edinburgh. He found
his family in their usual state, which probably, so far
as it concerned Julian, who had not been informed of
the case, she had learned the news of Bertram’s arrest.
But as, during the Colonel’s absence, the two young ladies
lived much retired, this circumstance fortunately had
not reached their kindred. Miss Bertram acquainted with the downfall of
the expectations which had been formed upon the be-
quest of her kinswoman. Whatever hopes that news
might have had in it, he set about preventing her from joining her friend in affording a cheer-
ful reception to the Colonel, to whom she endeav-
oured to express the deep sense she entertained of
her paternal kindness. She touched on her regret
that at such a season of the year he should have
made, upon her account, a journey so fruitless.

"That it was fruitless to you, my dear," said the
Colonel, "is what I feared; I had deeply lamented for my own
share, I have made some valuable acquaintances, and
have spent the time I have been absent in Edinburgh
with peculiar satisfaction; so that, on that score,
there is nothing to regret. Miss Bertram’s best friend, the
Dominie is returned thrice the man he was, from
having sharpened his wits in controversy with the
geniuses of the northern metropolis.

"Of a surety, the Dominie has proved himself to
the Colonel, with great complacency," I did wrestle, and was not over-
come though my adversary was cunning in his art.

"I presume," said Miss Manning, "the contest
was somewhat fatiguing, Mr. Sampson?"

"Very much, my lady—when I girded up my
loins and strove against him.

"I can bear witness," said the Colonel; "I never
saw an affair better contested. The enemy was like
the Mahometan caravans; he incessantly presented
no fair mark for artillery; but Mr. Sampson
stood to his guns, notwithstanding, and fired
away, now upon the enemy, and now upon the dust
which he had flung up into the air. But my friend the
Dominie returned thrice the man he was, from
having sharpened his wits in controversy with the
genius of the northern metropolis."

The next morning at breakfast, however, the Do-
imie did not return to his usual cheerful air. He had walk-
ed out, a servant said, early in the morning. It
was so common for him to forget his meals, that
his absence never endangered the family. The house-
keeper, a decrepit old-fashioned Presbyterian
woman, having, as such, the highest respect for Sampson’s theological acquisitions, had it in charge on these
occasions to take care that he was no sufferer by his
absence of mind, and therefore usually waylaid him
on his return, to remind him of his sublunary wants,
and to minister to their relief. It seldom, however,
happened that he was absent from two meals together.

As was the case in the present instance, he must explain the cause of this unusual occurrence.

The conversation which Mr. Pymdoll had held
with Mr. Manning on the subject of the loss of
Harry Bertram, had awakened all the painful as-
tions which that event had inflicted upon Sampson. The affectionate heart of the poor Dominie had
always reproached him, that his negligence in leav-
ing the charge of the family to Mrs. Bertram and
the ruin of the family of his patron. It was a sub-
ject which he never ceased to reflect upon, of indeed
the worst of his misfortunes, which he could call to
himself at any time,—but it was often present to his imagination.

The sort of hope so strongly affirmed and asserted in
Mrs. Bertram’s last settlement, had excited a con-
GUY MANNERING.

ponding feeling in the Dominie's bosom, which exasperated into a sort of sickening anxiety, by discord with which Pleddell had treated it.—And the appearance of Sampson to himself, as a man of condition, and well skilled in the weighty matters of law; but he is also a man of humorous levity and inconsistency of speech; and wherefore should he not be interpreted as to be accorded with the just application of their infernal practices, a belief of such legends had been impressed upon the Dominie as an article indivisible from his religious faith, and perhaps it would have been equally difficult to have induced him to doubt the one as the other. With these feelings, and in a thick misty day, which was already drawing to its close, Dominie Sampson did not pass the Kain of Dornelough, which seemed false justification of their infernal practices.

What then was his astonishment, when, on passing the door—that door which was supposed to have been placed there by one of the latter Lairds of Ellan-gowan, to prevent proumpuous strangers from incurring the dangers of the haunted vault—that door, supposed to be always locked, and the key of which was popularly said to be deposited with the presbytery—that door, that very door, opened suddenly, and the figure of Meg Merrilies, well known, though not seen for many a revolving year, was placed at once before the eyes of the startled Dominie! She stood and gazed at him, and fixed him in her brain so absolutely, that he could not avoid her except by fairly turning back, which his manhood prevented him from thinking of.

"I ken't ye, my bonny lass," she said with her harsh and hollow voice: "I ken wha ye seek; but ye maun do my bidding.

"Are ye sure?"—Conjuror, continuo the Dominie, "abujo, con-sensor, atque virilis imperio tibi!"

"What, in the name of Sathan, are ye feared for? wi' your French gibberish, that would make a dog sick? Listen, ye sickit stammer, to what I tell ye, or ye shall rue it while there's a limb o' ye hinges to another!—Tell Conjuror the Dominie that when he's speak ing me. He kens, and I ken, that the blood will be wiped out, and the lost will be found,

And Brittain's right and Brittain might also speak what he thought.

If he has a letter to him; I was gaun to send it in another way,—I canna write myself; but I hae them that will write and read, and ride and run for me. Tell him that I know not, nor can I understand, and the wheel's turning. Bid him look at the stars as he has looked at them before.—Will ye mind 'a this?"

"Assuredly," said the Dominie, "I am dubious for, woman, I am perturbed at thy words, and my flesh quakes to hear thee."

"They do you nay ill though, and maybe muckle guile." "Avoid ye! I desire no good that comes by unlawful means."

"Fule-body that thou art," said Meg, stepping up to him with a frown of indignation that made her dark eyes flash like lamps from under her bent brows, "Fule-body! if I meant ye wrong, couldna I claud ye ower that crook, and wan man ken how yan cunn be out and out eer than Frank Kennedy? Hear ye that, ye wormie?"

"In the name of all that is good," said the Dominie, recollecting, and pointing his long pewter-headed walking cane toward the man, "In the name of all that is good, bide hands! I will not be handled, woman, stand off, upon thine own proper peril!— despit, I say; I am strong, lo, I will resist thee."

Conjuror, continuo the Dominie, Meg armed with supernatural strength, (as the Dominie asserted) broke in upon his guard, but by a thrust which he made at her with his cane and blood
him into the vault, "as easily," said he, "as I could
away a Kitchen's Atlas."

"Sit down there," she said, pushing the half-throttled
preacher with some violence against a broken
chair,—"sit down there, and gather your wind and
voice. I say, and for the good of o' the kirk that ye
are—Are ye fou or fasting?"

"Fasting—from all but sin," answered the Domi-
nie, who, recovering his voice, and finding his exor-
cuiions only served to exasperate the intractable sor-
cerer, thought it best to affect complaisance and
submission, inwardly coming over, however, the
whole of which injuries which he durst no longer ut-
ter aloud. But as the Dominie's brain was by no
means equal to carry on two trains of ideas at the
same time, a word or two of his mental exercise
sometimes escaped, and mingled with his uttered
speech, in a truly humorous enough, especially as
the poor man shrank himself together after every es-
cape of the kind, from terror of the effect it might
produce upon the irritating feelings of the witch.

In the meanwhile, went to a great black cauld-
ron that was boiling on a fire on the floor, and, lift-
ing the lid, an odour was diffused through the vault,
which, if the vapours of a witch's cauldron could in
such a place have imparted breath to the her-
broth which such vessels are usually supposed to
contain. It was in fact the savour of a goody stew,
composed of bowls, hare, partridges, and moorgam-
beef, with various other meats, and potatoes, and
loeks, and from the size of the cauldron, appeared to
be prepared for half a dozen of people at least. "So
ye hae eat naething a' day!" said Meg, harrying a
little heartily. "Aye," said he, "but I am too
stewed with salt and pepper.

"Nothing," answered the Dominie,—"sectelastia-
me"—that is—gudewife.

"Aye," said the housekeeper, placing the dish before him,
"there's what will warm your heart."

"I do not hunger—maleficea—that is to say—Mrs.
Merrilies!" for he said unto himself, "the savour is
sweet, but it hath been cooked by a Canidia or an
Englishman."

"If ye dinna eat instantly, and put some soul in ye,
by the bread and the salt, I'll put your throat wi'
the cutty spoons, scalding as it is, and whether
ye will or no. Cape, sin, wa', and awaw!"

Sampson, afraid of eye of newt, and toe of frog, ti-
gers' eahadrons, and so forth, had determined not
to venture; but the smell of the stew was fast melt-
ing his heart. He said, "Well, if I hae hipment as
were in streams of water, and the witch's threats
deceived him to feed. Hunger and fear are excellent ca-

Saul," said Hunger, "feasted with the witch of
Endor,"—"And," quoth Fear, "the salt which she
sprinkled upon the food showed plainly it is not a
romantic banquet, in that season neither
seething nor burning, he might see Hunger, after the first
spoonful, "it is savoury and refreshin' viands."

"So ye like the meat?" said the hostess.

"Yea," answered the Dominee, "and I give thee
thanks—sectelastia me—which means—Mrs. Mar-
garet."

"Aweel, eat your fill; but an ye ken'd how it was
gotten, ye may wade like it saw weel.

Samp-
slew," said the ne'er do well, in a tone bearing its let-
ing his head to his mouth. "There's been a moon a
lightning watch to bring a' that trade thereon," continued
Meg,—"the folk that are to eat that dinner thought
little o' your game lives."

Is that all I thought Sampson, resuming his spoon,

"We must again have recourse to the contribution to Black-
wood's Magazine, April, 1817.

"To the admixture of good eating, gory cookery seems to have
little to recommend it. I can assure you, however, that the
cookery of the times, in Scotland, is a novel and
self-contained. The novel reader ever reads even
a novel without an eye to the enlargement of the culinary sci-
cence, has added to the Almanach des Gourmands, a certain Pet-
agere, Deverses, who gives us a large collection of gour-
self and novelty of all kinds, stewed with vegetables into a soup, which
which the four flanks of Camelot's wedding, and which the liberations of that
of all kinds, stewed with vegetables into a soup, which

CHAPTER XLVII

—It is not radnoose
That have ured it—aem the test,
And the matter will re-wor-which radnoose
Would gemlib from
Hawth.

As Mr. Sampson crossed the hall with a bewidled look,
Mrs. Allan, the good housekeeper, who, with the
reverent attention which is usually rendered to the
clerk in Scotland, was on the watch for his return,
called for some of the grace. "Why, Sampson,"
Sampson, is waw than ever!—ye'll really do
yourself some injury w thae lang fasts—naething's
soe hurtful to the stomach, Mr. Sampson—if ye
would but put a few of the game bricks in your
or let Bernes cut ye an Sabbath.

"Avid thee!" quoth the Dominie, his mind run-
ing still upon his interview with Meg Merrilies,
and making for the dining parlour.
"Na, ye needs gang in there, the cloth's been removed, an hour or two, an' the Colonel's at his wine; but just awa', laddie, let the go'laud, 'tis the a'it, an' the cook will do in a moment."

"Exorcise it!" said Sampson, "that is, I have din'd!"

"Dined! it's impossible—who can ye has dined wi', you that gangs out nae gate?"

"With Beelzebub, I believe," said the minister.

"Na, then he's bewitched for'ard again," said the housekeeper, getting her hold; "he's bewitched, or he's daft, and ony way the Colonel maun just guide him his ain gate—Woo's me! Ho! aye! It's a sair thing to see learning bring folk to this!" And with this opinion of private execution, she retired into her own premises.

The object of her commissieion had by this time entered the dining parlour, where his appearance gave great surprise. He was mud up to the shoulders, and the natural paleness of his hue was twice as cadaverous as usual, through terror, fatigue, and perturbation of mind. "What on earth is the meaning of this, Mr. Sampson?" said Manning, who observed Miss Bertram looking much alarmed for her simple but attached friend.

"Exorcise it," said the Dominie.

"I can do it," replied the astonished Colonel.

"I crave pardon, honourable sir! but my wits!—" Are gone a wool-gathering, I think—pray, Mr. Sampson, collect yourself, and let me know the matter."

Sampson was about to reply, but finding his Latin formula of exorcism still came most readily to his tongue, he俨erently desired from the attempt, and put the sheets of paper which he had received from the spay into Manning's hand, who broke the seal and read it with surprise. "This seems to be some jest," he said, "and a very dull one."

"It came from no jesting person," said Mr. Sampson.

"From whom then did it come?" demanded Manning.

The Dominie, who often displayed some delicacy of recollection in cases where Miss Bertram had an interest, remembered the painful circumstances, connected with Meg Merrilies, looked at the young ladies, and remained silent. "We will join you at the tea-table in an instant, Julia," said the Colonel; "I see that Mr. Sampson wishes to speak to me alone."

"And now they are gone, what, in Heaven's name, Mr. Sampson? is the matter or will it pass?"

"It may be a message from Heaven," said the Dominie, "but it came by Beelzebub's postmiseress. It was that witch, Meg Merrilies, who should have been hanged within thirty years since, for a harlot, thief, witch, and gypsy."

"Are you sure it was she?" said the Colonel with great interest.

"Are you, honoured sir?—Of a truth she is one not to be forgotten—the like o' Meg Merrilies is not to be seen in any land."

The Colonel paced the room rapidly, contembling with himself. "To send out to apprehend her—" but it is too distant to send to Mac-Morlan, and Sir Robert Hazlewood is a pompous coxcomb; besides the chance of not finding her upon the spot, or that the lairder of silence that seized her before may again render her invisible—" He then obtained a sheet from a table neglect the course she points out. Many of her class have been set out by being impostors, and end by becoming enthusiasts, or hold a kind of darkling conduct between both limits of right, and almost when they are cheating themselves, or when imposing on others—"

"Well, my course is a plain one at any rate; and if my efforts are fruitless, it shall not be owing to over-tidiness of plan, or the making me on all occasions."

With these the bell rang, and ordering Barnes into his private sitting-room, gave him some orders, with the result of which the reader may be made acquainted; and then he had to turn his thoughts to other adventure, which is also to be woven into the story of this remarkable day.

Charles Hazlewood had not ventured to make a visit at Woodbourne during the absence of the Colonel. Indeed Manning's whole behaviour impressed upon him an opinion that this would be disadvantageable; and he regretted that the house should have a nice streak that the cook will do in a moment."

"Exorcise it!" said Sampson, "that is, I have din'd!"

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Charles Hazlewood had not ventured to make a visit at Woodbourne during the absence of the Colo-
which was the line that Glossin patronised, assured his friend it should be his fault if his father did not come along with another of that kind. But these various interruptions consumed the morning. Hazlewood got on horseback at least three hours later than he intended, and, curving fine ladies, pointers, pause-pigeon shots, and all the picturesque elements of parliamentary business, detained beyond the time when he could, with propriety, intrude upon the family at Woodbourne.

He had passed, therefore, the turn on the road which led to that mansion, only shielded by the distant appearance of the blue smoke, curling against the pale sky of the winter evening, when he thought he beheld the Duchess taking a footpath for the house through the park. He got off his horse to let for his honest gentleman, never the most susceptible of extraneous impressions, had just that moment parted from Meg Merrilies, and was too deeply wrapp'd up in pondering upon her vaccinations, to make any answer to Hazlewood's call. He was, therefore, obliged to let him proceed without inquiry after the health of the young ladies, or any other fishing question, to which he might, by good chance, have had an answer returned wherein Miss Bertram's name might have been mentioned. All cause for haste was now over, and, slackening the reins upon his horse's neck, he proceeded further. A low sound was heard in the steep sandy track between two high banks, which, rising to a considerable height, commanded, at length, an extensive view of the neighbouring country.

Hazlewood was, however, so far from eagerly looking forward to this prospect, though it had the recommendation, that great part of the land was his father's, and most necessaries of his business, that his head still turned backward towards the chimneys of Woodbourne, although at every step his horse made the difficulty of employing his eyes in that direction beyond greater. For a time, indeed, to such a degree as if he were drowned, he was suddenly roused by a voice too harsh to be called female, yet too shrill for a man:—"What's kept you on the road so late, my good fellow do your work, he looked up: the speakwoman was very tall, had a voluminous handkerchief rolled round her head, grizzled hair flowing in Ellen's from beneath it, a long red cloak, and a staff in her hand, headed with a sort of spear-point—it was, in short, Meg Merrilies. Hazlewood had never seen this remarkable figure before: he drew up his reins in astonishment at her appearance, and was at first taken aback, considering she, they that have seen interest in the house of Ellangowan mild sleep nan's this night; three men has been seeking ye, and you gaun hame to sleep in; and there's not the lad-barn's fa's, the master will do weel, na, na?"

"I don't understand you, good woman," said Hazlewood; "If you speak of Miss—I mean of any of the late Ellangowan family, tell me what I can do for them."

"Of the late Ellangowan family? she answered with great vehemence:—of the late Ellangowan family, and when there was ever, or when there will ever be, a family of Ellangowan, but bearing the gallant name of the bold Bertrams?"

"But what do you mean, good woman?"

"If they had been good women, the country knew I am bad enough, and baith they and I may be sorry enough that I am nac better. But I can do what good women canna, and daura do. I can do what would freeze the blood 'em that is bred in big waist's for nothing but to bind bairn's liceca, and to help them in the cradle. Here me—the guard's drawn off the Custom-house at Portanferry, and it's brought up to the Custom-house at Portanferry by order of the steward. Because he thinks his house is to be attacked this night by the smugglers;—there's nobody means to touch his house, his nac gude blood and gentle blood—I say like as nae, the poor, but that the buoy is him worth meddling wi'. Send the horses back to their post, canny and quietly; see an they winna have the work, what they will, the guns will flash and the heads will drop in the boat moon."

"Good God! what do you mean?" said young Hazlewood; "your words and manner would persuade me you are nac mad, but there is a strange combination in what you say."

"I am not mad!" exclaimed the piggy; "I have been imprisoned for mad—accursed for mad—banished for mad—but mad I am not. Hear ye, Charles Hazlewood of Hazlewood-house: d'ye bear malice against him that wounded you?"

"No, dame, God forbid; my arm is quite well, and I have always said the shot was discharged by accident. I should be glad to tell the young man so himself."

"Then do what I bid ye," answered Meg Merrilies, and ye'll do him nac gude than ever he did you; for besides that he be a bloody corpse are morn, or a banished man—but there's ane shone a'.—Do as I bid you; send back the soldiers to Portanferry. There's nac more fear of Hazlewood-house than there's o' Cruflit-fell. And she vanished with her usual celerity of pace.

It would seem that the appearance of this female, and the mixture of frenzy and enthusiasm in her manner, seldom failed to produce the strongest impression upon those whom she addressed. Her words, though wild, were too plain and intelligible for actual madness, and yet too vehement and extraordinary for the tone of a madwoman. She was clearly acting under the influence of an imagination rather strongly excited than deranged; and it was wonderful how palpably the difference, in such cases, is impressed upon the mind of the auditor. This may account for the attention with which her strange and mysterious hints were heard and acted upon. It is certain, at least, that young Hazlewood was strongly impressed by her sudden appearance and imperative voice. He rode to Hazlewood at a brisk pace. It had been dark for some time before he reached the house, and on his arrival there, he saw a confirmation of what the sibyl had predicted.

Thirty dragoon horses stood under a shed near the offices, with their bridles linked together. Three of four soldiers attended as a guard, while others stemmed up and down with their lances and heavy boots in front of the house. Hazlewood asked a non-commissioned officer from whence they came.

"From Portanferry."

"Had they left any guard there?"

"No; they had been drawn off by order of Sir Robert Hazlewood for defence of his house, against an attack which was threatened by the smugglers."

"Charles Hazlewood," said Sir Robert, "and, having paid his respects to him upon his return, requested to know upon what account he had thought it necessary to send for a military escort. You are my son in law, you know, by the information, intelligence, and tidings, which had been communicated to, and laid before him, he had the deepest reason to believe, credit, and be convinced that a riotous assault would that night be attempted and perpetrated against Hazlewood-house, by a set of smugglers, gipsies, and other desperadoes."

"And what, my dear sir," said his son, "should direct the fury of such persons against ours rather than any other house in the country?"

"I should rather think, suppose, and be of opinion, sir," answered Sir Robert, "with deference to your wisdom and experience, that on those occasions and times, the vengeance of such persons is directed against the most important and distinguished in point of rank, talent, birth, and situation, who have checked, interfered with, and discouraged their unlawful and illegal and criminal actions and deeds."

Young Hazlewood, who knew his father's table, answered, and by his side, in the Custom-house where Sir Robert apprehended, but that he only wondered they should think of attacking a house where there were so many servants, and where a signal was given to the neighbors the moment any suspicious assistance; and indeed, though he doubted much whether the reputation of the family would not in some degree suffer from calling soldiers from their duty at the Custom-house, to protect them, as if they were sufficiently strong to defend themselves upon any
tion. He even hinted, that in case their
ies should observe that this precaution
unneccessarily, there would be no end
sen.
Hawleywood was rather puzzled at this
or, like most dull men, he heartily hated
idical. He gathered himself up, and
a sort of pompous embarrassment, as if
be thought to despise the opinion of the
is in reality he dreaded, "he said, "that
had already been aimed at my house in
being the next heir and representative
ning me — I should have believed, I say, that
would have justified, if I believed, I say, that
this would have jus-

ifiedly in the eyes of the most respecta-
ter part of the people, for taking such
a course, to prevent and imped
of
outrage," said Charles, "I must remind you
of often said before, that I am positive to
the contrary," not accidental," said his father an-
will be wiser than your elders," he
replied Hawleywood, "in what so
incredible a manner as not to con-
that, is it not démarche you, a
fellow, who takes pleasure in contra-
them, induces me to suspect that
rity, sir; and the public, sir; and the
Scotland, on so the interest of
family, sir, is commited, and interested,
, sir, as your friend, your, sir. And the
life-custody, and Mr. Glosine thinks
, sir?" the
gentleman who has purchased El-
He answered the young man, "but I should
expected to hear you quote such author-
his fellow — all the world knows him to
, running, and I suspect him to
yours, sir, my dear, sir, when did you
person a gentleman in your life before?"
arges, I did not mean gentleman in the
and meaning, and restricted and proper
ility, the phrase ought legitimately
but I meant to use it relatively, as
of that state to which he has
declined himself — as designing, in short, a
woman of the first order, to ask, sir," said Charles, "if it was
orders that the guard was drawn from
laid the Baronet, "I do apprehend that
would not presume to give orders, or
, unless asked, in a matter in which
house and the house of Hawleywood —
the house, this mansion -house of my fa-
other, typically, metaphorically, and
, the family itself — I say then where the
izlewood, or Hawleywood-house, was so
ese, however, sir," said the son, "this
ved the proposal?"
laid his father, I thought it decent and
opinion, the officer the moment the
as soon as report of the intended outrage
ears; and although he declined, out of
respect, as become our relative situa-
tion in the order, yet he did entirely ap-
arrangement."
ment a horse's feet were heard coming
to the avenue. In a few minutes the
or Mr. Mac-Morlan presented himself, and
at concern to intrude, Sir Robert, but —
leave, Mr. Mac-Morlan," said Sir Ro-
gracious flourish of welcome; this is
all for your Sheriff-cob-
g upon you to attend to the pence of
, you, doubtless, feeling yourself particu-
to protect Hawleywood-house, you
knowledge, and admitted, and under-
to enter the house of the first gentleman
in Scotland, uninvited — always presuming you to be
called there by the duty of your office."
"It is indeed the duty of my office," said Mac-
Morlan, who waited with impatience an opportu-
ity to speak, "that makes me seem underhand.
"No intrusion!" reiterated the Baronet, gracefully
waving his hand.
"But permits me to say, Sir Robert," said the Sher-
iff-substitute, "I do not come with the purpose of
remaining here, but to recall these soldiers to Por-
tanferry, and to assure you that I will answer for
the safety of your house.
"To withdraw the guard from Hawleywood-house!"
exclaimed the proprietor in mingled displeasure and
surprise: "and you will be answerable for it! And,
pray, who are you, sir, that should take your securi-
ty, and caution, and pledge, official or personal,
for the safety of Hawleywood-house? and what do
believe, sir, and am of opinion, sir, that if any one of
these family pictures were deranged, or destroyed,
or injured, it would be difficult for me to make up
the losses upon the guarantee which you so obligingly
offer me."
"In that case I shall be sorry for it, Sir Robert," an-
swered the downright Mac-Morlan; "but I pre-
sume I may escape the pain of telling you the
cause of such irreparable loss, as I can assure
you there will be no attempt upon Hawleywood-house
whatever, and I have received information which in-
cludes that the name was put, and that
merely in order to occasion the removal of the
soldiers from Portanferry. And under this strong
belief and conviction, I must exert my authority as
sheriff and chief magistrate of police, and the whole
or greater part of them, back again. I regret much,
that by my accidental absence, a good deal of delay
has already taken place, and we shall not now reach
Portanferry until it is late."
"As Mr. Mac-Morlan was the superior magistrate,
and expressed himself peremptory in the purpose
of acting as such, the Baronet, though highly offended,
could only say: "Very well, sir, it is very well,
but, sir, take them all with my leave — I am far from
desiring to be left here, sir. We, sir, can protect
ourselves, sir. But you will have the goodness to
observe, sir, that you are acting on your own proper
, sir, and peril, sir, and responsibility, sir, if any thing
shall happen or befall to Hawleywood-house, sir, or
the inhabitants, sir, or to the furniture and paintings,
sir."
"I am acting to the best of my judgment and in
formation, Sir Robert," said Mac-Morlan, "and
must pray of you to believe so, and to pardon me ac-
cordingly. I beg you to observe it is no time for
ceremony — it is already very late."
But Sir Robert, without deigning to listen to his
apologies, immediately employed himself with much
parade in arming and arraying his domestics. Charles
Hawleywood longed to accompany the military, which
were about to depart for Portanferry, and which were
now drawn up and mounted by direction and under
the guidance of Mr. Mac-Morlan, as the civil magis-
trate. But it would have given just pain and offence
to his father to have left him at a moment when he
conceived himself and his mansion-house in danger.
Young Hawleywood therefore gazed from a window
with suppressed regret and displeasure, until he
heard the officer give the word of command to
fire the right to the front, by files, m-a-r-ch. Leading
file, to the right wheel — Troth." — The whole party of
soldiers then getting into a sharp and uniform pace,
were soon lost among the trees, and the noise of the
hoofs died speedily away in the distance.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

We return to Portanferry, and to Bertram, and his
honest-hearted friend, whom we left most innocent
inhabitants of a place built for the glories.
siders of the farmers were as sound as it was possible.

Bertram's first heavy sleep passed away long before midnight, nor could be again recover that state of oblivion. Added to the uncertain and uncomfortable state of his mind, his body felt feverish and oppressed. Though only thirty minutes behind theCustom-house, there was a sort of contained air of the small apartment in which they slept. After enduring for some time the broiling and suffocating feeling attendant upon such an atmosphere, poor Bertram was too hot to leave the window to the apartment, and thus to procure a change of air. Alias! the trial reminded him that he was in jail, and that the building being contrived for security, not comfort, the meager, purring fresh air was not left at the disposal for the use of that room.

Disappointed in this attempt, he stood by the unmanageable window for some time. Little Wasp, though oppressed with the fatigue of his journey on the preceding day, crept out of bed after his master, and stood by him rubbing his sluggish coat against his legs, and expressing, by a murmuring sound, the delight which he felt at being restored to him. Thus occupied, he was in a bordering condition. Feeling which at present agitated his blood should subside into a desire for warmth and slumber, Bertram remained for some time looking out upon the sea.

The sun had set, and the large horse was now in the hovel and near below the base of the building. Now and then a large wave reached even the barrier or bulwark which defended the foundation of the house, and would roll out of the hovel and make the horse more than those which only broke upon the sand. Far in the distance, under the indistinct light of a hazy and often over-clouded moon, the ocean rolled its multitudes, its breakers, its tusks, its bar, its roar, its curving, its bursting, and mingling with each other.

"A wild and din spectacle," said Bertram to himself, "like those crossing tides of fate which have tossed me hither and thither. And now and then the light of hope and reparation. When will this uncertainty cease, and how soon shall I be permitted to look out for a tranquil home, where I may cultivate in quiet, and without dread and perplexity, those arts of peace from which my cares have been hitherto so forcibly diverted? The ear of Fancy, it is said, can di cover the voice of sounds and visions amid the bursting murmurs of the ocean; would that I could do, and that some siren or Proteus would arise from these billows, to unriddle for me the strange maze of fate in which I am so deeply entangled! Happy friend!" he said, looking at the bed where Dimont had deposited his bundle, "do you hear the now round of a healthy and thriving occupation! Thou canst lay them aside at pleasure, and enjoy the deep repose of body and mind which wholesome labour has given you, and which you have justly claimed, and which at this moment is within your reach."

At this moment his reflections were broken by little Wasp, who, attempting to spring up against the window, began to yelp and bark most furiously. The sound reached Dimont's ears, but without dispatating the illusian which had transported him from this wretched apartment to the free air of his own green hills. How? Yarrow, man—or yard—or yard—and not a word of his mouth, his voice, his greeting, doubtless, that he was calling to his sheep-dog, and hounding him in shepherds' phrase, against some intruders on the grazing. The continued barking of the dog made Bertram bloodless, and the sudden leige of the mastiff in the courtyard, which had for a long time been silent, excepting only an occasional short and deep note, uttered when the moon shone suddenly from among the clouds. Now, his clamour was continued and furious, and seemed to be excited by some disturbance distinct from the barking of Wasp, which had just given him the alarm, and which he had been induced to contrive into an angry note of low growing.

At last Bertram, whose attention was now fully awakened, conceived that he saw a boat upon the sea, and that its owner was endowed with more than common power. The moon, by making the shadows of different descriptions, some carrying lighted torches, others bearing packages and barrels down the lane to the boat that was lying at the quay, to which two or three other vessels were moored. They were loading each of them in their turn, and one or two had already put off to seaward. This speaks for itself," said Bertram; "but I four some-
thing worse has happened. Do you perceive a strong smell of smoke, or is it my fancy?"

"Fancy!" answered Dimmont, "there's a reek like a killogr. Odd, if they burn the Custom-house, it will catch here, and we'll lunt like a tar barrel!"  The grizzled head was lowered, and his voice attentive, as if he were expecting some event or news, like as if one had been a warlock! — Mac-Guffog, hear ye! — roaring at the top of his voice; "an ye wed ever had a hair bun in your skin, let's out..." muttered out.

The fire began now to rise high, and thick clouds of smoke rolled past the window, at which Bertram and Dimmont were stationed. Sometimes, as the wind was alight, they could discern everything from their sight; sometimes a red glare illuminated both land and sea, and shone full on the stern and fierce figures, who, wide with ferocious activity, were spread in a long line along the shore, and, length triumphant, and spotted in jets of flame at out each window of the burning building, while huge flares of flaming materials came driving on the wind against them. "Hagel and water, what is that?" exclaimed. The noly of smoke over all the neighbourhood. The shouts of a furious mob resounded far and wide; for the smugglers, in their triumph, were joined by all the rabble of the town and surrounding neighborhood, nobly incited, and in complete agitation, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour; some from interest in the free trade, and most from the general love of mischief and the lure of a vulgar passion.

Bertram began to be seriously anxious for their fate. There was no stir in the house; it seemed as if the jailer had deserted his charge, and left the house with its inmates to the mercy of the transported crew, which was spreading towards them. In the meantime a new and fierce attack was heard upon the outer gate of the Correction-house, which, battered with sledge-hammers and swords, was soon forced open, as great a cowardly display of strength as with his more ferocious wife, had failed; their servants readily surrendered the keys. The liberated prisoners, jubilating their deliverance with the wildest yells and shouting among the mob which had given them freedom.

In the midst of the confusion that ensued, three or four of the principal smugglers hurried to the apartment of Bertram with lighted torches, and armed with cutlasses and pistols. — Der devli, said the leader, here's our mark!" and two of them seized on Bertram; but one whispered in his ear, Make natural, and I will save you. The other put down his cutlass and pistols, reared and surrendered the keys. The liberated prisoners, jubilating their deliverance with the wildest yells and shouting among the mob which had given them freedom.

The signs of violence were heard in front. The press became furiously agitated, while we endeavoured to defend ourselves, others to escape; shots were fired, and the glittering broadswords of the dragoons began to appear flashing above the heads of the rioters. Now," said the warning whisper of the man who held Bertram's left arm, the same who had spoken before, "shame off that fellow, and follow me, we are entering his strength suddenly and effectually, easily burst from the grasp of the man who held his collar on the right side. The fellow attempted to draw a pistol, but was Blow on the head. Dimmont, an ox could hardly have received without the same humiliation. "Follow me quick," said the friendly partisan, and dived through a very narrow and dirty lane which led from the main street.

No pursuit took place. The attention of the smugglers had been otherwise and very disagreeably engaged by the sudden appearance of Mac-Morlan and the party of horse. The loud angry voice of the provincial magistrate, was heard proclaiming the riot not, and charging the crowd to disperse at their own proper peril. This interruption would indeed have happened in time sufficient to have prevented the attempt, had not the magistrate received upon the road some false information, which led him to think that the smugglers were to land at the Bay of Ellangowan. Nearly two hours were lost in consequence of this false intelligence, which it might have been in his power to suppress; but he was deeply interested in the issues of that night's daring attempt, and contrived to throw in Mac-Morlan's way, availing himself of the knowledge that the soldiers had some distance to travel, which would soon reach an ear so anxious as his.

In the mean time, Bertram followed his guide, and was in his turn followed by Dimmont. The shouts of a furious mob resounded far and wide; for the smugglers, in their triumph, were joined by all the rabble of the town and surrounding neighborhood, nobly incited, and in complete agitation, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour; some from interest in the free trade, and most from the general love of mischief and the lure of a vulgar passion.

But in spite of his charge, the two who held Bertram were the last of the party.

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We must now return to Woodbourne, which, it may be remembered, we left just after the Colonel had given some directions to his servant. When he returned, his absence of mind, and an unusual expression of thought and anxiety upon his features, struck the ladies whom he joined in the drawing-room. Mannerings was not, however, a man to be questioned, even by those whom he most loved, upon the cause of the mental agitation which these signs expressed. The hour of tea arrived, and the party were partaking of that refreshment in the library, when a carriage drove up to the door; and the bell
announced the arrival of a visitor. “Surely,” said Mannerings, “it is too soon by some hours.”

“Miss Lucy Bertram,” the porter exclaimed, opening the door of the saloon, announced Mr. Pleydell. In marched the lawyer, whose well-brushed black coat, and well-powdered wig, together with his point ruff, spoke for a gentleman who had no thought of paying a social call. His shoes were black, his face powdered, and gold buckles, exhibited the pains which the old gentleman had taken to prepare his person for the ladies’ society. He was welcomed by Mannerings with a hearty grip by the hand. Barnes, opening the door, said, “The very man I wished to see at this moment!”

“Yes,” said the counsellor, “I told you I would take the first opportunity so I have ventured to leave the house, Miss Lucy, and ask you to tea, and inform you of the sacrifice—but I had a notion I could be useful, and I was to attend a proof here at some time at the same time. But will you not introduce me to the young ladies?—Ah! there is a family likeness! Miss Lucy Bertram, my love, I am most happy to see you.”—And he folded her in his arms, and gave her a hearty kiss on each side of the face. "”On n’ oubte pas dans un si beau chemin,” continued the gay old gentleman, and, as the Colonel presented him to Julia, took the same liberty with that fair lady as with Miss Lucy, and laughed, and said, engaged herself. “I beg a thousand pardons,” said the lawyer, with a bow which was not at all professional awkward; “age and old fashion gives privilege, and my society, at least, is most soothing, just now at being too well entitled to claim them at all, or happy in having such an opportunity to exercise them so agreeably.”

“By my word, sir,” said Miss Mannerings, laughing, “if you make such flattering apologies, we shall begin to doubt whether we can admit you to shelter yourself under your alleged qualifications.”

“I can assure you, Julia,” said the Colonel, “you are perfectly right; my friend the counsellor is a dangerous person; the last time I had the pleasure of seeing him, he was clasped with a fair lady, who had signed him a fat-o’-the-eight at eight in the morning.”

“Indeed,” said Colonel, as the counsel, but you should add, I was more indebted to my chocolate than my charms for so distinguished a favour, from a person of such propriety of demeanour as Miss Rebecca.”

“And that should remind me, Mr. Pleydell,” said Julia, “to offer you tea—that is supposing you have dined.”

“Any thing, Miss Mannerings, from your hands,” answered the gallant jurisconsult; “yes, I have dined, that is to say, as people dine at a Scotch inn.”

And that is indifferently enough, said the Colonel, upon the bell-handle: “give me leave to order something.”

“Why, to say truth,” replied Mr. Pleydell, “I had rather not: I have been inquiring into that matter, for you must know I stood an instant below to pull off my boot-hose, ‘a world too wide for my shrunk shoes,”’ glancing down with some complacency upon limbs which looked very well for his time of life, and I had some conversation with your Barnes, and a very intelligent person whom I presume to be the housekeeper; and it was settled among us—tota re perspecta—I beg Miss Mannerings’ pardon for my Latin—that the old lady should add to your light family-supper the most substantial refreshment of a brace of wild-ducks. I told her (always under deep submission) my poor thoughts about the sauce, which coincided exactly with her own; and, if you please, I would rather wait till they are ready before eating anything solid.”

And we will anticipate our usual hour of supper,” said the Colonel.

“With all my heart,” said Pleydell, “providing I do not lose the ladies’ company a moment the sooner. I am of counsel with my old friend Burnet: I love the house, I love the people, and the inmates.”

*The Burnet, whose taste for the evening meal of the ancients is quoted by Mr. Pleydell, was the celebrated metaphysician and excellent man, Lord Montesquieu, whose care will not be soon forgotten by those who have shared his classic hospitable meal and social glass that wash out of one’s mind the cobwebs, that business or gloom have spun in one’s life during the day.”

The vivacity of Mr. Pleydell’s look and manners, and the quickness with which he made himself at home on the subject of his little epicurean connoisseurs, was observed by the young Miss Mannerings, who immediately gave the counsellor a great deal of flattering attention; and more pretty things were said on both sides during the service of the tea-table than we have space by, to repeat.

As soon as this was over, Mannerings led the counsellor by the arm into a small study which opened from the saloon, and where, according to the custom of the family, there were always lights and a good fire in the evening.

“I see,” said Mr. Pleydell, “you have got something to tell me about the Illawongan business—it is quite a fat-o’-the-eight by the way. I have consulted your Ephemerides, your Almachozen, your Almheiten.”

“No, thank you,” replied Mannerings, “you are the only Tyrole I intend to resort to upon the present occasion—a second Prospero, I have broken my staff, and frowned my book far beyond plums and wine.”

“Ah, my dear,” said Colonel, “Meg Merriles, our Egyptian sibyl, has appeared to the Dominie this very day, and, as I conjecture, has frightened the honest man not a little.”

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“Read aloud,” said Mannerings.

“I will try,” answered the lawyer. ""You are a good seeker, but a bad finder; you set yourself to prop a fat-o’-the-eight, but had a gay, gussy way to rise again. Lend your hand to the work that’s near, as you lent your e to the weird that was far. How a carriage this night by ten o’clock, at the end of the Crooked Thikes at Porkenberry, and let it bring the folk to Woodbourne that shall ask them, if they be in God’s name.”—Stay, here follows some poetry—

"Dusk shall be light, And wrong done to right, When Bertram’s right and Bertram’s might Shall bow Illawongans at the feet of right."

A most mystic epistle truly, and closes in a vein of poetry worthy of the Cumanean sibyl—And what have you done?”

“Why,” said Mannerings, rather reluctantly, “I was both to risk and opportunity of throwing light on this business. The woman is perhaps crazed, and these effusions may arise only from visions of her imagination; but you were of opinion that she knew more of that strange story than she ever told.”

“And so,” said Pleydell, “you sent a carriage to the place named?”

“You will laugh at me if I own I did,” replied the Colonel.

“Who, I?” replied the advocate. “No, truly I think it was the wisest thing you could do.”

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"Yes," answered Mannering, well pleased to have escaped the ridicule he apprehended; "you know the worst is paying the chaise-hire—I sent a post-chaise for you yesterday. I was determined to correspond to the letter—the horses will have a long and cold station on the outpost to night if our intelligence be false."

"But I think it will prove otherwise," said the lawyer. "This woman has played a part till she believes it; or, if she be a thorough-paced impostor, without a single grain of self delusion, to quarrel with her for an act of being so blind to act in character—this I know, that I could get nothing out of her by the common modes of interrogation, and the wisest thing we can do is to give her an opportunity of making the discovery her own way. And now have you more to say, or shall we go to the ladies?"

"Why, my mind is uncommonly agitated," answered Julia, "I supposed—" the more experienced lawyer—"I am much interested certainly, but I think I shall be able to survive the interval, if the ladies will afford us some music."

"I think we may be in a little of the wild-ducks, by and by?" suggested Mannering.

"True, Colonel; a lawyer's anxiety about the fate of the most interesting cause has seldom spoiled either appetite or climate. And yet I shall be very eager to hear the rattle of those wheels on their return, notwithstanding."

So saying, he rose, and led the way into the next room, where Miss Mannering, at his request, took her seat at the harpsichord. Lucy Bertram, who sung her native melodies very sweetly, was accompanied by her friend upon the instrument, and Julia afterwards performed some of Scarlatti's sonatas with such discrimination as to make the listeners feel little upon the violincello, and being a member of the gentlewomen's in concert in Edinburgh, was so greatly delighted with this mode of spending the evening, that I dare say that some of the wild-ducks until Barnes informed the company that supper was ready.

"Tell Mrs. Allen to have something in readiness," said the Colonel. "I expect that is, I hope—perhaps some savoury entrée to come. And let the men sit up, and do not lock the upper gate on the lawn until I desire you."

"Lord, sir," said Julia, "whom can you possibly expect to come tonight?"

"Why, some persons, strangers to me, talked of calling in the evening on business," answered her father, "but without embarrassment, for he would have little conversation which would have thrown ridicule on his judgment;—it is quite certain."

"Well, we shall not pardon them for disturbing our party. We like to have our galantry to conduct her into a dinner, "the time has been—when I returned from Utrecht in the year 1739."

"Pray don't talk of it;" answered the young lady, "I never eat supper without the company of your presence; and as such alterations, as my friend and admirer, for so he has dubbed himself, Mr. Pleydell."

"Ah, Miss Julia," said Pleydell, offering his arm with an air of gallantry to conduct her into a dining room, "the time has been—since I returned from Utrecht in the year 1739."

"I dare say you have spent all the intervening years in getting rid so completely of the effects of your Dutch education."

"O forgive me, Miss Mannering," said the lawyer; "the Dutch are a much more accomplished people in point of gallantry than their volatile neighbours are willing to admit. They are constant as clock work in their attentions."

"I should think so," said Julia. "Imperturbable in their good temper," continued Pleydell.

"Worse and worse," said the young lady. "And then," said the old man, "although for six times three hundred and sixty-five days, your swain has placed the capuchin round your neck, and the stove under your feet, and driven your little sledge upon the ice in winter, and your carriage in dusty summer, you may dismiss him at once, without reason or apology, upon the two thousand one hundred and ninetieth day, which, according to my hasty calculation, a without raking keenly, will complete the cycle of the supposed adoration, and that without your amiable feelings having the slightest occasion to be alarmed for the consequences to those of us."

"Well," replied Julia, "that last is truly a Dutch recommendation. Mr. Pleydell—crystal and hearts would lose all their merit in the world, if it were not for their fragility, and that last is truly a Dutch recommendation. Mr. Pleydell—crystal and hearts would lose all their merit in the world, if it were not for their fragility.

"Well, upon that point of the argument, Miss Mannering, it is as difficult to find a heart that will break, as a glass that will not; and for that reason I think we would part."

"I think, Colonel," said Mr. Mannering, "I have a formable rival to day, and I have been on the very first night of his avowed admiration."

"Pardon me, my fair lady," answered the counselour, "your avowed rigour alone has induced me to commit the follies of eating a good supper in your presence; how shall I support your frowns without reinforcing my strength? Upon the same principle, and no other, I will ask permission to drink wine with you."

"This is the fashion of Utrecht also," I suppose, Mr. Pleydell?"

"Forgive me, madam," answered the counselour, "the French Court, for instance,--" the galant term their tavern-keepers restaurateurs, alluding, doubtless, to the relief they afford the disconsolate lover, when bowed down to the earth by his mistress's anger; and the more so, as they often, in relief, that I must trouble you for that other wing, Mr. Sampson, without prejudice to my afterwards applying to Miss Bertram for a tart—be pleased to tear the wing, sir, instead of cutting it off. Mr. Barnes will assist you, Mr. Sampson, thank you, sir—and, Mr. Barnes, a glass of ale, if you please."

While the old gentleman, pleased with Miss Mannering's vivacity and attention, ratted away for her amusement and his own, the impatience of Colonel Mannering begain to exceed all bounds. He declined sitting down at table, under pretence that he never eat supper; and traversed the parlour, in which they were, with hasty and impatient steps, now throwing up the window to gaze upon the dark lawn, now listening for the remote sound of the carriage advancing upon the avenue. At length, in a feeling of uncontrollable impatience, he left the room, took his hat and cloak, and pursued his walk up the avenue, as if his so doing would hasten the approach of those whom he desired to see. After a time, he was joined by Miss Bertram. "Colonel Mannering would not venture out after night-fall. You must have heard, Mr. Pleydell, what a cruel fright we had."

"O, with the usual reply of the advocate—"they are old friends of mine, he meant the means of bringing some of us to justice, a long time since when sheriff of this county."
"And then the alarm we had immediately afterwards, added Miss Bertram, from the vengeance of one of those watchmen."

"When young Hazelwood was hurt—I heard of that too."

"Imagine, my dear Mr. Pleydell," continued Lucy, "how much Miss Mannering and I were alarmed, with Julia, when we heard the noise. He has got such a voice in the country, and he was there, and he knew us."

"If I thought, Mr. Pleydell," said Mr. Dabney, "I should be in some danger—"

"What is that book you hold in your hand, Mr. Sampson?"

"You know the learned Dr. Lyra, sir—" I would crave his honour Mr. Pleydell's judgment, always with his best leisure, to expand a disputed passage."

"I am not in the vein, Mr. Sampson," answered Dr. Lyra, "but I will not despair to engage these two young ladies in a glee or a catch, wherein I, even myself, will adventure myself for the base part—Hang Dr. Lyra, man; keep him for a litter season."

"The distinguished Dominie shut his ponderous tome, much musing in his mind how a person, possessed of the lawyer's erudition, could give his mind to these frivolous toys. But the counsellor, indifferent to the high character for learning which he was sitting up, filled himself a large glass of burgundy, and after precluding a little with a voice somewhat the worse for the wear, gave the ladies a outrageous invitation to heay the piece in a manner which he accomplished his own part therein with great eclat."

"Are you not withering your roses with sitting up so late, my young ladies?" said the Colonel.

"But that instant the musical trial of skill, and that to lively conversation. At length, when the solitary sound of one o'clock had long since resounded on the ebon ear of night, and the next signal of the advance of time was closed up, the counsellor, whose impatience had long subsided into disappointment and despair, looked at his watch, and said, "We must now give them up"—when at that instant—but what then befell will require a separate chapter.

\section*{CHAPTER L.}

\textbf{Justice.} This does indeed confirm each circumstance.

\textbf{No orphan, nor without a friend at all.}"

\textbf{I am thy father, here's thy mother, there.}"

\textbf{This is my cousin, and these are my near relations.}"

\textbf{As Mannering replaced his watch, he heard a distant and hollow sound—"It is a carriage for certain—and seeming of the wind among the leafless trees. Do come to the window, Mr. Pleydell."

\textbf{The counsellor, who, with his large silk handkerchief in his hand, was expatiating away to Julia upon some subject which he thought was interesting, obeyed, however, the summons, first wrapping the handkerchief round his neck by way of precaution against the possibility of the wind. The sound of the carriage was now very perceptible, and Pleydell, as if he had reserved all his curiosity till that moment, ran out to the hall. The Colonel ran for Bertram to desire that the person should be instantly admitted into a separate room, being altogether uncertain whom it might contain. It stopped, however, at the door, before his purpose could be fully explained. A moment after, Mr. Pleydell called out, "Here's our Liddesdale friend, I protest, with a strapping young fellow of the same calibre." His voice arrested D'Imont, who recognised him with equal surprise and pleasure. "Well, if it is their lawyer, it is right and just as thick and rare can make us.""

But while the farmer stopped to make his bow, Bertram, dizzied with the sudden glare of light, and his eyes habituated to the scene, already half unconscious entered the open door of the parlour, and confronted the Colonel, who was just advancing towards it. The strong light of the apartment lent a different aspect to the man who had beheld her lover in a most peculiar and hazardous situation; and Lucy Bertram at once knew the person who had fired upon young Hazelwood. Bertram, who interested in the fixed and the unchangeable person of the Colonel into displeasure at his intrusion, hastened to say that it was involuntary, since he had been hurried hither without even knowing whether he was to be allowed to see his lady, and if he was, he would not know her with the advantage of his character, as a gentleman and man of honour."

"Mr. Brown—have I been seldom—never so much surprised at your visit, gentlemen, in an interview, have you a right to command my favourable testimony."

At this critical moment entered the counsellor and D'Imont. The former beclouded to his astonishment, the Colonel but just recovering from his first surprise, Lucy Bertram ready to faint with terror, and Miss Mannering in an agony of doubt and apprehension, both of which she communicated to her counsellor. "What is the meaning of all this?" said he; "has this young fellow brought the Gorgon's head in his hand—let me look at him—By heaven! he muttered to himself, "the very same as old Flagonwan!—Yes, the same manly form and handsome features, but with a world of more intelligence in the face—Yes!—the witch has kept her word." Then instantly turning to Lucy, "Mr. Bertram, my dear; have you never seen any one like him?"

Lucy had only ventured one glance at this object of terror, by which, however, from his remarkable height and appearance, she at once recognised the supposed assassin of young Hazelwood; a conviction which excluded, of course, the more favourable association of ideas which might have occurred on a closer view. "Don't ask me about him, sir," said she, turning away her eyes; "send him away, for heaven's sake! we shall all be murdered." "Murder! there's the poker?" said the advocate in some alarm; "but nonsense! we are three besides the servants, and there is honest Liddesdale worth half-a-dozen to boot—we have the major up upon our side—however, here's my friend Dabney-Do—"
vie—what do they call you?—keep between that fellow and us for the protection of the ladies."

"Lord! Mr. Plydell," said the astonished farmer, "it's Captain Brown! d'ye no ken the Captain?"

"No, but I'm greatly honored, we may be said of enough," answered Plydell; "but keep near them!"

All this passed with such rapidity, that it was over before the Domine had recovered himself from a fit of absence, shut the book which he had been studying in a corner, and advancing to obtain a sight of the strangers, exclaimed at once, upon beholding Bertram, "If the grave can give up the dead, that is my kind and honored master!"

"We're right after all, by Heaven! I was sure I was right," said the lawyer; "he is the very image of his father. Come, Colonel, what do you think of that, you do not bid your guest welcome? I think—I believe—I trust we're right—never saw such a like-ness!—But patience—Domine, say not a word.—Sit down, young gentleman."

I beg pardon, sir; if I am, as I understand, in Colonel Mannersing's house, I should wish first to know if my accidental appearance here gives offense, or if I am welcome?"

"The young gentleman made an effort. "Welcome? most certainly, especially if you can point out how I can serve you. I believe I may have some wrongs to repair towards you—I have often suspected so; but I have no evidence. In any case, connected with painful recollections, prevented my saying at first, as I now say, that whatever has procured me the honour of this visit, it is an acceptable one to me."

Bertram bowed with an air of dignified, yet civil acknowledgment, to the grave courtesy of Mannersing. "Julia, my love, you had better retire. Mr. Brown, you will excuse us. I can sit better there, where there are circumstances which I perceive rush upon her recollection."

Miss Mannersing rose and retired accordingly; yet, as she passed Bertram, could not suppress the words, "He is a noble youth—" but no more, and went on Caf-proof of his два, to be heard by him alone. Miss Mannersing accompanied her friend, much surprised, but without venturing a second glance at the object of her terror. Some mistakes she saw there was, and was unwilling to increase it by denouncing the stranger as an assassin. He was known, she saw, to the Colonel, and received as a gentleman; certainly he either was not the person she suspected. Hazledown was right in supposing the shot accidental.

The remaining part of the company would have formed no bad group for a skilful painter. Each was lost in his own world, awed by the unusual situation of observing the others of the strangers. Bertram most unexpectedly found himself in the house of one, whom he was alternately disposed to dislike as his personal enemy, and to admire; but he was unwilling to be heard by him alone. Miss Mannersing was struggling between his high sense of courtesy and hospitality, his joy at finding himself relieved from the guilt of having shed life in a private quarrel, and the former feelings of dislike and prejudice, which revived in his heart, and raised at the sight of the object against whom he had entertained them; Sampson, supporting his shaking limbs by leaning on the back of his chair, fixed his eyes upon Bertram, with a strained expression of nervous anxiety which convulsed his whole visage; Dinmont, enveloped in his loose shaggy great-coat, and resembling a huge bear erect upon his hinder legs, stared on the whole scene with great round eyes that witnessed his amazement.

The counselor alone was in his element, shrived, prompt, and active; he already calculated the prospect of increased income, the flutterings of interest, eventful, and mysterious law-suit, and no young monarch, flushed with hopes, and at the head of a gallant army, might experience more gloe when taking the field on his first campaign. And he had energy, and it took the arrangement of the whole explanation upon himself.

"Come, come, gentlemen, sit down; this is all in my province; you must let me arrange it for you. Sit down, my dear Colonel, and let me manage; sit down, Mr. Brown, and guacumia also nominate voca-

- Domine, take your seat; draw in your chair, honest Liddesdale."

"I dinna ken, Mr. Plydell," said Dinmont, looking at his dazed-looking coat, then at the handsome furnitures, we may be said of some sort, and some gate else; and have ye till your cracks—I'm no just that well put on.

The Colonel, who by this time recognized Dandie, immediately went up and bid him heartily welcome; assuring him, that from what he had seen of him in Edinburgh, he was sure his rough coat and thick-soled boots would honour a royal drawing-room.

"Na, na, Colonel, we're just plain up-country folk; but nae doubt I would fear hear o' any pleasure that was gaun to happen the Captain, and I'm sure I will gas right if Mr. Plydell will take his bit job in hand."

"You're right, Dandie; spoke like a Hieland orake—and now be silent. Well, you are all seated at last; take a glass of wine till I begin my cateschism methodically. And now," turning to Bertram, "my dear boy, do you know who or what you are?"

In spite of his perplexity, the catechumen could not help laughing over his own former pronounced words. "Indeed, sir, I formerly thought I did; but I own late circumstances have made me somewhat uncertain."

"Then tell us what you formerly thought yourself."

"Why, I was in the habit of thinking and calling myself Vanbeest Brown, who served as a cadet or volunteer under Colonel Mannersing when he commanded the regiment, in which capacity I was not unknown to him."

"There," said the Colonel, "I can assure Mr. Brown of his identity; and add, what his modesty may have forgotten, he was distinguished as a young man of talent and spirit."

"So much the better, my dear sir," said Mr. Plydell; but that is to general character—Mr. Brown must tell you what he was born.

"In Scotland, I believe, but the place uncertain."

"Where educated?"

"In Holland, certainly."

"Do you remember nothing of your early life before you left Scotland?"

"Very imperfectly; yet I have a strong idea, perhaps more deeply impressed upon me by subsequent hand usage, that I was during my childhood under the guard of much solicitude and affection. I have an indistinct remembrance of a good-looking man whom I used to call papa, and a lady who was infirm of body, but a person of very amiable countenance and temper; but it is an imperfect and confused recollection. I remember too a tall thin kind-tempered man in black, who used to teach me my letters and walk out with me."

"That is that," said Bertram; "and that is the voice the figure of my kind old master."

The Domine throw himself into his arms, pressed him a thousand times to his bosom in convulsion of transports, which a whole flock of bobbies shook hypocritically, and, at length, in the emphatic language of Scripture, lifted up his voice and went aloft. Colonel Mannersing had recourse to his handkerchief; Plydell mopped his swelled eyes, and wiped the glass of his spectacles; and honest Dinmont, after two loud
GUY MANCINING. [CHAP. I.

blubbering explosions, exclaimed. "Deil's in the man! he's gair'd me do that I haen a done since my sauld mither died."

"No, no," said the councillor at last, "silence in the court. We have a clever party to contend with; we must lose no time in gathering our information—for any thing I know, there may be something more at stake than a man's life on the point of the sword."

"I will order a horse to be saddled, if you please," said the Colonel.

"No, no, time enough—time enough—but come, Dominie, you must express your feelings. I must circumscribe the term you must let me proceed in my examination."

The Dominie was habitually obedient to any one who called him Master. Thus, he sulked back into his chair, spread his checkered handkerchief over his face, to serve, as I suppose, for the Grecian painter's veil, and, from the action of his folded hands, he seemed involved with his own collections, expressing what could I do? I had no means of ascertaining my doubts, nor a single friend with whom I could communicate or canvass them. The rest of my story is known to the reader who has the misfortune to be a clerk in a Dutch house; their affairs fell in confusion—I betook myself to the military profession, and, I trust, as yet I have not disgraced it."

"Thoughts, as I have been told, are the servants of the affections—" said Pleydell, and since you have wanted father so long, I wish from my heart I could ease the paternity. But this affair of young Hazlewood—"

"Was merely accidental," said Bertram. "I was travelling in Scotland for pleasure, and after a week's residence with my friend, Mr. Dimmont, with whom I had the good fortune to form an accidental acquaintance with your cousin.""

"It was my guide fortune that," said Dimmont, "odd, my brains was hae been knockit out by the blackguard, if it hadn a been for his four quarreens.

"Shortly after we parted at the town of— I lost my baggage by thieves, and it was redig at Kippleringan I accidentally met the young gentleman; as I was approaching to pay my respects to your honouring, which I had known of. Mr. Hazlewood conceiving my appearance none of the most respectable, commanded me not. But as I was in the midst of my commission, I had the misfortune to be the victim in the domicile of wounding him. And now, as I have answered all your questions—"

"No, no, not quite all," said Pleydell, winking as gravely as if there were some inside joke which shall delay till to-morrow, for it is time, I believe, to close the sedentary for this night, or rather morning."

"Well, sir," said the young man, "to the phrasing of your letters I have answered some which you have chosen to ask to-night, will you so good as to tell me who are that such as are in my affairs, and whom you take me to be entertained by this missive?"

"Why, sir, for myself," replied the councillor, "I am Paulus Pleydell, an advocate at the Scottish bar, and for it is not easy to say distinctly who you are at present, but I trust in a short time to be the person by the title of Henry Bertram. Esq., representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland, and heir of their lands and house of Ellangowan, which you will find me to be the possessor of, as you are in the possession of the house, which fate has opened before you. I was in the early years of your life, and chanced to be your friend of Ellangowan as unexpectedly as you are now at mine. Meantime, I have been doing a man's work, and speaking to himself, "we must pass over his father and serve him heir to his grandfather Lewis, the elder—and his son, the only wise man of his family that I ever heard of."

They had now risen to retire to their apartments for the night, when Colonel Manciner, walking up to Bertram, as he stood astonish at the conspiracy of his words, said, "I give you joy," he said, of the prospects which fate has opened before you. I was an early friend of your father, and chanced to be your friend, and to be the house of Ellangowan as unexpectedly as you are now at mine. Meantime, I have been doing a man's work, and speaking to himself, "we must pass over his father and serve him heir to his grandfather Lewis, the elder—and his son, the only wise man of his family that I ever heard of."
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GU Y MANNERING.

Are both no more—and the family property has
I said, but I trust may be recovered. Whatever
power I have, I shall use for your right effectual, I shall be
a happy to supply."

Nay, you may leave all that to me," said the
sailor: "tis my vocation, Hal, I shall make
you sure of it.

"I'm sure it's no for the like of me," observed Din-
tin, "to speak to you gentlefolks; but if Siller
did help on the Captain's plea, and they saw me
seae.

and writing Jack o'Dawson neither.

"Aye, but when your honour wanda take your fee
randa has the cause neither, sae I'll never fish
on it in my time, nor in the house of a man
saying, 'There's someailer in the splachan's that's like the
man's ain, for we've sye counted it such, bairn
and me.

"No, no, riddelse—no occasion, no occasion
never—keep thy cash to stocket thy farm."

"To stock my farm! Mr. Plydell, your honour
many things, but ye dinna ken the farm o'lice-
house's, nae weel stocked already, that we
had sax hundred pounds it like year, fowk tell theither—na, na."

"Can't you take another then?"

"Dinna ken—the money lond o' the place, the hide to put away the add
try, and then I wanda like myself, to zaue about
thing, and raising the rent on my in-tilbours."

"What, not upon thy neighbour at Dawson-
stantial—how do ye call the place?

"What, on Jock o' Dawson's? ho ha—he's a can-
yet clueid, and fashions about marches, and
had some bits o' spluches theither, but dott o f
know what Jack o'Dawson neither."

"Thou're an honest fellow," said the lawyer; "get
'to bed. Thiou will sleep soundly. I warrant
than many a man that throws off an embrai-
ged fit, and puts on a bonnet-cap.

"If you are busy with our Ennist Brown. But
nes must give me a summons of waenning at se-
mock morrow, for my servant's a sleep-

ed; and I dare say my clerk, Driver, has
Clarence's fate, and is drowned by this time in a
of your ale; for Mrs. Allan promised to make
comfortable, and she'll soon discover what he
sees from that engagement. Good night, Col-
bad night, Dominic Sampson—good night, Din-
sit the downright—good night, last of all, to the
Mount representative of the Brittons and the
Dawsons, the Knaths, the Dragans, the Gads, the
Dinmores, and the Rolands, and the last and
best title, heir of taitzie and provision of the lands
barony of Ellumganton, under the sattlement of
the Knaths and Dragans, are," and so sayin', the old gentleman took his candle
left the room; and the company dispersed, after
Dominie had once more hailed and embraced
little Harry Brittim, as he continued to call
young soldier of six feet high.

CHAPTER I.

My imagination
carries no favour in it bat Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, nor
If Bertram be away,
Alas! We'll this: Elda Well
the hour which he had appointed the preceding
night, the indefatigable lawyer was seated by a
fire, and a pair of wax candles, with a velvet
on his hat, and a quilted silk gown on his
on, busy arranging his memoria and proofs and
ations concerning the murder of Frank Ken-

An express had also been dispatched to Mr.
Mannering, requesting an answer.

Splachan is a tobacco pouch, occasionally used as a

drinking; among the humanity of a large estate, is, when
when the rider produces the tawny cover of the

name, as to occasion the rest of the neighbour's farms being
which, for various reasons, is held a very unpopular
treasure and undesirably. Troublesome

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she said, in an interrupted, yet solemn voice, "is this my brother?"

"It is—it is—Miss Lucy, it is little Harry Bertram, as sure as God’s sun is in that heaven!"

"哦, John! you never knew how much you gave way to all that family affectation, which had so long slumbered in his bosom for want of an object to expand itself upon—"

"It is not—no, it is Miss Lucy Bertram," circumspect Sampson, "whom by my poor aid you will find perfect in the tongues of France, and Italy, and even of Spain—in reading and writing her vernacular tongue, and in arithmetic, and book-keeping by double and single entry—I say nothing of her talents of shaping and hemming, and governing a household, which, to give every one their due, she acquired not from me, but from the housekeeper—nor do I take merit for her."

"Julia Manning—hath not mainly contributed—" and all that remains to me!—Last night, but more fully this morning, Colonel Manning gave me an account of our exploits, though without saying I should find my sister here."

"That," said Lucy, "he left to this gentleman to tell you, one of the kindest and most faithful of friends. For my other friends, I rejoice, I have witnessed his dying moments, and amid the heaviest clouds of fortune would not desert his orphan."

"God bless him for it!" said Bertram, shaking the Duke's hand. "I do not despise the truth which I have always recorded even that dim and imperfect shadow of his memory which my childhood retained."

"And God bless you both, my dear children," said Sampson, as he clapped his hands, "I have always been contented that Heaven’s pleasure so been to lay my head upon the turf beside my patron."

"But I trust," said Bertram, "I am encouraged to hope shall all see better days. All our wrongs shall be redressed, since Heaven has sent me means and friends to assert my right."

"Friends indeed!" echoed the Dominie, "and sent, as you truly say, by Him, to whom I early taught you to look up as the source of all that is good. There is the great Colonel Manning from the Eastern Indies, a man of war from his birth upwards, but who is not the less a man of great erudition, con- sidering his station and the times; moreover, the great advocate Mr. Pleydell, who is also a man of great erudition, but who descended to trifle unbecoming thereof; and there is Mr. An- ders—"

"Yes, indeed, Dominie," I said, "I have had and hold to his present possession of much erudition, but who, like the patriarchy of old, is cunning in that which belongeth to flocks and herds—Lastly, there is even I myself, whose fortune will roll out greater names than those of the aforesaid valuable persons, have not, if it becomes me to speak, been pretermitted by me, in so far as my poor faculties have enabled me to profit by them. Of a surety, little Harry, we must specify resume our studies. I will begin from the foundation—Yes, I will reform your education upward from the true knowledge of Eng- lish, Latin, and Greek, to that of the Hebrew or Cau- dalic tongue."

The reader may observe, that, upon this occasion, Sampson was infinitely more profuse of words than he had hitherto exhibited himself. The reason was, that in recovering his pupil his mind went instantly back to their original connexion, and he had, in his confusion of ideas, the strongest desire in the world to resume such lessons and half-test with young Bertram. This was the more ridiculous, as towards Lucy he assumed no such powers of tuition. But she had grown up under his eye, and had been gradually emancipated from his government by increasing in knowledge and sense, and a sense of his own inferior tact in manners, whereas his first ideas went to take up Harry pretty nearly where he had left him. From the same feelings of reviving au- thority, he indulged himself in what was to him a profession of language; and as people seldom speak more than usual without exposing themselves, he gave those whom he addressed plainly to understand, that while he deferred implicitly to the opinions and commands, if they chose to disregard every one, of all, if he met with, it was under an internal conviction, that in the article of eruditi-om, as he usually pronounced the word, he was infinitely superior to them all put together. At present, however, this intimation fell upon heedless ears, for the brother and sister were too deeply engaged in asking and receiving intelligence concerning their former fortunes to attend much to the worthy Dominie.

When they brought Bertram to Julia's dressing-room, and dismissed her attendant. "My dear sir," she said as he entered, "you have forgot our vigil last night, and have hardly allowed me time to comb my hair, which is the only thing I have to trust in to give me air of respectability—Julia Manning, you have the kindness to answer me? Was it this young man who came under your window and conversed with you during your residence at Mervyn-Hall?—Julia—I command—"

"You will be tardy to reply," said the Colonel, "where the entanglement lies, which I will try to extricate with due gentleness."

"O, everywhere," said the young lady,—"the whole is a wild and confounded hornet's nest."

"Well then, I will try to unriddle it."—He gave a brief sketch of the fate and prospects of Bertram, to which Julia listened with an interest which she in vain endeavoured to disguise—"And now, Miss Manning, are your ideas on the subject more luminous?"

"More confused than ever, my dear sir," said Julia. "Here is this young man come from India, after he had been several years in the service, like Abdullah, the great voyager to his sister Canzado and his provident brother—"

"And I am awfully, the story, I believe—Canzado was his wife—but Lucy may represent the one, and the Dominie the other. And then this lively crack-brained Scotch lawyer appears like a pantomime at the end of a tragedy—and then how delightful it will be if Lucy gets back her fortune."

"Now to the matter at hand. Do you think the most mysterious part of the business is, that Miss Julia Manning, who must have known her father's anxiety about the fate of this young man, Brown, or Ber- tram, as the case may be, and wished to consult him when Hazledew's accident took place, and never once mentioned to her father a word of the matter, but suffered the search to proceed against this young gentleman as a suspicious character and as a—a—"

Julia, much of whose courage had been hastily assumed to meet the interview with her father, was now unable to rally herself; she hung down her head in silence, after in vain attempting to utter a denial that she recollected Brown when she met him.

"No answer!—Well, Julia," continued her father, gravely but in a low voice, "do you allow me to say the only time you have been seen Brown since his return from India?—Still no answer. I must then naturally suppose that it is not the first time.—Still no reply. Julia Manning, will you have the kindness to answer me? Was it this young man who came under your window and conversed with you during your residence at Mervyn-Hall?—Julia—I command—"

"Miss Manning raised her head. "I have been, sir—I believe I am still very foolish—and it is perhaps more hard upon me that I must meet this gentleman, whom I have known, than not the case entirely, yet get the accomplice of my folly, in your presence."

"Here she made a full stop.

"I am to understand, then," said Manning "that this was the author of the serenade at Mervyn-Hall?"
Guy Mannering. 139

was something in this allusive change of
had, Julia, little more courage—He
ed, sir; and if I am very wrong, as I have
eight, I have some apology.

what is that?" answered the Colonel, speak-
ging, "Do you know what you shall immedi-
ately know and approve of. May I ask—whether Mr. Bertram is to continue a guest at
Woodbourne?"

"Certainly," said the Colonel, "while his affaire render it advisable."

"Then, sir, you must be sensible, considering what is already past, that he will expect some reason for
my withdrawing—I believe I must say the encourage
ment, which he may think I have given.

I expect, Julia," said the Colonel, "that he
will respect my roof, and entertain some sense per-
haps of the services I am desirous to render him, and
so will not insist upon any course of conduct
which I might have reason to complain; and I ex-
pect of you, that you will make him sensible of what
is due to both."

Then, sir, I understand you, and you shall be im-
plcitly obeyed."

"Thank you, my love; my anxiety (kissing her) is
on your account.—Now wipe these witnesses
from your eyes, and so to breakfast."

CHAPTER LII.

And, Sheriff, I will earn—my word to you,
That I will by-to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer there, if any man.

For any thing he shall be charged within
First Part of Henry IV.

When the several by-plays, as they may be termed,
had taken place among the individuals of the Wood-
bourn family, as we have intimated in the preceding
chapter, the breakfast party at length assembled.
Dandie excepted, who had contrived to obtain some
viands, and perhaps in society, by partaking of a cup
of tea with Mrs. Allan, just laced with two tea-spoon-
ful of Cognis, and reinforced with various slices
from a huge round of beef. He had a kind of feel-
ing that he could cut twice as much, and speak twice
as much, with this good dame and Barnes, as with
the grand folk in the parlour. Indeed, the meal of
this less distinguished party was much more mirth-
ful than that in the higher circle, where there was
an obvious air of constraint on the greater part of
the assistants. Julia dared not raise her voice in asking
Bertram if he chose another cup of tea. Bertram felt
embarrassed so much at eating his toast and butter with
the eye of Mannering. Lucy, while she indulged to the
uttermost her affection for her recovered brother,
began to think of the quarrel betwixt him and Hazel-
wood. The Colonel felt the inexpressible vileness in
a proud mind, when it deems its slightest action
subject for a moment to the watchful construction of
others. The lawyer, while solemnly buttering his
roll, had an aspect of unworsted gravity, arising, per-
haps, from the severity of his morning studies. As
for the Dominie, his state of mind was ecstatic:
He looked at Bertram—he looked at Lucy—he whis-
pered—"He snuggled—he grinned—he committed all
manner of solemnities in point of form—poured the
whole cream (no unlucky mistake) upon the plate of
durazz, which was his usual breakfast—threw
the sugar into the sugar-dish instead of the slop-basin,
and concluded with spilling the scalded liquor upon old
Plato, the Colonells favourite spaniel, who received
the libation without a howl that did little honour to
his philosopher.

The Colonel's equanimity was rather shaken by this
last blunder. "Upon my word, my good friend, Mr
Sampson, you forget the difference between Plato
and Zesperates."

"The former was chief of the Academics, the latter
of the Stoics," said the Dominie, with some
scorn of the supposition.

"Yes, my dear sir, but it was Zesperates, no
Plato, who denied that pain was an evil."

"I should have thought," said Pleydell, "that very
respectable quadruped, which is now lamenting.
of the room upon three of his four legs, was rather of
the must see the form and not the advice. But there
is little harm. Our friend here must be
made sui juris—he is at present an escaped prisoner:
the law has an awkward claim upon him; he must be
placed where she will be under my advice. But
which purpose, Colonel, I will accompany you
in your carriage down to Hazlewood-house. The
distance is not great; we will offer our sail; and I am
certain I will make his pardon—Sir Robert Hazlewood, the necessity of receiv-
ing it.

With all my heart," said the Colonel; and, ring-
ing the bell, gave the necessary orders. "And
what is next to be done?"

"We must get hold of Mac-Morlan, and look out
for more proof!"

"Why," said the Colonel, "the thing is as clear as
day-light—here are Mr. Sampson and Miss Bertram,
and you yourself, at once recognise the young
gentleman as his father's image; and he himself recollects
all those peculiar marks, and he is precisely his look-
ing this country—What else is necessary to convic-
tion?"

"To moral conviction nothing more, perhaps," said
the lawyer; "but a piece of solid proof of course.
Mr. Bertram's recollections are his own recollec-
tions merely, and therefore are not evidence in his
own favour; Miss Bertram, the learned Mr. Samp-
son, and I, can only say, what every one who knew
the late Ellangowan will readily agree with, that
this gentleman is his very picture—But that will not
make him Ellangowan's son, and give him the estate."

"And what will do so?" the Colonel.

"Why, what must be done then?" asked Manner-
ing, "we must get the proof. What proof? ‘What
proof can be got at in Holland, among the persons
by whom your young friend was educated. But then
the fear of being called in question for the murder of
the gauger may make them silent; or if they speak,
they are either foreigners or outlawed smugglers. In
short, I see doubts."

"Under favour, most learned and honoured sir,"
the Dominie, "I trust His Majesty will have restored
little Harry Bertram to his friends, will not leave his
own work imperfect."

"I trust so too, Mr. Sampson," said Pleydell, "but we
must be cautious; and I am afraid we shall
have more difficulty in procuring them than I at first
thought. But a faint heart never won a fair lady—
and, by the way, (apart to Miss Mannerling, while
Bertram was engaged with his sister,) there's a vin-
dication of Holland for you! what smart fellows do
you think Leyden and Utrecht must send forth, when
such a genteel and handsome young man comes from
the son of Middletongue?"

"Of a verity," said the Dominie, "jealous of the
reputation of the Dutch seminary,—"of a verity, Mr.
Pleydell, but I make it known to you that I myself
was founded in his education."

"True," said Pleydell, "I admired the advocate,
' that accounts for his proficiency in the graces, with-
out an education—but here comes your carriage, Colonel."

"Come back again,—let there be nothing done to pre-
judice my rights; I am now in the court."

Their reception at Hazlewood-house was more civil
and formal than usual; for in general the Baronet
expressed great respect for Colonel Mannerling; and
Mr. Pleydell, besides being a man of good family and
characters, as well disposed to his friend, as he had been
towards his wife. But now he seemed dry and embarrassed
in his manner. "He would willingly," he said, "res-
cieve bail, notwithstanding that the offence had been
directly perpetrated, committed, and done, against
young Hazlewood of Hazlewood; but the young man
had given himself a fictitious description, and was
altogether that sort of person, who should not be
liberated, discharged, or let loose upon society; and
therefore"

"I hope, Sir Robert Hazlewood," said the Colonel,
"you do not mean to doubt my word, when I assure
you that he served under me as cadet in India?"

"By no means or account whatsoever. But you
call him a cadet; now he says, avers, and upholds,
that he was a captain, or held a troop in your reg-
iment."

"He was promoted since I gave up the command."

"But you must have heard of it?"

"No: I returned on account of family circum-
stances from the East Indies, and have not been here
before. I was a little curious to hear particular news from the regiment;
the name of Brown, too, is so common, that I might
have seen his promotion in the Gazette without
noticing it; but they say our news will bring letters from his commanding officer."

"But I am told and informed, Mr. Pleydell," an-
swered Sir Robert, still hesitating, "that he does not
mean to sell a claim to the estate of Ellangowan, under
the name of Bertram."

"Ay, who says that?" said the counsel.

"Oh, the young man himself. He says so,
that does give a right to keep him in prison?"

"Hush, Colonel," said the lawyer; "I am sure
you would not, any more than I, countenance him,
if he proves an impostor; and among friends, who
informed you of this? Sir Robert,?"

"Why, a person, Mr. Pleydell," answered the Bar-
onet, "who is peculiarly interested in investigating
sifting, and clearing out this business to the bottom—
you will excuse my being more particular."

"O, certainly," replied Pleydell—well, and he
says?—"

"He says that it is whispered about among tinkers,
gipsies, and other idle persons, that there is such a plan
as I mentioned to you, and that this young man
who is a bastard or natural son of the late Ellan-
gowan, is pitched upon as the impostor, from his
strong family resemblance."

"And was there such a natural son, Sir Robert?
demanded the counsel.

"O, certainly, my own positive knowledge.
Ellangowan had him placed as a calling-boy or pewter-
monkey on board an armed sloop or yacht belonging
to the revenue, through the interest of the late Com-
missioner Bertram, a kinman of his own."

"Well, Sir Robert," said the lawyer, taking the
word out of the mouth of the impatient soldier—you
have told me news; I shall investigate them, and if
I find them true, certainly Colonel Mannerling and I
will not consent to it; the young man is, however,
while, as we are all willing to make him forthcoming,
to answer all complaints against him, I do assure you,
you will act most illigibly, and incur heavy responsi-
bility, if you refuse our bail."

"Why, Mr. Pleydell," said Sir Robert, who knew
the high authority of the counsellor's opinion, "as
you must know best, and as you promise to give up
this young man to me?

"If he proves an impostor," replied the lawyer,
with some emphasis.

"Aye, certainly—under that condition I will take
your bail; but in the meantime, you must say, an obliging, well-dis-
posed, and civil neighbour, have yourselves admitted to the law, gave me a hint or caution this morn-
ing against doing so. It was from him I learned
that this youth was liberated and had come abroad.
read prisoner.—But where shall we try the ball-headed? said the counsellor, addressing himself to Mr. Dophen—it will not do to harm if I dictate the needful my- self, a-writer accordingly and signed, and, saving subscribed a regular warrant for so Brown, would have the grace of courage, noble baring, and high blood, in the far-descended heir of Ellangowan.

They reached at length the little eminence or knoll upon the highest part of the common, called Gibbie’s-knowe—a spot repeatedly mentioned in this history, as being on the skirts of the Ellangowan estate.

It commanded a fair variety of hills and dale, bordered with natural woods, whose naked boughs at this season relieved the general colour of the landscape with a dark purple hue; while in other places the prospect was more formally intersected by lines of plantation, where the Scotch fir displayed its variety of dusky green.

At the distance of two or three miles lay the key of Ellangowan, its waves rippling under the influence of the western breeze, as the towers of the ruined castle, seen high over every object in the neighbourhood, received a brighter colouring from the wintry sun.

"There," said Lucy Bertram, pointing them out in the distance, "there is the seat of our ancestors. God knows, my dear brother, I do not covet in your behalf the extensive powers which the lords of these ruins are said to have possessed so long, and sometimes to have used so ill. But, O that I might see you in possession of such relics of your fortune as should give you an honourable independence, and enable you to stretch your hand the hand of the old and destitute dependants of our family, whom our poor father’s death—"

"True, my dearest Lucy," answered the young heir of Ellangowan; "and I would, with the utmost trust and confidence, receive the assistance of Heaven, which has so far guided us, and with that of these good friends, whom their own generous hearts have interested in my behalf, such a consumption of my hard adventures is now not unlikely. But as a soldier, I must look with some interest upon that worm-eaten hold of ragged stone; and if this undermining scoured, who is now in possession, dare to dispose a pebble if it.

He was here interrupted by Dimmont, who came hastily after them up the road, unseen till he was near the party. "Captain, Captain! ye’re wanted—Ye’re wanted by her ye ken o’

And immediately Meg Merrilies, as if emerging out of the earth, ascended from the hollow way, and stood before them. "I sought ye at the house," elle said, and found but him, (pointing to Dimmont,) but yest he was right, and I was wrong. It is here we should meet, on this very spot, where my eye last saw your father. Remember your promise, and follow me.

CHAPTER LIII.

To hail the king in seeming sort.
The ladie was for the churlish mine, and are res for all your motions—consider I have lawyer’s mistress twelve hours for assurance you it would be madness to at Ellangowan just now.—The utmost way is this rising ground in the common, where one might bless with a distant prospect of towers, which struck so strongly your imagination.

The knight agreed upon; and the taken their cloaks, followed the route under the escort of Captain Bertram. It was winter morning, and the cool breeze to刷新, not to chill, the fair weather, a high unacknowledged bond of kindness to the two ladies, and Bertram now hearing any accounts of his own family, now ting this advice, and the pleasure which he received. Lucy felt his words, as well from the bold and manly sentiments, as from the dangers he feared with the spirit with which he bore them. And Julia, while she pondered other’s words, could not help entertaining the independent spirit which had seemed to prevail in the humble and plebeian

G
market, wedding or burial," and she held high her head, brooding in a menacing attitude.

"But turned round to his terrified companions.

"Excuse me for a moment; I am engaged by a promise to follow this woman." "A good heavens! engaged to a madwoman?" said Julia.

"Or to a gypsy, who has her band in the wood ready to murder you," said Lucy.

"That was not spoken like a hair of Ellangowan," said Meg, frowning upon Miss Bertram. "It is the ill-doers are ill-dreaders."

"In short, I must go," said Bertram, "it is absolutely necessary; wait for me five minutes on this spot."

"Five minutes?" said the gypsy, "five hours may not bring you here again."

"Do you hear that?" said Julia; "for Heaven's sake do not go!"

"I must, I must—Mr. Dimont will protect you back to the house."

"No," said Meg, "he must come with you; it is for that he is here. He means to take part in hand and heart; and well his part it is, for redding his quarrel might cost you dear."

"I know it's not his way,—Then let him go, and there. They are within five minutes of the place, and they no longer will be attended to; let him wait for us, unless they are making for the lane in the darkness."

"You must not go," exclaimed both the ladies at once, "let Mr. Dimont warn you, if you go must, on this strange summons."

"Indeed I must," answered Bertram, "but you see I am safely guarded—Adieu for a short time; go here with me."

He pressed his sister's hand, and took a yet more affectionate farewell of Julia, with his eyes. Almost stupefied with surprise and fear, the young ladies with a wild and anxious looks the course of Bertram, his companion, and their extraordinary guide. Her tall figure moved across the wintry heath with steps so swift, so long, and so steady, that she appeared now to be the only person in the direction they took; they are going upon the Ellangowan estate—that rascal Glossen has shown us what ruffians he has at his disposal. I wish honest Lord Dunsclough was here, as well as sufficient."

"If you please," said Haswood, "I should be most happy to ride in the direction which they have taken. I am extremely known in the country, that I can scarce think how any danger will be opposed in my presence, and I shall keep up a such a cautious distance as not to appear to watch them or interrupt any communication which she may make.

"Upon my word!" said Pleydell, (aside) "to be a spig, whom I remember with a whey face and a satchel not so very many years ago, I think young Haswood grows a fine fellow. I am more afraid of a new attempt at legal oppression than at open violence, and from that this young man's presence would deter both Glossen and his understrappers. He is away then, my boy—peer out—peer out—you'll find them somewhere about Derncough, or very probably in Warrroch-wood."

Haswood turned his horse. "Come back to us to dinner, Haswood," cried the Colonel. He bowed, spurred his horse, and galloped off.

We now return to Bertram and Dimont, who continued to follow their mysterious guide through the woods and dingles, between the open common and the ruined tower, through the ruined tower; and finally let us go back a traveller from the direct path. Her way was as straight, and nearly as swift, as that of a bird through the air. At length they reached those thickets of heather, which stood together, concealed from the skirts of the common towards the glades and brook of Derncough, and were there lost to the view.

"This is very extraordinary," said Lucy, after a pause, and turning round to her companion; "what can he have to do with that old bag?"

"It is very frightful," answered Julia, "and almost reminds me of the tales of sorceresses, witches, and evil genii, which I have heard in India. They believe there is a fascination of the eye, by which those who possess it control the will and dictate the motions of their victims. What can your brother have in common with that fearful woman, that he should leave us, obviously against his will, to attend to her commands?"

"At least," said Lucy, "we may hold him safe from harm for; he would never have submitted that faithful creature Dimont, of whose strength courage and steadiness, Henry said so much, to attend upon an expedition where she projected evil to his interest. And now let us go back to the house till the Colonel returns—perhaps Bertram may be back first; at any rate, the Colonel will judge what is to be done."

"Or the other's arm, but yet occasionally stumbling, between fear and the disorder of their nerves, they at length reached the head of the avenue, when they heard the tread of a horse behind them. They started, for their ears were awake to every sound, and beheld to their great pleasure young Haswell."

"The Colonel will be here immediately," he said; "I galloped on before to pay my respects to Miss Bertram, with this intelligence, that when the Colonel arrives, upon the joyful event which has taken place in her family, I long to be introduced to Captain Bertram, and to thank him for the well-deserved lesson he gave to my rashness and indiscretion."

"He has left us just now," said Lucy, "and in a manner that has frightened us very much."

Just at that moment the Colonel's carriage drew up, and, on alighting, he presented himself to the musing and learned counsel aiglet and joined them. They instantly communicated the new cause of alarm.

"Meg Merrilies again?" said the Colonel; "she certainly is a most mysterious and unaccountable personage; but I think she must have something to impart to Bertram, to which she does not mean we should be privy."

"The devil take the bedimmed old women," said the counsellor; "will she not let things take their course, prouf de legs, but must always be putting in her clouts? That is their way—They are always driving the action; they are going upon the Ellangowan estate—that rascal Glossen has shown us what ruffians he has at his disposal. I wish honest Lord Dunsclough was here, as well as sufficient."

"If you please," said Haswood, "I should be most happy to ride in the direction which they have taken. I am extremely known in the country, that I can scarce think how any danger will be opposed in my presence, and I shall keep up such a cautious distance as not to appear to watch them or interrupt any communication which she may make."

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Haswood turned his horse. "Come back to us to dinner, Haswood," cried the Colonel. He bowed, spurred his horse, and galloped off.
"There's but one answer to that, Henry Bertram," said the sibyl. "I swore my tongue should never tell, but I never said my finger should never show. Go on and meet your fortune, or turn back and lose it that's a I has to say."

"What?" answered Bertram. "I will ask no more questions."

They descended into the glen about the same place where Meg had formerly parted from Bertram. She passed by the tall rock where he had witnessed the burial of a dead body, and stopped upon the ground, which, notwithstanding all the care that had been taken, showed vestiges of having been rubbed through the years since," she said; "he's maybe he's neither sane.

She then moved up the brook until she came to the ruined hamlet, where, passing, with a look of peculiar and solemn interest before one of the gates which was still standing, she said in a tone less abrupt, though as solemn as before. "Do you see that black and broken end of a shepherd?—there my kettle boiled for forty years—there I bore twelve boundly sons and daughters—where are they now?—where are the leaves that were on that naked tree at Martinton?—the west wind has made it bare—made a wild west wind of that tree. But it's but a blackened rotten stump now—I've sat under it many a bonnie summer afternoon, when it hung its gay garlands over the poppling water. I've sat in a tree with my foot on my knee, Henry Bertram, and sung ye sangs of the wild barons and their bloody wars. It will be, never be green again, and Meg Merrilies will never sing sangs again, be they birch of gold or no, for fear she'll get up the said wish was for her sake?—and let somebody live there that's aower guide to fear them of another world. For if ever the dead came back among the living, I'll be seen in this glen moonlight night after these cursed bars are in the mould."

The mixture of insanity and wild pathos with which she spoke, the sight of her eight arms, her head extended, her left bent and shrubbed beneath the dark red drapery of her mantle, might have been a study worthy of our Siddons herself. "And now," she said, resuming at once the short, stern, and hasty tone which was most ordinary to her—"let us to the work—let us to the work."

She then led the way to the promontory on which the rock leaned, and knocked a little hollow in the key from her pocket, and unlocked the door. The interior of this place was in better order than formerly. "I have made things decent," she said; I want to be right when you come. There is no fear of my being watched, and the man fell from his horse—I was behind that bourn-treeshow at the very moment. Sair, sair, he strove, and said he cried for mercy—but he was in the hands of that very man that never knew the world."

"Yes," answered Bertram, "imperfectly I do."

"Ay," said Bertram, "or will you give me a peep into your arms, and why the man fell from his horse—? I was behind that bourn-treeshow at the very moment. Sair, sair, he strove, and said he cried for mercy—but he was in the hands of that very man that never knew the world."

"Yes," said the sibyl in a low and scarcely audible whisper; "here the corpse was found."

"And the cave," said Bertram, in the same tone, "in close passage, you are guided to very spot."

"Yes," said the sibyl in a low and careful tone; "Bend up both your hearts—follow me, as I creep in. I have the firewood so as to screen you. Bide behind it for a stiff till I say. The hour and the man are bide."

"I will, by my soul," said Henry—"if he is the man I suppose—Jansen?"

"Ay, Jansen, Hatterslick, and twenty more names are his."

"Dinmont, you must stand by me now," said Bertram, "for this fellow is a devil."

"Ye needna doubt that," said the stout yeoman—"but I wish I could mind a bit of prayer or I creep after the witch into that hole that she's opening. It would be a sair thing to see the blessed creature of fire, air, and gang be killed, like a toad that's run to earth, in a dungeon like that. But, my sooth, they will be hard-bitten terriers will worry Dandi—so, as I said, they will be hard-bitten terriers will worry Dandi."

"Ye canna say I am not satisfied," she said, "and the powder dry—I ken this work well."

Then, without answering his questions, she armed Dinmont also with a large pistol, and desired them all to arm themselves with whatever weapons-looking blackguards, which she brought from a corner. Bertram took a stout sapling, and Dandi selected a club which might have served Hercules himself. They then left the hut together, and, in doing so, Bertram took an opportunity to whisper to Dinmont, "There's something inexplicable in all of this which we need not be at these arms unless we see necessity and lawful occasion—take care to do as you see me do."

Dinmont gave a sagacious nod; and, they continued to follow, over wet and over dry, through long and through fallow, the footsteps of their conductress. She guided them to the wood of Warroch by the same track which the late Ellangowan had used, and, when riding on Bertram in quest of his child, on the miserable evening of Kennedy's murder.

When Meg Merrilies had attained these groves, through which the wintry sea-wind was now whistling howls and shrill, she seemed to pause a moment as if to recollect the way. "We maun go the precise track," she said, and continued to go forward, but rather in a zigzag and involved course than according to her former steady and direct line of motion. At length she guided them through the maze of the wood to a little open glade of about a quarter of an acre, surrounded by trees and bushes, which made a wild and far-famed glen in its day but now was a sheltered and snugly sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth sending forth all its wild flowers, the simplicities multiplying their waste, and the holly and bracken and birches, which towered over the underwood, drooping their long and leafy fibres to intercept the sun, it must have seemed a place for a youthful poet to study his earliest sonnets and write them in a first mutual avowal of affection. Apparently it now awakened very different recollections. Bertram's brow, when he had looked round the spot, became gloomy and choleric. Meg Merrilies, too, seemed to recover herself. "This is the very spot," she looked at him with a ghastly side-glance. "D'ye mind it?"

"Yes," answered Bertram, "imperfectly I do."

"Ay," said Bertram, "or will you give me a peep into your arms, and why the man fell from his horse—? I was behind that bourn-treeshow at the very moment. Sair, sair, he strove, and said he cried for mercy—but he was in the hands of that very man that never knew the world."

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CHAPTER LIV.

-Guy Manering.

—Dis, prophet in thy speech.

For this, among the rest, was he rewarded.

-Henry VI. Part III.

The progress of the Borderer, who, as we have said, was the last of the party, was hardly arrested by the thousand-fold height of his leg as he dragged his long limbs after him in silence and perturbation through the low and narrow entrance of the subterranean passage. The steel hilted head of the bold yeoman had well nigh given way, and he supposed with difficulty a shout, which, in the defenceless posture and situation which they then occupied, might have cost all their lives. He continued himself, however, with the extraordinary obstinacy of his birth, from the fond hopes of his unexpected follower. "Be still," said a voice behind him, releasing him; "I am a friend—Charles Hazlwood." These words were uttered in a very low voice, but they produced sound enough to startle Meg Merrilies, who led the van, and who, having already gained the place where the cavern expanded, had risen upon her feet. She began, as if to confound any listening ear, to growl, to mutter, and to sing aloud, and at the same time to make a bustle among some brushwood which was now hushed in the cave.

"Here he is!—Deyril's skink!" growled the harsh voice. "Deyril!" cried from the inside of his den, "what makes thou there?"

"Laying the roughies to keep the cauld wind frae you, ye desperate doo-nae-good—Ye're e'en ower well off to be otherwise." "Have you brought me the brandy, and any news of my people?" said Dirk Hatteraick.

"There's the flask for ye. Your people—dis-pear—broken—gone—or cut to ribbons by the red coats."

"D'ye Deyril!—this coast is fatal to me."

"Ye may have more reason to say sake."

With the dialogue往前, Bertram and Dinmont had both gained the interior of the cave, and assumed an erect position. The only light which illuminated its rugged and sable precipices was a quantity of wood burned in the iron grate, as they use in spearing salmon by night. On these red embers Hatteraick from time to time threw a handful of twigs or splintered wood; but these, even when they blazed up, afforded a light much disproportionate to the extent of the cavern; and, as its principal inhabitant lay upon the side of the grated most remote from the entrance, it was not easy for him to find any objects to lay in that direction. The intruders, therefore, whose number was now augmented unexpectedly to three, stood behind the loosely-plied branches with little risk of discovery. The two white hands of Hazlwood with one hand till he whispered to Bertram, "A friend—Young Hazlwood."

It was no time for following up the introduction, and they all stood as still as the rocks around them, obscured behind the pile of brushwood, which had been probably placed there to break the cold wind from the sea, without totally intercepting the supply of air. The branches were laid so loosely above each other, that, looking through them towards the light of the fire-grate, they could easily discover what passed in its vicinity, although a much stronger degree of illumination than it afforded, would not have enabled the persons placed near the bottom of the cave to have descried them in the position which they occupied.

The scene, independent of the peculiar moral interest and personal danger which attended it, had, from the effect of the light and shade on the uncommon objects which it exhibited, an appearance entrance of the grate with its dark-red glare of charcoal in a state of ignition, relieved from time to time by a transient flame of a more vivid or dusky light as the fuel with which Deyril had fed the fire, was better or worse fitted for its purpose. Now a dark cloud of stifling smoke rose up to the roof of the cavern, and then lighted into a red, a cloud, and other smoke, which flashed all the way up the pillar of smoke, and was suddenly rendered brighter and more lively by some drier fuel, or perhaps some a-linted fir-tilmer, which at once converted it into flame. From the observation of the red, they could see, more or less distinctly, the form of Hatteraick, whose savage and rugged cast of features, now rendered yet more ferocious by the circumstance, was, as it were, adate of his mind, assored well with the rugged and broken vault, which rose in a rude arch over and around him. The form of Meg Merrilies, which stalked about him, sometimes in the light, sometimes partially obscured in the smoke or darkness, contrasted strongly with the sitting figure of Hatteraick as he went over the flame, and from his stationary posture was constantly visible to the astonished while that of the female flitted around, appearing or disappearing like a spectre.

Bertram felt his blood boil at the sight of Hatteraick. He remembered him well under the name of Jansen, the smuggler who had adopted after the death of Kennedy; and he remembered also, that this Jansen, and his mate Brown, the same who was shot at Woodbourne, had been the brutal tyrants of his infancy.

Bertram knew further, from piecing his own imperfect recollections with the narratives of Manering and Pleydell, that this man was the prime agent in the act of violence which had torn him from his native country, and had exposed him to so many distresses and dangers. A thousand exasperating reflections rose within his bosom; and he could hardly refrain from rushing upon Hatteraick and bowing his brains out.

At the same time, this would have been no safe adventure. The flame, as it rose and fell, while it displayed the strong, muscular, and broad-chested frame of the ruffian, glanced also upon two brace of pistols in his belt, and upon the hilt of his cutlass; it was not to be doubted that his desperation was commensurate with his personal strength and resistance. Both, indeed, were inadequate to encounter the combined power of two such men as Bertram himself and his friend Dinmont, without reckoning their unexpected assistant Hazlwood, who was now armed, and of a lighter make; but Bertram felt, on a moment's reflection, that there would be neither sense nor valour in anticipating the hangman's office, and he considered the importance of making Hatteraick prisoner alive. He therefore repressed his indignation, and awaited what should pass between the ruffian and his gipsy guide.

"And has he not heard the harsh and discordant tones of his female attendant? "Said I not it would come upon you—ay, and in this very cave, where ye harboured after the deed?"

"Wetter, and now he has replied Hatteraick, "keep your deyriel's matins till they're wanted. Have you seen Glossain?"

"No," replied Meg Merrilies, "you've missed your blow, ye blood-splitter! and ye have nothing to expect from the tempter."

"Hagel!" exclaimed the ruffian, "if I had him but by the throat!—And what am I to do then?"

"Do'" answered the gipsy; "Die like a man or be hanged like a dog!"

"Hanged, ye hag of Satan!—the hemp's not sown that shall hang me."

"It's sown, and it's grown, and it's hecket, and it's twisted. Did I not tell ye, when ye wad take away the boy Harry Bertram, in spite of my prayers, —did I not say he would come back when he had dree'd his weird in foreign land till his twenty-first year? —Did I not say ye'd firewood would burn down to a spark, but wad kindle again?"

"Well, mother, you did say so," said Hatteraick, in a tone that was indignant and reproving, "and, donner and blitzen! I believe you spoke the truth—that youner of Ellangowan has been a rock head to me all my life! and now, with Glossain's cursed comb that sunk the ships, and the cursed boats destroyed, and I dare say the lugger's taken—there were not men enough left on board to work her, far less to fight her—a dredge-boat might have taken her. And what do you say?—Hagel, and storm! I shall never dare go back again to Fashing—"
"You'll never need," said the gipsy.

"What are you doing there," said her companion, "and what makes you say that?"

During this dialogue, Meg was heaping some flax together. Before answer to this question, she dropped the bundle, and, as the flax had been previously steeped in some spirituous liquor, for it instantly caught fire, and rose in a vivid pyramid of the most brilliant light up to the very top of the vault. As it ascended, Meg answered the ruffian's question in a firm and steady voice:—"Because the Hour's come, and the Man."

At the appointed signal, Bertram and Dinmont sprang from their hiding place, and rushed upon Hatternick. Hazlewood, unacquainted with their plan of assault, was a moment later. The ruffian, who instantly saw he was betrayed, turned his first vengeance on Meg Merrilies, at whom he discharged a pistol. She fell, with a piercing and dreadful cry, between the shriek of pain and the sound of laughter, when at its highest and most suffocating height. "I ken't it would be this way," she said.

Bertram, in his haste, slipped his foot upon the uneven rock which floored the cave; a fortunate stumble, for Hatternick's second bullet whistled over him, and struck the husband standing upright, it must have lodged in his brain. Ere the smuggler could draw another pistol, Dinmont closed with him, and endeavoured by main force to prise open the ruffian's eyes. When Meg Merrilies was at the watchman's personal strength, joined to the efforts of his despair, that, in spite of the gigantic force with which the Borderer grappled him, he dragged Dinmont, and the proposed victim fell into, being cut off by another arrow, in drawing a third pistol, which might have proved fatal to the honest farmer, had not Bertram, as well as Hazlewood, come to his assistance, when, by main strength and the weight of two desperate and almost convulsive struggles, the ruffian lay perfectly still and silent. "He's gane to die game any how," said Dinmont; "well, I like him na the waur for that."

This observation honest Dandie made while he was shaking the blazing flax from his rough coat and shaggy black hair, some of which had been singed in the passage. "Good God! what shall we do for this poor woman," said he to Hazlewood, the circumstances superadding the necessity of previous explanation or introduction to each other.

"I ha' been watching you these two hours—I will ride off for some assistants that may be trusted. Meanwhile, you had better defend the mouth of the cave and guard the body," said Meg Merrilies to her husband. He hastened away. Bertram, after binding Meg Merrilies's wound as well as he could, took station near the mouth of the cave with a cocked pistol in his hand; Dinmont continued to watch Hatternick, keeping a grasp, like that of Hercules, on his breast. There was a dead silence in the cavern, only interrupted by the low and suppressed moaning of the wounded female, and by the hard breathing of the prisoner.

CHAPTER LV.

For though, induced and led astray,
There's travel'd far and wander'd long,
And all the ties that led thee wrong,
Yet, cousin, trust in my advice—
Authority and danger of their situation made seem almost thrice as long, the voice of young Hazlewood, was heard without. "Here I am," he cried, "with a sufficient party."

"Come in, then," answered Bertram, not a little pleased to find his guard relieved. Hazlewood then entered, followed by two or three countrymen, of whom one was armed as a peace-officer. They lifted Hatternick up, and carried him in their arms as far as the entrance of the vault was high enough to permit them; then laid him on his back, and dragged him along as well as they could, for no persuasion would induce him to assist the transportation by any exertion of his own. He lay as silent and inactive in their hands, as the dead corpse itself, but in no way aiding their operations. When he was dragged into day-light, and placed erect upon his feet among three or four assistants, who had remained without the cave, he seemed surprised and dazzled by the sudden change from the darkness of his cavern. While others were superintending the removal of Meg Merrilies, those who remained with Hatternick attempted to make him sit down upon a fragment of rock which lay close upon the high-water mark. A strong shuddering convulsed his iron frame for an instant, as he resisted their purpose. "Not there!—Hazlewood!"

These were the only words he spoke; but their import, and the deep tone of horror in which they were uttered, served to show what was passing in his mind.

"When Meg Merrilies was carried into the cavern, with all the care for her safety that circumstances admitted, they consulted where she should be carried. Hazlewood had sent for a surgeon, and proposed that she should be in the nearest cottage. But the patient exclaimed with great earnestness, "Na, na, na! To the Kaim o' Derneleugh—the Kaim o' Derneleugh—the spirit will not free itself of her own body until it is laid on that very spot."

"You must indulge her, I believe," said Bertram; "her troubled imagination will otherwise aggravate the fever of the wound."

They bore her thither with reluctance to the vault. On the way her mind seemed to run more upon the scene which had just passed, than on her own approaching death. "There were three of them set upon him—berthing the twosome—but who was the third?"

"It would be himself, returned to work his sin vengeance!"

It was evident that the unexpected appearance of Hazlewood, whose person concealed the outline of Hatternick, had put the gipsy to no little task to recognize, had produced a strong effect on her imagination. She often recurrieth to it. Hazlewood accounted for his unexpected arrival to Bertram, by saying, that he had gone for some purpose of Mannerling, and that observing them disappear into the cave, he had crept after them, meaning to announce himself and give orders, which in the darkness encountering the leg of Dinmont, had nearly produced a catastrophe, which, indeed, nothing but the presence of mind and fortitude of the bold yeoman could have averted.

When the gipsy arrived at the hat, she produced the key; and when they entered, and were about to deposit her upon the bed, she said, in an anxious tone, "Na, na! not that way, the feet to the east;" and appeased the clergyman when they reversed her position, and placed her in what appeared most appropriate to a dead body.

"Is there no clergyman near," said Bertram, "to assist this unhappy woman's devotions?"

A gentleman, the representative of the parish, who had been Charles Hazlewood's tutor, had, with many others, caught the alarm, that the murderer of Kennedy was taken on the spot where the deed had been done so many years before, and of the two mortally wounded. From curiosity, or rather from the feeling that his duty called him to scenes of distress, this gentleman had come to the Kaim of Derneleugh, and appeared at the moment of the arrival of the party. It was about the same time, and was about to probe the wound; but Meg resisted the assistance of either.

It's no what man can do, that will heal my body, or save my spirit. Let me speak when I am willing, and then we may work your will."
derence.—But where's Henry Bertram?"—The assistant, to whom this name had been long a stranger, in whose current this peculiarity of pronunciation had never occurred, said, "Ye see, sir, he's stronger and harsher tone, "I said Henry Bertram of Ellangowan. Stand from the light and let me see him." He now turned towards Bertram, who approached the wretched couch. The wounded woman took hold of his hand. "Look at him," she said, "all that ever saw his father or his grandfather, who was acquainted with Sir Charles on a horse chest at some distance—let him deny what I say, if he can. That is Henry Bertram, son to Godfrey Bertram, unmindful of Ellangowan; that young man is the very man that Dick Hatterrack cut off from Warroch, and the man that he murdered the gazer.—I am there like a wandering spirit—for I longed to see wood that we left the country. I saved the barn's life, and hardships, he might, but he was no more to be moved to dote on till that day came—I kept that oath which I took to it, and I have made another vow to myself, that I am far off and not often seen by the way of the dead man. I have kept that oath too, and I will be at my post—He (pointing to Hatterrack) will soon be another, and there will be another yet.

The clergyman, now interposing, remarked it was a pity that deposition was not regularly taken and written down, and the surgeon urged the necessity of examining the wound, previously to exhausting her by questions. When she saw them removing Hatterrack, in order to clear the room and leave the surgeon to his operations, she called out aloud, raising herself at the same time upon the couch, "Dick Hatterrack, you and I will never meet again until we are before the judgment seat. We will remain to what I have said, or will you deny it?" He turned his hard-ened brow upon her, with a look of dumb and in-flexible defiance. Dick Hatterrack, dare ye deny, with your hands upon your hands, one of what my dying breath is uttering?"—He looked at her with the same expression of hardihood and dogged stubbornness, and moved his lips, but uttered no sound. "No, no," said the surgeon, "never. I forgive you, for you have sealed my evidence. —When I was in life, I was the mad racy gipsy, that had been scourged, and banished, and branded—that had begged from door to door, and been hounded by a like fate, from parish to parish—who would have minded her tale?—But now I am a dying woman, and my words will not fall to the ground, any more than the earth will cover them.

She here paused, and all left the but except the sur- geon and two or three women. After a very short examination, he shook his head, and resigned his post by the dying woman's side to the clergyman. An chase returning empty to Kippletringan had been stopped on the high-road by a constable, who forewarned it would be necessary to convey Hatterrack to jail. The driver, understanding what was going on at Dernecleugh, left his horses to the care of a blackguard boy, confiding, it is to be supposed, rather in the years and discretion of the cattle, than in those of their keeper, and set off full speed to see, as he expressed it, "whether it be a large man or not." He arrived just as the group of tenants and tenants, whose numbers increased every moment, stilled with grazing upon the rugged features of Hatterrack; and the posterior, being upon his horse, and set off full speed to see, as he expressed it, "whether it be a large man or not." He arrived just as the group of tenants and tenants, whose numbers increased every moment, stilled as they saw the law with a long face, " will not come death!"

And, sinking back upon her couch of straw, she expired without a groan. The clergyman and the surgeon carefully noted down all that she had said, now deeply regretting they had not examined her more minutely, but both remaining morally convinced of the truth of her disclosure. 

Having finished the first compliment Bertram upon the near prospect of his being restored to his name and rank in society. The people around, who now learned from Jables that Bertram was the person who had wounded him, were struck with amazement, and added his name to Bertram's in their exulting acclamations. Some, however, demanded of the postilion now he had not recognised Bertram when he saw him the first time before at Kippletringan to which he gave the very natural answer,—"Hout, what was I thinking about Ellangowan then?—It was the cry that was raised by the young man in the street, that put me on finding out the likeness—There was none missing it once she was set to look for it." The obscurity of Hatterrack, during the latter part of this scene, was partly due to some slight injury to his head. He was observed to twinkle with his eyelids—to attempt to raise his bound hands for the purpose of pulling his hat over his brow—to look angrily and impatiently to the road, as if anxious for the vehicle which
GOY MANNERING.

The news of their exploit had already flown far and wide, and the whole inhabitants of the vicinity met them on the lawn with shouts of congratulation. That you have seen new to Bertram to Lucy, first ran up to him, though Julia’s eyes even anticipated hers, “you must thank these kind friends.”

With a blush expressing at once pleasure, gratitude, and bashfulness, Lucy curtseyed to Hazlewood, but to Dinmont she frankly extended her hand. The honest farmer, in the extravagance of his joy, carried his freedom further than the hunt warranted, for he impressed his thanks on the lady’s lips, and was instantly shocked at the rudeness of his own conduct. “Lord save, Madame, I ask your pardon,” he said; “I forgot, but ye had been a hair of my aim—the Captain’s sake, he gars ane forget himself.” “Old Pleydell now advanced; “Nay, if fees like these are going,” he said.

“Stop, stop, Mr. Pleydell,” said Julia, “you had your fees beforehand—remember last night.”

“Why, I do contuse a retainer,” said the barrister; “but if I don’t deserve double fees from both Miss Bertram and you which, I shall, and I shall now, and I shall!”

He, taking the um, walked into the vault, and shut the silently after them. He gazed in silence upon the body of Meg Merrilies, as he remained there for several hours, retaining the stern and energetic countenance which of Dirk Hatterrack to-morrow—God, I will supply him!—You shall see, Colonel, and you, my saucy misses, though you may not, shall hear.”

“Ay, that’s if we choose to listen, counselor,” replied Julia.

“And you think,” said Pleydell, “it’s two to one you won’t choose that?—But you have curiosity that teaches you the use of your ears now.”

“I declare, counselor,” answered the lively damsel, “that such saucy bachelors as you teach us the use of our fingers now and then.”

“Reserve them for the occasion,” said Pleydell, “and my love,” said the counselor, “Better for all parties.”

While this idle chat ran on, Colonel Manner ing introduced to Bertram a plain good-looking man, in a gray coat and waistcoat, and a broad-brimmed hat.

“This, my dear sir, is Mr. Mac-Morlan.”

“Who is,” said Bertram, “to whom, embraced him cordially, “my sister was indebted for a home, when deserted by all her natural friends and relations.”

The Donniss then pressed forward, grinned, chuckled, made a diabolical sound in attempting to whistle, and finally, unable to stifle his emotions, ran away to empty the feelings of his heart at his eyes.

We shall not attempt to be the expansion of heart and glee of this happy evening.

CHAPTER LVI.

How like a hateful app.

Detected grinning ‘waist his plaid’ heard.

A cunning man appears whose secret Fraud.

Are open’d to the day! —

There was a great movement at Woodbourne early on the following morning, to attend the examination at Kipkletringan—Mr. Pleydell, from the investigation which he had formerly bestowed on the dark affair of Kennedy’s death, as well as from the general deference due to his professional abilities, was requested by Mr. Mac-Morlan, and Sir Robert Hazlewood, and another justice of peace who attended, to take the situation of chairman, and the lead in the examination. Colonel Manner ing was invited to sit down with them. The examination, being previous to trial, was private in other respects.

The counselor resumed and re-interrogated former evidence. He then examined the clergyman and surgeon respecting the dying declaration of Meg Merrilies. They stated that, she dinnae, positively, and repeatedly, declared herself an eye-witness of Kennedy’s death by the hands of Hatterrack, and two or three of her crew; that her presence was not accidental; that she believed she was present in the room, when they were in the act of losing their vessel through the means of his information, led to the commission of the crime; that she said there was one witness of the murder, but she never or never participat in it, still alive,—her nephew, Gabriel FaL and she had hinted at another person, who was not necessary, after not, before the fact; but her siste,
there failed. They did not forget to mention her declaration, that she had saved the child, and that she was torn from her by the smugglers, for the purpose of carrying him to Holland. All these particulars were carefully reduced to writing.

Disregarding the crowd, he was led, and eyed him with a glance equally shrewd and sarcastic—"I'll teach him," he said aside to Manning, "the value of the old admonition, Ne accesseris in consuetudine antipomae recini."

"But perhaps it is a gentleman," said Glossin, who could not fail to observe the coldness of his reception. "Is this an open meeting?"

"For my part," said Mr. Pleydell, "so far from considering it an open meeting, I consider it as entirely private. Mr. Glossin, I was never so pleased in my life to meet with you; especially as I think we should, at any rate, have had occasion to request the favour of your company to-night, by your orders?"

"Soles remembered the circumstance perfectly. "Look at that paper—is that your note of the measurement?" Soles verified the memorandum."

"I say, the measurement of the foot-prints?"

"We shall prove," the councillor, assayed to Manning, "that these shoes, which were found in the ruins at Deneleigh, belonged to Brown, the fellow who shot you on the lawn at Woodbourne."

"Now, Soles, measure that prisoner's foot very accurately."

Manning observed Hatterrack strictly, and could notice a visible tremor. "Do these measurements correspond with any of the foot-prints?"

The man looked at the note, then at his foot-rule, and measured—then verified his former measurement by a second. "They correspond," he said, "within a hair-breadth, to a foot-mark broader and shorter than the former."

Hatterracks's genius here deserted him—"Dereyvyl!" he broke out, "how could there be a foot-print on the wall, when it was frost as hard as the heart of a Mornog's leg?"

"In the evening, I grant you, Captain Hatterrack," said Pleydell, "but not in the forenoon. Will you favour us with the intimation what shoes you were upon the day you remember so exactly?"

Hatterrack saw his blunder, and again screwed up his hard features for obstinate silence—Put down your observation, however," said Pleydell to the documenter.

At this moment the door opened, and, much to the surprise of most present, Mr. Gilbert Glossin made his appearance. He was the son of one of the ditzy of watching and caves-dropping, assisted from a knowledge of Terrieries dying declaration, a circumstance, certainly not unworthy of any favourable impression towards him, by the request of having her regular examination, and to the rapid approach of death. He therefore supposed himself safe from all evidence but such as might arise from Hatterrack's confession; to prevent which he resolved to push a bold face, and join his brethren of the bench during his examination—"I shall be able, he thought, to make the rascal serve himself."

Mr. Glossin entered with a profound salutation to Sir Robert Hazlewood. Sir Robert received the stranger in a kinder spirit, to suspect that his plebeian neighbour had made a cat's paw of him, inclined his head softly, took snuff, and bestowed another look.

"Mr. Cornelius Glossin," to the other yoke-fellow of justice, "your most humble servant."

"Your humble servant, Mr. Glossin," answered Mr. Cornelius, "composing his countenance regis ad aspicere, that is to say, after the fashion of the Baronet."

"Mac-Morlan, my worthy friend," continued Glossin, "how do you do—always on your duty?"

"Gulp," said honest Mac-Morlan, with little respect either to the compliment or salutation. "Colonel Manning (a low bow slightly returned) and Mr. Pleydell, (another low bow,) I dare not have hoped for your assistance to poor country gentlemen at this period of the session."

Mr. Pleydell, left, and eyed him with a glance equally shrewd and sarcastic—"I'll teach him," he said aside to Manning, "the value of the old admonition, Ne accesseris in consuetudine antipomae recini."

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"Well, then, gentlemen," said Glossin, drawing his chair to the table, and beginning to bustle about among the papers, "where are we—how far have we got?—where are the declarations?"

"Clerk, give me all these papers," said Mr. Pleydell. "I have an odd way of arranging my documents, Mr. Glossin, another person touching them, puts me out of sorts. You shall have occasion for your assistance by and by."

Glossin, thus reduced to inactivity, stole one glance at Dirk Hatterrack, but could read nothing in his face. He was not so easy to mislead, and the mance of dignity and affectation which he assumed in conversation impressed a touch of respect to his listeners. "But, gentlemen," said Glossin, "is it quite right to keep this poor man so heavily ironed, when he is taken up merely for examination?"

This was a meeting of a kind of friendly signal to the prisoner. "He escaped me before," said Mac-Morlan drily, and Glossin was silenced.

Bertram was now introduced, and, to Glossin's confusion, was given all the most friendly manner and respect by all present, even by Sir Robert Hazlewood himself. He told them his recollections of the visit, and the effects of that confident and assured expression which afforded the best warrant for his good faith. This seems to be rather a civil visit than a criminal question, said Glossin, rising; "and as you cannot be ignorant, gentlemen, of the effect which this young person's pretended parentage may have on my patrimonial interest, I would rather beg leave to ask you."

"No, my good sir," said Mr. Pleydell, "we can by no means spare you. But why do you call this young man's claims pretended? I don't mean to fish for your defence, but I should like to know, if you have anything to say, what it is."

"Mr. Pleydell," replied Glossin, "I am always disposed to act above-board, and I think I can explain the matter at once. This young fellow, whom Sir Robert Hazlewood is to look after, has had a hard time of it. He has gone about the country for some weeks under a different name, caballing with a wretched old woman, who, I understand, was shot in a late scuffle, and with other tinkers of the same description, and a great brute farmer from Liddesdale, stirring up the tenants against their landlords which, as Sir Robert Hazlewood knows, is not to interrupt you, Mr. Glossin," said Pleydell, "I ask who you say this young man is?"

"Why, I say," replied Glossin, and I believe that gentleman (looking round the room) is my young friend, the young man's a natural son of the late Ellangowan, by a girl called Janet Lighthooe, who was afterwards married to Hew the shipwright, that lived in the neighbourhood of Annan. His name is Godfrey Bertram, by whom he has been entered on board the royal Caroline excise yacht."

"Ay!" said Pleydell, "that is a very likely story!—but, not to pass upon some difference of eyes, complexion, shall be pleased to be informed."

"A young seafaring man came forward—"H'm," procedure the counsellor, "is the real Simoom?—here's Godfrey Bertram Hewit, arrived last night from the island of the most ancient, mated to a chief Indian, and in a fair way of doing well in the world, although he came somewhat irregularly into it."

While some conversation passed between the other justices and this young man, Pleydell listened from.
among the papers on the table Hatterrask's old pocket-book. A peculiar glance of the smuggler's eye indicated what he wanted. He turned it over, some thought, but the occasion of interest. He therefore continued the examination of the papers, laying the book on the table, but instantly perceived that the prisoner's interest in it. He then asked about the book, whatever it was, thought Playdell, and again applied himself to the pocket-book, until he discovered, on a narrow scrutiny, a slit between the pasted board and leathern covering he drew from the slips of paper.

Playdell now, turning to Glossin, requested the favour that he would tell him if he had assisted the search for the body of Kennedy, and the child of his, but the prisoner could not discover it.

"I did not—that is I did," answered the conscience-struck Glossin.

"It is remarkable enough," said the advocate, "that, connected as they were, the Ellangowan family, I don't recall your being examined, or even appearing before me, while that investigation was proceeding.

"I was called to London," answered Glossin, "on most important business, the morning after that sad affair."

"Clerk," said Playdell, "minute down that reply."

"I am not in the habit of giving, Mr. Glossin," said the witness, "to take these bills, drawn by Messrs. Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and accepted by one Mr. Hatterrask in their name on the very day of the murder. I congratulate you on their being regularly paid. We never thought they had escaped."

"The piece of real evidence," continued Mr. Playdell, "makes good the account given of your conduct on this occasion by a man called Gabriel Dias, whom we have now in custody, and who witnessed the whole transaction between you and that worthy prayer. Have you any explanation to give?"

"Mr. Playdell," said Glossin, with great composure, "I presume, if you were my counsel, you would not advise me to answer upon the spur of the moment to a charge, which the basest of mankind seem scarcely fit to institute."

"My advice," said the counsel, "would be regulated by my opinion of your innocence or guilt. In your case, I believe you take the wildest course; let me assure you, you must stand committed."

"Committed? for what, sir?" replied Glossin.

"Upon a charge of murder?"

"No, only as an art and part of kidnapping the child."

"Pardon me," said Playdell, "it is plagium, and plagium is felony."

"Forgive me, Mr. Playdell; there is only one case upon which this charge can be made, and that is the abduction of the child of some young woman. Being upon honour to their employers, rather than grasp at heaven's blessing, the child is alive, murdered and sold, the body for three shillings and sixpence. They were hanged, but for the murder, not for the plagium;* your evil law has carried this a little too far."

"Well, sir; but in the meantime, Mr. Mac-Morlan must commit you to the county jail, in case this young man repeats the same story. Officers remove Mr. Glossin to Hatterrask, and guard them in different apartments."

Gabriel, the gipsy, was then introduced, and gave a distinct account of his deserting from Capt. Pritchard's vessel and joining the smugglers in the action, detailed how Dick Hatterrask set fire to his ship when he found her disabled, and under cover of the smoke escaped with his crew, and so much goods as they could secure into the cove, there they proposed to lie till night-fall. Hatterrask himself, his mate Vanbeest Brown, and three others, of whom the declarant was one, went into the adjacent woods to commit the strange crime with some of the pack in the neighbourhood. They fell in with Kennedy unexpectedly, and Hatterrask and Brown, aware that he was

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* This is, in its circumstances and issue, actually a case tried and reported.

CHAPTER LVII.

The next day the depositions were read. After him, fellows, dog to the block. Murther for Murder.

The jail at the county town of the sheriff's, was one of those old-fashionedæmuries which the
small dark lantern. He said softly to Glossin, "Slip your shoes off, and follow me." When Glossin was out of the door, Mac-Guffog, as if in the execution of his ordinary duty, and speaking to a prisoner who was in the condemned ward, called to him, "Haggie! " and locked the door, clattering the bolts with much ostentatious noise. He then guided Glossin up a steep and narrow stair, at the top of which was the door of the cell in which the condemned prisoner was detained and unlocked it, and, giving Glossin the lantern, made a sign to him to enter, and locked the door behind him with the same affected security.

In the large dark cell in which he was thus introduced, Glossin found the light for some time enabled him to discover nothing. At length he could dimly distinguish the pallet-bed stretched on the floor beside the great iron bar which traversed the room, and on that pallet reposed the figure of a man. Glossin approached him. "Dirk Hatterrack!"

"Donner and Angel; this is his voice," said the prisoner, sitting up, and clasping his letters as he rose, "then my dream is true; Beggone and leave me to myself—it will be your best."

"What! my good friend," said Glossin, "will you allow the prospect of a few weeks' confinement to depress you?"

"Yes," answered the ruffian sullenly—"when I am only to be released by a halter!—Let me alone—go about your business, and turn the lamp from my face."

"Feath! I have been directed to take you to the condemned ward," said Glossin; "I have a glorious plan to make all right."

"To the bottomless pit with your plans!" replied his accomplice, "you have planned me out of ship, cargo, and life; and I dream of this moment that Meg Merrilies dragged you here by the hair, and gave me the longclasped knives she used to wear—you don't know what she said. Storm wetter! it will be your wisdom not to insult me!"

"But, Hatterrack, my good friend, do but rise and speak to me," said Glossin.

"I will not!" answered the savage, dolefully; "you have caused all the mischief; you would not let Meg keep the boy; she would have returned him after he had forgot all."

"Why, Hatterrack, you are turned drivelver!"

"Wetter! will you deny that all that cursed attempt at Portanberry, which lost both sloop and crew, was your device for your own job?"

"But the goods, you know!"

"Cursed goods! I said them," said the smuggler; "we could have got plenty more; but, dear me! I lost the ship and the fine fellows, and my own life, for a cursed coward villain, that always works his own mischief and lets one hold the bag. Speak to me no more—I'm dangerous."

"But, Dirk—but, Hatterrack, hear me only a few words."

"Hagel! rein!"

"Only one sentence.

"Tausand curses—men!"

"At least get up, for an obstinate Dutch brute!" said Glossin, losing his temper, and pushing Hatterrack with his foot."

"Donner and blitzen! said Hatterrack, springing up and grappling with him; "you will have it then?"

Glossin struggled and resisted; but, owing to his surprise at the fury of the assault, so indifferently, that he fell under Hatterrack, the back part of his neck coming full upon the iron bar with stunning violence. The death-grapple continued. The room immediately below the condemned ward, being that of Glossin, was, of course, empty; but the inmates of the second apartment beneath felt the shock of Glossin's heavy fall, and heard the noise as of wriggling and groans. But all sounds of horror were too congealed to this place to excite much curiosity or interest.

In the morning, faithful to his promise, Mac-Guffog came—"Mr. Glossin," said he, in a whispering voice—

"Call louder," answered Dirk Hatterrack.

"Mr. Glossin, if God's hand come away,"

"He'll hardly do that without help," said Hatterrack.
CHAPTER LVIII.

To sum the whole—the close of all. Dean Swift.

As Glossin died without heirs, and without payment of the price, the estate of Ellangowan was again thrown upon the hands of Mr. Godfrey Bertram's creditors, the right of most of whom was however not very clear. There were distinct marks of supernatural interference, that they might fill up the cup of their guilt and receive its meed by murder and suicide.

What are you chattering there for, Mac-Guflog? called out the captain from below.

Come away, for God's sake, Mr. Glossin! repeated the turnkey.

At this moment the jailor made his appearance with Mr. Glossin. Great was his surprise, and even horror, to observe Glossin's body lying doubled across the iron bar in a posture that excluded all idea of his being alive. Hatterack was quietly stretched upon his pallet within a yard of his victim. On lifting Glossin, it was found that he had been dead for some hours. His body bore uncommon marks of violence. The spine where it joins the skull had received severe injury, and the fall. The wounds were distinct marks of strangulation about the throat, which corresponded with the blackened state of his face. The head was turned backward over the shoulder, as if the neck had been broken with despair of violence. So that it would seem that his invertebrate antagonist had fixed a fatal grip upon the wretch's throat, and never quitted it while life lasted. The lantern, crushed and broken to pieces, lay beneath the body.

Mac-Morlan was in the town, and came instantly to examine the corpse. What brought Glossin here? he said to Hatterack.

The turnkey replied, I don't know. And what did you do to him?

Sent him to hell before me!—replied the turnkey.

Wretch, said Mac-Morlan, you have crowned a life spent without a single virtue with the murder of your own miserable acquaintance?

Virtue! exclaimed the prisoner; donner! I was about to marry Miss L—ynne!—always a dangerous matter—what would you think of me if you knew?—I shall take away that piece of cotton, donner, wotter?

Mac-Morlan deemed it the best way to humour the savages he was furnished with writing materials and a pen, he laid his hand upon the door. It was found that this determined villain had anticipated justice. He had adjusted a cord taken from the rudder, and attached it to a bone, the relic of his yesterday's dinner, which he had contrived to drive into a crevice between two stones in the wall at a height as great as he could reach standing upon the bar. Having fastened the noose, he had the resolution to drop his body as if to fall on his knees, and to retain the position until the execution was no longer necessary. The letter he had written to his own affairs, though chiefly upon the business of their friend—Mr. W—ynne—contained many allusions to the younger of Ellangowan, whom he believed to be the author of the late catastrophe. The turnkey had delivered him a message about a subscription to the library; and close beside was a sung well-proportioned chamber, entitled Mr. Sampson's apartment. Prodigious, prodigious, pro-di-go! shouted the wretch, as his letter was taken in.

Mr. Pleystall had left the party for some time; but he returned, according to promise, during the Christmas recess of the courts. He drove up to Ellangowan when all the family were abroad, but the Colonel, who was busy with plans of buildings and pleasure grounds, in which he was well skilled, and took great delight.

Ah ha! said the counsellor, so here you are! Where are the ladies? where is the fair Julin?—Walking out with young Harwood, Bertram, and Captain Delsarte, a friend of his, who is with us just now. They are gone to plan out a cottage at Berneghulch. Well, have you carried through your law business?

With a wet finger, answered the lawyer; got our youngest's special service restored into Chancery. We had him serve her before the nuncup.

Maccers, who are they?

Why, it is a kind of judicial Saturnalia. You must know, that one of the requisites to be a maccer, or officer in attendance upon our supreme court, is, that they shall be men of no knowledge.

Very well.

Now, our Scottish legislature, for the joke's sake, I suppose, has constituted those men of no knowledge into a peculiar court for trying questions of relationship and descent, such as this business of Bertram, which often involve the most nice and complicated questions of evidence.

The devil they have? I should think that rather inconvenient, said Manmerring.

O, we have a practical remedy for the theoretical absurdity. One or two of the judges act upon such occasions as prompters and assessor to our own doorkeepers. But you know what Cucjus says, Multa sunt in moribus disentientia, multa sine ratio. I mean this. How can you say our business; and a glorious batch of clar will have afterwards at Walker's. Mac-Morlan will stare when he sees the bill.

The singular inconsistency hinted at is now, in a great degree, removed.
“Never fear,” said the Colonel, “we'll face the shock, and entertain the county at my friend Mrs. Mac-Candlish's to boot.”

“And choose Jock Jabos for your master of horse?” replied the lawyer.

“Perhaps I may.”

“And where is Dandie, the redoubted Lord of Lid death?” demanded the advocate.

“Returned to his mountains; but he has promised Julia to make a descent in summer, with the good-wife, as he calls her, and I don’t know how many children.”

“O, the curly-headed varlets! I must come to play at Blind Harry and Hy Spy with them.—But what is all this?” asked Pleydell, taking up the plans—

“tower in the centre to be an imitation of the Eagle Tower at Caernarvon—corps de logis—the devil—wings—wings? why, the house will take the estate of Ellangowan on its back, and fly away with it!”

“Why then, we must ballast it with a few bags of Sicca rupees,” replied the Colonel.

“Aha! sits the wind there? Then I suppose the young dog carries off my mistress Julia?”

“Even so, counsellor.”

“These rascals, the post-nati, get the better of us of the old school at every turn,” said Mr. Pleydell.

“But she must convey and make over her interest in me to Lucy.”

“To tell you the truth, I am afraid your flank will be turned there too,” replied the Colonel.

“Indeed?”

“Here has been Sir Robert Hazlewood,” said Mannerling, “upon a visit to Bertram, thinking, and deeming, and opining”—

“O Lord! I pray spare me the worthy Baronet’s triade!”

“Well, sir,” continued Mannerling; “to make short, he conceived that as the property of Singleside lay like a wedge between two farms of his, and was four or five miles separated from Ellangowan, something like a sale, or exchange, or arrangement might take place, to the mutual convenience of both parties.”

“Well, and Bertram”—

“Why, Bertram replied, that he considered the original settlement of Mrs. Margaret Bertram as the arrangement most proper in the circumstances of the family, and that therefore the estate of Singleside was the property of his sister.”

“The rascal!” said Pleydell, wiping his spectacles, “he'll steal my heart as well as my mistress—Et puis?”

“And then, Sir Robert retired after many gracious speeches; but last week he again took the field in force, with his coach and six horses, his laced scarlet waistcoat, and best bob-wig—all very grand, as the good-boy books say.”

“Ay! and what was his overtture?”

“Why, he talked with great form of an attachment on the part of Charles Hazlewood to Miss Bertram.”

“Ay, ay; he respected the little god Cupid when he saw him perched on the Dun of Singleside. And a poor Lucy to keep house with that old fool and his wife, who is just the knight himself in petticoats?”

“No—we carried that. Singleside-house is to be repaired for the young people, and to be called hereafter Mount Hazlewood.”

“And do you yourself, Colonel, propose to continue at Woodbourne?”

“Only till we carry these plans into effect. See, here's the plan of my Bungalow, with all conveniences for being separate and sulky when I please.”

“And, being situated, as I see, next door to the old castle, you may repair Donagild's tower for the eternal contemplation of the celestial bodies? Bravo, Colonel!”

“No, no, my dear counsellor! Here ends the Astronomer.”

END OF GUY MANNERING.
ADDITIONAL NOTE TO GUY MANNERING.

EGIAN LOCALITIES AND PERSONAGES WHICH HAVE BEEN SUPPOSED TO BE ALLUDED TO IN THE NOVEL.

English proverb says, that more know Tom Fool than old man; and the inference of the said story is, that the habit of taking the old man's advice is not a common one. The proverb is pretty much a truth, as it is very difficult to find a person who has been so fortunate as to hear it spoken by an old man himself.

The story is supposed to be true, and is, in fact, a very good story. It is related by an old man, who has been known to be a very wise man, and is, therefore, entitled to be believed.

In his youth he occasionally took an evening walk on the highway, with the purpose of assisting travelers by relieving them of the weight of their purses. On one occasion, the Cairl of Brunston robbed the Laird of Bargay, at a place between Carphairn and Dalmally. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the Gipsey lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectible farmer happened to be the next passenger, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this juncture a young woman came up and took the bonnet off, and recognizing the bonnet, charged the farmer of Dalmally with having robbed it, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, Bargay persisted in his charge; but, in the absence of the respectability of the farmer's character, was proved or admitted, and the case was brought before the Circuit Court on the following day. The bailiff lay on the table of the court; Bargay swore that it was the identical article worn by the man who robbed him; and he and others likewise deposed that they had found the accursed on the spot where the crime was committed, with the bonnet on his head. The case looked ghastly for the prisoner, and the opinion of the judge seemed unfavourable. But suddenly the prisoner turned to a woman who knew well both who did, and who did not, commit the crime. This was the Cairl of Brunston, who had himself put the bonnet on the table, near the place where Bargay was standing, suddenly seized on the bonnet, put it on his head, and looked into the Laird full in the face, with a terrible expression, which attracted the attention of the Court and crowded audience.

"Look at me, sir, and tell me, by the oath, you have sworn, Am I not the man who robbed you between Carphairn and Dalmally?" Bargay replied, in great astonishment. "By Heaven! you are the very man." You see what respect for memory this gentleman has," said the volunteer pleader; "he never forgot our meeting. If you yourself, my Lord, will put it on your head, he will be willing to swear that your Lordship was the party who robbed him between Carphairn and Dalmally. Deuce take me, the man was recognized at once; Bargay was unvanquished, and thus Willie Marshal was acquitted. To prevent any misunderstanding, it is worth observing that the Gipsey, who had been convicted of the crime, was acquitted without incurring any himself, since Bargay's evidence must have seemed to every one too flattering to be relied upon.

While the King of the Gipseys was thus fraudulently occupied, his royal consort, Flora, contrived, it is said, to steal the hood which was on the head of the Judge's gown; and, for the offence, was fined ten pounds. The prisoner was a presumptuous gait, a gipsey, she was banished to New England, whence she never returned.

"Now, I cannot grant that the idea of Meg Merriles was, in the first confection of the character, derived from Flora Marshal, seeing I have already said she was identified with Jean Gordon, and as I have not the Laird of Bargay's apology for charging the same fact on two several individuals. Yet I am quite content that Meg should be considered as a representative of her sect and class in general—Flora, as well as others.

The other instances in which the Gallovian readers have obliged me, by assigning to

Airy nothing.
A local habitation and a name.

shall also be sanctioned so far as the Author may be entitled to do so. I think the facetious Joe Miller records a case pretty well preserved in a nice point; where the name of Mike, a kilowatt showing, as he said, the very sword with which Balsam was about to kill his ass, was interrupted by one of the villagers, who reminded him that Balsam was not possessed of a sword, but only wished for one. 

"True, sir," replied the ready-witted Cicero: "but this is the very sword he wished for." The Author, in application of this story, has only to add, that though ignorant of the coincidence between the story of Willie Marshal and some of the circumstances, he is contented to believe he must unconsciously have thought or dreamed of the last, while engaged in the composition of Guy Manners.
THE

ANTiquary.

I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent, Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him; But he was shrewish as a wayward child, And pleased again by toys which childhood please; As—book of fables graced with print of wood, Or else the jingling of a rusty medal, Or the rare melody of some old ditty, That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.
ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ANTIQUARY.

The present Work completes a series of fictitious narratives, beginning with 'The Hanging of the Haggis,' and includes some of the leading events of the Scottish history. It is told in ten volume, of which the first, 'The Bachelor of St. Andrews,' is now in the press.

The author, JACOB BARNES, is a native of Scotland, and has spent the greater part of his life in the study of history and literature. He has been a contributor to the Antiquary, and has published several pamphlets on historical and archaeological subjects.

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ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ANTIQUARY.

Of the charity bestowed on these aged Bedesmen in money and cloth, there are many records in the Treasurer's accounts. The following extract kindly applied by Mr. Mac Donald of the Register House, may interest those whose taste is akin to that of the Antiquarian.

BLEW GOWINS.

In the Account of Sir Robert Mervil of Merchiston, Treasurer to King James VI., there are the following payments:

"Juni 1960.
"Item, to Mr. Peter Young, Edimmay, twenty four gowns of New cloth, to give to xxiid silver men, according to the price of the same xxiid l. ind. iij. 3s. 8d.
"Item, to nineteen elims butrum to the said gowins, price of the same xxiiid l. ind. iij. 3s. 8d.
"Item, twenty four purses, in xxl purses twenty four silver men. Ind. xxxvi b. xvi l.
"Item, for making of the said gowins. ind. xvi l."

In the Account of John, Earl of Mar, Great Treasurer of Scotland, and of Sir Gideon Murray of Erithon, Treasurer to the Blue Gowins, there are the following payments:

"Juni 1717.
"Item, to James Murray, merchant, for fourty score six elims and one half of eleven of blue cloth to be given to forty one men, to each the dominion of his magnum. Ind. xvi l. 8s. 5d.
"Item, to John Murkman for carrying the blew to James Allston, taylor, his men, ind. xvii l. 8s. 5d.
"Item, for six elims and one half of eleven of the said gowins, at xvi b. viii l. Ind. xvi b. viii l.
"Item, for making of the said gowins from the said James Allston to the prince of Holyroodhouse, xvi l.
"Item, for making the said elims and gowins, at xvi l. 8s. 5d, ind. xvi l. 8s. 5d.
"Item, for ten men for the said purses, G. 5s. 8d.
"Item, to Peter Young, to be set in the said purses, G. 5s. 8d.
"Item, to the said Sir Peter, to buy brass and drink to the said purses, G. 5s. 8d.
"Item, to the said Sir Peter, to be set among other purses, G. 5s. 8d.
"Item, to Dr. Young, the last day of Juni to Doctor Young, Dean of Winchester, Edimmay, forty to his Majesty, twelve to the purses, to be given to the pair in the way in his Majesty's progress, Ind. xxvi b. viii l."

I have only to add, that although the institution of King's Bedesmen still exists, they are now seldom to be seen on the streets of Edinburgh, of which their peculiar dress made them an object of curiosity.

Having given this account of the garments to which Edimmay appertains, the author may add, that the individual he has in his eye was Andrew Gemmell, an old resident of the character described, who was many years since well known, and must still be remembered, in the value of George Trodd, colours that have made him last. He is still resident at the Palace, and is said to have offered his hat, but with the least possible degree towards each individual who passed. This man's knowledge of the extant and vanished appearances from a remote country, the same tribute which was paid to Andrew Gemmell's superior knowledge of the present.

He was understood to be able to maintain a son in a theological college of the University, at the gate of whose father was a mendicant. The young man was modest and learned, so that a student of the same age, parents were rather on the other hand, the Hall, could understand how to accept his passages. The scholar drew out a halfpenny, he concluded was the beggar's object, when he went to receive his thanks for the kindness he had shown, and at the same time a cordial invitation to dine with the scholar, the next day, a subscription of sixpence. "Yes, I'll eat on your clean war," I have company," I would strongly recommend him to the house of the hospital, a many in his place would probably have done; but, the more time he had been engaged of a mendicant, it was most prudent, considering the character and circum-stance the old man, to decline the invitation.

Such are a few traits of Scottish mendicancy, designed light on a Novel in which a character of that sort descries a prominent part. We conclude, that we have with Mr. Cheal's right to the importance assigned him shown, that we have known one beggar take a list with a person of distinction, and another give almost every penny that was asked. I know not if it be worth while to observe, that this character was so well regarded on its first appearance of its predecessors, in course of time it rose to some readers, superior popularity.
THE ANTIQUARY.

CHAPTER I.

"Go call a coach, and let a coach be called, And let the man who calleth be the caller; And in his calling let him utter nothing call, But Coach! Coach! Coach! 0 for a coach, ye gods!"

Carus-Walsingham.

It was early on a fine summer's day, near the end of the eighteenth century, when a young man, of genteel appearance, journeying towards the north-east of Scotland, provided himself with a ticket in one of those public carriages which travel between Edinburgh and the Queen's Ferry, at which place, as the name implies, and as is well known to all my northern readers, there is a passage-boat for crossing the Frith of Forth. The coach was calculated to carry eight regular passengers, besides such interlopers as the coachman could pick up by the way, and intrude upon those who were legally in possession. The tickets, which conferred right to a seat in this vehicle of old date, were dispensed by a sharp-looking old dame, with a pair of spectacles on a very thin nose, who inhabited a "leigh shop," angles, a celler, opening to the High-street by a steep and steep stair, at the bottom of which she sold tape, thread, needles, skirts of worsted, coarse linen cloth, and such feminine gear, to those who had come from towns and skill devoted to the pro-

\[...\]

The written hand-bill, which, posted on a projecting board, announced that the Queen's Ferry Diligence, or Hawes Fly, departed precisely at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, the fifteenth July, 17--, in order to secure for travellers the opportunity of passing the Frith with the flood-tide, was put on the present occasion like a bulletin; for although that hour was passed from Saint Giles' steeple, and repeated by the Tryon, no coach appeared upon the appointed stand. It is true, only two tickets had been taken at all, and possibly the lady of the subterranean manse might have an understanding with her Automo-

\[...\]

The young gentleman, who began to grow somewhat impatient, was now joined by a companion in this petty misery of human life—the person who had taken out the other place. He who is bent upon a journey is usually easy to be distinguished from his fellow-citizens. The boots, the great-cost, the umbrella, the little bundle in his hand, the hat pulled up over his resolved brows, the determinate shake of his pace, his brief answers to the salutations of lounging acquaintances, are all marks by which the experienced traveller in mail-coach or diligence can distinguish, at a distance, the companion of his future journey, as he pushes onward to the place of rendezvous. It is then that, with worldly wisdom, the first comer hastens to secure the best birth in the coach for himself and his goods, and the most convenient arrangement for his baggage before the arrival of his competitors. Our youth, who was gifted with little prudence of any sort, and who was, moreover, by the absence of the coach, deprived of the power of availing himself of his priority of choice, amused himself, instead, by speculating upon the occupa-

\[...\]

He was a good-looking man of the age of sixty, perhaps older, but his hair complexion and firm step announced that years had not impaired his strength or health. His countenance was of the true Scottish cast, strongly marked, and rather harsh in features, with a shrewd and penetrating eye, and a countenance in which habitual gravity was enlivened by a cast of ironical humour. His dress was uniform, and of a colour becoming his age and gravity; a wig, well dressed and powdered, surmount-

\[...\]

He arrived with a hurried pace, and casting an alarmed glance towards the direct-post of the church, then looking at the place where the coach should have been, exclaimed, "Deil's in it—I am too late after all!"

The young man relieved his anxiety, by telling him the coach had not yet appeared. The old gentleman, now fully conscious of his own want of punctuality, did not at first feel courageous enough to censure that of the coachman. He took a parcel, containing apparently a large folio, from a little boy who followed him, and, putting him on the head, bid him go back and tell Mr. B——, that if he had known he was to have had so much time, he would have put another word or two to their bargain,—then told the boy to mind his business, and he would be as thriving a lad as ever dusted a duode-

\[...\]

At length, after one or two impatient glances at the progress of the minute-hand of the clock, having compared it with his own watch, a huge and antique gold repeater, and having twitched about his features to give due emphasis to one or two peevish peahaws, he hailed the old lady of the cavern.

"Good woman,—what is the d—— is her name?—" Mrs. Macleuchar?"

"Mrs. Macleuchar, aware that she had a defensive part to sustain in the encounter which was to follow, was so busy to hasten the discussion by returning a ready answer.

"Mz. Macleuchar—Good woman," (with an elevated voice)—then apart, "Old doited hag, she's as desit as a postbox, no more, my dearn, Mrs. Macleuchar!"

"I am just serving a customer.—Indeed, binny, it will no be a boddy cheaper than I tell ye,"

"Woman," retorted the traveller, "do you think we can stand here all day till you have cheated that poor servant wench out of her half-year's fee and bounth?"

"Cheated!" retorted Mrs. Macleuchar, eager to take up the quarrel upon a plausible sound; "I scorn your words, sir; you are an uncivil person, and I desire you will not stand there to slander me in public!"
"The woman," said the senior, looking with an arch glance at his destined travelling companion, "does not understand the words of action,—Woman, more especially to the vulgar and ignorant not very well character, but I desire to know what is become of thy coach?"

"What's your will?" answered Mrs. Macleuchar, relating such a case. "We have taken places, ma'am," said the younger stranger, "in your diligence for Queenferray."

"Which should have been half-way on the road before we went off, and the other impatient traveller, rising in wrath as he spoke: "and now in all likelihood we shall miss the tide, and I have business of importance on the other side—and your cursed coach!"

"The coach?—guide us, gentlemen, is it no on the stand yet?" answered the old lady, her shrill tone of expostulation sinking into a kind of apologetic hint. "Is it the coach ye has been waiting for?"

"What else could have kept us broling in the sun by the side of the gutter here, you—you faithless woman! Eh?"

Mrs. Macleuchar now ascended her trap stairs, (for such it might be called, though constructed of stone,) until her nose came upon a level with the pavement; then she took the reins, looked some time at which she well knew was not to be found, she exclaimed, with well-feigned astonishment, "Guide us—saw everbody the like of that?"

"The coach, the coach!" the old traveller replied. "The world is a wondrous place for the man who searches it. He would bring me where he would, if only the coach were a little more punctual."

"Many have seen the like of it, and all will see the like of it, that have any thing to do with the trollopising sex,"—then, pacing with great indignation before the door of the shop, still as he passed and espoused, like a vessel which gives her broadside as he comes abreast of a hostile fortress, he shot down complaints, threats, and reproaches, on the embarrassed Macleuchar. He would take a good deal of chasing—he would call a hackney-coach—he would take four horses—he must—he would be on the north side to-day—and all the expense of his journey, besides damages, direct and consequential, arising from delay, should be accumulated on the devoted head of Mrs. Macleuchar.

There was something so comic in his pettish resentment, that the younger traveller, who was in such pressing hurry to depart, could not help being amused with it, especially as it was obvious, that every now and then the old gentleman, though very angry, did not know how to hold his own venge ance. But when Mrs. Macleuchar began also to join in the laughter, he quickly put a stop to her ill timed merriment.

"Of course, the 'advertisement thing,'" showing a bit of crumpled printed paper: "Does it not set forth, that, God willing, as you hypocritically express it, the Hawes Fly; or Queenferray Diligence, would set forth to-day at twelve o'clock, and is it not, thou fullest of creatures, now a quarter past twelve, and no such fly or diligence to be seen?—Doth thou know the consequence of seducing the lieges by false reports?—Doth thou know it might be brought under the statute of: leasing-making? Answer; and for once in thy long, useless, and evil life, let it be in the words of truth and sincerity—hast thou no sense of nature, or is this base announcement a mere swindle on the incautious, to beguile them of their time, their patience, and three shillings of sterling money of this realm?—Hast thou, I say, such a coach? ay or no?"

"O dear, yes, sir; the neighbours kon the diligence well, green picked out wi' red—three yellow wheels and a black ane."

"Not so fast, not so fast, woman—will three shillings transport me to Queenferray, agreeable to thy advertisement program?—or will it return the damage—"

I may sustain by leaving my business undone, a repay the expenses which I must discharge, if I am obliged to tarry a day at the South Ferry for lack of tide?—Well, sir, I say, a programme, for which alone the regular price five shillings,

Here his argument was cut short by a tumultuous noise, which proved to be the advance of the expected vehicle pressing forward with all the despatch in which the broken window rendered it could possibly be urged. With malleable pleasure, Mrs. Macleuchar saw her tormentor deposited in the vehicle, with the letters of impatience, the words drowned amid the rumbling of the wheels, that, if the diligence did not attain the Ferry in time to save that nuisance, she, Mrs. Macleuchar, should be held responsible for all the consequences that might ensue.

The coach had continued in motion for a mile or two before the stranger had completely possessed himself of his equanimity, as was manifested by the doleful ejaculations, which he made from time to time, on the too great probability, or very certainty, of their missing the flood-tide. By degrees, however, his wrath subsided; he winked his blue brow, relaxed his frown, and, undoing the parcel in his hand, produced his folio, on which he gazed from time to time with great veneration, admiring its height and condition, and ascertaining for a minute and individual inspection of each leaf, that the volume was uninjured and entire from title-page to last leaf. We are here, indeed, respecting the subject of his studies. He lifted up his eyes with something of a sarcastic glance, as if he supposed the young querist would not relish, or perhaps understand, the volume of quadrupeds, and pronounced the book to be Sandy Gordon's Itinerarium Scotiae, a book illustrative of the Roman remains in Scotland. The querist, unappalled by this learned title, profoundly assented, which indicated that he had made good use of a good education, and, although not possessed of minute information on the subject of antiquities, had yet acquaintance enough with the classics to render him an interested and intelligent auditor when they were enlarged upon. The elder traveller, observing with pleasure the capacity of his temporary companion to understand and answer him, plunged, nothing loth, into a sea of discussion concerning urns, vases, votive altars, Roman camps, and the rules of cartomancy.

The pleasure of this discourse had such a dullifying tendency, that although two causes of delay occurred, each of much more serious duration than that which had drawn down his wrath upon the unluckily Macleuchar, our hero, so far as to stow the delay the honour of a few quid pro quo pools and peashaws, which rather seemed to repair the interruption of his dissertation than the retardation of his journey.

The first of these stops was occasioned by the breaking of a spring, which half an hour's labour hardly repaired. To the second, the Antiquary was himself necessary, if not the principal cause of it, for, observing that one of the horses had cast a forefoot shoe, he apprised the coachman of this important deficiency.

"It's Jamie Martin's that furnishes the nails on twitter"—answered Macleuchar, our hero, and the coachman, after a brief pause, stowed the delay the honour of a few quid pro quo pools and peashaws, which rather seemed to repair the interruption of his dissertation than the retardation of his journey.

And when you go to—I mean to the place you deserve to go to, you scoundrel,—do you think that will uphold you on contract? If you don't, you'll be five shillings too poor brute to do the next spring, I'll have you punished, if there is a woman or a man in Mid-Lothian, and, opening the coach door, set he jumped, while the coachman obeyed his orders, without uttering a word, and the gentleman, who lost the five shillings, could not say it was their fault, since he was willing to get on."

I like so little to analyze the complication of the causes with the incidence actions, as I will not venture to ascertain whether our Antiquary's honestly..."
to the poor horse was not in some degree aided by his desire of showing his companion a pilot's camp, or round-about, a subject of which he had been eloquent, but the host of the inn, who was the gentleman in the sober suit, with powdered wig and slouched hat. I should say, that although he certainly would not in any case have employed the coachman to proceed while the horse was unfit for service, and likely to suffer by being urged forward, yet the man of whipcord escaped some severe abuse and reproach by the agreement, which the traveller found out to pass the interval of delay.

So much time was consumed by these interludes of their journey, that when they descended the hill above the Hawes, (for so the inn on the southern side of the Queensberry is designated,) the experienced eye of the Antique at once discerned, from the extent of wet sand, and the number of footprints, and rocks, covered with sea-weed, which were visible along the skirts of the shore, that the hour of tide was past. The young traveller expected a burst of indignation; but, whether, as Socrates might say, Good mildly, or, as one who had exhausted himself in fretting away his misfortunes beforehand, so that he did not feel them when they actually arrived, or whether he found the situation of the case too interesting, and could not bear to have indulged in such repining at any thing which delayed his journey, it is certain that he submitted to his lot with much resignation.

The diligence and the old bag it belongs to—Diligence, quoth I? Thou shouldst have called it the Sloth—Fly!—quoth she? why, it moves like a fly through a blue-gout, as the Irishman says. But a less genuine, and yet a more natural inquiry of the history of the Hawes, had so, my young friend, we'll have a stack here at the Hawes, which is a very decent sort of a place, and I'll be very happy to finish the account I was giving you of the difference between the modes of intertreating castra stationes and castra saxo, things confounded by too many of our historians. Lackaday, if they had taken the pains to satisfy their own eyes instead of following each other's blind guidance!—Well, we shall be pretty comfortable at the Hawes; and besides, after all, we must have dined somewhere, and it will be pleasant sailing with the tide of the day.

In this Christian temper of making the best of all occurrences, our travellers alighted at the Hawes.

CHAPTER II.

Sir, they do scandal me upon the road here! A poor squalid rack of mustaves roasted dry to be grated! and that driven down with beer and better-milk, mingled together. Where is the word that glads the heart of man, and makes the house of wise? Such says my bash, do marry and drink tarry, that's my epistle.

New Jomson's New Men.

As the senior traveller descended the crazy steps of the diligence at the inn, he was greeted by the master of the inn, Mr. Roderick, Roderick, with a similitude and respect which the Scotch innkeepers of the old school used to assume towards their more abundant customers.

"Have a care o' us, Monkbars, (distinguishing him by his territorial epithet, always most agreeable to the ear of a Scottish proprietor,) is this you? I think safe to have seen your honour here till the time of your departure."

"Ye donnard auld deevil," answered his guest, "is Scottish accent predominating when in anger, though otherwise not particularly remarkable—ye connard said stupid idiot that have I to do with session, or the gueese that flock to it, or the aweke that pick their pinions for them?"

"True, and that's true," said mine host, who, in, not, only spoke upon a very general recollection of the
provest of the town during that ill-fated year, and had exerted himself with much spirit in favour of King George himself, and the new monarch was on his score, which, according to the liberal conduct of the existing government towards their friends, had never been repaid him. By dint of solicitation, however, and of a present he got to be a place in the customs, and, being a frugal, careful man, had found himself enabled to add considerably to his paternal fortune. He had only two sons, of whom, as he owns, he was more attached to the younger, and two daughters, one of whom still flourished in single blessedness, and the other, who was greatly more juvenile, made a love-match with a captain in the navy; and, as he says, 'is happy.' But his commission and a Highland pedigree. Poverty disturbed a union which love would otherwise have made happy, and Captain McIntyre, in justice to his wife and two children, a boy and girl, had found himself obliged to seek his fortune in the East Indies. Being ordered upon an expedition against Hyder Ali, the detachment to which he belonged was cut off, and no news ever reached his unfortunate wife whether he fell in battle, or was murdered in prison, or survived, in what the habits of the Indian tyrant rendered a hopeless captivity. She sunk under the accumulated weight of grief, and left a son and daughter to the charge of her brother, the existing Laird of Monkbars.

The history of that proprietor himself is soon told. Before his elevation to a second son, his father destined him to a share in a substantial mercantile concern, carried on by some of his paternal relations. Thus Jonathon's first ambition was realized in the most irreconcilable manner. He was then put apprentice to the profession of a writer, or attorney, in which he profited so far, that he made himself master of the whole forms of feudal investitures, and showed such pleasure in reconciling their incongruities, and tracing their origin, that his master had great hope he would one day be an able conveyancer. But he had not很长 to push in the way he acquired some knowledge of the origin and system of the law of his country, he could never be persuaded to apply it to lucrative and practical purposes. It was not from any inconsiderate neglect of the advantages attending the possession of money that he thus deceived the hopes of his master. "Were he, thoughtless or light-hearted, or res se profigus," said his instructor, "I would know what to make of him. But he never pays away a shilling without looking anxiously after the change, makes his sixpence go farther than another lad's half-crown, and will postpone the pleasure of being clothed to the necessity of the change for days, rather than go to the golf or the change-house; and yet he will not bestow one of these days on a little business of routine, that would put twenty shillings in his pocket—a strange mixture of frugality and industry, and negligent indolence—I don't know what to make of him.

But in process of time his pupil gained the means of making what he pleased of himself; for his father having died, was not long survived by his eldest son, an arrant fisher and fowler, who departed this life, in consequence of a cold caught in his vacation, while shooting ducks in the swamp called Little-fitting-moss, notwithstanding his having drunk a bottle of brandy that very night to keep the cold out of his stomach. Jonathan, therefore, succeeded to the estate, and with it to the means of subsisting without the hatted drudgery of the law. His wishes were more moderate; and as the rent of his small property rose with the improvement of the country, it soon greatly exceeded his wants and expenditure; and though too indolent to make money, he was by no means insensible to the pleasure of beholding it accumulate in the family coffers. It is a saying which he regarded him with a sort of envy, as one who affected to divide himself from their rank in society, and whose studies and pleasures seemed to them alike incompatible: a sort of hereditary respect for the Laird of Monkbars, augmented by the knowledge of his being a ready-money man, kept up his consequence with this class of his neighbours. The country gentlemen generally above him in fortune, and beneath him a not insconsiderable number, with other pursuits and pleasures, in being in correspondence with most of the virtuous of his time, who, like himself, measured decayed entertainments, made plans of round the town in pursuit of his lady, and a share in the essays on medals in the proportion of twelve pages to each letter of the legend. Some habits of hasty irritation he had contracted, partly, it was said in the Joseph's Green, partly from his breeding in love, in virtue of which he had commenced a mystic, as he called it, but yet more by the obsequious attention paid to him by his maiden sister and his orphan niece, whom he had trained to consider him as the greatest man upon earth, and whom he used to boast of as the only women he had ever seen who were well broke in and biddt to obedience; though, it must be owned, Miss Grizzy Olduck was sometimes apt to jibb when he pulled the reins to tight. The rest of his character must be gathered from the story, and we dismiss with pleasure the "Eumaeus tas arcas aris aris libatur, ut gregem suum nutrire.

During the time of dinner, Mr. Olduck, actuated by the same curiosity which his fellow-traveller had entertained on his account, made some advances which his host said he would communicate with more direct manner, towards ascertainment the name, destination, and quality of his young companion.

"His name, the young gentlemen said, was Lovel. "What! the cat, the rat, and Lovel, our dog. Was he descended from King Richard's favourite?"

"He had no pretensions," he said, "to call himself a whelp of that litter; his father was a north-of-England gentleman. He was at present travelling near to Fairport, a town near to which Monkbars was situated, and, if he found the place agreeable, might perhaps remain there for some weeks."

"Was Mr. Lovel's excursion solely for pleasure?"

"Not entirely."

"Perhaps on business with some of the commercial people of Fairport?"

"It was partly on business, but had no reference to commerce."

Here he paused; and Mr. Olduck having pushed his inquiries as far as good manners permitted, was obliged to seek his seat at the table, and was suffered to remain there, unobliged to the company of the table. He laid his hand upon the bell to order the materials. But Mackitchin had, in his own mind, settled their beverage otherwise, and appeared bending in his hand an immense double quartz bottle, or magnum, as it is called in Scotland, covered with saw-dust and cobwebs, the warrant of its antiquity.

"Punch!" he said, catching that generous sound as he entered the parlour, "the deil a drop punch ye've get here the day, Monkbars, and that ye mar lay your account with."

"What do you mean, you impudent rascal?"

"Ay, ay, it's nae matter for that—but do ye mind the trick ye served me the last time ye was here?"

"I trick you!"

"Ay, just yourself, Monkbars. The Laird o' Tamlowrie, and Sir Gilbert Grizzleleugh, and Auld Roseball, and the Bain, we're just setting it to make an end, and ye, and yon, ye o' the old-world stories, that the mind o' man cantna resist, whir'd them to the back o' beyond to licht at the auld Roman camp—Ah, sir!" turning to Lord
CHAPTER III.

He had a youth o' said nick-mackets,
Rusty rim caps, and jaunty jackets,
With a capacious tobacco pouch and tobacco
A towedom guide;
And partridge-patch, and red neckerchiefs,
Afore the rudes.

After he had settled himself in his new apart-
ments at Fairport, Mr. Lovel betook himself of pay-
ing the requested visit to his fellow-traveller. He did
not make so much of the old gentleman's good humour and information, there had some-
times glanced forth in his language and manner to-
wards him an air of superiority, which his companion
could not bear, and which he bore fully by what the dif-
fERENCE of age warranted. He therefore contrived the arrival
of his baggage from Edinburgh, that he might arrange his dress according to the fashion of the day, and
make his exterior corresponding to the rank in soci-
ety which he supposed or felt himself entitled to hold.

It was the fifth day after his arrival, that, having made the necessary inquiries concerning the road, he
went forth to pay his respects at Monkbarns. A path leading over a healthy hill, and through two or
three meadows, conducted him to this mansion, which stood on the opposite side of the hill aforesaid,
and commanded him a prospect of the town and ship-
ping. Secluded from the town by the rising ground,
which also screened it from the north-west wind, the
house had a solitary and sheltered appearance. The
exterior looked antique, and very recommendable.

A regular old-fashioned building, some part of which
had belonged to a grange, or solitary farm-house, in-
habited by the beflor, or steward, of the monastery.
When the place was in possession of the monks,
it was here that the community stored up the grain,
which they received as ground-rent from their vass-
ales; for, with the prudence belonging to their order,
all their other revenues were swallowed up like that kind, and hence, as the present proprietor loved to tell,
came the name of Monkbarns. To the remains of
the beflor's house, the succeeding lay inhabitants had
made various additions in proportion to the accom-
modation required by their families; and, as this was
done with an equal contempt of convenience within
and architectural regularity without, the whole bore
the appearance of a hamlet which had suddenly stood
still when in the act of leading down one of Am-
phon's or Orpheus's country dances. It was sur-
rounded by broken hedges of lavender and holly, some
of which still evidenced the skill of the topiarist,*
and presented curious arm-chairs, towers, and
the figures of Saint George and the dragon. The
mansion of the old beflor was, however, as ancient as
the first; and, on a garden seat beneath its shade, Lovel beheld his old
friend with spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
bustily employed in perusing the London Chronicle,
soothed by the summer breeze through the rustling
leaves, and the distant dash of the waves as they
rippled upon the sand.

Mr. Oldbuck immediately rose, and advanced to
greet his travelling acquaintance. He was a hearty shake
of the hand, from "by my faith," said he, "I began

* Art Toporia, the art of clipping new hedges into fantastic
figures. Art Toporia, entitled Art Toporia, contains a
most account of the process.
THE ANTIQUARY.

call it, for, except two idle husies of womankind, (by this contemptuous phrase, borrowed from his brother antiquary, the cynic Anthony a Wood, Mr. Old buck was used to denote the sex in general, and his sister and niece in particular,) that on some idle person's delusion, these three and themselves in my premises, I live here as much a Cenobite as my predecessor, John o' the Gurnell, whose grave I will allow you by and by. Thus far, my dear sir, I continued to be, as Mr. Lovel, the time and trouble that these mouldering traces of letters have cost me! No mother ever travailed so for a child—and all to no purpose—although I am almost positive that these two last marks imply the figures, or letters, I.V. and may give us a good guess at the real date of the building, since we know, ifinde, that it was founded by Aubbot Waldrimbir about the middle of the fourteenth century, and, I profess, I think that centre ornament might be made out by better eyes than mine.

"I think" answered Lovel, willing to humour the old man, "it has something the appearance of a metre."

"I protest you are right! you are right! it never struck me before—see what it is to have younger eyes—and a different sort of a taste."

The resemblance was not much nearer than that of Polonius's cloud to a whale, or an owl; it was sufficient, however, to set the antiquary's brains to work. A mind, my dear sir, continued to be, as he led the way through a labyrinth of convenience and dark passages, and accompanied his disquisition with certain necessary cautions to his guest. A mind, my dear sir, continued to be, as a bishop—he was a mitred abbot, and at the very top of the roll—take care of these three steps—I know Miss Cribb denies this, but it is as certain as that he too will be indicated—by the name of the Abbot of Trottoisey, Abbás Trottocesius, at the head of the rolls of parliament in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—there is very little right here, and these cursed womankind always leave their tubs in the passage—now take care of the corner—ascend twelve steps, and ye are safe!"

Mr. Old buck had, by this time, attained the top of the gallery, where he seated himself and opened a door, and pushing aside a piece of tapestry with which it was covered, his first exclamation was, "What are you about here, you slut?" A little terrapin, from down her dungeon, detected in the heinous fact of arranging the sanctum sanctorum, and fled out of an opposite door from the side of an incensed master. A gentle-looking young woman, who was conducting the operation, stood her ground, but with some timidity.

"Indeed, uncle, your room was not fit to be seen, and I just came to see that Jenny laid everything down where she took it up."

"And how dare you, or Jenny either, presume to meddle with my private matters? (Mr. Old buck hated putting to rights as much as Dr. Orkborne, or any other professed student.) Go sew your sampler, you monkey, and do not let me find you here again, as you value your ears—" I assure you, Mr. Lovel, the eyes of these professed friends to cleanliness was almost as fatal to my collection as Hudibras's visit to that of Sidrophel; and I have ever since missed

"My opposite, with almanacs
Gazed upon't, and other knacks;
My moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
And several constellation stones.
By etc., my monopanol, and possibles,
I purchased for my proper case.

And so forth, as old Butler has it."

And the lady, after curtseying to Lovel, had taken the opportunity to make her escape during this enumeration of losses. "You'll be poisoned here with the volumes of dust they have raised," continued the Antiquary; "but I assure you the dust was very ancient, peaceful, quiet dust, about an hot these gases disturbed it, as they do every in the world."

It was, indeed, some time before Lt. through the thick atmosphere, preserved it of den his friend had constructed his rette a lofty room of middling size, obscurely high narrow latticed windows. One or the other occasionally by book-shees, with sufficient space for the number of volumes placed which were, therefore, drawn up in ranks three feet deep, while numberless others floor and table and cabinet and book-cases, rugs, scap, of parchment, bundles of paper old armour, swords, dirks, helmets, and targets. Behind Mr. Old buck's seat, (wh ancient leather-covered easy-chair, worn constant use,) was a huge oaken cabinet at each corner with Dutch chests, having duck-wings displayed, and great jolter-heat placed between them. The top of this covered with busts, and Roman lampes intertwined, with one or two bronze fig walls of the apartment were partly clothed old tapestry representing the meeting of Owain Gwawne's wedding, in which full justice to the ugliness of the Lothely Lady; al judges from his own looks, the gentle knight reason to the disparity of outward favour, than the rox given to us to understand. The rest of the panelled, or wainscotted, with black painted, or which hung two or three portraits of characters in Scottish history, favourites buck, and as many in tie-wags and in stars representing of his own ancestor, old-fashioned table was elegantly dressed by a decision of papers, parchments, books, and trinkets and gow-gaws, which seemed to recommend them, besides rust and the which it filled with ancient books and utensils, with a gravi Marius among the ruins of Carthage, a black cat, which, to a superstitious eye, presented the genius loci, the tutelar der apartment. The floor, as well as the table was overflowed by the same mægal cellaneous trumpery, where it would ha impossible to find and off a single article to put to it any use when discovered.

Amid this medley, it was no easy matter to find a chair to sit down in, without stumbling traverse over the objects, without danger of overturning some piece of Roman or anci pottery. And, when the chair was attained be discerned, with a careful hand, of which might have received daring degradation spurs and buckles, which would certainly consigned it to any sudden occupant. (Antiquary made Lovel particularly aware that his friend, the Rev. Doctor Henry the Low Countries, had sustained much sitting down suddenly and incalculably ancient castrum, or cross-face, which had dug up in the bog near Bannockburn, dispersed by Robert Bruce to lacerate the English chargers, came thus in process for and damage the sitting part of a learned \textit{ps Utrecht.}

Having at length fairly seated himself, nothing loath to make inquiry concerning objects around him, whose history was far as possible, to explain, Lovel was to a large club, or bludgeon, with an iron end of it, which, it seems, had been lately field on the monk's grave property, and accordin burying ground. It had mightily the air stick the Highland reapers use to wa their standing pergurations from their n but Mr. Old buck was strongly that, as its shape was singular, it might one of the clubs with which the monks a peasants in lieu of more martial weapon
"Even, I, sir," he went on, "though far inferior in industry, and discernment, and presence of mind, to that great man, can show you a few, a very few collected observations, which I have made in my time; and, as much as any wealthy man might,—although, as my friend Lucian says, he might chance to throw away his coin only to illustrate his ignorance,—but gained from a manner that I know better than the matter. See this bundle of ballots, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them a hundred years older. I wheeled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her snuff, and the Complete Statesman, were the equivalent. For that mutilated copy of the Complaynt of Scotland, I sat out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor; who, in gratitude, bequeathed it to me by his last will. These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, Saint Mary's Wynd,—whenever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and takers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling on a halfpenny, lest, by a too subtle essence in the dealings of first price, she should be led to suspect the value I set upon the article,—now have I trembled, lest some passing stranger should drop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity, who stoppered up in the books at the stall, as a rival amateur, or prowling bookseller in disguise! —And then, Mr. Lovel, the sly satisfaction with which one pays the consideration, and pockets the article, not considering, as you, while the hand is trembling with pleasure!—Then to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and emulous rivals by showing them such treasure as this,—(displaying a little black smoked book about the size of a primer)—to enjoy their surprise and envy, shrouding meanwhile, under a veil of mysterious consciousness as my own superior. In this my young friend, these are the white moments of life, that repay the toil, and pains, and sedulous attention, which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands!"

Lovel was not a little amused at hearing the old gentleman run on in this manner, and, however incapable of entering into the full merits of what he beheld, he admired, as much as could have been expected, the various treasures which Oldbuck exhibited. Here were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last and best, and to this day had not the author's final improvements, and there another which (strange to tell!) was in request because it had then not. One was precious because it was a charm, and, another because it was short; the merit of this lay in the title-page, of that in the arrangement of the letters in the word Fina. There was, it seemed, no peculiar distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a volume, providing the indispensable quality of scarcity, or rare occurrence, was attached to it.

Not the least fascinating was the original broadside,—the Dying Speech, Bloody Murder, or Wonder-ful Wonder of Wonders, in its primary state, for it was hawking at the cheap and easy price of one penny, though now worth the weight of that penny in gold. On these the Antiquary dilated with transport, and read and re-read the same proportion to the contents that the painted signs without a showman's booth do to the animal within. Mr. Oldbuck, for example, in a postcard, in a unique broadside, entitled and called 'Strange and Wonderful News from Chipping-Norton, in the County of Oxon, of certain dreadful Apparitions, which were seen upon the 30th of July, 1610, at Half an Hour after Nine o'clock; and continued till Eleven, in which Time was seen Appearances of several flaming Swords, strange Motion of the superior Oy, and the usual Spangling of the Stars, with their an
is, which of us was so rude and barbarous as to remain unmoved at the death of the great Roscius, whose advanced age was so far from preparing us for his death, that we rather hoped one so graceful, so expert, so masterly, so skilful at the common lot of mortality? So the Prince of Orators spoke of the stage and its professors.

The words of the old man fell upon Lovel's ears, but not unfelt. The man, whose art ought to have entered into his mind, which was then occupied in thinking what means the old beggar, who still continued to regard him with a certain air of haughtiness, had contrived to thrust himself into any knowledge of his affairs. He put his hand in his pocket as the readiest mode of intimating his desire of secrecy, and took a sovereign out of the pouch at which he was addressed; and while he bestowed him an alms, the amount of which rather bore proportion to his fears than to his charity, looked at him with a marked expression, which the mendicant, a phycnomyst by profession, seemed perfectly to understand. — "Never mind me, sir, I am no tale-tyet; but there are more sick men in the world than nine, answered he, as he pocketed Lovel's good. You must be heard by him alone, and with an expression which amply filled up what was left unspoken. Then turning to Old- buck: "I am awa to the manse, your honour. Has you a good man here, curst be the day and age, for I'll come in by Knockwinnoch Castle again e'en?"

OIdbuck started as from a dream; and, in a hurried tone, where vexation strove with a wish to conceal it, passed on. "Who is the gentleman's name, sir?" "An honest, grossly unlined, hat he said, "Go down, go down to Monkbarne—let them give you some dinner—or stay; if you do go to the manse, or to Knockwinnoch, ye need say nothing among your story of yours."

"Who, I?" said the mendicant. "Lord bless your honour, nabody saul ken a word about it free me, mair than if the bit bocock had been there since Noah's flood. But Lord bomb-a, your honour has given me Johnnie Howie aker for seas of the laigh crofts for this heathery know! Now, if he has really imposed the bocock on ye for an ancient war, it's my real opinion the bargain will never haud gude, if you would just bring down your heart to try it at the law, and say that he beggared ye."

"Provoking accoucher," muttered the indigent Antiquary between his teeth, — "I'll have the hangman's lash and his back acquainted for this! — And then in a louder tone, — "Never mind, Edie—it is all a mistake."

"Truth, I am thinking saw," continued his tormentor, who seemed to have pleasure in rubbing the gullied wound, "truth, I say thou saw; and it's no sae lang since I saw my compeer Language think of it. Luckily," said he, that his honour, Monkbarne, would have done sae a dast-like thing, as to gie grund weel worth fifty shillings an a' for a maling that would be dear o' a pund Scotia. Na, na, quo I; I depened upon the laird's been imposed up wi' that wily doo- little devill, Johnnie Howie. — But Lord hand a care o' us, sirs, how can that be, quo' she again, when the laird's sae book-learned, there's no like o' him in the country side, and Johnnie Howie has hardly sense enough to ca' the cows out o' his kale-yard?"

"Awel, awel, Lady Crichton's circumstantial, vanishing with some of his said-wad-stories, for ye ken, laird, o' yer own tongue about the bodile that ye thought was an auld crin." "No, no, no!" said Oldbuck; and then in a more mild tone, as one that was conscious the reputation lay at the mercy of his antagonist, he added: — "Away with you down to Monkbarne, and when I come back, I'll send ye a bottle of ale to the kitchen."

"Heaven reward your honour!" This was uttered with the true mendicant whine, as setting his pikewal staff before him, he began moving towards the direction of old Knockwinnoch Castle, — "But your honour," turning round, "ever get back the silver ye gae to the travelling packman for the bodile?"

"Conceive thee, what about thy business?" "Aweel, aweel, sir, God bless your honour!— I hope we'll ding Johnnie Howie yet, and that I'll live to see il." And so saying, the old beggar moved off, relieving that Mr. Oldbuck of recollections which were any thing rather than agreeable.

"Who is this familiar old gentleman?" said Lovel, when the mendicant was out of hearing. — "O, one of the plagues of the country—I have been always against poor rates and a workhouse—I think I'd vote for them now, to have that accosted slut. O, your old remembered guest of a beggar becomes, I think, well acquired to you as he is to his dish—as intimate as one of the beasts familiar to man, which signify love, and with which his own trade is especially convivial. Was he perhaps a soldier, a player, a singer, a vagabond, or a ballad singer, travelling about?" He is spoiled by our folk, he said, who laugh at his jokes, and rehearse the Ode Chalhute of his good things, but who have, he said, no idea of them.

"Why, he uses freedom apparently, which is the secret of wit," answered Lovel.

"O ay, freedom enough," said the Antiquary; "it generally invents some damnable impossible story to provoke you, like that nonsense he takes just now—not that I'll publish my tract till I have examined the thing to the bottom."

"In England," said Lovel, "such a mendicant would get a speedy check."

"Yes, your churchwardens and dog-wagons would make stouter allowance for his vein of humour; but here, cursed be the hour when I am a sort of privileged witness to the last specimen of the old-fashioned Scotch mendicant, who kept his rounds within a particular space, and was the news-carrier, the minstrel; and sometimes the historian of the district. That man, now, knows more old ballads and traditions than any other man in this and the four next parishes. And after all," continued he, softening as he went on, "nothing is more fashionable in the West of Scotland than the dog and the humour. He has borne his hard fate with unconquerable spirits, and it's cruel to deny him the comfort of a laugh at his betters. The pleasure of having quizzed me is over; and if you say good-bye, your honour has given me Johnnie Howie acre for acres of the laigh crofts for this heathery know! Now, if he has really imposed the bocock on ye for an ancient war, it's my real opinion the bargain will never haud gude, if you would just bring down your heart to try it at the law, and say that he beggared ye.

CHAPTER V.

Launcelot Gobbo. Mark me now: Now will I raise the veil Merchant of

The Tag theatre at Fairport had opened, but no Mr. Lovel appeared on the boards, nor was there anything in the habitations of any character named, which authorized Mr. Oldbuck's conjecture that his fellow-traveller was a candidate for the palm of favour. Regular were the Antiquary's inquiries at an old-fashioned barber who dressed the only three employes whom fashion had left him, regularly, I say, were Mr. Oldbuck's inquiries at the unction concerning the news of the little theatre at Fairport, expecting every day to hear of Mr. Lovel's appearance, which he occasionally determined to put himself to charges in honour of his young friend, and not only to go to the play himself, but to carry his companion along with him. But old John Caxton conveyed no information whatever, but was taking so decisive a step as that of securing a bet

He brought information on the contrary, that there was a young man residing at Fairport, of whose name (by which he meant all the more because there was no business of his own, fill up his leisure moments by attending to that of other people) could make nothing. He saw nothing of the society, but rather avoided it, and the young man was endowed with some degree of curiosity, induced to offer his services. Nothing could be more regular, or lose resembling adventure in the mode of living, which was so well so completely well arranged, and in transactions with him were loud in their approval.
THE ANTIQUARY

These are not the virtues of a stage-struck hero, right Oldbuck to himself; and, however habitually they might be, in the end he had come to abandon that which he had formed in the past instance, but for a part of Caxton's communion.

"The young gentleman," he said, "was sometimes kind and yet too original, apt in his room, just as if he were one of the players—nothing, however, excepting this single circumstance.

"It is remained a high and doubtful question, what a learned young man, without friends, connected, or employment of any kind, could have to do as a student; and he, clerk, with a name apparently any charms for him. He declined the mess of the volunteer concert, which I lately imbibed, and shunned joining the rival parties of either of the two parties which then used Fairport, as they did more important places.

"There was too little of an aristocrat to join the club of true Blues, and too little of a democrat to fraction with an affiliated society of the so-called Friends of the People, which the borough had also the happiness of possessing. A room was his detestation; as he said, he knew nothing with the Edinburgh Press, as in novel-writing, and that is a quite a different thing, as was never a master of none who so little post was known, and who so universally described himself as a negative, however, was important—nobody was ever in the least degree of self-satisfaction.

"And indeed, had such existence, would have been so much made public; for the real descent of a professional character must have been checked by no feelings of sympathy for a being so unsociable. On one account he fell somewhat under suspicion. As he made use of his pencil in his solitary walks, and had seen several views of the harbour, in which a tower, and even the four-gun battery, were reduced, some zealous friends of his opinion had a whisper, that this mysterious stranger was certainly a French spy. The sheriff paid respect to Mr. Lovel accordingly, but in the interview which followed, it would seem, that he had barely removed that magistrate's suspicions, since not only suffered him to remain undisturbed in his reversion, but, as it was credibly reported, sent him on a journey and offered his own support under the pen name, which were fully declined. But what the nature of the explanation was, the magistrate kept a profound secret, not from the public at large, but from his substitute, clerk, who would have, as a matter of consequence, been known in the county and on all the courts of official duty.

"If these particulars were faithfully reported by Caxton to his patron at Monkburn, tended much in the opinion of his former connexion with this resident here.

"A decent sensible lad," said he to himself, "who scorns to enter into the follies and nonsense of these idiot people at Fairport. I must do nothing for him—must give him a dinner—and I write Sir Arthur to come to Monkburn to meet me—must consult my womankind.

"By the way, this correspondence has been for the last some time in the hands of Sir Arthur and of Caxton himself, ordered to prepare for a letter to Knockwinnoch Castle with a letter, "Honoured Sir, Arthur Wardour, of Knockwinnoch, Bart."

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

On Tuesday the 17th curt, stilo novis, I hold a council at Monkburn宾馆 to see you this afternoon at four o'clock precisely. If my enemy, Miss Isabel, can and will honour us by coming you, my womankind will be too old with me to suffer in this case of resistance to lawful rule and right supremacy. If not, I will send the womankind to the race for the day. I have a young acquaintance to confer with you, and it is a matter of habit with Sir Arthur, that, even after his father's death, the non-juring chaplain used to pray regularly for the preservation of the right to the throne, for the downfall of the younger house, and for deliverance from their cruel and bloodthirsty enemies, although all idea of serious opposition to the
of Hanover had long smothered away, and this tenebrous and hungry was kept up rather by a man of form than as conveying any distinct meaning. So much was this the case, that, about the year 1770, upon a disputed election occurring in the county, the whole matter was suddenly pulped down with the help of abbrevi- 
ation and allegories, in order to serve a candidate in whom he was interested:—thus renouncing the heir for whose restoration he weekly petitioned Heaven, and acknowledging the usurper, whose de- tronement he had never ceased to pray for. And to add to this melancholy instance of human in- 
sistency, Sir Arthur continued to pray for the house of Stewart even after the family had been extirpated, and when, in truth, though in his theoretical loyalty he pleased to regard them as alive, yet, in all actual service and practical exertion, he was a most zealous and dogmatic Jacobite.

In other respects, Sir Arthur Wardour lived like most country gentlemen in Scotland—hunted and fished—gave and received dinners—attended races and county meetings; was a deputy-tenant and trustee upon turnpike acts. But, in his more advanced years, as he became too lazy or unwieldy for field-sports, he supplied them by new and then reading; and gradually acquired a taste for antiques, though neither very deep, nor very correct, he became a cronv of his neighbour, Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbar, and a joint inhabitant of the Antiquary's. There were, however, points of difference between these two humorists, which sometimes occasioned discord. The faith of Sir Arthur, as an antiquary, was, that of Oldbuck and Lord Grant (on the affair of the Prentorium at the Kain of Kin-
prunes) was much more scrupulous in receiving leg-
ends as current and authentic coin. Sir Arthur would have believed that any crime the crime of the late-majesty had been doubted; the existence of any single individual of that formidable beadle-roll of one hundred and four kings of Scotland, received by Burghers' writ and regarded as a thing of history, by Sir Arthur, was not always willing to lend. Mr. Oldbuck, on the contrary, always wished to be repaid with regularity; Sir Arthur was not always, nor indeed often, prepared to gratify this wish. For this reason they often had a fan- 
arrangement between tendencies to oppose, which little mists would occasionally take place. Sir Arthur, there was a spirit of mutual accommodation up the whole, and they bragged of like dogs in couples, with some difficulty and occasional snarling, but without absolutely coming to a stand still, or thun- tering each other.

Some little disagreement, such as we have men- tioned, arising out of business or politics, had divided the houses of Knockwinnock and Monkbar, when the emissary of the latter arrived to discharge his obligations. Sir Arthur, in the course of the business, went on one side and looked out upon the restless ocean, and, on the other, upon the long straight avenue was the Baronet seated, now turning over the leaves of a folio, now casting a glance anywhere; where his sun quivered on the dark-green foliage, and some trunks of the large and branching trees, with which the avenue was planted. At length, sight of joyl moving object is seen, and it gives rise to the usual inquiries, 'Who is it?' and what can be his errand? The old whitish gray coat, the hobbling gait, its half-sloshed, half-cocked, announced the fore- maker of periwigs, and left for investigation of the second figure. Mr. Oldbuck, in these words, entering the portrait,—'A letter from Mr. Oldbuck,
Sir Arthur.'

Sir Arthur took the epistle with a due assump- 
tion of consequential dignity.

"Take the old man into the kitchen, and let him get some refreshment," said the young lady, who compassionate eye had remarked his thin gray hair and weary look. 'But,' she added, 'if you have for your person and your conversation: nothing
m more pain than to be wanting in
of Isabella; and one must allow for the
the German boorish
the blood; something of the whig-
the German boorish
in dispute, unless when he avails
of pettifogging intimacy with dates,
ning matters of fact, a tiresome and
of memory which he entirely owes to
ical descent."
and it convenient in historical investi-
d think, sir?" said the young lady.
and an unreasonably disposed mode of dis-
seems more unreasonable than
ought even Bellenden's rare transl.
Boece, which I have the satisfaction of
which is a black-letter folio of great
om authority of some old scrap of parch-
en has saved from its deserved destiny
into tailors' measures. And, besides,
minute and artistic fashioning, this sim-
tn manner of doing business, which
chanced a landed proprietor, whose
of two or three generations—I question
ier's clerk in a fair port that can sum-
the execution of Mr. Monkburns;" he ac-
cept his invitation, sir?
yes; we have no other engagement on
Who can the young man be he talks
stitute a new acquaintance; and be
that I never heard of"
"some relation of his brother-in-law, sir."
visible; yes, we will accept; the Mr.
very ancient Highland family. You
are in the affirmative, Isabella; I
no longer inquiring about that matter being adjusted, Miss
anted "her own and Sir Arthur's com-
that they would have the honour of
Mr. Oldbuck." Miss Warburton took
her hospitality with Mr. Old-
burn's late long absence from
k, where his visits give so much plea-
placebo she concluded her note, with
on, now refreshed in limbs and mind,
return to the Antiquary's mansion.

CHAPTER VI.

Woden, God of Saxons;
cometh Wednesday; that is Wednesday,
say in which I creep into

CARTWRIGHT'S Ordinary.

riend, Lovel, who had received a cor-
station, punctual to the hour of appoint-
Monkburns about five minutes before
the 17th of July. The day had been
ny, and large drops of rain had oc-
though the threatened showers had as-
received him at the Palmer's-port in
own suit, gray silk stockings, and wig
all the skill of the veteran Caxon,
melt out the dinner, had taken care not
 till the hour of eating approached.
welcome to my symposium, Mr. Lovel;
 introduce you to my Cloggoglo's, as
ells them; my unlucky and good-for-
kind—make better, Mr. Lovel!" and
 disappointed, sir, if I do not find
the deserving of your satire"
ay, Mr. Lovel,—which, by the way,
ed one of the poets of antiquity, and
—hull-valley, I say, a trace with
a. You will find them but samples of
But here they be, Mr. Lovel. I present
order, my most discreet sister Griselda,
be simplicity, as well as patience, an-
exed to the poor old name of Grizzell; and my most
exquisite niece Maria, whose mother was called Mary,
and sometimes Molly."
The elderly lady rustled in silks and satins, and
 bore upon her head a structure resembling the fashion
in the ladies' memorandum-book for the year 1770—
a superb piece of architecture in the path of the
modern Gothic castle, of which the curls might re-
present the turrets, the black pins the chevets de
frize, and the lappets the banners.
The face, which, like that of the ancient statues
of Vesta, was thus crowned with towers, was large
and long, and peaked at nose and chin, and bore, in
other respects, such a ludicrous resemblance to the
resemblance, and8875; but which, that Lovel
and they not appeared at once, like Scheherazade
and Viola in the last scene of the "Twelfth Night,"
might have supposed that the figure before him was his old
friend masquerading in female attire. An antique
flowered silk gown graced the extraordinary person
whom belonged this unaperceived figure, whose
brother was wont to say was fitter for a turban for
Mahommed or Turgutkan, than a head-scarf for a rea-
sorable creature, or Christian gentlewoman. Two
long and bony arms were terminated at the elbows
by triple blond ruffles, and, being folded sattire-ways
in front of her person, and decorated with long gloves
of a bright vermilion colour, had no hind resis-
tance to a pair of gigantic lobsters. High-heeled
shoes, and a short silk cloak, thrown in easy negli-
gence over her shoulders, completed the exterior of
Miss Griselda Oldbuck.

Her niece, the same whom Lovel had seen tran-
siently during his first visit, was a pretty young wo-
man, gentry dressed to the occasion of that
\ud{383}day, with an air of aspic eteueeiue which
brought her very well, and which was perhaps derived from
the caustic humour peculiar to her uncle's family, though
softened by transmission.

Mr. Lovel paid his respects to both ladies, and was
answered by the elder with the prolonged courtesy of
1769, drawn from the righteous period,

When folks conceived a grace
Of half an hour's space,
And rejoiced in a Friday's eonon,

and by the younger with a modern reverence, which,
like the festive benediction of a modern divine, was
of much shorter duration.

While this salutation was exchanging, Sir Arthur,
with his fair daughter hanging upon his arm, having
dismissed his chimney, appeared at the garden door,
and in all due form paid his respects to the ladies.

Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, "and you, my
fair Joe, let me make known to you my young friend
Mr. Lovel, a gentleman who, during the scarlet-fever
which is epidemic at present, you see, has pre-
vented the vicinity and decay to appear in a coat of a
civil complexion. You see, however, that the fashionable
colour has maturated in his cheeks which appears not
in his garments. Sir Arthur, let me present to you a
young gentleman, whom your further knowledge will
find grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, well seen,
deeply read, and thoroughly grounded, in all the
hidden mysteries of the green-room and stage, from the
days of Dave Lindsay down to those of Dibdin—he
bleshe against, which is a sign of grace."

"My brother," said Mr. Lovel, addressing
Lovel, "has a humorous way of expressing himself,
sir; nobody thinks any thing of what Monkburns
says—so I beg you will not be so confud for the
matter of his nonsensical but you must have had a
warm walk beneath this broiling sun—would you
take any thing?—a glass of balm, wine?"

Ere Lovel could answer, the Antiquary interposed.
"Among these, Sir Arthur, I could not take the
liberty to surprise you with any infernal deceptions—
Dost thou not remember how it fared with the clergyman whom you
condembed to partake of that deceitful beverage?"

"Oh, fly, brother—Sir Arthur, did you ever hear
the like?—he must have been a true blueman of war, or
we will invent such stories—But there goes Jenny,
ringing the old bell to tell us that the dinner is ready.

Rigid in his economy, Mr. Oldbuck kept an ab-
servant. This he disguised under the pretext that
masculine sex was too noble to be employed in those sublunary rites, when the female sex of society, were uniformly imposed on the female. "Why," would he say, "did the boy, Tom Rintneruth, whom, at my wise sister's instigation, I, with equal white and black eyes, to the amazement of all, for apply daily in the parlour, take birds' nests, break glass, and ultimately steal my spectacles, except that he felt that noble emulation which swells in the bosom of the masculine sex, which makes a simple player in a mushroom, dance, gesticulate and thump on his shoulder, and doubtless will promote him to a glorious half-bred, or even to the gallows? And why does this girl, her full sister, Jenny Rintneruth, move in the same social orbit, with sameless steps, shod, or unshe—Why? but because she is in her votive. Let them minister to us, Sir Arthur,—let them minister. I say,—it is the only thing they are fit for. All ancient legislators from Lycurgus to Mahommed, corruptly called Mahomet, agree in putting them in their proper and subordinate rank, and it is only the crazy heads of our old chivalrous ancestors that created their Dulcinées into despotic princesses.

Miss Wardour protested loudly against this ungalantist doctrine; but the bell now rung for dinner. "Let me do all the offices of fair courtesy to so fair an antagonist," said the old gentleman, offering his arm to Miss Oldbuck. Miss Wardour (vulgarly Mahomet) had some hesitation in all the modes of summoning her Moslema to prayer. He rejected bells as used by Christians; trumpets as the most suitable; and candles were rejected by the Buddist as repugnant to human voice. I have had equal doubt concerning my dinner-calling. Gongs, now in present use, seemed a newfangled and heathenish invention, and the voice of the female wankind I rejected as equally shrill and diabolical; wherefore, contrary to the said Mahommed, or Mahomet, I have resumed the bell. It has a local propriety, since it was the conventual signal broadsounding the repast in their refectory, and it has the advantage over the tongue of my sister's prime minister, Jenny, that, though not quite so loud and shrill, it ceases ringing the instant you drop the bell-ropes; when we know, by sad experience, that any attempt to silence Jenny, only wakes the sympathic chime of Miss Oldbuck and Mary Mintry, to join in chorus.

With this discourse he led the way to his dining parlour, which Lovel had not yet seen; it was wainscotted, and contained some curious paintings. The dining-table was attended by Jenny; but an old superintendent, representing the board, and underwent the burden of bearing several reproofs from Mr. Oldbuck, and innuendoes, not so much marked, but not less cutting, from his sister. Miss Oldbuck, who is very particular about the antiquary, comprehending many savoury speciments of Scotch viands, now dinned at the tables of those who affect elegance. There was the relishing Solan goose, whose smell is so powerful that he is never cooked within doors. Blood-raw he proved to be on this occasion, so that Oldbuck half-threatened to throw the greasy sea-fowl at the head of the neglegent housekeeper, who acted as priestess in presenting this odiferous offering. But, by good-hap, he had been most fortunate in the hotch-potch, which was unanimously pronounced to be intolerable. I knew not what to advise Mr. Oldbuck in his execrable rage, "for Davie Bibble, the gardener, (an old bachelor like myself,) takes care the rascally women do not disoblige our vegetables. And here is fish and the rump, which are acceptable;—woman-kind excel in that dish—it procures them the pleasure of scolding, for half an hour at least, twice a week, with ajud Maggy Mucklebackit, our fish-wife. The same pie, Mr. Lovel, made after a recipe bequeathed to me by my departed grandmother of happy memory—and if you will venture on a glass of scotch, it is good. And it was pretty good, he who professed the title of King Alphonse of Castile—Old wood to burn—old books to read—old wine to drink—and old friends, Sir Arthur—ay, Mr. Lovel, and young friends too, to converse with."

"And what news do you bring us from Edmundsburgh, Miss Oldbuck?" said Sir Arthur; "how wage the world in Auld Reekie?"

"Mad, Sir Arthur, mad—irretrievably frantic—far beyond dipping in the sea, shaving the crown, or drinking the dear claret, or a mugful of spirit in a glass. You or I, a military frenzy, hath possessed man, woman, and child."

"And high time, I think," said Miss Wardour, "when we are threatened with invasion from abroad, and insurrection from home. Of standing armies and German oppression?"

"Why, I say, Mr. Oldbuck," replied the knight, "that, so far as I am capable of judging, we ought to resist the toto corporis regni,—as the phrase is, unless I have altogether forgotten my Latin—as an enemy who comes to propose to us a Whiggish sort of government, a republican system, and who is aided and abetted by a sort of fanatics of the worst kind in our own bowels. I have taken some measures, I assure you, such as become my rank in the community; for I have directed the constables to take up the first accursedly beggar, for spreading disaffection against church and state through the whole parish. He said plainly to old Caxton, that Willie Howie's Kilmarrock cowl covered more than the one parson—I think it is easy to make out that innuendo—But the rogue shall be taught better manners."

"O no, you dear sir," exclaimed Miss Wardour, "not old Edin,—we have known too long a time that you no constable shall have my good graces that executes such a warrant."

"Ay, there it goes," said the Antiquary: "you to do a staunch Tory, Sir Arthur, have nourished a fine spring of Whiggery in your bosom—Why, Miss Wardour is alone sufficient to control a whole quarter of the congregation, ay, a general assembly of the people, or conversation to boot—a Boudicca, she—an Amazon, a Zenobia."

"And yet, with all my courage, Mr. Oldbuck, I am glad to hear our people are getting under arms."

"Under arms, Lord love thee! didst thou ever read the history of Sister Margaret, which flowed from a head, that, though now old and somewhat gray, has more sense and political intelligence than you find now-a-days in a whole synod? Dost thou remember the Nurse's dream in that exquisite work, which she recounts in such agony to Hubble Bubble?

When she saw the miller's son in her vision, lo! it exploded like a great iron cannon; when she put out her hand to save a pirt, it perked up in her face in the form of a pistol. My own vision, however, is a mere farcical dream. I called to consult my lawyer; he was clothed in a dragoon's dress, belted and casqueed, and about to mount a charger, which his writing-clip (habeted as a sharp-shooter) walked into and to his door—I went to scold my agent for having sent me to advise with a madman; he had stuck into his head the plume, which in more sober days he wielded between his fingers, and figured as an army officer. My mercer had his spontoon in his hand, as if he measured his cloth by that implement, instead of a legitimate yard. The Banker's clerk, who was next to my mother, disdained it twenty times, being disorders by the recollection of his military tellings-off at the morning drill. I was ill, and sent for a surgeon—drunk, sir, for three and forty weeks; and such a forehead glittered on his head, that, by the gods, with such a load of steel, I thank heaven I am not made to murder."

I had recourse to a physician, but he also was practicing a more wholesome mode of slaughter than that which his profession had been supposed at all times to open to him. And now, since I have returned here, I am happy to learn that they have caught the same valiant humour. I hate a gun like a hurt wild-duck—I detect a drum like a quacker;—and they thunder and rattle out yonder upon the
town's common, so that every volley and roll goes to the very heart of that middle-aged populace. "Dear brother, dinna speak that gate o' the gentlemen voluntiers—I am sure they have a most becoming uniform—While I was, we have been out to the Strand, but it is an ill wind that blows in terribly dookit, an' mony a sair hoast was among them—And the trouble they take, I am sure it claims our gratitude."

I am sure, said Miss M'Intyre, "that my uncle sent twenty guineas to help out their equipage."

"It was to buy liqueur and sugar-candy," said the Baronet, "as his place, and to refresh the throat of the officers who had bawled themselves hoarse in the service of their country."

"Take care, Monkbrans! we shall set you down among the black-nebs by and by."

"No, Sir Arthur, a tame grumbler. I only claim the privilege of croaking in my own corner here, without uniting my throat to the grand chorus of the mob—Ni quiu Roy, ni pungo Roy—I neither make king nor mar king, as Sancho says, but pray heartily for our own sovereign, pay scot and lot, and grumble at the exciseman—but here comes the ewe- milk in good time; it is a better digestive than politics."

"When dinner was over, and the decanters placed on the table, Mr. Oldbuck proposed the King's health in a toast, which was readily acceded to both by Lovel and the Baronet, the Jacobitism of the latter being now a sort of speculative opinion merely,—the shadow of a shade."

After the ladies had left the apartment, the landlord and Sir Arthur entered into several exquisite discussions, in which the younger guest, either on account of the abstruse erudition which they involved, or some other hour, look but a slender share, till at length he was suddenly started out of a profound reverie by an unexpected appeal to his judgment."

I will stand by what Mr. Lovel says: he was born in the north of England, and may know the very spot." Sir Arthur thought it unlikely that so young a gentleman should have paid much attention to matters of that sort."

"I am advised of the contrary," said Oldbuck."

"How say you, Mr. Lovel!—speak up, for your own credit."

Lovel was obliged to confess himself in the ridiculous situation of a man, like ignorant of the subject of discussion and controversy which had engaged the company for an hour."

"I must help the lad, his head has been wool-gathering! I thought how it would be when the woman and the man was separated. Sir Arthur, I met the Piets out of a young fellow for six hours after. Why, man, there was once a people called the Piets.""

"More properly Piets," interrupted the Baronet."

"I say the Piets, Phiar, Picoilar, Piahtar, or Piatlar," vociferated Oldbuck; "they spoke a Gothic dialect."

"Genuine Celtic," again asserted the knight."

"As Religion, Sir, I'll go to death upon it!" counter-asserted the squire."

"Why, gentlemen," said Lovel, "I conceive that is a dispute which may be easily settled, by philologists; if there are any remains of the language,"

"There is but one word," said the Baronet, "but, in spite of Mr. Oldbuck's pertinacity, it is deceptive of the question."

"Yes, in my favour," said Oldbuck: "Mr. Lovel, you shall be judge—I have the learned Pinkerton on my side."

"I, on mine, indefatigable Advocate Chalmers."

"Gordon comes into my opinion."

"Sir Robert Ribbald holds mine."

"Incase is with me!" vociferated Oldbuck.

"There has no doubt!" shouted the Baronet.

"There is a common saying, said Lovel, before you must use your forces and overwhelm me with authorities, I should like to know the word in dispute."

"Penmial," said both the disputants at once.

"Which side is outside rifal?" asked Sir Arthur.

"The head of the wall," echoed Oldbuck.

"There was a deep pause—"It is rather a narrow foundation to build a hypothesis upon," observed the baronet.

"Not a whit, not a whit," said Oldbuck: "men fight best in a narrow ring—an inch is as good as a mile for a home-throw."

"It is described," said the Baronet; "every hill in the Highlands begins with Ben."

"But what say you to Pol, Sir Arthur—is it not decidedly the Saxon wall?"

"It is the Piets," said Sir Arthur; "the Piets borrowed that part of the word."

"No such thing; if they borrowed any thing, it must have been your Ben, which they might have from the neighbouring Britons of Strath Cloyd."

"The Pits, or Piets," said Lovel, "must have been singularly poor in dialect, since, in the only remaining word of their vocabulary, and that consisting only of two syllables, they have been confessedly obliged to borrow one of them from another language; and methinks, gentlemen, with submission, the controversy is not unlike that which the two knights fought, concerning the shield that had an eagle on the one side, and a dog on the other. Each of you claim one-half of the word, and seem to resign the other. But what strikes me most, is the poverty of the language which has left sunlight out of 'sunlight'."

"You are in an error," said Sir Arthur; "it was a copious language, and they were a great and powerful people—built two steeples—one at Brechin, one at Abernethy. The Piets and insulins of the holy royal were kept in Edinburgh Castle, thence called Castrum Pictiarum."

"A childish legend," said Oldbuck, "invented to give consequence to trumpery woman-kind. It was called the Maiden Castle, queal lucans a non lucendo, because it resisted every attack, and women never do."

"There is a list of the Piets kings," persisted Sir Arthur, "well authenticated, from Cremnemarcherius (the date of whose reign is somewhat uncertain) down to Drostenstone, whose death concluded their dynasty. Half of them have the Celtic patronymic Mac prefixed—Mac iaidest filius—what do you say to that, Mr. Oldbuck? There is Druis Macmorachair, Trynel Macnasconach, first of that ancient line, as it may be judged, and Sir Gormac Macnasconach, Alpin Macnasconach, Druis Macallargan, there he was interrupted by a fit of coughing, ugh, ugh, Dugall Macnasconach, ugh, ugh, Gollarge Macnasconach, ugh, ugh, Ninian Macnasconach, ugh, ugh, Kenneth—sigh, ugh, ugh, Macfereich, Easach Macnasconach, twenty and twenty, decidedly Cельtic names, which I could repeat, if this damned cough would let me."

"Take a glass of wine, Sir Arthur," said Lovel, "and, by God, there end all bad dreams of unprofitable jargon, that would choke the devil—why, that last fellow has the only intelligible name you have repeated—they are all of the tribe of Macfrenach—mushoushish monarchs every one of them; sprung up from the fumes of concord, folly, and falsehood, marinating in the brains of some mad Highlanders."

"I am surprised to hear you, Mr. Oldbuck; you know, or ought to know, that the list of these potentates was copied, by Henry Maule of Melgum, from the Chronicles of Loch-Bev and Saint Andrews, and put forth by his short but factious history of the Piets, printed by Robert Frewan of Edinburgh, and sold by him at his shop in the Parliament-close, in the year of God seventeen hundred and five, or six, I am not precisely certain, in which the Grant of arms of the bonfire, which stands next to my twelfth copy of the Scots Acts, and ranges on the shelf, with them very well. What say you to that, Mr. Oldbuck?"

"Say! Why Maule at Harris Muir and his history," answered Oldbuck, "and thereby cump with his request, of giving it entertainment according to its merit."

"Do not laugh at a better man than yourself," said Sir Arthur, somewhat scornfully.

"I do not conceive I do, Sir Arthur, in laughing either at him or his history."
“Henry Maudle of Melgun was a gentleman, Mr. Oldbuck.”

“One must have had advantage of me in that particular,” replied the Antiquary, somewhat tartly.

“Permit me, Mr. Oldbuck—he was a gentleman of high character, according to my father.”

“The descendant of a Westphalian printer should speak of him with deference!—Such may be your opinion, Sir Arthur—it is not mine. I conceive that my father was right in denouncing the publisher, and that he was to have been the author of the great Chronicle of Nuremberg.”

“I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great restorer of learning is more creditable to me as a man of letters, than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the brawling, bullet-headed, iron-fated, old Gothic barons since the days of Cretnichmaurchy—none of whom, I suppose, could write his own name.”

“If you mean the observation as a sneer at my ancestry,” said the knight, with an assumption of dignified superiority and composure, “I have the pleasure to inform you, that the name of my ancestor, Garth, is entitled to an equal standing with his own hand in the earliest copy of the Rag-man-roll.”

“Which only serves to show that he was one of the earliest who, by the mean example of committing to the public what was written for the exclusive loyalty of your family, Sir Arthur, after such a backsliding as that?”

“Of course, enough,” said Sir Arthur, starting up fiercely, and rushing back his chair; “I shall hereafter take care how I honour with my company, one who shows himself so ungrateful for my condescension.”

“In that you will do as you find most agreeable, Sir Arthur; I hope, that, as I was not aware of the extent of the obligation which you have done me, by visiting my poor house, I may be excused for not having carried my case a step further out of severity.”

“Mighty well—mighty well, Mr. Oldbuck—I wish you a good evening—Mr. a—a—a Shovel—I wish you a very good evening.”

“Out of the parlour door flounced the incensed Sir Arthur, as if the spirit of the whole Round Table inflamed his single bosom, and traversed with long strides the labyrinth of passages which conducted to the drawing-room.”

“Did you ever hear such an old top-headed ass?” said Oldbuck, briefly reproaching Lovel; “but I must not let him go in without saying something to him.”

Sir Arthur had now got involved in darkness, of which the negative effect is well known to nurses and governesses who have to deal with pettish children. It retarded the pace of the irritated Baronet, if it did not quite halt his resentment; and, Mr. Oldbuck, better acquainted with the locale, up with him as he had got his grasp upon the handle of the drawing-room door.

“Stay a minute, Sir Arthur,” said Oldbuck, opposing his abrupt entrance; “don’t be quite so hasty, my good friend—I was a little too rude with you about Sir Gamelyn—why, he is an old acquaintance of mine, and such a fine fellow! he keeps company with Bruce and Wallace—and, I’ll swear on a black-letter Bible, only subscribed the Rag-man-roll with the legitimate and justifiable intention of circulating the truth of the matter, and not, like that noble knight—hundreds of whom came—I come, come, forget and forgive—confess we have given the young fellow here a right to think us two old fools.”

“Indeed, Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck,” said Sir Arthur, with much majesty.

“A—will—will—a willful man must have his way.”

With that the door opened, and into the drawing-room marched the tall gaunt form of Sir Arthur, followed by Lovel and Mr. Oldbuck, the countenances of all three a little discomposed.

“I have been waiting for you, sir,” said Miss Wardour, “to propose we should walk forward to meet the carriage, or at any rate to ascend on the wall.”

Sir Arthur readily assented to this proposal, which suited the angry mood in which he found himself; and having, agreeably to the established custom in cases of pet, refused the refreshment of tea and coffee, he tucked his daughter under his arm; and, after taking a ceremonious leave of the ladies, and a very dry one of Sir Arthur, he marched.

“I think Sir Arthur has got the black dog on his back again,” said Miss Oldbuck.

“Black dog!—black devil!—he’s more absurd than woman-kind—What say you, Lovel?—Why, the lad’s gone too.”

“He took his leave, uncle, while Miss Wardour was putting on her things; but I don’t think you observed him.”

“The devil’s in the people! This is all one gets by fussing and bustling; and putting one’s self out of one’s way in order to give dinners, besides all the charges they are put to.—O Seged, Emperor of Ethiope!—I wish I had one hand, and a volume of the Rambler in the other, for it was his regular custom to read while he was eating or drinking in presence of his master, being a practice which served once to excuse his contempt for the society of woman-kind, and his resolution to lose no moment of instruction.—O Seged, Emperor of Ethiope! I well hast done spoken—No man should presume to say, ‘This shall be a day of happiness.’”

Oldbuck proceeded in his studies for the best part of an hour, uninterrupted by the ladies, who each, in profound silence, pursued some female employment. At length, a light and modest tap was heard at the parlour door.

“That is you, Cazon?—come in, come in, man.”

The old man opened the door, and, thrusting in his meager face, thatched with thin gray locks, and one sleeve of his white coat, said in a subdued and mysterious tone of voice, “I was wanting to speak to you sir.”

“Come in then, you old fool, and say what you have got to say.”

“I’ll maybe frighten the ladies,” said the ex fresieur.

“Frighten! answered the Antiquary, “What do you mean?—never mind the ladies. Have you seen another gawizt at the Humlock-knower?”

“Na, sir,” replied Cazon—“but I’m no easy in my mind.”

“Did you ever hear of any body that was?” answered Oldbuck; “what reason has an old battered poultice-sack like you to be easy in your mind—more than all the rest of the world besides?”

“It’s no for myself, sir; but it threatens an awful night; and Sir Arthur, and Miss Wardour, poor things.”

“Why, man, they must have met the carriage at the head of the lomming, or thereabouts; they must be home long ago.”

“Na, sir; did they gang the road by the turnpike to meet the carriage, they said by the sands.”

“The word operated like electricity on Oldbuck.”

“The sands!” he exclaimed; “impossible!”

“On, sir, that’s what I said to the gardener; but he says he saw them turn down by the Musselcrack—in truth, says I to him, an that be the case, Davie, I’m mis-reporting—An almanack! an almanack!” said Oldbuck, starting up in great alarm—“not that bauble! flitting away a little pocket almanack which his second officer, the postillion, or rather the Isabella!—Fetch me instantly the Finnieport Almanack!”

“It was brought, consulted, and added greatly to his agitation.”

“I’ll go myself—call the gardener and roughboy—he’ll bring ropes and ladders—but bid them raise more help as they come along—keep the top of the cliffs, and halloo down to them—I’ll go myself.”
"What is the matter?" inquired Miss Oldbuck and Miss McIntyre.

"The tide!—the tide!" answered the alarmed Antiquary.

"Had not Jenny better—but no, I'll run myself," said the younger lady, partaking in all her uncle's anxiety. "I'll run myself to Sandybanks, and make him dance out of his boat." "Thank you, my dear, that's the wisest word that has been spoken yet—run! run! To go by the sands!" seizing his hat and cane; "was there ever such madness heard of?"

CHAPTER VII.

Pleased awhile to view
The watery waste, the prospect wide and new;
The now receding waters gave them space,
On other side, the growing shores to trace;
And then, returning, they contract the scene,
Till small and smaller grows the walk between.

The information of Davie Dibble, which had spread such general alarm at Monkbarrows, proved to be strictly correct. Sir Arthur and his daughter had set out, according to their first proposal, to return to Knocknawoonck by the turnpike road; but, when they reached the height of the gallop they were to have called, or great lane, which on one side made a sort of avenue to the house of Monkbarrows, they discerned a little way before them, Lovef, who seemed to linger on the road behind them, and, for the safety of his party, to join them. Miss Wardour immediately proposed to her father that they should take another direction; and, as the weather was fine, walk home by the sands, which, as Sir Arthur was informed, was a ridge of rocks, afforded at almost all times a pleasant passage between Knocknawoonck and Monkbarrows than the high-road.

Sir Arthur acquiesced willingly. "It would be unpleasant," he said, "to be joined by that young fellow, whom Mr. Oldbuck had taken the freedom to introduce them to." And his old-fashioned politeness had none of the case of the present day, which permits you, if you have a mind, to cut the person you have associated with for a week, the instant you feel or suppose yourself in a situation which makes it disagreeable to own him. Sir Arthur only stipulated, that a little ragged boy, for the guide of one penny sterling, should run to meet his coachman, and turn his equipage back to Knocknawoonck.

When this was arranged, and the emissary dispatched, the knight and his daughter left the high-road, and, following a wandering path among sandy hills, partially covered with sand-wort and the long grass called bent, soon attained the side of the ocean. The tide was by no means so far out as they had computed; but this gave them no alarm; there were seldom ten days in the year when it approached so near the cliffs as not to leave a dry passage. But, nevertheless, at periods of spring-tide, or even when the ordinary flood was accelerated by high winds, this road was altogether covered by the sea; and tradition had recorded several fatal accidents which had happened on such occasions. Still, such dangers were considered as remote and improbable; and rather served as a means of exciting the hand-to-hand fight between Knocknawoonck and Monkbarrows by the sands.

As Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour paced along, enjoying the pleasant footing afforded by the cool moist sand, Miss Wardour could not help observing, that the last tide had risen considerably above its ordinary level, and that the sands, on the same observation, but without its occurring to either of them to be alarmed at the circumstance. The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and filled the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled, like a moving day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire, and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massed congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom, the show of pyramids and towers, touched with gold and purple, through the vapoury fumes, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canvas, lay almost perfectly still, reflecting back the dark outlines of the distant land, and the Aurora's lamp, and the splendid cloudings of the colours amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that impeded not the rapid, graceful advances made upon the sands.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose inarticulate and offended dignity forbade her to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or headland of rock after another, and now sounded themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evoking their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knocknawoonck bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags and points on which rocks jutted forth, the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height, and from the sunlight, from the prying eyes of the tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissontant clang which announces the approach of food. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had set altogether sunk beyond the horizon, and an early and faint shade of darkness obliterated the scene. The wind was of the evening. There was no dark sound to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore.

They came to a cape, which the quick eye of experience discerned; the flat horizon, without the least projection of rock, and the smoothness of the sea, which was as calm as possible, gave in every view evidence of a contrary wind on the land.

With the sudden change of weather, Miss Wardour drew close to her father, and held his arm fast. "I wish," at length she said, "but almost in a whisper, he need not have exclaimed to express his apprehensions, "I wish we had kept the road we intended, or waited at Monkbarrows for the carriage." Sir Arthur looked round, but did not see, or would not acknowledge them. "No," she added, "I could hardly keep pace, indicating a feeling that some exertion was necessary to accomplish his consolatory prediction.

They were now near the centre of a deep but narrow bay, or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which shot out into the sea like the horns of a crescent; and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, the whole of the promontory might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retracing by the road which brought them thither.

As they thus pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange the easy curving line, which the sinuosities of the bay compelled them to adopt, for a straighter and more expeditious path, though less conforming to the general intention, Miss Wardour observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "we shall get round Hanketi-head; that person must have passed it." This exclamation was sent to the feeling of hope, though he had suppressed that of apprehension.

"Thank God indeed!" echoed his daughter, half audibly, half internally, as expressing the sensations which she strongly felt.
The figure which advanced to meet them made many steps while the bow of the canoe now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly. Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognize the excited and half-despairing voice of Ochitree. It is said that even the brute creation lay aside its animosities and antipathies when pressed by an instant and common danger. The beach under Halket-head, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of a spring-tide and a north-west wind, was in like manner a neutral field, where even a justice of peace and a strolling mendicant might meet upon the same footing of mutual forbearance.

"Turn back! turn back!" exclaimed the vagrant; "why did ye not turn when I waved to you?"

"We thought," replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation, "we thought we could get round Halket-head.

"Halket-head! The tide will be running on Halket-head, by this time, like the Fall of Fyres. It was a thing we did not dream of sixty minutes since—it was coming in three feet already. We will maybe get back by Bally-burgh Nees Point yet. The Lord help us, it's our only chance. We can die another day.

"My God, my child!"—"My father, my dear father!" exclaimed the parent and daughter, as, fearing them strength and speed, they turned to return and advance towards the double tide point, the projection of which formed the southern extremity of the bay.

"I heard ye were here, frae the bit callant ye sent to me," said the man, and the lassie, as she teigned stoutly on a step or two behind Miss Wardour, and could indubitably think of the dainty young leddy's peril, that has aye been kind to ilk forlorn heart that cast a look at the tide and the rim of the tide, till I settled that it oan get down ye or me warning, we was wad Guildie! for what mortal can jaunty sic a race as the tide is running e'en now? See, yonder's the Ratten's Skerry—he says his neb abune the water in my day—but he's aneath it now.

Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old man pointed. A huge rock, which in general, even in spring-tides, displayed a hull like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the boiling and breaking up of waves which encountered sub-marine resistance.

"Mak haste, mak haste, my bonny leddy," continued the old man, "mak haste and they may do ye! They can hae nane o' frail arm if it's now, but it's been in as sair stress as this is yet. Take haud o' my arm, my winsome leddy! D'ye see we're black speck among the wallowing waves yonder? This morning it was as high as the mast o' a brig—it's ab m'much e'en now—but, while I see as muckle black about us as the crown o' my hat, I wu'nna believe ye but we'll get round the Bally-burgh Nees for that's come and gone yet.

Isabella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was less able to afford him. The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach that not a step or two near where they had hitherto had on the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the cliff, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledge. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Wardour, or his daughter, to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beargar, who had been thrown before high tides, though never, he acknowledged, "in sae awesome a night as this."

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea to cast a cold, and often as the thunder rolled, with a voice, which, pent between two of the most magnificent, yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice—toilet alit before the night, he has never been able to say that other stane—we ca' it the Cat's-lug—there was higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each day they did their best to keep it acceptable upon them. Still, however, loath to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochitree. It was yet farther on the south, the signal of safety and comfort to be seen, until they came to a turn in their precarious path, where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, they now perceived the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward; however; but when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible. The signal of safety and comfort a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam, as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the projection.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and, "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur—"My child! my child!—to die such a death!"

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him,—and you too, who have lost your home, and your kindred suffering together."

"That's not the worth the counting," said the old man. "I hae lived to be weary o' life; and here or yonder—at the back o' a's dike, in a wreath o' snow, or in the wame o' a wave, what signifies how the auld gaberlunzie dies?"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing—of no help?—I'll make you rich—I'll give you a farm in the south."

"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters—they are sea already; I for hae nee land, and you would give your fair boundand for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twa hours.

While they exchanged these words, they paused upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain; for it seemed that the further attempt to move forward could only serve to accelerate their fate. Here, then, they were to await the sure though slow, progress of the ebbing element, something in the situation of the martyrs of the early church, exposed by heathen tyrants to be slain by wild beasts, were compelled for a time to witness the impatience and rage by which the animals were agitated, while awaiting the signal for unloosing their graces, and letting themselves upon the wild beasts, to rend their flesh and bone. The mists and clouds which had invested the crag, making it appear as if it had been raised above the height above the tide, when we could remain till morning, or till help comes! They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us!"

Sir Arthur, who heard, but scarcely comprehended, his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly to the old man, as if his lives were in his gift. Ochitree paused, "I was a bauld cragman," he said, "once in my life, and losen a kitty. Brack's and laird, my man, you hae harned down the crag, and yon very black rocks; but it's lang, lang syne, and nae mortal could speel them without a rope—and if I hae ane, my re-sight, and my footstep, and my hand-grin, hae a' failed mony a day since—now how could I save you?—but there was a path here once, though maybe, if we could see it, ye would rather bide where we are. His name be praised—that he executed sudden, there's ane comin down the crag e'en now!—Then, exalting his voice, he hollaid out to the daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice, and the remembrance of local cir- cumstances, and of the dead men, he could see right—ye're right—that gate, that gate!—fasten the rope well round Crammies's–that's the muckle black stane—eastwa plies round it—that's it!—now, ye wreeze your step toward it, and then—by the spray of some giant bellow, which threw itself
to be the root o' an alk-tree there—that will do!—
canny now, laddie—canny now—take rent and taketime—
Lord bless ye, tak time.—Very well!—Now ye maun
get to Besoy's Apron, that's the muckle braid flit that stands
under the tow, ye ken? w' me, we'll see that the tow
is over the bank, I'll win at ye, and then we'll be able to get
up the young leddy and Sir Arthur.

The adventurer, following the directions of old Edwin,
took his, way toward the end of the rope, which he
secured around Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously
in his own blue gown, to preserve her as much
as possible from injury. Then, availing himself
of the rope to pull her up, he began to ascend the face of the crag—a most precau-
tious and dizzv y undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed her safely on the
flat stone beside our friend. Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety
which they had attained. Loved then descended
in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted
the rope; and again mounting to their place of refuge,
with the assistance of old Ochiltrie, and such aid as
Sir Arthur himself could afford, he raised him
beyond the reach of the falls.

The sound of water from approaching and appar-
tently inevitable death, ind it. Lowest effect. The
father and daughter threw the stones into each other's
arms, kindled the fire, laddies, the escape was connected with the prospect of passing a
tempestuous night upon a precipitous ledge of rock,
which afforded footing for the four shivering beings
in doubt as to what would happen to them. They
clung there in hope of some shelter from the devour-

ing element which raged beneath. The spray of the
fallows, which attained in fearful succession the foot
of the precipice, overflowing the boulder on which the spen
ately stood, flew as high as their place of tempo-
rary refuge; and the thunderous sound with which they
dashed against the rocks beneath, seemed as if
they sought to fill the fugitives in accents of thunder
as their destined prey. It was a summer night doub-
tles; yet the probability was slender, that a frame so
delicate as that of Miss Wardour should survive till
morning the drenching of the spray; and the dashing
of the rains, which now burst in full violence, accom-
panied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the
constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation.

"The lassie—the pur sweet lassie," said the old
man; "mony such a night have I weathered at hame
and aroad, but, God guide us, how can she ever
weather this with us?"

His apprehension was communicated in sobhoreted
accounts to Lovel; for, with the sort of free-masonry
by which bold and ready spirits correspond in mo-
ment. He had been the means of introducing an
acquaintance with the author of that which he had
established a mutual confidence. "I'll climb up the cliff again,"
said Loved. "I'm bad—daylight enough left to see my
footing: I'll climb up, and call for more assistance.

Do so, do so, for heaven's sake." said Sir Arthur
cagily.

"Are ye mad?" said the mendicant. "Francie o'
Fowlishead, and he was the best篡man that ever
speld hough, (minr by token, he brake his neck
upon the Dunby of Slaines) wadna has ventured
upon the Halket-head crags after sun-down—It's (tis
good a grand wonder besides, that ye ain't
not in the middle o' that roaring sea; wi' what ye have
done already—I didna think there was the man left
alive who was able to come down the crags as ye did. I
qualmly thought ye did it yourself, at this hour,
and in this weather, in the youngest and yallest
of my strength—But to venture up again—it's a mere
and a clear temptng o' Providence.

He answered Loved. "I marked all the
stations perfectly as I came down, and there is
still enough left to see them quite well—I am
sure I can do it with perfect safety. Stay here, your
good lady's service, and the doings o' the houkit.

"Deil be in my feet then," answered the besedeine
madly; "if ye gang, I'll gang too; for between
the two o' us, we'll hae mair than work enough to get
to the top o' the houkit,"

"No, no—stay you here and attend to Miss Ward-
our—you see Sir Arthur is quite exhausted.

"Stay yourself then, and I'll gae," said the old
man. "Let death spare the green corn and take the
ripe."

"Both yon of you, I charge you," said Isabella,
finnally. "I am well, and can spend the night very
well here—l feel quite refreshed." So saying, her
voice failed her—she sunk down, and would have
fallen from the crag, had she not been supported by
Lovel and Ochiltrie who placed her in a posture half
sitting, half reclining beside her father, who, exhu-
asted by fatigue of body and mind so extreme and unusual,
had already sat down on a stone in a sort of suppor-

"It is impossible to leave them," said Lovel—
"What is to be done?—Hark! hark!—Did I not hear
a hallow?"

"The shriek of a Tamnie Norie," answered Ochil-
trie. "I ken the girl well."

"No, by Heaven," replied Loved, "it was a human
voice.

A distant hail was repeated, the sound plainly
distinguishable, among the various elemental noises
and the clang of the sea-mews by which they were sur-
rounded. The mendicant and Loved exerted their
voices in a loud hallow, the former waving Miss Ward-
our's handkerchief, and the latter end of his staff to
make them conspicuous from above. Though the shouts
were repeated, it was some time before they were in
exact response to their own, leaving the unfortunate
sufferers uncertain as to which of them they should
attend. In addition, the growing twilight, and increas-
ing storm, they had made the persons who

The shout of human voices from above was soon
augmented, and the gleam of torches mingled with
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The shout of human voices from above was soon
augmented, and the gleam of torches mingled with
those lights of evening which still remained amidst
the darkness of the storm. Such a spectacle was
able to hold communication between the assistants above,
and the sufferers beneath, who were still clinging
to their precarious place of safety; but the howling
of the tempest, the temperature, the twilight, and the
articulation as those of the winged dieters of the crag,
which shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiterated
sound of human voices, where they had seldom been
heard.

On the verge of the precipice an anxious group had
now assembled. Oldbuck was the foremost and
most earnest, pressing forward with unwonted de-
termination to the very brink of the crag, and extend-
ing his head (his hat and wig secured by a handker-
chief under his chin) over the dizzy height, with an
air of determination which made his more timid assis-
tants tremble.

"Haud a care, haud a care, Monklarne," cried
Caxon, clinging to the skirts of his patron, and with-
holding him from danger as far as his strength per-
mitted—"God's sake, haud a care!—Sir Arthur's
drowned already, and an ye fa' over the cleugh too,
there will be no wig left in the parish, and that's
the minister's."

"Mind ye speak there," cried Mucklebackit, an old
fisherman and smuggler—"mind the peak—Steenie,
Stewie Wils, bring up the tackle—I' se warrant
we'll come hevem them on board, Monklarne, wad ye
but stand out till the lady's come."

"I see them," said Oldbuck. "I see them low
down on that flat stone—Hilli-hillen, hilli-foo!—
"I see them myself well enough," said Muck-
lebackit. "They are sitting down under the

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... crane's in a mist; but J'd ye think ven' they w'd skirlin' that mate like an auld skirl a little for a flaw o' weather—Binna hae it, he aye brings up the most—Och! the best yer made it, aye, nae redness in it, nae keen hand, nae brandy lang synge—Get up the pick-axe, make a stop for the mast—make the chair fast with the rattlin'—haut taught and bley! The whiskers with the mast of a boat, and half of the country fellows about had now appeared, either out of zeal or curiosity, it was soon sunk in the ground, and sufficiently secured. A strong man might have been, and no rope stretched among it, and reaed through a block at each end, formed an extrimore crane, which afforded the means of lowering an arm-chair, well secured and fastened, so that should the end of the chair have been hoisted. Their joy at hearing the preparations going on for their delivery was considerably qualified when they beheld the precarious vehicle, by means of which they were to be conveyed to upper air. It swung about a yard free of the spot which they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope, which, in the increasing darkness, had dwindled to an almost imperceptible thread. Besides the hazard of committing a human being to the vacant atmosphere in such a slight means of conveyance, there was the task of lowering the chair of the captain and his occupant being dashed, either by the wind or the vibrations of the cord, against the rugged face of the precipice. But to diminish the risk as much as possible, a pole was stretched down within the chair another line, which, being attached to it, and held by the persons beneath, might serve by way of gy, as Mucklebackit expressed it, to render inaccessible some means steady and uncertain. Still, to commit one's self in such a vehicle, through a howling tempest of wind and rain, with a beetling precipice above, and a raging abyss below, required that courage which despair alone can inspire. As wild as the sounds and sights of danger were, both above, beneath, and around, and doubtful and dangerous as the mode of escape appeared to be, Lovel and the old mendicant agreed, after a moment's consultation, and after the formers, by a sudden strong pull, had, at his own imminent risk, ascended the security of the rope, that it would be best to secure Miss Wardour in the chair, and trust to the tenderness and care of those above for her being safely craned up to the top of the crag.

"No, no," explained Isabella; "for God's sake, my friends, place him first in safety."

"It cannot be, Miss Wardour," said Lovel; "your life must be secured—the rope which bears your weight—"

"I will not listen to a reason so selfish!"

"But ye maun listen to it, my bonny lassie," said Ochiltree, "for 't our lives depend on it—besides, when ye get on the top o' the heugh yonder, ye can get there and mae guess o' what's a' going on in this Patmos o'ours—and Sir Arthur's far by that, as I am thinking."

Struck with the truth of this reasoning, she exclaimed, "True, most true; I am ready and willing to undertake the first risk—What shall I say to your traffic then?"

"Just to look that their tackle does not graze on the face o' the crag, and to let the chair down, and draw it up hoyly and fairly—we will hallow when we are able."

With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child, Lovel bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief, buckcloth, and the mendicant's leathern belt, to back that of the chair, avertin' accordingly the security of each knot, while Ochiltree kept Sir Arthur quiet. "What are ye doing wi' my bairn?—What are you doing?—She shall not be separated from me then, with me, I command you."

"Lordsawe, Sir Arthur, haul your tongue, and be thankful to God that there's a-wiser folk than you to manage this job," cried the beggar, turning out by the under-margin of his button."

"Farewell, my father," murmered Isabella—"farewell, my—my friends!" and, shutting her eyes, as Edie's experience recommended, she gave the sign to Lovel, and he to those who were above. Sir Arthur, who had just sat on the crag, was carried away by the gale, up the side of the hill, and down the fast face by the line which Lovel managed. With it he hauled a boat, which he watched the flutter of the white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the crag.

"Canny now, lads, canny now!" exclaimed the Mucklebackit, who acted as commodore; "we've the yard a bit—Now—there! there she sits safe on dry land out of the dale.

A loud shout announced the successful experiment to her fellow-sufferers beneath, who replied with a ready and cheerful hallelujah. Monkams, in his ecstasy of joy, attempted to get up to the waiting lady, and would have pulled off his coat and waistcoat for the same purpose, had he not been withheld by the cautious Caxton. Hand a cap o' us, ye gee-r, honour will be killed wi' the hoast—ye'll no get out o' your night-cowl this fortnight—and that will suit us unco ill. —Na, na, there's the chariot down by, it twa o' the folk carry the young leddy there."

"You right," said the Antiquary, adjusting the sleeves and collar of his coat, "you're right, Caxton; this is an emergency night to swim in—Miss Wardour, let me bid you to the chariot!"

"Not a bit of it," answered the old man."

In a few distinct words, evincing how much his resolution had surmounted even the mortal fear of an agitating a hazard, she explained the nature of the situation beneath, and the wishes of Lovel and Ochiltree.

"Right, right, that's right too—I should like to see the son, Sir Gamelyn de Guardover on dry land myself—If I had a son I would be the almoner, oath, and the ragman-roof to boot, and acknowledge Queen Mary to be nothing better than she should be to get alongside my bottle of old port that lies away from me, and keep sweet between. But she's not here now, and here a' comes—for the chair was near lowered, and Sir Arthur made fast in it, without much consciousness on his own part—here a' coach—bowes away, my boys—canny wi' him— a piece of a hundred links is hanging on a temp'rnary tow—the whole barony of Knockwinnoch depends on three plies of hemp—respeces from here, respect from—look to your end—look to a rope's end. —Welcome, welcome, my good old friend, to firm land, though I cannot so to warm land or to dry land—a cord for ever again."

"No father, though not in the sense of the base proverb—a fico for the phrase—better us, per ser per car."

While Oldbuck ran on in this way, Sir Arthur was safely within the close under the observation who, assuming that authority which the circumstances demanded, ordered some of the assistants to convey him to the chariot, promising to follow in a few minutes. She lingered on the cliff, holding an old countryman's arm, to witness probably the safe of those whose dangers she had shared.

"What have we here?" said Oldbuck, as the vehicle once more ascended. "What patched and with better-beaten matter is this?" Then, as the torche illumined the rough face and grey hairs of old Ochiltree,—"What is it that?—come, old Muck, I must needs have a word with thee—but who the devil makes up your party besides?"

"Ane that's weel worth any two o' us, Monks—That's the young stranger lad they ca' Lovel—and he's believed for the last night, as I can't deny, to relyon, and was willing to waste them a' rather the than endanger tither folk's—A's body, sir, as ye weel was an auld man's bewailing—mind there's no laying now how we're to get there;— Nay, but that's the Cat's-eye corner—bide weel o' Crumming's horn."

"Have a care indeed," echoed Oldbuck; "What is it my rara arums—my black swan—my phrenology, with a post-chaise?—take care of him Mucklebackit."

"As muckle care as if he were a greybeard's brandy, and he can't take out it his hair waf eyes— John Uglow's—Yo, no, no, very well, were was with him!"
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...non-fic-length. You are aware that the passage allotted for the passage of a salmon through a dam, dike, or weir, by statute, is the length within which a full-grown pig can turn himself round—now, I have a scheme to prove that, as terrestrial objects were thus appealed to for ascertaining submarime measurement, so it must be supposed that the productions of the water were established as cases of the extent of land.

Shathmont—salmon—you see the close alliance of the sounds; dropping out two a’s and t, and assuming an I, makes the whole difference—I wish, Heaven no antiquarian demand had demanded, heavier concessions.

“But, my dear sir, I really must go home—I am wet to the skin.”

“Shalt have my night-gown, man, and slippers, and catch the antiquarian fever as men do the plague, by wearing infected garments—nay, I know what you would be—at your are afraid to put the old bachelor to charges. But is there not the remains of that glorius chicken-pie—which, meo arbitrio, is better cold than hot—and that bottle of my oldest port, out of which the silly brain-sack Baronet (whom I cannot pardon, since he has escaped breaking his neck) had just taken one glass, when his infant noodle went a wool-gathering after Gamelyn de Guardover?"

So saying, he dragged Lovel forward, till the Palmer’s-port of Monkbarns was in view. Never, perhaps, had it admitted two pedestrians more needing rest; for Monkbarns’s fatigue had been in a degree very contrary to his usual habits, and his more than usual exertions had undermined all the agitation of mind which had harassed and wieded him even more than his extraordinary exertions of body.

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CHAPTER IX.

"Be brave," she cried, "you yet may be our guest, our haunted room was ever best." If, then, your Vaccine contains the right spirit, I’ll give you the word, and show you the room.

They reached the room in which they had dined, and were clamorously welcomed by Miss Old buck.

"Where’s the younger womankind?" said the Antiquary.

"Indeed, brother, amang’s the steer, Maria was na be guided by me—she set away to the Hall’s crait-leadh—I wonder ye didn’ see her.

"Eh!—what’s—that’s ye say, sister?—did the girl go out in a night like this to the Hall’s crait-leadh?—Good God! the misery of the night is not ended yet?"

"But ye winna wait, Monkbarns—ye are so imperative and impatient."

"Titel-tattle, woman," said the impatient and agitated Antiquary, "where is my dear Mary?"

"Just where ye said be yourself, Monkbarns—upstairs, and in her warm bed."

"I could have sworn it," said Old buck, laughing, but obviously much relieved, "I could have sworn it—green monkey did not care if we were all drowned together—why did ye only speak with the cat?"

"But ye wadna wait to hear out my tale, Monkbarns—she gae out, and she came in again with the gardener sae aune as she saw that name o’ ye were in the room o’la.”

"I am afraid," said Miss Old buck, "I have been safe in the chariot—she was nane a quarter of an hour syne, for it’s nane ganging in—yan droukit was she, pair thing, see I e’en put a glass o’ sherry in her name, and the cat was able to catch it.
"The chicken—oh, dear brother—there was but a whom bane, and scarce a drop o' the wine!"

"The Antiquary's countenance became clouded, though he was too well bred to give way, in the presence of a stranger, to his displeased surprise at the disappearance of the bottles which had reckoned on for the day. If, indeed, he had been more certain, he might have understood those looks of ire. "Oh dear! Monkbars, what's the use of making a wark!"

"I make no wark, as ye call it, woman."

"But what's the use of lookin' sau glum and glum about a pickle bane?—an ye will has the truth, ye maun ken the minister came in, worthy man—nay, discuss ane o' the best, an' all my present situation, as he ca'ed it, (for ye ken how weel he's gied wit' words), and here he wad bide till he could hear wit' certainty how the matter was likely to gang wi' ye at—He said fine things on the duty of religion to Providence's will, worthy man! That did he."

Oldbuck replied, catching the same tone, "Worthy man—he cared not how soon Monkbars had de- complained on an heir female. Fye a notion—and while he was occupied in this Christian office of consolation against impending evil, I reckon that the chicken was now disposed of, at ye least, "Dear brother, how can you speak of sic frivolities when you have had an escape from the clutches of the devil?"

"Better than my supper has had from the minister's crock, Griztie—it's all discussed, I suppose?"

"Hoot, Monkbars, ye speak as if there was nae mair meat in the house—Wad ye no have had me offer the woman your dish, and the slight refreshment after his walk frae the manse?"

Oldbuck half-whistled, half-lumined, the end of the old Scottish ditty, "O, first they ate the white puddings, And while they eat the black And thought the gudeman unto himself, The deil dink down wi' that, O!"

His sister hastened to silence his murmurs, by proposing some of the relics of the dinner. He spoke of another bottle of wine, but recommended in preference a glass of brandy which was really excellent. As no entreaties could prevail on Lovel to indulge the velvet night-cap and branched moring—glasses of his host, Oldbuck, who pretended to a little knowledge of the medical art, insisted on his going to bed as soon as possible, and proposed to dispatch a messenger (the indefatigable Caxton) to Fairport early in the morning, to procure him a change of clothes.

This was the first intimation Miss Oldbuck had received that the young stranger was to be their guest for the night, and such was the surprise with which she was struck by a proposal so uncommon, that, had the superincumbent weight of her head-dress, such as we before described, been less preponderant, her gray locks must have started up on end, and hurried from its position.

"Lord haud a care o' us!" exclaimed the astounded maid.

"What's the matter now, Griztie?"

"Wad ye but just speak a moment, Monkbars?"

"Speak!—What should I speak about?—I want to get to my bed—and this poor young fellow—let a bed be made for him, and put on his own personal clothes.

"A bed?—The Lord preserve us," again ejaculated Griztie.

"Why, what's the matter now? are there not beds and rooms enough in the house? Was it not an ancient heritium, in which I am warranted to say, beds were nightly made down for a score of pilgrims?

"Oh dear, Monkbars! who kens what they might so lang syne?—but in our time—beds—aye, there's beds now sic as they are—and rooms now to keep on yourself, the beds has been slept in, Lord kens the time, nor the rooms aired. If I had kent, Mar! and me might has gone down to the manse—Miss Bockie is aye fond to see us (and see is the minister, brother)—But now, gude awa!"

"Is there not the Green Room, Griztie?"

"Truth be there, and it is in decent order too, though nobody has sleepeth there since Dr. Hysastery, and—"

"And we?"

"And what! I'm sure ye ken yourself what a clock he had—ye wadna expose the young gentleman to the like o' that, wad ye?"

Lovel interrupted, upon hearing this altercation, and protested he would far rather walk home than go them to the least inconvenience—that the exercise would be no harm to him—that he knew the road, and might direct himself, and thought the night was about, and so forth; adding that all that might suggest could be an excuse for escaping from a hospitality which seemed more inconvenient to him than be could possibly have anticipated. But the howling of the wind, and muttering of the rain against the windows, with his knowledge of the preceding fatigue of the evening, must have prohibited Oldbuck, even had he entertained less regard for his young friend than he really felt, from permitting him to depart. Besides, he was piqued in honour to shew that he himself was not governed by woman-kind.

Sit ye down, ye poor lassie, till ye can get your breath; and, after that, ye can move from here. And, although the old adventurer, Hysastery, dree'd pain and colour in the charmed apartment, it is no reason why a gallant knight like you, nearly twice as tall, and not half so leavy, should not encounter and break the spell.

"What! a haunted apartment, I suppose?"

"To be sure, to be sure—every mansion in the country of the slightest antiquity has its ghosts and its haunted chamber, and you must not suppose worse off than our neighbours. They are going indeed, somewhat out of fashion. I have seen the day when it was considered much better, in an old manor-house, you ran the risk of being made a ghost yourself, as Hamlet says—Yes, if ye had challenged the existence of Redcowl in the castle of Glenastane, or Sir Peter Fingal, or ye went out to his court-yard, milde ye betake yourself to your weapon, and if your trick of fences was not the better, would have stuck ye like a pakuikin. I was once stayed, as you may observe in my coat, in such an affair—but I humbled myself and apologized to Redcowl; for, even in my younger days, I was no friend to the manaechain, or duel, and would rather walk with Sir Piama than with Sir Knite, I care not who knows so much of my valour—thank God I am old now, and can indulge my irritability without the necessity of supporting them by cold steel."

Here Miss Oldbuck re-entered, with a singularly sage expression of countenance.

"Mr. Lovel's bed's ready, brother—clean sheets—well aired—a sunbeam in the room—Sir Piama (I am sure, if I may attempt (incom- plete him,) it's no for the trouble—and I hope you will have a good night's rest—But"

"You are resolved," said the Antiquary, "to do what you have conceived of it."

"Me?—I am sure I have said naething, Monkbars."

"My dear madam," said Lovel, "allow me to tell you the meaning of your obliging anxiety on my account."

"On, Monkbars does not like to hear of it, when he knows you have been in the room with an ill name; and so well mend it if that the room be as the rest. For, whenever the bellman was sleeping, he had that marvellous communication about the grand law-plays between
about his legs, that poor Rab Tull, who was not a great scholar, was clean overwhelmed. Od, but he was a bauld body, and he minded the Latin name for the deed that was a habit in our province. I am writing about a cart I fancy, for the ghastly cried eye, cartier, cartier.

"Ca gira, you transformer of languages," cried Old- buck; "if my ancestor had learned no other language in the other world, at least he would not forget the Latinity for which he was so famous while in this."

"Well, well, cartie be it then, but they ca' t'cartier that's told o' that or he canna have got it. It can be no cartier that it was ca gira, and made a sign to Rab to follow it. Rab Tull keep a highland heart, and bang'd o' the bed, and till some of his restless clans— and he was a man to follow the tae an' braid, over the road and up the place we ca' the high-dow-cot, (a sort of a little tower in the corner of the auld house, where there was a rick o' usquebaugh, boxes an' truckens,) and there the ghastly gae Rab a kick wi' the foot and a kick wi' the tae the lot, to that very udder country tabernacle of a cabinet that my brother has standing beside his library table, and then disappeared like a puff o' tobacco, leaving Rab in a very pitiful condition."

"Tenues ascitis in aurea," quoted Old-buck. "Marry, sir, manna be it. But, sure enough, the deed was there found in a drawer of the same repository, which contained many other curious old papers, now properly labelled and arranged, and which seem to have belonged to my ancestor, the first possessor of Monkbarns. This has the number two and the year sixty-five, was the original Charter of Erection of the Abbey, Abbey Lands, and so forth, of Trotcuny, comprizing Monkbarns and others, into Lordship of Regality in favour of the first Earl. This is a favourite of James the Sixth. It is subscribed by the King at Westminster, the seventeenth day of January, A.D. 1606, one thousand six hundred and twelve years—thirteen. It is not worth while to repeat the witness names.

"I would rather," said Lovel, with awakened curiosity, "I would rather hear your opinion of the way in which the deed was discovered."

"Why, if I wanted a patron for my legend, I could find no less a one than Saint Augustine, who tells the story of a deceived person appearing to his son, when sure for a debt which had been paid, and directing him where to find the discharge."

The Legend of Mrs. Griessel Old-buck was partly taken from an extraordinary story which happened about seventy years since, in the South of Scotland, in the interests of that place, in which it merits being mentioned in this place. Mr. R—of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted and convicted of an embezzlement, of several arrears of rent (or tithe) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family of that place. Several months after day in court, Mr. R— was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the tithe, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But, after an indubitable search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case fresh upon his mind, very much in the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, was supposed to have been highly indigent, and his father's mind was therefore apprised of the cause of his distress, adding the penalty of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because it had a strange consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief.

You are probably aware that this is the manner of the law, that you are not required to prove the money is due, but only to show that you require to be paid, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, at present tenant of the property, who is at present professional business, and resident at Hayven, near Edinburgh. He will not, however, undertake to examine it for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible, pursued the vision, that he might be disposed to write me the information which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his reollection by strengthening it that when he was young in the office there was difficulty in getting change for a Portuguese piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the wines of taverns."
Mr. R—awoke in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to visit the country to Lancaster, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man; without saying any thing of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a manner for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstances of the recollection, but on mention of the Portcullis piece of gold, which was returned under his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them, so that Mr. R—— came to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which was afterwards recovered.

"The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best means of knowing the facts, but who, from the recollection of such an event, but who, from the recollection of such an event, were not inclined to give themselves the credit of being deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He was not disposed to refuse the authority of the words, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the great class of unproven circumstances of the kind which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with the dream. On the other hand, few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of carrying on to another mind a certain number of the words of the dream. The author's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of facts related by Dr. R——, which he had received from his father while in life, but which at first he never recollected as a general impression that the claim was settled. The author, however, is not disposed to receive this story without the thrill of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours."

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THE ANTIQUA.

seemed as if the prolific and rich invention of old Chassey had animated the Flemish artist with its primalucia with the old legends of England caused the following verses, from that ancient and excellent poet, to be embroidered in Gothic letters, on a sort of border which he had added to the tapestry—:

Let her be oake's grove, straight as a lime,
Softly and loud the birds do sing, and free,
Both newly springing—at right foot or nine.
And all the freedom of the earth what hand can
From his forests, woods, and grass, so fair,
With branches broad laden with leaves new,
That saucers out against the spring sky,
Some golden red, and some a glad bright green.

And in another canton was the following similar legend:

And many an hay, and many as bind,
When by the sun, above me I beheld,
Of saws, sawders, backs and dogs
Full the wood, and many doors,
And many scissors that Yates
High on the trees and nuts ate.

The bed was of a dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry, but by a more modern and less skilful hand. The large and heavy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black ebony backs, were embroidered after the same pattern, and a lofty chimney-piece, corresponding in its mounting with that on the old-fashioned toilet.

I 'heard,' muttered Love, as he took a cursory view of the room and its furniture,—that ghosts and phantasmagories of old, and absurd, they attached themselves, and I cannot disapprove of the taste of the disembodied printer of the Augsburg Confession. "But he found it so difficult to fix his attention on the vases of gold and jewel-work, which he saw in the apartment, with which they seemed so singularly to correspond, that he almost neglected the absence of those agitated feelings, half fear, half curiositv, which usually animate and unexpectly enter the chamber, and wonder, from which the anxious reality of his own hopeless passion at present detached him. For he now only entertained feelings like those expressed in the lines,—:

And here he stood changed
The tempest of my mind;
My heart, by thee from a stringed
Became like time unkind.

He endeavored to conjure up something like the feelings which would, at another time, have been congenial to his situation, but his heart had no room for these vagaries of imagination. The recollection of Miss Warden, determined not to acknowledge him when compelled to endure his society, and evinced no purpose to escape from it, would have alone occupied his attention, had it been for a time. But this idea was succeeded by recollected more agitating if less painful—his hair-breath escape—the fortunate assistance which he had been able to render her—Yet, what was the real state of the case; the chance of his fate was yet doubtful, while it was uncertain whether her preserver had lost the life which he had exposed for so freely—Surely gratitude, at least, called for some little interest in his fate—But no—she could not be selfish or unjust—it was not part of her nature.

She only desired to shut the door against hope, and, even in compassion to him, to extinguish a passion which he could never return.

But this lover-like mode of reasoning was not likely to reconcile him to his fate since the more miserable his imagination presented Miss Warden, the more uncertain it was that he had been rendered by the extinction of his hopes. He was, indeed, conscious of possessing the power of removing her prejudices on some points; but, even in extremity, the most odious he had been. He did and remained witness which he had formed, of ascertaining that she desired an explanation ere he intruded one upon her. And turn the matter as he would, he could not regard his own feelings. To dispel the cloud of embarrasement as well as of grave surprise in her look when Oulduck presented him, and, perhaps, upon second thought, the other was assumed to cover the other. He would not relinquish a pursuit which had already cost him such pains. Plans, suit the romantic temper of the brain that entertained them, chased each other through his head, thick and irregular as

the motes of the sun-beam, and long after he had laid himself to rest, continued to prevent the repose which he greatly desired. We are carried by the tale, of difficulties and difficulties with which each scheme appeared to be attended, he bent up his mind to the strong effort of shaking off his love, "like dew-drops from the lion's mane." And realizing the impossibility of that career of life which his unrequited affection had so long and so fruitlessly interrupted. In this last resolution, he endeavored to fortify himself by every argument, which the coldness and sarcasm of the title of his father, Miss Warden, had given him to think of; but he was not, as well as the grandest. "She shall not suppose," he said, "that, preparing on an accidental service to her or her father, I am desirous to intrude myself upon that notice, to which, perhaps, the conditions of the title of her father, or some other title, will see her no more. I will return to the land which, if it affords none fairer, has, at least many as air, and less naughty than Miss Warden. To-morrow I will bid adieu to the northern shores, and to her who is as cold and relentless as her climate." When he had for some time brooded over this sturdy resolution, exhausted nature at length gave way, and, besides of wrath, doubt, and anxiety, sunk into silence.

It is seldom that sleep, after such violent agitation, is either sound or refreshing. Love's was disturbed by a thousand and one dreams; he was a bird—he was a fish—or he flew like the one, and swam like the other—qualities which would have been very essential to his safety a few hours before. Then he found himself in Paradise; her father a triton, or a sea-gull; and Old-buck alternately a porpoise and a cormorant. These agreeable imaginations were varied by all the usual vagaries of a madman; and the vivid images of the visionary, the water seemed to burn him—the rocks felt like down-paddles as he was dashed against them—whatever he undertook failed in some strange and unlooked-for manner—and whatever he attempted, excited the attention, underwent, as he attempted to investigate it, some wild and wonder metaphors, while his mind continued all the while in some degree conscious of the frame, from which it was detached to free itself by awaking—fervish symptoms all, with which those who are haunted by the night-hag, whom the learned call Ephialtes, are but too well acquainted. At length these crude phantasms arranged themselves into something more regular, if indeed the imagination of Love, after he awoke, (for it was by no means the faculty in which his mind was least rich,) did not gradually, insensibly, and unintentionally, arrange in better order the scene, of which his sleep presented, it may be, a less distinct outline. Or it is possible that his feverish agitation may have been enough in manner to destroy the feeling of locality as to remember where he was, and the whole furniture of the Green Chamber was depicted to his slumbering eye. And here, once more, let me protest, that if there should be so much old-fashioned faith left among this shrewd and sceptical generation, as to suppose that what follows was an impression conveyed rather by the eye than by the imagination, I do not impugn their doctrine. He was then, or imagined himself, broad awake in the Green Chamber, gazing upon the flickering and occasional flames by which the smoke of the embers sent forth, as, one by one, they fell down upon the red embers, into which the principal part of the boughs to which they belonged had crumbled away. Intemperate and fancyish the eyes of the chamber, and his mysterious visits to the inmates of the chamber, awoke in his mind, and with it, as we often feel in dreams, an anxious and fearful expectation, which was gradually growing into some ghostly eye the object of our fear. Brighter sparks of light flashed from the chimney with such intense brilliancy, as to enlighten all the room. The tapestry before it had a vivid with which he was not surprised to become animated. The hunters blew their horns—

—then the stag seemed to fly, the boar to rustle, and the hounds to assail the one and pursue the other:
cry of dole, mangled by throttling dogs—the shouts of men, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, seemed to once surround him—while every group pursued, with the exception of him, the enjoyment of the chase, which the artist had represented them as engaged. Lovel looked on this strange scene devoid of wonder, (which seldom intrudes itself upon the sleeping figure,) and began to think that the dream appeared to alter. At length an individual figure among the tossed huntsmen, as he guessed upon them more fixated, seemed to leave the arena and to approach the bed of the sleeping figure. As he drew near, this figure appeared to alter. His bugle-horn became a brazen clapped volume; his hunting-cap changed to such a furred head-gear as graces the burgo-masters of Rembrandt; his red moustachio, which remained to his features, no longer agitated with the fury of the chase, were changed to such a state of awful and stern composure, as might best portray the first proprietor of Monmouth, such as he had been described to Lovel by his descendant in the course of the preceding evening. As this metamorphosis took place, the hubbub among the other personages in the arena disappeared from the imagination of the dreamer, which was now exclusively bent upon the simple figure before him. Lovel strove to interrogate this awful person in the form of exorcism proper for the occasion; but in vain. His usual dreamy dulness refused his voice, and clung, palsied, to the roof of his mouth. Aldobrand held up his finger, as if to impose silence upon the guest who had intruded on his apartment, and to indicate his desire to speak. The figure refused his volume with its left hand, pointed to a passage in the page which he thus displayed. Although the language was unknown to our dreamer, his eye and attention were both strongly caught by the line which the figure seemed to press upon his notice, the words of which appeared to blaze with a supernatural light, and remained riveted upon his memory. As the vision slunk his volume, a strain of delightful music seemed to fill the apartment—Lovel started, and became altogether awake. The music, however, was still in his ears, nor ceased till he could distinctly follow the measure of an old Scotch tune.

He sat up in bed, and endeavoured to clear his brain of the phantoms which had disturbed it during the preceding night. The morning sun streamed through the half-closed shutters, and admitted a distinct light into the apartment. He looked round upon the hangings, but the mixed groups of silken and worsted hangings were as stationary as tenter-hooks could make them, and only trembled slightly as the early breeze, which found its way through an open crevice of the lattice window, glided along their surface. Lovel leaped out of bed, and, wrapping himself in a morning-gown, that had been carelessly laid by his bedside, stepped towards the window, which commanded a view of the sea, the roar of whose billows announced it still disquieted by the storm of the preceding evening, although the morning was fair and serene. The window of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and was covered with a species of arabesque ornament, was half open, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken short his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of the effect of the night before, and its time notes, though with an anchorage upon the harpsichord, tolerably well performed—such is the caprice of imagination as affecting the arts. A female voice sung, with some taste and great singularity, something between a song and a hymn; in words to the following effect:—

"Why sit'st thou there by that ruin'd hall? Thou art sad and stern and gray; As days doth run, the tide returneth. O'er wonder how it passed away?—"

"Know'st thou not me?" the Deep Voices cried; 
"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
As Hamlet, Ophelia,ickle wret, Desired, neglected, and accused!"

While the vision was being yet singing, Lovel had returned to his bed; the train of ideas which the awakened was romantic and pleasing, such as a soul delighted in, and, willingly adjourning, till the next rain. But a brief task of determining on his line of conduct, he abandoned himself to the pleasing languor inspired by the music, and fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which he was only awakened by the late awakened, a late hour by Mr. Lovel, who came creeping into the room to render the office of a valet-de-chambre.

"I have brushed your coat, sir," said the old man, when he perceived Lovel was awake; "the collar brought it free Fairport this morning, for that ye had yesterday in scantly feasibly dry, though it be a'night at the kitchen fire—and I have cleaned your shoon—I doubt ye'll no want me to ring your hair, for (with a gentle sigh) the young gentlemens wear crops now—but I see the curling-tongs put by is a bit turn over the brow, if ye like, before ye go down to breakfast—"

Lovel, who was by this time once more on his legs, declined the old man's professional office, but accompanied the retinue with such a dourness as completely salved his venerable feelings. "It's a pity he dieria get his hair tied and powdered," said the ancient frizer, when he had got once more into the kitchen, in which, on one propped his head, and hung there in one fragment of time; he had, to say, of his whole time—"it's a great pity, for he's a comely young gentleman.

"Hout aye, ye said gowk," said Jenny Rimbout, "would ye creel his bonny brown hair of your nasty uly, and then mosty it like the lamister's wig?—Ye'll be for your breakfast, I warrant?—hoo, there's a soup parrtick for you—will ye set ye better to be alistering at than the lather milk than muddling wi Mr. Lovel's hair—the and spoil the main natural and beauteous hair in a Fairport, butth and county."

The poor barber sighed over the disrespect into which his art had so universally fallen, but Jenny was a person too important to offend by contradition; so she continued her operations with a dexterity that was most publicly at one's humiliation, and the contents of the tinker which held a Scotch pint of substantial oatmeal porridge.

CHAPTER XI.

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven be pensive, and ord'red all the presents as they went. Sometimes that only (was wild Fancy's play,—

The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.

We must now request our readers to adjourn to the breakfast parlour of Mr. Oldbuck, who, despising the modern slope of tea and coffee, was substantially regaling himself, more magnificum, with cold meat, and a plate of a sort of beef called bacon, and the infinite variety of these to a woman's taste. He was diffidently restrained from pronouncing it decent, but did refrain, as he saw he should otherwise get great offence to his host, who had the liquor annually prepared with great labour, and bitter bulk of which the present generation only know the taste by its occurrence in revenue acts of parliament. The cups filled with cider, perry, and other excisable concoction, in which Mr. Lovel was en-}
time—I am certain he looks very pale, and when he came here, he was as fresh as a rose."

"Why, sister, consider this rose of yours has been knocked about by sea and wind all yesterday evening, as if he had been a bunch of hank or tangle, and no matter how you may have helped it to look well, it is certain to wither."

"I certainly do still feel somewhat fatigued," said Lovel, "notwithstanding the excellent accommodations with which your hospitality so amply supplied me."

"Ah, sir!" said Miss Oldbuck, looking at him with a knowling smile, or what was meant to be one, "you'll not allow of any inconvenience, out of civility to us."

"Really, madam," replied Lovel, "I had no disturbance; for I cannot turn such the music with which some kind fairy favoured me."

"I doubt Mary was wakened you with her skreeching; she didn't ken I had left open a chink of your window, for, being the ghastly, the Green Room diana very well in a high wind—but, I am judging ye heard, ma'am than Mary's lilies yeastren—wool, men are hardy creatures, they can gaze through'w'th' thing. I am sure I had been undergo any thing of that nature—that's to say that beyond nature—I would have been the last of all to raise the cry. A be- house, be the consequence what like—and, I dare say, the minister would have done as mickle, and sce I hae taahd him, I ken naebody but my brother. Monk- haws would have been at the back of the very look o'it, if, indeed, it binn you, Mr. Lovel."

"A man of Mr. Oldbuck's learning, madam," answered the questioned party, "would not be exposed to the insult of any party of the underdaughters of Gibbon, (meaning possibly Midian,) as Mr. Blattergowl says—only and wadna be uncivil to one's foremost though to be a ghastly—I am sure I will try that, the brother, the ye showed me in a book, if any body is to sleep in that room again, though, I think, in Christian charity, ye should rather fit up the-metted-room—it is a wee churn and dark, to be sure, but then we ha'e sune solemn occasion for a spare bed."

"No, no, sister; dampness and darkness are worse than spectres—ours are spirits of light—and I would not be so unkind."

"I will do that by blythely, Monkbars, as I ha'e the ingredients, as my cookery book ca's them—There was vervain and dill—I mind that—Davie Dibble w'll ken to think better than I, as for the root and get them Latin n a u, and pepercorn, we ha'e wealth o' them, for—"

"Hyson, thou foolish woman!" thundered Oldbuck, "if ye suppose ye're making a baggie—or do you think that a spirit, though he be formed of air, can be expelled by a receipt against wind? This wise Grizel of mine, Mr. Lovel, resolute (with what accuracy you may judge) a charm which I once mentioned to her, and which, happening to hit her superstitious nodde, she remembers better than any thing tending to a useful purpose I may chance to have said for ten years—But many an old woman besides herself!"

"Auld woman! Monkbars," said Miss Oldbuck, rossed something above her usual submissive tone, "ye really are less than civil to me."

"Not less than just, Grizel; however, I include in the same class many a sounding name, from Jambchus down to Aubrey, who have wasted their time in devising imaginary remedies for non-existing diseases—but I hope, my young friend, that, charmed or uncharmed—secured by the potency of Hyson, etc., etc., etc., etc.

With venom and with dill, That hither witches of their will, or left disarmed and defenceless to the inroads of the invisible world, you will give another night to the terrors of the unknown, and another day to your faithful and dear friends."

"I heartily wish I could, but—"

"Nay, but me no buts—I have set my heart upon it here."

"I am greatly obliged, my dear sir, but—"

"Look ye there, now—but again!—I hate but; I know no form of expression in which he can appear, that is amiable, excepting as a butt of some—but is to me a more detestable combination of letters than no itself. No is a surly, honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and round and once at once. But is a sneaking, evasive, half-bred, exceptions sort of a conjuration, which comes to pull away the cup just when it is at your lips—"

it does alway

The good precedent—for we but yet! But yet is as a jailer to bring forth Some monstrous insufficiency."
The antiquary. — chap. xi.

...he did so; the lid opened, and discovered a thin, waxed, and indelible stain of ink at once of more than shagreen flax. "Then, Mr. Love, there is the work I mentioned to you last night—the rare quarto of the Augsburg Confession, the foundation at once and the bulwark of the consistory, bought by the famous, variable, Melanchthon, defended by the Elector of Saxony, and the other valiant hearts who stood up for their faith, even against the front of a powerful and victorious enemy; and by the pen of a remarkably praiseworthy Aldobrand Oldenbuck, my happy predecessor, during the yet more tyrannical attempts of Philip II. to suppress at once civil and religious liberty, for the purpose of this work, that eminent man was expelled from his ungrateful country, and driven to establish his household gods even here at Monkbarns, among the ruins of papal superstition and domination. Look upon his venerable effigies, Mr. Lovel, and respect the honourable occupant in which it presents him, as labouring personally at the press for the diffusion of Christian and political knowledge. And see here his favourite motto, expressive of his independence and self-reliance, which seemed to owe any thing to patronage, that was not earned by desert—expressive also, of that fine and free judgment of the press, so highly recommended by Horace. He was, indeed, a man who would have stood firm, had his whole printing-house, press, fonts, forms, great and small paste, been shivered to cinders. His motto: —Hic in honorem meum —for each printer had his motto, or device, when that illustrious art was first practised. My ancestor's was expressed as you see in the Teutonic phrase, Kerst am Wort (Geeze) that is, skill, or prudence, in ascribing to ourselves of our natural talents and advantages, will commend favour and patronage, even where it is withheld from pre-ordained, or ignorant. The same motto, after a moment's thoughtful silence, "Then that is the meaning of those German words?"

Unquestionably—you perceive the appropriate application of such expressions of inward worth, and of eminence in a useful and honourable art. — Each printer in those days, as I have already informed you, had his device, his impress, as I may call it, in the same manner as the doughty chivalry of the age, who frequented tilt and tournament. My ancestor boasted as much in his, as if he had displayed it over a conquered field of battle, though it betokened the diffusion of knowledge, not the effusion of blood. And yet there is a family tradition which affirms to him to have chosen it from a more romantic circumstance.

And what is that said to have been, my good sir?—continued the young gentleman.

"Why, it rather encroaches on my respected predecessor's fame for prudence and wisdom. — Sed etiam in prudens et sapientissimo —ever has played his fool in their turn. It is said, my ancestor, during his apprenticeship with the descendent of old Fust, whom popular tradition hath sent to the devil, under the name of Faustus, was attracted by a pretty slip of womankind, his Master's daughter, calling Bertha. They broke rings, or went through some idiotic ceremony, as is usual on such like occasions as the plighting of a true-love troth, and Aldobrand, for the time, left the more eminent towns, before they finally settled themselves for life. It was a wise custom; for, as such travellers were received like brethren in each town by those of their faith, they were there, in the end, to have the means either of gaining or communicating knowledge. When my ancestor returned to Nuremberg, he is said to have found his old master newly overthrown, this taking a direful shape; also that they hal-starched spires of nobility forsooth, in pursuit of the Ynswe-Frauo Bertha, whose father was understood to have bequeathed her a dowry which possessed, to speak in a common vernacular, of the winged, astral character. Bertha, not a bad sample of womankind, had made a vow she would only marry that man who could work her father's press. The skill, at that time, was as rare as wonderful, besides that the expeditious rid her off this burden at once of most of her shagreen flax.
In her tyne lik wyre's hens clokeit.
Ike and manna horst wil bairins was stokit.
He deid a boile o' bear in frietit fivne,
Hed his shoon and clothe and ilke wise see krius and ane foyth bainess wyric.

"You see how modest the author of this sepulchral commendation was—he tells us, that honest John could make five fistoles, or quarters, as you would say, out of the horn, instead of four,—that he gave the fifth to the wives of the parish, and accounted for the other five hundred and twelve to the abbey and chapter—that in his time the wives' hens always laid eggs, and devil thank them, if they got one-fifth of the abbey rents; and that honest men's heathens were never ubehave with offspring,—and, by the way, well e'er they must have been considered perfectly unaccountable. But come on—you'll see the Ginnel, and let us log on to the yellow sands, where the sea, like a real-sense enemy, is now retreating from the ground on which he gave us battle last night."

Thus saying, he led the way to the sands. Upon the links or downsw close to them, were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishermen, whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the odourous vapours of pitch melting under a burning sun, to contend with those of the offals of fish and other nuisances, usually collected on the sea-shore by the passage of the surf. These complicated, stinking, abominable, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat mending a net at the door of one of the huts. She was old, had nothing about her head, and a coat, which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, uncommon stature, and harsh voice. "What are ye for the day, your honour?" said she, or rather screamed, to Oldbuck; "caller haldocks and whiting—a bannock-fluke and a cock-paddle." "How much for the bannock-fluke and cock-paddle?" demanded the Antiquary.

"Four white shillings and sixpence," answered the Naiad.

"Four devils and six of their imp!" retorted the Antiquary: "do ye think I am mad, Maggie?

"And div ye think," rejoined the virago, setting her arms a-kimbo, "that my man and my man's are o' gae to the sea in weather like yeestreen and the day—i' the sea as it's yet outy—and get nothing for their fish, and be mised into the barcans, Monkbarns! It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives."

"Well, Maggie, I'll be fair—" said Oldbuck, "I'll bid you a shilling for cock-paddle and your honour or expense separately—and if all your fish are as well paid, I think your man, as you call him, and your sons, will make a good voyage."

"Or we were knockit against the Bell-Rock rather! it wad be better, and the bonnier o' the two. A shilling for that twa bannocks finds you indeed!"

"Well, well, you old beldam, carry your fish up to Monkbarns, and see what my sister will give you for them."

"Na, Monkbarns, deal a fit—I'll rather deal wi' yourself; for, though you're near enough, yet Miss Grizel has an unco close grip—I'll gie yo tham (in a softened tone) for three-and-sixpence—"

"Eighteen-pence, or nothing!"

"Eighteen-pence!" (in a loud tone of astonishment, which declined into a sort of rueful whine, when the dealer turned as if to walk away)—"I'll no be for the fish—then (louder, as she saw him moving off) —I'll gie them—ah—and—and—a half-a-dozen o' pertans to make the sauce, for three shillings and a dram."

"Half-a-crown then, Maggie, and a dram."

"A half—a-crown? my man hae's your sin gate, mane doubt; but a dram's worth still now—the distilleries is no working."

"And I hope they'll never work again in my time," said Oldbuck.

"Ay, ay—it's easy for your honour, and the like o' you gentle-folks to see that, which has stout and rubbish, and fire and sending, and meat and clath, and all; but an honest man, like me, was content with an honest fire, and meat, and dry clothes, and being o' coud, and had a sair heart, whilst is worst aye, wi' just tipsiness in your pock, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi', to be eiling and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?"

"It's even too true an apology, Maggie. Is your Goodman o' so soon this morning, after his exertions last night?"

"In troth is he, Monkbarns; he was aaw this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yesterday's wind, and our bit cable-dancing in't like a cork."

"Well, he's an industrious fellow. Carry the fish up to Monkbarns."

"That I will, sir; I'll send little Jenny, she'll rin faster; but I'll en' on Miss Grizly for the dram myself, and say ye sent me."

A non-descript animal, which might have passed for a mermaid, as it was paddling in a pool among the rocks, was summoned ashore by the shrill scream of its dam; and having been undressed, as her mother called it, which was performed by adding a short red cloak to a petticoat, which was at first her sole covering, and which reached scantily below her knee, the child was dismissed with the fish in a basket, and a request on the part of Monkbarns, that "she would not have been long," said Oldbuck, with much self-complacency, "were my woman kind could have made such a reasonable bargain with that old skin-flint, though he was an hour with her in the study window, like three seas-gulls screaming and squawling in a gale of wind. But, come, we went on our way to Knockwinnock."

CHAPTER XII.

Becra?—the only freeman of your commonwealth!

Fine above the law, that observe no laws, obey no governor, use no religion.

But what they draw from their own ancient custom, or constitute themselves, yet they are no rebels.

ROME.

With our readers' permission, we will expatiate the slow, though sturdy pace of the Antiquary, whose halts, as he turned round to his companion at every moment to point out something remarkable in the landscape, or to enforce some favourite topic more emphatically than the exercise of walking permitted, delayed their progress considerably.

Nothing, however, could alarm him of the dangers of the preceding evening. Miss Wardour was able to rise at her usual hour, and to apply herself to her usual occupations, after she had first satisfied her anxiety concerning her sister; and a state of mind on one was no farther indisposed by the effects of great agitation and unusual fatigue, but these were sufficient to induce her to keep her bedchamber.

To look back on the events of the preceding day, was, to Isabella, a very unpleasing retrospect. She owed her life, and that of her father, to the very person by whom, of all others, she wished least to be obliged, because she could hardly even express common gratitude towards him without encouraging hopes which might be injurious to them both. "Why should it be my fate to receive such benefits, and reflected at so much personal risk, from one whom I have a romantic passion I have so unceasingly laboured to discourage? Why should chance have given him this advantage over me and why, oh why, should a half subdue feeling in my own bosom, in spite of my sober reason, almost rejoice that he has attained it?"

While Miss Wardour thus taxed herself with wayward caprice, she beheld advancing down the avenue, not her younger and more dreadless preserver, but the old beggar who had made such a capital figure in the melodrama of the preceding evening.

She rang the bell for her maid-servant. "Bring me old man back."

The servant returned in a minute or two. —He will come up at no rate, madam—he says his clouts shoes never worn on a carpet in his life, and that, please God, he never shall.—Must I take him into the servants' hall?"

"No, stay, I want to speak with him. —W:value
he?" she had lost sight of him as he approached the house.

"Sitting in the sun on the stone-bench in the court, beside the window of the flagged parlour."

"What was your father, sir?" he asked. 

"The old man and beggar as he was, had apparently some internal consciousness of the favourable impressions connected with his tall form, commanding features, and long white beard and hair. It used to be remarked of him, that he was seldom seen but in a posture which showed these personal attributes to advantage. At present, as he lay half-reclined, with his wrinkled eyelids resting on the sky, his staff and bag laid beside him, and a cast of homely wisdom and sarcastic irony in the expression of his countenance, while he gazed for a moment around the court-yard, and then resumed his former look upward, he might have been taken by an artist as the model of an old philosopher of the Cynic school, musing upon the frivolity of mortal pursuits, and the futility of human aspirations, while looking up to the sources from which sought permanently good can alone be derived. The young lady, as she presented her tall and elegant figure at the opening of the lattice, was charmed by her presence, and endeavored, with which, according to the fashion of ancient times, the lower windows of the castle were secured, gave an interest of a different kind, and more palpable effect on the spectator, an imprisoned damsel communicating a tale of her durance to a palmer, in order that he might call upon the gallantry of every knight whom he should meet in his wanderings, to rescue her from her oppressive thraldom.

After Miss Wardour had offered, in the terms she thought would be most acceptable, those thanks which were the natural feelings of her heart, and her mind, she began to express herself in a manner which she supposed would speak more feelingly to his apprehension. "She did not know," she said, "what her father intended particularly to do for their preservation, but certainly it would be something that would make him easy for life, if he chose to reside at the castle, she would give orders."

The old man smiled, and shook his head. "I wad be bah a grievance and a disgrace to your fine servants, my lady, and I have never been a disgrace to any body yet, that I ken of."

"You must go in strict orders—"

"Ye're very kind—I doubtna, I doubtna; but there are some things a master can command, and some he canna—I dare say he wad gan them keep hands at their work if they could. And then, if they canna keep them on that gate—a—and he wad gan them gie me my soupa' ritch and bit meat. But trow ye sir, what Sir Arthur's command could forbid the gie o' the tongue or the blink o' the ee, or gan them gie me my food wi' the look o' kindness that gies it digest sae weel, or that he could make them forbear a' the slight and taunts that hurt ane's spirit mair nor downright mistreatment."

"Besides, I am the idiest auld carle that ever lived; I downna be bound down to hours o' eating and sleeping; and, to speak the honest truth, I wad be a very bad example in any weel-regulated family."

"Well then, what do you think of a nest o' cottage and a garden, and a daily dole, and nothing to do but to dig a little in your garden when you pleased yourself?"

"And how often wad that be, trow ye, my lady? maybe no ane sae mean as Candlemas and Yule—and if a' thing were done to my hand, as if I were Sir Arthur himself, I could never bide the staying still in a nest, and get a wife and a couple o' wee ones a' aboon my head night after night. And then I have a queer humour o' my ain, that sets a strolling beggar weel enough, whose word naebody minds—but ye ken Sir Arthur has odd sorts o' ways—and I wad be jist o' doing or scorning at them—and ye wad be angry, and then I wad be just fit to hang myself."

"O you are a licensed man," said Isabella; "we shall give you all reasonable scope: So you had better be ried, and remember your age."

"But I am no that asair faird yet," replied the men's dicant. "Oo, ancie a gait a whee steepens ye, and it was as your mother said—sae ye wadna be no sae asair as ye do now, for I'll a' the country about do for want o' auld Edie Ochiltree, the brings news and country cracks frae farm-stands to minther, and gingerbread to the laisses, and bring folk to mend their fists and the gypsies wives to clout their pans, and plait rush swords and grenadier caps for the weans, and buys the lair's fleas, and has skil o' ewe-ller and horse-illa, and tennel o' fiddle-mains."

"Well, then, only promise me that you will let me know should you ever wish to settle as you turn old and more incapable of making your usual rounds; and as you go, I'll have a bob or two."

"Na, na, my lady! I douna take muckle siller at anes, it's against our rule—and though it's maybe no civil to be repeating the like o' that—they say that Sir Arthur's like Sir James's, as Sir Arthur himself, and that he's run himself o' thought wi' his houghs and minings for lead and copper yonder."

"Isabella has some anxious anticipations to the same effect, for she had been shocked to hear that, and her embarrassments were such public talk; as if scandal ever failed to stoup upon so acceptable a quarry, as the failings of the good man, the decline of the power."

"Well, Edie, we have enough to pay our debts, let folks say what they will, and requiring you is one of the foremost—let me press this sum upon you."

"That I might be robbed and murdered some night between town and town? or, what's as bad, that I might live in constant apprehension o' it?—I am no to lower his voice to a whisper, and looking keenly around him—I am no that clean unprotected for neither; and though I should die at the back of a dike, they'll find me as muckle quilled in this auld blue gown as he wad bury me like a laird, and the lads and laisses a' the lyke would come too; and there's the gaberlunzie's burial provided for, and I need nae mair. Were the like o' me ever to change a note, what would the laisser do? I canna think o' so much charity after that?—I wad flit through the country like wild-fire, that auld Edie said has done sicken's like thing, and then, I'm warrant, I might grane my heart out or any body wad gie me either a lane o' a bodie."

"Is there nothing, then, that I can do for you?"

"Ou ay—I'll aye come for my annum as usual, and whiles I wad be fan o' a pikkle anything, and ye maw speak to the constable and ground-officer just to overlook me, and maybe ye'll gie a gudder word for me to Sandie Netherlands, the Miller, that he may chance in his muckle dog—I wadna hes it in hurt the puir beast, for it just does its office in banking at a gaberlunzie like me. And there's a thing maybe mair, but ye'll think it's very bauld the like o' me to speak o' it."

"What is it, Edie?—if it respects you it shall be done, if it is in my power."

"It respects yourself, and it is in your power, and I mean Honour. I wadna be no sae yin a' ye too, thought ye sae o' me. Be canny wi' the lad, for he lasses ye, an it's to you, and no to any thing, I could have done for you, that Sir Arthur and you was never verra.
e uttered these words in a low but distinct tone of voice; and, without waiting for an answer, walked into a low door which led to the apartments of servants, and so entered the house.

Miss Wardour remained for a moment or two in a situation in which she had heard the old man's extraordinary and especially, against bars of the window, nor could she determine upon saying even a single word, relative to a subject so base, until the beggar was out of sight. It was, said she, a piece of curiosity. That her friend had an interview and private conversation with this young and unknown stranger, should be a matter of interest for a person of the last class, with millions of young ladies passing through the streets, and among the number of one who was by profession gossip-general to the whole neighbourhood, gave her acute agony. She now resolved, to suppose that the old man would cheerfully do any thing to hurt her feelings, much to injure her; but the mere freedom of speaking upon such a subject, showed, as might have expected, a total absence of delicacy; and what might take it into his head to do or say next, that was pretty sure so professed an admirer of liberty did not hesitate to do or say without scruple. This she said, and when she had slighted the officious assistance of Lovel and Ochil, had been absent upon the preceding evening. This was in the agitation of spirits, she judged, and as Lovel, or Ochil, courted instantly as far back from the window, she could, without being seen, observe how the party was in front of the building, and, pointed to the various scowls on the faces of the others, and the look of bewilderment on Lovel much was, and erudite information, which, from the first look of his auditor, Isabella might shrewdly enough was enough. However, she said, that should take some resolution became instant and firm—she rang, therefore, for a servant, and told him to show the visitors to the drawing-room, as the time was then. The love of her own company, to consider, ere she made her appearance, to such of them that fittest for her to pursue, agreedly to her instructions, were introduced into the room where company was usually used.

CHAPTER XIII.

—The time was that I hated thee, And yet it is not that I bear thee love, The love which erst was twice to me, I will confound—

But do not look for further recompense.

As you Live it.

Miss Wardour's complexion was considerably heightened, when, after the delay necessary to form her ideas, she presented herself in the ring-room.

"I am glad you are come, my fair foe," said the old lady, greeting her with much kindness, "for I had a most refractory, or at least negligent, audior in my young friend here, while I endeavoured to introduce him acquainted with the history of Knocktwint Castle. I think the danger of last night has been nothing. But you, Miss Isabel, why you, as if flying through the night air had been your real and most congenial occupation. Your colour is quite better than when you honoured my hospitability by your visit!—And Sir Arthur—how fares your good old friend?"

"Indifferently well, Mr. Oldbuck; but, I am afraid, quite able to receive your congratulations, or to say—Mr. Lovel thanks for his unparal- leled exertions."

"Dare say not—A good down pillow for his good head were more meet than a couch so cheerless was his house, and his lady."

"I had no thought of intruding," said Lovel, looking at the ground, and speaking with hesitation and traced emotion; "I did not—did not mean to come; but my dear Mrs. Wardour, who—nobody who—must necessarily be unwell—mooted I mean, with painful reflections."

"Do not think my father so unjust and ungrateful," said Miss Wardour, "at all, Mr. Lovel; do not say, I am certain—that my father would be happy to show his gratitude—in any way—that is, which Mr. Lovel could consider as proper to accept out."

"Why, the dear lady?" interposed Oldbuck. "What sort of a qualification is that?—On my word, it reminds me of our minister, who, choosing, like a formal old sap as he is, to clink to his situation, thought it necessary to add the saving clause, Provided, madam, they be virtuous. Come, let us have no more of this nonsense—"Dare say Sir Arthur will but be well pleased with the future instructions that will come from the kingdom of subterraneous darkness and airy hope?—what says the swart spirit of the mine?"

"Has Sir Arthur had any good intelligence of his adventure lately in Glen-Avithers?"

Miss Wardour shook her head—"But indifferently, I fear, Mr. Oldbuck; but there lie, some specimens which have lately been sent down."

"Ah! my poor dear hundred pounds, which Sir Arthur persuaded me to give for a share in that hopeful scheme, would have bought a porter's load of mineralogy—But let me see them."

And so saying, they walked to the table in the recess, on which the mineral productions were lying, and proceeded to examine them, grumbling and peering at each, which he took up and laid aside.

In the meantime, Lovel, forced upon him by this succession of Oldbuck, into a sort of tête-à-tête with Miss Wardour, took an opportunity of addressing her in a low and interrupted tone of voice. "I trust Miss Wardour, you, Mr. Lovel, will impute, to the insufficiency of our own susceptibilities, this intrusion of a person who has reason to think himself so unacceptable a visitor."

"Mr. Lovel," answered Miss Wardour, observing the same tone of anger, which you will not, I am sure you are incapable of abusing the advantages given to you by the services you have rendered us, which, as they affect my father, can never be sufficiently acknowledged. Certainly, at least, and except in a particular case, when I am left alone, without his own peace being affected—coulde see me as a friend—as a sister—no man will be—and, from all I have ever heard of Mr. Lovel, ought to be, more welcome; but—"

Oldbuck's anathema against the proposition but was internally echoed by Lovel—"Forgive me, if I interrupt you, Miss Wardour—you need not fear my intruding upon you in any way, in which I have any means of severely reproving, but do not add to the severity of my reprimand, the rigour of obliging me to disavow them."

"I am much embarrassed, Mr. Lovel," replied the young lady, "by your—I would not willingly use a strong word—your romantic and hopeless pertinacity—it is for yourself I plead, that you would consider the calls which the country has on you, that you will not waste, in an idle and fanciful indulgence of an ill-placed predilection, time, which, well rvedime by active exertion, should lay the foundation of future distinction—let me entreat you that you would form a manly resolution."

"It is enough, Miss Wardour; I see plainly that—"

"Mr. Lovel, you are hurt—and, believe me, I sympathize in the pain which I inflict—but can I, in justice to myself, in fairness to you, do otherwise?—Without my father's consent, I never will entertain the addresses of any one, and how totally impossible is it that he should countenance the partiality with which you honour me, you are yourself fully aware—and, indeed—"

"No, Miss Wardour," answered Lovel, in a tone of passionate entreaty, "do not go farther—is it not enough to crush every hope in our present relative situation?—do not carry your resolutions further—why urge what would be your conduct if Sir Arthur's objections could be overruled?"

"It is indeed vain, Mr. Lovel," said Miss Wardour, "because their removal is impossible; and I only wish, as your friend, and as one who is devoted to you and your own interest, that you would suppress this unfortunate attachment—\\n
In a country which affords no scope for your talents, and

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to resume the humble line of the profession which you seem to have abandoned."

"Well, Miss Wardour, your wishes shall be obeyed—have patience with me one little month, and if, in the course of that space, I cannot show you such respect, by allowing you to enter mydrawing-room, I will be so good as to take in the last letter of your name personally at the door of your father's house against the preservation of his life and mine—but the sooner Mr. Lovel can teach his mind to submit to the inevitable disappointment of wishes which have been so rashly formed, the more highly he will rise in my esteem—and, in the meanwhile, for his sake as well as mine, he must excuse my putting an internecine upon conversation on a subject so painful.

A servant at this moment announced, that Sir Arthur desired to speak with Mr. Old buck in his dressing-room.

"Let me allow you the way," said Miss Wardour, who apparently dreaded a continuation of her tête-à-tête with Lovel, and she conducted the Antiquary accordingly to her father's apartment.

While the two walked in whispered tones, stretched on the couch.

"Welcome, Mr. Old buck," he said;

"I trust you have come better off than I have done from the melancholy of yesterday evening?"

"My health, I am not so much exposed to it — I kept terra firma—you fairly committed yourself to the cold night-air in the most literal of all senses. But such adventures become a galant knight better than a humble usher—to rise on the wings of the night-wind—to dive into the bowels of the earth.—What news from our subterranean Good Hope? the terra incognita of Glen-Whithershame?" said Sir Arthur.

"Nothing," said the Baronet, turning himself hastily, as if stung by a pang of the gout; "but Doustrewuliv does not despair."

"Does he not?" quoth Old buck. "I do too, under his favour—Why, old Dr. H.—*n told me, when I was in Edinburgh, that we should never find copper enough, judgin from the specimens I showed him, to make a pair of sixteen knee-buckles—and I cannot think of anything so superior a sample on the table below differ much in quality."

"The learned doctor is not infallible, I presume?"

"Yes, but he is one of our first chemists; and this trumpery, this terrestrial Mr. H. is, I have a notion, one of those learned adventurers, described by Kircher, 

Artem habent sine arte, partem sine parte, quorum factum est mirabile, vita curum sui simulque terrae."

"It is unnecessary to translate," said Miss Wardour; "I comprehend your general meaning—but I hope Mr. Doustrewuliv will turn out a more trustworthy character."

"I doubt it not a little," said the Antiquary, "and we are a foul way out if we cannot discover this infernal sheet that he has prophesied about these two years."

"You have no interest in the matter, Mr. Old buck," said the Baronet.

"Too much, too much, Sir Arthur—and yet, for the sake of my fair foe here, I would consent to lose it all so you had no more on the venture."

There was a painful silence of a few moments, for Sir Arthur was too proud to acknowledge the depth of his golden dreams, though he could no longer disguise that such was likely to be the termination of the adventure. "I understand," he said at length, "that the young gentleman, to whom this prophecy referred, we were so much indited last night, has favoured me with a visit—I am distressed that I am unable to see him, or indeed any one, but an old friend like you, Mr. Old buck."

A declination of the Antiquary's stiff backbone acknowledged the preference.

* Probably Dr. Hutton, the celebrated geologist.

"You made acquaintance with this young gentleman in Edinburgh, I suppose?" Old buck told the circumstances of their becoming known to each other.

"Why, then, my daughter is an older acquaintance of Mr. Love's, you see," said the Baronet.

"Indeed! I was not aware of that," answered Old buck, somewhat surprised.

"I met Mr. Lovel," said Isaabella, slightly colouring, "when I dined this last spring with my aunt, Mrs. Wilmot."

"In Yorkshire?—and what character did he bear then, or how was he engaged?" said Old buck—and what did not you recognise him when I introduced you?"

Isaabella answered the least difficult question, and passed over the other. "He had a commission in the army, and had, I believe, served with reputations; he was much respected, as an amiable and promising young man."

"And pray, such being the case," replied the Antiquary, not disposed to take one reply in answer to two distinct questions, "why did you not speak to the lad at once when you met him at my house?—I thought you had lost the palpity of womankind about you, Miss Wardour."

"There was a reason for it," said Sir Arthur, with dignity; "you know the opinions—prejudices, perhaps, you will call them—of our house concerning the security of our name; and young gentlemen, the illegitimate son of a man of fortune; my daughter did not choose to renew their acquaintance till she should know whether, I approved of her holding any intercourse with this kind of a young man."

"If it had been with his mother instead of himself," answered Old buck, with his usual dry causticity of humour, "I could see an excellent reason for it. As poor lad! a dishonour that cause them he seemed so absent and confused while I explained to him the reason of the bond of bastardy upon the shield you'd put under the seclusion."

"True!" said the Baronet with complacency, "it is the shield of Malcolm the Usurer, as he is called. The tower which he built is termed, after him, Malcolm's Tower, but more frequently Macintosh's Tower, which I conceive to be a corruption for Macbeth. He is denominated, in the Latin pedigree of our family, Miculomus Notus; and his temporary seisin of our property, and most unjust attempt to establish his own as the legitimate line in the estate of Knock- wnock, gave rise to such family feuds and misfortunes, as strongly to found us in that horror and abasity to defile blood and illegitimacy, which has been hallowed down in the genealogy of our race."

"I know the story," said Old buck, "and I was telling it to Lovel this moment, with some of the wits and consequences which are wrought on young beings by such gardening policies. Poor fellow! he must have been much hurt; I took the wavers of his attention for negligence, and was somewhat perplexed at it, and it proves to be only an excess of feeling. I hope, Sir Arthur, you will not think the less of your life, because it has been preserved by such assistance?"

"Nor the less of my assistant either," said the Baronet; "my doors and table shall be equally open to him as if he had descended of the most established linesage."

"Come, it is glad of that—he'll know where he can get a dinner then, if he wants one. But what views can he have in this neighbourhood?—I must catechise him; and if I find he wants it—or, indeed, whether he'll want the thing at all—it will be service. As the Antiquary made this liberal promise, he took his leave of Miss Wardour and her father, to engage to commence operations upon Mr. Lovel. Sir Arthur informed him of a commission, expressed his compliments, and remained in attendance on her father, and then taking him by the arm, he led him out of the castle.

Knocknack still preserved much of the casual attributes of a baronial castle. It had its drawbridge, though now never drawn up, and its dry moat, the residue of which had been planted with rushes; only,..."
of the evergreen tribes. Above these rose the old building, partly from a foundation of red rock scarped down to the sea-beach, and partly from the steep greensward, which had swathed and been mentioned, and many others rose around of large size, as if to confute the prejudice, that timber cannot be raised near to the ocean. Our way lay through the gates of the castle, and then we turned to the right in front, from which, by the side of the auburn Perseverance, two great palms were planted, and the first of the trees, which-derived its food and nourishment from the roots, as the chameleon is said to live on the air, or upon the invisible insects which it contains, endeavored to conjecture which of the numerous windows belonged to the apartment now graced by Miss Wardour's presence. The speculations of the Antiquary were of a more melancholy cast, and were partly indicated by a dissertation of paeans, and by the heaving away from the prospect. Lovel, roused from his reverie, looked at him as if to inquire the meaning of an explanation so ominous. The old man shook his head, said "Eh, my young friend!"—"I doubt you greatly—and it wrings my heart to say it—this ancient family is going fast to the ground!"

"Indeed!" answered Lovel—"You surprise me greatly!"

"We harden ourselves in vain," continued the Antiquary, pursuing his own train of thought and feeling, "we harden ourselves in vain to treat with the indifference they deserve the changes of this trumpery wilderness. We strive ineffectually to be the self-sufficient, invulnerable beings, the teres aquae rudiadus of the poet—the stoical extremity which philosophers and sects and sects and sects of human life, is as imaginary as the state of mystical quietism and perfection aimed at by some crooked heretics."

"And Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise!" said Lovel warmly—"Heaven forbid that any process of philosophy were capable to so great and important a feeling, that nothing should agitate them but what arose instantly and immediately out of our own selfish interests! I would as soon wish my hand to be as callous as my feet, that it might escape an engagement or a fault; I would be ambitious of the stoicism which should render my heart like a piece of the nether mill-stone."

The Antiquary regarded his youthful companion with a look which seemed to sympathize with his shrug of shoulders as he exclaimed, "Well, young man, wait till your bark has been battered by the storm of sixty years of mortal vicissitude—you will learn by that time to reek your sails, that she may obey the helm—or, in the language of this world, you will find distresses enough, endured and to endure, to keep your feelings and sympathies in full exercise, without concerning yourself more in the fate of others than you cannot possibly avoid."

"Well, Mr. Oldbuck, it may be so; but as yet I resemble you more in your practice than in your theory, for I cannot help being interested in the fate of the family we have just left."

"And well you may," replied Oldbuck; "Sir Arthur's embarrassments have of late become so many and so great, that I am sure that you have not heard of them—and then his absent and expensive operations carried on by this High-German landlady, Dousterswivel."

"Doubtless! I have seen that person, when, by some rare chance, I happened to be in the coffee-room at Fairport—a tall, beetle-browsed, awkward-built man, who entered upon scientific subjects, as it appeared to me, with a certain air which, with the arrogance of his knowledge, was very arbitrary in laying down and asserting his opinions, and mixed the terms of science with a strange jargon of mysticism; a simple youth who could have turned a good service on an intercourse with the invisible world."

"O the same—the same—he has enough of practical knowledge to speak scholarly and wisely to those of whose intelligence he stands in awe; and, to say the truth, this man, you may be sure, I looked upon as a sort of oracle, of sympathies and antipathies—of the divining rod—and all the trumpery with which the Rosycrucians cheated a darker age, and which, it appears, are now making their way in the world of our own. My friend Heavysmear knew this fellow abrad, and unentionally (for he, you must know, is, God bless the mark, a sort of believer) let me into a good deal of the mystery of the magick art. I thought for a day, as honest Abon Hassan wished to be, I would scourge me these jugglers out of the commonwealth with rods of scorpions—They debuch the spirit of the ignorant and credulous with mystical trash as effectually as if they had bestowed their brains with gin, and then pick their pockets with the same facility. And now has this strolling blackguard and mountebank put the finishing blow to the ruin of an ancient and honourable family!"

"But how could he impose upon Sir Arthur to any ruinous extent?"

"Why, I don't know—Sir Arthur is a good honourable gentleman—but, as you may see from his loose ideas concerning the Pahkish language, he is by no means very strong in the understanding. His estate is strictly held, and he has always been an embarrased man. This razzapose promised him mountains of wealth, and an English company was found to advance large sums of money,—I fear on Sir Arthur's good name. Sir George—was I was en enough to be one—took small shares in the concern, and Sir Arthur himself made great outlay; we were trained on by specious appearances, and more specious lies, and we John Bunyan, we awoke, and beheld it a dream."

"I am surprised that you, Mr. Oldbuck, should have encouraged Sir Arthur by your example."

"Why," said Oldbuck, dropping his large grizzled eye-brow, "I am something surprised and ashamed at it myself; it was not the lure of gain—nobody cares less for money (to be a prudent man) than I do—but I thought I might risk this small sum. It will be expected (though I am sure I cannot see why) that I should give something to any one who will be kind enough to relieve that distress which is worse to me, than to many who might have been saved."

"Peace, Mdr Intry; and perhaps it may be thought I should do something to get that jackanapes, her brother, on the army. In either case, to trouble my adventure was an ill-advised prank."

"This country adventure was an ill-advised prank."

Here the conversation paused, until renewed in the next chapter.
"He had had the pleasure," Lovel answered, "to see her at Mrs. Wilmot's, in Yorkshire."

"I—I do not know," said Lovel, a good deal embarrassed, "it was the same lady, till we met; and then it was my duty to wait till she should recognise me."

"I am aware of your delicacy; the knight's a punctilious old fool, but I promise you her daughter is a greater—her father's at least."

And now, since you have found a new set of friends here, may I ask if you intend to leave Fairport as soon as you propose?"

"What if you should answer your question by another," replied Lovel, "and ask you what is your opinion of dreams?"

Of dreams, you foolish lad,—why, what should I think of them but as the deceptions of imagination when reason drops the reins?—I know no difference betwixt them and the hallucinations of madness—the unguided horses away with the carriage in both cases, only in the one the coachman is drunk, and in the other he slumbers. What says our Marcus Tullius—Si insanorum ritis fas non est habere, que mala sentiat perturbatione sunt, non intellectu."

"Yes, sir, but Cicero also tells us, that as he who passes the whole day in darts the javelin must sometimes lose its head in the cloud, and in my nightly dreams, some may occur consonant to future events."

Ay—that is to say, you have hit the mark in your own sage opinion. Lord! Lord! how this world is given to folly! Well, I will allow for once the Onece-sceatical science—I will give faith to the exposition of dreams, and say a Daniel hath arisen to interpret them. If you can prove to me that that dream of yours has pointed a prudent line of conduct."

"Tell me then," answered Lovel, "why, when I was hesitating whether to abandon an enterprise, which I have been so long meditating, I should unawares last night dream I saw your ancestor pointing to a motto which encouraged me to perseverance? Why should I have thought of those words which I cannot remember to have heard before, which are in a language unknown to me, and which yet conveyed, when translated, a lesson which I could so plainly apply to my own circumstances?"

I burst into a fit of laughing. "Excuse me, my young friend, but it is thus we silly mortals deceive ourselves, and look out of doors for meanings which originate in our own wilful will, or think I am capable of giving you a solution of this dream. You were so abstracted in your contemplations yesterday after dinner, as to pay little attention to the discourse between Sir Arthur and me until I fell upon the controversy concerning the Pikes which terminated so abruptly; but I remember producing to Sir Arthur a book printed by my ancestor, and making him observe the motto; your mind was bent elsewhere, but your ear had mechanically received and retained the sounds, and your busy fancy, stirred by Grizel's legend, I presume, had introduced this scrap of German into your dream. As for the waking wisdom which seized on so frivolous a circumstance as an apology for persevering in some course which it could find no better reason to justify, it is exactly one of those niggling tricks which the sagacity of us play off on now and then, to gratify our inclination at the expense of our understanding."

"I own it," said Lovel, blushingly deep; "I believe you must have loved Sir Arthur. It is the first time I felt a pang of shame at sinking your esteem for attaching a moment's consequence to such a frivolity; but I was tossed by contradictory wishes and resolutions, and you know how slight a line the billow of the billow, though a rable would hardly move her when pulled up on the bench."

Right, right," exclaimed the Antiquary, "fall in my opinion—not a whit,—I love thee the better, man—why, we have story for story against each other, and I can think with less shame on having exposed myself about that cursed Praetorium—though I am still convinced Agricola's camp must have been somewhere in this neighbourhood. And now, Lovel, my good lad, what say you of a visit to Wittenberg?—Why have you left your own country and professional pursuits, for an idle residence in such a place as Fairport? A truant disposition, I fear."

"Even so," replied Lovel, patiently submitting to an interrogatory which he could not well evade—yet I am so detached from the world, that have so few in whom I can really pretend any friendship. To be honest with you, in me, that my very state of destitution gives me independence. He, whose good or evil fortune affects himself alone, has the best right to pursue it according to his money."

"Pardon me, young man," said Oldbuck, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, and making a full half bow—"a little patience if you please. I will suppose that you have no friends to share or rejoice in your success in life, that you cannot look back to those to whom you owe gratitude, or forward to those to whom you ought to afford protection—but it is no less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty—for your active exertions are due not only to society, but in humble gratitude to the Being through the path of life, without jostling others or permitting myself to be jostled. I owe no man any thing—I have the means of maintaining myself with complete independence, and so moderate are my wishes in this respect, that even these means, however limited, rather exceed than fall short of them."

"Nay, then," said Oldbuck, mending his hand and turning it towards the road, "if you are so true a philosopher as to think you have money enough there's no more to be said—I cannot pretend to be entitled to advise you—you have attained the goal of the human race—the summit of society in your way. But if you wish to be the selected abode of so much self-sufficing philosophy? It is as if a worshipper of the true religion had set up his staff by choice among the multiform idolaters of the land of Egypt. There's not a man in Fairport who is not a devoted worshipper of the Golden Calf—the Mammon of unrighteous-ness—why, even I, am so infected by the profound philosophy that I feel inclined occasionally to become an idolater myself."

"My principal amusements being literary," answered Lovel, "and circumstance having given me no other amusement than the perusal of books, I have pitched on Fairport as a place where I might follow my pursuit without the inconvenience of the temptations to a more elegant circle might have presented to me."

"Ah a!" replied Oldbuck, knowingly,—"I begin to understand your application of my ancestor's motto—you are a candidate for public favour, though, as I see in the way I first suspected—you are ambitious to shine as a literary character, and you hope to meet favour by labour and perseverance."

Lovel, who was rather closely pressed by the unquietness of the old gentleman, concluded it would be best to let him remain in the error which he had gratuitously adopted."

"I have been sometimes foolish enough," he replied, "to nourish some thoughts of the kind."

"Ah, poor fellow! nothing can be more melancholy; unless, as young men sometimes do, you had fallen into the rapture of a dreamer, and these trumpet spectral women of womankind, which is, indeed, as Shakespeare truly says, pressing to death, whipping and hangng all at once."

He then proceeded with inquiries, which he was sometimes kind enough to answer himself. For the good old gentleman had, from his antiquarian researches, acquired a delight in building theories. Premises he had been often far too

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"..."
ter of fact or judgment, even by those who were principally interested in the subjects on which he speculated. He went on, therefore, chalking out Lovel's literary career for him.

"Why, then, do you propose—to commemorate your debut as a man of letters?—but I guess—poetry—poetry—the soft seducer of youth. Yes! there is an acknowledg- ing modesty of confusion in your eye and manner. Are you in- clined to soar to the higher regions of Parnassus, or to flutter about the base of the hill?"

"I have hitherto attempted only a few lyrical pictures—"

"Just as I supposed—pruning your wing, and hopping from spray to spray. But I trust you intend a broader flight—Observe, I would by no means recommend your persevering in this unpromising pursuit—but you may say you are quite independent of the public caprice!"

"Entirely so," replied Lovel.

"And that you are determined not to adopt a more active course of life?"

"For the present, such is my resolution," replied the youth.

"Why, then, it only remains for me to give you my best advice and assistance in the object of your pursuit. I have myself published two essays in the Antiquary;—two essays written without an author's experience. There was my Remarks on Hearne's edition of Robert of Gloucester, signed Scrutator;—and the other signed Indagator, upon a passage in The Hymn of Pan. But, as our acquaintance is in the first instance, at this time, and that is my paper in the Gentleman's Magazine, upon the inscription of Cellia Lelia, which I subscribed Eclipso—So you see I am not an apostle in the mysteries of author-craft, and must necessarily understand the taste and temper of the times. And now once more, what do you intend to commence with?"

"I am not in the thoughts of publishing."

"Ah! that will never do; you must have the fear of the public before your eyes in all your undertakings. Let us see now—a collection of fugitive pieces—but no—your fugitive poetry is apt to become statio- nary with the bookseller. It should be something at once solid and attractive—none of your romances or saucy novels—I would have you take high ground at once. Let me see:—What think you of a real epic?—the grand old-fashioned historical poem which moved through twelve or twenty-four books—would you have it so?—I will supply you with a subject—The battle of Prod and the Black Heath—The Caledonian; or, Invasion Repelled—Let that be the title. It will suit the present taste, and you may throw in a little of the times."

"But the invasion of Agricola was not repelled."

"No; but you are a poet—free of the corporation, and as little bound down to truth or probability as you may be. You may defeat the Romans in spite of Tacitus."

"And pitch Agricola's camp at the Kaims of—what do you call it," answered Lovel, "in defence of Edinburgh Castle."

"No more of that, an thou lovst me—And yet, I dare say, ye may unwarily speak most correct truth in both instances, in despite of the laws of the historical interest of the mendacity."

"Gallantly consoled.—Well, I will do my best—your kindness will assist me with local information."

"Will not I, man?—why will I write the critical and poetical notes on each canto, and draw out the plan of the story myself. I pretend to some poetical genius, Mr. Lovel, only I was never able to write tragedy."

"It is a pity, sir, that you should have failed in a qualification somewhat essential to the art."

"Essential?—not a whit—it is the mere mechanical department—A man may be a poet without measur- ing his arguments, and notes on each canto, and drawing out the plan of the story himself."

"In that case there should be two authors to each poem; one to think and plan, another to execute."

"Why, it would not be amiss; at any rate, we'll make the experiment—not that I would wish to give my name to the public—nay, there might be some one learned friend might be acknowledged in the preface after what flourish your nature will—I am a total stranger to antiquarian."

Lovel was not entertained by a declaration not very consistent with the eagerness whereby his friend seemed to catch at an opportunity of coming before the public, though in a manner which rather resembled his own, he being behind a certain point of learning into one. The Antiquary was, indeed, uncommonly delighted; for, like many other men who spend their lives in obscure literary research, he had a secret ambition to appear in print, which was checked by cold fits of diffidence, fear of criticism, and habits of in- dolence and procrastination. But, thought he, I may, like a second Trucer, discharry my shafts from behind the shield of my ally; and admit that he should not prove to be a first-rate poet, I am in no shape answerable for his deficiencies, and the good notes may very probably help off an indifferent text.

—but he is—he must be a good poet—he has the real Parnassian abstraction—seldom answers a question till it is twice repeated—drinks his tea scalding, and with his feet in his pockets, putting his hand into his mouth. This is the real Caxton, the queen of the Welsh bards, the divina ophitata that transports the poet beyond the limits of sublinary things. His visions, too, are with me; I remember him saying that he recollect to send Caxton to see what the he puts out his candle to-night—poets and visionaries are apt to be negli- gent in that respect. Then, turning to his com- panions, he expressed himself kind in continuance, by saying, "Yes, my dear Lovel, you shall have full notes; and, indeed, I think we may introduce the whole of the Essay on Castrametation into the appendix—It will give grace to the work, and revive the good old forms so disgracefully neglected in modern times. You shall invoke the Muse—and certainly she ought to be propitious to an author, who, in an apostatizing age, adores with the faith of Abel, the ancient form of adoration. Then we must have a vision—in which the genius of Ca- ledonia shall appear to Galgacus, and shew him a procession of the real Scythian monarchs—and in the notes I will have a hit at Boehms—no; I must not touch that topic, now that Sir Arthur is likely to have vexation enough besides. I'll annihilate Osian, MacAcherson, and MacCrae."

"But we must consider the expense of publication," said Lovel, willing to try whether that hint would fall like cold water on the blazing zeal of his self-elected editor."

"Expense!" said Mr. Oldbuck, pausing, and mecha- nically fumbling in his pocket—"that is true—I would wish to do something—but you would not like to publish by subscription?"

"By no means," answered Lovel.

"No, no! I gladly acquiesce the Antiquary. I'll pay the bills. I know a bookseller who has a value for my opinion, and will risk print and paper, and I will get as many copies sold for you as I can."}

"O, is it not the constant or the mendacious author," answered Lovel, smiling; "I only wish to be out of risk of loss."

"Hush! hush! we'll take care of that—throw it all on the publishers. I do long to see your labour rewarded."

This confused speech brought them to Monkshams, where the Antiquary had to undertake a editorial from his sister, who, though no philosopher, was waiting to deliver a lecture to him in the portico. Guide by Lieutenant Monksham's maps, or clashing the ends of lines into rhyme like the moderns, one may be an architect though unable to labour like a stone-mason—Don't think Palladio or Vitruvius ever cared for a hill.

In that case there should be two authors to each poem: one to think and plan, another to execute.
A fair bargain! when ye gied the limmer a full half o' what she seek't—An' ye will be a wife-carie, and lay fish at your ain hands, ye said never bid much more than a quarter. And the impudent queen had the assurance to come up and seek a dram — But I throw, Jenny and I sorted her her.

Truly, Mr. Oldback, (with a sly look to his companion,) "I think our estate was gracious that kept us out of hearing of that controversy.—Well, well, Grizel, I was wrong for once in my life—ultra cautious! I fear, however, that hand expense—killed a cow—we'll eat the fish, cost what it will.—And then, Lovel, you must know I pressed you to stay here to-day, the rather because our cheer will be better and our table more healthful this evening, having just a gaudé—" I love the reveries of a feast better than the feast itself. I delight in the analeps, the collectanea, as I may call them, of the preceding day's dinner, which appear on such occasions. And see, there is Jenny going to ring the dinner-bell."

CHAPTER XV.

"Be this letter delivered with haste—haste—post-haste! Ride, villain, ride,—for thy life— for thy life!"—

LEAVING Mr. Oldback and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back-parlour of the post-master's house at Fairopt, where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in writing letters, and looking over the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossip flits particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman at home, in order, from the outside of the epistles, or, if they are not belted, occasionally from the inside also, to amuse themselves with gleanings of information, or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbours. Two females of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting, or impeding, Mrs. Mailsetter in her official duty. "En, preserve us, sir," said the butcher's wife, "there's ten, eleven—twall letters to Tennant & Co.—thee folk do mair business than a' the rest o' the burgh." "Ay, but see, lass," answered the baker's lady, "there's twa o' them laudened unco square, and sealed at the tae side—I doubt there will be protest bills in that." "Is there any letters come yet for Jenny Caxion?" inquired the woman of joints and giblets—the lieutenant's been awa three weeks." "W reconcly Tuesday was a week," answered the dame of letters. "Was't a ship-letter?" asked the Fornarina. "In troth it was." "May I have, so far the lieutenant then," replied the mistress of the rolls, somewhat disappointed—"I never thought he wad have lookit ower his shouter after her." "Odd, here's another," quoth Mr. Mailsetter. "A ship-letter—post-mark, Sunderland." All rushed to seize it.—"Na, na, leddies," said Mrs. Mailsetter, interfering, "I hae had enough o' that war—Ken ye that? Mr. Mailsetter got an unco rebuke from the secretary at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter of Ally Bisset's that ye open'd, Mrs. Shortcake?" "Me opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairport; "ye ken yourself, madam, it just came oan' free will in my hand.—What could I help it?—folk said seal wi' better wax." "Wew! I wot that true too," said Mrs. Mailsetter, who kept a shop of small wares, "And we have got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken any body wanting it. But the short and the lang o' it is, the state o' the things gin there's any uneasy complaints o' the kind."

"Hout, lass! the provost will take care o' that;" said lair, "na; I'll neither trust to provost nor bailie," said the woman of joints and giblets, and I'm no again your looking at the outside of a letter neither—See, the seal has an anchor on't—he's done't wi' ane o' his buttons, I'm thinking.

"Show me! show me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker; and threw themselves in the supposed love-letter, like the weird sisters in Macbeth upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Mrs. Mailsetter was a tall woman, she held the precious couple between her eyes and the window. Mrs. Shortcake, a little squint personage, strained and stood on tip-toe to have a better view of the investigation. "Ay, it's frae him, sure enough," said the butcher's lady, "—I can read Richard Tuffiril on the corner, and it's written, like John Thomson's wallet, free end to end;"

"Haud it lower down, madam," exclaimed Mr. Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required—"'t haud it lower down—Dy ye think naebody can read hand o' writ but yoursell?"

"Wishaht, wishah, sirs, for God's sake!" said Mrs. Mailsetter, "there's somebody in the shop,—that's loud—Look to the customers, Baby!" Babie answered from without in a shrill tone—"It's nobody but Jenny Caxon, ma'am, to see if there's any letter to her."

"Tell her," said the faithful postmistress, winking to her companion, "to come back the morn at six o'clock, and I'll let her ken—we ha' na ha' time to sort the mail letters yet—she's eke in a hurly, at the present moment; and the consequence is the best merchants o' the town.

Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and poise, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappointment, and return meekly home to endure for another night the quickness of the hush, occasioned by hope delayed.

"There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs. Skipper. "Mrs. Skipper," she added, 'for I've got a strange suspicion that at length yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

"Now, that's downright shamefu'," said Mr. Hekbline, "to acom the poor silly gait of a lass after he's kept company wi' her once, and baed his will o' her, as I make nae doubt he has.

"It's but ower muckle to be doubted," echoed Mrs. Shortcake,—"to cast up to her that her father's a banker, and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manly-maider herself! Hout! fy for shame;"

"Hout, leddies," cried Mrs. Mailsetter, "ye's cleane wrong, ma'nds, it's a line out of a song that I have heard him sing, about being tied like the needle to the pole."

"Well, if that may be sae," said the charitable Dame Hekbline,—"but it dinae look well for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' one o' the king's officers."

"I'm nae certain that," said Mrs. Mailsetter, "but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office these love letters—See, here's five or six letter to Sir Arthur Wardour—mayst o' them sealed with wafers, and no wa' x-wa' there will be a downous there, believe me."

"Ay! they will be business letters, and no free o' any of his grand friends, that scale wi' their coat o' arms, as they ca' them," said Mrs. Hekbline. "Aworld, my fule will have a fa'—he hamsa settled his account wi' ye, ye gudeman, the deeman, for this twalmonth—he's let dink, I doubt."

"Nor wa' x-wa' for six month," echoed Mrs. Shortcake,—"he's but a brunt craitur;"

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty post-miss, "from his son, the captain, I think—the seal has a few things wi' the province, and it'll bear a proper postage. He'll be coming home to see what he can sae out o' the fire."

The Baronet, thus divested, they took up the required—patriot's letters for Monksteed, that had been some o' his learned friends now—See how close as they're written, down to the very seal, and a note ending a double-letter—that's just like Monksteeds himself. Well, I'm no going to be of familiarity and neighbourhood, and I'm no again your looking at the outside of a letter neither—See, the seal has an anchor on't—he's done't wi' ane o' his buttons, I'm thinking.
wot I wad be broken if I were to gie sic weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and brimstone, and such like sweetmeats.

"He's a shabby body the laird o' Monkbarns," said Mrs. Heukbene. "He'll make as much muckle about buying a forequarter o' lamb in August as about a back sawy o' beef. Let's taste another dram o' the sinning—(perhaps she meant cinnamon)—washes, Mrs. MAILLESTER, his great ne'er. His Great NE'ER as I did—mony a time he wed waip in to me wi' a brace o' wild deuces in his pock, when my first gudeman was awa at the Falkirk tryit—wel, wel,—wel, wi' his gudeman.

"I winna say any ill o' this Monkbarns," said Mrs. Shortcake; "his brother ne'er brought me any wild deuces, and this is a douce honest man—we serve the family wi' bread, and he settles wi' his luck like we're only he was in an uncye kippage when we sent him a book o' the nick-stick, *whilk, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and customers; and sae they are, nae doubt."

"But look here, lasses," interrupted Mrs. Maillester, "here's a sight for sair e'en! What wad ye gie to ken what's in the wuggle o' this letter?—this is new country I am to you. I hae wid Mr. Lovel, at Lovel, Esq., at Mrs. Hadlowsay's, High-street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N. B. This is just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"It's o' Lord's sake, let's see!—that's the hale town kens mething about—and a weel-far'd lad is—he's let's see, let's see! Thus each and every weighty representatives who are awa—bide alee, I tell you—this is nane o' your four-penny cuts that we might make up the value to the postman. You're in your own respects. It's your chance before the post-office—when one's got to obey—but I'll need no your callant, mony thanks to ye—I'll send little Davie on your powny, and that will be just five-and-three-quarters to like a' our, ye see.

"Davie! the Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year auld—and, to be plain wi' ye, our powny resta a bit, and it's dounest to the road, and naebody can manage him but our Jock."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the postmistress gravely, "it's we maun wait then till the gudeman comes hame, after a'—for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock—our Davie belongs in a manner to the office."

"Aweel, awel, Mrs. Maillester, I see what ye wad be at—but an ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the heart."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling pony was brought out of his box of straw, and again equipped for service (a leather strap across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a tear in his eye, and a switch in his hand. Jock good-naturedly led the animal out of the town, and, by the crack o' the whip, made for the gate o' Fairport, while Davie, naebody kens what to make o' him."

"Weel, weel, leddies," said the postmistress, "we're sit down and crack about it—Baby, bring ben the tea-water—muckle obliged to ye for your cookies, Mrs. Shortcake—and we'll steek the shop, and cry ben Baby, and take a hand at the carties till the gudeman comes hame—and then we'll try your braw sweet-bread that ye were so kind as send me, Mrs. Heukbene."

"But winna ye first send awa Mr. Lovel's letter?" said Mrs. Heukbene.

"I wadna send awa till the gudeman comes hame, for auld Caxton tell'd me that Mr. Lovel stays a' the day at Monkbarns—he's in a high furor wi' the laird and Sir Arthur out o' the see."

"Silly auld doited caries," said Mrs. Shortcake; "what gar'd them gae to the dook in a night like yeestern?

A sort of tally generally used by bakers of the olden time in Scotland was, we are told, the stick, and for each loaf as delivered a notch was made on the stick. It is not improbable that the same kind of check, may have occasioned the Antiquary's partiality. In Prior's time the English bakers had the same sort of reckoning.

Have you not seen a baker's rod between two equal panners away? Her tally wears as lie and idle, placed exactly in the middle.
without stopping, except just to inquire the way to Macombars, and allow of extraordinary mission to a very peaceful and retired individual, was variously explained. Some said Lovel was an emigrant noble, summoned to head an insurrection that had broken forth, or was a real dragoon as could well be imagined, was carried onwards towards Macombars by the pony, so long as the animal had in his recollection the crack of his usual instrument of chastisement, and the shouts of the butcher's boy. But feeling how Davie, whose short legs were unequal to maintain his balance, swung to and fro upon his back, the pony began to dissemble further compliance with the intimations it had received. For then, he slackened his pace to a walk. This was no point of quarrel between him and his rider, who had been considerably decomposed by the rapidity of his former motion, and who now took the appearance of his child's pet to go as gingerbread, which had been thrust into his hand by his mother, in order to reconcile this youthful maimer of the post-office to the discharge of his duty. By and by, he was too stout to be carried on the back, and Davie's discipline to twitch the rein out of Davie's hands, and apply himself to browse on the grass by the side of the lane. Sorely astounded by these symptoms of self-willed rebellion, and afraid alike to sit or fall, poor Davie lifted up his voice and went aloud. The pony, hearing this pudder over his head, began apparently to think it would be best both for himself and Davie to proceed to Fairport. Accordingly, he commenced a retrograde movement towards Fairport. But, as all retreats are apt to end in utter rout, so the steed, alarmed by the boy's cries, and by the weight which was evidently thrown upon his enormous forefoot—finding also his nose turned homeward, began to set off at a rate which, if Davie kept the saddle, (a matter extremely dubious,) would soon have precipitated him into a state of that mangle, while the mist was raised, and Davie, at a turn of the road, an intervening auxiliary, in the shape of old Edie Ochiltree, caught hold of the rein, and stopped his farther proceeding. "What's aught ye callin'? what for a gate that's to ride?"

"I canna help it!" blubbered the express; "they canna me little Davie.'"

"And where are the gaun?"

"I'm gaun to Macombars wi' a letter."

"Stirra, this is no the road to Macombars."

But Davie could only answer the exposal with a sigh and a tear.

Old Edie was easily moved to compassion where childhood was in the case.—I wanna gaun that gate, he thought, but it's the best o' my way o' life that I canna be weel out o' my road. They'll get me quarter at Macombars ready enough, and I'll e'en hirrie awa there wi' the wean, for it will knock its harns out, pair thing, if there's no somebody to guide the poony. —Sae ye has a letter, hinnay? will you set me o'er?"

"I'm no gaun to let neebly see the letter," sobbed the boy, "till I get to Mr. Lovel, for I am a faithfu' kid, and a neebly." Very right, my little man," said Ochiltree, turning the reluctant pony's head towards Macombars, "but we'll guide him a'ween us, if he's no a' the sweer."
and she makes him tea in a morning, and he settles here among us.

"But does he never stir abroad?"

"He has clean gien up walking, and he sits a day in his room reading or writing; a hantle letters he has put aboard, and others he puts to the post-office our post-house, though Mrs. Hadoway offered to carry them herself, but sent them under seal to the sheriff, and it's Mrs. Mabellet's belief, that the sheriff sent his hantle to be give in in the post-office at Tannington; it's my poor thought, that he isolated their looking into his letters at Fairport; and well he need, for my poor daughter Jenny"—she sat down to your womankind, Caxon.

About this poor young lad—Does he write nothing but letters?"

"Ou, say—hale sheets o' other things, Mrs. Hadoway. Aye, she wishes me; he could be gotten to take a walk; she thinks he's but looking purily, and his appetit's clean gone; but he'll no hear o' ganging over the door-stane—him that used to walk and muckle too.

"That's wrong; I have a guess what he's busy about; but he must not work too hard neither. I'll go and see him this very day—he's deep, doubleous, in the Caledonian.

Having formed this manful resolution, Mr. Oldbeck equipped himself for the expedition with his thick walking-shoes and grained head-cane, muttering an inaudible prayer to the deities of war chosen for the motto of this chapter; for the Antiquary was himself rather surprised at the degree of attachment which he could not but acknowledge he entered into the matter. The thing was now standing easily solved. Lovel had many attractive qualities, but he won our Antiquary's heart by being on so many occasions an excellent listener.

A man to whom he had become somewhat of an adventure with Mr. Oldbeck, and one which he did not often care to undertake. He hated greetings in the market-place; and there were generally loiterers in the post-office who persisted in asking which he thought about the news of the day, or about some petty pieces of business. So on this occasion, he had no sooner entered the streets of Fairport, than it was "Good-morrow, Mr. Oldbeck—a sight o' your's guide for saer en—what d'ye think of the news in the Sun the day?—they say the great attempt will be made in a fortnight."

"I wish to the Lord it were made and over, that I might hear no more about it."

"Monkbars, your honour," said the nursery and webs-man, "I hope the plants gied satisfaction; and I wish you'd send the free Holland, and this in a lower key—an anker or two o' Colognes gin, an o' our brigs cam in yestreen."

"Thank ye, thank ye—no occasion at present, Mr. Youngmen," said the Antiquary, pushing resolutely onward.

"Mr. Oldbeck," said the town-clerk, (a more important person, who came in front and ventured to stop the old gentleman,) "the provost, understanding you were in town, begs on no account that you'll quit it without seeing him; he wants to speak to ye about bringing the water frae the Fairwell spring through the street, as he says an improvement."

"What the deuce have they nobdy's land but mine to cut and carve on?—I won't consent, tell him."

"And the provost," said the clerk, going on, without noticing the rebuff, "and the council, was agreeable that you have the said stanes at Donald's chapel, that ye was wusing to have.

"Ah, that?—Oo, that's another story—Well, well, I'll call upon the provost, and we'll talk about it.

"But ye maun speak your mind on't forthwith, Monkbars, if ye want the stanes; for Deacon Feach McManus, who is the carev, through-stanes might be put with advantage on the front of the new council-house—that is, the two cross-legged figures that the callians use to d'ra Robin and Bobbein, ane on the one hand, and the other that they call the Ailie Dailie, abune the door. It will be very tasteful, the deacon says, and just in the style of modern Gothic."

"Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation," exclaimed the Antiquary, "and from that monument of knight-templar on each side of a Grecian porch, and a Madonna on the top of it! O crimini!—Well, tell the provost I wish to have the stones, and we'll see about the carev. It's lucky I happened to come this way, to-day."

They parted mutually satisfied; but the wily clerk had most reason to exult in the dexterity he had displayed, as he contriv'd an exception in the way between the monuments, (which the council had determined to remove as a nuisance, because they encroached three feet upon the public road,) and the privy, hitherto the only inconvenience in the way through the estate of Monkbars, was an idea which had originated with himself upon the pressure of the moment.

Through these various entanglements, Monkbars (to use the phrase by which he was distinguished in the country) made his way at length to Mrs. Hadoway's. This good woman was the widow of a late clergyman at Fairport, who had been reduced, by her husband's untimely death, to that state of straitened and embarrassed circumstances in which the widows of the Scotch clergy are too often found. The tenement which she occupied, and the furniture of which she was possessed, gave her the means of letting a part of her house, and as Lovel had been a quiet, regular, and profitable lodger, and had qualified the necessity of which the house stood, from which it was a great deal of gentleness and courtesy, Mrs. Hadoway, not, perhaps, much used to such kindly treatment, had become greatly attached to her lodger; and for a time was revolted by the idea of the circumstances which permitted her to render him. To cook a dish somewhat better than ordinary for "the poor young gentleman's dinner," to exult his interest with those who remembered her husband, and to guard her own sake and his, in order to procure scarce vegetables, or something which her simplicity supposed might tempt her lodger's appetite, was a labour which she courageously and anxious concealed it from the person who was its object. She did not adopt this secrecy of benevolence to avoid the laugh of those who might suppose that an oval face and dark eyes, with a clear brown complexion, though belonging to a woman of five and forty, and enclosed within a widow's close-drawn pinners, might possibly still aim at making conquests; for, to say truth, such a ridiculous suspicion having never entered into her own head, she could not anticipate its having birth in that of any person else. She thought instead of the hope of delicacy to her guest, whose power of repaying them she doubted as much as she believed in his inclination to do so, and in his being likely to feel extreme pleasure in doing any kindness he had acquired. She now opened the door to Mr. Oldbeck, and her surprise at seeing him brought tears into her eyes, which she could hardly restrain.

"I am glad to see you, sir—"I am very glad to see you. My poor gentleman is, I am afraid, very unwell; and, O, Mr. Oldbeck, he'll see neither doctor, nor minister, nor writer! And think what it would be, if, as my poor Mr. Hadoway used to say, a man was made to die without advice of the three learned faculties!"

"Greatly better than with them," grumbled the cynical Antiquary. "I tell you, Mrs. Hadoway, the clergy live by our sufferings, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry by our misfortunes."

"O fie, Monkbars, to hear the like o' that free you!—But ye'll walk up and see the poor young lad!"

"Heigh, aye!—that lad! He's a muckle different man by day he has eat less and less, and now he hardly touches ony thing, only just pits a bit on the plate to make fashion, and his poor check has turned every day thinner she equipped, and the furniture which was said as me, that might be his mother—no that I might be just that neither, but something very near it."

"Why does he not take some exercise?" said Oldbeck.

"I think we have persuaded him to do that, for he has bought a horse from Gibbie Goliathy, the gallow gaiting groom. A gude judge o' horse-faen Ghobha.

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could our lass that he was—for he offered him a beast he thought was answer him well enough, as he was, but Mr. Lovel, if he had known you, and bought any might err the Master o' Morpke—they keep it at the Greene's Arms, over the street—and he ruled yesterday morning and this morning before breakfast—but winna ye walk up to his room?"

"Presently, presently—"has he no visitors?"

"Oh dear, Mr. Oldbuck, not one; if he wadna recover, he might well and surely, what chance is there of any body in Fairport looking upon him now?"

"Ay, ay, very true—I should have been surprised had I not—Come, show me up stairs, Mrs. Hadoway, lest I make a blunder, and go where I should not."

The good landlady showed Mr. Oldbuck up her narrow staircase, warning him of every turn, and lamenting all the while that he was laid under the necessity of mounting up so high. At length, she gently tapped at the door of her guest's parlour. "Come in," said Lovel; and Mrs. Hadoway ushered in the Laird of Monkbarra.

The little apartment was neat and clean, and decently furnished—ornamented too by such relics of both sea and shore, and every sign, that Mrs. Hadoway had retained; but it was close, overheated, and, as it appeared to Oldbuck, an unwholesome situation for a young person in delicate health, an observation which quite regretted, though it had already occurred to him in Lovel's behalf. With a writing-table before him, on which lay a quantity of books and papers, Lovel was seated on a couch, in his dressing gown, and slippers. Oldbuck was shocked at the change which had taken place in his personal appearance. His cheek and brow had assumed a ghastly white, except where a round bright spot of hectic red formed a strong and painful contrast, totally different from the general cast of pale and haggard complexion which had formerly overspread and somewhat embrowned his features. Oldbuck observed, that the dress he wore belonged to a deep mourning suit, and a coat of the same colour lying on a chair near to him. As the Antiquary entered, Lovel arose and came forward to welcome him.

"This is very kind," he said, shaking him by the hand, and thanking him warmly for his visit; "this in the best kind, and has anticipated a visit of mine. I intended to trouble you—you must know I have become a horsemorlady."

"I understand as much from Mrs. Hadoway—I only hope to receive you in more fortunate a quiet house—I myself inadvertently bought one from the said Gibbie Golightly, which brute ran two miles on end with me after a pack of hounds, with which I had no more to do than the last year's snow, and after affording infinite amusement, I suppose, to the whole hunting field, he was so good as to deposit me in a dry ditch—I hope yours is a more peaceful beast?"

"I hope at least we shall make our excursions on a better plan of mutual understanding."

"That is to say, you think yourself a good horseman?"

"I would not willingly," answered Lovel, "confess myself a very bad one."

"No; all you young fellows think that would be easy to manage with more but lazier at once. But, have you had experience of, crade experto, a horse in a passion is no joker."

"Why, I should be sorry to boast myself as a great horseman; but when I acted as aid-de-camp to Sir — in the cavalry-action at — last year, I saw many better cavaliers than myself dismounted."

"Have you looked in the face of the grisly God of arms then—you are acquainted with the frowns of Mars armatومة? That experience fills up the measure of your qualifications for the campaign! The Britons, I dare say, will remember and be glad in their hearts, that in changing the sign—*cognitari* is the phrase of Tacitus—you recollect the fine description of their dashing among the Ro-

man infantry—although the historian tells us how ill the rugged face of the ground was calculated for them, and that the rest behind the hill, of which sort of chariots could be driven in Scotland any-

where but on turnpike roads, has been to me always matter of amazement. And well now—has the Miss visto you?"

"Oh, yes; but if you are to be the only friend I could ever boast of possessing—"

"Indeed? well, young man," replied his visitor, in a tone of seriousness very different from his affected gravity, "there is nothing like a death while your mutual regard was warm and unchilled, while the tear can drop unembittered by any painful recollection of coldness or distrust or treachery, is perhaps an escape from more heavy dis-

pensation. Look round you—how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendships were formed! our sources of common pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Bancha, and we hew out to our-

selves other reservoirs, from which the first companions of our pilgrimage are excluded—jealousies of preferment, intrigues of rivalry, are like the sun's heat to a plant which has lived apart, until none remain but those who are connected with us, rather by habit than predilection, or who, allied more in blood than in disposition, only keep the old man real to each other in his life, that they may not be forgotten at his death—"

*Hoc data pena du sic venturus—*

Ahh! Mr. Lovel, if it be your lot to reach the chill, cloudy, and comfortless evening of life, you will remember the sorrows of your youth as the light shadowy clouds that intercepted for a moment the beams of the sun were not more—But I throw these words into your ears against the stomach of your sense."

"I am sensible of your kindness," answered the youth, "but the wound that is of recent infection must always smart severely, and I should be little comforted under my present calamity—forgive me for saying so—but by the conviction that life had nothing in reserve for me but a train of successive sorrows. And permit me to add, you, Mr. Oldbuck, have least recourse of many men to take so gloomy a view of life— you have been competent and easy fortunes—are gen-

erally respected—yes, in your own way, I mean music, indulge yourself in the researches to which your taste addicts you—you may form your own society without doors. It is true that your affectionate and sedulous attention of the nearest relatives."

"Why, yes; the woman-kind—for woman-kind are, thanks to my training, very civil and respectable—do not disturb me in my morning studies—creep across the floor with the stealthy pace of a cat, when it suits me to take a nap in my easy-chair after dinner or tea. All this is very well—but I want something to exchange ideas with—something to talk to."

"Then why do you invite your nephew, Cap-

tain M'try, who is mentioned by every one as a fine spiritual young fellow, to become a member of your family?"

"Who? exclaimed Monkbarra, "my nephew Hector?—the Hotspur of the North!—Why, Heaven love you!—you are in the situation in a fine fellow; for my grandson—he's an Almanzor, a Chantom—has a Highland pedigree as long as his chamois, and a chamois as long as the High-street of Fairport, which he rode upon the afternoon he was at Fairport—I expect him here one of these days, but I will keep him at staff's end, I promise you—He is an inmate of my house; I make my very chains as I go along, and some trouble at his return, none of Hector M'try. But hark ye, Lovel, you are a quiet, gentle-tempered lad; had not you better set up your staff at Monkbarra for a month or two, since I shall not return that in change? But—by the way, shall I leave this country? I will have a door opened out to the garden—it will cost but a trifle—there is the space—"
THE ANTIQUARY.

The morning of Friday was as serene and beautiful as if no pleasure party had been held at the Rectory that was a rare event, whether in novel-writing or real life. Love, who felt the genial influence of the weather, and rejoiced at the prospect of once more meeting with Miss Wardour, trotted forward to the place of rendezvous with better spirits than he had for some time enjoyed. His prospects seemed in many respects to open and brighten before him, and hope, although breaking like the morning sun through clouds and showers, appeared now about to illuminate the path before him. He was, as might have been expected from this state of spirits, first at the place of meeting, and, as might also have been anticipated, his looks were so intently directed towards the road from Knockwinnoch Castle, that he was only apprised of the arrival of the Monkbars division by the pre-humming of his steed, and the post-chaise lumbered up behind him. In this vehicle were sent up, first, the stately figure of Mr. Oldbuck himself; secondly, the scarcely less portly person of the Reverend Mr. Flett; thirdly Miss Brecon, the parish in which Monkbars and Knockwinnoch were both situated. The reverend gentleman was equipped in a box wig, upon the top of which was an equilateral cocked hat. This was the paragon of the three yet remaining wigs of the parish, which differed, as Monkbars used to remark, like the three degrees of comparison—Sir Arthur's ramifies being the positive, his own bob-wig the comparative, and the overwhelming grizzle of the worthy clergyman figuring as the superlative. The superintendent of these antique garnitures, deeming, or affecting to deem, that he could not well be absent on an occasion which assembled all three together, had stationed himself on the board behind the carriage, ‘just to be on the way in case they were gentlemen sat down to dinner.’ Between the two massive figures of Monkbars and the clergyman was stuck, by way of boodkin, the slim form of Mary M’Intyre, the aye and the nay, and the man and woman, and a social chat with Miss Beckie Blattergowl, to investigating the ruins of the priory of Saint Ruth.

As greetings passed between the members of the Monkbars party and Mr. Lovel, the Baronet's carriage, an open barouche, swept onward to the place of appointment, making, with its smoking bays, a smart drive, arms, blazoned panels, and a brace of out-riders, a strong contrast with the battered vehicles and broken-winded hack which had brought thither the Antiquary and his followers. The principal seat of the carriage was occupied by Sir Arthur and his daughter. At the first glance which passed betwixt Miss Wardour and Lovel, her colour rose considerably, but she had apparently made up her mind to receive him with kindness, and only as such, and there was equal composure and courtesy in the mode of her reply to his fluctuating salutation. Sir Arthur hailed the barouche to shake his presence kindly by the hand, and intimate the pleasure he had on this opportunity of returning him his personal thanks; then mentioned to him, in a tone of sligh: introduction, "Mr. Doust" and Mr. Lovel.

Lovel took the necessary notice of the German, adept, who occupied the front seat of the carriage, which is usually conferred upon dependants or inferiors. The ready grin and the Ingenious manner with which his salutation, though slight, was answered by the foreigner, increased the internal dislike which Lovel had already conceived towards him; and...
was plain, from the tour of the Antiquary's shaggy eye-brow, that he too looked with displeasure on this addition to the company. Little more than distant glances passed among the members of the party until, having rolled on for about three miles beyond the place at which they met, the carriages at length stopped at the sign of the Four Horse-shoes, a small house in the hamlet of Caxon. Here the door was opened, and let down the step of the hack-chaise, while the inmates of the barouche were, by their more courtesy, assisted to leave their equipage.

Here was passing mention of young ladies shook hands; and Oldbuck, completely in his element, placed himself as guide and Cicerone at the head of the party, who were now altogether on foot towards the object of their curiosity. He took care to detain Lord close beside him as the best listener of the party, and occasionally glanced a word of explanation and instruction to Miss Wardour and Mary McIntyre, who followed next in order. The Baron and the clergyman he rather avoided, as he was aware both of them conceived they understood such matters as well, or better, than he did; and Doughters, swelled, besides that he looked on him as a confidant, was so nearly connected with his apprehended loss in the stock of the mining company, that he could not address him. These and other matters made therefore, attended upon the orb of Sir Arthur, to whom, moreover, as the most important person of the society, they were naturally induced to attach themselves.

It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of Scottish scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that you may travel through the country in complete ignorance of being aware of your vicinity to what is well worth seeing, unless intention or accident carry you to the very spot. This particularly the case in the country around Fairport, which is generally a low-lying, open, immeasurably and her less, but here and there the progress of rills, or small rivers, has formed dells, glens, or, as they are provincially termed, duns, on whose high and rocky banks trees and shrubs of all kinds find a shelter, and grow with a luxuriant profusion, which is more gratifying, as it forms an unexpected contrast with the general face of the country. This was eminently the case with the approach to the ruins of Stain Ruth, which was for some time merely a sheep-track, along the side of a steep and bare hill. By degrees, however, this path descended, and widened round the hill, for the purpose of giving at first singly, then two, then three, stunted, and blighted, with locks of wool upon their trunks, and their roots hollowed out into recesses, in which the sheep love to repose themselves,—a sight much more familiar to me than to any other writer of picturesque than to that of a planter or forester. By and by the trees formed groups, fringed on the edges, and filling up in the middle, by thorns and hazel bushes; and at length these groups closed so much together, that, although a broad glade opened here and there under their boughs, or a small patch of bog or heath occurred which had refused nourishment to the seed which they sprinkled round, and consequently remained open and waste, the scene might on the whole be termed decidually woodland. The sides of the valley began to approach each other more closely; the rush of a brook was heard below, and, between the intervals afforded by openings in the natural wood, its waters were seen hurrying clear and rapid with some fury.

Oldbuck now took upon himself the full authority of Cicerone, and anxiously directed the company not to go a foot-broad off the track which he pointed out, and which they were to enjoy in full perfection what they came to see. "You desire me in the name of guide, Miss Wardour," exclaimed the veteran, waving his hand and head in cadence as he repeated with emphasis.

"I know each lane, and every alley green, Doughters, on the face of the dell, of this wood,
And every peaky bower from side to side.

Ah, gentle take it—that spray of a Bramble has demolished all Caxon's labours, and nearly canted my wig into the stream—so much for recitations," etc.

"Now mind, my dear sir," said Miss Wardour, "you have your faithful attendant ready to repeat such a disaster when it happens, and when you appear as restored to its original splendour, I will carry on the quotation:

"So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And charity in like manner repairs its drone,
And trims his beams, and with new spangled ore
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"O enough, enough!" answered Oldbuck; "I ought to have known what it was to give you advantage over me, but her was what now becomes of foot towards the object of their curiosity. He took care to detain Lord close beside him as the best listener of the party, and occasionally glanced a word of explanation and instruction to Miss Wardour and Mary McIntyre, who followed next in order. The Baron and the clergyman he rather avoided, as he was aware both of them conceived they understood such matters as well, or better, than he did; and Doughters, swelled, besides that he looked on him as a confidant, was so nearly connected with his apprehended loss in the stock of the mining company, that he could not address him. These and other matters made therefore, attended upon the orb of Sir Arthur, to whom, moreover, as the most important person of the society, they were naturally induced to attach themselves.

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There was the retreat of learning in the days of meass, Mr. Lovel," said Oldluck, around whom company had now grouped themselves while they enjoyed the unexpected opening of a prospect so scant; "there reposed those wights who were weary as world, and devoted either to that which was above or below, as well as it was all-powerful and all-good who should follow them in this. I will show you the library—see that stretch of wall with re-advanced window—there it existed, stored, as it were, with a thousand volumes. And here I might well take the mantle of the learned Leland, who, sitting in the car, the oratories, rooms, like Rachel weeping for her children, the papal laws, decrees, decreets, clementines, and such drugs of the devil, yes, if Heytesbury's had Porterbury's universal, Aristotle's logic, Duns's divinity, with such other loose legedere, (begging your pardon, Miss Wardour,) and of the bottomless pit, had kept out of our library the accomodation of grocers, candles, soap, others, and other worldy ones, we shall have therewith contented. But, to put ancient chronicles, our noble histories, our learned matronies, and all such posses of contempt and subjection, has greatly added our nation, and showed ourselves disbarred in the eyes of posterity to the utmost stretch of the gills. And, O John Knox," said the baronet, "through us influence, and under whose suspicions, the patriav task was accomplished."

The Antiquary, somewhat in the situation of a decock, caught in his own spigre, turned short and coulded, to excuse a slight blush as he raised his answer—As to the Apostle of Scottish reform, Miss Wardour broke in to interrupt a conversa so dangerous. "Pray, who was the author quoted, Mr. Oldluck?"

"Humph," said Miss Wardour, who lost his hes on witnessing the destruction of the conven libraries in England.

"Now I think," replied the young lady, "his mis take may have saved the rationality of some tern antiques, which would certainly have been wiped if so vast a lake of learning had not been finished by draining."

Unusual, the Barony, there is no danger now—have hardly left us a spoonful in which to per a diet, a lam."

"Saying, Mr. Oldluck led the way down the b path, but secure path, which soon placed on the verdant meadow where the ruins stood. Here they lived," continued the Antiquary, "with right to do and to spend their time in investigating the antiquities of the place, and, I think, as the inscription, composing new works for the information of the, perty."

"And," added the baronet, "in exercising the rite reception with a pomp and ceremonial worthy of office of the priesthood."

And if Sir Arthur's excellence will permit," said German, with a low bow, "the monk might need to vary curious experiment in her labors, both in chemistry and magia naturale."

"I think," said the clergyman, "they would have much to do in collecting the tenants of the parsonage concerned of these good planters."

"And all," added Miss Wardour, nodding to the Antiquary, "without interruption from womankind."

"I am fair for," said Oldluck, "this was a place where I was admitted, and we may order rather by what chance the good fathers be to lose it."

"In fact," he continued, "the criticisms on the occupations of those whom the ruins had been formerly possessed, they adored for some time from one moss-grown shrine another, under the guidance of Oldluck, who ex amples, and examples, indicating the cost, the toils, and expenses, and read and expounded to the company various moulder inscriptions which yet were traced upon the tombs of the dead, or under the vacant niches of the painted images. "What is the reason," at length Miss Wardour asked the Antiquary, "why this tradition has preserved to us such meager accounts of the innates of these stately edifices, raised with such expense of labour and taste, and whose owners were in their times so magnific?"

"The mostest tower of a freebooting baron, or squire, who lived by his lance and broadsword, is consecrated by its appropriate legend, and the shepherd will trace the names and facts of its inhabitants; but ask a countryman concerning these beautiful and extensive remains—these towers, these arches, and buttresses, these windows, remains these three words fill up his answer—"they were made by the monks lang syne."

The question was somewhat puzzling—Sir Arthur looked up ward, as if he was to be inspired with an answer—Oldluck shook his bag with the clergyman was of opinion that his parishioners were too deeply impressed with the true presbyterian doctrine to preserve any records concerning the papistical cumbiners of the land, offshoots as they were of the great overshadowing tree of iniquity, whose roots are in the bowels of the seven hills of abomination—Lovel thought otherwise, and began to consider what are the events which leave the deepest impression on the minds of the common people—"These," he confounded, "were not such as resemble the gradual progress of the world to its end and final destruction."

But the earl, by his patience, a world saved from the headlong and precipititious fury of some portentous flood. The ears, by which the vulgar compute time, have always reference to some period of fear and tribulation, and they date by a tempest, an earthquake, or burst of civil commotion. When such are the facts most alive in the memory of the common people, we cannot wonder," he concluded, "that the feroious warrior is remembered, and the meaner abbots are abandoned to forgetfulness and oblivion."

"If you please, gentlewomen and ladies, and asking pardon of Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and this worthy clergyman, and my noble host, Mr. Oldluck, who is my countryman, and of goot young Mr. Lofel also, I think it is all owing to the hand of glory."

"The hand of what?" exclaimed Oldluck.

"The hand of glory, my good master Oldluck, which is a very great and terrible secret—which the monks used to conceal their treasures when they were driven from their cloisters by what you call Reform."

"Ay, indeed! tell us about that," said Oldluck, "for these are secrets worth knowing."

"Why, my young master Oldluck! you will only laugh at me—but the hand of glory is very well known in the countries where your worthy progenitors did live—and it is hand cut off from a dead man, and in acid, and in cold, and in vinegar, as has been the practice, and burnt, not burnt but worn in de shome of juniper wood, and if you put a little of what you call wof your juniper, it will not be any better—that is, it will not be no worse—then you do take something of de fate of de hear, and of de badger, and of de great boar, and of de little suckling child as has not been christened, (for that is very essentials,) and you do make a candle, and put it into de hand of glory at de proper hour and minute, with de proper ceremonious, and he who seeks for treasures shall never find none at all."

"I dare take my corporal oath of that conclusion, said the Antiquary. "And was it the custom, Mr. Donsterschvil, in Wurthalia, to make use of this elegant candle?"

"Always, Mr. Oldluck, when I did not want nobody to talk of nothing you wash doing about. And de monk always did this when they wanted to make anything, to confound, to hide their doings, to surfide, to deceive, and do rings, vid very prattish stones and jewels."

"But, notwithstanding, you knights of the Roxy Crease have made a heap of nonsense of this idea, in the cost and discovering what the poor monks have put themselves to so much trouble to conceal?"

"Ah! goot Mr. Oldluck," replied the youth.
The Antiquary. [Chap. XVII.

shaking his head mysteriously, "you was very hard to
not to have some of that huge pieces of
de plate so massive, Sir Arthur—so fine fashion,
Miss Wardour—and de silver cross dat we did find
that was Schnaper and my ownself) for de Herr First
Beider, de ladies in de Eleutherian, and Willem de
dee was, I do believe you would have believed then."]

"Swine is believing indeed—but what was your
art—what was your mystery, Mr. Dousterswivel?"

"Ah, Mr. Oldenbuck, I dat is my little secret, mine
saut sir—you call forgive me that I not tell that—but
I will tell you dere are various ways—yes, indeed,
dere is de dream dat you dream tree times, dat is a
very sure way.

"I am glad of that," said Oldbuck; "I have a
friend (with a side-glance to Lovel) who is pecu-
liarly favored by the visits of Queen Mab.

"Den dere is de sympathies, de antipathies, and
de strange properties and virtues natural of di-
verse herb, and of de little divining rod.

"I would gladly rather see some of these wonders
than hear of them," said Miss Wardour.

"Ah, but, my much-honoured young lady, this is
not de time or de way to do de great wonder of find-
ing all de church's plate and treasure; but to oblige
you to your own patron, de reverend clergyman, and
goot Mr. Oldenbuck, and young Mr. Lofel, who is a
very goot young gentleman also, I will show you dat it is possible, a very possible, to
disclose to God and de little Frendza hidden in
de ground, without any mattock, or spade,
or dig at all.

"Upham" quoted the Antiquary, "I have heard of
the excavating. That will be no very productive
art in our country—you should carry that property
to Spain or Portugal, and turn it to good account.

"Ah! my goot Master Oldenbuck, dere is de Inqui-
si- tion, and we must not do tell, or de turn me, who
am but a simple philosopher, for one great con-
grunter."

"They would cast away their coals then," said
Oldbuck; "but," continued he, in a whisper to Lovel,
"what sport is it for them to do? for these de
delincents that ever wagged a tongue, they would
square the punishment more accurately with his de-
serts. But let us see—I think he is about to show us
some of his leg-der-mann.

In truth, the German was now got to a little cope-
thecket at some distance from the ruins, where he
affected busily to search for such a wand as should
suit the purpose of his mystery; and after cutting,
and examining, and rejecting several, he at length pro-
vided himself with a small twig of hazel terminating
in a forked end, which he pronounced to possess the
virtues which it was the aim of his experiment to
be about to exhibit. Holding the forked ends of the wand
each between a finger and thumb, and thus keeping
the rod upright, he proceeded to pace the ruined walls
and cloistered court, by the rest of the company in
admiring procession. "I believe dere was no water
here," said the adept, when he had made the round
of several of the buildings, without perceiving any of
those indications which he pretended to expect—"I
believe these Scotch monkish did find de water too
cool for de climate, and alwaayz drank de goot con-
forable Rhine wine—but, aha!—see there. Accord-
ingly, the assistants observed the rod to turn in his
fingers, although he pretended to hold it very tight.—
"Dere is water here about sure enough."—and,
turning this way and that way, as the agitation of the
divining rod seemed to increase or diminish, he at
length advanced into the midst of a vacant and roof-
less enclosure, which had been the kitchen of the
priory, when the rod twisted itself so as to point
almost straight downwards. "Here is de place,"
said the adept, "and if you do not find de water here,
you will give all you leave to call me an impudent
knave."

"I shall take that license," whispered the Anti-
quary to Love, "whether the water is discovered
or no.

"Dere wan, who had come up with a basket of cool
refreshments, was now dispatched to a neighbouring
forester's hut for a mattock and pick-axe. The loose
stones and rubbish being removed from the spot in-

dicated by the German, they soon came to the side
of a regularly basaltic wall, and when a few feet of
rubbish were cleared out by the assistance of de
forester and his sons, the water began to rise rapidly
to the delight of the philosopher, the astonished a-
dent, and the ladies in the Eleutherian, and the sup-
prise of Lovel, and the confusion of the incredulous
Antiquary. He did not fail, however, to enter his pro-
test in Lovel's ear against the miracle. This is
more trick," he said softly, "this is not intended as a
more serious fraud; see how the rash man assumes con-
sequence, and plumes himself upon the credit of his
success, and how poor Sir Arthur takes in the tale
of nonsense which he is delivering to us as princi-
ple of occult science?

"You do see, my goot patron, you do see, my goot
ladies, you do see, worthy Dr. Blunderhury, and
even Mr. Lofel, and Mr. Oldenbuck may see, if
you do will to see, how art has no sway on me at all but
igno-

"And a little money would be necessary also,
would it not?" said the Antiquary.

"Bah! that is a thing about, might be necessary," answered the adept.

"I thought as much," rejoined the Antiquary dryly,
"and I, in the meanwhile, without any divining rod,
will show you the way to most important and
delicious rascals that ever wagged a tongue, they would
square the punishment more accurately with his de-
serts. But let us see—I think he is about to show us
some of his leg-der-mann.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As when a Gryphon through the wilderness,
With wings of flame, o'er hill and dale he roves.
Pursues the ARMAGANIAN, who by stealth
Has stolen out.of the gilded custody of
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend—

Initiated Lat.

When their collusion was ended, Sir Arthur re-
sumed the account of the mysteries of the divining
rod, as a subject on which he had formerly conversed
with Dousterswivel. "My friend Mr. Oldbuck will
now be prepared, Mr. Dousterswivel, to listen with
more respect to the stories you have told us of the
late discoveries in Germany by the brethren of your
association."

"Ah, Sir Arthur, that was not a thing to speak to
those gentlemen, because it was want of creed—what
you call faith—that spoile the great enterprise.""At least, however, let my daughter read the nar-
rate she has taken down of the story of Martin Wi-lebrand.

"Ah, that was very true story—but Miss Wardour,
she is so sly and so witty, that she has made it just
like one romance—as well as Goethe or Wieland
could have done it, by mine honest work."

"You are right, with, Mr. Dousterswivel," answered
Miss Wardour, "the romantic predominated in the
legend so much above the probable, that it was im-
possible for a lover of fairy-land like me to avoid lending
a few touches to make it perfect in its kind. But
here it is, and if you do not incline to leave this
shade till the heat of the day has somewhat declined,
and will have sympathy with my bad exposition, except Sir Arthur or Mr. Oldback will read it to us."

"Not I," said Sir Arthur; "I was never fond of reading aloud."

He declared Oldback, "for I have forgot my spectacles—but here is Lovel, with sharp ears, and a good voice; for Mr. Blattergowl, I know, never reads anything, lest he should be suspected of reading his own compositions!"

The task was therefore imposed upon Lovel, who, received, with some trepidation, as Miss Wardour delivered with a little embarrassment, a paper containing the whole of the passages that he considered the most exciting of the narrative, with a few reflections, the peasants from injurious circumstance bought themselves to stones, and having published the prayer very lambently, they drove him out of the paunch to press the stone upon his temple."

Three young men, who had been present and assisting on this occasion, were upon their return to the hut where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indecent and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended he was not a spirit, but an old man of the place, who had no conception of the power or nature of the magic. Among the several stories that the peasants related, there is a favourite one, which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, in a line parallel to the bases of the great ridges of the mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.

In earlier times, the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, he was wont, with the capuchins usually ascribed to those earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their wo. But it was observed, that even his gifts often turned out, in the long run, to the harm of his own workers, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burden whereof was a warning against having thoughts of the demon. The Harz gives the demon in the story, which the fortune of Martin Waldck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the point of a thatched church at a little hamlet called Jergenbrodt, lying in the Harz district, from which he was accused against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and fiends, and, in particular, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun their work at a distance; but in this region it was placed under the reign of Charles V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accurstomed quiet demon, who had been banished from the Brockenberg for so many ages, sanguinely confounded with a cloud of mist, like the image of the magic lantern upon a white sheet, supposed to have formed the apparition.

* The outline of this story is taken from the German, though the author is at present unable to say in which of the various relations of the popular legends in that language, the original was found.

The shadow of the person who live the phaenomen, being described in a cloud of mist, like the image of the magic lantern upon a white sheet, is supposed to have formed the apparition.

Peelabub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The appellation of the spirit might avenged himself on them for listening to such an infamous sentence, added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to take away to them, what he pleased: but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are let at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for all. In their impetration by the words of God, and reflections, the peasants from injurious circumstance bought themselves to stones, and having published the prayer very lambently, they drove him out of the paunch to press the stone upon his temple."

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leased their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one at a time, until his brother's watch was finished. Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed, by observing, upon the opposite bank of the river, what appeared to be some figure that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures.

Max at first thought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and the difficulty he had to wake the elder brother, he also disturbing Martin—conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, sent perhaps in consequence of the venetrous expressions used by Martin one of the previous night to be returned to him, he thought it best to take himself to the safeguard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition.

After blazoning for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their discords, were introduced to the spectator as the red glowing light, moving and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystic ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his brother, and was more naturally attracted to the object of his wonder; and, accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed upon the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it, notes George, the peculiar and somber color which are seen in a troubled dream; and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognizing the well-known apparition of the Hartz demon, as he had been often described to him by the aged and sagacious man who had seen it perform traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but, upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the fourth Psalms upon his knees, praying that it was in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley; and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair streaming upright under his collar's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scattered oak-tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak tree, so lately agitated and danced, their wreaths of flame and smoke were moist with the dew of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and reported to his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost seemed to be sown in the soul with impunity.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well advanced. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was stored in order to have it the following morning, he was surprised to find it had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursions and its consequences, George had forgotten the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the lumberers; but observing that his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently sufficient to sustain the blaze, and he seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but when he returned to the furnace, he found the fire had not been increased. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day.

The vexed and mortified watchman set about to put some wood into the fire; but when he threw in what he thought was a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaped up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow vale.
When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however, much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as not to produce a general blaze. A proclamation that the summer's efforts and all exertions of bellows and fire-wood, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire would be totally extinct, without kindling any of the other firewood, and observe the fire still kept burning on the hill, although those who had been unused around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to a sense of the most unconquerable determination, desiring to see the advent to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he was brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of wood had been by him. While he was thus occupied, a very bright flame lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire, but, when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, "Dare not to return here again!

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions. Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and in the resulting silence of his heart, he laid aside all the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from his load of muslin, by the loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, and proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, they found in it his hand, and meditated the causes which their skill (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical materialists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

The peasants returned their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth.

Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Walddeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the indignation of the ancient aristocracy of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family.

His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, and his personal conduct was characterized by him kept up a ray, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the abuse of his pretensions.

And now, in the instance of Martin Walddeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil propensity in his nature, which poverty had checked and suppressed, ripened and bore their unflavored fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As Deep calls unto Deep, one had perished, another the fiend of avarice incited that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Walddeck's character, always bold and resolute in the measures of prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal system being exercised by a man who had risen from the very dregs of the people.

His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already disturbed by the spirit of the hermaphrodite, who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the poor. The affluence was accompanied by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication. Martin Walddeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron Von Walddeck, now declined the labour and pursuit of his acquired poverty. But his course found him not under all these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation, addressed to all German nobles of free and honourable descent, and Martin Walddeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two sons, brothers, and officers with the fire still burning on the hill, although those who had been unused around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to a sense of the most unconquerable determination, desiring to see the advent to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he was brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of wood had been by him. While he was thus occupied, a very bright flame lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire, but, when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, "Dare not to return here again!

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as a lapeled file, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the majority of people as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the miseries attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill-employed, exemplified in the fortune of Martin Waldeck.

CHAPTER XIX.

Here has been such a stormy encounter near the ruined castle; "About I know not what!—nothing, indeed; Competitions, degrees, and comparisons of soldiership!—"

A Fair Quarrel.

This attentive audience gave the fair transcriber of the foregoing legend the thanks which politeness required. Oldbuck alone curbed his nose, and observed, that Miss Wardour's skill was something like that of the alchemists, for she had contrived to extract a sound and valuable morsel out of a very trumpery and ridiculous legend. "It is the fashion, as I am given to understand, to admire those extravagant fictions—for me, I bear an English heart, Cursed at first, and raving before it starts."

"Under your favour, my good Mr. Oldbuck," said the German, "Miss Wardour has turned de story, as she does every thing as she touches, very pretty indeed; but all the history of de Hartz goblin, and how he was aëating de donelestone mountains wid a great fir-tree for his walking-cane, and wid de great green bush around his head and his waist—that is as true as I am an honest man."

"There is no disputing any proposition so well guaranteed," answered the Antiquary dryly. But at this moment the approach of a stranger cut short the conversation.

The new comer was a handsome young man, about five-and-twenty, in a military uniform, and bearing, in his look and manner, a good deal of the martial possession, perhaps a little more than is quite consistent with the ease of a man of perfect good breeding, in whom no professional habit ought to predominate. He was at once greeted by the greater part of the company. "My dear Hector!" said Miss McIntyre, as she rose to take his hand.

"Hector, son of Piam, whence comest thou?" asked the Antiquary.

"From Fide, my lord," answered the young soldier, and continued, when he had politely saluted the rest of the company, and particularly Sir Arthur and his daughter—"I learned from one of the servants, as I was in the means of paying my respects to you, that I should find the present company in this place, and I willingly embrace the opportunity to pay my respects to so many of my friends at once."

And to a new one also, my trusty Tranj," said Oldbuck. "Mr. Lovel, this is my nephew, Captain McIntyre—Hector, I recommend Mr. Lovel to your acquaintance.

The young soldier fixed his keen eye upon Lovel, and paid his compliment with more reserve than cordiability; and as our acquaintance thought his coldness almost supercilious, he was equally frigid and houctly in making the necessary return to it; and thus a prejudice seemed to arise between them at the very commencement of their acquaintance.

The observations which Lovel made during the remainder of the evening, and the manner of his deportment, and with irritated susceptibility at another, he now this handsome young soldier assume and exercise all the privileges of a cavalier servente. He limited himself to a single dance, and a few words, putting on her shawl, he attached himself to her in the walks had a hand ready to remove every impediment in her path, and an arm to support her where it was rugged or difficult; his conversation was addressed chiefly to the re-nowned enchantress of the present day to give them the signature of these works, for I particularly directed your attention to the prettiest woman in company, as if the other was unworthy of their notice. But he thought he observed in the conduct of Captain McIntyre something of the same peculiar tenderness, which was calculated to alarm the jealousy of a lover. Miss Wardour also received his attentions; and although his candour allowed them to be of a kind which could not be repaid, but some strange sense, yet it galled him to the heart to witness that she did so.

The heart-burning which these reflections occasioned proved very indifferent seasoning to the dry antiquarian discussions with which Oldbuck, who continued to demand his particular attention, was unremittingly persecuting him; and he underwent, with fits of impatience that amounted almost to loathing, a course of lectures upon monastic architecture, in all its styles, from the massive Saxon to the florid Gothic, and from that to the mixed and composite architecture of James I. First's time, when, according to Oldbuck, all orders were confounded, and columns of various descriptions arose side by side, or were piled above each other, as if symmetry had been forgotten, and the elemental principles of composition disregarded.

"What can be more cutting to the heart than the sight of evils," said Oldbuck, in rapturous enthusiasm, "which we are compelled to behold, while we do not possess the power of rectifying them?" Lovel answered by an involuntary groan. "I see, my dear young friend, and most congenial spirit, that you feel these enormities almost as much as I do. Have you ever approached them, or met them, without longing to tear, to deface, what is so honourable?"

"Dishonourable!" echoed Lovel, "in what respect dishonourable?"

"I mean disgraceful to the arts."

"Where? how?"

"Upon the porches, for example, of the schools of Oxford, where, at immense expense, the barbarous, fantastic, and ignorant architecture has chosen to represent the whole five orders of architecture on the front of one building."

By such attacks as these, Oldbuck, unconscious of the torture he was giving, compelled Lovel to give him a share of his attention,—as a skilful angler, by now often, in the course of that short walk, to tire over the most frantic movements of his agonized prey.

They were now on their return to the spot where they had left the carriages; and it is inconceivable how often, in the course of that short walk, they became exhausted by the unceasing pressing of his worthy companion, mentally bestowed on the devil, or any one else that would have rid him of hearing more of them, all the orders and disorders of architecture which had been invented or combined from the building of Solomon's temple downwards. A slight incident occurred, however, which sprinkled a little patience on the heat of his discontents. Miss Wardour, and her self-elected knight-companion, neither preceded the others in the narrow path, when the young lady apparently became desirous of remaining nearby, to divert him for a moment, to break off her tête-à-tête with the young officer, fairly made a pause until Mr. Oldbuck came up. "I wished to ask you a question, Mr. Oldbuck, concerning the date of that interdict," said she.

It would be doing injustice to Miss Wardour's savoir faire, to suppose she was not aware that such a question would lead to an answer of no limited length. "It was in the year on which the trumpet sound, plunged, at once into the various arguments for and against the date of 1273, which had been assigned to the priory of St. Ruth by a late antiquarian, or rather a semi-study, who raked up the names of all the priors who had ruled the institution of the nobles who had bestowed lands"
reply, that he invites to his own house such com-
pany as he pleases; and if you mean to ask Sir
Arthur, you must know that Mr. Lovel rendered
Miss Wardour and him a service of the most impor-
tant kind."

"What! that romantic story is true then?—And
pray, does the valorous knight aspire as he is bett-
ing on such occasions, to the hand of the young lady
whom he redeemed from peril?—It is quite in the
rule of romance, I am aware; and I did think that
she was uncommonly happy in his company to
gether, and seemed from time to time as if she
watched whether she was not giving offence to her
gallant cavalier."

"Dear Hector," said his sister, "if you really con-
tinue to nourish any affection for Miss Wardour—"

"If, Mary?—what an if was there?"

"—I own I consider your perseverance as hope-
less."

"And why hopeless, my aged sister?" asked Cap-
tain M'Intyre; "Miss Wardour, in the state of her
father's affairs, cannot pretend to much fortune;
and, as to family, I trust that of M'Intyre is not infe-
rior."

"But, Hector," continued his sister, "Sir Arthur
always considers us as members of the Monkbars
family."

"Sir Arthur may consider what he pleases," an-
swered the Highlander, scornfully; "but any one
with common sense will consider that the wife takes
her husband's rank from the hour of her marriage.

"Gree of fifteen unblemished descents must have
enrolled my mother, if her veins had been filled
with printer's ink."

"For God's sake, Hector," replied his anxious sis-
ter, "take care of yourself—a single expression
of that kind, repeated to my uncle by an indiscreet
and interested eaves-dropper, would lose you his favour
for ever, and destroy all chance of your succeeding to his
estate."

"Be it so," answered the heedless young man; "I
am one of a profession which the world has never
been able to do without, and will far less endure to
waist for half a century to come; and my good
uncle may tuck his good estate and his plebeian
name to your apron-string if he pleases, Mary, and
you may wed this new favourite of his if you please,
and you may both of you live quiet, peaceable, well-
regulated lives if it pleases Heaven. My part is ta-
taken—I'll fawn on the man for an inheritance which
should be mine by birth."

Miss M'Intyre laid her hand on her brother's arm,
and entreated him to suppress his vehemence. "Who,"
she said, "inquires or cares to intrude on the
own hasty temper?—what dangers are you defying,
but those you have yourself conjured up?—Our uncle
has hitherto been all that is kind and paternal in his
conduct to us, and why should you suppose he will
in future be otherwise than what he has ever been,
since we were left as orphans to his care?"

"He is an excellent old gentleman, I must own,"
replied M'Intyre, "and I am enraged at myself when
I chance to offend him; but then his eternal ha-
ranges upon topics not worth the spark of a flint—his
investigations about invalided pots and pans and
tobacco-stoppers past-service—all these things put me
out of patience—I have something of Hotspur in me,
sister, I must confess."

"Too much, too much, my dear brother. Into
how many ricks, and, forgive me for saying, some
of them little credible, has this absolute and violent
temper led you? Do not let such clouds darken the
time you are now to pass in our neighbourhood,
but let our old benefactor see his kinmen in a spoli-
rous, kind, and lively, without being rude, headstrong,
and impetuous."

"Well," answered Captain M'Intyre, "I am school-
ed—good manners be speed; I'll do the evil
thing by your new friend—I'll have some talk with
this Mr. Lovel."

"With this determination, in which he was for the
time perfectly sincere, he joined the party who were
walking before them. The trelle dispute was by
this time ended; and Sir Arthur was"
the subject of foreign news, and the political and military situation of the country, themes upon which every man thinks himself qualified to give an opinion where no gun of the arsenal is aimed; but you were not in England at the time, and Mr. Lovel was probably concerned in the affair."

"I am speaking to a military man, then," said M’Intyre, "I come to enquire to what regiment Mr. Lovel belongs?—Mr. Lovel gave him the number of the regiment.—'It happens strangely that we should never have met before, Mr. Lovel. I know your regiment very well, and have served along with them at different times.'"

A blush crossed Lovel’s countenance. "I have not lately been with my regiment," he replied; "I helped the late campaign on the staff of General Sir—"

"Indeed! that is more wonderful than the other circumstance; for, although I did not serve with General Sir,—I knew his name, knowing the names of the officers who held situations in his family, and I cannot recollect that of Lovel."

At this observation, Lovel again blushed so deeply, as to attract the attention of the whole company, while a scornful laugh seemed to indicate Captain M’Intyre’s triumph. There is something strange in a young soldier blushing to himself, but I will not readily give up my phœnix of post-chaise companions—all his actions, language, and bearing, are those of a gentleman."

While in the mean while, had taken out his pocketbook, and selecting a letter, from which he took off the envelope, he handed it to M’Intyre. "You know the general’s hand in all probability—I own I ought not to show these exaggerated expressions of his regard and esteem for me." The letter contained a very handsome compliment from the officer in question for some military service lately performed. Captain M’Intyre, as he glanced his eye over it, could not deny that it was written in the general’s hand, but dryly observed as he returned it, that the address was wanting. "The address, Captain M’Intyre," he said, "shall be at your service whenever you choose to enquire after it.

"I certainly shall not fail to do so," rejoined the soldier.

"Come, come," exclaimed Old buck, "what is the meaning of all this?—Have we got Hiren here?—We'll have no swaggering, youngsters. Are you come from the wars abroad, to stir up domestic strife in our peaceful land? Are you like bull-dog puppies, forsooth, that when the bull, poor fellow, is removed from the ring, fail to brawl among themselves, worry each other, and bite honest folk’s slams that are standing by?"

Sir Arthur trusted, he said, that the young gentlemen would not so far forget themselves as to give up such an trifling subject as the back of a letter.

Both the disputants disclaimed any such intention, and, with high colour and flashing eyes, protested they were never so cool in their lives. But an obvious damp was cast over the party; they talked in future too much by the rule to besocable, and Lovel, conceiving himself the object of coid and suspicious looks, began to redress his case, so that his indirect replies had given them permission to entertain strange opinions respecting him, made a gallant determination to sacrifice the pleasure he had derived from his companion in dinner days. He knew now.

He affected, therefore, to complain of a violent headache, occasioned by the heat of the day, to which he had not been exposed since his illness, and made a formal apology to Sir Arthur, who, lister more to recent suspicion than to the gratitude due for former services, did not press him to keep his engagement more than good-breeding exactly demanded.

When Lovel had finished andOld buck’s manner seemed more anxious than he had hitherto remarked it. She indicated by a glance of her eye towards Captain M’Intyre, perceiving of it by Lovel, the subject of her alarm, and hoped, by her voice greatly under her usual tone, was not a less pleasant engagement which deprived them of the pleasure of Mr. Lovel’s company. No engagement was had interviewed, he assured her; it was only the return of a complaint by which he had been for some time occasionally attacked.

"The best remedy in such a case is prudence, and I—I, my friend Mr. Lovel, will expect him to employ it.

Lovel bowed low and coloured deeply, and Miss Wardour, as if she felt that she had said too much, turned and went into the carriage. Lovel had next to part with Old buck, who, during this interval, had, with Caxton’s assistance, been arranging his disordered periwig, and brushing his coat, which exhibited some marks of the rude paste he had versed. "What, man?" said Old buck, "you are not going to leave us on account of that foolish Hector’s indiscreet curiosity and vehemence?—Why, he is a boy—questa memoria—mento nostro—friend Horace, I’ll school Hector by and by, and put it all to right."

But Lovel persisted in his design of returning to Fairport.

The Antiquary then assumed a grave tone. "Take heed, young man, to your present feelings. Your life has been given you for useful and valuable purposes, and should be reserved to illustrate the literature of your country; when you choose to expose it in her defence, or in the rescue of the innocent.

Private war, a practice unknown to the civilized ancients, is, of all the absurdities introduced by the Gothic times, the most gross, impious, and cruel. Let me hear no more of these absurd quarrels, and I will show you the treaty upon the duel, which I composed when the town-clerk and provost Mucklewombe found the privileges of gentleman, and challenged each other. I thought of printing my Essay, which is signed Poetarior; but there was no need, as the matter was taken up by the town-council."

"But I assure you, my dear sir, there is nothing between Captain M’Intyre and me that can render such respectable interference necessary."

"See it too, for otherwise, I will stand second to both parties."

So saying, the old gentleman got into the chaise, close to which Miss M’Intyre had detained her brother, upon the same principle that the owner of a quarrelsome dog keeps him by his side to prevent his disturbing another. But Hector contrived to give her preconcerted slip, for, as he was on horseback, he lingered behind the carriages until he fairly turned the corner in the road to Knockwinneck, and then wheeling his horse’s head round, gave him the spur in the opposite direction."

A very few minutes brought him up with Lovel, who, perhaps anticipating his intention, had not put his horse beyond a slow walk, when the clatter of hoofs behind him announced Captain M’Intyre."

The young soldier, his natural heat of temper excited by the rapidity of motion, reined his horse up suddenly and violently by Lovel’s side, and, touching his hat hastily, inquired, in a very haughty tone of voice, "Who are you telling me that your address was at my service?"

"Simply, sir," replied Lovel; "that my name is Lovel, and that my residence is here, the present, Fairport, as you see by this card."

"And this is all the information you are disposed to give me?"

"I see no right you have to require more."

"I find you, sir, in company with my sister," said
CHAPTER XX.

If you fall Honour, 
Never presume to serve her any more; 
But trust to the integrity of arms, 
And the honourable name of soldier. 

A False Quarrell.

Early the next morning, a gentleman came to it upon Mr. Lovel, who was up and ready to give him. He was a military gentleman, a friend of Captain M'Intyre's, at present in Fairport on recruiting service. Lovel and he were slightly own to each other. 'I presume, sir,' said Mr. Alexander, was the name of the visitor, 'that I guess the occasion of my troubling you so daily?'

'A message from Captain M'Intyre, I presume?'

'The same—hold himself injured by the manner which you declined yesterday to answer certain inquiries which he conceived himself entitled to receive—requiring a gentleman whom he found in immediate act with his family.'

'1 will ask, if you, Mr. Lesley, would have nothing to satisfy interrogatories so haughtily and ceremoniously put you?'

'Perhaps not; and therefore, as I know the name of my friend M'Intyre on such occasions, feel very desirous of acting as peace-maker. From t. Lovel's very gentleman-like manner to every one at last strongly wish to see him repel all that sort of bious calumny, which will attach itself to 1 eses situation is not fully explained. If he will come in friendly conciliation, to inform Captain M'Intyre of his real name, for we are led to conclude of Lovel is assumed.'

'I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot admit that account.'

'Or at least,' said Lesley, proceeding, 'that it is the name by which Mr. Lovel has been at all times distinguished—if Mr. Lovel will have the goodness to explain in his own proper way, in which, as I suppose, he should do in justice to his own character, I will answer for the amicable arrangement of this pleasant business.'

'Yes, says to Mr. Lesley, that if I condescend answer questions which no man has a right to ask, I, which are now put to me under penalty of Cap- in M'Intyre's resentment, Captain M'Intyre will

condescend to rest satisfied? Mr. Lesley, I have just one word to say on this subject—I have no doubt my secret, if I had been formed to be safe to it, and particularly if I might be expected to communicate, you, a more stranger, have no right to enquire her.'

Mr. Lovel, if you served as you say you have—"If I have served as I have?"—Yes, sir; such is my expression—if you have served, you must know that you owe me satisfaction er ever will.'

If that be your opinion, I shall be proud to give it you, Captain M'Intyre, in the way in which the ed is generally used among gentlemen.

Very well, sir,' rejoined Hector, and, turning his s round, galloped off to overtake his party. His absence had already alarmed them, and his er, having stopped the carriage, had her neck want into the window to see where he was.

'What is the matter with you now?' said the tuary, 'riding to and fro as your neck were at wager—why do you not keep up with the pace?'

'Forgotten my glove,' said Hector.

'Forgotten your glove!—I presume you meant to say your hat,' answered the old gentleman, 'and you, my young gentleman—you shall return with this afternoon to Monkbars.' So saying, he bid his postilion go on.
unjustifiable in a religious point of view, or he might be wandering about in the present like Cain, with the blood of his brother on his head. And all this might be saved by speaking a single word. Yet, pride whispered, that, to speak that word now, would be as to yield an ignominious right to a wretch. And Daniel was low enough to feel the fear to his silence. Every one, Miss Wardour included, must then, he thought, account him a mean man, and it was well for him to give way to the fear of being shamed. Captain M'Intyre, the explanation he had refused to the calm and handsome protestations of M'Intyre's insinuating behaviour to himself, personally, the air of pretension which he assumed towards Miss Wardour, and the extreme injustice, arrogance, and incivility, of his demands upon a person of his station, seemed to justly him in repelling his rude resolution. In short, he formed the resolution, which might have been expected from so young a man, to shut the eyes, namely, of his calmer reason, and follow the dictates of his offended pride. With this purpose he sought Lieutenant Taffrill.

The lieutenant received him with the good-breeding of a gentleman, and the frankness of a sailor, and listened with no small surprise to the detail which preceded his request, that he might be favoured with his company at his meeting with Captain M'Intyre. When he had finished, Taffrill rose up and wished him good night at least twice. "This is a most singular circumstance," he said, "and really, I am conscious, Mr. Taffrill, how little I am entitled to your request, but the urgency of circumstances hardly leaves me an alternative."

"Permit me to ask you one question," asked the sailor; "is there anything of which you are ashamed in the course of your services, which you have declined to communicate?"

"Upon my honour, no; there is nothing but what, in a very short time, I trust I may publish to the world."

"I hope the mystery arises from no false shame at the lowness of your friends perhaps, or connexions?"

"No, on my word," replied Lovel.

"I have little sympathy for that folly," said Taffrill; "indeed I cannot suppose to have any for speaking of my relations, I may be said to have come myself from before the mast, and I believe shall very soon form a connexion, which the world will think well enough, with a very amiable girl, to whom I have been attached since we were next-door neighbours, at a time when I little thought of the good fortune which has brought me forward in the service."

"I assure you, Mr. Taffrill," replied Lovel, "whatever talk of my parents, my lord, should never think of concealing it from a spirit of petty pride. But I am so situated at present, that I cannot enter on the subject of my family with any propriety."

"It is quite enough," said the honest sailor, "give me your hand; I'll see you as well through this business as I can, though it is but an unpleasant one after all—but what of that? Our own honour has the next call on us after our country—you are a lad of spirit, and I own I think Mr. Hector M'Intyre, with his long pedigree and his air of family, very much of a jackass. His father was a soldier of fortune as I am myself, I suppose, less just as his uncle pleases—and whether one pursues fortune by land, or sea, makes no great difference, I should fancy."

"Well," said his new ally, "we will dine together and arrange matters for this encounter. I hope you understand the use of the weapon?"

"Yes," answered Lovel.

"I am sorry for that—M'Intyre is said to be a marksman."

"I am sorry for it also," said Lovel; "both for his sake and mine—only I must then, in self-defence, take my aim as well as I can."

"Well," added Taffrill, "I will have our surgeon's mate on the field—a good clever young fellow as caulking a ship. I'll let Lesley, who is an honest fellow for a landsman, know, that he stands for the benefit of either party.—Is there any thing I can do for you in case of an accident?"

"I have but little occasion to trouble you," said Lovel; "this small billet contains the key of my curiosity; and there—there—there is one letter of the esoteror, (digesting a temporary swelling of the heart as he spoke) "which I beg the favour of you to deliver at your earliest convenience, and to my little surgeon's mate at the Gresme's arm, over the way, at four o'clock."

"Agreed," said Lovel.

"Agreed," said Taffrill; and the whole affair was arranged.

It was a beautiful summer evening, and the shadow of the solitary thorn-tree was lengthening upon the short green sword of the narrowway which was skirted by the woods that closed around the ruins of St. Ruth. Lovel, and Lieutenant Taffrill, with the surgeon, came up the lane, and exchanged every word of the very uncongenial to the soft, mild, and pacific character of the hour and scene. The sheep, which, during the ardent heat of the day, had sheltered in the trees, and in the brooks, now grazed lazily under the roots of the aged and stunted trees, had now spread themselves upon the face of the hill to enjoy the evening's pasture, and bleated to each other with that melancholy sound, which at once gives life to a landscape and marks its solitude. Taffrill and Lovel came on in deep conference, having, for fear of discovery, sent their horses back to the town by the lieutenants of the district. The opportunity had not yet appeared on the field. But, when they came upon the ground, there sat upon the roots of the old thorn, a figure, as glorious in his decay as the moss-grown but strong and contorted boughs which served him for a canopy. It was old Ochiltree. "This is embarrassing enough," said Lovel; "how shall we get rid of this old fellow?"

"Here, father Adam," cried Taffrill, who knew the mendicant of yore; "here's half-a-crown for you—you must go to the Four Horse-shoes yonder—the little inn you know, and inquire for a servant, and blue and yellow livery. If he is not there you'll wait for him, and tell him we shall be with his master in about an hour's time. At any rate wait till we are all together, and get off with you—come, weigh anchor."

"I thank you for your awfulness," said Ochiltree, pocketing the piece of money; "but I beg your pardon, Mr. Taffrill—I can't gang your errand now."

"Why not, man? what can hinder you?"

"I was speak a word wi' young Mr. Lovel."

"With me?" answered Lovel; "what would you say with me? come, say on, and be brief."

The mendicant led him a few paces aside. "Are ye indebted any thing to the Lord o' Monkbarns?"

"Indeed I can think of but one thing—I what of that? what makes you think so?"

"Ye maun ken I was at the shirra's day; fo' God help me, I gang about a' gates like the wife of the spriet, and wha said come whirring there in a genie, but Monkbarns in an unco carittle-now 'tis but a little thing that will make his honour take a chance and post-horse twa days rannal."

"What? say what is the matter about me?"

"Ou, ye'ere hear, ye'ere hear! Weel, Monkbarns' cloasted wi' the shirra whatever pleases folk may be the, without ye'ere medina doubt that the gentlemen in the castle, and the castle's ancient, was never a hang-tongue."

"For heaven's sake, my old friend—"

"Canna ye bid me gang to the shirra at all?—Lovel! it wad be man purpuris farand than a drop of heaven in that impatient gate."

[There was a pause for the reader to reflect upon the last sentence, and then the page was turned to the next.]}
"But I have private business with Lieutenant Taff-
fril here." "What is it, weel, a' in gude time," said the beggar—
"I can use a little was bit freedom wi'," said Daniel Taff-
fril—"mo'ny the perry and the tap I worked for him
langeyme, for I was a worker in wood as weel as a
man for to serve in the navy." 

"You are either mad, Adam, or have a mind to
drive me mad." 

"Nane o' the twa," said Edie, suddenly changing
his mood and the protected drone of the moni-
cant to a brief and decided tone: "the sherra sent
for his clerk, and, as the lad is rather light o' the tongue,
I fand it was for drawing a warrant to apprehend
yourself, having found the ichard in his pocket
for a body's kens the laird likes nobod'y to put
his hand in his pock—But now I may haud my
tongue, for I see the M'Intyre lad and Mr. Lesley
coming up, and I guess that Monkbar's purpose
was very kind, and that yours is muckle waur than it
should be."

The antagonists now approached, and saluted
with the stern civility which besetted the occasion.
"What has this old fellow to do here?" said M'In-
tyre. 

"I am an auld fellow," said Edie, "but I am also
an auld soldier o' your father's, for I served wi' him
in the 42d."

"Serve where you please, you have no title to in-
trude on us," said M'Intyre, "and you lifted his old
man's hand high about the idea of touching
the old man. But Ochiltree's courage was roused by the
insult. "Haul down your switch, Captain M'In-
tyre! I am an auld soldier, as I said before, and I'll
take my hand from your father's son: and touch
the wand while my pike-staff will haul the other."

"Well, well, I was wrong—I was wrong," said
M'Intyre, "here's a crown for you—go your ways—
what's the matter now?"

The old man drew himself up to the full advanta-
ge of his uncommon height, and in despite of his
dress, which indeed had more of the prison than the ordi-
nary beggar, looked, from height, manner, and em-
phasis of voice and gesture, rather like a gray palmer,
or even a preacher, the ghostly counsellor of the
young men who were around him, than the object
of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as homely as
his habit, but as bold and unceremonious as his eecrt
and dignified demeanour. "What are ye come here
for me, a man—and an auld one too—and with the em-
spired audience; "are ye come amongst the most
lovely works of God to break his laws? Have ye left
the works of man, the houses and the cities that are
built up high in the air and ye come here among the
peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last
whiles uaiting earthly shall endure, to destroy each
other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, the
course of nature to make up a lang account at the close
of it? O airis! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers, that hae
tended ye, and mothers that hae travelled for ye, friends that
hae o'ld ye, like a piece o' their ain heart? And is this
the way ye tak to make them childless and brother-
less and friendless? Ohoon! it's an ill feight whar he
that wins has the worst o' it. Think on't, bairnia—
"I am a man—but I am an auld man too—and with my
poverty takes away the weight of my coun-
sel, grey hairs and a truthful heart should add it
twenty times—Gang hame, gang hame, like gude
lads, a' that. What can be better than to rest
these days, and ye'll hae feaising enough, and maybe
auld Edie will hirpie out himself if he can get a feal-
dike to lay his gun ower, and may live to tell you
what he does the best where there's a good cause
afore ye."

There was something in the unguarded and inde-
dependent manner, landly sentiment, and manly rude
expression of the old man, that had its weight upon
the party, and particularly on the seconds, whose pride
was uninterested in bringing the dispute to a bloody
arbitration, and who, on the contrary, eagerly
waited for an opportunity to recommend reconci-
lia
cion.

"Upon my word, Mr. Lesley," said Taffrill, "old
Adam speaks like an oracle—Our friends here were
very angry on the score of this ridiculous affair.
To-day they should be cool, or at least we must be so
in their behalf—I think the word should be forgotten
and forgiven on both sides, that we should all shake
hands, fire with the English crimson, and then go
clear of the ground.

"Gentlemen," said M'Intyre very coldly, "all this
should have been thought of before. In my opinion,
there are persons that cannot warrant the old
man's doings, and I have done, and who should part without carrying it
any farther, might go to supper at the Greemes'-arms
very joyously, but would rise the next morning with
reputations as ragged as our friend here, who has
obliged us with a rather unnecessary display of his
oratory. I speak for myself, that I find myself
bound to call upon you to proceed without more
delay."

"And I," said Lovel, "as I never desired any,
also have to request these gentlemen to arrange prelimi-
naries as far as possible."

"Bairns, bairns!" cried old Ochiltree; but, perceiving
he was no longer attended to—Madmen, I
should say—but your blood be on your heads!—
And the old man drew off from the ground, which
was now red with his blood, and continued
muttering and talking to himself in sullen in-
dignation, mixed with anxiety, and with a strong
feeling of the fatal curiosity. Without paying further
attention to his father's son, and to the persons,
Mr. Lesley and the Lieutenant made the necessary
arrangements for the duel, and it was agreed that both
parties should fire when Mr. Lesley dropped his
handkerchief.

The fatal sign was given, and both fired almost in
the same moment. Captain M'Intyre's ball grazed
the side of his opponent, but did not draw blood.
That of Lovel was more true to the aim; M'Intyre
reeled and fell. Raising himself on his arm, his first
exclamation was, "It is nothing—it is nothing—give
us the other pistol." But in an instant he said in a
lower tone, "I believe I have enough, and what's
worse, I fear I deserve it. Mr. Lovel, or whatever
your name is, fly and save yourself—Beer all witnesses,
I provoked this by my behaviour to his father to
his father's son; and if he lives, let him put his
hands up and while my pike-staff will haul the other."

"Well, well, I was wrong—I was wrong," said
M'Intyre, "here's a crown for you—go your ways—
what's the matter now?"

The old man drew himself up to the full advanta-
ge of his uncommon height, and in despite of his
dress, which indeed had more of the prison than the ordi-
nary beggar, looked, from height, manner, and em-
phasis of voice and gesture, rather like a gray palmer,
or even a preacher, the ghostly counsellor of the
young men who were around him, than the object
of their charity. His speech, indeed, was as homely as
his habit, but as bold and unceremonious as his eecrt
and dignified demeanour. "What are ye come here
for me, a man—and an auld one too—and with the em-
spired audience; "are ye come amongst the most
lovely works of God to break his laws? Have ye left
the works of man, the houses and the cities that are
built up high in the air and ye come here among the
peaceful hills, and by the quiet waters, that will last
whiles uaiting earthly shall endure, to destroy each
other's lives, that will have but an unco short time, the
course of nature to make up a lang account at the close
of it? O airis! hae ye brothers, sisters, fathers, that hae
tended ye, and mothers that hae travelled for ye, friends that
hae o'ld ye, like a piece o' their ain heart? And is this
the way ye tak to make them childless and brother-
less and friendless? Ohoon! it's an ill feight whar he
that wins has the worst o' it. Think on't, bairnia—
"I am a man—but I am an auld man too—and with my
poverty takes away the weight of my coun-
sel, grey hairs and a truthful heart should add it
twenty times—Gang hame, gang hame, like gude
lads, a' that. What can be better than to rest
these days, and ye'll hae feaising enough, and maybe
auld Edie will hirpie out himself if he can get a feal-
dike to lay his gun ower, and may live to tell you
what he does the best where there's a good cause
afore ye."

There was something in the unguarded and inde-
dependent manner, landly sentiment, and manly rude
expression of the old man, that had its weight upon
the party, and particularly on the seconds, whose pride
was uninterested in bringing the dispute to a bloody
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CHAPTER XXI.

The Lord Abbots had a soul
Shaken by sudden pleasures and searching on the fire;
By magic stairs he went as deep as hell;
And if in devils' pavements gold he kept,
He kept his treasure in a place less sweet.

The Wonders of a Kingdom.

Love, almost mechanically followed the beggar who led the way with a hasty and steady pace, through bush and bramble, avoiding the beaten path, and often turning to listen whether there were any sounds of pursuit behind. He sometimes descended in the very bed of the torrent, sometimes kept a narrow and precariously path, that the sheep (which, with the sluttish negligence towards property of that vast university in Scotland, were allowed to stray in the copse) had made along the very verge of its overhanging banks. From time to time Lovel had a glance of the path which he had traversed the day before in company with Sir Arthur, the antiquary, and the young ladies. Dejected, embarrassed, and occupied by a thousand inquietudes, as he then was, what would he now have given to regain the sense of innocence which alone was counterbalances a thousand evils? "Yet, then," such was his hasty and involuntary reflection, "even then, guiltless and valued by all around me, I thought myself unhappy. Was it not my blood upon my hands—the feeling of pride which urged me to the deed has now deserted me, as the actual deed himself is said to do whose he has tempted to guilt?"

Every spectator for Magdalen said the time before the first pangs of remorse, and he thought he could have encountered every agony of slighted love to have had the conscious freedom from bloodguiltiness which by possession he had in the morning he went in the field of o' the light frea the door o' the cave, flaughiering against the hazzes on the other bank—and then sicken stories as Sanders had about the worry-cows and the gyre-cling, and the little hands of the youngest of them, and the lights that he had seen, and the cross that he had heard, when there was nane mortal ee open but his ain; and eh! as he went thrum them ower and ower to the like o' me aye yin the ain, and wad, wad, wad, when he wad seen rese o' the light frea the door o' the cave, that he would like to see has a light and evil life, and abused charity when they were young, sad sibilins come to lack it when they are said.

At length, as Lovel, exulted by his late indisposition, the harrowing feelings by which he was agitated, and the exertion necessary to keep up with his guide in a path so rugged, began to flag and fail behind him, he presently placed himself on the front of a precipice overhung with brushwood and copse. Here a cave, as narrow in its entrance as a fox-earth, was indicated by a small fissure in the bank, and a rock, one of those which, anchored by its thick and twisted roots in the upper part of the clift, flung its branches almost straight outward from the cliff, concealing it effectually from all observation. It might indeed have escaped the attention even of those who had stood at its very opening, so uninviting was the portal at which the beggar entered. But within, the cavern was higher and more roomy, cut into two separate branches, which, intersecting each other at right angles, formed an emblem of the cross, and indicated the abode of an anchorer of former times. There are many caves of the same kind in different parts of Scotland. I need only instance those of Gorton, near Roslyn, in a scene well known to the admirers of romantic nature.

The light within the cave was a dusky twilight at the entrance, which failed altogether in the inner recesses.

"Few folks ken o' this place," said the old man; "to the best o' my knowledge, there's just twa aye been, and that's right wick and dillin. Lord Linker. I have had mony a thought, that when I found myself auld and forlorn, and no able to enjoy God's blessed air any longer, I wad drag myself hame in this dark gable, and take away what ye canna restore, and that's the breath of man, whilk is in his nostrils— but I say it is a sin to be forgiven if it's repented of. Sinner me are we a' ; but if ye ken another sort of a cockade, and speak a foreign langage, I canna see but a man may have excuse for killing his ain mortal foe, that comes armed to the fair field to kill him. I dunn no what it's richt or wick and dillin, but I haf seen the evil o' his ways, there is as much promise a Uns the wan boarders o' the Testament a wad save the waret o' us, could we but think sau'.
is such scraps of comfort and of dignity as he used, the mendicant thus continued to solicit the attention of Lovel, until the twilight to fade into night. "Now," said Ochitree, "I carry ye to a more convenient place, where I rambled, and love to wander about, and see the sky, and to see the moonlight come through old windows of the runs. There can be no- some here after this time of night, and if they should there is a town, a hotel, a church, and other constables, it will have been over long ago. They are as great cowards as other folk, wi' a warrant and King's key. And has given some o' a game of our own to be played by night-time than by day. So I'll show you near me—But, laden be grace for it, they cannot now for any wear than an auld man and a; and my badge is a gude protection; and then Isabella Wardour is a tower o' strength, ye ken well sighed."—Aweel, dinna be cast down—bolts r' right yet—gibe the lassie time to ken her—she's the wale o' the country for beauty, and a friend o' mine—I gang by the by the kirk on a Sabbath—deil ony o' them wear a hair o' auld Edie's heid now—I keep the o' the carth when we ga to the borough, and others wi' a baillie wi' as little concern as an a reek."

Is the mendicant spoke thus, he was bustled in by the stones in one angle, so he obscured the entrance of the staircase he had spoken, and led the way into it, folk by Lovel in passive silence.

As his free out of the old man; the took care o' that, for they were a lang generation, I reckon—they has contrived ancle, wirile hole, that gang out to the open air, wi' the staircases as a cliff-blade.

There, in the shadow stood ever, loud narrow, it was neither ruinous nor long, easily admitted them into a narrow gallery called a recess. It was the wall of the chancel, which it received air and light through, among the fleur de lis, the Gothic architecture.

is secret passage anes gaed round great part o' ginge," said the beggar, "and through the wa' place I've heard Monkbars ca' the Refractory, not probably Refectory, and so awa to the house. If it'd be hard to use, five o' the monks were saying at meal-time, and then it come ben here and see that they were busy awa wi' the psalm in the dawn below there—en' longed but right of the aye and fetch in a bonnie lass at the cowl for they were queer hands the monks, unless we is made on them. But our folk were at in the passage, the passage in some ad pu' it down in others, for fear o' some unwise getting into it, and finding their way the cowl—it had been a fashionable job my curate, some o' our nocks had been

now came to a place where the gallery was a small circle, sufficient to contain a kit. It was mounted, cutted excellently before it, forward into the chancel, and as its sides were as it were, with perforated stone work, it ded a full view of the chancel which was directed. Edie was a convenient watch-tower, from which a priest, himself unseen, might watch the r' of his monks, and ascertain, by personal a', our punctured into the recess, the secret w' below, the secret station, screened as it was true figure of St. Michael and the dragon open transept around the space, which was composed of a wooden arch. The private place was, in law phrase, the crow-bar and hame for doors and locks, in execution of the king's confined to its pristine breadth, had originally continued beyond this point. The ideas of the vangebands who frequented the cave of St. Ruth had caused them to build it carefully up with stone from the ruin.

We shall be better, Edie, seeing himself on the stone bench, and stretching the lapet of his blue gown upon the spot, when he motioned Lovel to sit down beside him—We shall be better here than down below, the air's fresh and cool, and the savour of the wall flowers, and siccans shrubs as grow on those ruined wa's, is far more refreshing than the damp smell down below yonder. They smell sweetest by night-time than by day. We are not seen about ruined buildings—now, Master Lovel, can o'you your scholars give a gude reason for that?"

Lovel replied in the negative. "I am thinking," resumed the beggar, "that they'll be like many folk's gude gifts, that often seem moist gracious in adversity—or maybe it's a parable, to teach us no to slight them that are in the darkness of sin and the decay of tribulation, for they give us the greatest and most pleasant and quiet fragrances of moonlight, that are lying still on the floor o' this auld kirk, and glancing through the great pillars and stanchions the carvings of the angels, and the leaves and the leaves on the leaves of the dark ivy as the breath o' wind shakes it—I wonder whether this is a pleasing to Heaven than when they were lighted up with lamps, and candles nae doubt, and roughness? and wi' the sky and the frankness that they speak of in the Holy Scripture, and wi' organs assuredly, and men and women singers, and sackbuts, and clarsines, and a' instruments o' music—I wonder if that would be acceptable, or whether it is of these grand parable o' ceremonies that holy writ says 'it is an abomination to me'?

And I'm thinking, Master Lovel, twa pure contrite spirits like yours and mine find grace to make our petition"—

Here Lovel laid his hand eagerly on the mendicant's arm, saying, "Hush! I heard some one speak.

"I am dull o' hearing," answered Edie in a whisper, "but we're surely safe here—where was the sound?"

Lovel pointed to the door of the chancel, which highly ornamented, occupied the west end of the building, surmounted by the carved window, which let in a flood of moonlight over it.

"They can be nae o'er," said Edie in the same low and cautious tone; "there's but twa o' them kens o' the place, and they're mony a mile off, if they are still bound on their weary pilgrimage. I'll ne'er think its the story o' here at this time o' night, I am nae believer in aunt wid's stories about ghosts, though this is gey like a place for them—But mortal, or of the other world, here they come—two men and a light."

And in very truth, while the mendicant spoke, two human figures darkened with their shadows the entrance of the chancel which had before opened to the moonlight, then moonlight meadow beyond, and the small lantern, which one of them displayed, glimmered pale in the clear and strong beams of the moon, as the evening star does among the lights of the departing day. The first and most obvious was, that, despite the secessions of Edie Ochitree, the persons who approached the runs at an hour so uncommon must be the officers of justice in quest of Lovel. But no sooner had the mendicant pointed with a touch and a whisper from the old man warned Lovel that his best course was to remain, yet, and watch their potions from their present place of concealment, than there should any thing more to render unnecessary it, they had behind them the private staircase and ca vern, by means of which they could escape into the wood long before any danger of close pursuit. They kept themselves, then, in the wood, and observed, with eager and anxious curiosity, every accent and motion of those nocturnal wanderers.

*Leeks, o' Guardians.
THE ANTIQUARY.

[Chap. XXI]

After conversing together some time in whispers, the two men proceeded to hold a consultation, and a voice, which Lovel at once recognised, from its tone and dialect, to be that of Dousterswivel, pronounced in a louder but still a muffled tone and a muffled voice, and I daresay in a sort of whisper, yet they should be quite as loud and clear as if they were intended for the ear only, on some particular occasion.

"We must not be over-cautious, or too anxious for the issue of the affair. You shall see, mine host, that he is in the company of a gentleman of distinction, and that his conversation is not to be doubted. I expect to get as rich as one Jew for his poor horse and dray, for so much is it worth.

"That other one," whispered Edie, "maun be—according to a likelihood, Sir Arthur Wadlour. I see nobody but himself had come here at this time at e'en wi' that German blackguard—Ane wad think he's bewitched him—he gars him e'en chaw that chaise is stuck—Let's see what they can be doing."

This interruption, and the low tone in which Sir Arthur spoke, made Lovel lose all Sir Arthur's answer to the adept, excepting the three last emphatic words: "Very great concern;"—whence Dousterswivel replied at once, "Expenses—to be sure—these must be great expenses—you do not expect to reap before you do sow seed. The expenses are of the seed—of the first season. Now we are in the middle of the season, and the expenses are great; but the harvest is still far in the future."

"You are quite right, my dear; I will not conceal your secret from you at all—you see this little plate of silver, which I have in my hand, measures exactly the same size as the first plate."

"But, Dousterswivel," said the simple Baronet, "does this not look like magic? I am a true enough unworthy son of the Episcopal church, and I will have nothing to do with the foul fiend."

"Bah! bah!—not a bit of magic in it at all—not a bit. It is all founded on the celestial influence, and it is not a matter of numbers—no, no, but I daresay you are much finer than I. I do not say that any man is not of the spirit in it, but because of the soundness; but if, you say you are of the spirit, and I shall not be surprised."

"I will be sure to see him at all," said the Baronet, whose courage seemed, from a certain quaver in his accent, to have taken a fit of the ague.

"Dat is great pity," said Dousterswivel; "I should have liked to have seen you a little more clear and distinct. I am like one of those dogs—"and I know how to manage him—"you would not care to see him?"

"Not at all," answered the Baronet, in a tone of perfect assurance; "I think we have been but little time."

"You shall ponder: me, my patron, it is not yet time, and twelve are just our planetary hours, now you show me a dozen, and I will make a show of them, and I will make my picture like a flying serpent with a turkeys-head—very well. Then upon this side I make a little plate of moom mesurin a whole goddam in the space of a day and nine nights."

Now, Sir Arthur, you have sowed this little seed of ten guineas like one pinch of scent, or powder, and if you do not reap the great harvest—dat is the great harvest for the little seed of the season, it must be proportions, you must know—then never call one honest man, Hermann Dousterswivel. Now you see, mine patron—"

"But, my lord, I will not conceal your secret from you at all—"Sir Arthur Wadlour, I have in my hand a little plate, which I am about to make a little plate of moom mesurin a whole goddam, and I have it in my hand, and I have it in my hand, and I have it in my hand."

"Well then, Dousterswivel, with every confidence in your courage and your skill, we will dispense with this apparition, and go on to the business of the night."

"With all mine heart—it is just one thing to me—and now it is the time—hold you do sword and I will take little what you call chip."

Dousterswivel accordingly set fire to a little pile of chips, touched and prepared with some bituminous substance to make them burn fiercely; and when the flame was at the highest, and lightened, with its shrill, shrill, shrill, every sound around, the German finding a handful of perfumes, which produced a strong and pungent odour, the exorcist and his pupil both were so much affected as they sneezed hideously, and, as the vapour floated around the pillars of the building, and penetrated every crevice, it produced the same effect on the beggar and Lovel."

"Was that an echo?" said the Baronet, astonished at the scrutinum which resounded from above; "or—drawing close to the adept, "can it be the spirit you talked of, ridiculing our attempt upon his hidden treasures?"

"No, no," muttered the German, who began to partake of his pupil's terror, "I hope not."

Here a sudden knocking at the door, which the mendicant was unable to suppress, and which could not be considered by any means as the dying fall of an echo, accompanied by a grunting half-smothered laugh, though, of course, not without a few tickles.

"Lord have mercy on us!" said the Baronet.

"All guten Griottern, loben den Herrn" ejaculated the terrified adept. "I was begun to think."

He continued, after a moment's silence, "that this would be de bestmost done in de day-light—we was bestmost to go away just now."

"You juggling villain," said the Baronet, in whom these expressions awakened a suspicion that overcame his terror, connected as it was with the sense of desperation arising from the apprehension of impending ruin,—"you juggling mountebank, this is some legendary trick of yours to get off from the performance of your promise, as you have so often done before. But, before Heaven, I will this night know what I have trusted to when I suffered you to..."

A great deal of stuff in the same purpose with that placed in the mouth of the hero, in whom you may adopt, was the fourth page of Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft. Third Edition. Linnaeus, London, 1865. The appendix is entitled, "An Excellent Description of the Nature and Virtues of Devils and Supernatural Beings," compiled by the First and the Second Editions, and containing the compendium of the whole work."

This second Book, though stated to be according to the first, is, in fact, practically a bulkier work, and contains the republication of the operations of the first Book, and the compendium of the absurd and superstitious ideas concerning witches so far as they were contained in the first, and the conclusion is a serious treatise on the various means of combating spiritual astral spirits.
fool me on to my ruin!—Go on, then, fiance, certainly you don't wish to make a fool of, or confess yourself a knave and an impostor, or, by the faith of a desperate and ruined man, I'll send you where you shall see spirits enough.

'You will find no trembling between his terror for the supernatural beings by whom he supposed himself to be surrounded, and for his life, which seemed to be at the mercy of a desperate man, could only be saved if the man were replaced by the airless being in the house, and an exaltation and a prolongation of the most deplorable whine in which he was accustomed to solicit charity—Dousterswelv flung himself on his knees, 'Dear Sir Arthur, let us go, or let me die.'

'No, you cheating scoundre,' said the knight, unshathing the sword which he had brought for the purpose of the exorcism, 'that shift shall not serve you—Monkbarns warned me long since of your juggling pranks—I will see this treasure before you leave this place, or I will have you confess yourself an impostor, or, by Heaven, I'll run this sword through you and all the spirits of the dead should rise around us!'

'For de lobe of Heaven be patient, mine honoured patron, and you shall have all de treasure as I know of,' said the old man. 'I do not speak about de spirits—it makes them angry.'

'Edie Ochillite here prepared himself to throw in a token of good grace, was restrained by his master, who began to take more serious interest, as he observed the earnest and almost desperate demeanour of Sir Arthur. Dousterswelv, having at once before his eyes the fear of the foul fiend, and the violence of Sir Arthur, played his part of a conjurer extremely ill-habited to assume the degree of confidence necessary to deceive the latter, lest it should give offence to the invisible cause of all his woe, and allow his rolling eyes, muttering, and sputtering German exorcisms, with contortions of his face and person, rather flowing from the impulse of terror than of meditation, fraud, he at length proceeded to a corner of the building where a flat stone lay upon the ground, bearing upon its surface the effigy of an armed warrior in a recumbent posture carved in bas-relief. He muttered to Sir Arthur, 'Miss patrons—it is here—Got save us all!'

Sir Arthur, who, after the first moment of his superstitious fear was over, seemed to have bent up and flung back his gnar'd head, and was in the process of making ready to carry on the adventure, lent the adept his assistance to turn over the stone, which, by means of a lever that the adept had provided, their joint force with much labor with a success sufficient to carry the portmanteau forth below to indicate the subterranean treasure, nor was there any apparition of spirits, earthly or infernal. But when Dousterswelv had, with great trepidation, struck a few strokes with a mattock, and hastily thrown out a shovelled or two of earth, (for they came provided with the tools necessary for digging,) something was heard to ring like a fragment of a falling piece of metal, and Dousterswelv, hastily catching up the substance which produced it, and which his shovel had thrown out along with the earth, exclaimed, 'On mine dear weather—if it is indeed—I mean all we can do to-night,'—and he gazed round him with a crowing and fearful glance, as if to see from what corner the avenger of his imposture was to spring on him.

'Let me see it,' said Sir Arthur; and then repeated still more sternly, 'I will be satisfied—I wish to see—but I wish to see—' and he pointed the object to the light of the lantern. It was a small case, or casket—for Lovey could not at the distance exactly discern its shape, which, from the Baronet's excitement, she did not know—was filled with coin. 'Ay,' said the Baronet, 'this is being indeed in good luck! and if it omens proportional success upon a larger venture, the venture shall be made. That six hundred of Goldsworl's, added to the other incumbrant claims, must have been ruin indeed. If you think we can part with it by repeating this experience, suppose what new changes—I will hazard the necessary advance, come by it how I may.'

'O mine dear patrons, do not speak about all dat,' said Dousterswelv, 'as just now, but help me to put de shone to de rights, and let us begin our own ways.' And accordingly, so soon as the stone was replaced, Sir Arthur was resigned more to his guidance, away from a spot, where the German's guilty conscience and superstitious fears represented ghoulines as lurking behind each pillar with the purpose of punishing his treachery.

'Saw any body e'er the like o' that?' said Mrs. Fugg, when they had disappeared like shadows through the gate by which they had entered—'Saw any creature living e'er the like o' that!—But what can we do for that pur doihted devil of a knight-baronet?—Oh, he showed muckle hair spunk, too much. I thought I thought he was sent could iron through the vagabond—Sir Arthur wannas half see build at Bessie's-apron yon night—but then his blood was up even now, and that that makes an unco difference. I has seen many a wad has fallen another an angler him, that wadna muckle he has liked a clink against Crummie's-borne yon time. But what's to be done?—I supposes.'

'See, the poor folk in this fayth is entirely restored by this deception, whick, unques- tionably, he has arranged beforehand.'

'What the affer?'—Ay, ask him for that—they that hide the best here to find—he wants to wise him out o' his last guinea, and then escape to his ain country, the land-loper. I was likel weel just to hare come in at the clipping-time, and gien him a loander wi' my pike-staff—he wad lie there ten it for a bensian free some o' the auld deid abobbes—But it's best no to be rash—stickin' diana gang by strength, out by the guiding o' the guly—I'd be upsides wi' him a day.'

'What if you should inform Mr. Oldbuck?' said Lovey.

'Oh, I dinna ken—Monkbarns and Sir Arthur are like, and yet they're no like neither—Monkbarns has whiles influence wi' him, and while Sir Arthur cares as little about him as about the like o' me. Monkbarns is no that ower wise himself, in some things—he wad believe a body to be an aulin Roman coin, as he ca's it, or a ditch to be a camp, upon any leasing that idle folk made about it. I hae seen it a's well. He's an auld man, and maybe do mair ill nor gude—he's done that twice or thrice about these mineworks—ye wad think the truth—Sir Arthur had a pleasure in gaun on them—they the mar he was war'd against it by Monkbarns.'

'Say what ye then,' said Lovey, 'to letting Miss Wardour ken the circumstance.'

'Oh, purr think how could she stop her father doing his pleasure—and, besides, what wad it help?—There's a sooth in the country about that the bubbles o' Flushing are auld men. But Edinburgh has been driving the purr-rovel's o' the law up to the head into Sir Arthur's sides to gar him pay it, and if he canna, he maun gang to jail.'

'Oh, for the love o' me,' cried Mrs. Fugg, 'he was fill'd wi' coin, and just catches at this chance as a he's has left, to escape utter perdition; so what signifies plaguing the purr ladies about what canna be helped?—And besides, to say the truth, I wadna like to vik.
secret this place. It’s unco convenient, ye say yourself, to have a hiding-hole an’ one’s ain, and though I be out o’ the line o’ needing ane e’en now, and trust in the power o’ grace that I’ll never do any thing to make you better, and no body kens whether temptation ane may be gien ower to—and, to be brief, I donna bide the thought of any body ken

rum about the place—they say, keep a thing seven days a’ ay and find a use for’—and, maybe I may need the cove, either for myself, or for some other body.”

This argument, in which Edie Ochiltree, noting the general moral tone of the place, seemed to take, perhaps from old habit, a personal interest, could not be hindersomely controverted by Lovel, who was at that moment reaping the benefit of the secret of which the old man appeared to be so jealous.

This incident, however, was of great service to Lovel, as diverting his mind from the unhappy occurrence of the evening, and considerablyrouning the energies which had been stupefied by the first view of his calamity. He reflected, that it by no means necessarily followed that a dangerous wound must be a fatal one—that he had escaped from the reach of the surgeon had expressed any opinion of Captain M’Intyre’s situation—and that he had duties on earth to perform, even should the worst be true. He did not respect his peace of mind or sense of innocence, would furnish a motive for enduring existence, and at the same time render it a course of active benevolence.

Ambrose retold Seale’s feelings when the hour arrived, when, according to Edie’s calculation, who, by some train or process of his own in observing the heavenly bodies, stood independent of the assistance of a watch or timekeeper, it was fitting they should leave their hiding-place, and betake themselves to the sea-shore, in order to meet Lieutenant Taffiti’s boat according to arrangement.

They retraced by the same passage which had admitted them to the prior’s secret seat of observation, and when they issued from the grotto into the wood, the beams, which began to clear, and even to sing, announced that the dawn was advanced. This was confirmed by the light and amber clouds that appeared over the sea as soon as their exit from the copse permitted them to view the horizon. Morning, said to be friendly to the muse, had probably obtained this character from its effect upon the fancy and feelings of mankind. Even to those who, like Lovel, were engrossed in the various night and morning duties, the first break of the dawn brings strength and quickening both of mind and body. It was therefore with renewed health and vigour that Lovel, guided by the truant light, left the beach of the grotto and crossed the downs which divided the Dean of St. Ruth, as the woods surrounding the ruins were popularly called, from the sea-shore.

The first level beam of the sun, as his brilliant disk began to emerge from the ocean, shot full upon the little gun-boat which was lying-to in the offing—close to the shore the boat was already waiting. Taffiti himself, with his naval cloak wrapped about him, seated in the stern. He jumped ashore when he saw the mendicant and Lovel approach, and, shaking the latter heartily by the hand, he said, “ex

not to cast down.” “M’Intyre’s wound,” he said, “was doubtful, but far from desperate.” His attention had got Lovel’s baggage privately sent on board the brig; and, “I trust that, if Lovel chose to go on with the vessel, the penalty of a short cruise would be the only disagreeable consequence of his rencontre. As for himself, his time and motions were a good deal at his own disposal, and beggared his captain’s necessary obligation of remaining on his station.”

“We will talk of our farther motions,” said Lovel, “as we go on board.” Then, turning to Edie, he endeavoured to put money into his hand. “I think,” said Edie, as he tendered it back again, “the hale folk here have been a great deal on their hands have made a vow to ruin my trade, as they say ower muckle water drown the miller. I have had fair goods offered me with this twa or three weeks than I ever saw in my life. Keep the Miller, lad, ye’ll have need o’ it, iver warrant ye, and I have none—my class is nae goods. Keep the Miller, ye, I mean, you’ll never need for’t, but I’ll sell it, and send a message to the mony seller gracie as the king. God bless him, years auld—ye and I serve the same master, ye. Captain Taffiti—there’s rigging provided for—and we may meet the ship by the sending to her at o’r time. I can gang a day without it, may make it a rule never to pay for—So that a seller I need is just to buy tobacco and snuff, and maybe a dram-drinker to be a gaberlunzie—aye take your own, and just give me a lily-white shilling.”

Upon these whims, which he imagined involved a connection with the honour of his vagabond profession, Edie was stiff and adamant, not to be moved by rhetoric or entreaty; and therefore Lovel under the necessity of again pocketing his interest, and taking a friendly leave of the mendicant by shaking him by the hand, and assuring him of cordial gratitude for the very important service which he had rendered him, recommending him to the same paths of making the captive’s condition witnessed.—“Ye needn’t that,” said Ochiltree, “I never tell tales out o’ your cove in my though mony a queer thing I have seen in’t.”

The old man reminiscing looking after it as it made rapidly towards the under the impulse of six stout rowers, and Ochiltree had him again wave his blue bonnet as a farewell salute, then turned from the shore, and began to move slowly along the sands as if his customary perambulations.

CHAPTER XXI.

Wiser Raymond, as in his closet pent,

Lamenting such danger and adventure,

When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,

And now his second hopeful glass is broke;

But, yet, if only his third furnace shone,

Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold.

After a week after the adventure commented in our last chapter, Mr. Oldbuck, descending to breakfast-parlour, found that his womankind was still on duty, his toast not made, and the silver in which went to receive his libations of mum, not aired for its reception.

“Thou confounded hot-brained boy,” he said; “himself, he is at last got to begin to get out of danger, and can tolerate this life no longer—All goes to naught—sevens—a universal Saturnalia seem to be claimed in my peaceful and orderly family. It is an affair of my own doing—I involve my inmates by more names than the Romans gave their deities—At length, Jenny, whose shawl we have heard his last half hour lived in, the regions of the kitchen, condescends to hear me reply, but without coming up stairs, so the conversation must be continued at the top of my lungs.”

Here he again began to hollow aloud, “To where Miss Oldbuck?”

“Aye, Miss Grizzy’s in the captain’s room.”

“Mrs. Umph, I thought so—and where’s my niece?”

“She’s in the captain’s tent.”

“Umph, I supposed as much again—and where’s Caxton?”

“Aye to the town about the captain’s fouling—and his setting-dog—”

“And who the devil’s to dress my periwig, young jade?—when you know that Miss Wardour and Arthur were coming here early after breakfast, he could let Caxton go on such a Tom-fool’s errand?”

“Me! what could I hinder him—your young wanda nae us contradict the captain e’en now, will he maybe deign?”

“Now board the alarmed Antiquary,—ah! what’s he been worse?”

“Na, he’s no waur than I ken of.”

* The author cannot remember where these lines are to be found.

[It is, I believe, a piece of true-masonry, on a point of o
s a subject— with notes illustrative of all that is clear, and all that is not— and all that is neither dark nor
clear, but dawry in dusky twilight in the region of
Caledonian antiquities. I would have made the Cel-
tic panegyrist look about them—Fingal, as they con-
tained a body of knowledge. At last, but a few
minutes before the search, rolling himself in his cloud like
the spirit of Leda. Such an opportunity can hardly again
occur to a ancient and gray-haired man—and to see
it lost by the bungling of an unskilled boy—
But I submit—Heaven's will be done.

Thus continued the Antiquary to maunder, as his
sister expressed it, during the whole time of break-
fast, while he was busily engaged in getting the
comforts of a Scottish morning tea-table; his reflec-
tions rendered the meal bitter to all who heard them.
But they knew the nature of the man. "Monkarn's
bark," said Miss Griselda Oldbuck, in confidential
intercourse with Miss Rebecca Blattsgough, "is mu-
scle wœur than his bite.

In fact, Mr. Oldbuck had suffered in mind extremely
while his nephew was in actual danger, and now felt
himself at liberty, upon his returning health, to in-
dulge in complaints respecting the trouble he had been
put to, and the interruption of his antiquarian
labours. To young Lord Lovel, by his niece and sister,
he unloaded his discontent in such grumblings as we have
heard of, venting many a sarcasm against womankind,
soldiers, dogs, and guns, all with no indictment of Mr.
M'Lamont's tumult, as he called them, he professed to hold
in utter abomination.

This expectoration of spleen was suddenly inter-
rupted by the noise of a carriage without, when the
shaking off all sullenness at the sound, Oldbuck ran
minutely up stairs and down stairs, for both operations
were necessary, ere he could receive Miss Wardour
and her father at the door of his magnificent
interior—That is all. Lovel, Sir Arthur, knows how
to choose his confidants better—at, Miss Wardour,
you may look. But it is very true—was in my
bosom that he deposited the secret cause of his
residence at Fairport, and no stone should have been
left unturned on my part to assist him in the pursuit
to which he had dedicated himself.

On hearing this magnanimous declaration on the
part of the old Antiquary, Miss Wardour changed
colour more than once, and could hardly trust her
own ears. For of all confidents to be selected as the
depository of love affairs,—and such she naturally
supposed must have been the subject of communica-
tion, next to Edie Crichton,—Oldbuck seemed the
most unconscious. Mr. Diamond did not sufficiently admire or fret at the extraordinary
combination of circumstances which thus threw a secret
of a delicate nature into the possession of per-
mie hostile and unwholesome, and the only
sympathy which they can be brought to allow, is, that the party inquired
after is "No worse."
THE ANTIQUARY.  

Monkbarns, but with the distracted feelings of Macbeth, when compelled to disguise his evil conscience, he was listening and replying to the observations of the attendants, as he had been doing for the preceding night, while his whole soul was upon the stretch to listen for the alarm of murder, which he knew must be raised by those who had entered the sleeping apartment of Duncan. But the conversation of the two virtuous persons upon a subject very different from that which Miss Wardour apprehended.

"Sir Arthur," said Miss Wardour, "when they had, after a due exchange of ceremonies, fairly seated themselves in the sanctum sanctorum of the Antiquary,—you, who know so much of my family matters, were hardly surprised at the question I am about to put to you."

"Why, Sir Arthur, if it relates to money, I am very sorry, but it does not.

"It relates to money matters, Mr. Oldbuck."

"Really then, Sir Arthur," continued the Antiquary, "in the present state of the money-market—and stocks being so low—"

"You mistake my meaning, Mr. Oldbuck," said the Baronet; "I wished to ask your advice about laying out a large sum of money to advantage."

"The devil!" exclaimed the Antiquary; "and, sensibly, the anticipation of a wonderful wonder was not over and above civil, he proceeded to qualify it by expressing his joy that Sir Arthur should have a sum of money to lay out when the commodity was so scarce. A very respectable mode of employ ing it, he said, pausing, "the funds are low at present, as I said before, and there are good bargains of land to be had. But it may not be good to begin by clearing of encumbrances, Sir Arthur?—There is the sum in the personal bond—and the three notes of hand,—continued he, taking out of the right-hand drawer of his cabinet a certain red memorandum-book, of which Sir Arthur, from the experience of former frequent appeals to it, abhorred the very sight—"with the interest thereon, amounting altogether to—let me see—it makes about a thousand pounds, said Sir Arthur, hastily; "you told me the amount the other day."

"But there's another term's interest due since that, Sir Arthur, and it amounts (errors excepted) to eleven hundred and thirteen pounds, seven shillings, five pence, and three-fourths of a penny sterling—but look over the summation yourself."

"I dare say you are quite right, my dear sir," said the Baronet, putting away the book with his hand, as one rejects the old-fashioned civility that presses food upon you after you have eaten till you nauseate,—"I dare say,—to say it directly, I should say the course of three days or less—you shall have the full value—that is, if you choose to accept it in bullion."

"By bullion," said the Baronet, "I mean the precious metals,—gold and silver."

"Ay, indeed, and from what Eldorado this treasure to be imported?"

"Not far from hence," said Sir Arthur, significantly; "and now I think of it, you shall see the whole process on one small condition."

"And what is that?" craved the Antiquary.

"Why, it will be necessary for you to give me your friendly assistance by advancing one hundred pounds or thereabouts."

Mr. Oldbuck, who had already been guessing in the sum, principal and interest, of a debt which he had long regarded as wellnigh desperate, was so much interested by the truth, I think, that he expected to have turned upon him, that he could only re-echo, in an accent of wo and surprise, the words, "Advance one hundred pounds!"

"But upon the most certain positive security of being repaid in the course of two or three days,"

There was a pause—either Oldbuck's nature-law had not recovered its position, so as to enable him to utter a negative, or his curiosity kept him silent.

"I would not propose to you, continued Sir Arthur, "to: undergo such a risk. If I did, I should give you actual proofs of the reality of those expectations which I now hold out to you. And, I assure you, Mr. Oldbuck, that, if I were to let you in with this topic, it is my purpose to show my confidence in you, and my sense of your kindness on many former occasions." Mr. Oldbuck professed his sense of obligation, but carefully omitting himself by any promise of farther assistance.

"Mr. Doustareswivel, said Sir Arthur, "having discovered his mistake." Here Oldbuck broke in, his eyes sparkling with indignation.

"Sir Arthur, I have so often warned you of the knavery of that rascally quack, that I really wonder you should quote him to me."

"But listen,—listen," interrupted Sir Arthur in his turn, "it will do you no harm. In short, Doustareswivel persuaded me to witness an experiment which he had made in the ruins of St. Ruth—and what do you think we found?"

"Another spring of water, I suppose, of which the rogue had beforehand taken care to ascertain the situation and source."

"No, sir,—a casket of gold and silver coins in some of them variés variés—acquinnans! Here is the bonnet-piece of James V.,—the unicorn of James II.—say, and the gold testoon of Queen Mary, with her head and the Dauphin's.—And there was really found in the ruins of St. Ruth?"

"Most certainly,—say even my own eyes witnessed it."

"Well," replied Oldbuck, "but you must tell me when—the where—the how."

"The when," answered Sir Arthur, "was at midnight the last full moon—the where, as I have told you, in the ruins of St. Ruth's priory—the how, was by a nocturnal experiment of Doustareswivel, accompanied only by myself."

"Indeed, said Oldbuck, "and what means of discovery did you employ?"

"Only a simple suffumigation," said the Baronet, "accompanied by availing ourselves of the suitable planets and the proper day."

"Simple suffumigation? simple nonsensification—planetary hour? planetary fiddlestuck? Specios dominabitur avis!—My dear Sir Arthur, that fellow must have made a gull of you about churchyard ground, and he would have made a gull of you in the air too, if he had been by when you were cuffed up by the devil's sunbeam at Halketh backward—to be sure, the transformation would have been then peculiar apropos."

"Well, Mr. Oldbuck, I am obliged to you for your different opinion of my dissertation; but I think you will give me credit for having seen what I saw."

"Certainly, Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, "at this extent at least, that I know Sir Arthur Wardour will not say he saw any thing but what he thought he saw."

"Well then," replied the Baronet, "as there is heaven above us, Mr. Oldbuck, I saw, with my own eyes, these coins dug out of the chancel of St. Ruth at midnight.—And as to Doustareswivel, although the discovery be owing to his science, yet, to tell the truth, I think I was not himself, and the former mind to have gone through with it if I had not been beside him."

"Ay! indeed!" said Oldbuck, in the tone used when one wishes to hear the end of a story before making any comment.

"Yes, truly," continued Sir Arthur, "I assure you I was upon my guard—we did bear some very
common sounds, that is certain, proceeding from among the ruins.

"Oh! you did," said Oldbuck; "an accomplice hid among them, I suppose?"

"Not a jot," said the Baronet; "the sounds, though of a hideous and preternatural character, rather reminded him of the noise of the wind in a dense grove; but after the manner of men, when they talk apart—men of the deep grove, I certainly heard besides—Mr. Oldbuck, I think, the inhabitants of the grove, report the story of the sound-making, and the story of the sound-hearing."

"Dousterswivel assures me, that he beheld the spirit of the man, the Great Hunter of the North, (look for him in you, Oldbuck,) whom Mr. Oldbuck, whom I mimicked the motion of snuff-taking and its effects.

"These indications, however singular as proceeding from the dead, might not be altogether without some use to the matter," said the Antiquary; "for you see the case, which includes these coins, has all the appearance of being a well-equipped Scottish small-sword. But you persevered, in spite of the terrors of that sneaking goblin?"

"Why, I think it probably that a man of inferior sense or consequence might have given way; but I was jealous of an imposture, conscious of the duty I owed to my family in maintaining my courage under every contingency, and therefore I compelled Dousterswivel, by actual and violent threats, to proceed with his researches."

"But," rejoined Oldbuck, "you mean, I suppose, by his skill and honesty this parcel of gold and silver pieces, out of which I beg you to select such coins or medals as will best suit your collection."

"That was drawing a long bow, on the part of Sir Arthur, and he could not say that the skill and honesty of the gentleman was as good, and on condition you will permit me to mark the value according to Pinkerton's catalogue and appreciation, against your account in my red book, I will with pleasure select them."

"Nay," said Sir Arthur Wardour, "I do not mean you should consider them as any thing but a gift of friendship, and least of all would I stand by the rejection of any offering from you."

"Ay, ay," rejoined Oldbuck, "you mean, I suppose, Mr. and Bosco, the Jachin and Boaz, not of his friend Pinkerton, who has impressed the ancient and trust-worthy authorities, on which, as upon venerable and moss-covered pillars, the credit of Scottish antiquities is reposed."

"Why, then, Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, "not to weaken old disputes, I suppose you think, because I believe in the ancient history of my country, I have neither eyes nor ears to ascertain what modern events pass before me?"

"On me, Sir Arthur," rejoined the Antiquary, "but I cannot understand the justification of terror which this worthy gentleman, your ceuxa, would not to be involved in this terrible story of his, and especially your having brought the gold away."

"Ay, I suppose," said Sir Arthur, "but then I have the same misgivings in country and date, that I cannot suppose they could be any genuine hoard, and rather suppose them to be, like the purses upon the table of Hudibras's lawyer—"

"Money placed for show."

"Like next-door, to make clients lay, and for his false opinions pay."

"It is the trick all professions, my dear Sir Arthur. Pray, may I ask you how much this discovery cost you?"

"About ten guineas."

"Ah, you have gained what is equivalent to twenty in actual bullion, and what may be perhaps worth as much more to such fools as ourselves, who are willing to pay for curiosity. This was allowing you a great deal, Sir Arthur, for the finest art, I must needs admit. And what is the next venture he proposes?"

"A hundred and fifty pounds; I have given him one part of the money, and I thought it likely you might assist me with the balance."

"I should think that this cannot be meant as a parting blow— it is not of weight and importance enough. You have written the story of the channel, the history of the Caledonian, and are about to add the history of the feud."

"Certainly, Mr. Oldbuck; I think my confidence in you on these occasions leaves no room to doubt that.

"Well, then, allow me to speak to Dousterswivel. If the money can be advanced usefully and advantageously for you, why, for old neighbourhood's sake, make the best of the matter, I think, we can recover the treasure for you without making such an advance, you will, I presume, have no objection?"

"Inconsequently, I can have none whatsoever."

"Then where in Dousterswivel?" continued the Antiquary.

"To tell you the truth, he is in my carriage below; but knowing his agreeable company, I suppose you have not seen him."

"I thank Heaven, I am not prejudiced against any man, Sir Arthur; it is systems, not individuals, that incur my repugnance. He rang the bell."

"Jenny, Sir Arthur and I offer our compliments to Mr. Dousterswivel, the gentleman in Sir Arthur's carriage, and beg to have the pleasure of speaking with him here."

Jenny departed and delivered her message. It had been by no means a part of the project of Dousterswivel to let Mr. Oldbuck into his supposed mystery. He had relied upon Sir Arthur's obtaining the necessary information, as to the nature of the application, and only waited below for the purpose of possessing himself of the deposit as soon as possible, for he foresaw that his career was drawing to a close. But when informed of the presence of Sir Arthur and Mr. Oldbuck, he resolved gallantly to put confidence in his powers of impudence of which, the reader may have observed, his natural share was very liberal.

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**CHAPTER XXIII.**

And this Doctor, your worthy friend, who has followed you, will close you so much gold in a bolt's head, and, on a turn, convey in the stead another."

With subdued mercury, that shall baste it the heat, and all fly out in a flame—

**The Alchemist.**

"How do you do, goot Mr. Oldbuck? and I do hope your young gentleman, Captain M'Intyre, is getting better again?—Ach! it is a bat business when young gentlemen will put lead balls into each other's body."

"Lead adventures of all kinds are very precarious, Mr. Dousterswivel; but I am happy to learn," continued the Antiquary, "from my friend Sir Arthur, that you have taken up a better trade, and become a discoverer of gold and silver mines."

"Ach, Mr. Oldbuck, mine goot and honoured patron should not have told a word about that little matter for, though I have all reliance of eyes, indeed, on goot Mr. Oldbuck's prudence and discretion, and his great friendship for Sir Arthur Wardour—yet, my heavens! it is an great ponderous secret."

"More ponderous than any of the metal we shall make by it, I fear," answered Oldbuck.

"Dast is just as you shall have de fait and de patience for de grand experiment—If you join wid Sir Arthur, as he is put one hundred and fifty—see, here is one fifty in your dirty Fairport bank-note—you put one other hundred and fifty in de dirty notes, and you shall have de pure-gold and silver, I cannot toll how much, you know?"

"Nor any one for you, I believe," said the Antiquary. "But hark you, Mr. Dousterswivel; suppose, without troubling this same sneaking spirit with any farther fumigations, we should go in a body, and having fair day-light and our good consciences to befriend us, using no other conjuring implements than good substantial pick-axes and shovels, fairly digge the areas of the channel in the ruins of St. Ruth, from one end to the other, and so ascertain the existence of this supposed treasure, without putting ourselves to any farther expense: the ruins belong to Sir Arthur however, this has been all at his own expense. Do you think we shall succeed in this way of managing the matter?"
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"Bah!—you will not find one copper thimble—but Sir Arthur will do his pleasure—I have shown him how it is possible—very possible—to have de great sum of money for his occasions—I have shown him de real experiment—if he likes not to believe, goot Mr. Oldenburg! Doubters—Doubters—Doubters—Doubters!—to the Duke, he only loses de money and de gold and de silver—dat is all."

"Sir Arthur's favor cast an intimated glance at Oldenburg, who, especially when present, held, notwithstanding their frequent difference of opinion, no ordinary influence over his sentiments. In truth, the Duke would not easily have relinquished, nor would Sir Arthur have acknowledged, that his genius stood rebuked before that of the Antiquary. He respected him as a shrewd, penetrating, sarcastic character, feared his satire, and had some confidence in the general soundness of his opinions. He therefore looked at him as if desiring his leave before indulging his credulity. Doubterswivel saw he was in danger of losing his duke, unless he could make some favourable impression on the adviser."

"I know, my good Mr. Oldenburg, it is one vanity to speak to you about de spirit and de goblin. But look a little, now, you know de majority of all de countries, and how de great Oldenburg horn, as they keep still in the Museum at Copenhagen, was given to de Duke of Oldenburg by one de goblin. Now you could not put a trick on you if I were willing, you know all de curiosity so well, and dere it is de horn full of coins—if it had been a box or case, I would have said nothing."

"Being a horn," said Oldenburg, "does indeed strengthen your argument. It was an implement of nature's fashioning, and therefore much used among rude nations, although it may be the metaphorical horn is more frequent in proportion to the progress of civilization. And this present horn," he continued, "rubbing it upon his sleeve, "is a curious and valuable horn, not desired to prove a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, to some one or other; but whether to the adept or his patron may be justly doubted."

"Well, Mr. Oldenburg, I find you still hard of belief—but let me assure you, de monshah understood de magistrat."

Let us leave talking of the magistrat, Mr. Doubterswivel, and think a little about the magistrate. Are you aware that this occupation of yours is against the law of Scotland, and that both Sir Arthur and myself are in the commission of the peace?"

"I don't mind that at all, it serves the purpose when I am doing you all de good I can!"

"Why, you must know, that when the legislature abolished the cruel laws against witchcraft, they had no idea of such a consequence. Aggrees with human nature, I don't know. They found it, I don't know, among the poor; but to the adept or his patron may be justly doubted."

"And is dat de laws?" asked Doubterswivel, with some concern.

"Thyself shall see the act," replied the Antiquary.

"Den, gentlemen, I shall take my leave of you, dat is all; I do not like to stand on your word you call it—it is very bad way to take dear, I think; and I do not like your prisons no more, where I cannot take de air at all."

"If such be your taste, Mr. Doubterswivel," said the Antiquary, "I know you know you too, and I cannot let you go, unless it be in the society of a constable, and, moreover, I expect you will attend us just now to the ruins of St. Ruth, and point out the place of some treasure."

"Mine heaven, Mr. Oldenburg! what usage is this to your old friend, when I tell you so plain as I can speak, dat if you go now, you will get not so much treasure as one poor shabby suspense!"

"I will try the experiment, however, and you shall be dealt with according to its success,—always with Sir Arthur's permission."

Sir Arthur, during this investigation, had looked extremely embarrassed, and, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, chop-fallen. Oldenburg's obstinate, and perhaps, by disobey led him strongly to suspect the imposture of Doubterswivel, and the adept's mode of keeping his ground was less resolute than he had expected. Yet he did not know, precisely, what he would say."

"Mr. Oldenburg," said the Baronet, "you do Mr. Doubterswivel less than justice. He has undertaken a new horn to make a new purse, and has used the, as applying characters descriptive of the Intelligences residing over the planetary hour in which the experiment is to be made; and you require him to proceed, under pain of punishment, without allowing him the use of any of the preliminaries which he considers as the means of procuring success."

"I did not say that exactly—I only required him to be present when we make the search, and not to leave us during the interval. I fear he may have some intelligence with the Intelligence you talk of, and that whatever may be now hidden at St. Ruth may disclose itself at once."

"Well, gentlemen," said Doubterswivel sullenly, "I will make no objections to go along with you; but I tell you beforehand, you shall not find so much of any value on the half acre worth your young twenty yard from your own gate."

"We will put that to a fair trial," said the Antiquary; and the Baronet's equipage being ordered, Miss Withsop was sent with an intimation to the lady that she was to remain at Monkbarns until his return from an airing. The young lady was somewhat at a loss to reconcile this direction with the communication which she had received between Sir Arthur and the Antiquary; but she was compelled, for the present, to remain in a most unpleasant state of suspense.

The journey of the treasure-seekers was melancholy enough. Doubterswivel maintained a sulky silence, brooding at once over disappointed expectations and the risk of punishment; Sir Arthur, whose golden dreams had been gradually fading away, surveyed, in gloomy prospect, the impending difficulties of his situation; and Oldenburg, who perceived that his having so far interfered in his neighbour's affairs gave the Baronet a right to expect some actual and efficient assistance, sadly pondered to what extent it would be necessary to draw open the strings of his purse. Thus each being wrapped in his own unpleasing reflections, there was but little conversation on either side, until they reached the Four Horse-shoes, by which sign the little inn was distinguished. They procured at this place the necessary assistance and implement of their search, and the preparations about these preparations, were suddenly joined by the old beggar, Edie Ochillire.

"The Lord bless your honour," began the Blue-Gown, with the genuine mendicant whine, "and long life to you—weel pleased am I to hear that young Captain M'Intyre is like to be on his legs again soon—Think on your poor beseechin' the day."

"Aha, old true-penny!" replied the Antiquary, "Why, thou hast never come to Monkbarns since thy pens by rock and flood—here's something for thee to take with thee;—and, fumbling for his purse, he pulled out at the same time the horn which enclosed the coins."

"Ay, and there's something to pit it in," said the mendicant, "it is very bad way to take dear, I think; and, fumbling for his purse, he took a fancy till't down at Glen-Withsop's yonder."

"Ay! indeed?" said Oldenburg. — "you exchanged it with a miner? but I presume you never saw it so well filled before?—and opening it, he showed the gold.

"Throstle, ye may swear that, Monkbarns—when it was mine it ne'er had abone the like o' sappery worth o' black rappee in't ances; but I know ye'ld
be gaun to make an antic o' ye as ye hae done wi' mony an o' th' airts besides. Odd, I wish ony body wad make an antic o' me; but mony ane will find wi' me, as I find wi' others, that care uch a litlle about an auld carle o' thair ain country and kind.

You may now guess," said Oldbuck, turning to Sir Arthur; "the good offices you were indebted the other night. To trace this cercumvols of yours to a miner is bringing it pretty near a friend of ours—or hope we shall be as successful this morning without some slighter sort of service.

"And where is your honours gann the day," said the mendicant, "wi' a' your picks and shukes?—Odd, this will be some o' your tricks, Monkbars; ye'll be for having a gless o' that gude old Hallow, by pulling out o' thair graves afore they hear the last call—but, wi' your leave, I'll see follow ye at any rate, and see what ye make o' it."

The party soon arrived at the ruins of the priory, and, having gained the chancel, stood still to consider what course they were to pursue next. The Antiquary, meantime, addressed the adopt.

"Mr. Doubtersworth, what is your advice in this matter?—Shall we have most likelihood of success if we dig from east to west, or from west to east?—Or will you assist us with your triangular view of Mayday?—If we dig, wi' your leave, they may have induction o' witchcraft at hazard? Will or will you have the goodness to supply us with a few thumping blistering terms of art, which, if they fail in our present service, may, at least, be of some use to others for whom ye have been the guides to the new school of archeologists, to still their brawling children whilant?"

Mr. Oldbuck, said Doubtersworth doughtily,

"I have told you already, you will make no good work at all, and I will find some way of mine own to thank you for your civilities to me—yes, indeed."

"If your honours are thinking of tifting the floor," said Oldbuck, "and wait but a poor body's advice. I would be bold by that much sooner than that has the man there stick out upon his back in the midst o' it.

"I have some reason for thinking favourably of that plan myself," said the Baronet.

"And I have nothing to say against it," said Oldbuck; "it was unusual to hide treasure in the tombs of the deceased—many instances might be quoted of that from Bartholomius and others."

The tombstone, the same beneath which the coins had been found by Sir Arthur and the German, was untouched by force or axe, and the earth gave easy way to the spade.

"It's travell'd earth then," said Edie, "it hovks eather—I ken it weel, for once I wrought a sam-
tail diggin' in th' park, and hovk it away gravies than o' me in my day; but I left him in winter, for it was unco cold work; and then it car a green Yule, and the folk died thick and fast—for ye ken a green Yule makes a fat kilch-yard—and I never gloved to hide a hard turn o' work in my life—see aU I tread and left. Will to delive his last dwellings by himself for Edie."

The diggers were now so far advanced in their labours as to discover that the sides of the grave upon which they were clearing out had been originally secured by four walls of freestone, forming a parallelogram, forming the floor of the chamber.

"It is worth while proceeding in our labours," said the Antiquary to Sir Arthur, "were it but for curiosity's sake. I wonder on whose sepulchre they have been built of common pains.

"The arms on the shield," said Sir Arthur, and sighed as he spoke it; "are the same with those on Missiroc's tower, supposed to have been built by M. Fray. I supposed, in former years, where he was burnt, and there is an old prophecy in our family, that bodies o' us good when his grave shall be discovered."

"Strangly," said the beggar. "I have often heard that when I was a bairn, if Macdonald the Missiroc's grave were fun." "If Malcolm the Missiroc's grave were fun," said Edie. "Then the lanse of Knockinnchrist are lost and won.

Oldbuck. "At first sight he fancied his own grave had already knelt down on the monument, and was tracing, partly with his eye, partly with his finger, the moulded devices upon the effigy of the deceased warrior. "It is the Knockinnchrist arms sure enough," he exclaimed, "quarterly with the coat of Walous.

"Richard, called the Red-handed Walous, married Sybil Knockinnchrist, the heiress of the Saxon family; and built the present mansion of Walous, which with the castle and estate into the name of Walous, in the year of God 1150."

"Very true, Sir Arthur, and here is the bawon-minister, the mark of illegitimacy, extending diagonally through both coats upon the shield. Where can our eyes have been that they did not see this curious monument before?"

"Na, what is the through-stane that it didna come before our een till e'now?" said Ochilrose; "for I hae kend this auld Kirk, man and barn, for sexty lang years, and I ne'er noticed it afore, and it's nae soner mair but what one might see it in their parrich."

All were now induced to tax their memory as to the former state of the ruins in that corner of the chancel, and all agreed in recollecting a considerable pile of rubbish which must have been removed and spread abroad in order to make the tomb visible. Sir Arthur might, indeed, have remembered, seeing the monument in its former occasion, but his mind was too much agitated to attend to the circumstance as a novelty.

While the assistants were engaged in these recollections and discussions, the workmen proceeded with their labour. They had already dug to the depth of nearly five feet, and as the flinging out of the old became more and more difficult, they began at the bottom, so as to the first of the flakes, which they started to the till now," said one of them, "and the air a coffin or any thing else is here—some cunning chiel's been afore us, I reckon;" and the labourer below him cried out that he had seen no such thing as a coffin.

"Haut, lad," said Edie getting down in his room, "let me try my hand for an auld bedral—you're gude suckers but you finders."

So soon as he got into the grave, he struck his pick-staff forcibly down—it encountered resistance in its descent, and the beggar exclaimed, like a Scotch schoolboy when he finds anything, "Nae haillers and quarters—hael o' mine ain and name o' my neighbours."

Every body from the deserted Baronet to the sullen adopt, now that they were quite round the grave and would have jumped into it could its space have contained them. The labourers, who had begun to flag in their monotonous and apparently endless work, did not however think the chance a bad one to make them with all the ardour of expectation. Their shovels soon grated upon a hard wooden surface, which, as the earth was cleared away, assumed the distinct form of a chest, but greatly smaller than that of a coffin. Now all hands were at work to heave it out of the grave, and all voices, as it was raised, proclaimed its weight, and acquired its value. They were not mistaken.

When the chest or box was placed on the surface, and the lid forced up by a pick-axe, there was displayed first a canvas cover, then a quantity of oskum, and then the silver. A general exclamation hailed a discovery so surprising and unexpected. The Baronet threw his hands and eyes up to heaven, with the silent rupture of one who is delirious from excessive dread of mind. Oldbuck, almost unable to credit his eyes, lifted one piece of silver after another. There was neither inscription nor stamp upon them, excepting one, which seemed to be Hab. 2 Q. 29, without any relation to the purity and great value of the treasure before him. Still, however, removing piece by piece, he examined row by row, expecting to discover that the lower layers were less precious, but could find no difference in this respect, and found himself compelled to admit, that Sir Arthur had possessed himself of bullion to the value perhaps of a thousand round pounds sterling. Sir Arthur now promised the workman handsome recompenses for their work, and the
bury himself about the mode of conveying this rich windfall to the Castle of Knockwinnoch, when the adept, recovering from his surprise, which had equalled that exhibited by any other individual of the party, blundered his aloof manners and having offered his humble congratulations, turned next to Oldbuck, with an air of triumph. I did tell you, my good friend Mr. Oldbuck, that I was too obscured to thank you for your civility; now do you not think I have found out very good way to return thank you?

Why, Mr. Doustewartiw, do you pretend to have had the hand of the gentleman you should see—I forgot you refused us all aid of your science, man. And you are here without your weapons that should have fought the battle, which you pretend to have gained in our behalf. You have used neither charm, lamen, agul, talisman, spell, crystal, pentacle, magic mirror, nor geomantic figure. Where be your periaptas, and your abracadabras, man? I your May-fair, your vervain, your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther, your fire, your quill, Your Lato, Azoth, Zermich, Chibrit, Heautatis, your brooch, your emeralds, your materials, would bear a man to cause?

Ah! rare Ben Jonson! long peace to thy ashes for a season, our bards of the day who expected to see them revive in our own? —

The answer of the adept to the Antiquary's tirade we must defer to our next chapter.

**CHAPTER XXIV.**

The German, determined, it seemed, to assert the vantage-ground on which the discovery placed him, replied with great pomp and stateliness to the attack of the Antiquary:

Mr. Oldbuck, all day may be very witty and comical, but I have nothing to say—nothing at all—people dat will not believe dear own eyesights. It is very true dat I ate not any of de things of de art, and it makes de more wonder what I has done dis day. But I would ask of you, mine honoured and good and generous patron, to put your hand into your right-hand waistcoat pocket, and show me what you shall find there.

So they obeyed his directions, and pulled out the small plate of silver which he had used under the adept's suspicion upon the former occasion. "It is very true," said Sir Arthur, looking gravely at the Antiquary, "but you are a great, and calculated sight by which Mr. Doustewartiw and I regulated our first discovery.

"Fah! fah! my dear friend," said Oldbuck, "you are too wise to believe in the influence of a trumpery crown-piece, beat out thin, and a parcel of scratches upon it. I tell thee, Sir Arthur, that if Doustewartiw had known where to get this treasure himself, he would not have been Lord of the least share of it.

"In truth, please your honour," said Edgar, who put in his word on all occasions, "I think, since Mr. Dostsweteriw mus' been in the dark for or over his muckle in the talkin' or the gear, the least ye can do is to gie him that o't left behind for his labour, for doubleness he that kent where to find say muckle will ha' nae difficulty to find mant.

Doustewartiw's brow grew very dark at this proposal of leaving him to his "ain purchase," as Ochtertree expressed it; but the beggar, drawing him aside, whatever twa was worded or said to him, or said behind his ear, to which he seemed to give serious attention.

Meanwhile, Sir Arthur's heart warm with his good fortune, was aloud, "Never mind our friend Monkbarres, Mr. Doustewartiw, and leave the Castle de-morrow, and I'll convince you that I am not ungrateful for the hints you have given me about this matter, and the fifty Fairport dirty notes, as you call them, are heartily at your service. Come, my lad, get the cover of this precious chest fastened up again."

But the cover had in the confusion fallen aside among the rubbish, or the loose earth which had been removed from the grave—in short, it was not to be seen.

"Never mind, my good lad, tie the tarpaulin over it, and get it away to the carriage.

Monkbarres will you walk— I must go back your way to take up Miss Wardour." And, I hope, to take up your dinner also Sir Arthur, and drink a glass of wine for joy of our happy adventure, then get your carriages. And this the Antiquary, in case of any interference on the part of the crowd. As you are lord of the manor, it will be easy to get a deed of gift to make any claim—we must talk about it thence.

And I particularly recommend silence to all who are present," said Sir Arthur, looking round. All bowed and professed themselves dumb.

"Why, as to that," said Monkbarres, "recommend secrecy where a dozen of people are acquainted with the circumstance to be concealed, is only putting the truth in masquerade; for the story is actu-

ated under twenty different shapes. But never mind; we will state the true one to the Baronet, and that's all that is necessary.

"I incline to send off an express to-night," said the Baronet.

"I can recommend your honour to a sure hand," said Ochtertree; "little Davie Mailsetter and the butcher's resisting pony."

"We will talk over the matter as we go to Monkbarres," said Sir Arthur. "My lads, (to the people,) come with me to the Four Horse-shoes, that I may take some news of your master. Roustewartiw, I won't ask you to go down to Monkbarres, as he heard and you differ so widely in opinion; but do not fail to come to see me to-morrow.

"Doustewartiw, in answer, in which the words, "duty," "mine honoured patron," "wait upon Sir Arthurs were alone distinguishable; and after the Baronet and his friend had left the place, followed by the servants and workmen, who in hope of reward and whistle, joyfully attended their leader, the adept remained in a brown study by the side of the open grave.

"Who was it as could have thought this to be executed unconsciously? Minoitiglich! I have heard of such things, and often spoken of such things—but, suppert! I never thought to see them."

And if one man, but two or three, in the earth—moan him! It had been all mine own so much more as I have been muddling about to go from this fool's man.

Here the Antiquary ceased his soliloquy, for, raise his eyes, he encountered those of Edie Ochtertree, who had not followed the rest of the company, but, resting as usual on his pike-staff, had placed himself on the other side of the grave. The features of the old man, naturally shrewd and expressive almost to an appearance of knavery, seemed in this instance so keenly knowing, that even the assurance of the Antiquary, though a professional adventurer, smiled on his countenance.

"Edie Ochtertree, nae master—your purr bedes—

and the king's," answered the Blue-Gown.

"A well den, goot Edie, what do you think o' din' t?"

"I was just thinking it was very kind (for I dun say very simple) o' your honour to see gae the tart's gentiles, wha ha' lands and lairdships, and aiters, as the time returns, or ends in the two moons of the month, and then times tried in the fire, as the Scripture expresseth, that might has made yousell and oot twa or threes honest bodies besides, as happy and content as the day was long.

"Indeed, Edie, mine honest friends, dat is true; only I din' not know, dat is, I was not sure where to find thae folk myself.

"What's what, say your honour's wish?
counsel that Monkburns and the Knight of Knock- 
winnow came here then?"

Doustie had been at another circumstance; I did not know dat day would have found de treasures 
mine friend; though I did guess, by such a tink-
tumarr, and cough, and sneeze, and groan, among 
dem. But, for the night, there, already might a 
three million in treasure and bullion hereabout. 
Ach, mein himmel! the spirit will hone and groan over 
his goll, as if he were a Dutch burgomaster counting his dollars after a 
Cabin Studier war. 

"And do you really believe the like o' that, Mr. 
Dusterdevel?—a sleekful man like you—hout fie!"

"Mein friend," answered the adept, forced by cir-
cumstances to ye, warnin' up on the truth, 
more than he generally used to do, "I believed it no more 
than you and no man at all, till I did hear them hone 
and moan and groan myself on de odor night, and 
till I did this day see o' cause, which was an great 
feast all full of the pure silver from Mexico—and 
what would you ave me think den?"

"And what yad ye gie to any ame," said Edie, 
"that wad help ye to see another knots o' silver?"

"Give?—mein himmel!—one great big quarter 
of it."

"Now, if the secrets were mine," said the 
merchant, "I wad stand out for a half; for you see, 
though I am but a pur raped body, and couldn’ 
carry silver or gold to sell for fear o’ being 
turned up, yet I could find many folks would pass it awa 
for less than unco muckle easier profit than ye’re think-
ing on."

"Ach, himmel!—Mein goot friend, what was it 
I said?—I did mean to say you should have de tree 
quarters for your half, and de one quarter to be my 
fair half."

"No, no, Mr. Dusterdevel, we will divide equally 
what we find, like brother and brother. Now look 
at this board that I just flung into the dark aisle out 
of the way, while Monkburns was glowing ower a 
the silver yonder. He’s a sharp chiel Monkburns. 
I was glad to keep the like o’ this out of his sight. 
Ye’ll maybe can read the character better than me— 
I am no that book-learned, at least I’m no that 
muckle in practice."

With this modest declaration of ignorance, Orclit-
tree brought forth from behind a pillar the cover of 
the box or chest of treasure, which, when forced 
from its hinges, had been carelessly flung aside 
during the tussle of curiosity to ascertain the con-
tents which it concealed, and had been afterwards, 
as it seemed, secreted by the mandarins. There was 
a word and a number upon the planks, and the beg-
ning of the inscription was distinct, though it was 
ragged blue handkerchief, and rubbing off the 
cloth by which the inscription was obscured. It was in 
the ordinary black letter.

"What does that mean right o’?" said Edie to the adept.

"S," said the philosopher, like a child getting his 
lesson in the primer; "S, T, A, E, C, H.—
Starch—dat is what the women-washers put into de 
neckcrichers, and de shirt collar."

"Starch," said Ochlitree; "na, na, Mr. Dus-
terdevel, ye are muir of a conjurer than a clerk—it’s 
a search, man, search—Sec, there’s the Ye clear and 
distinct."

"Aha!—I see it now—it is search—number one. 
Mein himmel, then there must be a number two, 
mein goot friend; for search is what you call to seek 
and find."

"Yes, indeed. Well, then, we have found one; 
there is one great big prize in de wheel for us, got 
Meister Ochlitree."

"Awel, it may be so—but we canna howk for 
fortunes, for they are taken from the 
awe—and it’s like some o’ them will be sent back to 
fling the earth into the hole, and mak’ things tric 
again. But ye’ll sit down wi’ me a while in the 
woods, and if ye was to see me with only one 
lighted on the only man in the country that could 
have talked about Malcolm Misticot and his hidden treas-
ures—But first we’ll rub out the letters on this board 
for fear her thoughts may escape."

And, by the assistance of his knife, the beggar 
 erased and defaced the characters so as to make 
them quite unintelligible, and then daubed the board 
with clay so as to obliterate all traces of the erasure.

Doustie explained to the old man’s movements which indicated a person that 
could not be easily overreached, and yet (for even the tongues of speech and the spirit of pro-
ceedence) our adept felt the disgrace of playing a sec-
tordary part, and dividing winnings with so mean 
an associate. His appetite for gain, however, was 
sufficiently stimulated to overpower his 

And though far more an impostor than a dupe, he was 
not without a certain degree of personal faith even in the 
gross superstitions by means of which he im-
posed upon the gullible. In his charivari, as a leader on such occasions, he felt humiliated at feel-
ing himself in the situation of a vulture marshall-
ed to his prey by a carrión-crow. Let me, however, 
hear his story to an end, thought Dousterswivel, 
and it will be hard if I do not make mine account 
in it better, as Meister Edie Ochlitrees makes pro-
poses.

The adept thus transformed into a pupil from a 
teacher of the mystic art, followed Ochlitree in pass-
vise acquiescence to the Prior’s Oak—a spot, as the 
reader may remember, at a short distance from 
the ruins, where the secret knowledge and silence 
waited the old man’s communication.

"Meister Dustanswivel," said the narrator, "it’s 
an unco while since I heard this business treated 
earnestly—for the story of Knockwinnock没有 Arthur, nor his father, nor his grandfather, and I 
mind a wee bit about them a’, liked to hear it spoken 
about—nor they dinna like it yet—but nane matter, ye 
may be sure it would clear up the matters in the kitchen, 
like any other thing else in a great house, though it were 
forbidden in the ha’—and see I heard the circum-
stances rehearsed by sad servants in the family; 
and in this present days, when things o’ that sort-wary sort 
arena kept in mind round winter fire-sides as 
they used to be, I question if there’s any body in 
the country can tell the tale but myself. I’ve eye-out 
taken the laird though, for there’s a parchmen book about 
it, as I have heard, in the charter-room at Knock-
winnock Castle."

"Well, all dat is vary well—but get you on 
with your stories, mine goot friend," said Douster-
swivel.

"Awel, ye see," continued the mandarin, "this was a 
job worth eight thousand cranes through the hole 
country, when it was lika ane for himself, and 
God for us a’; when nane man wanted 

property if he had strength to take it, or had it 

jerked out o’ the rope upon her, and she ower him, whichever 
could win upmost, a’ through the east country here, 
and nay doubt through the rest o’ Scotland in the self 

and same style."

"Sae, in these days, Sir Richard Wardour came 
into the land, and that was the first o’ the name ever 
was in this country.—There’s been many of them 
same, and the maest, like him they ca’d Heil-In-
Harms, and the rest o’ them, are sleeping down in 
yon ruins. They were a proud dour set o’ men, but 
unco brave, and sae stood up for the weel o’ the 
country, ye’d say them a’—there’s no muckle pay 
in that wish. They ca’d them the Norman War-
dours, though they cam frae the south to this 
country. So this Sir Richard, they ca’d Rod-hand, 
drew up his army and gude—Nine weeks and six 
for them they were Knockwinnocks of that ilk, and 
and five months,—for marry him she maun it’s like, 
—ye’ll no hinder her givin them a present o’ a 

bonny knave—but then when there was 
the like was never seen; and she’s be burned, and she’s 
be alane, was the best words o’ their mouth. Moot 
be a’ snerded wi’ again some wit, and the best
was set awa, and bred up near the High-lands, and grew up to be a fine wanne fallow, like mony ane that chance in the best of Coill, the resident, and the people. Richard wi' the Red head, he had a fair offering o' his ain, and a' was found and quiet till his head was laid in the ground. But then down came Malcolm Mistletoe, the fine man, and laid the best of Coill, and so the people they aye ca'd him Misticot (that spoke o' lang syne)—(down came this Malcolm, the love-begot, fair Glen-nie, wi' a string o' lang-legged Highlanders at his side, and watched for any body's mischief, and lie threeps the castle and lands are his ain as his mother's oldest son, and turns a' the Wardours out to the hill. There was a sort o' fighting and blude and some o' the more violent motions but Malcolm had the uppermost for a lang time, and kept the Castle of Knockwinnock, and strengthened it, and builded that muckle tower, that they ca' Mistico't's tower to this day."

"Ming goot friend, old Mr. Eech Ochiltrie," interrupted the German, "this is all as one like de long histories of a baron of sixteen quarters in mine own country; but I would as rather hear de silver and gold."

"Why, ye see," continued the mendicant, "this Malcolm was weel helped by an uncle, a brother of his father, that was Prior o' St. Bower, and a muckle treasure they gathered together, to secure the succession of their house in the lands o' Knockwinnock—Folk said, that the monks in thos days had the power of multiplying money at any rate they wad very rich. At last it came to this, that the young Wardour, that was Red-head's son, challenged Misticot to fight with him in the fields as they ca'd 'there—perhaps o' the rodd or tank, and selveste a' clath, but a paling—thing they set up for them to fight in like game-cocks. Aweel, Misticot was beaten, and at his brother's mercy—but he wadna touch his life for the blood o' Knockwinnock that reas he held their veins: so Malcolm was compelled to turn a monk, and he died soon after in the priory, of pure despeit and vexation. Nobody ever kend where his uncle the prior earned him, or what he did wi' his gowd and silver, for he stood on the right o' halic kirk, and wad gie name account to any body. But the prophegy gat abroad in the country, that whienever Misticot's grave was found out, the estate o' Knockwinnock should be lost and won."

"Ach, mine goot old friend, Mr.熹, and dat is not true, for if Mr.熹 will quarrel with his goot friends to take Mr. Ochiltrie, Mr.熹, and ye'll find number two—besides, yon kist is only silver, and I aye heard that Misticot's pose had muckle yellow gowd in't."

"Den, mine goot friends," said the adept, jumping up hastily, "why do we not set about our little job directly?"

"For two good reasons," answered the beggar, who quietly kept his seating posture; "first, because, as I said before, we have nothing to dig wi', for they ha'en awa the picks and shovels; and secondly, because there will be a whane idle gowks coming to gie us a hand. The longer we stay, the fester wi' time it is a daylight, and maybe the lard may send somebody to fill it up—and any way we wad be caught. But if you will meet me on this place at twal o'clock wi' a dark lantern, I'll have the things ready, and we'll gang quietly about our job, but twa sells, and nobody the wiser for't."

"Be—be—but, mine goot friend," said Dousterwivel, from whose recollection his former nocturnal adventure was altogether the splendid hopes which Edie's narrative held forth, "it is not so goot or so safe to be about Mr.熹's grave at that time of night—you have Edie an' me to do ye, and the same time and none dace. I do assure you, dace is disturbance dace."

"If ye're afraid o' ghaists," answered the mendicant coolly, "I'll do the job myself, and bring ye share o' the silver to any place ye like to appoint."

"No—no—no—too much trouble for you—I will not have dat—I will come myself—and it will be bettermost; for, mine old friend, it was I, Herman Dousterwivel, discovered Mr.熹's grave and Mr.熹's Morris; and I will see to that there is a place to put away some little trumpery coins, just to play one little trick on my dear friend Sir Arthur, for a little sport and pleasure—yes, I did take some trouble to see what was at the bottom of Mr.熹's mischief, and the Misligdon's own monuments—It is like dat he meant I should be his heirs—so it would not be civil in me not to come myself for mine inheritance."

"At twal o'clock wi' a dark lantern, with you and me and Edie—we will meet under this tree—I'll watch for a while, and see that nobody muddles wi' the grave—it's only sayin' the lords forbad it—then get me bit supper fra Ringan the ander up by, and leave to sleep i' the barn, and I'll slip out at night and ne'er be mist."

"Do so, mine goot Mr.熹, and I will meet you here on this very place, though all de spars should moan and enceve dery very brains out.

So saying, he shook hands with the old man, and the whole pledge of fidelity to their presents, they separated for the present.

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CHAPTER XXV.

[See thou shake the bags of hoarding abbots; angels imprisoned by the earth—Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back, if gold and silver beckon to come on.]

The night set in stormy, with wind and occasion showers of rain.

"Eh, ers," said the old mendicant, as he took his place on the sheltered side of the large oak-tree to watch the coming of the night. "If it be a human nature's a wilful and wayward thing!—Is it not an unco lucre o' guin wead bring this Dousterwivel out in a bost o' wind like this, with twal o'clock at night, to thir wild gouty woe?—and anna a bigger fule than hims will bide here waiting for him?"

Having made these sage reflections, he wrapp'd himself close in his cloak, and fixed his eye on the moon as she waded amid the stormy and dark clouds, which the wind from time to time drove across her surface. The melancholy and uncertainty gleams that she shot from between the passing shafts of the moon, fell over the old stones and shaded windows of the old building, which were thus for an instant made distinctly visible in their runny state, and now became again a dark, undistinguished, as shadowy mass. The little lake and its share of the transient beams of light, and showed its water broken, whitened, and agitated under the passing storm, with that black cloud which covered the sky like a veil over the moon, were only distinguished by their sinister and mysterious plashing against the beach. The wooden gins repeated, to every successful gust that hurried through its narrow trough, the deep and various groan which the trees replied to the whirlwind, and the sound sunk again, as the blast passed away, into a faint and passing murmur, resembling the sighs of an exhausted criminal after the first pangs of agony were over. In these sounds, superstition might have found ample gratification for that state of excite terror which she fears and yet loves. But such reflections were beyond the range of the mind wandered back to the scenes of his youth.

"I have kept guard on the outposts bai in Germany and America," he said to himself, "in mony a stot war night with the curl, and Edie, and Richard, and there was maybe a dozen o' their riflemen in the thicket before me. But I was aye glad at my duty—nabody ca'd Edie sleeping.

As he sat there, musing to himself, he instinctively shouldered his trusty pipe-staff, assumed the port of a sentinel on duty, and, as a step advanced toward the tree, called, with a tone resounding better with his military name on him in his present state—"Stands—who goes there?"

"De devil, goot Edie," answered Dousterwivel.
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why does you speak so loud as a barenhaunter, or what you call a factionary—I mean a sentiment?"

"Keep at it, you swine," said the gentleman at that moment, answered the mendicant. "Here's an awesome night—hae you brought the lantern and a pock for the assailer?"

"I'm but a mine good friend," said the German, "here it is;—my part of what you call saddlebag—one side will be for you, one side for me—I will put dem on my horse to save you de trouble, as you are old men..."

"Have you a horse here, then?" asked Edie Ochiltree.

"O yes, mine friend, tied yonder by de stile," respected the gentleman.

"Well, I ha' just as word to the bargain—there sell name o' my geer gang on your beast's back."

"What was it as you would be afraid of?" said the foreman.

"Only of losing sight of horse, man, and money," again replied the galberlanze.

"Do you know dat you make one gentlemen out to be one great rogue?"

"Many gentlemen," replied Ochiltree, "can make that out for themselves—but what's the sense of quarrelling?—If ye want to gang on, gang on—if No, I'll gang on, thanks be to God. Aiken the barn that I left wi' right ill-will c'n ow,' and I'll pit back the pick and shule what I got them."

Dousterswivel deliberated a moment, whether, by stealing the money, they might not secure the whole of the expected wealth for his own exclusive use. But the want of digging implements, the uncertainty whether, if he had them, he could clear out the grave to a sufficient depth without assistance, and, above all, the reluctance which he felt, owing to the experience of the former night, to venture alone on the terrors of Mistock's grave, satisfied him that the attempt would be hazardous. Endeavouring, therefore, to assume his usual cajoling tone, though internally incensed, he begged "his good friend Master Dousterswivel would clear the way, and assured him of his acquiescence in all such an excellent friend could propose."

"Awed, awed, then," said Edie, "tak guards care o' your feet among the long grass and the loose stones—I wish we may get the light kepset in neist, wi' this fearsome wind—but there's a blink o' moonlight at times."

Thus saying, old Edie, closely accompanied by the amulet which pointed steadily towards the ruins, but presently made a full halt in front of them. "You're a learned man, Mr. Dousterswivel, and kenuckle o' the marvellous works o' nature—now, will ye just look at this lappet o' the grasses and the phantasms that walk the earth?—'i believe in them, aye, or no?"

"Now, goot Mr. Edie," whispered Dousterswivel, in a confidential tone of voice, "is this a times or a places for such a questions?"

"Indeed it is, baith the tane and the tother, Mr. Dustmanshovel; for, I mean fairly tell ye, there's reports that saul Mistock walks. Now this wad be an uncanny night to meet in him, and wua kens if he wad be ower weel pleased wi' our purpose of visiting this place.

"Aller guter Geister," muttered the adpet, the rest of the conjunction being lost in a tremulous warble of his voice, "I do desires you not to speak so, Mr. Edie, for from all I heard dat one other night, I do much believes"

"Now I," said Ochiltree, entering the chancel, and flinging abroad his arm with an air of defiance, "I wanna gie the crack o' my thumb for him were be to appear at this moment—he's but a disembodied spirit as we are embodied anes."

"For the sake of heavines," said Dousterswivel, "say nothing at all neither about somebodies or nobodyes!"

"Awed," said the beggar, (expanding the shade of the lantern,) "here's the stane, and, spirit or no spirit, I'se be a wee bit deeper in the grave—and I tells ye, this place from which the precious chest had that morning been removed. After striking a few strokes, he tired, or affected to tire, and said to his companion, 'I'm auld and failed now, and cannot man in get in and tak the shule a bit, and shule out the loose earth, and then I'll tak turn about wi' you.'"

Dousterswivel accordingly took the place which the beggar had vacated, and not satisfied, as it appeared, with the zeal that awakened avarice, mingled with the anxious wish to finish the undertaking and leave the place as soon as possible, could inspire in a mind at once greedy, suspicious, and timorous.

Edie, standing much at his ease by the side of the hole, contented himself with exhorting his associate to labour hard. My certie! few ever wrought for aescan a day's charge, or an it be butting the right path o' the size o' the kist, No. I., it will double its value, being filled wi' gowd instead of silver. —Odd ye work as if ye had been bred to pick and shule—ye could win your round half-crown lika day. Tak care o' your tase wi' that stane?" giving a kick to a large one which the adept had heaved out with difficulty, and which Edie pushed back again, to the great annoyance of his associate's shins.

Thus exhorted by the mendicant, Dousterswivel struggled and laboured among the stones and stiff clay, toiling like a horse, and internally blushing in German, as the light he escaped from his lips, Edie changed his battery upon him.

"O dinna swear, dinna swear!—wha ken's what's listening!—Eh! gude guid us, what's yon?—Hout, hout, on we go, it's just a bunch that kent the man's arm wi' a taper in it; I thought it was Misti cut himself. But never mind, work away—fing the earth wudn't be out o' the gate—ye'd do as clean a worker at a grave as Will Winnett himself! What gars ye stop now?—ye're just at the very bit for a chance."

"Stop!" said the German, in a tone of anger and disappointment, "why, I am down at de rocks dat de cursed ruins (God forgive me!) is founded upon."

"Well," said the beggar, "that's the likeliest bit of any—it will be but a muckle through-stane laid down to kiver the gowd; tak the pick till, and pit mair streng, man—ae gude downright devel will split it, I se' ennarrat, ye—Ay, that will do—Ood, he comes on wi' Wallace's strakes."

In fact, the adept, moved by Edic's exhortations, fetched two or three desperate blows, and succeeded, in breaking, not indeed against which he struck, but which, as he had already conjectured, was the same rock, but the implement which he wielded, jarring at the same time his arms up to the shoulder-blades.

"Huura, boys!—there goes Ringan's pick-axe!" cried Edie. "I thocht ye had nae money to sell short folk to sell such an secan frual try. Grant the shule—at it again, Mr. Dusterdevil."

The adept, without reply, scrambled out of the pit, which was but about six feet deep, and addressed his associate in a voice that trembled with anger. "Doe you know, Mr. Edie Ochiltree, who it is you put off your giles and your jest upon?

"Bravely, Mr. Dusterdevil—bravely do I ken ye, and has done mony a day; but there's nee jesting in the case, for I am wearying to see at our treasures; we should hae had baith ends o' the pockmany filled by this time—I hope it's bawk enough to luad at the gear?"

"Look you, baise old person," said the incensed philosopher, "if you do put another jest upon me, will cleave your skull-gave with this shovel!"

"And whare was my hands and my pike-staff be at the time?" replied Edie, in a tone that indicated no apprehension. "Hout, hout, Mr. Dusterdevil. I haeen lived lang in the world neither, to be shooled out o' that gate. What ails ye to be cankered, man, wi' your friends? I'll wager I'll find out the treasure in a minute;" and he jumped into the pit and took up the shovel.

"I do swear to you," said the adept, whose suspicions were now fully awaked, "that if you have played me one big trick, I will give you one big beating, Mr. Edie."

"Hear till him now," said Ochiltree; "we leev\ 29\,
how to gar folk find out the gear—Odd, I'm thinking he's been drilled that way himself some day."

At this insinuation, which alluded obviously to the former scene between himself and Sir Arthur, the philosopher, as he was now called, by the title of baronet, turned with an expression of anger, pain, and terror, and it was not until he had sat upright for some minutes that he could arrange his ideas sufficiently to recollect how he could have been so forgetful. When recollection returned, he could have little doubt that the bait held out to him by Ochilltree to bring him to that solitary spot, the sarcasms by which he had provoked him, the readiness with which he had at hand for terminating it in the manner in which it had ended, were all parts of a concerted plan to bring disgrace and damage on Herman Dousterswivel. He could hardly suppose that he was indebted for the fatigue, anxiety, and beating which he had undergone, purely to the malice of Edie Ochilltree. The mendicant had acted a part assigned to him by some person of greater importance. His suspicions hesitated between Oldbuck and Sir Arthur Wardour. The former had been at no pains to conceal a marked dislike of him—but the latter he had deeply injured; and although he judged that Sir Arthur did not know the extent of his wrongs towards him, yet it was easy to suppose he had gathered enough of the truth to make him desirous of revenge. Ochilltree had alluded to at least one circumstance which the adept had every reason to suppose was private between Sir Arthur and himself; but he did not think it necessary to inform the former. The language of Oldbuck also intimated a conviction of his knavery, which Sir Arthur heard without making any animated defence. Lastly, the murder of his wife. Have not to have exercised his revenge, was not inconsistent with the practice of other countries with which the adept was better acquainted than with those of North Britain. With him, as with many bad men, to suspect an injury, and to nourish the purpose of revenge, was one and the same movement. And before Dousterswivel had fairly recovered his legs, he had mentally sworn the ruin of his benefactor, which, unfortunately, he possessed too much the power of accelerating.

But although a purpose of revenge floated through his brain, it was impossible to translate it into operations. The hour, the place, his own situation, and perhaps the presence, or near neighbourhood of his assailants, made self-preservation the adept's first object. His plans had been almost entirely extinguished in the scuffle. The wind, which formerly howled so loudly through the aisles of the ruin, had now greatly fallen, hushed by the rain, which was descending like a shower. In the meantime, the main cause, was totally obscured, and though Dousterswivel had some experience of the winds, and knew that he must endeavour to regain the eastern door of the church, through which he had been carried away, and that he hesitated for some time ere he could ascertain in what direction he was to seek it. In this perplexity, the suggestions of superstition, taking the ravings of darkness and his evil conscience, began again to present themselves to his disturbed imagination. "But bah!" quoth he valiantly to himself, "it is all nonsense—all one part of damn big trick and imposture. Devil that one thick-skulled Scotch Baronet, as I call him, for five years, should cheat Herman Dousterswivel!"

As he had come to this conclusion, an incident occurred which tended greatly to shake the grounds on which he had concluded. He exclaimed in a stern and firm voice, "Shame to ye, man!—Do ye think Heaven or earth will suffer ye to murder an old man that might be your friend!"

Dousterswivel turned instinctively, and beheld, to his utter astonishment, a tall dark figure standing close behind him. The apparition gave him no time to proceed by exorcism or otherwise, but having instantly recoursed to the voire de fait, took measure of the adept's shoulders three or four times with blows so substantial, that he fell under the weight of them, and remained senseless for some minutes between fear and stupefaction. When he came to himself, he was alone in the ruined chancel, lying upon the soft and damp earth which had been thrown out of Mustapha's grave. The figure which he had supposed with himself a couple of minutes before, was not that of a human being, but of an insubstantial form, as if the spirits of the churchmen who had once inhabited these deserted mans, were mourning the solitude and desolation to which their hallowed precincts had been abandoned. Dousterswivel, who had now got upon his feet, and was groping around the wall of the chancel, stood rooted to the ground on the occurrence of this new phenomenon. Each faculty of his soul seemed for the moment concentrated in the sense of hearing, and all rushed back with the unanimous information, that the deep, wild, and prolonged chant which he now heard, was the apprpose mixture of one of the solemn dirges of the church of Rome. Why performed in such a solitude, and by what class of choristers, were questions which the terrified imagination of the adept, stung with the recollections of nixies, goblins, werewolves, hoboobins, black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, durst not even attempt to solve. Another of these events was soon engaged in the investigation. At the extremity of one of the transepts of the church, at the bottom of a few descending steps, was a small iron-grated door, opening, as far as he recollected, a sort of vault. As he cast his eye in the direction of the sound, he observed a strong reflection of red light glimmering through these bars, and against the steps which led down to the vault. Not knowing what to do; then, suddenly forming a desolate resolution, he moved down the aisle to the place from which the light proceeded. Fortified with the sign of the cross, as many exorcisms as his memory could recover, he advanced to the grate, from which, unseen, he could see what passed in the interior of the vault. As he approached with timidity and uncertain steps, the chant, after one or two wild and confused cadences, died away into profound silence. The grate, when he reached it, presented a singular spectacle in the interior of the crypt. At the top of the grave, with four tall flames, each about six feet high, about as broad as a bier, having a corpse in its shroud, the arms folded upon the breast, rested upon tressels at one side of the grave, as is usual. A priest, dressed in his cope and stole, held open the interchangeable—in another churchman in his vestments bore a holy water sprinkler—and two boys in white surplices held censers with incense—a man, of a figure once tall and commanding, but now bent with age or infirmity, stood alone and nearest to the coffin, attired in deep mourning—such were the most prominent figures of the group. At a little distance were two or three persons of both sexes, attired in long mourning hoods and cloaks; and five or six others in the same lugubrious dress, still farther removed. The incense burned in the glass cases ranged in motionless order, each bearing in his hand a huge torch of black wax. The smoky light from so many flames, by the red and indistinct atmosphere in which it existed, seemed to be a misty, dusky, and, as it were, phantom-like apperance to the outlines of this singular apparition. The voice of the priest—loud, clear, and sonorous, now recited, from the breviary which he held in his hand, the words which the ritual of the Catholic church has consecrated to the rendering of dust to dust. Mean while, Dousterswivel, the place, the hour, and the surprise conspired to direct the adept's attention to what he saw was substantial, or an unearthly representation of the rites, to which, in former times, these walls were familiar, but which are now rarely practised in Protestant countries, and almost never in
Scotland. He was uncertain whether to abide the conclusion of the ceremony, or to endeavour to regain the chancel, when a change in his position made him visible through the grate to one of the attendant inquirers. The person who first saw him, indeed, was a lay brother to whom the individual who stood apart and nearest to the coffin by a sign, and upon his making a sign in reply, two of the group detached themselves, and, gliding along with noiseless steps as if fearing to disturb the service, unsealed and opened the grate which separated them from the aedep. Each took him by an arm, and exerting a degree of force, which he would have been incapable of exerting had his fear permitted him to attempt opposition, they placed him on the ground in the chancel, and sat down, one on each side of him, as if to detain him. Satisfied he was in the power of mortals like that, the aedep would have put some questions to them; but while one pointed to the vault, from which the sound of the priest’s voice was distinctly heard, the other placed his finger upon his lips in token of silence, a hint which the German thought it most prudent to obey. And thus they detained him until a loud Alleluia, pealing through the deserted arches of St. Ruth, closed the singular ceremony which it had in a manner so fatal to the baron.

When the hymn had died away with all its echoes, the voice of one of the sable personages under whose guard the aedep had remained, said, in a familiar tone, to the baron, "What is this you? could not ye have let us ken an ye had wusset till has been present at the ceremony?—My lord couldn’t tak it weel your coming blinking and jingling in the chancel.

"In de name of all dat is gootness, tell me what you are?" interrupted the German in his turn.

"What am I? why, who should I be but Ringan Aikwood, the Knight of the Cape, and what are ye doing here at this time o’ night, unless ye were come to attend the leddy’s burial?"

"I do declare to you, mine goot Ponder Aikwood," said the German, raising himself up, "that I have been this dark nights murdered, robbed, and borne in fears of my life."

"Robbed! what did ye do a deed here?—Murdered! I ask ye speak pretty blithe for a murdered man.—Put in fear! what put ye in fear, Mr. Dousteswivel?"

"I will tell you, Maister Ponder Aikwood Ringan, jest now, wee see a dog villain blue-gown, as you call Edie Ochlitree.

"I’ll ne’er believe that," answered Ringan; "Edie was kent to me, and my father before me, for a true, loyal, brave, Christian man; and, mark ye, this saein in front of our parents and shall be son of your siller, ye shall be named "Sae touch ye wha liket, Mr. Dousteswivel, and whether any body touched ye o’ no, I’m waiting for you.

"Maister Ringan Aikwood Ponders, I do not know what you call sacklest, but let alone all de oile and de soot dat you say he has, and I will tell you I was die night robbed of fifty pounds by your oile and sooty friend, Edies Ochlitree; and he is no more in your barn even now dat I over shall be in de kingdom of heaven.

"And, sir, if ye will gae up wi’ me, as the burial company has dispersed, we’ll mak ye down a bed at the lodge, and we’ll see if Edie’s at the barn. There were two wild-looking chaps left theauld kirk when we was coming up wi’ the corpse, that’s certain; and the priest, wha likes ill that any heretics should look on at our church ceremonies, sent twa o’ the riding saulies after them; we’ll hear a’ about it frae them.

"Thus speaking, the kindly apparatus, with the assistance of the mute personage, who was his son, disencumbered himself of his cloak, and prepared to escort the aedep to the place of that rest which the aedep so much needed.

"I will apply to the magistrates to-morrow," said the aedep: "oder, I will have de law put in force against all thebairns.

"While he thus muttered vengeance against the cause of his injury, he tottered from among the ruins, supporting himself on Ringan and his son, whose assistance his state of weakness rendered very necessary.

When they were clear of the priory, and had gained the little meadow in which it stands, Dousteswivel could perceive that a path of blood had caused him so much alarm issuing in irregular procession from the ruins, and glancing their light, like that of the ignis fatuus, on the banks of the lake. After moving along the path for some short space with a fluctuating and irregular motion, the lights were at once extinguished.

"We are put out the torches at the Hallie-croft well on such occasions as this," said the guest; "and accordingly no farther visible sign of the procession offered itself to Dousteswivel, although his ears could catch the distant and decreasing echo of horses’ hoofs in the direction towards which the mourners had bent their course.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Our way may the boatie row, And better may the speed, And may the boatie row o’ the way to the back o’ the sea.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows, The boatie rows weel.

And lichtsome be their life that hear The merkin and the crew!—Old Ballad.

We must now return to the interior of the fisher’s cottage mentioned in the prologue as the starting-point of this editing history. I wish I could say that its inside was well arranged, decently furnished, or tolerably clean. On the contrary, I am compelled to admit, there was confusion,—there was disarray,—there was dirt good store. Yet, with all this, there was about the inmates, Luckie Mucklebackit and her family, an appearance of ease, plenty, and comfort, that seemed to warrant their old-established rank.

"The clariter the cosier," a huge fire, though the season was summer, occupied the hearth, and served at once for cooking light, heat, and the means of preparing food. This fisher had been successful, and the family, with customary imprudence, had, since unlading the cargo, continued an unremitting operation of boiling and frying that part of the produce reserved for home consumption, and the bones and fragments lay on the wooden trestles, mingled with morsels of broken bannocks and shattered mugs of half-drunken Scotch punch. The stout and athletic form of Maggie herself, bustling here and there among the children, or the hand of half-grown girls and younger children, of whom she chucked one now here and another now there, with an expression of toss over, ye little sorrow! was strongly contrasted with the face of an old woman, and half subdued and manner of her husband’s mother, a woman advanced to the last stage of human life, who was seated in his bed, on a black chair close by the fire, the warmth of which she needed more to seem sensible of, now muttering to herself, now smiling vacantly to the children as they pulled the strings of her toy or close cap, or twitched her blue checked apron. With her distaff in her bosom, and her spindle in her hand, she piddled lazily and mechanically the old-fashioned Scotch manner. The younger children, crawling among the feet of the elder, watched the progress of grannie’s spindle as it twisted, and now and then ventured to interrupt its progress as it danced upon the floor in those vagaries which the more regulated spinning-wheel has now so universally superseded, that even the late Princess of the fairy tale might roam through all Scotland without the risk of piercing her hand with a spindle, and dying of the wound. Late as the hour was, and it was long past midnight, the whole family were still on foot, and from proposing to go to bed; the same was still busy broking cakes on the girdle, and the elder girl, the half-naked mermaid elsewhere commemorated, was preparing a pile of Finsdorn haddocks, (that is, haddocks smoked with green wood,) to be eaten along with those relics of improving domesticity.

While they were thus employed, a slight tap at the
door, accompanied with the question, "Are ye up yet, sir?" announced a visitor. The answer, "Ay, ay,—come your ways ben, honey," occasioned the lifting of the latch, and Jenny Ritherout, the female servant, entered, with the face of a determined grace. "Ay, ay," explained the mistress of the family,—"high, sir! can this be you, Jenny? a sight o' you's gode for sair een, lass." Oh! a woman, whom we have seen teem up wi' Captain Hector's wond up by, that I havena had my fit out ower the door this fortnight; but he's better now, and uncle Carson sleeps in his room in case he wanted one thing. So, as soon as our old folk gied to be back, I een snooked my head up a bit, and left the house-door on the latch, in case any body should be wanting in or out while I was awa, and just came down that aye, it's yer wife cracks among, ye know."

"Ay, ay," answered Luckie Mucklebackit; "I see ye hae gotten a' your brawns on—ye're looking about for Steenie now—but he's no at hame the night—and ye'll no do for Steenie, lass—a feckless thing like you's no fit to mainte a man."

"Steenie will do no for me," retorted Jenny, with a toss of her head that might have become a higher-born damsel. "I maun hae a man that can maintain his wife."

"Ou ay, hinnie—that's your landward and burnlow-town notions. My cerva! fisher-wives ken bide at home, tend the man, and keep the house, and keep the sillir tok, lass.""

"A when poor drudges ye are," answered the nymph of the land to the nymph of the sea.—"As sure as a man's toot, ye couldna keep a bairn until the lazy fisher-loons would, but the wives maun kilt their coats, and wade into the surf to tak the fish ashore. And then the man casts off the keel, and the dry, and his pipe and his gill-stoup an' the inle, like ony nuld houdie, and never a turn will he do till the coible's afoot again! And the wife, she maun get the scull o' the boat, and sit in the dry, and no be so dainty as a lady, and no be so sick of wind."

"Slaves? gaw-wa, lass!—Ca the head o' the house— cried the old man, chiefly pleased with the zeal displayed by the sea-fisheries at a critical moment, and fearful of precipitating a famine of fishers with a silver punch bowl, to be used on occasions of festivity. But the fisher-women, on hearing what was intended, put in their claim to some separate share in the intended home reward. The men, they said, were their husbands; it was their wives who had suffered, and they were willing to make a capitulation on the price, and to dispose of the fish in their proportion, and to maintain each other in the necessities of life."

"A fowl, sweet Maggie, ilk land has an an' lass, but where's Steenie the night, when's o' come again? and where's the gudeman?"

"I hae put the gudeman to his bed, for he was een sair to the sickness, and he's sicce seen—" But in truth I had not time to explain the news—"Ye'll hae heard o' the muckle kirt o' swa' that Sir Arthur has fund down by at St. Ruth?—He'll be grander than ever now—he'll no come to no fond down his head to sneez, for fear o' seein' his shoon."

"Ou ay—a the country's heard o' that; but milde says they ca' it ten times mair than ever was o't, and he saw them work it up. Oid, it would be lang or a puir body that needed it got a' the winds.

"Na, that's sure enough.—And ye'll hae heard o' the Countess o' Glenallen being dead and lying in state, and how she's to be buried at St. Ruth's at the nig' than's, wi' torch-light; and the papist a' ss, and Ruipan Aikwood, that torch's, papist, too, are to be there, and it will be the grandest show ever was seen.""

"Troth, hinnie," answered the Nred, "if they let naybody but papists come there, it'll no be looked a' the show in the country; for the naylisten, Mr. Blattergowl ca' her, has few that don't hark o' her cup o' enchantments in this corner o' our closed lands. But what can all them to buy the said lady's shoon?"

Here she excited her voice, and exclaimed twir, or thrice, "Gudden o' gudeman! but in the spathy o' age and dillness, the man that ad addressed continued plying her spindle without understanding the appeal made to her."

"Speak to your gran'mother, Jenny. Oid, I was rafflin' for the dillness, and it was awa and awa, and the finest wind whistling in my teenth.""

"A gummie, and the little mermaid, in a voice in which the old woman was better accustomed, "nae wants to ken what for the Glenallen folk eye bury by candle-light in the ruins of St. Ruth."

The old woman paused in the act of twirling the spindle, turned round to the rest of the party, bide her withdrew, trembling, and clay-coloured face raised up her achen-haden and wrinkled face, in which the quick motion of two bright-blue eyes distinctly distinguished from the visage of a corpse, and, as aatching the long licht that blazed up the dark world, answered, "What garra the Glenallen maed inter their dead by torch-light, said the laass?—Is there a Glenallen dead a' now?"

"We none ken it, and they never heard it, and that was let their wife drive the stock to the market, and ca' in the debts. Na, na, na, na.""
never gang out o' my auld head? — Eh! to see her lying on the floor wi' her long hair deeping wi' the salt water! — Heaven will avenge on u' that had to do wi' — Sire! is my son out wi' the coble this wintery o' en? —

'Na, na, mither — nae coble can keep the sea this high — I'm sitting in his bed outotther yonder a-shitting in the back o' the muckle bed.'

'Is Steenie out at sea then?'

'Na, granmie — Steenie's awa out o' Edie Ochiltree, the gaberlunzie — maybe they'll be gaun to say the burrs awa.'

'That ca'nna be,' said the mother of the family.

'We ken naething o' till Jock Rand caun in, and we'd us all wi' the old man's friends had been a-rumming to attend; they keep that things unco private and we caunna bring the corpse a' the way frae the castle, ten miles off, under cloud o' night. She has lain in state this eight days at Glenellan-house, in a grand chamber, a' hung wi' black, and lighted wi' wax candle.'

God assolzie her!' ejaculated old Edie, her head apparently still occupied by the event of the Countess's death — she was a hard-hearted woman, but she's gien to account for it a', and His mercy be infinite — God grant she may find it sae!' — And she relapsed into silence, which did not break again during the rest of the evening.

'I wondered what that auld daft beggar-carle and our son Steenie can be doing out in the night as a wi' the horses,' said Mr. Ochiltree, 'and the expression of surprise was echoed by her visiter; 'Gang an' see, one o' ye, hinnies, up to the heugh head, and gi the a' them a cry in case they're within hearing — the carraeks will be burnt to a cinder.'

The little emissary departed, but in a few minutes came running back with the loud exclamation, 'Eh, minnie! eh, granmie! there's a white bogle chasing twa black and down the hough, a voice in a word in a week, unless it be to the bits o' barn.'

'Wha, Mrs. Mucklebackit, she's an a-wome eile!' said Jenny in reply, 'D'ye think she's a-throwin' ma's a', ma's a woman?' — Folk says she's shown to the kirk, but I never saw the Countess's ain table grace, wi' her specially on a Friday — But see our gud-mother's hands and lips are ganging — now it's workin' in her head like barm — she'll speak enough the morn. — She can go to a show, a word in a week, ane's a hard-witted woman.'

'Canny, ye silly rampie! think ye an auld wife's less cauny than another? unless it be Allison Broek — I really couldna in conscience swear for her — I have seen the boxts she set fill'd wi' partana, when——'

'Vear, vear, Maggie,' whispered Jenny, 'your gud-mother's guan to speak again.'

'Vear, vear, Maggie,' said the old lady, 'or did I dream, or was it revealed to me, that gud-mother, Lady Glenallen, is dead, an buried this night?'

'Vear, vear, gud-mother,' screamed the daughter-in-law, 'it's even a.'

'And o'en sae let it be,' said old Edie; 'she's made mony a sair heart in her day — o'en her ain sair heart is living yet.'

'Ay, he's living yet — but how lang he'll live — however, dinna ye mind his coming and asking after re in the spring, and leaving ari.'

'Ay, sair heart,' said Maggie, 'bein' a mind it — but a handsome gentleman he was, and his father before him. Eh! if his father had lived, they might have been happy folk! — But he was gane, and the lady carried it in-her and outter wi' her son, and carr'd him trow the thing he never auld had trowed, and do the thing he has repented a' his life, and will repent still, was his life as lang as this lang and weepin' an gane heep.'

'O what was it, granmie?' — and 'What was it, Luckie Edie?' — sked the children, the mother, and the visiter, in monie a tone.

'Never ask what it was,' answered the old sibyl, but pray to God that ye arena left to the pride and foolishness o' your sin hearts. They may be as powar-ful o' ye as an auld witch, an ye witness that — O that wears and fearfu' night I will it 2 R
again, and I just put it in my pocket and keep it safe, and then came the talk of peasant and you cried, 'Rin, rin,' and I had nce mind thought of the book.'

'We man get it back to the loon some gait or other, ye had better take it yourself, I think, wi' peep o' light, up to Rin, and Alwood's. I waitna for a hundred pounds it was fund in our hands.'

Steenie undertook to do as he was directed.

'A bonny night ye hae made o', Mr. Steenie,' said Jenny Rintchour, who, impatient of remaining so long unnoticed, now presented herself to the young fisherman. 'A bonny night ye hae made o', tramping about wi' gaberlunzies, and getting your- self in a state o' anger outside a bed like your father, honest man.'

This attack called forth a suitable response of rustic raillery from the young fisherman. An attack was now commenced upon the ear-cakes and smoked fish, and sustained with great perseverance by assistance of a bicker or two of twopenny ale and a bottle of gin. The mendicant then retired to the straw of an out-house adjoining,—the children had one by one crept into their nests,—the old grand-mother was deposited in her flock-bed,—Steenie, notwithstanding his preceding fatigue, had the gallantry to accompany them to her own home, and at what hour he returned the story saith not,—and the matron of the family, having laid the gathering-coal upon the fire, and put things in some sort of order, retired to rest the last of the family.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Many great ones
Would part with half their states, to have the plan
And credit to be in the first seat—
Beggars' Bank.

Old Edie was stirring with the lark, and his first inquiry was after Steenie and the pocket-book. The young fisherman had been under the necessity of running far ahead before daybreak to lay the selvage of the tide, but he had promised, that, immediately on his return, the pocket-book, with all its contents, carefully wrapped up in a piece of sail-cloth, should be delivered by him to Rin, and Alwood, for Dousterswivel, the owner.

The matron had prepared the morning meal for the family, and, shouldering her basket of fish, returned home. They had been idling round the door, for the day was fair and sunny. The ancient grandame, again seated on her wicker-chair by the fire, had resumed her eternal surveillance of the children, and scrutinising of the mother, which had preceded the dispersion of the family. Edie had arranged his various bags, and was bound for the remoter parts of the sea, but, first advanced with due courtesy to take his leave of the ancient crane.

Gude day to ye, cummer, and mony ane o' them. I will be back about the fore-end o' har, and I trust to find ye baith hail and fare.'

'Pray that ye may find me in my quiet grave,' said the old woman, in a hollow and sepulchral voice, but without the agitation of a single feature. 'Ye're auld, cummer, and see am I myself; but we maun abide His will—'we'll no be forgotten in His good time.'

'Nor our deeds neither,' said the crone; 'what's done in the body maun be answered in the spirit.'

'I wot that's true; and I may weel tak the tale hame to myself, that has led a misrule and roving life. But ye were a fancy woman. We derek ye were a fraile but ye canna have see muckle to bow ye down.'

'Less than I might have had—but mair, O far mair than wad sink the stoutest brig e'er sailed ou're harbor! A wid wife, somebody say ye trysteen—at least it seen be in my mind—but auld folk ha' weak fancies—did not somebody say that Josceline, Countess of Gennelawn, was departed.'

'They said the truth whatever said it,' answered Edie: 'she was buried yeestreen by torch-light at St. Ruth's, and I like a fule, get a gliff wi' se' the lights and the riders.'

'It was their fashion since the days of the Great Earl that was killed at Harlaw—They did it to show scorn that they should die and be buried like other mortals—Bless the hoose! the howm wi' wait for the husband, nor the sister for the brother—but is she o'en cad to the lang account?'

'As sure as,' answered Edie, 'as we maun it abide it.'

'When I'll unslave my mind, come o' what will.'

This she spoke with more acrality than usually attended her expressions, and accompanied her word with an attitude of the hand, as if throwing some imprecation on her. She then raised up her form, once all, and still retaining the appearance of having been so, though bent with age and rheumatism, and stood before the beggar like a mummy animated by some wandering and watered air of apathy. Her light blue eyes wandered to and fro, as if she occasionally forgot and again remembered the purpose for which her long and withered hand was searching among the persons present, as sent to her by the faded pocket-book. At length, she pulled out a small chip-box, and opening it, took out a handsome ring, in which was set a braid of hair, composed of two different classes of the human hair, twisted together, encircled with brilliants of considerable value.

'Gudeman,' she said to Ochiltree, 'as ye was her deserter, now ye maun gae and send to the house of Glenellan, and ask for the Earl.'

'The Earl of Glenellan, cummer! oh, ye wins an any o' the gentles o' the country, and what like-hood is in the matter that ye want the see the like o' an auld gablerlunzie?'

'Gang your ways and try—and tell him that Es- speth o' the Craigburnfoot—he'll mind me best by that name—will get him or she he'll get her lang pilgrimage, and that she sends him that ring in token o' the business she was speak o'.'

Ochiltree looked on the ring with some admiration of its apparent value, and then carefully replacing it in the box, and wrote down a short and a neglected handkerchief, he deposited the token in his bosom.

'Well, gudewife,' he said, 'I see your biddings, or it's no be my fault.—But surely there was never a braw gentleman for this sort of business as an auld fish-wife, and through the hands of a gaberlunzie beggar.'

With this reflection, Edie took up his pike-staff, put on his broad-brimmed bonnet, and set forth upon his pilgrimage. The old woman remained for some time standing in a fixed posture, her eyes directed to the door through which her ambassador had departed. Then, as the rest of the family had conversation had occasioned, gradually left her features—she sunk down upon her accustomed seat, and was heard to make mechanical labour of the distaff and spindle, with her wonted air of apathy.

Edie Ochiltree meanwhile advanced on his journey. The distance to Glenellan was ten miles, a march which the old soldier accomplished in about two hours. With the curiosity before him to his rude and animated character, he tortured himself the whole way to consider what could be the mean reversion of this mysterious errand with which he was intrusted, and concluded that no connection existed between the illustrious and powerful Earl of Glenellan could have with the crimes or/penitence of an old doting woman, whose rank in life did not greatly exceed that of her messenger. He endeavoured to call to memory all that he had ever known or heard of the Glenellan family, yet, having done so, remained altogether unable to form a conjecture on the subject. He knew that the whole extensive estate of this ancient and powerful family had descended to the Countess lately deceased, who inherited, in a most remarkable degree, its fierce, and unbinding character, which had distinguish'd the house of Glenellan from the first figure in Scottish annals. Like the rest of her ancestors, she adhered zealously to the Roman Catholic faith, and was married to an English gentleman who, of the name of M'Clane, who did not survive their union two years. To
Countess was, therefore, left an early widow, with the uncontrolled management of the large estates of Glenallan, and in 1755, Lord Geraldine, who was to succeed to the title and fortune of Glenallan, was totally dependent on his mother during her life. The second, when he came of age, assumed the name of the late Earl of Geraldine, by act of the House of Lords, 1755, and took possession of his estate, according to the provisions of the Countess's marriage-settlement. After this period, he chiefly resided in England, and paid very few visits to his native county; and these at length were altogether dispensed with, in consequence of his becoming a convert to the reformed religion.

But even before this mortal offence was given to its mistress, his residence at Glenallan offered few inducements to a gay young man like Edward Geraldine Neville, though its gloom and seclusion seemed to suit the retired and melancholy habits of his elder brother. Lord Geraldine, in the outset of life, had been a young man of accomplishment and hopes. The world knew him upon his travels entertained the highest expectations of his future career. But such fair dawns are often strangely overcast. The young nobleman returned to Scotland, and after living for some months at his mother's seat, Glenallan-house, he seemed to have adopted all the vices of that station, and melancholy of her character. Excluded from politics by the incapacities attached to those of his religion, and from all lighter avocations by choice, Lord Geraldine led a life little different from that of his brother. His ordinary society was composed of the clergy of his communion, who occasionally visited his mansion; and very rarely, upon stated occasions of high festival, one or two families who still professed the Catholic religion were formally entertained at Glenallan-house. But this was all—their heretic neighbours knew nothing of the family whatever; and even the Catholics saw little of the sumptuous entertainments and solemn parade which was exhibited on those formal occasions, from which all returned without knowing whether morning or evening at the sterner and stately demeanour of the Countess, or the deep and gloomy dejection which never ceased for a moment to cloud the features of her son. The estate had put him in possession of his fortune and title, and the neighbourhood had already begun to conjecture whether gayety would revive with independence, when those who had some occasional acquaintance with the interior of the family spread abroad a report, that the Earl's constitution was undermined by religious austerities, and that, in all probability, he would soon follow his mother to the grave. The report was confirmed by the records of the age, as his brother had died of a lingering complaint, which, in the latter years of his life, had affected at once his frame and his spirits; so that heralds and genealogists, who recorded his title, discover the heir of this ill-fated family, and lawyers were talking, with gloomy anticipation, of the probability of a great Glenallan cause.

As Edie Ochiltrie approached the front of Glenallan-house, an ancient building of great extent, the most modern part of which had been designed by the celebrated Inigo Jones, he began to consider in what manner he would be most likely to gain access for delivery of his message; and, after much consideration, resolved to send the token to the Earl by one of the domestics. With this purpose he stopped at the lodge, and the domestics of meeting up the ring in a sealed packet like a petition, addressed, 'Fort his hounor the Vert of Glenallan—These. But being aware that missives delivered at the doors of great houses by strangers as himself, do not always make their way according to address, Edie determined, like an old soldier, to reconnoitre the ground before he made his final step. He knocked at the door, and was informed that the house was covered, by the number of poor ranked before it, some of them being indigent persons in the vicinity, and others itinerants of his own beggaring profession; and that it would be more likely to be a general dole or distribution of charity.

'A good turn,' said Edie to himself, 'never goes unrewarded—I'll maybe get a good samwone that I was had missed, but for trotting on this auld wife's errand.' Accordingly, he ranked up with the rest of this ragged regiment, assuming a station as near the front as possible,—a distinction due, as he conceived, to his blue uniform, and his valiant services, for years and experience; but he soon found there was another principle of precedence in this assembly to which he had not adhered.

'Are ye no a friend, that ye press forward so bauldy? I'm thinking no, for there's nae Catholics wear that badge.'

'Na, na, I am no a Roman,' said Edie.

'Then stow it, and awa to the double folk, or single folk, that's the Episcopals or Presbyterians yonder—it's a shame to see a heretic has sic a lang white beard, that would do credit to a hermit.'

Ochiltrie, thus rejected from the society of the Catholic mendicants, or those who called themselves such, went to station himself with the paupers of the communion of the church of England, to whom the noble donor allotted a double portion of his charity. But never was a poor occasional confraternity more roughly rejected by a High-church congregation, even when that matter was furiously agitated in the day. 'See to him wi' his badge!' they said; 'he hears aye the king's Presbyterian chaplains souch out a sermon on the morning of every birth-day, and now he would press to the kirk!—An, the Episcopal church! Na, na! We'll take care o' that.'

Edie, thus rejected by Rome and prelacy, was fain to shelter himself from the laughter of his brethren among the thin group of Presbyterians, who had never disdained to disguise their religious opinions for the sake of an augmented dole, or perhaps knew they could not attempt the imposition with a certainty of doing the common folk an injury.

The same degree of precedence was observed in the mode of distributing the charity, which consisted in bread, butter, and a piece of money, to each individual of all the three classes. The almoner, an ecclesiastic of grave appearance and demeanour, superintended in person the accommodation of the Catholic mendicants, asking a question or two of each as he delivered the charity, and recommending to them prayers the soul of Joscelind, late Countess of Glenallan, mother of their benefactor. The porter, distinguished by his long staff headed with silver, and by the black gown tufted with lace of the same colour, which he had assumed upon the general mourning in the family, overlooked the distribution of the dole among the paupers. The less favoured kirk-folk were committed to the charge of an aged domestic.

As this last discussed some disputed point with the porter, his glance fell upon the square button mentioned, and then his features, struck Ochiltrie, and awakened recollections of former times. The rest of the assembly were now retiring, when the porter, again approaching the place where Edie still lingered, said, in a strong Aberdeen accent, 'Fat is the auld feel-body deeing that he canna gang awa, now that he's gotten baith meat and ailer.'

'Francie Macraw,' answered Edie Ochiltrie, 'd'ye no mind Fonteyn, and 'Keep thegither, front and rear!'

'Ochon, ochon!' cried Francie, with a true north-country yell of recognition, 'naebody could ha' said that word but my auld front-rank man, Edie Ochiltrie! But I'm sorry to see ye in sic a poor state, man.'

'No sae ill aff as ye may think, Francie. But I'm laith to leave this place without a crack wi' you, and I kenna when I may see you again, for your folk are as weel as the Jeninses, and dinna make me laith to leave ye, auld man, and that's a reason that I has never been here before.'

'Fusht, fusht,' said Francie, 'let that flies wide, i' the wa'-when the dirt's dry it will rub out—and come you awa wi' me, and I'll see ye somewhat better than ye look o' th' face o' man, man.'

Having then spoke a confidential word with the
porter, (probably to request his continuance) and having waited until the almoner had returned to the house, left the doors wide open and walked off. Francis Macraw introduced his old comrade into the court of Glenallan-house, the gloomy gateway of which was surmounted by a huge scutch-pin, in which the herald and heraldic symbols of the Marquis of Huntly were fixed, and up a long flight of stairs, to the edifice of human pride and of human nothingness; the Countess's hereditary coat-of-arms, with all its numerous quarterings, disposed in a lozenge, and surmounted by the badge of her paternal and maternal ancestry, intermingled with seys, hourglasses, skulls, and other symbols of that mortality which levels all distinctions. Concluding his friend as he was about to leave the hall, he offered to take care of the armoury. Macraw led the way through a side-door to a small apartment near the servants' hall, which, in virtue of his personal attendance upon the Earl of Glenallan, he was entitled to call his own. To produce cold meat of various kinds, strong beer, and even a glass of spirits, was no difficulty to a person of Francis's importance, who had not lost, in his sense of conscious dignity, the keen northern prudence which recommended a good understanding with the Butler. Our mendicant envoy drank ale, and talked over old stories with his comrade, until no other topic of conversation was left, and then turned to the theme of his embassy, which had for some time escaped his memory.

"He had a petition to present to the Earl," he said, "and he judged it prudent to say nothing of the ring, not knowing as he afterwards observed, how far the manners of a single soldier might have been corrupted by service in a great house." Francis Macraw then led the way to the stables and said, "The Earl will look at your petition—but I can give the almoner the list."

"But it relates to some secret, that maybe your lordship will ask before me, I think it is a very reason that the almoner will be for seeing it the first and foremost.

"But I have come this way on purpose to deliver it, Francis, and I really mean to give me a pinch.

"Never speak that if I discontent you," answered Francis, "for about to give you a sentence about this kind, but Francis imposed silence on him by signs, and opening a door at the end of the long picture-gallery ushered him into a small antechamber hung with black. Here then found the almoner a round table, and a door opposite that by which they entered, in the attitude of one who listens with attention, but is at the same time afraid of being detected in the act.

The old domestic and churchman started when they perceived each other. But the almoner first recovered his recollection, and, advancing towards Macraw, said under his breath, but with an authoritative tone, "How dare you approach the Earl's apartment without knocking? and who is this stranger, or what has he to do here?—Retire to the gallery and wait for me there."

"It's impossible, just now to attend your reverences," answered Macraw, raising his voice so as to be heard in the next room, being conscious that the priest would not more readily utter without hearing his patron's name. "The Earl's bell has rung again." He had scarce uttered the words, when it was rung again with greater violence than before; and the ecclesiastic, perceiving further procrastination impossible, lifted his finger at Macraw with a menacing attitude, as he left the apartment.

"I'll tell ye sae," said the Aberdeen man in a whistle to Edie, and then proceeded to open the door near which they had observed the chaplain stationed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

This ring—

The ancient forms of mourning were observed in Glenallan-house, notwithstanding the obsequies with which they were followed, and the Countess was disposed to refuse to the dead the usual tribute of lamentation. It was remarked, that when she received the formal letter announcing the death of her second, and as was expected with her favour for the Countess did not shake, nor her eyelid twinkle, any more than upon perusal of a letter of ordinary business; but merely knowing that the signature of mortal sorrow, which her pride condemned might not have some effect in hastening her ov
death. It was at least generally supposed, that the apostolic stroke, which so soon afterwards terminated the life of the relation, was as a mark of outraged Nature for the restraint to which her feelings had been subjected. But although Lady Glenallan forebore the usual external signs of grief, and appeared to act as if she was entirely at home among others her own and that of the Earl, to be hung with the exterior trappings of wo.

The Earl of Glenallan was therefore seated in an atmosphere of solemn yet unbroken repose, the waves of dusky folds along its lofty walls. A screen, also covered with black baize, placed towards the high and narrow window, intercepted much of the broken light, so that the painted and gilded figure that represented, with such skill as the fourteenth century possessed, the life and sorrows of the prophet Jeremiah. The table at which the Earl was seated was lighted with two lamps wrought in silver, shedding that unpleasant and doubtful light which arises from the mingling of artificial lustre with that of general daylight. The same table displayed a silver crucifix, and one or two clasped parchment books. A large picture, exquisitely painted by Spagnoletto, represented the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and was the only ornament of the apartment.

The visitor of this Elijah-like unshorn chamber was a man not past the prime of life, yet so broken down with disease and mental misery, so gaunt and ghastly, that he appeared but a wreck of mankind. He was covered with the white cloak, the bare feet, the creased stature, and undaunted presence and bearing of the old mendicant, indicated patience and content in the extremity of age, and in the lowest condition to which human nature is capable at any period of life. He entered, and beckoned to the visitor, the exertion seemed almost to overpower his enfeebled frame. As they met in the midst of the apartment, the contrast they exhibited was complete—white cloaked, with white face, and wasted eye, the visitor, in his full stature, and in his unwearied vigour, a sight for every eye. When he was satisfied with this security against being overheard, Lord Glenallan came close up to the mendicant, and, in the most friendly manner, addressed himself to some person of a religious order in discourse, and said, in a hasty yet faltering tone, "In the name of all our religion holds most holy, tell me, reverend father, what might you wish to express as a communication, opened by a token connected with such horrible recollections?"

The old man, appalled by a manner so different from what he had expected from the proud and powerful nobleman, was at a loss how to answer, and in what manner to undeceive him—"Tell me," continued the Earl, in a tone of increasing triumph and agony—"tell me, by all that is dear to you, that all that has been heard by me, I am not made false by your persuasion, nor a clergyman, but, with all reverence, only puri Edict Oichlert, the king’s bedman and your honour’s."

It was evident that he was accompanied by a profound bow after his manner, and then drawing himself up erect, raised his arm on his staff threw back his long white hair, and fixed his eyes upon the Earl, as he waited for an answer.

"And you,” said he, "who are you then?” said Lord Glenallan, after a pause of surprise, "you are not then a Catholic priest?”

"God forbid!" said Edie, forgetting in his confusion to whom he was speaking—"I am only the king’s bedman and your honour’s, as I said before."

The Earl turned hastily away, paced the room twice or thrice, as if to recover the effects of his surprise, and then, turning to the mendicant, he demanded, in a stern and commanding tone, what he meant by intruding himself on his privacy, and from whence he had got the ring which he had thought proper to send. The poor unhappy woman was less daunted at this mode of interrogation than he had been confused by the tone of confidence in which the Earl had opened their conversation. To the reiterated question from whom he had obtained the ring, he answered composedly, "From one who was better known to the Earl than to him."

"Better known to me, fellow," said Lord Glenallan; "what is your meaning? Explain yourself instantly, or you shall experience the consequence of breaking in upon the hour of family distress."

"It was said Elspeth Muckle-skeet that sent me here," said the mendicant, and then added, "You know her, if I ca’ed her Elspeth o’ the Craigsburn-foot. She had that name when she lived on your honour’s land, that is, your honour’s worshipful mother’s that was then—Grace be with her!"

"Ay,” said the appalled nobleman, as his countenance sunk, and his chock assumed a hue yet more censurable; "that name is indeed written in the most horrid page of the tragic story—but what can she desire of me? Is she dead or living?"

"Living, my lord; and entreats to see your lordship before she dies, for she has something to communicate that hangs upon your very soul, and she says she cannot sit in peace until she sees you."

"Not until she sees me!—what can that mean?—but she is doating with age and infirmity—I tell thee, friend, I called at her cottage myself, not a week-morn from, since a report that she was in distress, and she did not even know my face or voice."

"If your lordship will permit it, says Edie, to whom the length of the consequence restored a part of his professional audacity and native talkativeness—"if your honour wad but permit me, I wad say, under the circumstances, to correcting the misconception which has arisen from Elspeth’s like of some of the ancient ruined strangues and castles that are seen among the hills. There are many parts of her mind that appear, as I may say, laid waste and plundered by the pack of the stiver, and the stronger, and the grander, because they are ranging just like to fragments among the ruins o’ the rest—She’s a woman’s life."

"She always was so," said the Earl, almost unconsciously echoing the observation of the mendicant—"she always was different from other women—likewise perhaps to her who is now no more, in her temper and turn of mind.—She wishes to see me, then?”

"Before she dies," said Edie, "she earnestly entreats that pleasure."

"It will be a pleasure to neither of us,” said the Earl sternly; "and she’s a woman. But I think, on the sea shore to the southwest of Fairport?"

"Just between Monkburns and Knockwinnock Castle, but no farther," says Edie. "Your worship’s honour will ken the laird and Sir Arthur, doubtless?"

"A stare, as if he did not comprehend the question, was Lord Glenallan’s answer. Edie saw his mind was for a mo’ than mused, and went upon a query which was so little germane to the matter.

"Are you a Catholic, old man?” demanded the Earl.

"No, my lord," said Oichlert stoutly; "for the remembrance, I have a sequel to the old story in his mind at the moment; "I thank Heaven I am a good Protestant."
CHAPTER XXIX.

For he was one in all their idle sport,
And, like a monarch, ruled their little court;
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all.

Crabb's Village.

FRANCIS MACRAW, agreeably to the commands of his master, attended the mendicant, in order to see him fairly out of the estate, without permitting him to have conversation, or intercourse, with any of the Earl's dependents or domestics. But, judiciously considering that the restriction did not extend to himself, who was the person entrusted with the convoy, he used every measure in his power to extort from Eddie the nature of his confidence. He secret interview with Lord Glenallan. But Eddie had been in his time accustomed to cross-examination, and easily evaded those of his quondam comrade. "The secrets of grit folk," said Ochiltree within himself, "are just like the wild beasts that are shut up in cages. Keep them hand and fast smacked up, and it's a very weel or better—but anes let them out, they will turn and rend you. I mind how ill Dugald Gunn came off for letting loose his tongue about the Major's leddy and Captain Bandelier."

Francis was, therefore, foiled in his assaults upon the fidelity of the mendicant, and, like an indifferent chaffinch, desirous of making use of any unperceived movement, more liable to the counter-checks of his opponent.

"Sae ye uphaud ye had nae particulars to say to my lord, ye may say true in the main, neighbour—" replied the beggar; "but maybe he's had some hard play in his younger days, Francis, and that while unseeties folk say."

"Troth, ye may say that—and since it's like ye'll ne'er come back to the estate, or, if ye do, that ye'll find me there, I see e'en tell you had a heart in his young time sae wreacked and rent, that it's a wonder it hasn't broken outright lang afore this day."

"Ay, say ye sae?" said Ochiltree; "that man has been about a woman, I reckon?"

"Troth, and ye lass guessed it," said Francis—"jesus a cuinin o his maids—Miss Eveline Nevall, as they said hae ca'd her—there was a sough in the country about it, but it was hushed up, as the gentry do—ye can see it's up there for twenty years—ay, it will be three and twenty."

"Ay, I was in America then," said the mendicant, "and no in the way to hear the country stories."

"There was little chlass about it, man," replied Macraw; "he liked this young leddy, and said hee married her, but his mother fand it out, and then the deil gied o'er Jack Webster. At last, the peer less clched herself o'er the scarr at the Creighburnfoot into the sea, and there was an end o't."

"An end o't wi' the purr leddy," said the mendicant, "for me I ruched me o' wi' the yerl."

"Nae end o't till his life makes an end," answered the Aberdeen.

"But what for did the said Countess forbid the marriage?" inquired the perspicacious Francis.

"Fat for!—she may be divins weel ken for fat herself, for she gird a bow to her bidding, right or wrong—but it was the young leddy was inclined to some o' the hereisies of the country—near by token, she was sib to him nearer than our Church's rule admits of—Sae the leddy was driven to the desperate act, and the yerl has never since held his head up high."

"Weel away!" replied Ochiltree; "it's e'en queer I ne'er heard this tale afore."

"It's e'en queer that ye hear it now, for dealing o' the same sort has spok o' hae the said Countess been living—Ed! man, Eddie, but she was a trimmer—it wad hae been a skely man to hae aquired wi' her!—But she's in her grave, and we may look in the future for a bit fan of the Countess."

But fare ye weel, Eddie, I maun be back to the evening service. An ye come to Inverurie maybe six months awa, dinna forget to ask after Francis Macraw."

What one kindly pressed, the other as firmly promised; and the friends having thus parted, with every testimony of mutual regard, the domestic of Lord Glenallan took his road back in the seat of his master, leaving Ochiltree to trace on ward his habitual pilgrimage.

It was a fine summer evening, but the world, that is, the little circle which was all in all to the individual by whom it was trodden, lay before Ochiltree, for the choosing of his night's quarters. When he had passed the less hospitable domains of Glenallan, he had in his option so many pleasant places of refuge for the evening, that he was nice and even fastidious in the choice. Alle Stiu's public was on the roadside about a mile before him; but there would be a parcel of young fellows there, and the refuges, the Saturday night, and that was a bar to civil convassation. Other "gudemen and gudewives," as the farmers and their dames are termed in Skotsland, would be a success. But one was dead, and could not hear him; another toothless and could not make him hear; a third
had a cross temper; and a fourth an ill-natured house-dog. At Monkbar's or Knockwinnock he was sure of a favourable and hospitable reception; but the bay too distant to be conveniently reached that night.

"I dinna ken how it is," said the old man, "but I am nicht aboot my quarters this night than ever I was before. Latterly, I think, having seemed the braws wanner, and finding out ane may be happier without them, has made me proud o' my sin lot—but I wuss it bode me guide, for pride goeth before the fall. Life's a layin' in wa' be a pleasant abode than Glenallan-house, wi' a' the pictures and black velvet, and silver bonny-wawlies belonging to it—So I'll een sette at an' keep my ain Smoky.

As the old man descended the hill above the little hamlet to which he was bending his course, the setting sun had relieved its inmates from their labour, and the young men availing themselves of the fine evening, were engaged in the sport of long-bowls on a patch of common, while the women and elders looked on. The shout, the laugh, the exclamations of the that as losers, came in blended chorus up the path which Ochiltree was descending, and awakened in his recollection the days when he himself had been a keen competitor, and frequently victor, in games of strength, skill, and daring. As the recollection fail to excite a sigh, even when the evening of life is cheered by brighter prospects than those of our poor mendicant. At that time of day, was his natural reflect, and if not himself, at least the old sun, stopped, palmering body that was coming down the edge of Kenblythmount, as one o' those stalwart young chieftains doo' enow about said Edie Ochiltree.

He had been forgetful, and, by finding that more importance was attached to his arrival than his modesty had anticipated. A disputed cast had occurred between the bands of players, and as the gauger found that the former had the right, the matter might be said to be taken up by the higher powers. The Miller and Smith, also, had espoused different sides, and, considering the vivacity of two such disputants, there was reason to doubt whether the strife might be amicably terminated. But the first person who caught a sight of the mendicant exclaimed, "Ah! here comes auld Edie, that knows the rules o' country games better than any man that ever draw a bawl, or threw an axe-tree, or put a stane either—it's nae quarrelling, calmer will still stand, auld Edie's judgment.

Edie was accordingly well entertained as umpire, with a general shout of gratulation. With all the modesty of a bishop to whom the mitre is proper, a speaker called to the chair, and the old man declined the high trust, pointing to the responsibility with which it was proposed to invest him, and, in requital for his self-denial and humility, had the pleasure of receiving the reiterated assurances of young, old, and middle-aged, that he was the simplest and best qualified person for the office of arbiter "in the hall country-side."

Thus encouraged, he proceeded gravely to the execution of his duty, and, strictly forbidding all aggravating expressions on either side, he heard the smith and gauger on one side, the miller and schoolmaster on the other, as junior and senior counsellors. Edie, as a matter of justice, had made up his mind before the pleading began; like that of many a judge, who must, nevertheless, go through all the forms, and endure in its full extent, the eloquence and arguments and the justice and the law that has been said on both sides, and much of it said over oftener than once, our senior, being well and ripey advised, pronounced the moderate and healing judgment which alwa's the law in the villages and the borders of village sport, and the more eager were already stripping their jackets, and committing them, with their coloured handedkerchiefs, to the care of styers, gentry, and mistresses. But their mirth was singularly interrupted.

On the outside of the group of players began to arise sounds of a description very different from those of sport—that sort of suppressed sigh and exclamation, with which the first sounds received by the hearers, began to be heard indis-
tudes of human affairs, which had so suddenly con- 
signed one of their comrades to the grave, and placed 
their water of the river in some danger of being 

hanged. The character of Doubtswivel being pretty 
generally known, which was in his case equivalent to 
being pretty generally detested, there were many 
sources of information to lead to an accusation of being 
malice. But all agreed, that, if Edie Ochil- 
tree behaved in all events to suffer upon this oc- 
casion, it was a great pity he had not better merited his 
fate by killing Doubtswivel outright.

CHAPTER XXX.

Who is he?—One that for the lack of land 
which he would have water his horses chang'd 
Formerly the grand whale; and by his titles 
Of Lewisham, Newington, and so forth. 
He titled with a sword-fish—Marty, sir. 
That aquatic had the boat—the argonaut 
Still gals our champion's breech.

Old Play.

"Axn the poor young fellow, Steenie Muckle- 
backit, is to be buried this morning," said our old 
friend the Antiquary, as he exchanged his gaited 
night-gown for an old-fashioned black coat in lieu 
of the dresses of dissent which he ordinarily wore, 
and, I presume, it is expected that I should 
attend the funeral?"

"Oh, ay," answered the faithful Caxon, officiously 
bowing and not sparing his patron's habit: "the 
body, God help us, was see broken against the rocks 
that they're lain to burn the burial. 
The sea's a kittle cast, as I tell my daughter, puir 
ting, when I was a poor girl, the seas—get up the 
triumphs,—the sea, says I, Jenny, is as uncertain a calling—"

"As the calling of an old periwigmaker, that's 
robbed of his business by crops and the powder-tax. 
Caxon, thy topics of consolation are as ill chosen as 
they are foreign to the present purpose. Quid mihi 
cum fiemina? What have I to do with thy woman- 
kind, who have enough and to spare of mine own?— 
I pray you again, am I expected by those poor 
people to attend the funeral of their son?"

"Ou, doubtless, your honour is expected," answered 
Caxon; "weel I wot ye are expected. Ye ken in 
this country like gentleman is wusied to be seen civil 
as to see the corpse aff his grounds—Ye needn gang 
higher than the long-head—it's no expected your 
honour shall leave the land—it's just a Kelso convoy, 
and a Kelso convoy's as good as any other. 
A Kelso convoy!" echoed the inquisitive Anti-
quary; "and why a Kelso convoy more than any 
other?"

"Dear sir," answered Caxon, "how should I ken? it's 
just a by-word."

"Caxon," answered Oldmuck, "thou art a mere 
periwigmaker—Had I asked Ochiltree the ques-
tion, he would have had a leg ready made to my 
hand."

"My business," replied Caxon, with more anima-
tion than he commonly displayed, "is with the 
outside of your honour's head, as ye are accustomed 
to say."

"True, Caxon, true; and it is no reproach to a 
hatter that he is not an upholder."

He then took out his memorandum-book and wrote 
down: "Kelso convoy—said to be a step and a half 
over the threshold. Authority—Caxon. Quare— 
Where derived? Mem. To write to Dr. Graysteel 
upon the subject."

Having made this entry, he resumed: "And truly, 
as to this custom of the landlord attending the body 
of the peasant, I approve it, Caxon. It comes from 
uncertain times upon the probability of the circulation 
of mutual aid and dependence between the lord and 
cultivator of the soil. And herein I must say, the 
feudal system (as also in its cuttivity towards 
woman-kind in which it existed)—herein I say, the 
feudal usages mitigated and softened the sternness 
of classical times. No man, Caxon, ever heard of 
Spartan attending the funeral of a Helot—yet I dare 
be sworn the children of the Girdell—ye have heard of 
his Caxon?"
cottage, will probably acquit poor Juno of that aggravation of guilt which the lawyers call a dastäumis gratia, and which makes the distinction between burglary and a high private taking that is usually made by the law."

"I am truly sorry, sir," said Hector, "that Juno has committed so much disorder; but Jack Murhead, the breaker, was never able to bring her under command. She travels more than any bitch I ever knew, but—"

"Then, Hector, I wish the bitch would travel half as much of my grounds."

"We will try to restrain her to-morrow, or to-day, but I would not willingly part from my mother's brother in unkindness about a palpity pickin'."

"O, brother, brother!" ejaculated Miss M'Intyre, in utter amazement at the reports of a temperature at Juno's place which were so high.

"Why, why would you have me say it?" continued Hector; "it was just such a thing as they use in Egypt to cool wines, or cherbet, or water—I brought home a pair of them—I might have brought home twenty!"

"What!" said Oldbuck, "shaped such as that your dog threw down?"

"Yes, sir, such a sort of a carthen jar as that which was on the bedside. They are in my lodgings at Fairport; we brought a parcel of them to cool our drinks yesterday and the past days. It runs well—if I could think that they would in any degree repay your loss, or rather that they could afford you pleasure, I am sure I should be much honoured by your sanctioning them."

"And my dear boy, I should be highly gratified by possessing them. To trace the connexion of nations by their usages, and the similarity of the implements which they employ, has been long my favourite study. Everything that can illustrate such connexions is most valuable to me."

"Well, sir, I shall be much gratified by your acceptance of them, and a few trinkets of the same kind. And now, am I to hope you have forgiven me?"

"O, my dear boy, you are only thoughtless and foolish."

"But Juno—she is only thoughtless too, I assure you—the breaker tells me she has no vice or stubborness."

"Well, I grant Juno also a free pardon—conditioned, that you will imitate her in avoiding vice and stubborness, and that henceforward she banish herself forth of Monkbars parlour; you are the soldier. I should have been very sorry and ashamed to propose to you any thing in the way of expiation of my own sins, or of those of my follower, that I thought worth your acceptance, but I will allow you the orphan-nephew, to whom you have been a father, to offer you a trifle, which I have been assured is really curious, and which only the cross accident of my woe has prevented my delivering to you before. I got it from a French Savant, to whom I rendered some service after the Alexandria affair."

The captain put a small ring-case into the Antiquary's hands, which, when opened, was found to contain an antique ring of massive gold, with a cameo, most beautifully executed, bearing a head of Cleopatra. The Antiquary broke forth into unreserved admiration, and shook his nephew cautiously by the hand, thanked him a hundred times, and showed the ring to his sister and niece, the latter of whom had the tact to give it sufficient admiration; but Miss M'Intyre (although she had the same affection for her nephew) had not address enough to follow the lead.

"It's a bonny thing," she said, "Monkbarns, and, I dare say, a bottle—" but it's out o' my way—ye ken I am nae judge o' sic matters."

"There spoke all Fairport in one voice!" exclaimed Oldbuck; "it is the very spirit of the borough has imbued all the town with the same passion during these two days, that the wind has stuck, like a remora, in the north-east—and its prejudices fly farther than its vappours. Believe me, my dear Hector, we are all the same to-day. My word of honour, the Antiquary, and myself, are playing this inestimable gem in the eyes of each one I met, no human creature, from the provost to the town-crier, would stop to ask me its history. But if I carried a bale of linen cloth under my arm, I could not prevent the horror market end I should be overwhelmed with queries about its precise texture and price. O, one might parody their brutal ignorance in the words of Gray:"

\[ we love and we hate the weed, \\
\[ The windingshit of wit and sense; \\
\[ Dull garment of defensive proof; \\
\[ O curse, that doth not vex the peace.\]

The most remarkable proof of this peace-offering being quite acceptable, was that while the Antiquary was in full declamation, Juno, who held him in awe, according to the remarkable instinct by which dogs instantly discover those who like or dislike them, peeped several times into the room, and encountering nothing very forbidding in his aspect, had at length presumed to introduce her full person, and finally, becoming bold by impunity, she actually ate up Mr. Oldbuck's toast, as, looking first at one, then at another of his audience, he repeated with self-complacency:

\[ Weave the warp and weave the woof.\]

"You remember the passage in the Fatal Sisters, which, by the way, is not so fine as in the original—\[ But, boy—day—broad—dry—O—I see which way—ah, thou type of womankind, no wonder they take offence at thy generic appellation!—\[ (So saying, he shook his fist at Juno, who scoured out of the parlour.)—"

"And this Juno, according to Homer, could not rule Juno in heaven, and as Jack Murhead, according to Hector M'Intyre, has been equally unsuccessful on earth, I suppose she must have her own way." And this inspired the brother and sister justly accounted a full panegyric for Juno's offences, and sate down well pleased to the morning meal.

When breakfast was over, the Antiquary proposed to his nephew to go down with him to attend the funeral. The soldier pleaded the want of a morning habit.

"O that does not signify—your presence is all that is requisite. I assure you, you will see something that will entertain—no, that's an improper phrase—but that will interest you, from the resemblances which I will point out between popular customs on such occasions and those of the ancients."

Heaven forgive me! I thought M'Intyre; I shall certainly misbelieve, and lose all the credit we have so lately and successfully gained.

When they set out, schooled as he was by the warning and entreaties of his sister, the soldier made his resolution strong to give no offence by reviving in her mind the ideas which were fast in his breast when his nephew had hurried him in a discussion upon the "age of hills," to remark that a large sea-gull, which flitted around them, had come twice within shot. This error being acknowledged and pardoned, Oldbuck resumed his dignification.

"These are circumstances you ought to attend to and be familiar with, my dear Hector; for, in the strange contingencies of the present war which agitates every corner of Europe, there is no knowing where you may be called upon to serve. If in Norway, for example, or Denmark, or any part of the ancient Scania, or Scandinavia, as we denominate it, we could be more convenient than to have at your finger's ends the history and antiquities of that ancient country, the officium gentium, the mother of modern Europe, the nursery of three hundred empires, the birthplace of all the learned words of the world, then were you in a position to fulfill your profession to the life and to the letter."

How animating, for example, at the conclusion of an investment, to find all the ancient works, and the ancient memorials of a Runic monument, and discover that you had pitched your tent beside the tomb of a hero!"

"I am afraid, sir, our messes would be better supplied if it chanced to be in the neighbourhood of a good poultry-yard."

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THE ANTIQUARY.

"Alas, thy: you should say so!—No wonder the days of Cressy and Agincourt are no more, when link or forte, if the time has died away in the breasts of the British soldier."

"By no means, sir—by no manner of means. I dare say that Edward and Henry, and the rest of them, are as much of the other dinner, however, before they thought of examining an old tombstone. But I assure you, we are by no means insensible to the memory of our fathers' fame; I used often of an evening, when out of gear, to sing my songs out of Ossian about the battles of Fingal and Lammon Mor, and Magnús and the spirit of Muirnacht."

"And did you believe," asked the aroused Antiquary, "did you believe, sir, that Macpherson's son is to be really ancient, you simple boy?"

"Believe it, sir?—how could I but believe it, when I have heard the songs sung from my infancy?"

"But not the same as Macpherson's English Ossian—you're not absurd enough to say that, I hope!"

said the Antiquary, his brow darkening with wrath. But Hector stouter abode the storm; like many a sturdy Celt, he imagined the honour of his country and native language connected with the authenticity of these popular poems, and would have fought knock-dead, or forfeited life and land, rather than have given up a single line. He therefore solemnly maintained, that Rovry M'Alpine could repeat the whole book from one end to another; and it was only upon cross-examination that he explained an assertion so general, so ancient, as he was allowed, whisky enough, he could repeat as long as any body would hear him to.

"Ay, ay," said the Antiquary; and that, I suppose, was not very long.

"Why, we had our duty, sir, to attend to, and could not sit listening all night to a piper."

But do you recollect, now," said Oldbuck, sitting his horse, and addressing himself to the young poet, "and without opening them, which was his custom when contradicted. Do you recollect, now, any of these verses you thought so beautiful and interesting—a capital judge, no doubt, of such things?"

"I don't pretend to much skill, uncle; but it's not very reasonable to be angry with me for admiring the antiquities of my own country more than those of the Harolds, Harfangs, and Hacos you are so fond of."

"Why, these, sir,—these mighty and unconquered Goths—were your ancestors! The bare-breasted Celts, scurvy, subduéd, and subdued, and subdued only to exist, like the fearful people, in the crevices of the rocks, were but their Maccibers and Sersis!"

Hector now grew red in his turn. "Sir," he replied, "I don't understand the meaning of Mánca,

and Sersis, but I conceive such names are very improperly applied to Scotch Highlanders. No man but my mother's brother dared to have such mad language in my presence; and I pray you will observe, that I consider it as neither horrible, handsone, kind, nor generous usage towards your guest and your kinsman. My ancestors, Mr. Oldbuck."

"Were great and gallant chiefs, I dare say, Hector; and really I did not mean to give you such immense offense in treating a point of remote antiquity, a subject on which I always am myself cool, deliberate, and unprejudiced. But you are as hot and hasty, as if you were Hector and Achilles, and Agamemnon to boot!"

No more about it, lad; I meant them no affront—nothing.

"I am glad of it, sir; for the house of M'Intyre—"

"Peace be with them all, every man of them," said Oldbuck, "let us return to our subject. Do you recollect, I say, any of those poems which afforded you such amusement?"

"Very hard this, thought M'Intyre, that he will speak of me and all of everything which is ancient, accepting my family as the order of the intellectuals, be added aloud, "Yes, sir, I think I do remember some lines; but you do not understand the Gaelic language."

"And will readily excuse hearing it. But you can give me some idea of the sense in our vernacular idiom?"

"I shall prove a wretched interpreter," said M'Intyre, running up the original, well garnished with gaege, aughis, and aughis, and similar gutturals, and then coughing and hawking as if the translation stuck in his throat. At length, having promised that the poem was a dialogue between the poet Ossian, or Ossian, and Patrick, the tutelar Saint of Ireland, and that it was difficult, if not impossible, to render the exquisite felicity of the first two or three lines, he said the absolutely last of this purpose:

"Patrick the psalm-singer, since you will not listen to one of my stories, though you never heard it before, I am sorry to tell you, you are little better than an ass—"

"Good! good!" exclaimed the Antiquary; "let go on. Why, this is, after all, the most admirable foiling—I dare say the poet was very right. What says the Saint?"

"He replies in character," said M'Intyre, "let you should hear M'Alpine sing the original. The speeches of Ossian come in upon a strong deep bass—those of Patrick are upon a tenor key."

"I like M'Alpine's drone and small pipes, I suppose," said Oldbuck. "Well? Pray, go on."

"Well, then, Patrick replies to Ossian:"

"Upon my word, son of Fingal, while I am warbing the psalms, the clamon of ye worde women's tales Disturb my devotions exercises."

"Excellent!—why, this is better and better. I hope Saint Patrick sung better than Blattergowl's precen- tor, or it do bawdy, chang-choise among the poet and psalmist. But what I admire is the courtesy of these two eminent persons towards each other. It is a pity there should not be a word of this in Macpherson's translation."

"If you are sure of that," said M'Intyre, gravely, "he must have taken very unwarrantable liberties with his original."

"It will go near to be thought so shortly—but pray proceed."

Then, said M'Intyre; "this is the answer of Ossian:"

"Dare you compare your psalms, Your son of—a.

Son of a what?" exclaimed Oldbuck. "It means, 'son of a youth,' said the young soldier, with some reluctance, 'son of a fellow-crook.

"Do you compare your psalms To the tales of the bare-arm'd Pennants."

"Are you sure you are translating that last epithet correctly?

"Quite sure, sir," answered Hector, doggedly. "Because I should have thought the nudity might have been quoted as existing in a different part of the body."

Disdaining to reply to this insinuation, Hector were heed in his recitation:

"I shall think it so great harm To touch your bald head from your shoulders—"

"But what is that youder?" exclaimed Hector himself. "One of the herd of Proteus," said the Antiquary— "snoozing asleep on the beach."

"Upon which M'Intyre, with the eagerness of a young sportsman, totally forgot both Ossian, Patrick, his uncle, and his wound, and exclaming, "I shall have her! I shall have her!" snatched the walking-stick out of the hand of the astonished Antiquary, and with some risk of throwing him down, and set off at full speed to get between the animal and the sea, to which element, having caught the alarm, she was rapidly attracted.

Not Sancho, when his master interrupted his account of the combats of Pentapolitan with the naked sword, to enquire in person of the charge of the rock of Ash, stood more confounded than Oldbuck at this sudden escarade of his nephew.
THE ANTIQUARY.

Was the devil in him," was his first exclamation, "to go to disturb the brute that was never thinking of him!" Then elevating his voice, "Hector—nephew—fool—let alone the Phoebe—let alone the Phoebe, Phoebe, I tell you, like funes. He minds me no more than a bit of a Ezra—Glod the Phoebe has the best of it! I am glad to see it," said he, in the bitterness of his heart, though really alarmed for his nephew's hard fate; "I am glad to see it, with all my heart and spirit."

In truth, the seal, finding her retreat intercepted by the light-footed soldier, confronted him manfully, and to the astonishment of the spectators, she knitted her brows, as is the fashion of the animal when incensed, and making use at once of her forepaws and her unwieldy strength, wreathed the weapon of her nephew's hand, overwrought him on the sand, and scuttled away into the sea without doing him any further injury. Captain M'Intyre, a good deal out of countenance at the issue of his exploit, just rose in time to receive the ironical congratulations of his uncle, upon a single combat, worthy to be commemorated by Osian himself, "since," said the Antiquary, "your magnanimous condescension to support your nephew's wing from the foe that was low—Glod, she wallowed away with all the grace of triumph, and has carried my stick off also, by way of apolia optima."

"Oh!" said Hector, "that is not all. His first and last words were to push a salmon; and as a salmon, there was a possibility of having a trial of skill with them, and that had he had one, of raising him in us. He also made this an apology for returning back to Monkbarns, and thus escaped the farther rancour of his uncle, as well as his lamentations for his walking-stick.

"I was," in the classic woods of Haworth, when I did not expect always to have a bachelor—I would not have given it for an ocean of seals—O Hector, Hector!—thy namesake was born to be the prey of Troy, and thou to be the plague of Monkbarns!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Tell me not of it, friend—when the young weep, Their tears are like warm balsam—from our old eyes Sorrows falls down like half-dropping of the North, Chilling the furrows of our withered cheeks. Cold as our hopes, and harder as our feeling—Farewell, hard-hearted souls, you sink insensible, Hemp the fair plain, and blinds all before us.

The Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, which had been retarded by these various discussions, and the rencontre which had closed them, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Monkbarns, which had, with the usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine, and the season favourable, the chant, which is used by the fishermen when at sea, was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother, as she sits mending her mats by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting till the "body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bowing with the smile of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene, which occasioned the Antiquary no surprise, that exquisitely feeling of nature that characterizes its enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden box of its coffin, and then the box was closed while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his arched hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief, peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that rests in it, after so steadfastly objective a trial, in which the old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as so often an object on which he could not steadfastly gaze, and from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him, were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His fervour had not yet ceased to soften him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the discovery of his son's death, and the approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. She dried her tears, and, resuming her place at his side, said--"You'll be a bra' follow, an ye be spared, Pater—but we'll never be the same again. He has sailed the cable wi' me since he was ten years old, and here wasna the like o' him drew a not betwixt his meat and Buchan-ness—They say folks maun submit—" which he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated, by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitation of the bosom which the covering could not conceal. Two or three gosips, officiously whispering into her ear the common-place topic of resignation under irreparable misfortune, as they were necessarily, were endeavouring to stifle the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the arrangements they had been witness to, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant, or fisher, offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief found a vent to the sight which they had already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle—then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded—then, finally, she would raise her head with a glistly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to excel each other, just as that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes its enchanting productions.
a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the approaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the heads to the floor. On such occasions, wine and spirits and bread were offered round to the guests. Elspeth, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled flushed and screwed up her eyes, and so young a person who bored them to stop; then, taking a glass in her hand, she rose up, and, as the smile of dotation played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced with a hollow and sickly voice, "Each glass, ma'am! Each glass, ma’am, and often may we have such merry meetings!"

All shrank from the ominous pledge, and set down the unchilled liquor with a degree of shuddering horror, which no surfeit solace to know how many superstitions are still common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old woman tasted the liquor, she suddenly exclaimed with a sort of shriek, "What’s this?—this wine—how should there be wine in my son’s house?—Ay," she continued with a suppressed groan, "I mind the sorrowful cause now," and, dropping the glass from her hand, her features all fixedly on one point, she gazed in which the coffin of her grandson was deposited, and then sinking gradually into her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead with her withered and pale hands.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. Mr. Blattergowl, though a dreadful prosier, particularly on the subject of augmentations, localities, and genealogies, and in that sense, a member of the General Assembly, to which, unfortunately for his auditors, he chanced one year to act as moderator, was nevertheless a good man, in the old Scottish presbyterian phrase, as Blattergowl and many another was more attentive in visiting the sick and afflicted, in catechizing the youth, in instructing the ignorant, and in reproving the erring. And hence, notwithstanding of his garrulous and prejudiced personal or professional, and notwithstanding, moreover, a certain habitual contempt for his understanding, especially on affairs of genius and taste, on which Blattergowl was apt to be diffuse, from his hope of one day fighting his way to a chair of rhetoric or belles lettres, notwithstanding, I say, all the prejudices excited against him by those circumstances, and with great regard and respect on the said Blattergowl, though I own he could seldom, even by his sense of decency and the remonstrances of his womankind, be contradicted or provoked. And the minister was literature, to take his own metaphors, and regularly took shame to himself for his absence when Blattergowl came to Monkbars to dine, to which he was invited by a Sunday, a mode of testing his respect for the minister's time and tastes in the glass down and sunk upon the settle from where she had risen to snatch at it.

As the general amazement subsided, Mr. Oldbuck whose was the extreme of what he considered the string of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the toread chill of age and sorrow, observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his solemn charge. The clergyman thought his voice probably thought fully as agreeable to the clergyman, and rather more congenial to his own habits.

To return from a digression which can only serve to introduce the honest clergyman more particularly to our readers, Mr. Blattergowl had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavour to slide in a few words of condolence or consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gravely, as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of his footfall through some magic spell, and clunge the hut, with all its human habitation, into a mean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as he walked by all oppressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her face, she lightly answered at each pause in his speech—"Yes, sir, yes!—Ye’re very gude—ye’re very gude!—Nae doubt, nae doubt!—It's our duty to submit!—But, O dear, my poor Steenie, the pride o' my very heart, that was the handsome and comely, and a help to his family and a comfort to us a’, and a pleasure to a-th' lookit on him!—O my bairn, my bairn, my bairn!—What for a' leavin' ye there, and eh! what for am left to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had several times, by recurrence and whisper, asked him, to his face, what was the cause, and, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistant, hummed, the men held their bonnets to their face, and spoke not a word to each other, and the mean time, addressed his ghastly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said, with theupidity of her unconscious nature. But as in tears, she then approached so near to her car, that the sense of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her constant assurance at once assumed that stern and expostulating cast which characterized her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body, shook her head in manner that showed at least impatience, if not scorn and reproach, and with a gesture so expressive, as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and disdainful rejection of the ghastly consolation proffered to her. The minute stopped, and she left her seat, and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathized, and a stifled sigh passed through the group, for how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe and even horror.

In the mean time the funeral company was complete, by the arrival of the two persons who had been expected from Fairport. The wine and spirits again circulated, and the dumb show of greeting we knew interchanged. The grandame a second time took a part, led, and pronounced the last claim, with a sort of laugh,—"Hey! ha! he tasted wine twice in a day.—When did I that before, think ye, cummers?—Never since!—And the present glories vanished from her countenance, she at the glass down and sunk upon the settle from where she had risen to snatch at it.

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be only answered by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty, moved their consent, and the communicant towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their requests, had not Oldwick interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed him that the will unsealed to be found in the hands of Mr. Brock, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, "His honour Monkibarns should never want sex warp of yawer in the season, of which it is to be respected; and again, that the wretched mother, terrified by the remembrance of her husband's affliction—affliction still more fearful as apting a man of hardened manners and a robust frame—suppressed her own sobs and tears, and, pulling him by the skirt of his coat, implored him to rise and remember that, though one was removed, he had still a wife and children to comfort and support. The appeal came to too early a period of his anguish, and was totally unattended to; he continued to remain prostrate, indicating, by sobs so bitter and violent that they shook the bed and partition against which he was pressed, that he in the deepest anguish and motion of his legs, how deep and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow.

"O, what a day is this!" said the poor mother, her womanish affliction already exhausted by sobs and tears, and now almost lost in terror for the state in which she beheld her husband; "O, what a day is this! I have no strength to help a poor lone woman—O, gademother, could you but speak a word to him!—wad ye but bid him be comforted!"

The plea for his intercession, and even to the increase of her fear, her husband's mother heard and answered the appeal. She rose and walked across the floor without support, and without much apparent feebleness, and standing by the bed on which her son had extended himself, she said, "Rise up, my son, and sorrow not for him that is beyond sin and sorrow and temptation—Sorrow is for those that remain in this vale of sorrow and darkness—I, wha dinna sorrow, and wha canna sorrow for any gae, hae maist need that ye should sorrow for me."

The voice of his mother, not heard for years as taking part in domestic duties during her offering advice or consolation, produced its effect upon her son. He assumed a sitting posture on the side of the bed, and his appearance, attitude, and gestures, seemed to have an influence to deaden and delude. The grandmother retired to her nook, the mother mechanically took in her hand her tattered Bible, and seemed to read, though her eyes were drowned with tears.

They were thus occupied, when a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Heigh, sirs!" said the poor mother, "wha is it that can 'e coming in that gait c' enow? They canna hae heard o' our misfortune, I'm sure."

The knock being repeated, she rose and opened the door, saying querulously, "Whatha gair's that to disturb a sorrowing old woman?"

A tall man in black stood before her, whom she instantly recognised to be Lord Glenallan.

"Is there not," he said, "an old woman lodging in this or one of the neighbouring cottages, called Elspeth, who was long resident at Craigburnfoot of Glenallan?"

"It's me gademother, me lord," said Margaret, "but she canna be the body o' enn—Ohon! we're droving a sair weir—we hae hae a heavy dispensation!"

"God forbid," said Lord Glenallan, "that I should on light occasion disturb your sorrow—but my days are numbered, and I am tired of dwelling on the extremity of age, and, if I see her not to-day, we may never meet on this side of time."

"And what," answered the desolate mother, "was ye see at an said woman, broken down wi' age and
sorrow and heartbreak?—Gentle or sample shall not darken my doors the day my bairn's been carried out a corpse.

While she spoke thus, indulging the natural irritable disposition and passion, which began to mount in the degree of grief which was the first uncontrollable bursts were gone by, she held the door about one third part open, and placed herself in the gap, as if to render the visitor's entrance impossible. The door was opened and was heard from within—"What is that, Maggie? what for the ye stalking them out?—let them come in—it does signify an old rope's end who comes in or who goes out; I'll have the door draw this time forward."

The door stood at the threshold of her command, and permitted Lord Glenallan to enter the hut. The dejection exhibited in his broken frame and emaciated countenance, formed a strong contrast with the effects of grief, as they were displayed in the rude and weather-beaten visage of the fisherman, and the masculine features of his wife. He approached the old woman as she was seated on her usual settle, and asked her, in a tone as audible as his voice could make it, "Are you Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot of Glenallan?"

"Why is it that asks about the unallowed residence of that evil woman?" was the answer returned to his query.

"The unhappy Earl of Glenallan."

"The unhappy Earl of Glenallan?"

"He who was called William Lord Geraldin," said the Earl; "and whom his mother's death has made Earl of Glenallan."

"Open the door?" said the old woman firmly and has no daughter-in-law, "open the bolt we speed, that I may see if the right Lord Geraldin—the son of my mistress—him that I received in my arms within the house after he was born—him that never had to look to one that I didna smother him before the hour was past?"

The window, which had been shut, in order that a gloomy twilight might add to the solemnity of the funeral meeting, was opened as she commanded, and threw a sudden and strong light through the smoky and misty atmosphere of the stuffing cabin. Falling in a stream upon the chimney, the rays illuminated, in the way that Rembrandt would have chosen, the features of the unfortunate nobleman, and those of the old shiel, who now, standing upon her feet, and holding him by one hand, keenly anxious in his features for the face of one searching her long, withered, and withered fore-finger within a small distance of his face, moved it slowly as to trace the outlines, and reconcile them—she recoiled with that she noted, beholding her face with a deep sigh, "It's a sair—sair change—and what's fault it is?—but that's written down where it will be remembered—in written on tablets of brass with a pen of steel, where all is recorded that is done in the flesh. And what," she said, after a pause, "what is Lord Geraldin seeking from a poor old creature like me, that's dead already, and only belongs see to the living that she lies yet laid in the moulds?"

"Nay," answered Lord Geraldin, "in the name of Heaven, why was it that you requested so urgently to see me? and why did you back your request by sending a token which you knew you did not have to give to her?"

As he spoke thus, he took from his purse the ring which Edie Ochiltrie had delivered to him at Glenallan house. The sight of this token produced a strange and instantaneous effect upon the old woman. The palsy of fear was immediately added to that of age, and she began instantly to search her pockets with the tremulous and hasty agitation of one who is forced by necessity to remove of her own accord something of real importance—then, as if convinced of the reality of her fears, she turned to the Earl, and demanded, "Was ye ever by ye, in a trying now, and then now and is he left?—I thought I kept it safe securely—what will the Countess say?"

"You know," said the Earl, "at least you must have heard your mother is dead."

"Dead are ye no for aye ye have time? has she left—of last lands and life and lineage?"
the nature of which it formed—the high cliff that joined it with the pleasure-grounds of the house of Countess Glenallan—yes, I may forget that I had a husband and have lost him—that I have but one alive of our four fair sons—that misfortune upon misfortune has devoured one after the other till they carried the corpse of my son's eldest-born from the house this morning—but I never can forget the days spent at bonny Craigburnfoot.

"You were a favourite of my mother," said Lord Glenallan, desiring to bring her back to the point from which she was wandering.

"I was, I was,—ye noesna mind me o' that. She brought me up, and she taught me knowledge mair than my fellows—but, like the tempter of auld, wi' the knowledge of guide she taught me the knowledge of evil.

"For God's sake, Elspeth," said the astonished Earl, "proceed, if you can, to explain the dreadful hints you have thrown out! I well know you are con- dent to one dreadful secret, which should spilt this roof even to hear it named—but speak on further.

"I will," she said, "I will—but bear wi' me for a little!—and again she seemed lost in recollection, but it was not longer tinged with imbecility or apathy. She was now entering upon the topic which had long loaded her breast, and which doubtless often occupied her whole soul at times when she seemed dead to all around her. And I may add, as a remarkable fact, that from this time forth the Countess re- gained the complete operation of mental energy upon her physical powers and nervous system, that notwithstanding her infirmity of deafness, each word that Lord Glenallan spoke during this remarkable conversation, although in the lowest tone of horror or agony, fell as full and distinct upon Elspeth's ear as it could have done at any period of her life. She spoke also herself clearly, distinctly, and slowly, as if she were the intelligence she communicated should be fully understood; consecutively at the same time, and with none of the verbage or circumlocutory additions natural to those of her sex and condition. In short, her language bespoke a clear, lucid, and as I may say, as an uncommonly firm and resolved mind, and a character of that sort from which great virtues or great crimes may be naturally expected. The tenor of her communication is disclosed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Remorse—she never forsakes us—

A blood-red branch—she tracks our rapid step

Through the wild labyrinths of youthful frenzy,

enchantment stirs in the wild, lost heart of childhood, which longed for a world out of itself; and

Then in our heart, where 'tis caught child's spirit

A love of the mystic, a love of the mystic

Comes to our heart, where 'tis caught child's spirit

Old Play.

"I knew not tell you," said the old woman addressing the Earl of Glenallan, "that I was the favourite and confidential attendant of Josceline, Countess of Glenallan, whom God assuage it!"—(here she crossed herself)—and, I think farther, ye may not have forgotten, that I shared her regard for many years. I returned it by the most sincere attachment, but I say this, and the rest of what I am about to report to your mother by ane that thought, and she was wrang, that I was a spy upon her actions and yours.

"I charge thee, woman," said the Earl, in a voice trembling with passion, "name not her name in my hearing!"

"I swear," returned the penitent firmly and calmly, "nor can I understand why.

The Earl leaned upon one of the wooden chairs of the hut, drew his hat over his face, clenched his hands together, set his teeth like one who summons up courage to undergo a painful operation, and made a signal to her to proceed.

"I say then," she resumed, "that my disgrace with my mistress was chiefly owing to Miss Eveline Ne-

villes, the daughter of a cousin-german and intimate friend of your father that was gone. There was much mystery in her history; but who dared to inquire farther than the Countess knew. Because she was so kind in-house-loving Miss Neville—all but twa—your mother and myselfs—we bated hirh.

"God for what reason, since a creature so mild, so gentle, so meek, so prone to inspire affection, never walked on this wretched world?"

"It may have been sae," rejoined Elspeth, "but your mother hated a that cam of your father's family—a that hated herself. Her reason was of the strum which fell between them soon after her marriage; the particulars are nothing to this purpose. But, Oh, doubly did she hate Eveline Neville when she perceived that there was a ground to hate ye and that unfortunate young laddie! Ye may as well guess that the Countess's dislike didna gang farther at first than just showing o' the cauld shouter—at least it wasna seen farther; but at the lang run it break out into such downright violence that Miss Neville was even fain to seek refuge at Knock winnock Castle with Sir Arthur's laddie, who (God earn her) was then wi' the living.

"You read my heart by recalling those particulars—but go on, and may your present agony be accounted as additional penance for the involuntary crime!

"She had been absent some months," continued Elspeth, "when it came to a noight, catching in my hat the return of my husband from the hunting and my mind in private those bitter tears that my proud spirit wrung free whenever I thought on my disgrace. The sneeze was cough, the grieve, your mother, entered my dwelling. I thought I had seen a spectre, for, even in the height of my favour, this was an honour she had never done me, and she looked as pale and ghastly as if the head had raised from the grave. She sat down and wrung the drapes from her hair and cloak, for the night was drizzling, and her walk had been through the plantations, that were a' loaded with dew.

"I only mention these things to you that you may understand how well that night lived in my memory—and weel it may. I was surprised to see her, but I durstna speak first, mair than if I had seen a phanto-m.—No, I couldna have spoken to her. But I then heard the grave and сдела, and in my mind the scenes of terror, and never shook at them—Sae, after a silence, she said, "Elspeth Cheyne, (for she always gave me my maiden name,) are ye not the daughter of that Reginald Cheyne, who died to save his master, Lord Glenallan, on the field of Sheriffmuir?" And I answered her as proudly as herself nearly—As sure as you are the daughter of that Earl of Glenallan whom I loved, and that day by his own death."

"Here she made a deep pause.

"And what followed?—what followed?—For Heaven's sake, good woman—But why should I use that word?—Yet, good or bad, I command you to tell me.

"And little I should value earthly command," answered Elspeth, "were there not a voice that has spoken to me sleeping and waking, that drives me forward to tell this sad tale. Ah, my lord—the Countess said to me, 'My son loves Eveline Neville—they are agreed—they are plighted—should they have a son, my right over Glenallan morses—I sink, from this moment, from a Countess into a miserable stipendiary dowager—I who brought lands and vassals, and high blood and ancient fame, to my hus-

band's line, I must be abandoned, and his heir male. But I care not for that—he had married any but one of the hated Nevilles, I had been patient—But for them—that they and their descend-

ants should enjoy the right and honours of ancestors, goes through my heart like a two-edged dirk. And this girl!—I detest her!—And I answered, for my heart kindled at her words, that her hate was equalled by mine."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Earl, in spite of his de-

terminaton to preserve silenc,—"Wretch, woman! what cause of hate could have arisen from a being so innocent?"

"I hated what my mistress hated, as was the

with the liege vassals of the house of Glenallan; for

though, my lord, I married under my degrees, yet, an ancestor of yours never went to Glenallan;

but an ancestor of the true, belonging, sold, un

wretched who now speaks with you, carried his shield upon his head; and in his direct and well-aughted form, he seemed the bedlam, her earthly and evil passions redounding as she became heated in her narration; "tart was not a—"
I hated Miss Eveline Neville for her ain sake—I brought her what we had been, a gill in my pocket—loves being offered by a heedless school-girl without intention, with a degree of inveracity, which, at such a distance of time, a mortal offense would neither have been unknown—In a well-known (mind)—"—Yes, she scorned and jestted at me—but let them that scorn the tartan bear the dirk!"
She passed, and then went on. "But I deny not that I hated her more than she deserved. My mistres, the Countess, persevered and said, 'Elsiehow she knew, this unruly boy will marry with the false English blood—were days as they have been, I could throw her into the Masseymore* of Glenellan, and let her in the Keep of Strathbogie—But these times are passed, and the authority which the nobles of the land should exercise is delegated to quibbling lawyers and their base dependants. Hear me, Elspeth Cheyne! If you are your father's daughter as I am mine, I will find means that they shall not marry—She walks often to that cliff that overhangs you for her land, that—or may remember the pleasure ye took on the sea, and my lord—let him find her forty fathom lower than he expects—'Yes!—ye may stare and frown and chace your hand, but, as sure as I am to face the only being I ever feared, and O that I had feared him more!—these were your mother's words—What avail do you to me to lie to you?—But I will not consent to stain my hand with blood. In the name of God, in the memory of our holy Church they are over sibb together. But I expect nothing but that both will become heretics as well as disobedient reprobates.' that was her addition. Then she said, 'By the religion of our holy Church they are over sibb together.' But I expect nothing but that both will become heretics as well as disobedient reprobates. This was her addition. Then she said, 'By the religion of our holy Church they are over sibb together.'

Here the Earl of Glenellan echoed her words with a shriek so piercing, as to almost rend the roof of the cottage. "Ail then Eveline Neville was not the—"
"The daughter, you would say, of your father?" continued Elspeth: "No be it a torment or be it a confound the truth, but now no longer I dare a daughter of your father's house than I am."
"Woman, deceive me not—make me not curse the memory of the parent I have so lately laid in the grave of his bidding; in a plot the most cruel, the most infamal—"
"Bethink ye, my Lord Geraldin, ere ye curse the memory of a parent that's gone, is there none of the blood of Glenellan living, whose faults have led to this dreadful catastrophe?"
"Mean you my brother?—he, too, is gone," said the Earl.
"No," replied the sibyl, "I mean yourself, Lord Geraldin. Had you not transgressed the obedience of a son by wedding Eveline Neville in secret while a guest at Knockwinnock, our plot might have separated you for a time, but would have left at least your sorrows without remorse to canker them—but your ain conduct had put poison in the weapon that we threw, and it pierced you with the mair force, because ye came rushing to meet it. Had your marriage been a proclaimed and acknowledged action, our stratagem to throw an obstacle into your way that couldna gut over, neither wad nor could have been practised.
"Great Heaven!" said the unfortunate nobleman; "it is as if a film fell from my obscured eyes!—Yes, I now well understand the doubtful hints of consilium thrown out by my wretched mother, tending to indicate the existence of the horribleness of which her exist had led me to believe myself guilty."
"She could not speak mair plainly," answered Elspeth, without confessing her ain fraud, and the Earl, with the skill of the old horses, rather than unfold what she had done; and, if she had still lived, so would I for her sake. They were stout hearts the race of Glenellan, male and female, and saw what they saw in cold times creeces the horror of Clocabones—they stood shudder—Nae man parted free his child or of gold or of gain, or of right or of wrong.—The times are changed in aye. And, if ye have powers to listen."

"Yes," answered the beldam, "the hour when you shall hear, and I shall speak, is indeed passing rapidly away. Death is the curse that wolves have crossed your brow with his anger, and I find his grasp turning every day cauler at my heart. Interrupt me nae mair with exclamations and groans and accusations, but hear my tale to the end! And when ye hear the strange story of the Earl of Glenellan as I have heard of in my day—make your manner gather the thorn, and the brier, and the green hollin, till they heap them as high as the house-riggin, and ye may have the finish of Elspeth Cheyne, and a' that can put ye in mind that sic a creature ever crawled upon the land!"
"Go on," said the Earl, "go on—I will not again interrupt you.
He spoke in a half-suffocated yet determined voice, resolved that no irritability on his part should deprive him of this opportunity of acquiring proofs of the wondrous story, as he had heard it. He became exhausted by a continuous narration of such unusual length; the subsequent part of her story was more broken, and, though still distinctly intelligible, was not the most truth, but no longer in the mind of which the first part of her narrative had displayed to such an astonishing degree. Lord Glenellan found it necessary, when she had made some attempts to continue her story without some small attempt to reanimate her memory, by demanding, what proofs she could pro the bring of the truth of a narrative so different from that which she had originally told?
"The evidence," she replied, "of Eveline Neville's real birth was in the Countess' possession, with reasons for its being, for some time, kept private. They may yet be found, if she has not destroyed them, in the left-hand drawer of the ebony chest that stood in the dressing-room—these she meant to suppress for the time until you went abroad again, when she trusted, before your return, to send Miss Neville back to her ain country, or to get her settled in marriage."
"But did you not show me letters of my father's, which seemed to me, unless my senses altogether failed me in that horrible moment, to avow his relation to—" the unhappy."
"We did; and, with my testimony, how could you doubt the fact, or her ether?—But we suppressed the true explanation of these letters, and that was, that your father had sent it right to your young lady should pass for his daughter for a while, until he account o' some family reasons that were amang them."

But wherefore, when you learned our union, was this dress or that—"peremptorily."
"It wasna, she replied, "till Lady Glenellan had communicated this false tale that she suspected in the Rhoads..."
made a marriage—and even then did you as to satisfy her, whether the ceremony I passed at we or no—But ye remem- ber me—remember weel, what passed in neat? e, you, aye unicorn to the fact the dissoway, d, i never seen a yet maid holy pledge a had been she, I wad nae spared the body, or the guilt of my soul, to serve the an. I do call that horrid perjury, attended uncles yet more dreadful—do ye esteem the house of your benefactors? "her, who was then the head of Glenellan, red me to serve her. The case was bad; and the consistency—the manner between thee—She is gone to her account, and I—Have I taule ye a?" answered Lord Glenellan: "you have yet—you have to tell me of the death of the you your perjury drove to despair, stained, as herself, with a crime so horrible—Speak that dreadful—was that horrible incubus how long?—I know—I know it was as r was it an act of yet further, though not sus cruelly, inflicted by others?" stand you, said Elspeth, "but report—of her words was indeed the cause, I was her aintacted act—On that fear, when ye rushed fric the Countess's h' saddled your horse; and left the castle aught, the countess had not yet discovered the marriage; she hadn't fund out on it, and Miss een reason and the want of, it was put under But the ward slept, and the prisoner window was open—the way was back was the cliff; and there was the sea—O, forget that!" is died, said the Earl, "even so as was lord. I had gane out to the cave—the tide it flowed, as ye'll remember, to the foot of it was a great convenience that for my hus- Where am I wandering— I saw a white face near me, bairn, bairn, took the mist, and then a heavy flash and spark a showed me it was a human creature that to the waves. I was bold and strong, and h'brand in my hand and grasped her she flew her out and carried her on my shoul- I've carried twa sc to—carried her to laid on her bed. Neighbours came and and they brought in the sea had her part!—And other'—she added, with a lengthened gown, looking first upwards towards heaven, and then bending her eyes on the floor)—"Oh' that the earth would take part, that's been lang, wearying to be joined to it!" Lord Glenellan had reached the door of the cottage, but the generosity of his nature did not permit him to leave the unhappy woman in this state of desperate reproach." May God forgive thee, bairn, said the Earl, "as sincerely as I do!—turn for mercy to Him, who can alone grant mercy, and may your prayers be heard as if they were mine own!—I will send a religious man."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Still in his deed hand clench'd remain the strings
That thrill his father's heart—'e'en as the limb,
Long'd off and laid in grave, they tell him,
Strange commerce with the mutilated stump.
Whose swords are twining still in main's existence.

Old Play.

The Antiquary, as we informed the reader in the end of the tenth chapter, had shaken the company
of worthy Mr. Blattergoul, although he offered to en-
tertain him and I had been of the assembly who had
never been known to the court, delivered by the
procure of the church in the remarkable case of
the parish of Gatherham. Restraining this temptation,
our old acquaintance, he passed again, and, to my surpris-
ducted him to the cottage of Mucklebeck. When he
he came in front of the fisherman's hut, he observed
a man working intently, as if to repair a shattered boat
which was not finished, at least, and, to my surprise, it
was not seen he was Mucklebeck himself. "I am
"I am glad," he said, in a tone of sympathy-"I am glad,
Saunders, that you feel yourself able to make this ex-
"And what would ye have me to do," answered
the fisher gruffly, "unless I wanted to see four children
starve, because she is drowned? It's wet wi' you
hankers, that can sit in the house wi' hands before your
eyes when you lose a friend? But the like of a
man to our work again, if our hearts were beating
as hard as my hammer.

Without taking more notice of Oldbuck he proceed-
ed in his labour; and the Antiquary, to whom the
display of human nature under the influence of agita-
ting passions was never indifferent, stood beside him,
in silent attention, as if watching the progress of the
work. He was more than usually distinct in his
features, as if by the force of association, prepared to
accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his
usual sympathy of a rude tone hummed or whis-
thpered. So slight was the impression of the words
which trembled on the words, as it were, so short
was the sound, that it seemed to be uttered, a cause
for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length,
when he had patched a considerable rent, and was
beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared al-
though to derange the power of attention necessary for
his work. The piece of wood which he was about to
nail on was at first too long; then he sawed it off too
short, then chucked another equally ill adapted for the
purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after
wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he ex-
claimed, "There is a curse either on me or on this sand
black butt of a boat, that I have baulked it up high and
dry, and patched and clouted one moon, and the
woman you, for the end of them, and
be it to her?-and he flung his hammer against the
boat, as if she had been the intentional cause of
his misfortune. Then recollecting himself, he added,
"Yet what needs one be angry at her, that has
neither soul nor sense?—though I am no that much
beetle, but my brain is but a pack of nuts and
hauled together, and warped wi' the wind and the
boat—and I am a dour coar, battered by foul weather at
sea and land till I am must as senseless as herself.

Dusk had thought again the morning tide—"that's a thing of
certainty.

Thus speaking, he went to gather together his
instruments and attempt to resume his labour, but
Oldbuck took him, kindly by the arm. "Come, come," he
said, "Saunders, there is no work for you this day—I'll send down Shaving the carpenter
to mend the boat, and he may put the day's work into
my account—and you had better not come out to
morrow, but stay to comfort your family under this
dispensation, and the gardener will bring you some
vegetables and meat from Monkbarns."

Oldbuck took this up, and said, "Poor fisher, and
have little to say for myself: I might have learned fairer fashions
from my mother's gene, but I never saw muckle
gude they did her; however, I thank ye. Ye were
eye kind and neighbourly, whatever folk says' o' your
being near and close; and I have often said in these
times when they were gangin' to raise up the poor
folk, I said, no man should steer a hae touching to Monkbarns while
Steenie and I could wag a finger—and so said
Steenie too. And Monkbarns, when ye laid his head
in his arms on my shoulder and the reproach of
saw the moulds laid on an honest lad that lakit you
weel, though he made little phrase about it.

Oldbuck, beaton from the pride of his affected
sympathy, would not willingly have had any one by
upon that occasion to quote to him his love
for the poor. He felt fast from his own eyes, as being the fool
who was now melted at recollecting the breach of
the generous sentiments of his son, to forget the
love of a poor girl at home, where another scene awaited
her anxious eyes. As he entered, the first person whom he beheld
was Lord Glenellan.

Mutual esteem was in their countenances as
he saluted each other, with hearty reserve on the part
of Mr. Oldbuck, and embarrassment on that of
Lord Glenellan.

"My Lord Glenellan, I think?" said Mr. Ol-
buck.

"Yes—much changed from what he was when
he knew Mr. Oldbuck.

"I do not mean," said the Antiquary, "to
impose upon yourlordship—I only came to see this
deserved family.

And you have found one, air, who has still great
sympathy with our labours, for his compassion—
if Lord Glenellan could need it, I think he would hardly ask it.

Our former acquaintance, said the Earl—
"I own you, my lord, was of so short a
duration, and was connected with circum-
stances so exquisitely painful, that I think we
might dispense with renewing it." So saying, he
turned away, and left the
but Lord Glenellan followed him into the sal-
and, in spite of a hasty "Good morning, my
lord," requested a few minutes' conversation, as
the fashion of his advice in an important matter.

Your lordship will find many more capable to
advise you, my lord, and by whom your interests
will be deemed an honour. For me, I am a servant
of the business and the world, and not the son
of my heart. I follow you as best I can, and your lordship
like's—it stops short.

"Like a villain, you would say," said Lord Ge-
llenellan, for such I must have appeared to you.

"Your lordship, my lord, I have no desire to hear your
shriek," said the Antiquary.

But, sir, if I can show you that I am not
more than what you have seen, that I have been no
more than what you have heard, I am not unac-
scious of the honour which you have paid to me, and
which you will not refuse the
confidence which, accepting your appearance at this
critical moment, I have to offer. I will not press on you.

Assuredly, my lord, I shall shun no longer the
continuation of this extraordinary interview.

I must then recall to you our occasional
meeting forwards of twenty years since at Knockwin-
castle, and I need not remind you of a lady who was
then a member of that family.

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meeting forwards of twenty years since at Knockwin-
castle, and I need not remind you of a lady who was
then a member of that family.

The unfortunate Miss Evoline Neville, my lord,
I remember it well.

Towards whom you entertained sentiments—
"Very different from those with which I was
familiar since he had regarded her sex; her
delicacy, her pleasure in the studies which I pointed
to her, attached my affections more than before my
ego, (though that was not then much advanced)
for the solidities of my character. But I need not
remind your lordship of the many modes in which
you induced your gayety at the expense of a
sad and retired student, embarrassed by the
terms of the expression with which, and I have no
doubt that the young lady joined you in the
joined you in the
bestowed ridicule—It is the way of woman kind.
I have spoken at once to the painful circumstances,
within the shadow of my address and their rejection, that you may
may be satisfied everything is full in my memory
and, so far as I am concerned, tell your story
without scruple or useless delay.

"I wish," said Lord Glenellan, but far let us

say, you do injustice to the memory of the gentlest and kindest, as well as to the most unhappy of women, to suppose she acted out of the interested and sordid motives of a man like you. Frequently did she blame me, Mr. Oldbuck, for indulging my levity at your expense—may I now presume you will excuse the gay freedom which I now employ in your defence?

My dear Mr. Oldbuck, it is never since I made my profession of the necessity of apologizing for the inadvertencies of a light and happy temper.

"My dear lady, you are entirely pardoned," said Mr. Oldbuck. "You are aware, that, like all others, I was ignorant at the time that I placed myself in competition with your lordship, and understood that Miss Neville was in a state of distress which may be called a total abandonment of independence and the hand of an honest man—but I am wasting time—I would I could believe that the views entertained towards her by others were as fair and honest as mine!"

"Mr. Oldbuck, you judge harshly."

"Not without cause, my lord. When I only, of all the magistrates of this county, having neither, like some of your reverend and honourable to be connected with your powerful family, nor, like others, the meanness to fear it—when I made some inquiry into the manner of Miss Neville's death—I shook you, my lord, but I seemed to feel it, and I believe you do feel it. I believe she had met most unfair dealing, and had either been imposed upon by a counterfeit marriage, or that very strong measures had been adopted to destroy her reputation. And I cannot doubt in my own mind, that this cruelty on your lordship's part, whether coming of your own free will, or proceeding from the influence of the late Countess, hurried the unfortunate young lady to the desperate act by which her life was terminated."

"You are deceived, Mr. Oldbuck, into conclusions which are not just, however naturally they flow from the feelings of a man crushed by misfortune. The man who was most embarrassed by your active attempts to investigate our family misfortunes. You showed yourself more worthy of Miss Neville than I, by the spirit with which you persisted in vindicating her reputation even after her death. But the firm belief, that your well-meant efforts could only serve to bring to light a story too horrible to be detailed, induced me to join my unhappy harassed in schemes to remove or destroy all evidence of the legal union which had taken place between Eveline and myself. And now let us sit down on this bank, for I feel morally certain of finding on your part the readiness to listen to the extraordinary discovery which I have this day made."

They sat down accordingly; and Lord Glenellan began to relate the family history—his concealed marriage—the horrid invention by which his mother had designed to render impossible that union which had already taken place. He detailed the arts by which the Countess, having all the documents relative to Miss Neville's birth in her hands, had produced those only relating to a period during which for family reasons, his father had consented to own that young lady as his natural daughter, and showed how impossible it was that he could either suspect or detect the fraud put upon him by his mother, and vouched for by the oaths of her attendants, Teresa and Penelope. It was a consummation enterprised as if the furnaces of hell had driven me forth, and travelled with frantic velocity I knew not whither. Nor have I the slightest recollection of what I did or where I went, until I was discovered by my brother, I will not trouble you with an account of my sick-beds and recoveries, or how, long afterwards, I ventured to inquire after the sharer of my misfortunes, and heard that I had found her ready for all the ills of life. The first thing that roused me to thought was hearing of your inquiries into this cruel business; and you will hardly wonder, that, believing what I did you not expect, I was determined to stop your investigation, which my brother and mother had actively commenced. The information which I gave them concerning the circumstances and witnessed of our private marriage enabled them to baffle your zeal. The clergyman, therefore, and witnesses, who persons who aided in the matter only to please the powerful hero of Glenellan, were accessible to his promises and threats of all sorts of evil, provided they had no objections to leave this country for another. For myself, Mr. Oldbuck," pursued this narrative, "from that moment. I considered myself as poted. I knew the habit of a living, and as having nothing left to do with this world. My mother tried to reconcile me to life by every art—every by intimation which I can now interpret as calculated to produce some horrible tale she herself had fabricated. But I continued, she all the others as the fictions of maternal affection.

"I will forbear all reproach—she is no more—and, as her wretched associates sealed, she had not been poisoned, or how deep it must sink, when she threw it from her hand. But, Mr. Oldbuck, if ever, during these twenty years, there crawled upon earth a living being deserving of your pity, I have been that man. My food has not nourished me—my sleep has not refreshed me—my devotions have not comforted me—all that is cheering and necessary to man has been in vain to me converted into poison. The tire and limited intercourse which I have held with others has been most odious to me. I felt as if I were bringing the contamination of unnatural and inexpressible being in among the pure, and I have never been moments when I had thoughts of another description—to plunge into the adventures of war, or to brave the dangers of the traveller in foreign and barbarous countries—desire of the peace of mind to retire to the stern seclusion of the anarchists of our religion—All these are thoughts which have alternately passed through my mind, but each required an energy, which was a blow to my spirit from the stroke I had received. I vegetated on as I could in the same spot—fancy, feeling, judgment, and health, gradually decaying, like a tree whose bark has been destroyed,—dukes, until I was at last perceived, by the looks of the man, until its state resembles the decayed and dying trunk that is now before you. Do you now pity and forgive me?"

"My lord," answered the Antiquary, much affected, "my pity—my forgiveness, you have not to ask, for your dismal story is of itself not only an ample excuse for whatever appeared mysterious in your conduct, but a narrative that might move your worst enemies (and I, my lord, was never of the number) to tears and to sympathy. But permit me to ask what you now mean to do, and why you have honoured me, whose opinion you were so anxious to conciliate, with your confidence on this occasion?"

"Mr. Oldbuck," answered the Earl, "as I could never have foreseen the nature of that confession which I have this day made, had I no formal plan of consulting you or any one upon affairs, the tendency of which I could not even suspected. But I am without friends, unsued to business, and, by long retirement, unaccounted alike with the laws of the land and the habits of the living generation; and when, most unexpectedly, I find myself immersed in the matters of which I know least, I catch, like a drowning man, at the first support that offers. You are that support, Mr. Oldbuck. I have always heard you mentioned as a man of wisdom and intelligence—I have known you myself as a man of a resolute and indomitable spirit made, in all circumstances," said he, "which ought to combine us in some degree—our having paid tribute to the same excellence of character in poor Eveline. You offer yourself to me in my need, and you were already acquainted with the beginning of my misfortunes. To you, therefore, I have recourse for advice, for sympathy, for support."

"You shall seek none of them in vain, my lord," said Oldbuck. "so far as my slender ability extends; and I am honoured by the preference, whether it arises from choice or is prompted by chance. But this is a matter to be considered. May I ask, what are your principal views at present?"

"To ascertain the fate of my child," said the Earl, "to be the consequences what they may, and to sacrifice to the honour of Eveline, which I have said..."
THE ANTIQUARY.

To these, the inmates of his household, Oldbuck presented the Earl of Glenallan, who underwrote, with meek and subdued civility, the postponements of the honest divine, and the lengthened apologies of Miss Grieselda Oldbuck, which her brother in vain endeavoured to abridge. Before the dinner hour, Lord Glenallan entered the Green Room, and coming into the chamber. Mr. Oldbuck accompanied his guest to the Green Room, which had been hastily prepared for his reception. He looked around with an air of painful recollection.

"I think," at length he observed, "I think, Mr. Oldbuck, that I have been in this apartment before."

"Yes, my lord," answered Oldbuck, "upon occasion of a similar appearance of horror, perhaps, when we are upon a subject so melancholy, you may perhaps remember whose taste supplied these lines from Chaucer, which now form the motto of the tapestry."

"I guess," said the Earl, "though I cannot recollect—She exalted me, indeed, in literary taste and information, as in every thing else, and it is one of the many splendid dispensations of Providence, Mr. Oldbuck, that a creature so excellent in mind and body should have been cut off in so miserable a manner, merely from her having formed a fatal attachment to such a wretch as myself."

Mr. Oldbuck did not attempt an answer to this burst of the grief which lay ever nearest to the heart of his guest, but, pressing Lord Glenallan's hand with one of his own, he left the room, entwining his arm round the neck of the woman, and we will visit the old woman, Elspeth, alone, and take down her examination."

After a formal apology for the encroachment, Lord Glenallan agreed to go with him, and underwent with patience in their return home the whole history of John of the Girells, a legend which Mr. Oldbuck was never known to spare any one who crossed his threshold.

The arrival of a stranger of such note, with two saddled horses and a servant in black, which servant had hoisters on his saddle-bow, and a coronet upon the hoisters, created a general commotion in the house of Monkbarns. Jenny Rintervour, scarce recovered from the hysterics with which she had taken on hearing of poor Steenie's misfortune, chased about the turkeys and poultry, cackled and screamed louder than they did, and ended by killing one-half too many. Miss Grieselda made many wise reflections on the hot-headed wildness of her brother, who had occasioned such a devolution — but she remained firm on them a point with the nobleman. And she ventured to transmit them to Mr. Blattergowl, some hint of the unintentional slaughter which had taken place in the bass-court, which brought the housekeeper to the door to ask that, should Monkbarns have got home, and whether he was not the worse for being at the funeral, at a period so near the ringing of the bell for dinner, that the Antiquary had no choice but to invite him to stay and bless the meat. Miss M'Intyre had on her part some curiosity to see this mighty peer, of whom all had heard, as an Eastern caliph or sultan is heard of by his subjects, and felt some degree of timidity at the idea of encountering a person, of whose unsocial habits and stern manner so many stories were told, that her fear kept at least pace with her curiosity. The aged housekeeper was no less flustered and hurried in obeying the numerous and contradictory commands of her mistress, concerning preserves, pastry, and fruit, the mode of marshalling and dressing the dinner, the necessity of not permitting the melted butter to run to oil, and the danger of allowing Juno—who, though formally banished from the parlour, failed not to manage the out-settlements of the family—to enter the room.

The only inmate of Monkbarns who remained entirely indifferent on this momentous occasion was Hector M'Intyre, who cared no more for an Earl than he did for a parson, and who inclined up instead to the unexpected visit, as it might afford some protection against his uncle's displeasure, if he harboured any, for his not attending the funeral, and still more against the prospect of having to make a speech in the parlour or to save any of their most precious posies or seals.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Life, with you, Glow in the brain and dance in the arteries; That glides the heart and elevates the fancy.—Sir Walter Scott.

Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling, With its base drops, the vessel that contains it. 

"Now only think what a man my brother is, Mr. Blattergowl, for a wise man and a learned man, to bring this Yerl into our house without speaking a single word to a body!—And there's the distress of the Mucklebackies—we canna get a fin o' fish—and we hae none time to send ower to Fairport for beef, and the Yerl's a man of substance! Jenny Rintervour, has taken the excuses, and done nothing but laugh and greet, the skirt at the tail of the guff, for two days successfully—and now we must speak to Mrs. Grieselda, and ask the Yerl himself, to stand at the sideboard! And I canna gang into the kitchen to direct any thing, for he's hovering there making some posowsome* for my lord, for he dooms eat like lither folk neither. And how to sort the strange servant man at dinner-time— I am sure, Mr. Blattergowl, a' thegeither, it passes my judgment.

"Truly, Miss Grieselda," replied the divine, "Monkbarns was inconsiderate. He should have taken a day to see the invitation, as they do wi' the titular's condescension in the process of valuation and sale. But the least man could not have admired the readiness to any house in this parish where he could have been better served with victuals—that I must say—and also that the steam from the kitchen is very gratifying to my nostrils—and if we have any household affairs to attend to, Mrs. Grieselda, never make a stranger of me—I can amuse myself very well with the larger copy of Erskine's Institutes."

And the window seat was the house seat, which, amusing soliloquy (the Scottish Cock upon Littleton), he opened it, as if instinctively, at the tenth title of Book Second, "of Tents, or Tythes," and was presently into the discussion concerning the temporality of benefices.

The entertainment, about which Miss Oldbuck expressed so much anxiety, was at length placed upon the table; and the Earl of Glenallan, for the

* Posowsome. Miscellaneous mess.
first time since the date of his calamity, sat at a stranger's board surrounded by strangers. He was known, but not greatly respected, for his brain was not fully recovered from the effects of an intoxicating potion. Relieved, as he had that morning been, from the image of guilt which had so long haunted him, and equipped with a proper toilet, he had become a lighter and more tolerable load, but was still unable to take any share in the conversation that passed around him. It was, indeed, of a cast very different from that which he had been accustomed to.

The bluntness of Oldbucket, the tiresome apologoic harangues of his sister, the pedantry of the divinity, and the vivacity of the young soldier, which savoured more or less of the indulgence of a very young man, were all new to a nobleman who had lived in a retired and melancholy state for so many years, that the manners of the world seemed to him equally strange and unpleasant. Miss M'Intyre alone, from the natural politeness and unpertaining simplicity of her manners, appeared to belong to that class of society to which he had been accustomed in his earlier and better days.

Nor did Lord Glenallan's deportment less surprise the company. Though a plain but excellent family-dinner was provided, (for, as Mr. Blattergowl had just said, that which had been prepared was too large when her larder was empty,) and though the Antiquary boasted his best port, and assimilated it to the Falernian of Horace, Lord Glenallan was proof to the allure of the finest wine, so that placed before him a small mess of vegetables, that very dish, the cooking of which had alarmed Miss Griselida, arranged with the most minute and scrupulous niceties. He tasted as if he felt no repugnance to it; he drank a glass of pure water, sparkling from the fountain head, completed his repast. Such, his servant said, had been his lordship's diet for very many years, unless upon the festivals of the Church, or when company of the first rank were entertained at Glencavenhouse, when he relaxed a little in the austerity of his diet, and permitted himself a glass or two of wine. But at Monkbarne, no anchoret could have made a more simple and scanty meal.

The Antiquary was a gentleman, as we have seen, in feeling, but blunt and careless in expression, from the habit of living with those before whom he had nothing to suppress. He attacked his noble guest without scruple on the severity of his regimen.

A few half-coled greens and potatoes—a glass of ice water—these were his servants; no warrant for it, my lord. This house used to be accounted a hospitium, a place of retreat for Christians; but your lordship's diet is that of a heathen Phrygian, and, in my opinion, an absurdity more severe than either, if you refuse these fine apples.

"I am a Catholic, you are aware," said Lord Glenallan, wishing to escape from the discussion, "and you know that our church—"

"Lay down many rules of mortification," proceeded the dauntless Antiquary; "but I never heard that they were quite so rigorously practised—Bear witness my predecessor, John of the Girmell, or the Jolly Abbot, who gave his name to this apple, my lord.

And as he pared the fruit, in spite of his sister's—"Oh fie, Monkbarne," and the prolonged cough of the minister, accompanied by a shake of his huge wig, the Antiquary proceeded to detail the intrigue which had given rise to the garden apple, with more alarm and circumstantiality than was at all necessary. His jest (as may readily be conceived) missed fire, for this anecdote of conventional gallantry failed to produce the slightest smile on the visage of the Earl. Oldbucket then took up the subject of Ossian, Macpherson, and Mac-Cribb; but Lord Glenallan had never so much as heard of any of them. He had been well in modern literature. The conversation was now in some danger of flagging, or of falling into the hands of Mr. Blattergowl, who had just pronounced the formula, "I wish you all to think of the French Revolution started; a political event on which Lord Glenallan looked with all the prejudiced horror of a bigoted Catholic and zealous aristocrat. Olderuck was far from carrying its detestation of its principles to extremes; but, on the other hand, his brain was not fully recovered from the effects of an intoxicating potion. Relieved, as he had that morning been, from the image of guilt which had so long haunted him, and equipped with a proper toilet, he had become a lighter and more tolerable load, but was still unable to take any share in the conversation that passed around him. It was, indeed, of a cast very different from that which he had been accustomed to.

The bluntness of Oldbucket, the tiresome apologoic harangues of his sister, the pedantry of the divinity, and the vivacity of the young soldier, which savoured more or less of the indulgence of a very young man, were all new to a nobleman who had lived in a retired and melancholy state for so many years, that the manners of the world seemed to him equally strange and unpleasant. Miss M'Intyre alone, from the natural politeness and unpertaining simplicity of her manners, appeared to belong to that class of society to which he had been accustomed in his earlier and better days.

Nor did Lord Glenallan's deportment less surprise the company. Though a plain but excellent family-dinner was provided, (for, as Mr. Blattergowl had just said, that which had been prepared was too large when her larder was empty,) and though the Antiquary boasted his best port, and assimilated it to the Falernian of Horace, Lord Glenallan was proof to the allure of the finest wine, so that placed before him a small mess of vegetables, that very dish, the cooking of which had alarmed Miss Griselida, arranged with the most minute and scrupulous niceties. He tasted as if he felt no repugnance to it; he drank a glass of pure water, sparkling from the fountain head, completed his repast. Such, his servant said, had been his lordship's diet for very many years, unless upon the festivals of the Church, or when company of the first rank were entertained at Glencavenhouse, when he relaxed a little in the austerity of his diet, and permitted himself a glass or two of wine. But at Monkbarne, no anchorict could have made a more simple and scanty meal.

The Antiquary was a gentleman, as we have seen, in feeling, but blunt and careless in expression, from the habit of living with those before whom he had nothing to suppress. He attacked his noble guest without scruple on the severity of his regimen.

A few half-coled greens and potatoes—a glass of ice water—these were his servants; no warrant for it, my lord. This house used to be accounted a hospitium, a place of retreat for Christians; but your lordship's diet is that of a heathen Phrygian, and, in my opinion, an absurdity more severe than either, if you refuse these fine apples.

"I am a Catholic, you are aware," said Lord Glenallan, wishing to escape from the discussion, "and you know that our church—"

"Lay down many rules of mortification," proceeded the dauntless Antiquary; "but I never heard that they were quite so rigorously practised—Bear witness my predecessor, John of the Girmell, or the Jolly Abbot, who gave his name to this apple, my lord.

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Glenallan-house has been to me rather a prison than a dwelling, although a prison which I had neither foreseen nor feared when I left the Earl.

"Let me first ask your lordship," said the Antiquary, "what are your own wishes and designs in this matter?"

"For myself especially," answered Lord Glenallan, "to declare my luckless marriage, and to vindicate the reputation of my unhappy Eveline; that is, if you see a possibility of doing so without making public the sad truths among his friends and retainers, as to how to hear where the child is, if, fortunately, it shall be still alive."

"I dare hardly hope it," said the Earl, with a deep sigh, "why should my brother have been silent to me?"

"Nay, my lord! why should he have communicated to your lordship the existence of a being, whom you must have supposed the offspring of"

"Most true—there is an obvious and a kind reason for his being silent. If any thing, indeed, could have added to the horror of the ghastly dream that has poisoned my whole existence, it must have been the knowledge that such a child of misery existed."

"Then," continued the Antiquary, "although it would be rash to conclude, at the distance of more than twenty years, that your son is not alive, because he was not destroyed in infancy, I own I think you should instantly act on foot inquiries."

"It shall be done," replied Lord Glenallan, catching eagerly at the ray of hope thus thrown out to him. "The boy, or what had nourished for many years; "I will write to a faithful steward of my father, who acted in the same capacity under my brother Neville—but, Mr. Oldbuck, I am not by the above evidence, to..."

"Indeed!—I am sorry for that, my lord—it is a noble estate, and the ruins of the old castle of Neville's-Burgh alone, which are the most superb relics of Anglo-Saxon times, in that part of the country, are a possession much to be coveted. I thought your father had no other son or near relation."

"He had not, Mr. Oldbuck," replied Lord Glenallan; "but my brother adopted views in politics, and a form of religion, alien from those which had been always held by our house. Our temper had long differed, nor did my unhappy mother always think him sufficiently observant to her. In short, there was a family quarrel, and my brother, whose property was at his own free disposal, availed himself of the power vested in him to choose his own child and heir. It is a matter which never struck me as being of the least consequence; for, if worldly possessions could alleviate misery, I have enough and to spare. But now I think I may tell you, that, if it be such a chamber as the sick chamber of a dying nobleman. And yet he said, he has always kept afloat, or in the salory and the poore. My consolations has only next to be made a lying-in hospital, and then, I row, the transformation will be complete."

"In he returned with the remedy, Lord Glenallan was much better. The new and unexpected light which Mr. Oldbuck had thrown upon the melancholy history of his family had almost overpowered him. You think, then, Mr. Oldbuck,—for you are able to imagine, better than I am, you think, the narrative of the boy's escape, and the discovery of his brother's means. He was known to be a gay and dissipated man, but not cruel nor dishonourable,—nor is it possible, that, if he had intended any foul play, his own conscience would not have revealed the child, and he would have been punished by the charge of the infant, as I will prove to your lordship he did."

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck opened a drawer of the cabinet, and produced a bundle of papers tied with a black ribbon, and labeled Examinations, &c. taken by J. P. on the 18th of February, 17—1, a little under was written, in a small hand, Ecule Evelina! The tears dropped, in vain, to unfasten the knot which secured these documents.

"Your lordship," said Mr. Oldbuck, "had been not a year ago, at the time when you were havi..."
THE ANTIQUARY.

have only as yet been able to settle the

of the inscription. I will write forthwith to

Praga, and be particular in what is con-

concerning the character, &c., of your

hair, of the gentleman employed in his

what else may be likely to further your

inquire. I can, I am sure, give you

at the evidence of the marriage, which I

stated to be recovered?"—

sensibly," replied the Earl; "the wit-

the Saxon Burgh, which we speak scientifi-

resented to the government as an emi-

ssary of the law for loyalty, legitimacy, and

one lucky consequence of the French

my lord—you must allow that, at least,"—

gh;" but no offence, I will act as warmly

as if I were of your own faith in poli-

And take my advice—if you want of

consequence properly managed, put it

of an antiquary; for, as they are exer-

cising their genius and research it is

able they can be baffled in affairs of im-

case makes perfect; and the corps that is

miles or, if the word be put, will be made

exercise upon the day of battle, and to

on that subject, I would willingly rend

er, in order to pass away the time betwixt

nay, I may not interfere with family arrange-

Lord Glenallan, "but I never taste any

sunset.

either my lord," answered his host, "noting

it is said to have been the custom of

— but then I dine differently from your

and therefore am better enabled to dispense

1 A broiled, or a smoked, or an oyster, or a slice of bacon of our own

a toast and a tankard—or something or

at the orifice of the stomach to

be used, under my restriction.

hope, under your lordship's.

r-supper is literal. Mr. Oldbuck; but I will,

at your meal with pleasure.

may lord," replied the Antiquary, "I will

will entertain your ears at least, since I can-

get your palate. What I am about to read

that relates to the upland gentry.

when he was young, rather have re-

subject of his own uncertainties, was to

make a sign of such civility and acqui-

quarry, therefore took out his portfolio of

its, and, after premising that the topogra-

nautical here laid down were designed to illus-

essay upon casamatiom, which had

with indulgence at several societies of An-

he commenced as follows: "The subject,

is the hill-fort of Quickens-bog, with the

rich your lordship is doubtless familiar: It

is the stone-farm of Mantenair, in the barony

Above: I have heard the names of these places,"

in, answer to the Antiquary's appeal.

the name of the farm brings him six-

Lord!"

as the scars subdue the execution of the

But his hospitality got the better of his

good at his table, and in nice, in great guns at having secured a

as he fondly hoped, an interested

case-bog may at first seem to derive its

in the plant Quickens, by which, Scoto-

stand couch-grass, dog-grass, or the Ty-

sae of Linnaeus; and the common English

which I might be known as poplar or moss; in Latin, Feltia. But

it may confound the rash adopters of the more obvi-

ous etymological derivations, to learn, that the couch-

grass or dog-grass, or the

unitedly clothed with short verdant

turf; and that we must seek for

at a still greater distance, the nearest being that of Grid-

lme, a full half-mile distant. The last syllable, bog,

obviously, therefore, a mere corruption of the

the words in question; and that I was in the country to

of the word to have been originally boq, which is the genuine Saxon

name, a slight change, such as moderns too often

make upon sounds, will produce first Bogh,

and then, also Rob, or compromising and sinking the

cultural, agreeable to the common vernacular prac-

tice, you have either Boff or Bogh as it happens.

The word Quicken requires in like manner to be altered,

— decomposed, as it were,—and reduced to its origi-

nal and genuine sound, ere we can discern its real

meaning. By the ordinary exchanges of the Q and

Wi, familiar to the rudest Ayrer who has opened a

book of old Scottish poetry, we gain either Wil-

tens, or Whichens-bog; but, we may suppose, by

way of question, as if those who imposed the names

struck with the extreme antiquity of the place, and

expressed in it an interrogative, 'To whom did this

fortress belong?—Oh, it might be Whichens-bog,

from the Saxon Wihtens, by the way with the hand,

as dooubles the skirmishes near a place of such

apparent consequence must have legitimate such a

description," etc., etc., etc.

I will be more grateful to my readers than Old-

buck was to his guest; for, considering his opportu-

ities of gaining patient attention from a person

of such consequence as Lord Glenallan were not wary,

he used, or rather abused, the present to the utter

most.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Gribald age and youth

Could live together—

Youth is full of pleasures

Age is full of care

Youth like summer roses

Age like winter weather,

Youth like summer brave,

Age like winter base.

SHAKESPEARE.

In the morning of the following day, the Anti-

quary, who was something of a singer, was sum-

moned from his bed a full hour earlier than his cus-

tom by Caxton.

"What's the matter now?" he exclaimed, yawning

and stretching forth his hand to the large gold

repeater, which, bedded upon his India silk hand-

kerchief, was laid safe by his pillow. "What's the

matter now, Caxton?—It can't be eight o'clock

yet!"

"Ah, sir—but my lord's man sought me out,

for he fancied me your honour's valley-de-sham,

and sure I am, there's nae doubt o'it, baith your

honour's and the minister's—at least ye has nae other

that I ken o'—and I go back to Sir Antur too, but

that's mair in the way o' my profession."

"Well, well—never mind that," said the Anti-

quary, "Happy is he that is his own valley-

desham, as you call it—but why disturb my morning's

test?"

"Oh, sir, the great man's been up since peep o'

day, and he's steered the town to get aas an express

to fetch his carriage, which will be here brawly,

and he was like to see your honour afore he came

aw.

"Naebody" ejaculated Oldbuck. "These great men

use one's house and time as if they were their own

property. Well, it's once and again. Has Jenny

come to her senses yet, Caxton?"

"Truth, sir, but just mending," replied the ban-

ner, "she's layin' in a flutter about the business

of this morning, and was like to have adorned it with
into the lap-bason, and drank it herself in her ecstasy—but she's won over 'ee wi' the help o' Miss M'dear.

"Then all my womankind are on foot and scramble, and I must enjoy my quiet bed no longer, if I would have a well-regulated house. Lend me my gown; and if the news are the news from Fairport?"

"Ou, sir, what can they be about but this grand news o' my lord," answered the old man; "that hasn't been over the door-stone they throe up to me, for many years—this grand news of his coming to visit your honour!"

"Aha!" said Monkbarns, "and what do they say of this Caxton?"

"Ded would they have various opinions. There follow that the democrats, as they ca' them that are again the king and the law, and hair powder and dressing o' gentlemen's wigs—a when it be guard—they say he's come down to speak wi' your honour about bringing down his hill lands and Highland tenantry to break up the meetings of the Friends of the People—and when I said your honour never meddled wi' the like of six things where there was like to be strakes and bloodshed, they said, if ye didna, your nevvy did, and that he was week kend to be a kingsman that wad fight kneesdown for the king; that he was the poor, and that the Yerl was to bring out the men and the siller.

"Come, said the Antiquary, laughing, 'I am glad the Court's got me nothing but common dirt.'"

"Na, na," said Caxton, "nobody thinks your honour wad either fight yourself, or gie any feck o' speaking on any side of the question."

"Then it was the opinion of the democrats, as you call them—What say the rest of Fairport?"

"Aye, aye, said Oldbuck—fire away as if you were Captain Coquet's whole plantation. I can stand it."

"Well, then, they say, sir, that as ye didna encourage the petition about the peace, and waish petition in favour of the new tax, and as ye were again bringing in the tax, the democrats said, and just setting the folk wi' the constables—they say ye're no a guid friend to government; and that these sort o' meetings between sic a powerful man as the Yerl, and sic an enemy as Captain Coquet, and sic a classed society as ye would be looker after, and some say ye should be shankit aff to Edinburgh Castle."

"Aye, aye," said the Antiquary, "I am infinitely obliged to my neighbours for their good opinion of me! And so, I, that have never interfered with their bickerings, but to recommend quiet and moderate measures, am given up on both sides as a man very likely to commit high treason, either against King or People?—Give me my coat, Caxton,—give me my coat!—It's lucky I live not in their report.—Have you heard anything of Tafflin and his vessel?"

"Caxton's countenance fell. Na, na, said Caxton, the winds has been high, and this is a fearin' coast to cruise on in thae eastern gales—the headlands rin seas out far, that a vessel's embayed afore I could see a thing; and then there's a sea-harbour or city of refuge on our coast, a' creeks and breakers. A vessel that rins ashore wi' her fleeces assunder like the sea, and that's the least landers could do, and that's as it is—least was it gathering o' anything. Aye, I say tell my daughter these things when she grows weaned for a letter fine Lieutenant Tafflin—It aye an apology for him—Ye said to blame him, said I, funny, for little ken what may has happened.

"Aye, aye, Caxton, thou art as good a comforter as a valet-de-chambre.—Give me a white stock, man,—if ye don't come down with handkerchief about the neck which I have company?

"Dear sir, the Captain says a three-nookit handker-
At this was no part of Lord Glenallan's system: saluting the company with the grave and meek politeness which distinguished his manners, servant placed before him a slice of toasted bread, a bit of cheese and a glass of water. He sat down and ate the slice, and then left the room.

"Your lordship's carriage, I believe," said Oldbuck, going to the window. "On my word, a handkerchief! for such, according to the best ideas, was the ras or signet of the Romans for a riot which, like that of your lordship, was drawn four horses.

"And I will venture to say," cried Hector, eagerly peering through the window, "that four-handled or tier-matched bays never were put in harness—at fine fore-hands!—what capital chargers they old make!—I might ask if they are of your lordship's own breeding?"

"I—I rather believe so," said Lord Glenallan; "but I have been so negligent of my domestic affairs, that I am ashamed to say I must apply to Cap-"certainly!"

"They are of your lordship's own breeding," said lvert, "got by Mad Tom out of Jenima and Yi-ris, your lordship's brood mares."

"That is the case," said Lord Glenallan. "Two, my lord, one rising four, the other five off a grass, both very handsome."

"Then let Dawkins bring them down to Monk-"Hector, sir!—Come, confound it was thrown away."

"Indeed it was, sir; but I see no reason that my folly should make me less grateful for his intended kindness."

"Bravo, Hector! that's the most sensible thing I ever heard you say—but always tell me your plans without reservation."

"Well, sir. I am aware that you are the kind of man who is not only willing to sacrifice himself to the cause, but also to be fit for the ear of a stranger, but the Earl mingled again in the conversation when the planable tone of the Antiquary expressed anxiety. Having received a brief account of the sentiments and hopes of the accession brought against him, which Oldbuck did not hesitate to ascribe to the miscalculation of Dousterswivel, Lord Glenallan asked, whether the individual in question had not been a soldier formerly? He was an awed in the air of command and independence."

"Had he not," continued his lordship, "a coarse blue coat, or gown, with a badge?—Was he not a tall striking-looking old man, with gray hair and beard, who kept his body remarkably erect, and talked with an air of command and independence, which formed a striking contrast to his profession?"

"They are an exact picture of the man," returned Oldbuck.

"Why, then," continued Lord Glenallan, "although I fear I can be of no use to him in his present condition, yet I owe him a debt of gratitude for being the first person who brought me some tidings of the utmost importance. I would willingly offer him a place of comfortable retirement, when he is extricated from his present situation."

"I fear, my lord," said Oldbuck, "he would have difficulty in reconciling his voracious habits to the acceptance of your bounty, at least I know the experiment has been tried without effect. To beg from the public at large is considered as independence, in comparison to drawing his whole support from the bounty of an individual. He is more a true philosopher, as to be a conterminer of all ordinary rules of hours and times."

"I will permit me to inquire into the nature of business, Hector!" answered his uncle, who loved the exercise of a little brief authority over his relative—"I should suppose any regimental affairs might be transacted by your worthy deputy the sergeant,—an honest gentleman, who is as good as to make Monkhill's house of fame on which he so lorry broke his fast. While the morning's meal of young soldier and the old Antiquary was dis-This page has already been rotated.
revels, their doctor at a pence, or their divine—I promise you he has too many duties, and is too zealous in performing them, and like many others, be likely has abandoned his calling. But I should be truly sorry if they sent the poor light-hearted old man to lie for weeks in a jail. I am convinced the confinement would break his heart.

Thus finished the conference. Lord Glennallen, having taken leave of the ladies, renewed his offer to Captain M'Intyre of the freedom of his manors for service to the cause. "I can only add," he said, "that if your spirits are not liable to be damped by dull company, Glennallen-house is at all times open to you—On two days of the week it is closed to the public, and a good deal of injury is done to the antiques and rare books in the apartments, which will be rather a relief to you, as you will be left to enjoy the society of my almoner, Mr. Gladamoor, who is a scholar and a man of the world."

Hector, his heart exulting at the thoughts of ranging through the preserves of Glennallen-house, and over the well-protected moors of Clochneban, nay, joy of joys, the deer-forest of Strath-Bonnal, made many acknowledgments of the honour and gratitude he felt. Mr. Oldbuck was sensible of the Earl's attention to his nephew; Miss M'Intyre was pleased because her brother was gratified; and Miss Gresda Oldbuck looked forward to a rich legacy from the whole bags of moor-fowl and black game, of which Mr. Blattergow was a professed admirer. Thus—which is always the case when a man of rank leaves a private family—Mr. Oldbuck had studied to appear obliging—had all been ready to provide the praise of his nephew as soon as he had taken his leave, and was wheeled off in his chariot by the four admired bags. But the pantry-wire was cut about for Oldbuck and his nephew departed themselves in the Fainport back, which, with one horse trotting, and the other urged to a canter, creaked, jingled, and hobbled towards that celebrated seaport, in a manner that formed a strong contrast to the rapidity with which the present Mr. Oldbuck's equipage had seemed to vanish from their eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Yes! I love justice well— as well as you do—
But since the good dame's blind, she shall excuse me.

If, time and reason fitting, I prove dumb—
The breath I utter now shall be no means
To take away from me my breath in future.

By dint of charity from the town's people, in aid of the load of provisions he had brought with him into durance, Edie Ochiltree had passed a day or two's confinement with much impatience, regretting his wrongs, and hating the lass, as the weather proved broken and rainy.

"The prison," he said, "wasnae sae doon in a place as it was ca'd. Ye hae aye a good roof over your head to fend off the weather, and, if the wind- dows werenae glazed, it was the mair airy and pleasant for the summer season. And there were folk e'en to crack wi', and he had bread eneuch to eat, and what need he bash himself about the rest o' it?"

The course of our philosophical mendicant began, however, to abate, when the sunbeam shone fair on the rusty bars of his grated dungeon, and a miserable linnet, whose cage some poor debtor had obtained permission to attach to the window, began to greet them with his whistle.

"Ye're in better spirits than I am," said Edie, addressing the bird, "for I can neither whistle nor sing for thinking o' the bonnie bunrusses and green shaws that I should have been dandering beside in weather like this.—But hae, there's some crumps t'ye, an ye are welcome enough to the prison to sing an ye ken it, for your cage comes by nais faut o' your am, and I may thank myself that I am closed up in this weary place.

Ochiltree's soliloquy was disturbed by a peace-officer, who came to summon him to attend the magistrate.

So lie set forth in awful procession between two poor creatures, neither of them to stout as he was himself, to be conducted into the presence of inquisitorial justice. The people's, as the aged prisoner was led along by his decrepit guards, exclaimed to each other, "Edie see sic a grey-haired man as this is, to have committed such a crime! portable magnificence, from whom corporation crusts had not been conferred in vain. He was a zealous loyalist of that zealous time, somewhat rigorous and peremptory in the execution of his duty, and a good landlord and a good tenant which will be rather a relief to you, as you will be left to enjoy the society of my almoner, Mr. Gladamoor, who is a scholar and a man of the world."

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Ochiltree's soliloquy was disturbed by a peace-officer, who came to summon him to attend the magistrate.

So lie set forth in awful procession between two poor creatures, neither of them to stout as he was himself, to be conducted into the presence of inquisitorial justice. The people's, as the aged prisoner was led along by his decrepit guards, exclaimed to each other, "Edie see sic a grey-haired man as this is, to have committed such a crime! portable magnificence, from whom corporation crusts had not been conferred in vain. He was a zealous loyalist of that zealous time, somewhat rigorous and peremptory in the execution of his duty, and a good landlord and a good tenant which will be rather a relief to you, as you will be left to enjoy the society of my almoner, Mr. Gladamoor, who is a scholar and a man of the world."

Hector, his heart exulting at the thoughts of ranging through the preserves of Glennallen-house, and over the well-protected moors of Clochneban, nay, joy of joys, the deer-forest of Strath-Bonnal, made many acknowledgments of the honour and gratitude he felt. Mr. Oldbuck was sensible of the Earl's attention to his nephew; Miss M'Intyre was pleased because her brother was gratified; and Miss Gresda Oldbuck looked forward to a rich legacy from the whole bags of moor-fowl and black game, of which Mr. Blattergow was a professed admirer. Thus—which is always the case when a man of rank leaves a private family—Mr. Oldbuck had studied to appear obliging—had all been ready to provide the praise of his nephew as soon as he had taken his leave, and was wheeled off in his chariot by the four admired bags. But the pantry-wire was cut about for Oldbuck and his nephew departed themselves in the Fainport back, which, with one horse trotting, and the other urged to a canter, creaked, jingled, and hobbled towards that celebrated seaport, in a manner that formed a strong contrast to the rapidity with which the present Mr. Oldbuck's equipage had seemed to vanish from their eyes.
may just write down that Edic Ochiltree, the declarant, was up for the liberty—na, I maunna say that neither—I am nac liberty-boy—I hae fought again them in the riots in Dublin—besides, I have ate the king’s bread many a day—Stay, let me see—Ay— well, the caree of the state; the state stands for the prerogative—for that ye spell that word right—it’s a lang ane—for the prerogative of the subjects of the land, and winna answer a single word that sae be said for it, if ye be fishing. Those seem a reason for it—Put down that, young man.”

“Then, Edic,” said the magistrate, “since you will give me no information on the subject, I must send you to the police station till you shall be delivered in due course of law.”

“Awee, sir, if it’s Heaven’s will and man’s will, nac doubt I maun say, replied the declarant; “I hae nac great objection to the prison, only that a body canna win oot a; and if it was plea you as well, Baillie, I wad give my word to acquaint the Lords at the Circuit, or on any other court ye like, on any day ye’re pleased to accept.”

“I rather think, my good friend,” answered Baillie Littlejohn, “your word might be a slender security where there may be no danger; I am sure to think you would suffer the pledge to be forfeited. If you could give me sufficient security, indeed.”

At this moment the Antiquary and Captain M’Intyre were returned from pressing the matter on the gentlemen,” said the magistrate; “you find me toiling in my usual vocation—looking after the impropriety of the people—labouring for the revalorized, Mr. Old- bon, and—beating the King our master Captain M’Intyre—yea, for I suppose you know I have taken up the sword?”

“It is one of the emblems of justice, doubtless,” answered the Antiquary; “but I should have thought the sword a more fitting instrument, better, Baillie, especially as you have them ready in the warehouse.”

“Very good, Monkbars—excellent; but I do not take the sword up as justice, but as a soldier—indeed I believe I am the only person that may stand at the elbow of my gouty chair, for I am scarce fit for drill yet—A slight touch of our old acquaintance podagra—I can keep my feet, however, while our sergeant puts me through the manual. I should like to know, Captain M’Intyre, if he follows the regulations correctly—he brings us but awkwardly to the present.” And he hobbled towards his weapon to illustrate his doubts and display his proficiency.

“I rejoice we have such zealous defenders, Baillie,” replied Captain M’Intyre; “and I dare say, Baillie, I do not take the sword up as justice, but as a soldier, I believe I am the only person that may stand at the elbow of my gouty chair, for I am scarce fit for drill yet—A slight touch of our old acquaintance podagra—I can keep my feet, however, while our sergeant puts me through the manual. I should like to know, Captain M’Intyre, if he follows the regulations correctly—he brings us but awkwardly to the present.” And he hobbled towards his weapon to illustrate his doubts and display his proficiency.

“What do you say to that body of evidence against your friend,” said the magistrate, when he had observed the Antiquary had turned the last leaf.

“Why, were it in the case of any other person, I own, I should say it looked prima facie, a little ugly; but I cannot imagine that to be in any way for beating Dousterswivil—Had I been an hour younger, or had but one single flash of your warlike genius, Baillie, I should have done it myself long ago—He is anubio nebulo in a word, a man of impudence and a great quack, that has cost me a hundred pounds by his roguery; and my neighbour Sir Arthur, God knows how much—and besides, Baillie, I do not hold him to be a sound friend to warrant.”

“Indeed?,” said Baillie Littlejohn; “if I thought that would alter the question considerably.”

“Rightly; for, in beating him,” observed Oldbuck, “the bedesman has shown great gratitude to the king by thumping his enemy; and in robbing him, he would only have plundered an Egyptian, whose wealth it is lawful to spoil. Now, suppose I interview in the ruins of St. Ronan’s, the false view...”
politicals—and this story of hidden treasure, and so forth. It boiled down to the other side of the water for some great man, or the funds destined to maintain a sedulous club?

"My dear sir," said the magistrate, catching at the idea, "how fortunate it might have been for me! How fortuitous it would have been for me if the old man—by which I mean Oldbuck—had approached me without being observed by the woman he was meeting, by saying kindly, 'I am sorry, Edie, to see you so much cast down about this matter.'"

The mendicant started; dried his eyes very hastily with the back of his hand. How fortunate it would have been for me if the old man—by which I mean Oldbuck—had approached me without being observed by the woman he was meeting, by saying kindly, 'I am sorry, Edie, to see you so much cast down about this matter.'"

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"I thought as much," said Oldbuck. "Well, Edie, if I procure your freedom, you must keep your day, and appear to clear me of the bail-bond, for these are not times for prudent men to incur forfeitures, unless you can point out another 
Aulium autem placem quaerendum--

"Ah!" said the beggar, shaking his head, "I doubt the bird's flown that laid those golden eggs—f OR I wanna ca' her goose, though that's the gait it stands by—" Sir Arthur made his
successful attack upon Misticot's grave, and also that when the labourers began to flag, you, Edie, were again the first to leap into the trench, and to me that, too, says no poor man, till you may explain all this to me, unless you would have me use you as ill as Euclio does Staphylus in the Ajax.

"Lordsake, sir," replied the mendicant, "what do I ken about your Howlowliana?—it's mair like a dog's language than a man's."

"You know, however, of the box of treasure being there?" continued Oldbuck.

"Dear sir," answered Edie, assuming a countenance of great simplicity, "what likelihood is there that I do think see puir an auld creature as me with a big empty chair, humbugging some guile out o' it?—and ye wot weel I sought name and g奈 name, like Michael Scott's man. What concern could I have in it?"

"That's just what I want you to explain to me," said Oldbuck; "for I am positive you knew it was there."

"Your honour's a positive man, Monkbarne—and, for a positive man, I must needs allow ye're often in the right."

"You allow, then, Edie, that my belief is well-founded?"

Edie nodded acquiescence.

"Then please to explain to me the whole affair from beginning to end," said the Antiquary.

"If it were sec'n o' me, Monkbarne," replied the beggar, "ye sulka twa times; for I hae aye said a hint your back, that, for a' the nonsense maggotye that ye whiles take into your head, ye are the most wise and discreet o' our country gentle. But I se' e'en be open-hearted wi' you, and tell you, that this is a friend's secret, and that they sall draw me wi' wild horses, or saw me sammer, as they did the children of Ammon, sooner than I would speak a word mair about the matter, excepting this, that there was nae ill intended, but muckle gaud, and that the purpose was to serve them that are worth twenty hun- dred o' the best. But, at last, I troosed it as a sin to ken where other folk's silver is, if we dinna pit hand till'ersell'ours?"

Oldbuck walked once or twice up and down the room, and endeavoured to find some plausible reason for transactions of a nature so mysterious, but his ingenuity was totally at fault. He then placed himself before the prisoner.

"This story of yours, friend Edie, is an absolute enigma, and would require a second Oedipus to solve it—who Oedipus was, I will tell you some other time, if you remind me—However, whether it be owing to the obscurity or the maggotye with which you compli- ment me, I am strongly disposed to believe that you have spoken the truth, the rather, that you have not made any of those obstructions of the superior person, which I observe you and your comrades always make use of when you mean to deceive folks." (Here Edie could not suppress a smile.) "If, therefore, you will answer me one question, I will endeavour to procure your liberation.

"If ye'll let me hear the question," said Edie, with the caution of a canny Scotchant, "I'll tell you whether I'll answer it or no."

"Then, in the Antiquary, "Did Doutser-swill know any thing about the concealment of the chest of bullion?"

"He, the ill-fa'ard loon!" answered Edie, with much emphasis. "For his name sake, and for a little spoorings o' t o' had Dunstanswill kend it was there—it wad has been butcher in the black dog's house."

"Vor H"
the Bailie could tell us the value of seal-skins just now.

"They are up," said the magistrate, "they are well up—the fishing has been unsuccessful lately."

"We can bear witness to that," said the tormenting Antiquary, who was delighted with the hank this incident had added to the young sportsman: "One word more, Hector, and—"

"We'll hang a seal-skin on the recanting limbo."

Aha my boy!—come, never mind it, I must go to business. Bailie, a word with you—you must take bail—moderate bail—you understand—for old Ochiltree's appearance.

"You have not considered what you ask," said the Bailie; "the offence is assault and robbery."

"Hush! not a word about it," said the Antiquary; "I gave you a hint before—I will possess you more fully hereafter—I promise you, there is a secret."

"But, Mr. Oldbuck, if the state is concerned, I, who do the whole drudgery business here, really have a title to be consulted, and until I am—"

"Hush! hush!" said the Antiquary, winking and putting his finger to his nose,—"you shall have the full credit, the entire management, whenever matters may be; I am an old man; I have no sons or nieces who will not hear of two people being as yet lift into his mystery, and he has not fully acquainted me with the view to Doubster's welfare.

"So we must up to fellow the alien act, I suppose?"

"To say truth, I wish you would."

"Say no more," said the magistrate, "it shall forthwith be done; he shall be removed tanguis suspect—I think that's one of your own phrases, Monkbars?"

"It is classical, Bailie—you improve."

"Why, public business has of late pressed upon me so much, that I have been obliged to take my foreman into partnership—I have had two several correspondences with the Under Secretary of State—one on the proposed tax on Riga hemp-seed, and the other on putting down political societies. So you might as well communicate to me as much as you know of this old fellow's discovery of a plot against the state."

"I will, instantly, when I am master of it," replied Oldbuck—"I hate the trouble of managing such things, but whenever, I do not say decidedly a plot against the state; I only say, I hope to discover, by this man's means, a foul plot."

"If it be a plot at all, there must be pression in it or sedition at least," said the Bailie—"will you bail him for forty hundred marks?"

"Four hundred marks for an old Blue-Gown!—This is a rogue of the bai•bons—Strike off a cypher from the sum—I am content to bail him for forty marks."

Well, Mr. Oldbuck, every body in Fairport is always willing to oblige you—and besides, I know that you are a prudent man, and one that would be as unwilling to lose forty, as four hundred marks. So I will accept your bail—meo percuto—what say you to that law phrase again?—I heard it from a learned counsel—I will vouch it, my lord, he said, meo percuto."

And I will vouch for Edie Ochiltree, meo percuto, in like manner," said Oldbuck. "So let your clerk draw out the bail-bond, and I will sign it."

When this ceremony had been performed, the Antiquary communicated to Edie the joyful tidings that he had been cleared of all suspicion, and directed him to make the best of his way to Monkbars-house, to which he himself returned with his nephew, after having perfected their good work.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Wish to Heaven, Hector," said the Antiquary, next morning after breakfast, "you would spare our nerves, and not be keeping snapping that arquebus of yours."

"Well, sir, I'm sure I'm sorry to disturb you," said his nephew, still handling his fancy-piece: "but it's a capital gun; it's a Joe Manton, that cost forty guineas."

"A fool and his money are soon parted, nephew; there is a Joe Miller for your Joe Manton," answered the Antiquary; "I am glad you have so many guineas to throw away."

"Every one has their fancy, uncle—you are fond of books."

"Ay, Hector," said the uncle, "and if my collection were yours, you would make it fly to the pantheon, the sheep market, the docks, and—Caesar undique mobilis libros—mutilare fortis Iberis."

"I could not use your books, my dear uncle," said the young soldier; "that's true; and you will do well to provide for their being in better hands—but don't let the faults of my head fall on my heart—I would not part with a Cordery that belonged to an old friend, to get a set of horses like Lord Glenalkin's."

"I don't think you would, lad, I don't think you would," said his softening relative—"I love to tease you a little sometimes; it keeps up the spirit of discipline and habit of subordination—you will pass through your time of service, not as an officer of Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms as Milton has; and instead of the French," he continued relapsing into his ironical humour, "you have the Gentleman portent—for, as Virgil says,

'Susternum so moro diverse in litora phene,'

which might be rendered,

'Here phene slumber on the beach,'

Within our Highland Hector's reach.

Nay, if you grow angry I have done.—Besides, I see Old Edie in the court-yard, with whom I have business. Go and see him—Do you know what she splashed into the sea like her master Proteus, <i>et factum delit dilectus in altum</i>?

M'Intyre, waiting, however, till the door was shut, then gave way to the natural impatience of his temper.

My uncle is the best man in the world, and in his way the kindest; but rather than hear any more about that cursed phene, as he is pleased to call it, I would exchange for the West Indies, and never see his face again.

Miss Marmion is most gratefully attached to her uncle, and passionately fond of her brother, was, on such occasions, the usual envoy of reconciliation. She hastened to meet her uncle on his return, before he entered the parlour.

"Well, now, Miss Womankind, what is the meaning of that impolite countenance?—has Juno done any more mischief?"

"No, uncle, but Juno's master is in such fear of your joking him about the seal—I assure you, he feels it much more than you would wish—it's very silly of him, to be sure; but then you can turn every body sharply into ridicule."

"Well, my dear," answered Oldbuck, propitiated by the compliment, "I will rein in my satire, and if possible, speak no more of the phene—I will not speak of sealing a letter, but say, as they used to nod to you when I want the wax-light—I am a membritis asper, but Heaven knows, the most mild, quiet, and easy of human beings, whom sets, niece, and nephew, guide just as a best pepper."

With this little panegyric on his own docility, Mr. Oldbuck entered the parlour, and proposed to his nephew a walk to the Mussel-crag.

"I have some questions to ask, a woman to examine, and a case to take charge of," he observed; and I would willingly have sensible witness with me—so, for fault of a better Hector, I must be contented with you."

Therewith, Edie, sir, or Caxton, would not do better than me?" answered M'Intyre, for, somewhat alarmed at the prospect of a long lecture with his uncle.

"Upon my word, young man, you turn me over to pretty companions, and I am quite sensible of your politeness," replied Mr. Oldbuck. "No, no, I shall..."
the old Blue-Gown shall go with me as not a competent witness, for he is at present, as our friend Hai-ke Littlejohn says, (blessings on his learning!) tanquam suspicatus, and you are suspicius major, as our law has it.

I was a major, sir, "said Hector, catching only the last, and, to a soldier's ear, the most impressive word in the sentence,—"but, without money or interest, there is little chance of getting the strew.

"Well, well, most doughty son of Prian, said the Antiquary, "be ruled by your friends, and there's no saying what may happen—Come away with me, and you'll see if you're going to sit in any court-martial, sir," answered Captain M'Intyre. "But here's a new case of you!"

"Much obliged, much obliged,"

"I bought it from our drum-major," added M'Intyre, "who came into our regiment from the Bengal army, and it came down the Red Sea. It was cut on the banks of the Indus, I assure you."

"Upon your word, 'tis a fine ratar, and well replaces that which the p——Bath! what was I going to say?"

The party, consisting of the Antiquary, his nephew, and the old beggar, now took the sands towards Mussel-crag, the former in the very highest mood of conversation. He was out of the question, understanding the sense of former obligation, and some hope for future favours, decently attentive to receive it. The uncle and nephew walked together, the mendicant about a stone's throw behind, just near enough for the patron to speak to him by a slight inclination of his neck, and without the trouble of turning round. Petrie, in his Essay on Good-breeding, dedicated to the magistrates of Edinburgh, recommends, upon his own experience, as tutor in a family of distinction, this attitude to all led captains, tutors, dependants and bottle-holders of every description. Thus escorted, the Antiquary moved along full of his learning, like a long-tailed man of war, and every now and then wavering to starboard and larboard to discharge a broadside upon his followers.

And so it is your opinion," said he to the mendicant, "that this waffeln—this area auris, as Plautus has it, will not greatly avail Sir Arthur in his necessities."

Unless he could find ten times as much," said the beggar, and that I am sure doubtful—if I heard Pugg-Pugrock, or the tother thief of a sheriff-officier, or messenger, speaking about it—and things are ill all when like of them can speak, crushly about any good. I do not think it will be Sir Arthur's stane was for debt, unless there's swift help and certain.

"You speak like a fool," said the Antiquary. "Nephew, it is a remarkable thing, that in this hamp countrie no man can be legally imprisoned for debt."

"Indeed, sir?" said M'Intyre; "I never knew that before—that part of our law would suit some of our mean well."

"And if they are confined for debt," said Ochiltree, "what is it that tempts so many poor creatures to reside in the tolbooth o' Fairport yonder—they a's they wau' about their creditors. Odd! it is no man like it better than I do if they're thare free will."

A very natural observation, Edie, and many of your brothers would make the same; but it is founded entirely upon ignorance of the feudal system. Hector, be so good as to attend, unless you are looking out for another—Aham! (Hector compelled himself to give attention, but his heart it may prove useful to you, rerum cognoscere causes. The nature and origin of warrant for capture is a thing haud alienum a Sacrolo studis. You must know then once more, that nobody can be arrested in Scotland for debt.

"I haume muckle concern wi' that, Monkbarns," said the old man, "for somebody wad trust a bodie to a pr'ythe peace, man—as a compulsoir, there. of payment—that being a thing to which no debtor is naturally inclined, as I have too much reason to warrant from the experience I have had with my own,—we had first the letters of four forms, a sort of gentle invitation, by which our sovereign lord the king, interested in his successe, as if a minister of the regulation of his subjects' private affairs, at first by mild exhortation, and afterwards by letters of more strict enjoynment and more hard compulsyon—What do you see extraordinary about that, Hector?—it's but a seaweed."

"It's a pictornis, sir," said Edie.

Well, what and if it were—what does that signify at present? I see you're going to sit in any court-martial, sir," answered Captain M'Intyre. "But here's a new case of you."

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had the grace yet to come down to thank your honour for the credit ye did pur Steenie, wi' laying his head in a rath grave, purr fellow."—Here she whimpered and wiped her eyes with the corner of her blue apron.

"—But the fishing comes on nought ill, though the gudeman hasna had the heart to gang to sea himself.—Aweel I wad faen him it wad do him guid to put hand to water—but I'm maist fear'd to speak to him and it's an unco thing to hear ane o' us speak that gate o' a man—however, I have some dainty caller haddies, and they sell be but three shillinis the dozen, for I hae one pith to dripp a few g'ennom ane, and man just take what any Christian body will get, w' few words and nae flying.

"What shall we do, Hector?" said Oldluck, pausing; "I got into disgrace with my womankind for making a bad bargain with her before. These maritime animals, Hector, are unlucky to our family."

"Auch, sir, what would you do?—give poor Maggie what she asks, or allow me to send a dish of fish up to Monkbarne?"

And he held out the money to her; but Maggie drew back her hand. "Na, na, Captain; ye're ower young for yer age. Ye never would understand the art of being a fish-wife's first bide, and troth I think maybe a flyte wi' the auld housekeeper at Monkbarne, or Miss Gregor, would do me some good—And I want to see what's doing. Och, don't ye ken Jamesie's doing?—The folk said she wasna well—She'll be vaxing herself about Steenie, the silly twappie, as if he wad ever hae look oot her loohters at the like o' her!—Well, Monkbarne is a brak calling place, and they'll bid me unco little indeed at the house if ye want craipp-heads the day.

And so on she paced with her burden, grief, gratitude for the sympathy of her betters, and the habitual love of traffic and of gain, chasing each other through her thoughts.

"And now that we are before the door of their hut," said Ochiltree, "I wad ken, Monkbarne, what has smir'd ye plague yoursel wi' me a' this length? I tell ye sincerely I hae nae pleasure in ganging in there, I donwa bide to think how the young hae fa' en on a' sides o' me, and left me an useless auld stump wi' hardly a green leaf on'."

"This o'ld woman," said Oldluck, "sent you a message to the Earl of Glenallan, did she not?"

"Ay!" said the surprised mendicant; "how ken ye that nae weel?"

"Lord Glenallan told me himself," answered the Antiquary; "so there is no delusion—no breach of trust to wriggle about—and as he was so near to take his evidence down on some important family matters, I chose to bring you with me, because in her situation, hovering between dotation and consciousness, it is possible that the exercise and spirituality and trains of recollection which I should otherwise have no means of exciting. The human mind—what are you about, Hector?"

"I was only whistling for the dog, sir," replied the Captain; "'She always roves too wide—I knew I should be troublesome to you."

"Not at all, not at all," said Oldluck, resuming the subject of his disquisition—"The human mind is to be treated like a skim of ravelled silk, where you must cautiously secure one free end before you can make any progress in disentangling it."

"I ken not a name about that said the gablerunie; "but an auld acquaintance be herself, or ony thing like herself, she may come to wind us a pirn. It's learsome baith to see and hear her when she wampshes about her arms, and gets to her English book, and spends as she were a prette-book,—let a bide an auld fisher's wife. But, indeed, she had a grand education, and was muckle then out afore she married an unco bit beneath herself. She's auldter than me, half more—but I'mna weel enough they naed as muckle work about her making a half-mark marriage wi' Simon Mucklebackit, this Saunders's father, as if she had been ane o' the gentry."

"But, sir, she was a shrewd, clever woman, and then she was again, as I heard her son say, when he was a muckle chield; and then they got muckle ailer, and left the Countess's land and settled here. But things never thrive wi' them. Howsoever, she's a weel-educated woman, and an she win to her English, as I hae heard her de at an orra time, she may come to tickle us a'."

CHAPTER XL

Life ebbs from such old age, unmark'd and silent, as the gleanings of a poor cow. Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse; That wind or wave could give; but now her keel Is settling on the sand, her mast has taken An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not. She doesn't offer to dispute the harkless sea, Till, boddied on the strand, she shall remain Useless as motionless.

Old Play.

As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old buidal in a wild and doleful recitative.

"The herring loves the merry moonslight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the drowsy sang
For they come of a gentle kind.

A diligent collector of these legendary scraps of ancient poetry, his foot refused to cross the threshold when his ear was thus arrested, and his hand instinctively took the book, and menaced the page with the rule. From time to time the old woman spoke as if to the children—"O ay, hannies, whisth, whisth! and I'll begin a bonner one than that—"Now hang your tongue, bairn and wifie, and listen to me. And I will sing of Glenellan's Earl That fought on the red harlaw—The cronch's cried on Benachie, And down the Don and a', And hieland and lewland may mornus' be For the sair field of Harlaw."

I dinna mind the neist verse weel—my memory's fail'd, and there's unco thoughts come o'er me—God keep us free temptation! Here he looks around in distinct muttering.

"It's a historical ballad," said Oldluck eagerly, "a genuine and undoubted fragment of minstrelsy! Percy would adumbrate its simplicity—Rison could not impugn its authenticity."

"Ay, but it's a sad thing," said Ochiltree, "to see human nature sae far outworn as to be skirling at auld sangs on the back of a loss like hers."

"Hush, hush, said the Antiquary,—"she has got the thread of the story again. And as he spoke she sung:

"They saffed a hundred milk-white steeds,
Their horses were bridled a hundred black.
With a charcoal of steel on every horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back."

"Chaforn!" exclaimed the Antiquary,—"equivalent, perhaps, to cherister—the word's worth a dollar; and down it went in his red book."

"They had ridden a mile, a mile, A mile, but barely ten. When Donald came brakking down the brae Wi' twenty thousand men.
Their tartans they were waving wide, Their glasses were glancing clear, The crooke ran fine side to side, Would deaden ye to hear.
The great Earl in his stirkrose stood That highland host to see.
Now here a knight that's stout and good May prove a jeopard:
What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay, That rides beside my reyne, Were ye Glenellan's Earl the day, And I was Roland Cheyne?"

"To turn the rein were sin and shame, As an earl's fight were wondrous pitty, What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne, Were ye Glenellan's Earl?"

Ye maun ken, hannies, that this Roland Cheyne, for as poor andUILD as I sit in the chimnie-neuk, was my forber, and an auld man he was that day in the fight, but specially after the Earl had faen'; for he blamed himself for the counsel he gave, to fight before Mar came up wi' Mearns, and Aberdeen, and Angus.
think I see the coble whumbled 1st up, and some of them struggling in the waves—eh, aye, sic weery dreams as folk has when they're sleeping or waking, before they win to the lang sleep and the sound—I could almost think whiles, my son, or else Steenie, my ow, was dead, and that I had seen the burial. I saw that a queer dream for a daft said cartine: what for should any o' them dee before me?—it's oot the course o' nature, ye ken.

"I think you'll make little of this stupid old woman," said Hector, who still nourished, perhaps, some feelings of the dislike excited by the disparaging mention of his countrymen in her lay—"I think you'll make but little of her, sir; and it's wastin' our time to sit here and listen to her dotage."

"Hector," said the Antiquary indignantly, "if you do not respect her misfortunes, respect at least her old age and gray hairs,—this is the last stage of existence, so finely treated by the Latin poet:

Omni
Membrorum damnau major dementia, quae sec
Nomina servorum, nec vestris argentis amicis,
Cum quisque perierit conscivit nocte, nec illis
Quos genuit, quos edavit.

"That's Latin," said Eslegh, pushing herself as if she attended to her own dreams which her mind recited with great pomp of diction,—"That's Latin!" and she cast a wild glance around her—"Has there a priest found me out at last?"

"You see, newly, her comprehension is almost equal to your own of that fine passage."

"I hope you think, sir, that I knew it to be Latin as well as she did it?

"Why, as to that—but stay, she is about to speak."

"I will have no priest—none," said the bard, with impatient vehemence,—"as I have lived I will die—none shall say that I betrayed my mistress, though I were to save my soul!"

"That bespeaks a foul conscience," said the mendicant; "I wuss she wad mak a clean breast, on't she was but for her that pleasant guest, think ye, and she dismissed her withered fingers as she spoke—"first Pride, then Malice, then Revenge, then False Witness; and Murderer! at the door-pin, if he cannot get in—and warnen for that dispair, think ye, to take up their quarters in ane woman's heart! I trow there was rath o' company!"

"But, cummer," continued the bogan, "it wauns the Countess of Glenarain's heart, but her son, him that was Lord Geraldin."

"I mind it now," she said; "I saw him no th' lang syne, and we had a heavy speech together—eh, aye, the comely young lord is turned as sad as I am—it's muskle that sorrow and heart-break, and crossing of true love, will do wi' young blood—But sulde his mither has lookit to that housil."

"We were but to do her bidding, ye ken—I am sure there's nobody can blame me—he was my son, and she was my mistress—Ye ken how the rhyme says—I hae maist forgotten how to sing, or else the tune's left my auld head!"

"He turn'd him right and round again,
Said, corn na at me and say
Light love I may get mone y a, a
But mire nae sinther, sir.

Then he was but half the blude, ye ken, and here was the right Glenalain after a'. Na, na, I micht never maen doing and suffering for the Countess Joscelin. Never will I maen for that."

Then drawing her flax from the distaff, with the dogged air of one who is resolved to confess nothing, she resumed her interrupted occupation.

"I see hae," said the mendicant, taking his cue from what Oldluck had told him of the family history—"I see hae—" but the rough, ever-elusive, ever-adaptable, ever-openmouthed voice of the bard said has come between the Earl, that's Lord Geraldin, and his young bride."

"I'll tongue!" she said, in angry alarm, "an' what?"
Edie ran to support her, but hardly got her in her arms, before her strength was gone, and she passed away even with that last word.

"Impossible," said Oldbuck, hastily advancing, as did his nephew. But nothing was more certain. She had expired. Her last hurried word left her lips; and all that remained behind was the mortal relics of the creature who had so long struggled with an internal sense of concealed guilt, jounced to all the necessary effects of age and poverty.

"God grant that she be come to a better place," said Edie, as he looked on the lifeless body; "but, oh! there was something lying hard and heavy at her heart. It was a stone, a one, dealt with in the field of battle, and a fair-army, set up in the cause of the cause, that I wished rather see them at a corner, as sic a fear's hittin' as her's.

"We'll keep the dead in the neighbours," said Oldbuck, when he had somewhat recovered from his horror and astonishment, "and give warning of this additional calamity—I wish she could have been brought to a consciousness, though of far less consequence. I could have wished to transcribe that mental fragment. But Heaven's will must be done!"

They left the hut accordingly, and gave the alarm in the huts of the near-by marrons instantly assembled to compose, the limbs and intellects of the deceased might be considered as the mother of their settlement.

Oldbuck promised his assistance for the funeral.

"Young man," said Allison Breck, who was next in age to the deceased, "I'll give you a word or two to keep up our hearts at the lyke-wake, for a Saumur's gin, yon man, was dracken out at the burial o' Steenie, and we get no money to dry-lip it inside the corpse. Elejep was unveritable in her young days, as I can mind right well, but there was aye a word o' her no being that chancy—An' auldina speak ill o' the dead—mair by token, o' men's summer and neighbour—but there was never any things said about a loney or a barn or she left the Craigburnfoot. And sae, in guide truth, it will be a fur lyke-wake, unless your honour sends us something to keep us aither in the huts!"

"You shall have some whisky," answered Oldbuck, "the rather that you have preserved the proper word for that austerc custom of watching the dead. Ye observe, Hector, this is genuine Teutonic, from the Gothic Leitcham, a corpse. It is quite erroneously called Late-trake, though Brand worthes that modest corruption and derivation.

"I'll be at the door," replied Hector to himself, "my my would give away Monk-larns to any one who would come to ask it in genuine Teutonic! Not a drop of whisky would the old creatures have got, had the providence and courage not interceded for them.

While Oldbuck was giving some further directions and promising assistance, a servant of Sir Arthurs came riding very hard along the sands, and stood by his horse when he saw the Antiquary. "There has been something," he said, "very particular happened at the Castle," (he could not, or would not, explain what,) and Miss Waringston had sent him off express to Monk-larns, to beg that Mr. Oldbuck would come to them without a moment's delay.

"I am afraid," said the Antiquary, "his course she is drawing to a close. What can I do?"

"Do, or, excusin Hector, with his characteristic impatience,—get on the horse, and turn his head homeward—you will be at Knockwinnock Castle in ten minutes.

"He is quite a free goer," said the servant, exclaiming, "comparing to adjust the girdle and stirrup,—he only pulls a little if he feels a dead weight on him."

"I should soon be a dead weight off him, my friend," said the Antiquary, as he put on his boots. "Do I say you use the weight of life, that I should get on the back of such a Bucephalus?"

"Such a scene, although the people of the neighbourhood were behawteen that the bell sounded of its own accord. King, however, it should be rembered that it is very difficult to find a horse that will rise up in his bed, and fattered, in broken accents, "Yes, yes, my Lord Duke!—Gee-ise, I will wait on your Grace tomorrow, and—" but these words on his lips, he was said to have at once fallen back and died.
THE ANTIQUARY.

No, no, my friend, if I am to be at hand to-day, it must be by walking quietly my course, and I will do so with as little detail. Captain M'Intyre may ride that self, if he prefers.

The hope I could be of any use, uncle, but not in that sort... without wishing to say at least—so I will ride on before, and them that you are coming—prone to spur my friend.

scare need them, sir," said the man, off at the same time, and buckling them at M'Intyre's heels, “he's very frank to tood astonished at this last act of teme- you mad, Hector?" he cried, or therefore what is said by Quintus Curtius, and to a soldier, you must needs be familiar, a caution, not to meddle with me, I should think not want excitar potest; which plainly spurs are useless in every case, and, I notice in most?" no, who cared little for the opinion of the name Curtius, or of the Antiquary, upon only answered with a heartless "never ear, sir."

he gave his horse the head, dug forward, struck his armed hooves the panting sides of his poor jade, it revealed: and starting so, in running to devour the way, to lorn, and to the eye of the world, to say, "hey go, well matched," said Oldback, for them as they started,—"a mad horse boy, the two most unruly creatures in to and, having in mind, to nobody wants him; for I doubt Sir isa are beyond the cure of our light horse- beast the villain of Dousterswivel, for, sir, th boisterous, so much; for I cannot use, that, with some nature, Tacitus's next good: Beneficco e vaeque laxa sunt er excelsos posse; ubi multum anteceneres, stum reddirur—from which a wise man, not to oblige any man beyond which he may expect to be, lest make his debtor a bankrupt in gratitude, b to himself such scraps of cynical phi- nes, which pacer the sands towards nec, but it is necessary we should out- the purpose of explaining the reasons so anxiously summoned thither.

CHAPTER XI.

the Goose, of whom the fable told, it bred of her eggs of gold, id oletetcheb, impatient to destroy, her secret near the cruel Boy, ripo rapis changed her splendid dream, in vain flattering, and for dying scream. The Loves of the Four Months.

time that Sir Arthur Wardour had cessor of the treasure found in Mistick's ad been in a state of mind more resen- than sober sense. Indeed, at one time had become impressively apparent to for, as he had no doubt that he had the assessing himself of wealth to an un- sm, his language and carriage were those to had seen, wretched. Troops of inventory, id already, in fancy, marshalled in his for what may not unbounded wealth possessory to aspire to?—the coronet of a number of duties, is given up before mot. His daughter—to what manner t look forward? Even an alliance with the blood-royal was not beyond the sphere of his hopes. His son was already a general—and he himself whatever ambition could dream of in his wildest visions.

In this mood, if any one endeavoured to bring Sir Arthur down to the regions of common life, his replies were in the voice of Ancient Piston: "A sco for the world, and wordlings base! I speak of Africa and golden joys!"

The reader may conceive the amazement of Miss Wardour, when, instead of undergoing an investigation concerning the addresses of Lovel, as she had expected from the long conference of her father with Mr. Oldbuck, upon the morning of the fated day when the treasure was discovered, the conversation of Sir Arthur announced an imagination heated with the hopes of possessing the most unbounded wealth. But she was seriously alarmed when Dousterswivel was sent for to the Castle, and was closeted with her father—his mishap consoled with—his part taken, and his loss compensated. All the suspicions which she had long entertained respecting this man became strengthened, by observing his pains to keep up the golden dreams of her father, and to secure for himself, under various pretenses, as much as possible out of the windfall which had so strangely fallen to Sir Arthur's share.

Other evil symptoms began to appear, following close on each other. Letters arrived every post, which Sir Arthur, as soon as he had looked at the directions, flung into the fire, as he was unable to open them. Miss Wardour could not help suspecting that these epistles, the contents of which she seemed to know her father by a sort of intuition, in the mean time, while the temporary aid which he had received from the treasure, dwindled fast away. By far the greater part had been swallowed up by the necessity of paying the bill of six hundred pounds which he had con- sented Sir Arthur with instant distress. Of the rest, some part was given to the adopt, some wasted upon extravagances which seemed to the poor knight fully authorized by his full-blown hopes—and some went to stop for a time the mouths of such claimants, who, being weary of fair promises, had become of opinion with Harpagus, that it was necessary to touch something substantial. At length circumstances announced but too plainly, that it was all ex- tended within two or three days after its discovery; and there appeared no prospect of a supply. Sir Ar- thur, naturally impatient, now grew coarsely knew with breach of those promises, through which he had hoped to convert all his lead into gold. But that worthy gentleman's turn was now sequent, and as he had grace enough to avoid witnesses of the fall of the house which he had undermined, he was at the trouble of bestowing a few learned terms of art upon Sir Arthur, that at least he might not be tormented before his time. He took leave of him, with assurances that he would return to Knockwin- nock the next morning, with such information as would not fail to relieve Sir Arthur from all his dis- tresses.

"For, since I have consulted in such matters, I ave never," said Mr. Herman Dousterswivel, "approach so near de cromme, that you call de great mis- story,—de Pancheba, de Polchocka—I do know as much of it as Pelaso de Taranta, or Basilus—and either I will bring you in two and three days de No. III. of Mr. Missulgoat, and you shall not know myself, and never look me in de face again no more at all."

The adept departed with this assurance, in the firm resolution of making good by letter part of the pro- gramme. Sir Arthur remained in a doubtful and anz- ulous state of mind. The positive assurances of the philosophers, with the hand of Panch, and so forth, produced some effect on his mind. But he had been too often deluded by such jargon to be absolutely relieved of his doubt, and he retired the evening into his library, in the darkness of the night, who, hanging over the window, who, without the means of retreat, perceives the stone on which he
THE ANTQUITY.

rests gradually departing from the rest of the crew, and about to give way with him. The visions of hope decayed, and there increased in proportion that feverish agony of anticipation with which a man, educated in a sense of consequence, and, perhaps, a father of a daughter of a noble name, and the father of two promising children—foresees the hour approaching which should deprive him of all the splendour which time had made him heir to, and send him forth into the world to struggle with poverty, with rapacity, and with scorn. Under these dire forbodings, his temper, exhausted by the sickness of delayed hope, became peevish and fretful, and he-words and ejaculations expressed a reckless desperation, which alarmed Miss Wardour extremely. We have seen, on a former occasion, that Sir Arthur was a man of passions lively and quick, in proportion to the weakness of his character in other respects; he was unused to contradiction, and if he had been hitherto, in general, good-humoured and cheerful, it was probably because the course of his life had afforded no such frequent provocation as to render his irritability habitual.

On the third morning after Dousterswivel's departure, Sir Arthur read the newspaper and letters of the day. Miss Wardour took up the former to avoid the continued ill-humour of her father, who had wrought himself into a violent passion, but now began to lose it.

"I perceive how it is," was his concluding speech on this interesting subject,—"my servants, who have had their share of my fortune, begin to think there is little to be gained from me in future. But while I am the scoundrel's master I will be so, and permit no neglect—no, nor endure a hair's-breadth diminution of the respect I am entitled to exact from them."

"I am resolved to leave you a legacy of service this instant," said the domestic upon whom the fault had been charged, "as soon as you order payment of my wages.

"And the honor, as if stung by a serpent, thrust his hand into his pocket, and instantly drew out the money which it contained, but which was short of the man's claim. What money have you got, Miss Wardour?" he said, in a tone of affected calmness, which which concealed violent agitation.

Miss Wardour gave him her purse: he attempted to count the bank notes which it contained, but could not do so. He threw the whole to his daughter, and saying in a stern voice, "Pay the rascal, and let him leave the house instantly!" he strode out of the room.

Miss Wardour, in a state of consternation and astonishment at the agitation and vehemence of his manner.

"I am sure, ma'am, if I had thought I was particularly wrong, I would have made my answer when Sir Arthur was speaking, but he has given me no service, and he has been a kind master, and you a kind mistress, and I wish you joy of the house when you are in it."

"And I thought there was not such an instant's haste."

"It is haste, Miss Wardour," answered her father, interrupting her,—"What I do hereforth in the case of my forefathers, must be done speedily, or never."

He then sat down, and took up with a trembling hand the box of tea prepared for him, protracting the outer layer of the packages, opening the post-letters which lay on the table, and which he led from time to time, as if they had been a nest of adders ready to start into life and upon his father.

"You will be happy to hear," said Miss Wardour, willing to withdraw her father's mind from gloomy reflections in which he appeared to be plunged. "But you will be happy, sir, that Lord Taffirih's gift has got to me, I think. I observe there had been apprehensions for his life, but I am glad we did not hear them till they were tried and reduced."

"And what is Taffirih and his gun-brig to me?"

"Sir!" said Miss Wardour in astonishment. "Sir Arthur, in his ordinary state of mind, is a fit signal of interest in all the gossip of the country, and country, and country."

"I say," he repeated, in a higher and still impatient key, "what do I care who is saved and is not? It's nothing to me. I suppose I didn't know you were busy, Sir Arthur, thought, as I have never attended to him, I could have said anything more happily;—this places the stone upon his new page, and is indeed a great news in return. And he caught up a letter, "It does not signify which I open first—they all lead to the same thing."

He broke the seal hastily, ran the letter over, and then threw it to his daughter,—"I've read it—read it aloud," said his father; "it is not to be read too often; it will serve to break your other news of the same kind."

She began to read with a faltering voice, "Sir!"

"He dears me too, you see,—this impatient.—a writer. Not a writer, a young fellow, the most particular, the most literary, the most contemptible, the most servile, the most cloying, the most ungrateful, the most peremptory;—"I see the contents are upon sir—it will only vex you my reading them aloud."

"If you will allow me to know my own Miss Wardour, I entreat you to go on—I pretend it was unnecessary, I should not ask you to the trouble."

"Having been of late taken into copartnership, timmed Miss Wardour, reading the letter, "by Gilbert C., a gentleman of lat connoisseur, and man of business, Sir Guy Greenaway, Esq., to the signet, whose business I conducted as merchant-house clerk for many years, which has been, I am happy to say, the most successful, my affairs being, of late, not very prosperous, in consequence of his absence at the Lamberts race, the honour to reply to your said favour."

"You see my friend is methodical, and common by explaining the causes which have procured so modest and elegant a correspondent—Go on and read it."

And he laughed that bitter laugh which is the most peculiar expression of mental mortification to proceed, and yet afraid to disobey. Wardour continued to read: "I am, for myself and partner, sorry we cannot oblige you by looking into the sums you mention, and the case of the Goldiebird's bond, which would more inconsistent, as we have been employed as the said Goldiebird's procurators and attorneys, which capacity we have taken, in the hope of avoiding you by the means left by the messenger, for the sum of four thousand seven hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings and sixpence. As a matter of a sum of four thousand seven hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings and sixpence, is also due, and settlement was
THE ANTIQUARY.

table; but as we hold your rights, title-deeds, documents, &c., hypothec, shall have no objection to reasonable time—say till the next money
I am, for myself and partner, concerned to that Messrs. Godlebows’ instructions to us are, therefore, conveyed in the fullest sense of the word, I have much pleasure to assure you to prevent future mistakes, as they otherwise to age &c. as accords.
for self and partner, dear sir, your obliged humbly,
Gabriel Grinderson, for Greenhorn and person,

Ingrateful villain I said Miss Wardour.

Why, no; it’s in the usual rule, I suppose; the rest of the inventory shall have no objection to reasonable time—say till the next money.
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I am, for myself and partner, concerned to that Messrs. Godlebows’ instructions to us are, therefore, conveyed in the fullest sense of the word, I have much pleasure to assure you to prevent future mistakes, as they otherwise to age &c. as accords.
for self and partner, dear sir, your obliged humbly,
Gabriel Grinderson, for Greenhorn and person,

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the day wi’ a’ his tackle. I ken it frae aye o’ his concurrence, as they ca’ them, ’swards to meet him—and they’ll be about their wark beline—where things there needs nae kame—they shear close enough.

“Are you sure this bad hour, Edie, is so very near?—come, I know it, it will.

“I tell you, Edie, but dinna be cast down—there’s a heaven ower your head, as well as in that fearful night stiwe the Ballyboughness and the Halket-head. D’ye think He, who ruled the waters, canna protect you against the wrath of men, though they be armed with human authority?”

“It is, indeed, all we have to trust to.”

“Dinna ken—ye dinna ken when the night’s darkest, the dawn’s nearest. If I had a gude horse, or could ride him when I had him, I reckon there wad be help yet—’twas trusted to have gotten a cast wi’ the Royal Charlotte, but she’s cupped yonder, it’s like, at Kittlebrig. There was a young gentleman on the body and he behaved to drive; and Tom Sang, that said has mair sense, he believed to let him, and the daft callant couldna tak the turn at the corner o’ the hrig, and odd! he took the curb-stane, and he’s whelmed her as I wad whome a toom bicker—it was a luck I hadna gotten on the tap o’ her—Sae I cast down between hope and despair to see if ye wad send me on.”

“And, Edie—where would ye go?” said the young lad.

“To Tannoburgh, my leddy” (which was the first stage from Feaiport, but a good deal nearer to Knockwinnock,) “and that without delay—it’s a’ on your ain business.”

“Our business, Edie? Alas! I give you all credit for your good meaning, but—”

“There’s nae bate about it, my leddy, for gang I must,” said the persevering Blue-Gown.

“But what is it that you would do at Tannoburgh?—or how can your going there benefit my father’s affairs?”

“Indeed, my sweet leddy,” said the subterfuge, “ye maun just trust that his secret to send Edie’s gray pow, and ask nae questions about—Certainly if I wad hae warred my life for you o’er night, I can hae nae reason to play an ill trick i’ ye in the day o’ your distress.”

“Well, Edie, follow me then,” said Miss Wardour, “and I will try to get you sent to Tannoburgh.”

“Mak haste, then, my bonny leddy, mak haste, for the love o’ goodness!” and he continued to exhort her to expedition” until they reached the castle.

CHAPTER XIII.

Let those see who will—I like it not—For, say he was a star to rank and song, and all the noise he is now divorced from By the hard dooms of stern necessity, I trust to mark his alder’s bair.”

Where Vanity adjusts her finery well
‘Tis the deep wrinkles of repentant anguish. Old Play.

When Miss Wardour arrived in the court of the Castle, she was apprised by the first glance, that the visit she was making was in a manner already taken place. There was confusion, and gloom, and sorrow, and curiosity among the domestics, while the retainers of the law went from place to place, making and breaking up the doors and chambers falling under their warrant of distress, or pouncing, as it is called in the law of Scotland. Captain M’Intyre flew to her, as struck dumb with the melancholy conviction of her being at the scene of ruin, she paused upon the threshold of the gateway.

“Dear Miss Wardour,” he said, “do not make yourself uneasy; my uncle is coming immediately, and I am sure you will find some way to clear the house of these rascals.”

“Alas! Captain M’Intyre, I fear it will be too late.”

“No,” answered Edie, impatiently—“could I but get to Tannoburgh. In the name of Heaven, Cap-
tain! contrive to get me some way on, and ye’ll do this poor ruined family the best day’s doing that has been done them since Redhand’s days—for as sure as ever I take my oath, he came true, Knockwood house and land will be lost and won this day.”

“Why, what good can you do, old man?” said Hector.

But Robert, the domestic with whom Sir Arthur had been so much displeased in the morning, as if he had been watching for an opportunity to display his zeal, stepped hastily forward and said to his mistress, “Miss Wardour, your orders on the carriage; if you please, I will.” If you are very skilful and full-about many things, as the diseases of cows, and horse, and sick like, and I am sure he disdains to be at Tannoburgh the day for once, he insists on this gate; and, if your leddyship pleases, I’ll drive him there in the taxed cart in an hour’s time—I was fain to be of some use—I could bite my very tongue out when I think on this morning.”

“I am obliged to you, Robert,” said Miss Wardour; “and if you really think it has the least chance of being useful”

“In the name of God,” said the old man, “you have been so long, less or more, I’ll gie ye leave to fling me ower Kittlebrig as ye come back again.”

But O man, haste ye, for time’s precious!—”

Robert looked at his Mistress as she retired into the house, and seeing he was not prohibited, flew to the stable-yard, which was adjacent to the court, in order to mount the carriage; the beggar was the personage least likely to render effective assistance in a case of pecuniary distress, yet there was among the common people of Edie’s circle, a general idea of his prudence and sagacity, which authorized Robert’s conclusion, that he would not so earnestly have urged the necessity of this expedition had he not been convinced of its utility. But so soon as the servant took hold of a horse to harness him for the tax-cart, an officer touched him on the shoulder—“My friend, you must let that beast alone, he’s down in the schedule.”

“What,” said Robert, “am I not to take my master’s horse to go my young leddy’s errand?”

“You must remove nothing here,” said the man of office, “or you will be liable for all consequences.”

“What the devil, sir,” said Hector, who, having followed to examine Ochiltree more closely on the nature of his hopes and expectations, already began to be a little brattish with the terror of the terraces and mountains, and sought but a decent pretext for venting his displeasure, “have you the impudence to prevent the young lady’s servant from obeying her orders?”

There was something in the air and tone of the young soldier, which seemed to argue that his interference was not likely to be confined to mere expostulation; and, if it promised finally the advantages of a process of battery and deforcement, would certainly commence with the unpleasant circumstances necessary for founding such a complaint. The legal officer, confronted with him of the militia, grasped with one doubtful hand the greedy bludgeon which was to enforce his authority, and with the other produced his short official baton, tipped with silver, and having the inevitable ring upon it—“Captain!” said—“Sir, I have no quarrel with you—but if you interrupt me in my duty, I will break the wand of peace, and declare myself deforc’d.”

“I am the devil cares,” said Hector, totally ignorant of the words of judicial action, “whether you declare yourself divorced or married?—and as to breaking your wand, or breaking the peace, or whatever it is, all I know is, that I will break your bones if you prevent the lad from harnessing the horses to obey his mistress’s orders.”

“I take it as to witness,” said the messenger, “that I showed him my blazon and explained my character.—He that will to Cupar mun to Cupar,” and he shed his epigraphic ring from one end of the stick to the other, and gave the apposite symbol of his having been so illegitimately introduced in the discharge of his duty.
Honest Hector, better accustomed to the artillery the field than to that of the law, saw this mystical remonstrance with great indifference; and with like unconcern beheld the messenger set down to write out an execution on the old man's house. He was too busy to join the well-meaning hot-headed Highlander in running the risk of a severe penalty, the Antiquary arriving puffing and blowing, with his handkerchief doubled under his hat, and his wig upon the top of his stick.

“What the deuce is the matter here?” he examined, hastily adjusting his head-gear; “I have no such orders here. What means that idle log-head knocked against one rock or other, and here—and you parted with your Bucephalus, and quartering with Sweepclean. A messenger, Hector, is worse than a fine, whether it be the phoca pêta or the phoca vitulina of your late conflict.”

D—n the pox, sir,” said Hector, “whether it be gone or the other—I say d—n them both particularity—I think you would not have me stand quietly and see a scoundrel like this, because he calls himself a king's messenger, forsooth. (I hope the has many better for his meanest errand)—call it a young lad of family and fashion like Miss Wardour.”

“Rightly argued, Hector,” said the Antiquary; “but a king, like other people, has now and then a shabby sort of a crowd that leaks in, and a few fellows he has to do them. But even supposing you unaccustomed the statutes of William the Lion, in which, as in quartio, versus quinto, this crime of defacement temerarily despoits Domino Regis, a contempt, to rt, of the king himself, in whose name all legal dinge issues, could you not have inferred, from the information I took so much pains to give you to, that the man himself, I mean the mouth found, his hands were clenched; Don't mention his name, sir,” he vociferated, “unless you would see me go mad in your presence! That I should have been such a miserable dol—such an infatuated idiot—such a beast endowed with thire a beast's stupidity, to be led and driven and spur-galled by such a rascal, and under such ridiculous pretences—Mr. Oldbuck, I could tear myself when I think of it.”

“I only meant to say,” answered the Antiquary; “that this fellow is like to meet his reward; and I cannot but think we shall frighten something out of him that man who has the face to attack me has some unlawful correspondence on the other side of the water.”

“Has he—he has he—he has he, indeed?—then d— the household-goods, horses, and so forth—I will go to prison a happy man, Mr. Oldbuck—I hope in Heaven there's a reasonable chance of his being hanged?”

“Why, pretty fair,” said Oldbuck, willing to encourage this diversion, in hopes it might mitigate the feelings which seemed likely to overset the poor man's understanding; and moreover his mind. Mr. Oldbuck had some unlawful correspondence on the other side of the water.”

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Coach being overturned—as how could it go safe with such a Jonah?—he has had an inward turmoil, is carried into a cottage near Kittlebrigg, and, to prevent all possibility of escape, I have sent your friend, Sweepclean, to bring him back to Fairport. In another moment, or to act as his sick-nurse at Kittlebrigg, as is most fitting. And now, Sir Arthur, permit me to have some conversation with you on the present urgency of your affairs, that we may see what can be done for their extraction; and the Antiquary led the way into the library, followed by the unfortunate gentleman.

The hotel was shut up together for about two hours, when Miss Wardour interrupted them with her cloak on, as if prepared for a journey. Her countenance was very pale, yet expressive of the composure which characterized her disposition.

"The messenger is returned, Mr. Oldbuck."

"Returned?—What the devil! he has not let the fellow go?"

"No,—I understand he has carried him to confinement; and now he is returned to attend my father, and says he can wait no longer." A loud wrangling was now heard on the staircase, in which the voice of Hector predominated. "You an officer, sir, and these ragamuffins a party! a parcel of beggarly tailor fellows—tell yourselves off by nine, and we shall show you our effective strength."

The indignant voice of the aggrieved law was then heard indistinctly muttering a reply, to which Hector retorted—"Come, come, sir, this won't do; march your people, call those, out of this house direct, or I'll send you a bill to the right about presently."

"The devil take Hector," said the Antiquary, hastening to the scene of action; "his Highland blood is up again, and we shall have him fighting a duel with the bailiff!—Come, Mr. Sweepclean, you must give us a little time—I know you would not wish to disturb your family."

"By no means, sir," said the messenger, putting his hat off, which he had thrown on to testify defiance of Captain M'Intyre's threats; but your nephew, sir, holds very uncivil language, and I have borne too much of it already; and I am not justified in leaving my prisoner any longer after the instructions I received, unless I am to get payment of the sums contained in my diligence."

And he held out the caption, pointing with the awful truncheon which he held in his right hand, to the formidable line of figures jotted upon the back thereof.

If Hector, on the other hand, though silent from respect to his uncle, answered this gesture by shaking his clenched fist at the messenger with a frown of Highland wrath.

"Well, you be quiet," said Oldbuck, "and come with me into the room—the man is doing his miserable duty, and you will only make matters worse by opposing him. I fear, Sir Arthur, you must accompany this man to Fairport; there is no help for it in the first instance—I will accompany you to consult what farther can be done—My nephew will escort Miss Wardour to Monkbarns, which I hope she will make her residence until these unpleasant matters are settled."

"I go with my father," Mr. Oldbuck, said Miss Wardour firmly—"I have prepared his clothes and my own—I suppose we shall have the use of the carriage?"

"Any thing in reason, madam," said the messenger; "I have ordered it out, and it's at the door—I will get the box with the coachman—I have no desire to intrude—but two of the consummats must attend on horseback.

"I will attend too," said Hector, and he ran down to do so himself.

"We must go then," said the Antiquary.

"To jail," said the Baronet, sighing involuntarily; "And what of that? he resumed, in a tone affected—They can't get out of after all—Suppose a fit of the gout, and Knockwinnock would be the same—Ay, ay, Monkbarns, we'll call it a fit of the gout without the d—d pain."

But his eyes swelled with tears as he spoke, and his faltering accent marked how much this assumed gayety cost him. The Antiquary wrung his hand, and, like the Indian Baniacs, who drive the real terms of an important bargain by signs, while they are not conscious of the apparently frivolous hand of Sir Arthur, by its convulsive return of the grasp, expressed his sense of gratitude to his friend, and the real state of his internal agony. They stopped slowly down the road, that they might see some object seeming to the unfortunate father and daughter to assume a more prominent and distinct appearance than usual, as if to press themselves on their notice for the last time.

At the first landing-place, Sir Arthur made an agonized pause; and as he observed the Antiquary look at him anxiously, he said, with assumed dignity—"Yes, Mr. Oldbuck, the descendant of an ancient line—the representative of Richard Redhand and Gamelyn de Guardover, may be pardoned a sigh when he leaves the castle of his fathers thus poorly escorted. When I was sent to the Tower with my late father, in the year 1745, it was upon a charge becoming our birth—upon an accusation of high treason, Mr. Oldbuck—we were escorted from Highgate to a street of life-takers, and came out of the portly custody of state's warrant; and now, here I am, in my old age, dragged from my household by a miserable creature like this, (pointing to the messenger,) and for a paltry sum of money!—"At least," said Oldbuck, "you now have the company of a dutiful daughter, and a sincere friend, if you will permit me to say so, and that may be some consolation to you without the other. There can be no hanging, drawing, or quartering, on the present occasion.—But I hear that cheery boy as loud as ever. I hope to God he has got into no new broil—it was an accursed charge that brought him here at all."

In fact, a sudden clamour, in which the loud voice and some stilted accents of Emily were again pre-emminently distinguished, broke off this conversation. The cause we must refer to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Fortune, you say, flies from us—She but circles, Like the fleet seagull round the Fowler's skiff,—
Lost in the mist one moment, and the next,
Brushing the white sail with her whitier wing,
As the wind rises, or subsides the sun—Experiences wait on fortune. And has her seat:

Old Play.

The shout of triumph in Hector's warlike tones was not easily distinguished from that of battle. But as he rushed up stairs with a packet in his hand, exclaming, "Long life to an old soldier! here comes Edie with the budget of good news," it was obvious that his present cause of clamour was of an agreeable nature. He delivered the letter to Oldbuck, shook Sir Arthur heartily by the hand, and wished Miss Wardour joy, with all the frankness of Highland congratulation. The messenger, who had a kind of instinctive terror for Captain M'Intyre, drew towards his prisoner, keeping an eye of caution on the soldier's motions.

"Don't suppose I shall trouble myself about you, you dirty fellow," said the soldier; "there's a rascals for the fright I have given you; and here comes an old forty-two man, who is a fitter match for you than I am."

"The messenger (one of those dog who are not to scornful to cut dirty puddings) caught in his hand the grumes which, instead of going to the house, came warily and carefully the turn which mutter were now to take. All voices meanwhile were loud in inquiries which none one was a hurry to answer.

"What is the matter, Captain M'Intyre?" said Sir Arthur.

"Ask old Edie," said Hector; "I only know all safe and well."

"Why, what, all, Edie?" said Miss Wardour to the mendicant.

"Your leadership maun ask Monkbarns, for he has gotten the yesteyday correspondance."

"God save the King!" exclaimed the Antiquary.

"What is the matter, Captain M'Intyre?" said Sir Arthur.

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"Why, what, all, Edie?" said Miss Wardour to the mendicant.

"Your leadership maun ask Monkbarns, for he has gotten the yesteyday correspondance."

"God save the King!" exclaimed the Antiquary.
the first glance of the contents of his packet, and, surprised at once out of decorum, philosophy, and phlegm, he at once hastened to the other end of the room, where he descended not again, being caught in its fall by a branch of the chandelier. He next, looking joyously round, laid a grasp on his wig, which he perhaps would not have lost, had he not seen the smile on Caxton's face, and he stopped his hand, exclaiming, "Lordsake! he's gaun gye—mind Caxton's no here to repair the damage."

Every person not assailed the Antiquary, clamouring for his caustic, and before he got his well-known general transport, when, somewhat ashamed of his rapture, he fairly turned tail, like a fox at the cry of a pack of hounds, and ascending the stairs by two steps at a time, gained the first-floor landing, where, standing, he addressed the astonished audience as follows:—

"My good friends, forte lingues—To give you information, I must first, according to logicians, be possessed of it myself; and, therefore, with your leaves, I will retire into the library to examine these papers—Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour will have the good fortune to step into the parlour—Mr. Sweeteplan, secede pauuper, or, in your own language, grant us a superfluous of diligence for five minutes—Hector, draw off your forces, and make your bear-garden flourish elsewhere—and, finally, all of good cheer till my return, shall be my last sentence."

The contents of the packet were indeed so little expected, that the Antiquary might be pardoned, first his exclamation, and then his desire to communicate the intelligence they conveyed, until it was arranged and digested in his own mind.

Within the envelope was a letter addressed to Jonathan Oldbuck, Ess, of Monkbarns, of the following particulars:

"Dear Sir,—To you, as my father's proved and valued friend, I venture to address myself, being detained here by military duty of a very pressing nature. You must, by this time, be aware, through the entangled state of our affairs; and I know it will give you great pleasure to learn, that I am as fortunately as unexpectedly placed in a situation where I may be of advantage to extricate them. I understand Sir Arthur is threatened with severe measures by persons who acted formerly as his agents; and, by advice of a creditable man of business here, I have procured the enclosed writing, which I understand will stop their proceedings, until their claim shall be legally discussed, and brought down to its proper amount. I also enclose a sum of money, the inconsiderable endowment which I am forced to apply to them according to your discretion. You will be surprised I give you this hint in such a manner, but, I believe, this unexpected measure has been the occasion of these distresses. And as I owe the means of relieving Sir Arthur to the generosity of a matchless friend, it is my duty to take the most certain measures for the supplies being devoted to the purpose for which they were destined, and I know your wisdom and kindness will see that it is done. My friend, as he claims an interest in your regard, will give some view of his own in the enclosed letter. The state of the post-office at Fairport being rather notorious, I must send this letter to Tannoburgh; but the old man Ochtillo, whom particular circumstances have already placed in the interest, has information when the packet is likely to reach that place, and will take care to forward it. I expect to have soon an opportunity to apologize in person for the trouble I give, and am in honour to be your very faithful servant—REGINALD GAMILTON, Esq, of Monkbarns, Edinburgh, 6th August, 1792."

The Antiquary hastily broke the seal of the enclosure, whilst I gave great surprise and pleasure. When he had in some measure recovered himself after such unexpected tidings, he inspected the other papers carefully, which all related to this packet. He went into the cabinet, and wrote a short acknowledgment to be dispatched by that day's post, for he was extremely methodical in the money matters;—and, lastly, fraught with all the importance of a letter sent to Sir Arthur, he descended to the parlour.

"Sweeteplan," said he, calling his late visitor who stood respectfully at the door, "you must sweep yourself clean out of Knockwinkock Castle with all your followings, tag-rag and bob-tail. See to this paper, man!"

"A sias on a bill o' suspension," said the messenger, with a disappointed look; "I thought it would be a queer thing if ultimate disgrace was to be on against us."

"Sir Arthur, Well, I'm going my ways with my party,—And who's to pay my charges?"

"They who employed them," replied Oldbuck, "as I thought full well do not know. But here comes another: express: this is a day of news, I think."

This was Mr. Maites's letter on his march from Fairport, with a letter for Sir Arthur, another to the messenger, both of which, he said, he was directed to forward instantly. The messenger opened his, observing, that Greenhorn and Gridirden were good enough men for his expenses, and here was a letter from them desiring him to stop the diligence. Accordingly, he immediately left the apartment, and staying no longer than to gather his posse together, he did them in the phrase of Hector, who watched his departure as a real, vast and magnificent rout, the retreat of a repulsed beggar, evacuate Flanders.

Sir Arthur's letter was from Mr. Greenhorn, and was a curiosity to me. We give it, with the worthy Baronet's comments.

"Sir,—Oh! I am dear sir no longer; folks are only dear to Messrs. Greenhorn and Gridirden when they are in adversity. Sir, I am much concerned to learn, that, after my return from the country, where I was on particular business, [a bet on the sweepstakes, I suppose,] that my partner had the propriety, in my absence, to undertake the consequences. Goldie-inns in preference to yours, and had written to you in an unbecoming manner. I beg to make my humble apology, as well as Mr. Gridirden's—come, I see he can do as well as himself; and, at particular trust it is impossible you can think me forgetful of, or ungrateful for, the constant patronage which my family [his family! curse me for a puppy!] have uniformly experienced from that of Knockwinkock. I am sorry to find, from an interview I had this day with Mr. Wardour, that he is much irritated, and, I must own, with apparent reason. But, in order to remove this remonstrance as far as in me lies, I am, on the occasion of these distresses, and the same cause, to undertake the consequences of your blackmailer. I have only to add, that Mr. Gridirden is of opinion, that, if restored to your confidence, he could point out circumstances connected with Messrs. Goldie-inns and my present claim to you, to which I have only to add, that Mr. Gridirden is of opinion, that, if restored to your confidence, he could point out circumstances connected with Messrs. Goldie-inns and my present claim to your attention. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, GILBERT GREENHORN."

"Well said, Mr. Gilbert Greenhorn," said Monkbarns; "I see now there is some use in having two attorneys in one firm. Their movements resemble those of the man and woman in a Dutch baby-house."

"Well, in that you are right. The gentleman-partner to fawn like a spaniel; when it is foul, forth bolts the operative brother to pin like a bull-dog.—Well, I thank God, that my man of business still wears his regular apron. But, in the Old Town, is as much afraid of myself as I am myself, plays at golf of a Saturday, goes to the kirk of a Sunday, and, in respect he has no partner, hath only the inconvenience of being only to apologize for himself."

"There are some writers in your belief," said Hector: "I should like to hear any one say that my cousin, Donald McIntyre, Strathbran's weaver, (the other six are in the army,) is no honest man's fellow."

"No doubt, no doubt, Hector, all the M. INTYREK.
against each other in respectability. But never mind.
Sir Arthur—these are such sieges and such relics as our time can only unite in—and our age be not less
worth commemorating in a glass of this excellent
wine. Upon my credit, it is Burgundy, I think.
"Were there any thing better in the cellar," said
Miss Wardour, "I should be too little to judge
you after your friendly exertions.
"Say you so?" said the Antiquary—"why, then, a
ep of thanks to you, my fair enemy, and soon may
you be beloved as last hope to be, and your
time of capitulation in the chapel of Saint Winton."

Miss Wardour blushed, Hector coloured, and then
grew pale.

Sir Arthur answered, "My daughter is much
obliged to you, Monkbarns; but unless you'll accept
of her yourself, I really do not know where a poor
knight's daughter is to seek for an alliance in these
mercenary times."

"Me, mean ye, Sir Arthur?—No, not I; I will
claim the privilege of the duello, and, as being unable
to encounter my fair enemy myself, I will appear by
my champion—But of this matter hereafter. What
do you find in the papers there, Hector, that you hold
your head down over them as if your nose were
bleeding?"

"Nothing particular, sir; but only that, as my arm
is now almost quite well, I think I shall relieve you
of my company in a day or two, and go to Edin-
burgh. I see Major Neville is arrived there. I should
like to meet him and Sir Arthur."

"Major whom?" said his uncle.

"Major Neville, sir," answered the young soldier.
And who the devil is Major Neville?" demanded
the Antiquary.

"O, Sir Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, "you must
remember his name frequently in the newspapers—a
very distinguished young officer indeed. But I am
too busy to look into that matter now. Take Monk-
barns to see him, for my son writes that the Major
is come to him with Knockwinnock, and I need
not say how happy I shall be to make the young gen-
tlemen acquainted—unless, indeed, they are known
to each other already."

"No, not personally," answered Hector, "but I have
had occasion to hear a good deal of him, and we
have several mutual friends—your son being one of
them. But I must go to Edinburgh; for I see my
uncle is beginning to grow tired of me, and I am
afraid."

"That you will grow tired of him?" interrupted
Oldbuck, "I fear that's past praying for. But you
have forgotten that the ecstatic twelfth of August
approaches, and that you are engaged to meet one of
Lord G—"'

"Bah!" said Sir Arthur, "let the peace be
perpetuated in arms—so let us eat and
drink in peace, and be joyful, Sir Knight."

A table was quickly covered in the parlour, where
the party sat joyously down to some refreshment. At
the request of Oldbuck, Edie Ochiltree was permitted
to sit by the sideboard in a great leathern chair,
which was placed in some measure behind a screen.

"I accede to this the more readily," said Sir Ar-
thur, "because I remember in my father's days that
chair was occupied by Ailisich Gourray, who, for
sought I, was the last privileged fool, or jesters
maintained by any family of distinction in Scotland.

"Awed, Sir Arthur," replied the beggar, who
never hesitated an instant between his friend and his
jest, "mony a wise man sits in a fule's soaly, and
mony a fule in a wise man's, especialy in families o'
distinction."

Miss Wardour, fearing the effect of this speech
however worthy of Ailisich Gourray, or any other
person called the last, now made her father, becom-
tened to inquire whether ale or beef should not be
distributed to the servants and people, whom the
news had assembled around the Castle.

"Dear lady, miss," said Oldbuck, "when was it
never otherwise in our families when a siege was been
raised?"

Ay, a sort of laid by Stocker Sweepclane the
ballad raised by Edie Ochiltree of the garbhat
per noble fructum," said Oldbuck, "and well pitted

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which dragged that vehicle, hoc erat in vitio—These are the qualities that would subdue you, especially if she had a taste for natural history, and loved a spec-
imen of a proverb car, a pretty warden," said Monk-
barns; "and what's my wig to do all the while?"

"I asked! Caxon that very question," answered
Ochiltree, "and he said he could look in like morn-
ing, and take a trot about from 10 to his bed, for
there's another man to watch in the day-time, and
Caxon says he'll frizz your honour's wig as well
sleeping as waking."

"That newswear gave a sudden turn to the conversation,
which ran upon national defence, and the duty of
fighting for the land we live in, until it was time to
part. The Antiquary and his nephew resumed their
walk, which took a trot from Knocknookock
with the warmest expressions of mutual regard,
and an agreement to meet again as soon as possible.

"CHAP. XLIV.

Hector," said his uncle to Captain M'Intyre,
in the course of their walk homeward, "I am some-
times inclined to suspect that, in one respect, you
are a fool."

"If you only think me so in one respect, sir, I am
sure you do me more grace than I expected or
deserve."

"I mean in one particular, par excellence," an-
swered the Antiquary, "I have sometimes thought
that you have cast your eyes upon Miss Wardour."

"Well, sir," said M'Intyre, with much composure.

"Well, sir," echoed his uncle, "once deuce take the
fellow—how is it you can consider the most reasona-
ble thing in the world, that he, a captain in the army,
and nothing at all besides, should marry the daugh-
ter of a baronet."

"I presume to think, sir," said the young High-
lander, "there would be no derogation on Miss
Wardour's part in point of family."

"O, heaven forbid we should come on that topic—
no, certainly not. No, not any more on the table-land of gentility, and qualified to look down on every roturier in Scot-
land."

"And in point of fortune we are pretty even, since
none of us have got any," continued Hector.

"There may be an error, but I cannot plead guilty to
presumption."

"But here lies the error, then, if you call it so," re-
sponded M'Intyre; "she won't have you, Hector."

"Indeed, sir?"

"It is very sure, Hector; and to make it double
sure, I must inform you that she likes another man."

She misunderstood some words I once said to her,
and I have since been able to guess at the interpreta-
tion she put on them. At the time, I was unable to
account for her hesitation and blushing; but, my poor
Hector, I have understood them as a death-signal to
your hopes and pretensions. So I advise you to beat
your retreat, and draw off your forces as well as you
can, for the fort is too well garrisoned for you to
storm it."

"I have no occasion to beat any retreat, uncle," said Hector, holding himself very upright, and march-
ing with a sort of dogged and offended solemnity;

"No man needs to retreat that has never advanced."

There are women in Scotland besides Miss Wardour,
of as good family—"

"And better taste," said his uncle, "doubtless
the better taste of Hector, and though I cannot say but
that she is one of the most accomplished as well as sensi-
tible girls I have seen, yet I doubt much of her merit
would be cast away on you. A shaggy figure, now, with
a red nose, and a mouth, and a pair of eyes that
are as blue; who would wear a riding habit of the regi-
mental complexion, drive a gig one day, and the next
review the regiment on the gray trotting pony

Old Play.

"Any body, I suppose, may think as they please on
such subjects," said Hector.

"Not according to the old school," said Oldbuck; "but, as I hear, the practice of the modern
seems in this case the most prudent, though, I
think, scarcely the most interesting. But tell me
your ideas now on this prevailing subject of an inva-
sion.—The French. They come."

Hector, swallowing his mortification, which he
was peculiarly anxious to conceal from his uncle's
sentimental observation, readily entered into a conver-
sation which was to turn the Antiquary's attention
away from Miss Wardour and the seal. When they reached
Monkbarns, the communicating to the lady the
events which had taken place at the Castle, with the
counter information of how long dinimer had waited
before the womankind had ventured to eat it in the
Antiquary's absence, averted those delicate topics of
discussion.

The next morning the Antiquary arose early, and,
as Caxon had not yet made his appearance, he began
mentally to feel the absence of the petty news and
small talk, of which the ex-persuader was a faithful
reporter, and which habit had made more necessary
to the Antiquary as his occasional pinch of snuff,

in which he held, or affected to hold, both to be of
the same intrinsic value. The feeling of vacuity peculiar
in such a situation, was alleviated by the appear-
ance of old Ochiltree, sauntering beside the clipped
yew and holly hedges, with the air of a person qui-

to at home. Indeed, so familiar had he been of late
that even his tread did not look at all like his.

"They are my house now, in great danger, Mon-

barns—I just came free Fairport to bring us the
event, and then I'll step away back again—the Search

has just come into the bay, and they say she's been chased
by a French fleet."

"The Search?" said Oldbuck, reflecting a moment.

"Oh!"

"Ay, ay. Captain Taffril's gun-boat, the Search."

"What is my relation to Search No. II?" said Old-
buck, catching at the light which the name of the
vessel seemed to throw on the mysterious chest of

The mendicant, like a man detected in a frolic, put
his bonnet before his face, yet could not help laughing
heartily. "Did the devil in you, Monkbarns, for
amongst odds and events meet—What thought ye wad
have had that and that together?—Old, I am clean
catch'd now."
and then, when that German deevil was glowing at the lid o' the kist, (they liked mutton weel that day,) when the yowe was done, I'll carry some Scottish deevil put it into my head to play him yonither cantrip—Now, ye see, if I had said mair or less to Balie Littlejohn, I belief till hae come out wi' a' this nonsense, but Mr. Lovel being a man to think, when I began to have it brought to light—see I thought I would stand to any thing rather than that.

"I must say he has chosen his confidant well," said Oldbuck.

"I'll say this for myself, Monkbarne," answered the mendicant, "that I am the fittest man in the hail country to trust wi' all, for I neither want it nor use it; I have but to have it.

"But the lad hadna muckle choice in the matter, for he thought he was leaving the country for ever (I trust he's mistaken in that thought,) and the night was spent in their learned, by a strange chance, Sir Arthur's air distress, and Lovel was obliged to be on board as the day dawned. But five nights afterwards the baird stood into the bay, and I met the boat by appointment, and we buried the treasure where ye found it.

"This was a very romantic, foolish exploit," said Oldbuck—"why not trust, or any other friend?" asked his source of information, replied Oldbuck, "was the woman, and if he may be called a woman, who had time had to take counsel?—or how could he ask it of you, by any body?"

"You are right—but what if Dousterwivals had come before you?"

"There was little fear o' his coming there without Sir Arthur—he had got a saurghl the night before, and never intended to look near the place again, unless he had been brought into it again, day or night. The kent na the first pose was o' his ain hind, and how could he expect a second? He just havered on about it to make the mair o' Sir Arthur."

"Then how?" asked Oldbuck, "should Sir Arthur have come there unless the German had brought him?"

"I can't say," reply Edie dryly, "I had a story about Maiticott was he'd brought him forty miles, or you other. Besides, it was to be thought he would be for visiting the place he fond the first siller in—he kent na the secret o' that job. In short, the siller being in this shape, Sir Arthur in utter difficulties, and Lovel determined he should never ken the hand that helped him,—for that was what he insisted maist upon,—we couldn't think o' a better way to fix the baird's gate, and in summer and winter it e'er sae lang. And if by any queer mischance Dousterwivial got his claws o' he was trouble, he informed me or the Sheriff on the baird story."

"Well, notwithstanding all these wise precautions, I think your contrivance succeeded better than such a clumsy one deserved, Edie. But how the deuce came Lovel by such a mass of silver ingots?"

"That's just what I canna tell ye—but they were put on board wi' his things at Fairport, it's like, and we stowed them into ane o' the ammunition-boxes o' the baird, bith for concealment and convenience of carriage."

"I heard," said Oldbuck, his recollection recurring to the earlier part of his acquaintance with Love; and this young fellow, who was putting hundreds on so strange a hazard, I must be recommending a subscription to him, and paying his bill at the Ferry! I dare say he'll pay any person's bill again, that's certain.—And you kept up a constant correspondence with Lovel, I suppose?"

"Just got at scrip or a pen free him, to say there was, as yesterday fell, be a packet at Tamnonburgh, wi' letters o' great consequence to the Knockinnock folk; for they jeolosed the opening of our hail country that night. But that's as true, I hear Mrs. Maiticott is to be office for fowk after other folk's business and neglecting her ain."

"And what do you expect, now, Edie, for being the advance, and messenger, and guard, and confidential person in all these matters?"

"Deil hae do I expect—excepting that a' the gentlemen will come to the gaberlunzie's burial; and maybe we'll carry your clothes ye did pur Stennie Mucklebackie's. What troubles you about me? I was ganging about at any rate—O but I was blythe when I got out of prison, though, for I, thought, you know what if that ye early letter should come when I am closed up here like an oyster, and a' should gang wrang for want o' it, and whiles I thought I maun make a clean breast and tell you a' about it; but then I couldna feel do that without contravening Mr. Lovel's positive orders and I reckoned he had to see somebody at Edinburgh afore he could do what he wussed to do for Sir Arthur and his family."

"Well, and to your public news, Edie—So they are still coming, are they?"

"Troth, they say sae, sir; and there's come down strict orders for the forces and volunteers to be alert; and there's a clever young officer to come here forthwith, to look at our means o' defence—I saw the Bailie'slass cleaning his belts and white breeks—I gae her a hand, for ye maun think she wasnae ower clever in it, and see I gat a' the news for my pains."

"And what think you, as an old soldier?"

"Troth, as I daurn o'er, they come seen sae spiky as they speak o', they'll hae odds aganst them there's many yauld chields among thee volunteers; and I maunna say muckle about them that's no soe well and no soe able, because they're something that gait myself—but we're do our best."

"What! so your martial spirit is rising again, Edie?"

"Even in our ashes gow their wounded fires!"

"I would not have thought you, Edie, had so much to fight for?"

"Me no muckle to fight for, sir?—isna thee the country to fight for, and the burinsides that I gang dandering beside, and the heerths o' the gudewives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' me when I come about a landward town? Deil!" he continued, grasping his pikestaff with great emphasis, "an I had as gude pith as I ha'e gude-will, and a gude cause, I should gie some o' them a day's kemping."

"Bravo, brave, Edie! The country's in little aitie danger, when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish as the laird for his land."

"Their fierce conversation reverted to the particulars of the night passed by the mendicant and Lovel in the ruins of St. Ruth; by the details of which the Antiquary was highly amused."

"I wouldna give a guinea, (if I had seen the scoundrelly German under the agonies of those tears, it is part of his own quackery to inspire into others; and trembling alternately for the fury of his patron, and the apparition of some hobgoblin."

"Troth," said the beggar, "there was time for him to be cowed; for ye wad hae thought the very spirit of Hall-in-Harness had taken possession o' the body o' Sir Arthur.—But what will come o' the land-louper?"

"I have had a letter this morning, from which I understand he has acquited you of the charge, and he brought against you, and offers to make such discoveries as will render the settlement of Sir Arthur's affairs a more easy task than we apprehended."

"So! writes the thieve! and, for God's sake, that man has given some private information of importance to government, in consideration of which, I understand he will be sent back to play the knave in his own country."

"And a' the bonny engines, and wheels, and the covered, and sheepwars, doun at Glenwirshines yonder, what's to come o' them?" said Edie.

"I hope the men, before they dispersed, will meet a bonfire of their gaurns as an army destroy their artillery when forced to raise a siege. And as for the holes, Edie, I abandon them as traps, for the benefit of the next wise man who may choose to drop the substance to snatch at a shadow."
Our Antiquary, his head wrapped warm in two double night-caps, was quietly enjoying his repose, when it was suddenly broken by the screams of his sister, his niece, and his mid-servant.

"What the devil is the matter?" said he, starting up in his bed,—"womankind in my room at this hour of night!—are ye all mad?"

The evening of the 19th, at 6 o'clock, the person who kept watch on the commanding station of Home Castle, being deceived by some accidental fire in the county of Northumber-land, which he took for the approaching and formidable enemy, immediately took up the county with which his orders were to communicate, lighted up his own beacon, and then immediately proceeded through all the valleys on the English Border. If the beacon at Drinkildon was lighted, the alarm would have run northward, and raised all the watch; but the water in the basin of that beet-ant point judiciously considered that there had been an actual or threatened descent of barbarians; and that it would have come along the coast, and not from the interior of the country.

Through the Border counties the alarm spread with rapidity, and on no occasion when that country was the scene of poisoning the companies at Dalkeith. The author was very much disordered. In Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and Selkirkshire, the volunteers and militia got under arms with a degree of readiness and alacrity, which, considering the distance individuals from each other, had something in it very surprising; they poured to the alarm-posts on the wc-cot, in a state so well armed and so completely supplied, with baggage, provisions, &c., as was accounted by the best military judges to render them fit for instant and effectual service.

There were some particulars in the general alarm which were curious and interesting, as the description of Lieutenant Fishing in the most remote parts of the district, the few miles, and thirty miles from the place where they mustered they were nevertheless in a state of readiness, and in order as if they had been that, which was their alarm-post about one o'clock on the day succeeding the first signal, with men and horses in excellent order, then through the roads to the great state, and many of the troopers must have ridden forty or fifty miles without drawing a rein. Two men of the post, who were observed to be absent from their homes, and in Edinburgh on private business. The lately married wife of one of these gentlemen, and the widowed mother of the other, sent the army uniform, and chargers of the two troopers, that they might join their companies at Dalkeith. The author was very much surprised by the answer made to him by the last-mentioned lady, when he said his some compliment on the readiness which she showed in equipping her son; with the means of meeting dan-

CHAPTER XLV.

Red glared the beacon on Powwell, On Skiddaw there were three; The bugle-horn on mor and fell

The watch who kept his watch on the hill, and towards Birnam, probably conceived himself among when he first beheld the fated grove put into motion for its march to Dunblane. Even old Cæsar in the heat, he qualified his lights upon the approaching marriage of his Pipes, and the dignity of being father-in-law to tenant Taffi, with an occasional peep towards his eyes, and then, finding that they were not a little surprised by observing a light in that direction. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, adjusted his observation by a cross-staff which had been so as to bear upon the point. And behold, the increased, like a comet to the eye of the astronomer; "with fear of change perplexing nations.

The Lord preserve us! said Caxton, what is to one now? But there will be wiser heads than to look to that, said Ise el'f fire the beacon.

He lighted the beacon accordingly, which threw the sky a long waving train of light, startling eyes from their nests, and reflecting in it the strange eddies of the sea. The brother lars of Caxton being equally diligent, caught and said his signals. The lights glanced on headlands, caps and inland hills, and the whole district was noted by the signal of invasion.

be story of the false alarm at Fairport, and the conse-
obes, are taken from a real incident. Those who witnessed
ise of Britain, and of Scotland in particular, from the
famous account in his last to the one of Trauton, must recollect those times with feelings we can hardly describe. The degeneration com-

Almost every individual was enrolled either in a or by civil capacity, for the purpose of contributing to a long suspended threats of invasion, which were echoed every quarter. Beacons were erected along the coast, and round about every point where his peculiar duty called him, and men of description fit to serve held themselves in readiness on shortest summons. During this agitating period, and en
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"The beacon, uncle!" said Miss M'Intyre.

"The French coming to murder us!" screamed Miss Griekla.

"The beacon, the beacon!—the French, the French!—and we must be up and warn them to fight!" cried the two handmaids, like the chorus of an opera.

"The French?" said Oldbuck, starting up,—"get out of the room, womankind that you are, till I get my men, my horses, my servants." His face looked as wild as a hare.

"Whilk o’ them, Monkbarns?" cried his sister, offering a Roman falchion of brass with the one hand, with the other an Andrea Ferrara without a hand.

"The langest, the largest," cried Jenny Rintherout, dragging in a two-handed sword of the twelfth century.

"Womankind," said Oldbuck, in great agitation, "be composed, and do not give way to vain terror.

"Are you sure they are come?"

"Sure!—sure!" exclaimed Jenny, "—oover sure!—a’ the sea fencebils, and the land fencebils, and the volunteers and yoonman, are on fit, and driving to Fairport as hard as horse and man can gang—and said Mucklebackit’s gane wi’ the lave—muckle good heid did ho—Hoch!—sure!—he’ll be miss’d the morn who wad ha’ served king and country weel!"

"Give me," said Oldbuck, "the sword which my father wore in the year forty-five—it hath no belt or buckle, but his own experience shall be the sheath of it."

"So saying, he thrust the weapon through the cover of his breeches pocket. At this moment Hector entered, who had been to a neighbouring height to ascertain whether the alarm was actual.

"Where are your arms, nephew?" exclaimed Oldbuck—"where is your double-barrelled gun, that was never out of your hand when there was no occasion for such a weapon?"

"Pooh! pooh! sir," said Hector, "who ever took a fowling-piece on action? I have got my uniform on, you see—I hope I shall be of more use if they will give me a sword instead of a gun, then I shall be as useful as ten double-barrelled guns. And you, sir, must get to Fairport, to give directions for the quartering and maintaining the men and horses, and preventing confusion."

"You are right, Hector. I believe I shall do as much with my head as my hand too—but here comes Sir Arthur Wardour, who, between ourselves, is not fit to accomplish much either one way or other."

Sir Arthur was probably of a different opinion; for, dressed in his lieutenancy uniform, he was also on the point to Fairport, and called in his way to take Mr. Oldbuck into his train. He was not from his original opinion of his sagacity much confirmed by late events. And in spite of all the entreaties of the womankind that he should stay to garrison Monkbarns, Mr. Oldbuck, with his nephew, instantly accepted Sir Arthur's offer.

Those who have witnessed such a scene can alone conceive the state of bustle in Fairport. The windows were glancing with a hundred lights, which, appearing and disappearing rapidly, indicated the confusion within doors. The women of lower rank assembled and clamoured in the market-place. The yoonman, pouring from their different glens, galloped through the streets, some individually, some in parties of five or six, as they had met on the road. The drum was beating, the volunteer bands, not being to arms, were blended with the voice of the officers, the sound of the bugles, and the tolling of the bells from the steeple. The ships in the harbour were lit up, and looked like thousands of little lights, and added to the bustle, by landing men and guns, destined to assist in the defence of the place. This part of the preparations was superintended by Taffin with much activity. Two or three of the vessels were already hauled up to the land, and stood out to sea, in order to discover the supposed enemy.

Such was the scene of general confusion, when Sir Arthur Wardour entered Fairport, and bade his men make haste to put the town-house into the principal square, where it was safe. The town-house was situated. It was lighted up, and the magistracy, with many of the neighbouring gentlemen, were assembled. And here, as upon other occasions of the like kind in Scotland, it was remarkable how the good sense and firmness of the people supplied almost all the deficiencies of experience.

The magistrates were beseamed by the quarter-masters of the different corps, and it was at length that Sir Arthur bade them put forward.

"Let us," said Bailie Littlejohn, "take the houses into our warehouses, and the men into our parlours—share our supper with the one, and our strong wine with the other, and thereby assert the rights and duties of free and paternal government, and now is the time to show we know its value."

A loud and cheerful acquiescence was given by all present. The substance of the wealthy, with persons of those of all ranks, were unanimously devoted to the defence of the country.

Captain M'Intyre acted on this occasion as military adviser and ad-de-camp to the principal magistrate, and displayed a degree of presence of mind, and knowledge of his profession, totally unexpected by his uncle, who, recollecting his usual inattention and impetuosity, gazed at him with astonishment from time to time, as he remarked the calm and steady manner in which he explained the various measures of precaution that his experience suggested, and directed the various corps in good order, considering the irregular materials of which they were composed, in great force of numbers, and high confidence and spirits. And, in many of the circumstances of the struggle, we cannot balance all other claims to consequences, that old Edie, instead of being left, like Diogenes at Smoke, to roll his tub when all around were prepared for defence, was rendered responsible for the serving out of the ammunition, which was executed with much discretion.

Two things were still anxiously expected—the presence of the Glenellan volunteers, who, in consideration of the importance of that family, had been formed into a separate corps, and the arrival of the other corps before announced, to whom the measurement of the quarters on the town was entrusted by the commander-in-chief, and whose commission would enable him to take upon himself the full disposal of his military force.

At length the bugles of the Glenellan Yeomanry were heard, and the Earl himself, to the surprise of all who knew his habits and state of health, appeared at their head in uniform. They formed a very large and solid column, which drove out of the Earl's Lowland tenants, and were followed by a regiment of five hundred men, completely equipped in Highland dress, drawn down from the upland glens, with their pipes playing in the van. The clean and serviceable appearance of this band of feudal dependants called forth the admiration of Sir Arthur M'Intyre; but his brother was still more struck by the manner in which, upon the crisis, the ancient military spirit of his house seemed to animate and invigorate the decayed frame of the Earl, their leader. He claimed, and obtained for himself and his followers, the post most likely to be of danger, displayed great acclivity in making the necessary dispositions, and showed equal acumen in discussing their propriety. Morning broke in the military councils of Fairport, while all concerned were still eagerly engaged in taking precautions for their defence.

At length a cry among the people announced "There's the brave Major Neville come at last, another officer;" and their post-chaise and horse dived into the square, amidst the huzzas of the volunteers. The Earl, the admiral, the assessors of the lieutenancy, hastened to the door of their town-house to receive him; but what was the surprise of all present, but most especially that of the Antiquary, a small military cap disclosing the name and features of the pacific Lovel! A warm embrace and a hearty shake of the hand, were necessary to assure Sir Arthur that the Earl was no less surprised to recognize his Captain Wardour, in Lovel's, or rather Major Neville's company. The first words of the young official were a positive assurance to the Antiquary, being
The Antiquary

In the days when the world was young, and the days of the great war were ancient, there lived a man named Oldbuck. He was a man of great learning and a lover of antique things. He had a large collection of old books and manuscripts, and he spent much of his time dedicated to the study of ancient history.

But Oldbuck was not just a scholar. He was also a man of action. He was a brave explorer, who had ventured into many parts of the world in search of knowledge. He had discovered many secrets that had been hidden for centuries, and he was famous for his bravery and his courage.

Yet, despite his many accomplishments, Oldbuck was a humble man. He never boasted of his achievements, and he was always willing to help others. He was a true gentleman, and he was loved and respected by all who knew him.

One day, Oldbuck received a letter from a friend. The letter contained a strange tale, and it caught Oldbuck's attention immediately. He decided to investigate the matter, and he set out on a journey to solve the mystery.

As he traveled, Oldbuck encountered many obstacles and challenges. He faced dangers and overcome them with his wit and courage. He met many interesting people along the way, and he learned much from them.

Finally, Oldbuck arrived at the location where the mystery was said to be. He was greeted by a group of people who were eagerly waiting for him. They told him of the strange things that had happened, and they asked him to help them.

Oldbuck listened carefully to their story, and he began to understand the situation. He knew that he had to act quickly, and he set to work immediately.

After much effort, Oldbuck was able to solve the mystery. He uncovered the truth, and he was able to bring peace to the people who had been suffering.

Oldbuck returned home a hero, and he was celebrated for his bravery. He continued to travel and to explore, always seeking knowledge and adventure. He was a true gentleman, and he will always be remembered for his courage and his generosity.
"And Edie Ochiltree here—you see I know the whole story. But how came you by the treasure?"

"It was a quantity of plate which had belonged to my uncle, and was left in the custody of a person at Fairport. Some time before his death he had sent orders that it should be melted down. He perhaps did not wish me to see the Glenallan arms upon it!"

"Well, Major Neville, or—let me say—Lovel, being the name in which I rather delight, you must, I believe, exchange both of your alias's for the style and title of the Honourable William Geraldin, commonly called Lord Geraldin."

The Antiquary then went through the strange and melancholy circumstances concerning his mother's death.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that your uncle wished the report to be believed, that the child of this unhappy marriage was no more—perhaps he might himself have an eye to the inheritance of his brother—he was then a gay wild young man—But of all intentions against your person, however much the evil consciousness of Elspeth might lead her to suspect him from the agitation in which he appeared, Terese's story and your own fully acquit him. And, now, my dear sir, let me have the pleasure of introducing a son to a father."

We will not attempt to describe such a meeting. The proofs on all sides were found to be complete, for Mr. Neville had left a distinct account of the whole transaction with his confidential steward in a sealed packet, which was not to be opened until the death of the old Countess; his motive for preserving secrecy so long appearing to have been an apprehension of the effect which the discovery, fraught with so much disgrace, must necessarily produce upon her haughty and violent temper.

In the evening of that day, the yeomanry and volunteers of Glenallan drank prosperity to their young master. In a month afterwards, Lord Geraldin was married to Miss Wardour, the Antiquary making the lady a present of the wedding ring, a snare circle of antique chasing, bearing the motto of Aldobrand Oldenbock, Kunst macht gunst.

Old Edie, the most important man that ever was a blue-gown; bowls away easily from one fresh house to another, and boasts that he never tires unless on a sunny day. Latterly, indeed, he has given some symptoms of becoming stationary, being frequently found in the corner of a snug cottage between Monkbar and Knockwinnoch, to which Caxton retreated upon his daughter's marriage, in order to be in the neighbourhood of the three archial wigs, which he continues to keep in repose, though only for amusement. Edie has been heard to say, "This is a high-born place, and it's a comfort he has a corner to sit in in a bad day." It is thought, as he grows stiffer in the joints, he will finally settle there.

The bounty of such wealthy patrons as Lord and Lady Geraldin flowed copiously upon Mr. Hadrew and upon the Mucklebackits. By the former it was well employed, by the latter wasted. They continue, however, to receive it, but under the administration of Edie Ochiltree; and they do not accept it without grumbling at the channel through which it is conveyed.

Hector is rising rapidly in the army, and has been more than once mentioned in the Gazette, and receives proportionately high in his uncle's favour. And what scarcely pleases the young soldier less, he has also shot two seals, and thus put an end to the Antiquary's perpetual harping upon the story of the place. People talk of a marriage between Miss M'Intyre and Captain Wardour; but this was confirmation.

The Antiquary is a frequent visitor at Knockwinnoch and Glenallan-house, ostensibly for the sake of completing two essays, one on the mail-shuttle of the Great Earl, and the other on the left-hand granite of Hell-in-harness. He regularly inquires whether Lord Geraldin has commenced the Caledonian, and shakes his head at the answers he receives. But attendant, however, he has completed his two pieces which, we believe, will be at the service of any one who chooses to make them public, without risk of expense to the Antiquary.

END OF THE ANTIQUARY.
For why? Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

*Rob Roy's Grace.*—*Wordsworth.*
ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE FIRST EDITION OF ROB ROY.

The Editor of the following volumes published, about the last time, intruding upon the public in a
sentimental capacity. He might shelter himself under the plea of a
my anonymous writer is, like the celebrated Junius, only a
nom de plume, as well as much manner description, he cannot be
a preposterous, a variegated fancy. A better apology
found in the imitating the confession of honest Eleat
when he said he would die a bachelor, he did not
so much live to be married. The best of all would be,
enimminently happened in the case of some distinguished
immortal of modern times. Mr. W. Young, in his
form an excuse for the author's breach of promise.
It is impossible to suppose that this may prove the case, it is
not necessary to mention, that my resolution, like that
dictate, fail a sacrifice, to temptation at least, if not to
never to return. It is now about six months since the Author, through the
office of his respectable publisher, Mr. MacGregor, removed, without
staining the outlines of his narrative, with a permission,
and with a request, couched in highly flattering terms, that
might be given to the public, with such alterations as
should be found suitable. These were of course so numerous,
that, besides the suppression of names, and of incidents app
proaching too much to reality, the work may in a great mea
sure be said to be published. Several of these changes
were probably made in the course of these alterations; and the
motives for the chapters, which have been selected without any refer
ence to the supposed date of the incidents. For these, of
course, the Editor is responsible. Some omissions occurred in the
original materials, but these are of little consequence. In point of
minute accuracy, it may be stated, that the bridge over the
Forth, or rather the Forth and Clyde Canal, near the hamlet
of Aberfeldy, had not an existence thirty years ago. It does not, howe
ver, become the Editor to be the first to point out these
errors; and he takes this public opportunity of public oppor
tunity of acknowledgment and unknown and nameless correspondent, to whom the reader will
now be properly turned, in the principal alteration, any amusement which he may derive from
the following pages.

1st December, 1817.

As it may be necessary, in the present edition, to speak upon the
present, the author thinks it proper to own, that the communication allu
sioned to is entirely imaginary.

INTRODUCTION.

The author projected this further encroachment on the
field of an ideal public, he was at some loss for a title;
and, in vain, he sought an appropriate name of some
propriety which it included. This cannot be attributed to the distinction of his
youth, though that of a gentleman, had it nothing of
eminence, and gain wealth from the transactions of his
either, though he lived a busy, pre-est, and enterprising
life. He was no favorite with the public, no
less distinguished. He owed his name in a great
degree to his paternity, to the memory of his father, and
and such pranks in the beginning of the 19th century, as
are ascribed to Robin Hood in the middle ages, and that
forty miles of Glasgow, a great commercial city, the seat
of the University. Thus a character like his, blending the
tunes, the public policy, and unequaled license of an
Indian, was flourishing in Scotland during the
August of Queen Anne and George l. And it is true, that
would have been considerably surprized if they had
that there existed in the same island with them a per
son of Rob Roy's peculiar habits and professions. It is in this
contrast between the civilized and cultivated mode of
the one side of the Highland line, and the wild and
adventures which were habitually undertaken, and d
by one who dwell on the opposite side of that ideal
which created the interest attached to his name.

"Per assem, et through vale and hill,
Are faces that aye the same.
And Emily lies (for new sthrl).

I were several advantages which Rob Roy enjoyed, for
y to advantage the character which he assumed.
most prominent of these was his descent from, and con
vived with, the old families of the Highlands, and
and the indomitable spirit with which they main
themselves as a clan, linked and handed together in
table manuscript, executed without the aid of a
three who bore this forlorn surname. Their history
of several of the most powerful Highland chieftains, who
possessed by more powerful neighbours, and other es
for, in a word, to access without remaining
their affections, and 
assumed: that of the companions
scrupulous, and the stories of their
moral boasting. Their history
the society, their
are attachment, and union.
the circumstances of the utmost urgency. The history
the society, their
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INTRODUCTION.

The title of Rob Roy was suggested by the
name of MacGregor, as used by Scott of Atholl about 1767. Hence their original surname is Mac-
Alpine, and usually called the Clan Alpine. An indi-
vidual tribe of them return the same name. They are accounted
one of the most ancient clans in the Highlands, and it is certain
they were a people of original Celtic descent, and occupied at
one period very extensive possessions in Perthshire, Kinclaven,
shire, which they in a great extent protected and defended by
the authority of the Red Farmers. The Earl of Argyll and the
Earl of Breadalbane, in the meanwhile, managed to bring
the lands occupied by the MacGregors enclosed in
several charters which they easily obtained from the Crown,
and thus constituted a legal right in their own favour, without,
any previous claim or occupation of their own subjects, by war
and murder, or by any other means which they may
impose, those of their most uncivilized neighbors. A Sir Dun
Can Campbell of Lochow, known in the Highlands by the name
of Donnell Bhean na Carrachaidhe, that is, Black Duncan with the
Cowl, he being his pleasure to wear such a head-gear, is said to
have been very successful in those acts of spoliation upon
the clan MacGregor.

The devoted keep, ever finding themselves intuitively driven
from their possessions, defended themselves by force, and oc-ri-
ually gained advantages, which they used cruelly enough.
This conduct, though natural, considering the country and time,
was unjustly represented at the capital as arising from an
interchange and inordinate cruelty, which nothing, it was said, could
reasonably, save cutting off the tribe of MacGregur rout and branch.
In an act of Privy Council at Stirling, 25th September, 1583, in
the reign of Queen Mary, commissary is granted to the most
powerful nobles, and chiefs of the place, to pursue the clan
Gregor with fire and sword. A similar warrant in 1642, not only
grants the like powers to Sir John Campbell of Glenochy, the
descendant of Duncan with the Cowl, but discharges the liege
of revenue to assist any of the clan Gregor, or afford them, under
any colour whatever, meat, drink, or clothes.

An act by which the clan Gregor committed in 1586, by the
murder of John Bruce of Drummond-vrouch, a follower of
the lord John of Glenchrist, is otherwise given, with all its
horrid circumstances. The clan swore upon the sacred head
of the murdered man, that they would make common cause in
waving the death. This led to an act of the Privy Council,
directing another crusade against the "wicked clan Gregor, or
long continuing in blood, slaughter, theft, and robbery," in
which insults of fire and sword are denounced against them for
the space of three years. The reader will find this narrative
fully illustrated in the Introduction to the Legend of MacGregor,
in the present edition of these Novels.

Other occasions frequently occurred, in which the Mac-
Gregors suffered, but commerce to their hands, that they had often
experienced severity, but never oppression. Though they were

INTRODUCTION TO ROY.

To inspire general confidence, and raise him in the estimation of the country in which he resided.

His importance was increased by the death of his father, in consequence of his appointment as Vice-Marshal of the household to his elder brother, Prince Charles. In 1712, he was created a Knight of the Garter, and in 1714 he was appointed Governor of Cork. In 1715, he was made a baronet, and in 1720 he was created a Viscount.

It was at this time that Rob Roy acquired an interest in the Church of Scotland, and in the cause of the Covenant. He was a strong supporter of the cause of the Covenant, and was one of the leading spirits in the Scottish Kirk. He was a member of the Presbytery of Perth, and was one of the leading spirits in the Kirk of Scotland.

Unfortunately, that species of commerce was and is liable to sudden fluctuations; and Rob Roy was by a sudden depression of markets, and a friendly visit from a kinsman, the bare want of provision for himself and his family, the property of his father, and the money provided for his consumption by his mother, was utterly exhausted.

The Duke of Montrose, who conceived himself out of danger, was not sorry to get rid of the expenses of the camp, and the court and furniture of the house.

It is said that this alliance of the law, as it is called in Scotland, is a mere fancy, and that the Duke of Montrose, who had no better than his own word to depend on, was induced to agree to the proposal of Rob Roy, in order to get rid of the expense of the camp.

In the meantime, Rob Roy had contrived to throw off the mask which he had worn, and to assume the character of a man of honor and integrity.

The Duke of Argyll was also one of Rob Roy's protectors, and was his chief supporter. He was a man of great ability, and was well versed in the art of war.

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INTRODUCTION TO ROY BOW.
INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

The low-country men succeeded in getting possession of the bridge, and he tried to draw down a close, and, as a
Bryan says, "went upon his way and was seen no more."

We have already stated that Rob Roy's conduct during the
injunction over the MacGregors was the subject of severe
blame. His personal and political influence was not to
be reckoned with, and he was regarded as a great
force by the Highlanders. He was, however, a
considerable obstacle to the government of the
country, and his influence was felt in the
north, where he was known as the "King of the
Border." His power was based upon his
wealth and his ability to command troops.

But while in the city of Aberdeen, Rob Roy met a
delegation of the MacGregors, who came
with an offer of peace. The terms of the
peace were agreed to, and Rob Roy
was appointed as their representative
in the negotiations.

The terms of the peace were:
1. The MacGregors would
   surrender their arms and lay
   down their swords.
2. They would
   be allowed to retain
   some of their
   property and
   retain
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INRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

In their correspondence by Roman Catholic priests, or nominating
clergymen, and who are not masters of any property, may easily
be formed into any mold, and so there is nothing to lose, and so can
case be used to attempt any
thing. Nothing can make their condition worse; conclusions
and troubles do commonly. The advice that is
by those by better it.

As the practice of contracting for black-mail was an obvious
encouragement to rape, and a great obstacle to the course of
justice, it was, by the statute 1547, cap. 21, declared a capital
punishment, and by some lords it was held that it was
out of sort of tax. But the necessity of the case prevented the execu-
tion of this severe law, and any attempt to carry it into
operation on submitting to a certain unlawful imposition rather
than put the risk of utter misfortune, which would have been
impossible to prevent those who have lost a very large sum
of money by robbery, from compounding with the fellows for the
restoration of a part of the loss

At what rate Rob Roy levied black-mail, I never heard stated;
but the rate was generally one in six, which he agreed with
various landholders of estates in the counties of Perth,
Stirling, and Lanarkshire, to recover cattle stolen from
them, or to pay the value within a month of the loss being
informed, if such information were made to him with sufficient
dispatch, in consideration of a sum on each in the
value of one, or one head of black cattle, or of sheep exceeding the number
of six, fell under the agreement.

Rob Roy's profite upon such contracts brought him in a con-
siderable revenue in money or cattle, of which he made a prod-
genious use; but, as usual, he never let his gain
be known. The minister of the parish of Balmagh, whose name
was Robinson, was at one time threatening to pursue the parsi-
s of the extent of his power for an augmentation of his
income. Rob Roy, who was familiar with the
minister's necessities, consented to allow him the sum necessary to
assure him that he would do well to abstain from this
project, as the people of the village were on the point of breaking
out in open revolt. To make him seek his
indemnification, MacGregor presented him every year with a row and a fat sheep, and no undertaker who had to deal with the minister was
said to have affected the reverend gentleman's confidence.

The following account of the appearance of Rob Roy, upon an
application to him from one of his contractors, is in so
thing very interesting to me, as told by an old countryman in
person on the spot. 'In the late tax,' said the
Lemon, who was present, 'I could not
pick out Stirling, as was expected, but it was certainly without the
shires, and was on the road from Edinburgh to
Roxburgh. He was a man of sufficient force, and of
manner which the narrator accompanied his recollections, it may
have been that even a little more assumed
flattery than the ordinary, and that is from those they interested. The
Macgregor
square attacks on the houses of the tenants, and their
fleeing with fear, as was expected, were so many
and present of the persons so discerned.

If a man could not be absolutely without the
of Sir John, one of his steward's agents, (a bastard) furnished up the corn at
down in the barley, and had
of a large flock of sheep, and
for the assistance of the country people, always giving public notice, and pretending to reck on
what for whom he sold.

Within a garrison was established by government to
 prey, which may be very short, half way between
and Loch Katrine, upon Rob Roy's or
pro-
and the police; in Scottish phrasing, a flatter of black-mail.
This contract has been described in the Novel of
and in the notes on that work. Mr. Graham of a
description of the character may be here trans-
mission and disorders of the country were so great,
prevented so absolutely neglected it, that the other
were obliged to purchase some security to their
shameful and ignominious contracts of black-mail. A
had the greatest correspondence with the thieves
with to preserve the lands contracted for from thefts,
same to be paid yearly. Upon this fund he employed the
brigandage of cattle, and strict measures to steal, in order to make this agreement and
continue this state, and consequently, if con-
to contract, or give consequence to that permission so plundered by the
the party of the watch, in order to free them from the
prison, where there grazed a large herd of cattle. They
were said to have
the Highlands, and his banditti go by
As the herds of cattle were in the country, so they
made them capable of doing any mis-
works of violence and crime; and the humble
body of men, instead of their infancy to the
agricultural, and very capable to act in a military way

who are innocent and enthusiastic, who are in aban-
donance upon their children. For the same cause of the
neighbouring letters of the Duke of Montrose,
both Mr. Graham of Killearn deplored it, and his pre-
tor of his son's affair, in the Appen. No. II,
June 1851, and the same is the case of Roxy.

It was a day of rest and tranquility; and when we asked
Rob Roy, he told us we would find the key of


1 Mad Herdman's, a name given to cattle thieves.
INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

As Rob Roy advanced in years he became more habituated to his habits, and learned to feel no protection whatever. Rob Roy observing this, directed one of his followers to afford the old man a present of a short dram; for the 'rallying song' he may have said the freebooter, 'keep himself warm by walking about and watching the cattle.' His informant heard the words, and, as the wind grew more and more cutting, it seemed to freeze the very blood with the cold. The weather at this time was wretched, as it was at w-Duke's house, and he said, but never could forget the cold of that night; in so much that, in the bitterness of his heart, he cursed the 'rallying song' as being a lie. At length, the sense of cold and weariness became so intolerable, that he resorted to the cottage of an old woman, and sheltered himself there.

With that purpose, he concluded himself down behind one of the most bulky of the Highlanders, who acted as lieutenant to the party. He had observed the leader of the man a large person, he covered a share of his plaid, and by imperceptibly lifting his head, and gathering his shoulders together, he communicated his presence, as if to a congregation in some pious asylum, and slept sound till day break, when he awoke, and was terribly afraid on observing that his nocturnal operations had astonished the diminutive wassel's neck and shoulders, which, lacking the plaid which he should have profaned, he poured out his feelings, as he has said, 'I am a poor fellow.' Not to increase his sensations, he added: 'Aye, teetles, yet there is a hearth.

The lad rose in great dread of a beating, at least, when it should be found how luxuriously he had been accommodated at the expense of a principal division of the party. Good Mr. Lieutenant, however, got up and shook himself, rubbing off the hearth fruit with the back of his hand; and, as if to increase his disgust, they drove on the cattle, which were restored to their owners, and they were not likely to be thought a tale, yet it contains materials both for the poet and artist.

It was perhaps about the same time that, by a rapid march through the middle of Rob Roy's own territory, the Duke of Atholl actually surprised Rob Roy, and made a request to the Duke's followers, named James Stewart, and made fast to him by a horse-girl. The man who had him thus in charge was greater in the business of law. There is no information of the man, now deceased, who lately kept the inn in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, and who has the paradox of a name, for he was seen within three years. From him I learned the story many years before he was a publican, or a guide, or mortar-fowler. It was over the same territory. At this time they were passing on to judge his prisoner, so long sought after in vain, in some place of service, there were no men to whom he was more subject, for which reason, MacGregor took an opportunity to consult Stewart, by all the ties of old acquaintance and good-neighbourhood, to give him some advice, and such as he adjusted, which Stewart was moved with compassion, perhaps with fear. He slipped the gaps. In this case, there was a horse-girl to whose attention the Duke's croupe, divided, swam, and escaped, very much as described in the story. When James Stewart came on shore, the Duke hastily demanded where his prisoner was, and so, as no distinct answer was returned, instantly suspected Stewart's connivance at the escape of the outlaw, and drawing a stroke pistol from his belt, struck him down with a blow on the head, from the effects of which, his descendant said, he never completely recovered.

In the success of his repeated escapes from the pursuit of his person, which was not without usual terminations. He wrote a mock challenge to the Duke, which he circumscribed about in a bottle. The reader will find this document in the Appendix. It is written in a good hand, and not particularly deficient in grammar or spelling, though the reader may understand that it was a piece of humour—a quip, in short.—on the part of the Duke to curry favour, acknowledged such a retort in reality. This letter was written in the year 1701.

In the following year Rob Roy composed another quip, very little, but his own reputation, as it were, as it contained praise of King George, but for his liability to be thrown into jail for a civil debt, at the instance of the Duke of Montrose. Being thus defamed from taking the right side, he acknowledged he embraced the wrong one, that he were an upright subject, and the rebels soldiers, it were worse than to be in such a stirring world, than to embrace the worst side, were it as black as a coal. He would not stand neutral in such a debate, Rob seems to lay down as an undeniable principle, that the Princes having been forced into an unnatural rebellion against King George, he pleads that he not only avoided acting offensively against his King, but he was ready, nay, sent to what he considered as a world, which he could collect from time to time; for they have sent to many who have gone to the left.

What influence this plea had on General Wade we have no knowledge.

Rob Roy appears to have continued to live very much as usual, his fame, in the meanwhile, passed beyond the narrow limits of his country to which he so much belonged. He appeared in London during his lifetime, under the title of the Highland Chief, in a catch-spelling publication, as frontispiece to a parcel of a species of songs, which stood at the foot in length, and his acquaintance was greatly magnified as his personal appearance. This Song, though with little accuracy; but the greater part of the pamphlet is entirely fictitious. Its greatness so exorbitant.

The wind that sweeps a wild gale in Bashanese are called...

Appendix, No. III.

"Such an allusion is ascribed to the robber, Donald Waverley, p. ix.

Waverley states, that Appin himself was Rob Roy on this occasion. My recollection, from the account of a friend, was as stored in the text. You have no information on so distant a point, as it is such a thing as very well to be as great a thing as ever was.
INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

The spirit of chivalry was at that time so strong—which must be added the wish to assure the adherence of stout, a'espèce, and, as the Scottish phrase goes, the representative of the noble family of Perth condescended to act openly as patron of the MacGregors, and appeared as such in the eyes of the people. The pattern was followed by the late Robert Macintosh, Esq. advocate. The circumstances may be found in the life of Charles MacGregor, treasurer of the MacGregor country, and, notwithstanding his outlawry, a learned and gentleman of some property. His wife died a few years after.

The inscription of 1745 soon afterwards called the MacGregors to arms. Robert MacGregor, the chief of the MacGregors, was not only esteemed as a gentleman of the Mc-

In some visions of letters of James it appears, that his birth was written on the occasion of this, by not being a law, renewed the army with six companies, and was present at the battle of Culloden. After that defeat the clan MacGregor kept together in a body, and did not dispense till they had turned into their own country. They brought James Roy with them in a litter, and, with great honor, was permitted to reside in the MacGregor country along with his brothers.

James MacGregor Drummond was attainted for high treason with persons of more importance. But it appears he had been allowed to some communion with the government. In that case quoted, he mentions having obtained a pass from the Lord John Clerk in 1725, with which he was admitted into the military. The circumstance is obscurely stated in one of the letters already quoted, but may perhaps, joined to subsequent events, authorize the supposition that the universal father, could look at both sides of the cords. As the confusion of the country subsided, the MacGregors, like fuxes which had baffled the hounds, drew back to their old haunts, and lived unmolested. But an outrage too strong, in the sons of Robert Roy were conscious of being at length on the family the full vengeance of the law.

James Roy was a married man, and had fourteen children. But his brother, Robert Oig, was now a widow; and it was, received, if possible, that he should make his fortune by carrying off and marrying, by some whom, as we were informed, no friendly nonsense could exceed the am.

The inscription of a military force. An account of his birth was obtained from a Highland regiment lying in Inverness, and there he was known as an officer, and close to the court. His name and the station of his grandfather, his mother, and his father, in the society of the MacGregors. The MacGregors, like fuxes which had baffled the hounds, drew back to their old haunts, and lived unmolested. But an outrage too strong, in the sons of Robert Roy were conscious of being at length on the family the full vengeance of the law.

"The wealthy are slaughtered, the lively are spared."

We need not refer to the raps of the Sabines, or to a simple multiplication in the Book of the City of Rome. These are facts, and of course the chivalrous violence have been committed upon a large scale. Indeed,

The MacGregors, who probably never thought of any serious opposition, received their money and went to America, where, having, must have sought to introduce them from their younger sons a new system, which they prospered.

The text of Inverness lastly reads from 182, vol. ii. p. 11. The same as a price higher in proportion, than what was the modern


"Cebula Harleian's Plutarch, Book II."

not is uncertain whether it is worth while to mention that he al opportunity of observing men in his own home, that the did not pass quite current in the Brenn of Ballochmyle considerate leisure by Stewart of Appin (chiefly not, as an armorer in the family, which were likely to be lost to the creditors, if it were made available out of the more of insolvency, the mother of the MacGregor, was almighty. The state of the country, the aspect of a long term, for a riding rent. There was no one buying it with such an inconvenience, and a transaction between MacGregor and the creditors, with being devolved into a genuine matter to sell their debts to the creditors for 500, and to re-
dark, when Rob proposed to halt for the night upon a wide meadow, since he saw nothing but a cold north-west wind, with forest and wing, was whistling to the tune of the Pipers of Strath-Dean. This turned out to be a very bad night, and the dew froze his health comfortably enough, but the Lowlanders had no protection whatever. Rob Roy observed the gathering dawn, and his constant lowliness made a tale of two of his pld: ‘for the callant boy’s ma’, said the freebooler, ‘keep himself warm by a fire, and let him freeze. A fire is the only thing a man can do to the heart, if he is not a companion of the dead, and he must have his blood in his veins. He had been exposed to weather all his life, and he said, but never should he cool the fire of that night; and as the frost was now as hard as iron, he made a great effort to make the bright moon go on giving him no heat with so much light. At length he was able to do this, and he took an interest in the party. He gave them a character, that he resolved to desert his watch to seek some rest and shelter. With that purpose, he coach himself dawn behind one of the men, and in a bare moment of his life, he was a companion to the party. Not satisfied with having secured the shelter of the man’s life, he determined to make his the man’s bread. To Rob Roy, he drew a circle of his own, and led him on the road. The above can hardly be termed a tale, but it remains the most material for the poet and artist.

If I am right, he had a fine mind for me in the Blue Bunchadoon, and bath in the head of a host of his own to make. He had in the Black Bunchadoon, and he made his manner strange. He was mounted behind one of the Duke’s followers, named James Stewart, and made fast to him by a horse’s hair, and a rope, so that when they saw his granduncle, the intelligent man of the same name, new dreams. He was not the same, for the sake of his own, and he Leck Kattron, and acted as a guide to visiters through that beautiful scenery. From him I learned the story a few years before he was either a pilot or a spy, or a spy, and a spy to the Eternity. If at all evening, (to resume the story,) and the Duke was pressing on to London. He was captured, and was given the command of his own, and much more as described in the tale. And when James Stewart came out, the Duke, hastily demanded his prisoner was, and give no distinct answer was returned, instantly suspected Stewart’s constancy at the escape of the outlaw; and drawing a steel pistol from his belt, struck him down with a blow on the head, from the effects of which, his descendant said, he never completely recovered.

Rob’s first of his several escapes from the pursuit of his powerful enemy, Rob Roy at length became wanted and face, and his friends were much the favourite of the Scottish people, very little to his own reputation, as in therin confesses having played a part during the civil war of 1715. It is addressed to General Wad, at that time engaged in disarming the Highland clans, and making military roads through the country. The letter is a singular composition. It sets out the writer’s real and un-figured desire to have offered his service to King George, but for his liability to be thrown into jail for a civil debt, at the instance of the Duke of Montrose. Being thus disburdened from the right side, he acknowledged he embraced the wrong one side, and was at the same time, a man of the old school, and the rebels soldiers, it was once shame to be idle in a situation so face to have acknowledged him as a rebel, and he could not make it impossible. He of his being naturally in such a state, Rob Roy understood the propriety of the case.

At the same time, while he acknowledged he had been forced into an unnatural rebellion against King George, he pleaded the excusable plea of thinking it would have been a great advantage to him, had he not been a rebel. Having accepted Major’s forces on all occasions, but, on the contrary, sent to what intelligence he could collect from time to time; in the truth of which he refers to his Grace the Duke of Argyll.—What influence this plea had on General Wad we have no means of knowing.

Rob Roy has appeared to have continued to live very much as usual. His manners, his habits, his dress, all leaving but little to the imagination, the country in which he resided. A pretended history of him appeared in London during his lifetime, under the title of the Highland Chief; but it is not known whether it was from the catch-key of the Duke of Argyll, bearing in front of the author a title of honor, with a board of heart in length, and a board in breadth, and such other parts as his appearance. Some few of the best known anecdotes of the hero are told, though with little accuracy; but the greater part of the story is fictitious. It is written in a style of fiction, which is very common in our literature. No one but a native of the Highlands can take any interest in it now, so distant is it, that it is possible it may be useless. In truth, it was written under few duties, but very well written, and has an excellent entertainment.

* The whole which creep a wild gow in Slaedoch are called.

Appendix. No. 11.

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1. Such an admission is ascribed to the robber, Donald Bana, in W. Low's Ballad of Rob Roy, p. 488.
2. Some accounts state that Appin himself was Rob Roy's agent or companion during this second visit. According to others, from the account of Appin's life, he was as stated in the first, an Irishman, p. 488. The information now is so distant, that it is possible I may be mistaken. In truth, this was written under few duties, but very well written, and has an excellent entertainment.
INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

is the highest degree unsympathetic to him; and his late expedition to London had been attended with many suspicious circumstances, among which was the fact that he had not kept his purpose secret from his chief, Bolaide. His intercourse with Lord Bolaide had been so secret that it was probable, like Don Bernard de Castel Blazo, in Gil Blas, little disposed to like those who kept company with Alphonse. Sir Donald, of London, and still less disposed to lend an information against James Drummond before the High Court of Dundee, finding himself to be in a manner, the utter distress of this man, whose faults may have scavenged from a wild disposition, would be to have been on the turner, will not be pursued without some pity. In his last letter to Bolaide, dated Paris, 21st September, 1754, he describes his state of insurrection as absolute, and expresses himself as willing to exercise his talents in breaking or breeding horses, or as a hunter or foaler, if only he could procure himself in such an inferior capacity till something better should occur. An Englishman may and shall ever continue, with the pretence, in the which poor starving exile asks the loan of the patron's bagpipe that he might play over some of the melancholy tunes of his own land. But the effect of his remarks was a great degree, from association, and sounds which mutilate the ear of man. in the nerves of a London parson, who has wandered over his lofty mountain, wild lake, and the deeds of his fathers' tales. To prove MacGregor's claim to our reader's confidence, we here give the following part of the last letter:

"By all appearance I am born to suffer crosses, and it seems they are not at an end. I am in no wise an exile of my own country, and placed pretty near two circumstances. A remarkable Highland story must breathe, and the effect of it,中有Ill, of Glencoe, he is still under the mind, and not the unordered but his own stature. The injured person of MacGregor, a natural of Arisaig, and no member of any family of note in society, to the murder, and condemned and executed upon very little more than the evidence of an accused person having assisted a nephew of his own, Alistair MacGregor. Alistair MacGregor was secreted to troop Stewart to exeat, and bring him over to Britain to a certain Dennis. This was done, and he was, as we have never been near at hand; lastly, Oig was now in custody at Edinburgh, and James and Edwart MacGregor be the object of this service by which he might be

The joint force of these motives may, in James's case of his confederates, and play some certain part in such an enterprise, although the end necessarily be just, then it was not by means of MacGregor as a licentiate to return to the Crown, he was definitely asked to bring to Allan Bristow nothing with that young gentleman. MacGregor, suspected James's intentions towards him. He did not possess a thorough knowledge of the part played by the Porteous portmanteau of some clothes and four snuff-boxes. A cringe, it may be observed, could scarce have been made, the part had been living on a feeling of intimacy, and come to other bagpipe.

ough James Drummond had thus missed his blow in the end of Allan Bristow, he used his licence to make a trip to London, and had an interview, as he avered, with Lord Bolaide. His Lordship, and the Under Secretary, put passing questions to him; and, as he says, offered him a lib which would bring him bread, in the Government a. This office was advantageous as to emolument; but opinion of James Drummond, his secret income, it would be said, and he has accused no person of being a traitor to his country. If such a tempting offer and sturdy roa had been similar to that which had been published in some of espionage on the Jacobites, which the Government known. The reason is well known. James Drummond, as he has said, had shown no great misery of feeling. MacGregor was so far accommodating as to inti his secret to the Government, to which he had been introduced, and directed to quit England. As he was in this condition, he seems to have been altogether. He was seized with fever and gravel, ill con in body, and weakened and dispelled in mind, Allan Bristow, was seized with a fit of fever. The condition is of the ancient Pestilence standing upon his reputation.

this proof impracticable, as he tells the story, that the moderns, who long considered the idea of the Englishman impossible, could not be expected to understand the idea of a Highlandman. England.

as a man likely in such a matter to keep his James Drummond MacGregor and he, like Katherina and Pe the beginning of the French Revolution. About 1789, a friend
also elapsed since the poor woman died, which is always a
strong circumstance in favour of the accused; for there is a
sort of perspective in guilt, and crimes of an old date seem less
odious than those of recent occurrence. But notwithstanding
these considerations, the jury, in Robert's case, did not express
any solicitude to save his life, as they had done that of James.
They found him guilty of being at and part in the forcible ab-
duction of Jean Rigg from her own dwelling. 
Rob Roy was condemned to death, and executed on 16th
February, 1566. At the scene of execution he behaved with
great docility; and professing himself a Catholic, implored all
his misfortunes to his everlasting from the true church two or
three years before. He confessed the violent methods he had
used to gain Mrs. Rigg, or Wright, and hoped his fate would
stop further proceedings against his brother James.*

The newspapers observe that his body, after hanging the
* The Trials of the Sons of Rob Roy, with Anecdotes of Himself and
his Family, were published at Edinburgh, 1819, in 12 vols.
* James died near three months before, but his family might easily re-
maint a long time without the news of that event.

usual time, was delivered to his friends to be carried to the
Highlands. To this the recollection of a venerable friend, a
cousin, taken from us in the fulness of years, then a schoolboy
at Linlithgow, enables the author to add, that a much larger
body of MacGregors than had cared to advance to Edinburgh
received the corpse at that place with the coronach, and other
wild emblems of Highland mourning, and so escorted it to the
quarry. Thus, we may conclude this long account of Rob
Roy and his family, with the classic phrase,

"ITC. CONCLAMATUM EST."

I have only to add, that I have selected the above from any
anecdotes of Rob Roy, which were, and may still be, found
among the mountains where he flourished; but I am far from
warming their exact authenticity. Clanachan particulars are
very apt to guide the tongue and pen as well as the public
clariators, and the features of an anecdote are wonderfully
enlarged or exaggerated, as the story is told by a MacGregor to
Campbell.
APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.

No. I.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR APPREHENSION OF ROB ROY.

(From the Edinburgh Evening Courant, June 15 to June 21, A.D. 1712. No. 1656.)

"That Robert Campbell, commonly known by the name of Rob Roy MacGregor, being lately intercepted by several noblemen and gentlemen with considerable sums for buying cows for them in the Highlands, has treacherously gone off with the money, to the value of 1000l. sterling, which he carries along with him. All Magistrates and Officers of his Majesty's forces are directed to arise upon the said Rob Roy, and the money which he carries with him, until the persons concerned in the money be heard against him; and that notice be given, when he is apprehended, to the people of the Exchange Coffee-house at Edinburgh, and the keeper of the Coffee-house at Glasgow, which persons are still continued in possession, shall be very reasonably rewarded for their pains."

It is unfortunate that this Hus and Cry, which is afterwards repeated as a charge on the reputation of Rob Roy's person, which, of course, we must suppose to have been pretty generally known. As the last account of Rob Roy's person concerned had supposed him to be in possession of the money.

No. II.

LETTERS FROM AND TO THE DUKES OF MONTROSE, RESPECTING ROB ROY and MR. GRAHAM OF KILLIEARN.

The Duke of Montrose to —

"Glasgow, the 4th November, 1716.

"My Lord,—I was surprised last night with the account of a very remarkable instance of the insolence of that very notorious rogue Rob Roy, whom your lordship has often heard named. The honour of his Majesty's government being concerned in it, I thought it my duty to acquaint your lordship of the particulars by an express." 

"Mr. Graham of Killearn (whom I have occasion to mention frequently to you, for the good service he did last winter during the rebellion) having the charge of his Majesty's forces in the West, went to Montrose, which is a part of it, on Monday last, to bring in his rents, it being usual for him to be there for two or three nights together at this time of the year, in a country house, for the convenience of meeting the tenants, upon that occasion he was at Blair Atholl. Rob Roy, with a party of those ruffians whom he has always kept about him since the late rebellion, surrounded the house where Mr. Graham was with some of his men, and others of his party came and summoned to present their guns in att the windows of the room where he was, and burned the house itself at the same time with others entered at the door, with cocked pistols, and made Mr. Graham prisoner, carrying him away to the hills with the money he had got, his books and papers, and his tenants' bonds for their fines, amounting to above a thousand pounds sterling, whereof one half had been paid last year, and the other was to have been paid now; and at the same time had the insolence to cause him to write a letter to me (the copy of which is enclosed) offering me terms of a treaty.

"That your Lordship may have the better view of the matter, it is proper to inform you that the low has now, of a long time, put himself at the head of the Clan MacGregor, a race of people who, in former times, have distinguished themselves beyond others, by robberies, depredations, and murders, and have been the constant harbingers and entertainers of vagabonds and loose people. From the time of the Revolution he has taken every opportunity to appear against the government, and to make a stir rather as a robber than as a recreant, and to serve to those whom he pretended to appear for, and has really done more mischief to the country than all the other Highlanders put together.

"Some three or four years before the last rebellion broke out, he was given over with one of his adherents, his ordinary residence, and removed some twelve or sixteen miles farther into the Highlands, putting himself under the protection of the Earl of Breadalbin. When my Lordship saw him in the Highlands, he ordered his house sit this place to be burnt, which your Lordship sees he has done."

"This obliges him to return to the same country he went from, and in the same manner, where he took up his residence anew amongst his own friends and relations; but it does not appear to whom this letter was addressed. Certainty, from the date and the person designated for the same, his high rank and affairs—perhaps the King's Advocate for the time."

well judging that it was possible to surprise him, he, with above forty-five of his followers, went to Inverary, and made a sham surrender of the castle of Coll, Campbell of Coal. Campbell of Coal, one of the Independent Companies, retreating homewards with his men, each of them having the Coll's protection. This happened upon the attempt of an army to be formed against him, not long after he appeared with his men twice in arms, in opposition to the King's troops; and one of those times caused them, restored a prisoner from them; and this while sent abroad his party through the country, pioneering the country people, and amongst the rest some of my tenants.

"Being informed of these disorders after I came to Scotland, I applied to Lieut. Genl. Carpenter, who ordered three parties from Glasgow, Stirling, and Finlarig, to march in the night by different routes, in order to surprise him and his men in their houses, which would have had its effect certainly if the great rains that happened to fall that very night had not retarded the march of the troops, so as some of the parties came too late to the stations that they were ordered for. All that could be done upon the occasion was to burn a country house, where Rob Roy then resided, after some of his men had taken refuge upon the King's troops, by which a grenadier was killed.

"Mr. Graham of Killearn, as my deputy sheriff is that country, went along with the party that marched from Stirling; and, doubting of the success of the march, he sends me these lines, which give me some treatment from that barbarous people on that account. Besides, that he is my relation, and that they know how active he has been in the service of the government, he is not sure that it does not put me under very great concern for the gentleman, while, at the same time, I can force no manner of way to relieve him, other than to leave him to chance and his own management.

"I had my thoughts before of proposing to government the building of barracks, as the only expedient for stopping these rebels, and securing the peace of the country; and in that view I spoke to General Carpenter, who has some of them in his hands; and I am persuaded that it will be the true method for restraining them effectually; but, in the meantime, it will be necessary to leave him to the command of the troops in whose hands I intend to write to the General.

"I am sensible I have trespassed your Lordship's with a very long letter, which I should be ashamed of, were I myself singly concerned; but where the honour of the King's Government is touched, I need make no apology, and shall only beg leave to add, that I am, with great respect, and truth,

"My Lord, yt. Lords, most humble and obedient servant,

"MONTROSE."

COPY OF GRAHAME OF KILLIEARN'S LETTER ENCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.

"Craggaich, Nov. 18th, 1716.

"May it please your Grace,—I am obliged to give you my Grace the trouble of this, by Robert Roy's commandings, being so unfortunate at present to be a roofless person. In the way and manner I was apprehended, to the bearer, and shall only, in short, acquaint your Grace with the demands, which are, that your Grace shall grant me a pardon, to present myself, and give him the sum of 4000 marks for his loss and damages sustained by me in his service, besides my chinsellions; and that your Grace shall give your word not to trouble or prosecute him afterwards; till which time he carries me, all the money I received this day, my books and bonds for his fine, excepted, and money paid me, and with assurances of hard usage, if any party are sent after him. The sume I received this day, conform to the nearest computation I can make before several of the gentlemen, is £222. 12s. 6d. Scots, of which I gave them notes. I shall wait your Grace's return, and ever am,

"Your Grace's most obedient, faithful, humble servant,

"Stc. cracker."

"JOHN GRAHAM."

THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE TO


"Glasgow, 28th Nov. 1716.

"Sir,—Having acquainted you by my last, of the 21st instant, of what had happened to my friend Mr. Graham of Killearn, I am very glad now to tell you, that last night I was very agreably surprised with Mr. Graham's coming here himself, and giving me the first account I had had of him from the time of his being carried away. It seems Rob Roy, when he came to consider a little better of it, found that he could not mend his case by any manner of way. He, therefore, not only exposed him still more to the justice of the government; and therefore the less he consented to commit him on Sunday evening last, having kept him from the Monday night before, under a very necessary and reasonable restraint, being obliged to change continually from place to place, to give him this small comfort by giving him some money, but also some bonds, but kept the money.

"I am, with great truth, Sir, your most humble servant,

"MONTROSE."
APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.

No. III.

CHALLENGE OF ROB ROY.

"In charity to your Grace's courage and conduct, please know, the one of your Grace's men so much to himself, in appointing your place and choice of arms, that at once you may extirpate your infidel enemy, or put a period to your person a manly life in falling gloriously by his hands. That imperceptible criticks or flatterers may not brand me for simulating a man's heart's parts of a most dastardly soul, it much know that I admit of the two great supporters of his character and the captain of his bands to join with you in the combat. In the name of God, your Grace would brave the inclemency all court for multitudes to hunt me like a fox, under profuse that I was not to be found above the ground. This saveth your Grace and the troops any further to search; that is, if your ambition of glory press you to embrace this unequal venture offered of Rob's head. But if your Grace's pravity, prudence, and cowardice, forbids hazarding this comestly expedient, then let your design of peace restore what you have robbed from me by the tyranny of your present situation, otherwise your overthrow as a man is determined; and advertise your friends never more to look for the frequent civility paid you, of sending them home without their arms only. Even their former cravings were purchase that favour; so your Grace by this means has peace in your offer. If the sound of war be frightful, and chase where you will, your good fortune will follow you."

This singular philanthomast is inscribed in a letter to a friend of Roy Roy, probably a retainer of the Duke of Argyle in Islay, which is in these words:—

Sir,—Receive the enclosed paper as you are taking your bottle; and be assured and content you are not worse than I saw you, only or we had before about the Spaniards is like to continue. If I get any account about them I'll be sure to let you hear of it, and I will not write more till I have more account.

I am, Sir, your affectionate (counsellor), and most humble servant,

"ROB ROY."
CHAPTER I.

"Hom me have I sinn'd, that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me? I have no more soone;
And this no more from me. Mrs. Mary and I
Hang o'er his head that thus transform'd then—Travel
\ I'll send my home to travel next."

MONSIEUR VOMAR.

"You have requested me, my dear friend, to bestow
some of that leisure with which Providence has
bestowed the decline of my life, in registering the
happiest and most interesting events of my career. The
recollection of those adventures, as you pleased to term them, has indeed left upon my
mind a chequered and varied feeling of pleasure and
pain, mingled with a sense of responsibility. That
portion of the human race which has lived an early
career through much risk and labor, that the ease with which he has blessed my
long and peaceful life, might seem so far from
understanding or appreciating the true and
proper value of life. Nevertheless, it is possible for me to doubt,
that you have often affirmed, that the incidents
enriched me among a people singularly primitive
their government and manners, have something
in common with the events of a more refined
society. Still, however, you must remember, that the tale
by one friend, and listened to by another, loses
its value when committed to paper; and that
the narratives to which you have been attuned
as heard from the voice of him to whom they
came, will appear less deserving of attention when
rushed into the inclusion of your studies. But your
youthful and robust constitution promise longer
life than will, in all human probability, be the lot of
our friend. Throw, then, these sheets into some
book of your own, and we shall return to our
separate paths, each from the society by an event which may
occur at any moment, and which must happen
the course of a few—a very few years. When
are parted in the world, in this grave and certain
the truth; you will, I am well aware, cherish more than it
serves the memory of your departed friend, and will
in those details which I am now to commit to per
for their melancholy but not obliterate rec
others. Nothing can be more distressing to
confidences of their own exterior features. I put into
their hands a few lines of my earliest
likeness, and of my failings, with the
safety of the night, that the follies and headstrong
insolence of my youth will meet the same kind
consideration and forgiveness which have so often attended
the tale of a man of matured age. I have
advantage, among the many, of addressing
Memoirs (if my tale these sheets a name so
posing) to a dear and intimate friend, is, that I
myself speak of my own actions, and
with which I must needs have attained a
from what I have to say of greater interest. Why
must I be most of all to you, because
and have ink, paper, and
before me. At the same time, I dare not pro
pose that I may not abuse the opportunity so tempt-
ding to me, to treat of myself and my own con-
zine, even though I speak of circumstances as
strong as I would to myself. The seductive love of
ative, when we ourselves are the heroes of the
which we tell, often disregards the attention
to time and patience of the audience, and the
only that you will remind of the singular instance eviscera
the form of that rare and original edition of Sully's
smooshy, which you (with the fond vanity of a book-
collector) insist upon preferring to that which is re
duced to the useful and ordinary form of Memoirs
out of which I think I must be as solitary and
narrative is the more far greater the man as the author was accessible to the
foible of self-importance. If I recollect rightly that venerable peer and great statesman had appoin-
ted no fewer than twenty men to his bowels, to draw up the events of his life, under the title of Mem-
oria of the Sage and Royal Affairs of State, Do-
menical, and Military, transacted by Henry
V. and so forth, etc., their compilation, reduced the Memoirs containing
all the remarkable events of their master's life into a
narrative, addressed to himself in propria persona.
Of which must have been many of his twelve
indebtedness and, though whimsical pleasure, of having the events
of his life told over to him by his secretaries, being
himself the auditor, as he was also the hero, and probably
the author, of the whole book. It must have
been a great sight to have seen the ex-minister, as
the Duke of York, in the act of describing
such were your grace's sentiments upon this im-
portant point—such were your secret counsels to
the king on that other emergency,"—circumstances, all
of which must have been made by the window, in
hearer than to themselves, and most of which could
only be derived from his own special communication.
My situation is not so very critical as that of the
great Sully, and yet there would be some whimsical
in Frank Osbaldstone giving Will Tresham a
formal account of his birth, education, and connec-
tions in the world. I will, therefore, write with the
spirit of P. P., and work for our Parteth, as I
best may, and endeavour to tell you nothing that is
familiar to you already. Some things, however, I
must recall to your memory, because, though
formerly well known to you, they may have been forgotten
through lapse of time, and they afford the ground-
work of my destiny.

You must remember my father well; for as your
own was a member of the mercantile house, you
knew him from infancy. Yet you hardly saw him
in his best days, before age and infirmity had quenched
his ardent spirit of enterprise and speculation. He
would have been a poor man, indeed, but perhaps
as happy, had he devoted to the extension of science
those active energies, and acute powers of observa-
tion, for which commercial pursuits found occupa-
tion. Yet, in spirit of that age and the fortune of the na-
country, there is something captivating to the ad-
vourer, even independent of the hope of gain.
Who embarks on that fickle sea, requires to pos-
sess the skill of the pilot and the fortune of the na-
gator, and after all may be wrecked and lost, unless
the gales of fortune breathe in his favour. This mix-
ture of necessary attention and inevitable hazard,—
the frequent and awful uncertainty whether prudence
shall prevail, or whether fortune will put the
business as well as for the feelings of the mind, and trade has all
the fascination of gambling without its moral guilt.
Early in the history of our house, when (for the
sake of my narrative) I was a youth of some twenty years old, I was sum-
moned suddenly from Bourdeux to attend my father
on business of importance. I shall never forget our trim.
interview. You recollect the brief, abrupt and somewhat stern mode in which he was wont to communicate his pleasure to those around him. Methinks I see him now, in my mind's eye, in his full and upright figure—the step, quick and determined—the eye, which shot so keen and so penetrating a glance—the features on which care had already planted wrinkles. He was a workman and his language was a wasted word in vain, expressed in a voice which had sometimes an occasional harshness, far from the intonation of the speaker.

Within a few days from my post-horse, I hastened to my father's apartment. He was traversing it with an air of composed and steady deliberation, which even my arrival, although an only son unseen for years, was unable to rouse. I thrust myself into the niche. He was a kind, though not a fond father, and the tear twinkled in his dark eye, but it was only for a moment.

Doubourg writes to me that he is satisfied with you, Frank.

"I am happy, sir."

"But I have less reason to be so," he added, sitting down at his bureau.

"Profits are small.

"Sorry and happy, Frank, are words that, on most occasions, signify little or nothing—Here is your last letter.

It took it out from a number of others tied up in a parcel of red tape, and curiously labelled and filed. There lay my poor epistle, written on the subject of the nearest to my heart at the time, and couched in words which I had thought would brook no alteration; but, if not, I was to learn, the mixture of hurt vanity, and wounded feeling, with which I regarded my remonstrance, to the penning of which there had gone, I promise you, some trouble, as I would not be seen to dictate letters of advice, or credit, and all the commonplace lumber, as I then thought them, of a merchant's correspondence. Surely, thought I, a letter of such importance (I dared not say, even to myself, so well written) deserved a separate place, as well as more anxious consideration, than those on the ordinary business of the counting-house.

But my father did not observe my dissatisfaction, and would not have minded it if he had. He proceeded, with the letter in his hand. "This, Frank, is yours of the 21st ultimo, in which you advise me, (reading from the letter,) that in the most important business, when a man is to commit a large sum of money for life, you trust my paternal goodness will hold you entitled to at least a negative voice; that you have insuperable—ay, insuperable is the word—I wish, by the way, you would write a more distinct current, to draw a score through the top of your t's, and open the loops of your I's—insuperable objections to the arrangements which I have proposed to you. There is much more to the same effect, occupying the four good pages of paper, which a little attention to perspicuity and distinctness of expression might have comprised within as many lines. For, after all, Frank, it amounts but to this, that you will not do as I would have you."

"That I cannot, sir, in the present instance, not the least."

"Well, it is very little with me, young man," said my father, whose inflexibility always possessed the air of the most perfect calmness and self-possession. "Can not be a more civil phrase than will not. But the expressions are synonymous where there is no moral impossibility. But I am not a friend to doing business hastily; we will talk this matter over after dinner—Owen!"

Owen was not in the because the silver locks which you were used to venerate, for he was then little more than fifty; but he had the same, or an exactly similar uniform suit of light brown clothes, the same pair of silver buckles, the same plated carmine ruffles, drawn down over his knuckles in the parlour, but
mended from life, what would become of the world of schemes which he had formed, unless his son were moulded into a commercial Hercules, fit to sustain the weight when relinquished by the falling Atlas? and what of all the rest of myself, a stranger to business of this description, he found himself at once involved in the labyrinth of mercantile concerns, without the clue of knowledge necessary for his guidance? For all these reasons, avowed and secret, my father was determined I should embrace his profession; and when he was determined, his resolution of no man was more immovable. Indeed, I implored and beseeched him to consider something of his own pertinacity, I had formed a determination precisely contrary.

It may, I hope, be some palliative for the resistance for which I was placed, and ample maintenance in the meanwhile, it never occurred to me that it might be necessary, in order to secure these blessings, to submit to labour and limitations unpleasant to my nature. In the summer following, as a trial for my engaging in business, a desire that I should hold to those heaps of wealth which he had himself acquired; and imagining myself the best judge of his judgments as to my own happiness, I endeavoured to convince him that I should improve that happiness by augmenting a fortune which I believed was already sufficient, and more than sufficient, for every use, comfort, and elegant enjoyment.

I am compelled to repeat, that my time at Bourdeaux had not been spent as my father had proposed to himself. What he considered as the chief end of my residence in that city, I had postponed for every other, and (worse than that) I had neglected it altogether. Dubourg, a favoured and beneficed correspondent of our mercantile house, was too much of a shrewd politician to make such request as the firm did, to the firm. If he, child, as excite the displeasure of both; and, he might also, as you will presently hear, have views of selfish advantage in suffering me to neglect the purposes for which I was placed, under his charge.

My conduct was regulated by the bounds of decency and good order, and thus far he had no evil report to make, supposing him so disposed; but, perhaps, the real purpose only in his father's provision was to oblige me to go. I was of the opinion, had I been in the habit of induling worse feelings than those of indolence and avarice to mercantile business. As it was, while I gave a decent appearance of honesty and probity to which he was accustomed, he was by no means envious of the hours which I devoted to other and more classical amusements, nor did he ever find fault with me for mirth and jest, as the case required. Therefore, by way of amusement or消遣, (supposing his refusals to have been), and Monsieur Dubourg able to have pronounced his name, or Savary, or any other writer on commercial economy. He had picked up some where a convenient expression, with which he had turned off every letter to his correspondent. "I was all," he said, "that a father could wish."

My father never quarrelled with a phrase; however provoking it might be assumed to him distinct and expressive; and Addison himself could not have found expressions so satisfactory to him as, "Yours received, and duly honoured the bills enclosed as per margin."

Knowing, therefore, very well what he desired me to be, Mr. Osbaldstone made no doubt, from the frequent repetition of Dubourg's favourite phrase, that I was not lost, when he beheld me. After an evil hour, he received my letter, containing my elegant and detailed apology for declining a place in the firm, and a desk and stool in the corner of the dressing-chamber, furnishing in height those of Owen, and the clerks, and only inferior to the tripod of my father himself. All was wrong from that moment. Dubourg's reports became as suspicious as if his bill had been noted for disease. I was summoned home in all haste, and received in the manner I have already communicated to you.

CHAPTER II.

I begin shrewdly to suspect the young man of a terrify tact—inity: with some degree of illness, if not of the hope of him in a state of cure. Actus est of him for a commonwealth's man, if he go't so in thine sense.

Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair.

My father had, generally speaking, his temper under complete self-command, and his anger rarely indicated itself by words, except in a sort of dry testy manner, to show that I was as wholly in discomfiture and disrepute, threats, or expressions of loud resentment. All was arranged with him on system, and it was his practice to do "the needful" on every occasion, without wasting time. My father, as a bitter smile that he listened to my impatient answers concerning the state of commerce in France, and unmercifully permitted me to involve myself deeper and deeper in the mysteries of age, tardy and tret; nor can I charge my memory with his having looked positively angry, until he found me unable to explain the exact effect which the depreciation of the house of France had been put on the negotiation of bills of exchange. "The trade is wretched; and, of a sudden occurrence in my time," said my father, (who nevertheless had seen the Revolution,) "and he knows no more of it than that"

"Mr. Francis," suggested Owen, in his timid and conciliatory manner, "cannot have forgotten, that by an arrêt of the King of France, dated Ist May, 1790, it was provided that the porteur, within ten days after due, must make demand." Mr. Francis," said my father, interrupting him, "will, I dare say, recollect for the moment any thing you are so kind as hint to him. But, body o' me! do you know how Dubourg could permit him, as he did? why, Owen, what sort of a youth is Clement Dubourg, his nephew there, in the office, the black-haired lad?"

"One of the cleverest clerks, sir, in the house; a prodigious man for the time; he studied with a post-commerce; for the gain and civility of the young Frenchman had won his heart."

"Ay, ay, I suppose he knows something of the nature of exchange. Dubourg was determined I should have one youngster at least about my hand who understood business; but I see his drift, and he shall find that I do so when he looks at the balance-sheet. Owen, let Claude think of his time up to next quarter-day, and let him ship himself back to Bourdeaux in his father's ship, which is clearing out yonder."

"Dismiss Clement Dubourg, sir!" said Owen, with a faltering voice. "Yes, sir, dismiss him instantly; it is enough to have a stupid Englishman in the counting-house to make blunders, without keeping a sharp Frenchman there."

I had lived long enough in the territories of the Grand Monarque to contract a hearty aversion to arbitrary exaction of authority, even if it had not been instilled into me with my earliest brooding; and I could not refrain from interposing to prevent an innocent and meritorious young man from paying the penalty of having acquired that proficency which my father had desired for me.

"The pardon, sir," when Mr. Osbaldstone had done speaking, "but I think it but just, that if I have been negligent of my studies, I should pay the forfeit myself. I have no reason to charge Monsieur Dubourg with having neglected to give me opportunities of improvement, however little I may have profited by them; and, with respect to Monsieur Clement Dubourg,"

"With respect to him, and to you, I shall take the measures which I see needful," replied my father; "but it is fair in you, Frank, to take your own blame on your own shoulders—very fair, that cannot be denied. I cannot consent to Owen, for having merely accorded Frank the means of useful knowledge, without either assisting, that he took advantage of them, or reporting to us if he did not. You see, Owen, he has bestowed more of equity becoming a British merchant.”
"Mr. Francis," said the head clerk, with his usual formal inclination of the head, and a slight elevation of the right hand, which he had acquired by a habit of sticking his pen behind his ear before he spoke—

"Mr. Francis seems to understand the fundamental principle of all moral accounting, the great ethic rule of Libor. Let A be 5, B be 10, then A + B = 15; the product will give the rule of conduct required."

My father smiled at this reduction of the golden rule to a mathematical, but I proceeded.

"All this signifies nothing, Frank; you have been throwing away your time like a boy, and in future you must learn to live like a man. I shall put you under Owen's care for a few months, to recover the lost ground."

I was about to reply, but Owen looked at me with such a supplicatory and warning gesture, that I was involuntarily silent.

"What!" continued my father, "resume the subject of mine of the 1st ultim, to which you sent me an answer which was unadvised and unsatisfactory. So now, fill your glass, and push the bottle to Owen."

"Want of courage—of audacity, if you will—was never my failing. I answered firmly, "I was sorry that my letter was unsatisfactory, unadvised it was not, and the proposition altogether made me instant and anxious attention, and it was with no small pain that I found myself obliged to decline it."

"My friend bent his keen eye for a moment on me, and instantly withdrew it. As he made no answer, I thought myself obliged to proceed, though with some hesitation, and he only interrupted me by saying—"

"It is impossible, sir, for me to have higher respect for any character than I have for the commercial, even were it not yours."

"I am disposed to think so."

"It connects nation with nation, relieves the wants, and contributes to the wealth of all; and is at the general commonwealth of the civilized world what the daily intercourse of ordinary life is to private society, or air and food are to our bodies."

"Well, sir?"

"And yet, sir, I find myself compelled to persist in declining to adopt a character which I am so ill qualified to undertake."

"I will take care that you acquire the qualifications necessary. You are no longer the guest and pupil of Dubourg."

"It is my dear sir, it is no defect of teaching which I plead, but my own inability to profit by instruction.""

"Nonsense! have you kept your journal in the terms I desired it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be pleased to bring it here."

The volume thus required was a sort of commonplace book, kept by my father's recommendation, in which I had been directed to enter notes of the miscellaneous information which I had acquired in the course of my studies. Foreseeing that he would demand inspection of this record, I had been attentive to inscribe such particulars of information as would most likely be pleased with, but too often the pen had discharged the task without much correspondence with the mind. And it had also happened, that I had lost the reconcileable notes I had written into my hank, I had occasionally jotted down memoranda which had little regard to traffic. I now put it into my father's hand, devoutly hoping he might light on nothing that would increase his displeasure against me.

"Owen's face, which had looked something blank when the question was put, cleared up at my ready answer, and wore a smile of hope, when I brought from my apartment, and placed before my father, a commonplace-looking volume, rather broadened as I opened it, I had long, having brazen clasp and a binding of rough call. This looked business-like, and was encouraging to my benevolent well-wisher. But he actually read some part of the contents, muttering his critical remarks as he went on.

"Brandice—Barbola and barricantes, allonsmessia. — At Nantiz—Vailes to the barque at Cognae and Rielles. — At Bourence—Very right. Frank—Duties on tonnage and custom-houses in Saxby's Tables. That's not well; you should have transcribed the passage; it fixes the thing in the memory. Report to me. One has an impression. Oversea Cocktes—Limes—Ingham—Gentish—Stock-fish. Titting—Cropping—Lub-fish. You should have noted that they are all, nevertheless, to be mentioned as titles. — How many inches long is a tiling?"

"Owen, seeing me at fault, hazarded a whisper, of which I fortunately caught the import."

"Eighteen inches, sir. — And a yard is twenty-four—very right. It is important to remember this, on account of the Portuguese trade. — But what have we here? — Bourdon founded in the year—Castle of the Trompette—Pucell. — Well. — In the year this is a kind of waste-book, Owen, in which all the transactions of the day, emptions, orders, payments, receipts, acceptances, drafts, commissions, and advice, are with all miscellaneous."

"That they may be regularly transferred to the day-book and ledger," answered Owen; "I am glad Mr. Francis is so methodical."

I perceived that he was so fast into favour, that I began to fear the consequence would be my father's more obstinate perseverance in his resolution that I must become a merchant; and, as I was determined on the contrary, I began to wish the nearest friend Mr. Owen's phrases, been so methodical. But I had no reason for apprehension on that score; for a blotted piece of paper dropped out of the book, and being the last written by my father, he had, from Owen, on the propriety of securing loose memoranda with a little paste, by exclaiming, "To the memory of Edward the Black Prince—What's all this?"

"If it be Heaven, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I supposed you!"

"My father, you must recollect, as a man of business, looked upon the labour of poets with contempt; and as a religious man, and of the dissenting persuasion, he considered all such pursuits as equally moral and profane. Before you condemn him, you must recall to remember how too many of the poets in the end of the seventeenth century had led their lives and employed their talents. And being that my father belonged, felt, or perhaps affected, a pantomatic aversion to the lighter exertions of literature. So that many causes contributed to augment the unpleasant labour occasioned by the demand of this unfortunate copy of verses. As for poor Owen, could the bob-wig which he then wore have uncurled itself, and stood on end with horror, I am convinced the most idle labour of the framers of pleasure as he heard my father run over some part of the contents, muttering his critical remarks as he went on.

"Q for the voice of that wild horn, On Fontarabia echoes borne, And England's distant cliffs ring out, That told imperial Charlemagne, How Paynim sons of swaythy Spain, Had wrought his champion's fall!"

"Fontarabia echoes!" continued my father, interrupting himself; "the Fontarabian Fair would have been more to the purpose. — Paynim?—What's Paynim?—Could you not say Pagan as well, and write English, at least, if you must needs write some?"

"And over earth and ocean sounding, And England's distant cliffs ring out, Such are the notes should say How Britain's hope, and France's fear, The sons of Christendom are here! In Bourbon's dying lay!"

"Pollite, by the way, is always well with a
fear, with more sullen indifference than respect, 
with what is your own: 
"Yes, Frank, what I have is my own, if labour in 
getting, and care in amending, can make a right o' 
property; and no drone shall feed on my honeycomb. 
Think on it well; what I have thinned is re-flec-
tion, and what I resolve upon I will execute." 
"Honoured sir,—dear sir," exclaimed Owen, tears 
rushing into his eyes, "you are not wont to be in 
such a hurry in transacting the business of importance. 
Let Mr. Francis run up the balance before you shut 
the account; he loves you, I am sure; and when he 
puts down his filial obedience to the per contra, I am 
sure his objections will disappear. 
"Do you think I will ask him twice," said my 
father sternly, "to be my friend, my assistant, and my 
favourite?—to be a partner of my cares and of my for-
tune?—Owen, I thought you had known better. 
He looked at me as if he meant to add something 
more, but turned instantly away, and left the room 
abruptly. I was, I own, affected by this view of the 
cause, which had not occurred to me; and my father 
would probably have had little reason to complain of 
his, had he commenced the discussion with this ar-
gement. 
But it was too late. I had much of his own obdu-
rence of resolution, and Heaven had decreed that my 
sin should be my punishment, though not to the ex-
tent which my transgression merited. Owen, when we 
were left alone, continued to look at me with 
sadness, which tears from his moist eyes overflowed 
onto my garment, and made me, too, feel the 
weight of thoughts, which I could not discover, before attempting the task of interces-
sion, upon what point my obstinacy was most as-
sailable. At length he began, with broken, and dis-
concerted accents,—"O God! Mr. Francis!—Good 
Heavens, sir!—My stars, Mr. Osbaldestone!—that I 
should ever have seen this day—and you so young 
gentleman, sir,—For the love of Heaven! look at 
both sides of the account! Think what it would be to 
lose—a noble fortune, sir—one of the finest houses in 
The City, even under the old firm of Tresham and 
Trent, and now Osbaldestone and Tresham—You 
might roll in gold, Mr. Francis!—And, my dear 
young Mr. Frank, if there was any particular thing 
in the business of the house which you disliked, I 
would" (sinking his voice to a whisper) "put it in 
order for you termly, or weekly, or daily, if you will.
—Do, my dear Mr. Francis, think of the honour due 
to your father, that your days may be long in the land.
"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Owen," said I,— 
"very much obliged indeed; but my father is not 
judge how to bestow his money. He talks of one of 
my cousins—let him dispose of his wealth as he 
pleases. I will never sell my liberty for gold." 
"Gold, sir?—I wish you would balance the sheet of 
profits at last term,—it was in five figures—five figures 
to each partner's sum total, Mr. Frank!—And all 
this is to go to a Papist, and a north-country booby, 
and a disaffected person besides.—It will break my 
heart, Mr. Francis, that have been toiling more 
as a dog than a man, and all for love of the firm.—Think 
how it will sound, Osbaldestone, Tresham, and Os-
baldstone—or, perhaps, who knows,—again lowering 
his voice,) Osbaldestone, Osbaldestone, and Tresham, 
for our Mr. Osbaldestone can buy them all out.
"But, Mr. Owen, my cousin's name being also 
Osbaldestone, the name of the company will sound 
every bit as well in your ears.
"O fie, upon you, Mr. Francis, when you know how 
well I love you—Your cousin indeed!—a Papist, 
no doubt, like his father, and a disaffected person 
to the Pope!—Poor Mr. Francis!—"Poor Mr. Francis!
"There are many very good men Catholics, Mr. 
Owen," rejoined I. 
As Owen was about to answer with unusual anima-
tion, my father re-entered the apartment. 
"You were right," he said, "Owen, and I was 
wrong; we will take more time to think. There 
matter is that young man. Young man, you have an 
answer on this important subject this month-
I bowed in silence, sufficiently glad of a respite, 
and trusting it might indicate some relaxation in 
father's determination.
The time of probation passed slowly, unmarked by any accident whatever. I went and came, and disposed of my time as I pleased, without question or discussion. Forty days, the exact length of my father's stay, elapsed, and I rarely saw him, save at meal-times, when he studiously avoided a discussion which you might well suppose I was in no hurry to press onward. Our conversation was of a general kind, and I am almost certain that we discussed the weather, and the prices of provisions in our neighborhood, and how the world had gone wrong since I was a child, and in all probability, had gained my parents. As it was, I stood fast, and, as respectfully as I could, declined the proposal he made to me. Perhaps—for who can judge of their own heart?—I felt it unmanly to yield on the first summons, and expected further solicitation, as at least a pretext for changing my mind. If so, I was disappointed; for my father turned coolly to Owen, and only said, "There is an alert, Frank."

—Well, Frank, (addressing me) you are nearly of age, and as well qualified to judge of what will constitute your own happiness as you ever are to be; and therefore I maintain, and I hope I shall be permitted to give in to your plans, any more than you are compelled to submit to mine. I ask you to have a plan in which I may be interested. Yea, I am now on the threshold of that walk on my own arm, and yet walk your own way? What can hardly be, Mr. Frank;—however, I suppose you mean to obey my directions, as far as they do not cross your own home?"

I was about to speak—"Silence, if you please," he continued. "Supposing this to be the case, you will instantly set out for the North of England, to pay your uncle a visit, and see the state of his family; for we have chosen from a thousand such that you are to meet."

I believe) one who, I understand, is most worthy to fill the place I intended for you in the counting-house. But some further arrangements may be necessary, and for these you are present to be interested. You shall have further instructions at Osbaldstone Hall, where you will please to remain until you hear from me. Everything will be ready for your departure tomorrow morning."

With these words my father left the apartment. "Do you mean all this, Mr. Owen?" I said to my sympathetic friend, whose countenance wore a cast of the deepest reflection. "You have ruined yourself, Mr. Frank, that's all; when your father talks in that quiet determined manner, there will be no more change in him than is a fitted accoutrement."

And so it proved; for the next morning, at five o'clock, I found myself on the road to York, mounted on a reasonably good horse, and with fifty guineas in my pocket; traveling, as it would seem, not by the purpose of assisting in the adoption of a successor to myself in my father's house and favor, and for which I knew, eventually in his fortune also.

CHAPTER III.

The black sail shifts from side to side, The boat, unbranded, admits the tide. Breaks, shifts, shifts at the red rock's rest.

The oak breaks short, the rudder's lost.

The nava Fossa

I HAVE tagged with rhyme and blank verse the subdivisions of this important narrative, in order to reduce your continued attention by powers of composition of stronger attraction than my own. The preceding lines refer to an unfortunate navigator, who, by his rash attempts to display himself, was unable to manage, and thrust it off into the full tide of a navigable river. No school-boy, who, in the midst of the tide, had his ship on his hands, could have executed a similar rash attempt. I feel myself not in a strong current, in a situation more awkward than mine, when I found myself dividing, without a com-
pase, on the ocean of human life. There had been such unexpected ease in the manner in which my father alighted, usually esteemed the strongest—was the occasion of a sincere expression of surprise on the part as a sort of outcast from his family, that it strangely lessened the confidence in my own personal accomplishments, which had hitherto sustained me. Prey on prey, the news of the departure of my father, his son, had not a more awkward sense of his degradation. We are apt, in our engrossing emotions, to consider all those accessories which are drawn around us by prosperity, as pertaining and belonging to our own persons, that the discovery of our unimportance, when left to our own proper resources, becomes insupportably mortifying. As the hum of London died away, the thought of her presence was more than once sounded to my ears the admonitory "Turn again," first heard by her future Lord Mayor; and when I looked back from Highgate on her dusky train of line. I felt as if I were leaving behind me comfort, opulence, the charms of society, and all the pleasures of cultivated life.

But the die was cast. It was, indeed, by no means possible to foretell the final influence which my father's wishes would have reinstated me in the situation which I had lost. On the contrary, firm and strong of purpose as he himself was, he might rather conceivably have sunk with the latter and compulsory sequience in his desire that I should engage in commerce. My constitutional obstinacy came also to my aid, and pride whipped harder against me than ever. A few miles from London had blown away resolutions formed during a month's serious deliberation. Hope, too, that never forsakes the young and hardy, lent him heart and soul. I believe, we should not be in serious in the sentence of futility, which he had so unhappily pronounced. It must be but a trial of my disposition, which, endured with patience and fortitude, my part, would raise me in the estimation, and lead me to an important modification of the point in dispute between us. I even settled in my own mind how far I would concede to him, and on what articles of our supposed treaty I would make a firm stand; and that week, according to my computation, that I was to be reinstated in my full rights of filiation, paying the easy penalty of some considerable expenses to stone for my past rebellion. To this I should not be able to adjust myself. For the moment, I experienced that feeling of independence which the youthful bosom receives with a thrilling mixture of pleasure and apprehension. My purse, though no means large, satisfied me, and I was able to supply all the wants and wishes of a traveller. I had been accustomed, while at Bourdeaux, to act as my own valet; my horse was fresh, young, and active, and the road was a most melancholy reflections with which my journey commenced.

I should have been glad to have journeyed upon a line of road better calculated to afford reasonable objects of curiosity, or a more interesting country, to the traveller. But the north road was then, and perhaps still is, singularly deficient in these respects; nor do I believe you can travel so far through Britain in any other direction without meeting more of what is worthy to engage the attention. My mental ruminations, notwithstanding my assumed confidence, were not always of an unchequed nature. The Muse too,—the very coquette who had led me into this wilderness,—like others of her sex, deserted me in my utmost need; and I should have been relieved to have her, rather than a melancholy state of delusion, had it not been for the occasional conversations of strangers who chanced to pass the same way. But the characters whom I met with were of a uniform and undistinguished class. Clerks of public houses, shopkeepers, returning from a distant market; clerks of traders, travelling to collect what was due to their masters in perishable goods; and even clerks of the navies, going down into the country upon the recruiting service; were, at this period, the persons by whom the turnpike and tappers were kept in exercise. Our speech, therefore, was of tithes and creeds, of hovey and grain, of commodities wet and dry, and the solvency of the retail dealers, occasionally varied by the description of a season, or the position of a gentleman. The narrator only gave me at second hand. Robbers, a fertile and alarming theme, filled up every vacancy; and the names of the Golden Farmer, the Flying Hight, the Black Tommy, and the Navigator, were familiar in our mouths as household words. At such tales, like children closing their circle round the fire when the ghost story draws to its climax, the riders drew near to each other, looked before and behind them, examined the priming of their pistols, and vowed to stand by each other in case of danger: an engagement which, like other offensive and defensive alliances, is understood and carried into practice when there was an appearance of actual peril.

Of all the fellows whom I ever saw haunted by terrors of this nature, one poor man, with whom I travelled, was the most the subject of my amusement. He had upon his pillion a very small, but apparently a very weighty portmanteau, about the safety of which he seemed particularly solicitous; never trusting it out of his own hands, and uncertain of receiving the official seal of the waiters and hostlers, who offered their services to carry it into the house. With the same precaution he laboured to conceal, not only the figure and the costume of a mount, but the place of destination, but even the direction of each day's route. Nothing embarrassed him more than to be asked by any one, whether he was travelling upwards or downwards, or whether he was going for or returning. His place of rest for the night he scrutinized with the most anxious care, alike avoiding solitude, and what he considered as bad neighborhood; and at Grantham, he was in a state of suspense as to the advice of his landlord, whether he should not change to the next room to a thick-set boarding fellow, in a black wig, and a tarnished gold-laced waistcoat. With all these cares on his mind, my fellow traveller, to judge by his presentiment of the future, the man who might have set danger at defiance with such an appearance as this was most men. He was strong and well-built; and, judging from his gold laced hat and cockade, seemed to have served in the army, or, at least, to belong to the military profession in one capacity or another. His conversation also, though always sufficiently vulgar, was that of a man of sense, when the terrible bugbear which haunted his imagination for a moment ceased to terrify him. I have seen him frequently, and association recalled them. An open heath, a close plantation, were alike subjects of apprehension; and the whirl of a sheep-dog and a wild mare into the eye was not sufficient to allay his terror. Even the sight of a gillet, if it assured him that one robber was safely disposed of by justice, never failed to remind him how many remained still uncaught. Perhaps true, that the fellow's company, had I not been still more tired of my own thoughts. Some of the marvellous stories, however, which he related, had in themselves a cast of interest; and another whimiscal point of his peculiarities afforded me the occasional opportunity of amusing myself at his expense. Among his tales, several of the unfortunate travellers who fell among thieves, incurred that calamity from associating themselves on the road with a well-dressed and entertaining stranger, in whose company they trusted to find protection as well as amusement; who cheered their journey with talk and song, protected them against the evils of overcharges and false reckonings, until at length, under pretext of showing a near path over a desolate common, he seduced his unsuspecting victims from the public road into some dismal glen, where, suddenly blowing his whistle, he assembled his comrades from their lurking-places and displayed himself in his true colours, the captain, namely, of the band of robbers. For my part, I was glad the fellows had forfitted their purses, and perhaps their lives.

Towards the conclusion of such a tale, and when my companion had wrought himself into a fever of apprehension to a height of terror, I often observed that he usually eyed me with a glance of doubt and suspicion, as if the possibility occurred to him that I might, at that very moment, be in conn
company with a character as dangerous as that which his tale described. And ever and anon, when such suggestions pressed themselves on the mind of this incorruptible, he would make me to drive to the opposite side of the high-road, looked before, behind, and around him, examined his arms, and seemed to prepare himself for flight or defence, as circumstances might indicate that.

This suspicion implied on such occasions seemed to me only momentary, and too ludicrous to be offensive. There was, in fact, no particular reflection on my dress or address, although I was thus now taken for a robber. A man in those days might have all the external appearance of a gentleman, and yet turn out to be a highwayman. For the division of labour in every department not having then taken place so fully as since that period, the profession of the polite and accomplished adventurer, who nicked you out of your money at White's, or bowled you out of it at Marybone, was often united with that of the professional ruffian, who, on Bagatello Heath, or Finchley Common, commanded his brother beast to stand and deliver. There was also a touch of coarseness and hardness about the manners of the times, which had nothing in their manner or deportment that was chivalrous. It seems to me, on recollection, as if desperate men had less reluctance then, than now, to embrace the most desperate means of retrieving their fortunes; and that the very men who were indoctrinated in the Art of War were the most ready to turn their training to the service of the highway, to which the name of Anthonopoles and W-Wood mourned over the execution of two men, guillotined in person, and of undisputed courage and honour, who were hanged without mercy at Oxford, were no more fastidious than was the common and general contributions on the highway. We were still further removed from the days of "the mad Prince and Poes." And yet, from the number of unenclosed and waste lands in the vicinity, and the metropolis, and from the less populous state of remote districts, both were frequented by that species of mounted highwaymen, that may possibly become one day unknown, who track their victims, with a firmness like courtesy; and, like Giblet in the Beaums Stratagem, pinched themselves on being the best behaved men on the road, and on conducting themselves with all appropriate celerity in the execution of their voca-
tion. A young man, therefore, in my circumstances, was not entitled to be highly indignant at the mistake which confounded him with this worshipful class of desperadoes.

Neither was I offended. On the contrary, I found amusement in alternately exciting, and falling to sleep, the suspicions of my timorous companion, and my purpose was only to puzzle a brain which nature and apprehension had combined to render none of the clearest. When my free conversation had lulled him into complete security, it required only a passing word concerning the direction of his journey, or the nature of the business which occasioned it, to put his suspicions once more in arms. For example, a conversation on the comparative strength and activity of our horses took such a turn as follows:

"O, sir," said my companion, "for the gallop, I grant you; but allow me to say, your horse (although he is a very handsome gelding—that must be owned) has none but one born to be a good roadster. The right 'O, sir," (striking his Bucophalus with his spur), "the trot is the true pace for a hackney; and, were we near town, I should like to try that daisy-cutter of yours upon a piece of level road (barring causer) for a quart of claret at the next inn."

"Content, sir," replied I; "and here is a stretch of ground very favourable."

"That's clear," answered my friend with hesitation; "I make it a rule of travelling never to blow my horse between stages; one never knows what occasion he may have to put him to his mettle; and besides, sir, you must allow me, I mean to keep with even weight; you ride four stone lighter than I."

"Very well; but I am content to carry weight. Pray what may that portmanteau of yours weigh?"

"It weighs about ten pounds,

"O very little as a feather—just a few shires and stock.

"I should think it heavier, from its appearance I'll hold you the quart of claret it makes the odds between our weight."

"You're mistaken, sir; I assure you—quite mistaken," replied my friend, edging off to the side of the road, as was his wont on these alarming occasions.

"Well, I'm willing to venture the wine; or, I will bet you ten pieces to five, that I can pour your port-
teauc on my cravat, and out-trot you into the bar
gain."

This proposal raised my friend's alarm to the utmost:

The Scot is poor, cries early English pride. True is the charge; not by themselves denied. An old man, in strictness none. Who wince to come and mount their fortunes here?

There was, in the days of which I write, an old-fashioned custom on the English road, which I suspect is now obsolete, or practised only by the vulgar. Journeys of length being made on horseback; and, of course, by brief stages, it was usual always to make a halt on the road in some tavern; where the rider might attend divine service, and his horse have the benefit of the day of rest, the institution of which is as humane to our brute labourers as profitable to ourselves. I have been present on such occasions, and a remnant of old English hospitality, was, that the landlord of a principal inn made his character of publican on the seventh day, and invited the guests who chanced to be within his walls to take part of his family bread and pudding. This invitation was usually complied with by all whose distinguished rank did not induce them to think compliance a derogation; and the proposal of a bottle of ale, for dinner, to drink the landlord's health, was the only recompense ever offered or accepted.

I was born a citizen of the world, and my inclination led me into all scenes where my loose and carefree mode of life might be enlarged: I had, besides, no pretensions to sequester myself on the score of superior dignity, and therefore seldom failed to accept of the Sunday's hospitality of mine host, whether at the Garter, Lion, or Bear. The honest publican, dilated into additional consequence by a sense of his own importance, while presiding among the guests on whom it was his ordinary duty to attend, would himself an entertaining spectacle; and around his genial orbit, other pliants of inferior consequence performed their revolutions. The wits and humorists, among whom he distributed his saucy stories, the apocryphal, the attorney, the apothecary, the surgeon, and the curate himself, did not disdain to partake of this hebdomadal festivity. The guests, assembled from different quarters and nations, and conversing in their mother tongue, language, manners, and sentiments, a curious con-

CHAPTER IV.

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desired to possess a knowledge of mankind in its varieties.

It was on such a day, and such an occasion, that people were gathered and I was about to grace the board of the ruddy-faced host of the Black Bear, in the town of Darlington, and Bishoprick of Durham, when our landlord informed us, with a sort of air of gravity, that there was a Scotch gentleman to dine with us.

"A gentleman?—what sort of a gentleman?" said my companion, somewhat hastily, his mind, I suppose, fixated on gentlemen of the pad, as they were termed.

"Why, a Scotch sort of a gentleman as I said before," returned mine host; "they are all gentle, ye understand, back; and this is a decent hallaon—a canny North Briton as e'er crossed Berwick bridge—I trow he's a dealer in cattle.

"Does he have his company, by all means," answered my companion; and then, turning to me, he gave vent to the tenor of his own reflections. "I respect the Scotch, sir; I love and honour the nation for their sense of morality. Men talk of their vituperation; but commonplace, thou and clad in raggs, as the poet saith. I have been credibly assured, sir, by men on whom I can de-pend, that there was never known such a thing in Scotland as a cotter."...

"That's because they have nothing to lose," said mine host, with the chuckle of a self-appraising wit.

"No, no, landlord," answered a strong deep voice behind me; and a new Visitor, a gentleman of appearance and manners, who have that sent down beneath the Tweed, have taken up the trade of thievery over the bar of the native profession."...

"Well said, Mr. Campbell!" answered the landlord; "I did nat think thout had been sae near us, mon. But thou kens I'm an outspoken Yorkshire tyke—And how go markets in the south?"

And found Mr. Campbell; "wise folks buy and sell, and fools are bought and sold."

"But wise men and fools both eat their dinner," answered our jolly entertainer; "and here a cours—

"As prime a buttsbuck of beef as e'er hungry mon stuck fork in!"

So saying, he eagerly whetted his knife, assumed the seat of the first, merchant on Charing, and to have cost him a dollar if I can't speak it. Yet, from an early period, they had occupied and interested my imagination. My father, as is well known to you, was of an ancient family in Northumberland, and had for many years past been a leader in the affairs of the nation, not very many miles distant. The quarrel betwixt him and his relatives was such, that he scarcely ever mentioned the race from which he sprung, and held as the most contemptible species of vanity, the weakness which is commonly termed family pride. His ambition was only to be distinguished by the existence of those whom he considered the wisest, wot, in some degree at least, counteracted by a being whose power would never have supposed of importance adequate to influence them in any way. His daughter and Northumberland man, attached to him from his infancy, was the only person connected with his native province for whom he retained any regard; and when fortune dowered

The introduction of gaugers, supervisors, and examiners, was one of the great complaints of the Scottish system, though neutral remonstrance of the Union. 34
those who entertained such prejudices, I must remark, that the Scotch of that period were guilty of similar injustice to the English, whom they branded universally as a race of purse-proud arrogant episcopacy. Such seeds of national dislike remained between the two countries, the natural consequences of their exclusion and rival state. They have recently been fanned into a flame, which, I sincerely hope, is now extinguished in its own ashes.

There was an occasion of disquiet, that I contemplated the first Scotchman I chanced to meet in society. There was much about him that coincided with my previous conceptions. He had the habit and athletic form, said to be peculiar to his race, and possessed the nervousness and slow pedantic mode of expression, arising from a desire to avoid peculiarities of idiom or dialect. I could also observe the caution and shrewdness of his character, and the answers which he returned. But I was not prepared for the air of easy self-possession and superiority, with which he seemed to predominate over the rest of the company. I judged he was a lawyer, as it were, by accident. His dress was as coarse as it could be, being still decent; and, at a time when great expense was lavished upon the wardrobe, even of the lowest wealth. He was not the common, dandified, affected, and indolent indicator of mediocrity of circumstances, if not poverty. His conversation intimated, that he was engaged in the court-trade, a very dignified professional pursuit; and, that indeed, he seemed to treat as a matter of course, to treat the rest of the company with the cool and descending politeness, which implies a real, or imagined, superiority over those to whom we are inferior. When I expressed any opinion on any point, it was with that easy tone of confidence used by those superior to their society in rank or information, as if what he said could not be doubted.

Mr. Campbell, who was a Scotchman of great importance and reputation—seven highwaymen had defeated with his single arm, that beat him as he came from Whiston-Tyris—had given orders for fulfilling the conditions on which his pretensions were to depend, he failed not to acquaint them, "that, for as peaceable a gentleman as Mr. Campbell is, a Scotchman, he would be great enough to raise seven—seven highwaymen in a few days, for his pretension—seven highwaymen, had defeated him with his single arm, that beat him as he came from Whiston-Tyris."

"Thou art deceived, friend Jonathan," said Campbell, interrupting him; "they were but barely two, and two cowardly looks as man could wish to meet withal."

"And did you, sir, really," said my fellow-traveller, edging his chair (I should have said his portmanteau) nearer to Mr. Campbell, "really and actually beat two highwaymen yourself alone?"

"In troth did I, sir," replied Campbell; "and I think it is something to be sung about."

"Upon my word, sir," replied my acquaintance, "I should be happy to have the pleasure of your company on my journey—I go northward, sir."

This passage was pleasant for me, a Scotchman, concerning the route he proposed to himself, the first I had heard my companion bestow upon any one, failed to excite the corresponding confidence of the Scotchman.

"We can't travel together, sir," I replied.

"You, sir, doubtless, are well mounted, and I, for the present, travel on foot, or on a Highland shawl, that does not help me much faster forward."

"I say, called for a reckoning for the wine, and throwing down the price of the additional bottle which he had himself introduced, rose as if to take leave of us. My companion made a sign to me, and taking him by the arm, drew him aside near the window. I could not help overhearing his press something— I supposed his company upon the journey, which Mr. Campbell seemed to decline, I will pay your charges, sir," said the traveller, in a tone, as if he thought the argument should bear down all opposition.

"It is quite impossible," said Campbell, somewhat contemptuously; "I have business at Rothbury."

"But I am sure, sir, I have the courage to believe it," I replied, "that better than strongly opposed the cause of high church and the Stewart line. The excisemen, as in duty bound, and the attorney, who looked to some petty office under the crown, together with my fellow-traveller, who seemed to enter keenly into the contest, staunchly supported the cause of King George and the Protestant succession. Dire was the screaming—deep the
ed him, and, coming up to me as the company were dispersing, observed, "Your friend, sir, is too communicative, considering the nature of his trust."

I apologise, replied I, although looking towards the traveller, "is no friend of mine, but an acquaintance whom I picked up on the road. I know neither his name nor business, and you seem to be deeper in this confidence than I can be; to the moment very accessible to impressions of this nature, I expected with some eagerness the appearance of the huntsmen.

The fox, winded and nearly spent, first made his appearance from the coppice which clothed the right-hand side of the valley. His drooping brush, his soiled appearance, and jaded trot, proclaimed his fate impending; and the carrion crow, which hovered over him, already considered poor Reynard as soon to be his prey. He crossed the stream which divides the little valley, and was dragging himself up a ravine on the steep ascent of its wild banks, with his headmost hounds, followed by the rest of the pack in full cry, burst from the coppice, followed by the huntsman, and three or four riders. The dogs pursued the fox in the manner already stipulated, the hunters followed with reckless haste, regardless of the broken and difficult nature of the ground. They were tall, stout young men, well mounted, and dressed in green, the colour of autumn, and a particular sort of gait, dressed under the auspices of old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone. My cousins thought I, as they swept past me. The next reflection was, what is my reception likely to be as among these rustics, members of the Pack of Nimrod? and how improbable is it, that knowing little or nothing of rural sports, shall find myself at ease, or happy, in my uncle's family. A vision that passed through my mind, omitting these three huntsmen, as it were, was that of the broad fields and open country, the wide prospects and clumps of wood which I had traversed in my solitary walk.

It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful grey hunter, and with a beautiful grey hunter, and with a

CHAPTER V.

How melts my beating heart, as I behold
The bright eye闪光, the warm cheek's glow,
Such beauty, such grace, such beauty and grace,

I thought of my friends, of the journey I was about to undertake, and the excitement of the day. The weather was fine, the country beautiful, the scenery inspiring the loves of nature. No longer interrupted by the babble of my companion, I could now remark the difference which the country exhibited in the through which I had hitherto travelled. The streets were more properly preserved than the name, for, instead of slumbering stagnant among reeds and willows, they crawled along beneath the shade of native copsewood; were now hurried down delectively, and now purlled more leisurely, but still in active motion, through little lonely valleys, which opening on the road from time to time, seemed to invite the traveller to explore their recesses. The Chewits rose in the middle of the road, in maintaining the pastoral habit, with the sublime variety of rock and cliff which characterises mountains of the primary class, but huge, round-headed, and clothed with a dark robe of russet, gaining by the aspect and appearance, influence upon the imagination, as a desert district possessing a character of its own.

I parted from my father, which I was now I approached the old mansion, to give my uncle the title of a man of large property. This he employed (as I was given to understand by some inquiries which I made on the road) in maintaining the pastoral hospitality of a northern square of the period, which he deemed essential to his family dignity.

From the summit of an eminence the road had already found a direct route of Osbaldistone Hall, a large and antiquated edifice, peeping out from a Druidical grove of high oaks; and I was directing my course towards it, as straightforwardly as speedily as the windings of a very indifferently road would permit. My horse was, tired as he was, pricked up his ears at the enlivening notes of a pack of hounds in full cry, cheered by the occasional burst of a French horn, which in those days was the constant accompaniment to the chase. I made no doubt that the pack was my uncle's, and drew up my horse with the purpose of suffering the hunters to pass without notice, aware that a hunting-hound on the scent of a certain fox may chance to a keen sportsman, and determined, when they had passed on, to proceed to the mansion-house at my own pace, and there to await the return of the pristors from his sport. I paused, therefore, on a rising ground, and, not unmoved by the sense of in terest which that species of sylvan sport is so much impled by me, the only thing which I was to observe (at the moment very accessible to impressions of this nature,) I expected with some eagerness the appearance of the huntsmen.
ROB ROY.

[CHAP. V.

Inquiry of you, whether in the course of your travels in these parts, you have heard any thing of a friend of ours, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, who has been for some time absent at Osbaldistone Hall?"

I was too happy to acknowledge myself to be the party inquired after, and to express my thanks, for the kind inquiries into the young lady.

"In this respect," she replied, "as my kinsman's politeness seems to be still unknown, you will permit me (though I suppose it is highly improper) to ask a question or two of you. You are a young Squire Thorncliff Osbaldistone, your cousin, and Die Vernon, who has also the honour to be your accomplished cousin's poor kinwoman."

"I confess to be a subject of boldness, satire, and simplicity in the manner in which Miss Vernon pronounced these words. My knowledge of life was insufficient to enable me to take up a corresponding tone as I expressed my gratitude to her for her condescension, and my extreme pleasure at having met with them. To say the truth, the compliment was so expressed that the lady might easily appropriate the greater share of it, for Thorncliff seemed an arrant country bumpkin, awkward, shy, and somewhat sulky withal. He shook hands with me, however, and then intimated his intention of leaving me alone, and, as he was for the present rising from his seat, he made me the opportunity of coming up to the hounds, a purpose which he rather communicated by way of information to Miss Vernon than by way of apology to me.

"The same," he said, the young lady, following him with eyes in which disdained was admirably painted—"the prince of grooms and cock-fighters, and blackguard horse-courser. But there is not one of them to match another. Have you read Markham?" said Miss Vernon.

"Read whom, ma'am?—I do not even remember the author's name."

"One of us on what a star you are waxed wicked!" replied the young lady. "A poor forlorn and ignorant stranger, unacquainted with the very Aecoran of the savage tribe whom you are come to reside among—Needless to say that Markham, the most celestial author on farrierery! I then see you are equally a stranger to the more modern names of Gibson and Bartlett."

"I am, indeed, Miss Vernon.""

"And do you not blush to own it?" said Miss Vernon. "Why, we must forswear your alliance. Then, suppose you, can neither give a ball, nor a masque, nor a masquerade."

"I confess I trust all these matters to an ostler or to my groom!"

"Incredible carelessness!—And you cannot shoe a horse. You shod one tail; or worm a dog, or crop his ears, or cut his dewclaw?"

"I can do that?" said the young lady, putting her horse to a cantor.

There was a sort of rude overgrown fence crossed, the path before us, with a gate, composed of pieces of wood, as large, it seemed, as Osbaldistone Hall. I must forward to open it, when Miss Vernon cleared the obstruction at a flying leap. I was bound, in point of honour to follow, and was in a moment again at her heels.

"There are hopes of you yet," she said. "I was afraid you had been a very degenerate Osbaldistone. But what on earth brings you to Cub-Castle?—for so it is called, you must know."

"I felt I was by this time on a very intimate footing with thy beautiful appurtenance, and therefore replied in

"a confidential undertone,—" Indeed, my dear Miss Vernon, I might have considered it as a sacrifice to be a temporary resident of Osbaldistone Hall, the inmates being such as you describe them; but I am convinced there is one exception that will make amends for all deficiencies.

"O, you Rashleigh!" said Miss Vernon.

"Indeed, I do not; I was thinking—forgive me—of some person much nearer me."

"I suppose it would be proper not to understand your civility?—But that is not my way—I don't make a curtesy for it, because I am sitting on horseback. But, seriously, I deserve your exception, for I am the only conversable being about the Hall, except the old priest and Rashleigh, and simplicity, and, if nature has given him a mouthful of common sense, and the priest has added a bushel of learning—he is what we call a very clever man in this country, where clever men are scarce. Brod to the church, but in no hurry to take orders."

"To the Catholic Church?"

"The Catholic Church, what else?" said the young lady. "But I forgot, they told me you are a heretic. Is that true, Mr. Osbaldistone?"

"I must not deny the charge."

"And you have been abroad, and in Catholic countries?"

"For nearly four years."

"You have seen convents?"

"Often, I have not seen much in them which recommended the Catholic religion."

"Are not the inhabitants happy?"

"Some are unquestionably so, whom either a profound sense of devotion, or an escape from perils and sufferings and misfortunes of the world, or a natural apathy of temper, has led into retirement. Those who have, like myself, adopted a life of exclusion from sudden and overstrained enthusiasm, or in hasty remembrance of some disappointment or mortification, are very miserable. The quickness of sensation soon returns, and, like the wilder animals in a menagerie, they are restless under confinement, while others muse or fatten in cells of no larger dimensions than theirs."

"And what?" continued Miss Vernon, "becomes of those whom are condemned to a convent by the will of others? What do they resemble in being and what do they resemble in being? if they are born to enjoy life, and feel its blessings?"

"They are like imprisoned singing-birds," replied I, "condemned to wear out their song, which they might enjoy, but which they must wear in the exercises of accomplishments, which would have adorned society, had they been left at large."

"I shall be," returned Miss Vernon—that is said she, correcting herself—"I should be rather like the wild hawk, who, barred the free exercise of his roar through heaven, will dash himself to pieces against the bars of his cage. But to return to Rashleigh," said she, in a more lively tone, "you will think him the pleasantest man you ever saw in your life, Mr. Osbaldistone, that is, for a week at least. If he could find out a blind mistress, ne'er whom would be so secure as that one; but the thing is, that enchanting the ear. But here we are in the court of the old hall, which looks as wild and odd as any of its inmates. There is no great toilette kept so any of them. Rashleigh, you must know, but I must give up these things, they are so unpleasantly warm, and the hat hurts my forehead too," continued the lively girl, taking it off, and shaking down a profusion of wild roses, which, like a little blush, separated with her white slender fingers, in order to clear them away from her beautiful face and piercing hazel eyes. If there was any coquetry in the action, she was well disguised of ours. You might have said away I suppose, if you would?"
ight not to understand in what sense it was meant," said Miss Vernon; "but you will see a better apology for a little negligence, when you meet the Orus, who will be more huge and tumultuous, and who will not be so well improved. But, as I said before, the old dinner will cling, or rather clank, in a few minutes—it seemed of its own accord on the day of the landing. Keene, in admiration of her beauty, and assiduous with the overabundance of her manners, which marked the more extraordinary, at a time when the state of politeness, flowing from the court of the grand Monarque Louis XIV., prescribed to the fair a more unusual severity of decorum. I was left awkward enough stationed in the centre of the court of the old hall, mounted on one horse and holding another in my hand. The building afforded little interest to a stranger, if I had been disposed to consider it attentively; the lar, of the quadrangle were of various architecture, in the width of the arches, and the height, grotesque turrets, and massive architraves, resembling the inside of a convent, or one of the older and less lendid colleges of Oxford. I called for a domestic, it was not unoccupied, but totally unoccupied; which was the more provoking, as I could perceive it was a object of curiosity to several servants, both male and female, from different parts of the building, who peeped at our horses and within the chamber as rabbis in a warren, before I could make a direct appeal the attention of any individual. The return of the men and hounds relieved me from my embarrassment, for the dog, I believe, was no chanced to guide me to the presence of Sir Hildebrand. His service he performed with much grace and tact well, as a people who is compelled to act as guide a hostile patrol; and in the same manner I was obliged to guard against his deserting me in the labyrinth low vaulted passages which conducted to "Stun all," as he called it, where I was to be introduced the gracious presence of my uncle. We did, however, at length reach a long vaulted room, floored with stone, where a range of oaken tables, was of various device and construction, nets, fishing rods, otter-spears, hunting-poles, with many other angular devices and engines for taking or killing time. A few old pictures, dimmed with smoke, and ancient prints, in the period by the unknown artists, repre denying knights and ladies, honoured, decorated, and mourned in their day; thoserowning fearfully from the bushed of wig and of beard; and these looking slightly with all their might at the roses which they brandished in their hands. I had just time to give a glance at these matters, then about twelve blue-coat servants burst into a loud roar, which is the young gentleman of the day, and will not be removed. They engaged in directing his comrade than in discharging as own duty. Some brought blocks and billets to fire, which roared, blazed, and ascended, half in smoke and half in flames; and a strong tower high enough to accommodate a stone-seat within a ample vault, and which was fronted, by way of many windows, with a huge piece of heavy architecture, where the monarchs of heraldry, embodied by the art of some Northumbrian chisel, grained and ramped in red freestone, now jardned by the smoke of centuries. Others of these old-fashioned serving-men were scarce a measure too belated, and the noise of the fare; others brought in cups, flagons, bottles, yea barrels of liquor. All tripped, kicked, plunged, shouldered, and jostled, doing as little service with as much effect. At length, while the dinner was, after various efforts, in the act of being arranged upon the board, "the clamour much of men and dogs," the cracking of whips, calculated for the intimidation of the latter, as loud and harsh as the bub among the servants rather increased than diminished as this crisis approached,—some called to make haste,—others to take time,—some exosted to stand out of the way, and make room for Sir Hildebrand and the young ariote,—some to close round the table, and be in the way,—some bawled to open, some to shut a pair of folding-doors, which divided the hall from a sort of gallery, as I afterwards learned, to withdrawing-room, fitted up with black wainscot. Opened the doors were at length, and in rushing curts and men,—eight dogs, the domestic chaplain, the village doctor, my six cousins, and my uncle.

CHAPTER VI.
The rude hall rocks—they come, they come, The din of voices makes the dome In stalk the various forms, and, great In varying motion, varying vast.

All march with haughty step—aloud prouly shake the great.

If Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone was in no hurry to greet his nephew, of whose arrival he must have been a thousand times in his mind and mouth, for he sent on a message saying that they were to agree in excuse. "Had seen thee sooner, lad," he exclaimed, after a rough shake of the hand, and a hearty welcome to Osbaldistone Hall, "but had to see the hounds kennelled first. Thou art welcome to the Hall, lad—here is thy cousin Petrie, thy cousin Thornie, and thy cousin John—thy cousin Dick, your cousin Wilfred, and—stay, where's Ralheley—here's Ralheley—take thy long body aside, Thornie, and let's see thy brother a bit—your cousin Raileley. So, thy father has thought on the old Hall, and old Sir Hildebrand at last—better late than never— Though I have a mind to be muddy about it. Where's my little Die?—ay, here she comes—this is my niece Die, my wife's brother's daughter—the prettiest girl in our dales, be the other who she may—and so now let's to the business.

To gain some idea of the person who held this language, you must suppose, my dear Tresham, a man aged about sixty, in a hunting suit which had once been richly laced, but whose splendour had been tarnished by many a November and December storm. Sir Hildebrand, notwithstanding the abruptness of his present manner, had, at one period of his life, known courts and camps; had held a commission in the army which encamped on Hounslow Heath previous to the Revolution, and, recommended perhaps by his religion, he was knighted about the same period by the unknown artists James and John. But the Knight's dreams of further preferment, if he ever entertained any, had died away at the crisis which drove his patron from the throne, and since that period he had spent a sequestered life upon his native domains. Notwithstanding his rusticity, he ever, Sir Hildebrand retained much of the exterior of a gentleman, and appeared among his sons as the true olden remains of a great and good man, neither enjoyed in directing his companions than in discharging as own duty. Some brought blocks and billets to fire, which roared, blazed, and ascended, half in smoke and half in flames; and a strong tower high enough to accommodate a stone-seat within an ample vault, and which was fronted, by way of many windows, with a huge piece of heavy architecture, where the monarchs of heraldry, embodied by the

* Now called Don Juan.
ROB ROY.

[CHAP. VI]

grace and manner, which, in the polished world, sometimes supply mental deficiency. Their most valuable moral quality seemed to be the good-humour and courtesy which was expressed in their heavy features, and their only pretence to accomplishment was their dexterity in field sports, for which alone they lived. The strong Gysar, and the strong Clancharles, and the son and heir of any personal, by the strong Pervical, the strong Thorncliff, the strong John, Richard, and Wilfred Osbaldestone, were by outward appearance.

But if I confine myself to a uniformity so uncommon in her productions, Dame Nature had rendered Rashleigh Osbaldestone a striking contrast in person and manner, and, as I afterwards learned, in character and talents under any personal deformity. He was not to most men whom I had hitherto met with. When Percie, Thornie, and Co. had respectively nodded, grinned, and presented their shoulder, rather than their face, he was their father named them to their new kinsman, Rashleigh stepped forward, and welcomed me to Osbaldestone Hall, with the air and manner of a man of the world. His appearance was not intimidating. He was of low stature, whereas all his limbs seemed to be that of Angelic, and, while they were handomely formed, Rashleigh, though strong in person, was buck-necked and cross-made, and, from some early injury in his youth, had an indescribable gait, so unlike any other man that his absolute halt, that many alleged that it formed the obstacle to his taking orders; the church of Rome, as is well known, admitting none to the clerical profession who have an uncorrigible deformity. Others, however, ascribed this unsightly defect to a mere awkward habit, and contended, that it did not amount to a personal disqualification from holy orders. Rashleigh was high-spirited, as, having looked upon, we in vain wish to banish from our memory, to which they recur as objects of painful curiosity, although we dwell upon them with a feeling of disgust, was not quite actual plainness of his face, taken separately from the meaning, which made this strong impression. His features were, indeed, irregular, but they were by no means vulgar; and his keen dark eyes, and shaggy eyebrows, redeemed his face from the charge of commonplace ugliness. But there was in these eyes an expression of art and design, and, on provocation, a ferocity tempered by caution, which nature had made obvious to the most ordinary physiognomist, perhaps with the same intention that she has given the rattle to the poisonous snake. As to compensate him for the defect of exterior, such as Rashleigh Osbaldestone was possessed of a voice the most soft, mellow, and rich in its tones, that I ever heard, and was at no loss for language of every sort suited to so fine an instrument. His voice was so harmonious, that it was hardly ended, ere I internally agreed with Miss Vernon, that my new kinsman would make an instant conquest of a mistress whose ears alone were to judge his cause. He was about to place himself beside me at dinner, but Miss Vernon, who, as the only female in the family, arranged all such matters according to her own pleasure, contrived that I should sit betwixt Thorncliffe and herself; and it can scarce be doubted that the sensitive girl was more gratified with the company of a silken ball, and with embroidery. Your natural pace, as any of my five cousins might say, are far preferable to your complimentary anise. Endeavour to forget my unlucky star; call me Tom Vernon, if you have a mind, but speak to me as you would to a friend and companion; you have no idea how much I shall love you.

"That would be a bribe indeed," returned I."

"Again!" replied Miss Vernon, holding up her finger; "I told you I would not bear the shadow of compliment. And now, when you have pledged my uncle with me, I must blush at your freedom. If I am a brim, I will tell you what I think of you."

The bumping being pledged by me, as a dutiful nephew, and some other general intercourse of the table, having given me the means of learning to the conclusion, then, ere, I presume, of pretty nearly the same character."

"Yes, they form a happy compound of all, gamekeeper, bully, horse-jockey, and fool; but as they say there cannot be found two leaves on the same tree exactly alike, so these happy ingredients, being mingled in so various proportions, and the individual, make an agreeable variety for those who like to study character."

"Give me a sketch, if you please, Miss Vernon.""
who sits on Miss Vernon's left, to the huge quantities of meat with which they heap their plates, made them serve as two occasional partitions separate and isolate the conversation I leave you to our late-a-late. "And now," said I, "give me leave to ask you frankly, Miss Vernon, what you suppose I am thinking of you?—I could tell you what I think, and that far from being hurt, you would like it."

"I do not want your assistance, I am conquer enough to tell your thoughts without it. You need not open the casement of your bosom; I see through it."

"But you, in this exquisite landscape, to look half-romp; desirous of attracting attention by the freedom of her manners and loudness of her conversation, because she is ignorant of what the Spectator teaches, to ask me a question of your own, or declare to me what you think you have some particular plan of storming you into admiration. I should be sorry to shock your self-opinion, but you were never more mistaken. All the confidence I have reposed in you, I would have given as readily to your father, if I thought he could have understood me. I am in this happy family as much secluded from intelligent listeners as Sancho in the 6th discourse. And when opportunity offers, I speak or die. I assure you I would not have you a word of all this curious intelligence, had I cared a pin who knew it, or knew it not."

"It is very cruel in you, Miss Vernon, to take away all the importance of the conversation from your communications, but I must receive them on your own terms. You have not included Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldistone in your domestic sketches."

"I am diminished by your familiarity in that remark, and hastily, in a much lower tone, "Not a word of Rashleigh! His ears are so acute when his selfishness is interested, that the sounds would reach him even through a casement, enshrined in his soul, stuffed as it is with beef, venison-paste, and pudding."

"Yes," I replied; "but peeping past the living screen which divides us, before I put the question, I perceive that Rashleigh's chair is empty—he has left the table."

"I would not have you to be too sure of that," Miss Vernon replied. "Take my advice, and when you speak of Rashleigh, get up to him at Osborne-hill, or otherwise some distance, and when you speak of Miss Vernon, do this through a side-door, leading I knew not whether, rather than endure any longer the sight of father and one practising the same degrading intemperance, and holding the same course and disgraceful connection. I was pursued, of course, as I had expected, to be reclaimed by force, as a deserter from the shrine of Bacchus. When I heard the whoop and hollo, and the tramp of the heavy boots of my pursuers on the winding stair which I was descending, I distinctly foresaw I should be overtaken unless I could get into the open air. I therefore threw open a casement in the staircase window, and most magnificently described the garden; and, as the height did not exceed six feet, I jumped out without hesitation, and soon found, behind, the 'hey whoop! stole away! stole away!' I jumped down one alley, was quite fast up another; and then, conceiving myself out of all danger of pursuit, I slackened my pace into a quiet stroll, enjoying the cool air which the heat of the air I had been in obtruded to swallow, as well as that of my rapid retreat, rendered doubly grateful. As I sauntered on, I found the gardener hard at his evening employment, and saluted him, as I passed to look at it which I had gone over."

"Gude e'en—gude e'n yve," answered the man, without looking up, and in a tone which at once indicated his northern extraction.

"Fine weather for your work, my friend."

"It's a no that muffles to be conoeved of,", answered the man, with that limited degree of praise which..."
gardeners and farmers usually beat on the very best weather. Then raising his head, as if to see what the weather would be. Having dressed his Scotch bonnet with an air of respect, he observed, "Eh, gude save us!—it's a sight for sair een, to see a gold-laced jaediecor in the Haid garden sae late at e'en."

"Aye, my jaediecor—that's a jacket like your ain, thon. They hae other things to do wi' them up yonder—umbuttunbing them to make room for the beef and bacon, the duchy-building, and the claret-wine, nay doubt—that's the ordinary for evening lecture on this auld the Border."

"There's no such plenty of good cheer in your country, my good friend," I replied, "as to tempt you to reckonings."

"Hout, sir, ye ken little about Scotland; it's no for want of gude viver—the best of fish, flesh, and fowl hae we, by syllas, inganas, turncoops, and other gardeners. But we hae mensy and discretion, and are moderate of our mouths; but here, free the kitchen to the hain, it's full and fetch mair, free the step end of the four-and-twenty till the tother. Even I think it proper to caution them that they hae the best o' sea-fish free Hartlepool and Sunderland by land carriage, forbye strouts, grises, salmon, and a' the lave o' it, and so make their very fastest a kind of blackman of nation; and then the auld men, women, masses and matins of the pair deceived souls—but I shouldn't speak about them, for your honour will be a Roman, I warrant, like the lave.

"The right hand of fellowship to your honour then," quoth the gardener, with as much alacrity as his language admitted of, "I may say that as I come to have a hand in the raising of your highness' morning, and, as I have to show that his good-will did not rest on words, he plucked forth a huge horn snuff-box, or mull, as he called it, and proffered me a pinch with a most friendly aspect.

Having accepted his courtesy, I asked him if he had been long a domestick at Osbaldstone Hall?

"I have been fighting with wild beasts at Ephebus," said he, looking towards the building, "for the best part of these four-and-twenty years, as sure as my name's Andrew Fairservice."

"But, my excellent friend Andrew Fairservice, if your religion and your temperance are so much of" fended by Roman ritual and hospitality, it seems to me that you must have been putting yourself to an unnecessary penance all this while, and that you might have found a service where they eat, and drink, and pasture free."

"I cannot say I have," replied Andrew; "but I should like to have you explain yourself," and therewith I slapped a crown-piece into Andrew's horn-hard hand. The touch of the silver made him grimace a last shiver, and he stuffed it back in his breeches pocket; and then, like a man who well understood that there was value to be returned, stood up, and rested his arms on his spade, with his features composed in the most important gravity, as for some serious communication.

"Ye maun ken, then, young gentleman, since it imports you to know, that Miss Vernon is—"

"Here, breaking off, he sucked in both his cheeks till his lantern jaws and long chin assumed the appearance of a pair of nut-crackers; winked hard once more, frowned, shook his head, and seemed to think his physiognomy had completed the information which his tongue could add to it."

"Poor old fellow!" said I, "so young, so beautiful, so early lost!"

"Trath, ye may say sae; she's in a manner lost, body and soul; forby a Papist, I guess, hath her forth—for his northern caution prevails, and he was again silent."

"For what; sir?" said I sternly, "I insist on knowing the plan of meaning all this."

"Oh, just for the bitterest Jacobite in the hall shire."

"Faw! a Jacobite—is in that all?"

Andrew looked at me with some astonishment, at hearing his information treated so lightly; and then muttering, "Aweel, it's the worst thing I ken about the lassie, however," he resumed his spade, like the King of the Vandsel, in Marmontel's late novel.

CHAPTER VII.

Bardinck. The sheriff, with a monstrous watch, is at the door.

I found out some difficulty the apartment which was destined for my accommodation; and, having secured myself the necessary good-will and attention from my uncle's domestics, by using the means they were most capable of comprehending, I secluded myself there for the remainder of the evening, considering how much the fair way in which I left my new relatives, as well as from the distant noise which continued to echo from the stone-hall,
MAP. VII.] ROB ROY.

"I doubt, lad," was his reply: "thou'rt a rank rider, I'm warrant thee—but take heed. Thy father sent thee here to me to be bitted, and I doubt I must ride thee on the curb, or we'll have some one to ride thee on the halt. But in all, I am very glad you saved me as one who was to make some stay with me, and his rude hospitality rendered him as indifferent as King Hal to the number of those who feel his cost. But it was plain my presence or absence could be of as little importance in his eyes as that one of his blue-coated serving-men. My cousins were mere cubs, in whose company I might, if I liked, indulge a little more than the manners and the accomplishments, I had acquired, but where I could attain no information beyond what regarded warning ages, rowelling horses, and following foxes. I could also do well enough. With these reflections I fixed on one. My father considered the life which was led at Osbaldiston Hall as the natural and inevitable pursuit of all country gentlemen, and he was satisfied with his son's rambles. But as the little rhymish knowing to which he knew I should be disinclined, I reconciled me, if possible, to take an active share in his own business. In the mean time, he would take Rashleigh to a Dram, in the hope of a share in it. And but Rashleigh, being such as was described by Miss Vernon, into my father's business—perhaps into his confidence—I subdued it by the reflection, that my father's course of life could not be imposed upon, or influenced by any one, and that all I knew to the young gentleman's reputation was through the medium of a singular and patty girl, whose communications were made with me inaudible fretfulness, which might warrant me in supposing her conclusions had been hastily or inconclusively formed. Then my mind naturally turned to Miss Vernon herself; her extreme beauty; her refined air; her very presence; her singular voice; her whole character; the mystery of her imagination, and her own spirit, for guidance and protection; and her whole character offering that variety and spirit which piqued our curiosity, and engages our attention in spite of ourselves. I had been thorough-going to consider the neighbourhood of this singular young lady, and the chance of our being thrown into very close and frequent intercourse, as adding to the danger, was a source of pain to my mind. And I could not, with the fullest exertion of my prudence, prevail upon myself to regard excessively his new and particular hazard to which I was to be exposed. I was still engaging myself to settle most difficulties of the kind—I would be very always, on my guard, consider Miss Vernon rather as a companion than an intimate; and all would be well. One word more. With these reflections I fell asleep. Miss Vernon, of course, forming the last subject of my contemplation. Whether I dreamed of her or not, I cannot satisfy you, for I was tired, and slept soundly. But she was the first person I thought of in the morning, when waked at dawn by the cheerful notes of the hunting-horn. To start up, and direct my horse to her was my first movement; and in a few minutes I was in the court-yard, where men, dogs, and horses, were in full preparation. My uncle, who, perhaps, was not entitled to expect a very alert sportsman in his nephew, bred as he had been in foreign parts, seemed rather surprised to see me, and I thought his morning salutation wanted something of the hearty and hospitable tone which distinguished his last cockney, but there, last, youth's eye—"he took to th'wells—of the old saying—"

'He that gallops his horse on Blackstone edge Must chance to catch a full.'"

I believe there are few young men, and those very few, who would not rather be taxed with some moral precepto than with want of knowledge a horsemanship. As I was by no means deficient either in skill or courage, I resorted my uncle's instructions, and assured him he would find me as up with the bounds.

3 B

"I know no such an thing then, Miss Die, for tho' the miller swore himself as black as night, that he stopt them at twelve o'clock, midnight was that.

"If I were to put you to a miller's word—and these earths, too, where we lost the fox three times this season, and you on your gray mare that can gallop there and back in ten minutes."

"Well, Miss Die, I'm go to Woolverton then, and if the earths are not stopt, I'll saddle Dick the miller's bones for him.

"Do, my dear Thornie; horsewip the rascal to purposes, via away, and about it.—Thornie went off at the gallop— or get horsewip yourself."
which will serve my purpose just as well. I must teach them all discipline and obedience to the word of command. I am raising a regiment, you must know. I am a first lieutenant, sergeant-major, Dickson my riding major, and Wilfred, with his deep d-dub tones, that speak but three syllables at a time, my kettle-drummer.

"And so—"

"Rashleigh shall be my scout-master."

"And will you find me employment for my, most lovely colonel?"

"You shall have the choice of being paymaster, or plummer-master, to the corps. But see how the dogs puzzle about there. Come, Mr. Frank, the scene's cold; they won't recover it there this while; follow me, I have a word to show you."

And, in fact, she cantered up to the top of a gentle hill, commanding an extensive prospect. Casting her eyes around, to see that no one was near, she drew up her horse beneath a few birch-trees, which screened us from the rest of the hunting-field. "Do you see yon peaked, brown, heathy hill, having something like a whitish speck upon the side?"

"There, that long ridge of broken moorish upland— I see it distinctly."

"That whitish speck is a rock called Hawkesmore-crag, and Hawkesmore-crag is in Scotland."

"Truly! I did not think we had been so near Scotland."

"It is so, I assure you, and your horse will carry you there in two hours."

"I am sure it gives him the trouble; why, the distance must be eighteen miles as the crow flies."

"You may have my mare, if you think her less blown—I say, that in two hours you may be in Scotland."

"And I say, that I have so little desire to be there, that if your horse's head were over the Border, I would not give his tail the trouble of following. What said I do in Scotland?"

"Prove for your safety, if I must speak plainly. Do you understand me now, Mr. Frank?"

"Not a whit; you are more and more ocular."

"Then, on my word, you either mistrust me most unjustly, and are a better disssembler than Rashleigh Osbaldstoke himself, or you know nothing of what is imputed to you; and then no wonder you stare at me in that grave manner, which I can scarce see without laughing.

"Upon my word of honour, Miss Vernon," said I, with an impatience feeling of her childish disposition to a manner, I have not the most distant conception of what you have said. I am happy to afford you the means of subject of amusement, but I am quite ignorant in that what constans.

"Not then, no sound jest after all," said the young lady, composing herself, "only one looks so very ridiculous when he is fairly perplexed; but the matter is serious enough. Do you know one Moray, or Morra, or some such name?"

"Not that I can at present recollect."

"Think a moment—Did you not lately travel with somebody of such a name?"

"The only man with whom I travelled for any length of time was a fellow whose soul seemed to lie in his pommel."

Then it was like the soul of the licentious Pedro Garzon, mingled with my lagging one in his lathen purée. That man has been robbed, and he has lodged an information against you, as connected with the violence done to him."

"I am Miss Vernon."

"I do not, I assure you—the thing is an absolute fact.

"And do you, said I with strong indignation, which did not attempt to squander; do you suppose me capable of meritng such a charge?"

"You would call me out for it I suppose, had I the advantage of being a man—You may do so as it is, if you like it— I can shoot flying, as well as leap a five-barred gate."

"And are colonel of a regiment of horse besides," replied I, reflecting how idle it was to be angry with her— But do express the present jest to me!"
sent, and were be here, there is no
side he might take; the rest are all
criminal one than another. I will go
so not fear being able to serve you,
rit condemned to drag an overladen,
pring, strutting, and spluttering, to get the Justice put in
motion, while, though the wheels groan, creak, and
revolve slowly, the great and preponderating weight
of the vehicle fairly frustrates the efforts of the will-
iquadraped, and prevents its being brought into a
state of actual progress. Nay more, the unfortu-
ate pony, I understand, has been heard to complain,
that this same car of justice—so laudable
for its restraint in motion on some occasions, can on others
run fast enough down hill of its own accord, dragging
its reluctant self backwards along with it, when any
thing can be done of service to the quondam friends. And then Mr. Jobson talks big
about reporting his principal to the Secretary of
the Home Department, if it were not for his par-
icular regard and friendship for Mr. Inglewood
and his family."

As Miss Vernon concluded this whimsical
description, we found ourselves in front of Inglewood
Place, a handsome, though old-fashioned building, which
showed the consequence of the family.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Sir, answer the Lawyer, not to farther so.
You have as good and fair a battery.
As heart could wish, and never shame
The proudest man alive to claim."-

Our horses were taken by a servant in Sir Hilde-
brand's livery, whom we found in the court-yard,
and we entered the house. In the entrance-hall I was
somewhat surprised, and my fair companion still
more so, when we met Rashleigh Osbaldstone, who
could not help showing equal wonder at our rencontre.
"Rashleigh," said Miss Vernon, without giving
them time to ask any question, "you have heard of
Mr. Francis Osbaldstone's affair, and you have been
talking to the Justice about it?"

"Certainly," said Rashleigh, composedly, "it has
been my business here. I have been endeavouring.
he said, with a bow to me, "to render my cousin what
service I can. But I am sorry to meet him here."

"As a friend and relation, Mr. Osbaldstone, you
ought to have been sorry to have met me any where
else, at a time when the charge of my reputation
forced me to be on this spot as soon as possible."

"True; but, judging from my father said, I
should have supposed a short retreat into Scotland—
and matters should be smoothed over in a quiet way."

I answered with warmth, "That I had no preda-
cial measures to observe, and desired to have nothing
smoothed over; on the contrary, I was come to in-
quire into a rascally calumny, which I was determined
to probe to the bottom."

"Mr. Francis Osbaldstone is an innocent man,
Rashleigh," said Miss Vernon, "and he demands an
investigation of the charge against him, and I intend
to support him in it."

"You do, my pretty cousin?—I should think, now,
Mr. Francis Osbaldstone was likely to be as effectu-
ally, and rather more delicately, supported by my pre-
ence than by yours."

"O certainly; but two heads are better than one,
you know."

"Especially such a head as yours, my pretty De-
advancing, and taking her hand with a familiar fond-
ness, which made me think him fifty years older
than nature had made him. But however, I was
not able to relax his political creed, with
enforcing the law against unau-
sered of black-game, grouse, partridges,
ally the expression of
to it a
cember. Her eyes and cheeks became more momen
tiss, her colour mounted, she clenched her lips, and uplifted her
foot, seemed to listen with a mixture of contempt and indig
the apologies, which, from the lack of civil behavio
ence, his composed and respectful smile, his body rather drawing back than advanced, and other signs of look and person, I concluded him to be pouring out at her feet. As length she flung away from him, with "I bid you good-night," and left her in an apart- ment, and was, for some time, I suppose, not in my power to speak I how she was, or what she was doing. "It is not in my power—there is no possibility of it."—Would you think it, Mr. Osbaldiston?" I said, addressing me. "You are not mad?" she said, interrupting me. "Would you think it?" I said, without attending to her hint—"Miss Vernon insists, not only that I know your innocence, (of which, indeed, it is impossible, anyone one to be more convinced,) but that she must also be acquainted with the real perpetrators of the outrage on this fellow—if, indeed, such an outrage has been committed. Is this reasonable, Mr. Osbal- diston?" "I will not allow any appeal to Mr. Osbaldiston, Rashleigh, said the young lady; "he does not know, as I do, the incredible extent and accuracy of your in- quiry. As I am a gentleman, you do me more honour than I deserve." "You are a tyrant, Diana," he answered, with a sort of sigh—a capricious tyrant, and rule your friends with a rod of iron. Still, however, it shall be as you desire. But if you go upstairs and see him here—you know you ought not—you must return with me." Then turning from Diana, who seemed to stand undecided, he came up to me in the most friendly manner and said, "You are wrong, and your interest in what regards you, Mr. Osbaldiston. If I leave you just at this moment, it is only to act for your advantage. But you must use your influence with your cousin to return; her presence cannot serve you, and must prejudice herself."

"I assure you, sir," I replied, "you cannot be more convinced of this than I; I have urged Miss Vernon's return as anxiously as she would permit me to do. I have not spoken on it," said Miss Vernon, after a pause, "and I will not go till I see you safe out of the hands of the Philistines. Cousin Rashleigh, I dare say, means well; but he and I know each other well. Rashleigh, I will go on;—I know," she added, in a more soothing tone, "my being here will give you more motive for speed and exertion."

"Stay, then, rash, obstinate girl," said Rashleigh, "you know not to whom you trust; and hastening out of the hall, we heard his horse's feet a minute afterwards in rapid motion.

"Thank Heaven, he is gone!" said Diana. "And now for the Justice of the Peace!"

"Had we not better call a servant?"

"O, by no means; I know the way to his den—we must burst on him suddenly—follow me." I did follow his accordingly, as he dropped up a few gloomy steps, traversed a twilight passage, and entered a sort of anteroom, hung round with old maps, architectural elevations, and genealogical trees. A pair of folding-doors opened from this into Mr. Ingle- wood's sitting apartment, from which was heard the fog-ey of an old ditty, chanted by a voice which had been in its day fit for a jolly bottle-song.

"Hey-day!" said Miss Vernon, "the genial Justice must have dined already—I did not think it had been so late."

It was even so. Mr. Inglewood's appetite having been sharpened by his official investigations, he had ante-dated his meridian repast, having dined at twelve instead of one o'clock, then got his full dinner hour in England. The various occurrences of the morn- ing occasioned our arriving some time after this, to the Justice the most important of the four-and-twenty hours he had then elected the day."

"Stay you here," said Diana; "I know the house, and I will call a servant; your sudden appearance might startle the old gentleman even to choking," and she escaped from me, leaving me unsure whether I ought to advance or retreat. It was im- possible for me not to hear some part of what passed within the apartment, and they expressed apologies for declining to sing, expressed in a deprec- ed croaking voice, the tones of which, I conceived, were not entirely new to me.

"Not sung, sir? by our Lady! but you see—What! you have cracked, my silver-mounted con- nut of sack, and tell me that you cannot sing!—sack will make a cat sing, and speak too; so with undress stave, or on, my dear, of my days, if you think you are to take up all my valuable time with your d-d declarations, and then tell me you cannot sing?"

"Your worship is perfectly in rule," said the voice, which, from its pert conceited air, seemed to have that of the clerk, "and the party must be un- formable; he hath canet written on his last coat."

"Up with it, then," said the Justice, "or, by Christopher, you shall crack the cocoa-nut in salt-and-water, according to the statute for such murderers as you are.

Thus exhorbitantly and threatened, my quondam low-traveller, for I could no longer doubt that he was the recusant in question, uplifted, with a voice as loud to that of a criminal singing his last psalm, scaffold, as my pensive and doleful state to the following:

"Good people all, I pray give ear,
A woful story you shall hear.
This is a tale of loves, and losings,
Bade a true man stand and deliver.

With his foodie doo doo foodie lee,
This knave, most worthy of a cord.
Being arm'd with pistol and with sword,
Twist Kensington and Bramford then bid boldly sit six honest men.

With his foodie doo, & c.
"Those honest men did at Bennet's date,
Having drank each man his pint of wine,
When his bold thief, with many cries,
Did say, You don't your lives or those

With his foodie doo, & c.

I question if the honest men, whose murder commemorated in this pathetick did, were mobbed at the appearance of the bold thief, than the ter- ter was at mine; for, tired of waiting for some to announce me, and finding my situation so ener rather awkward, I prevented myself to the energetic manner, and said, as it was his name, was uplifting the fifth stave of a doleful ballad. The high tone, with which it started, died away in a quaver of consternation, finding it was but one near one who was disposed to be less little suspicious than that of his madrigal, and he remained silent, with a gaping as if I had brought the Gorgon's head in hand.

The Justice, whose eyes had closed under the influence of the somniferous lullaby of the song ed up in his chair as it suddenly ceased, and with wonder at the unexpected addition to his company had received, while his organs of sight in abeyance. The clerk, as I conjectured him from his appearance, was also commoved; sitting opposite to Mr. Morris, that he was a terror communicat ed himself to him, though he not why.

I broke the silence of surprise occasioned the abrupt entrance.—"My name, Mr. Ingle- Francia Osbaldiston; I understand that some- drel has brought a complaint before you, me with being concerned in a loss which he, has much involved."

"Sir," said the Justice, somewhat peevishly, are matters I never enter upon after dinner a time for every thing, and a justice of peace as well as of the law, has much involved."

The goodly person of Mr. Inglewood, it seemed by no means to have suffered by the whether in the service of the law or of re-
is not concluded, sir," replied the magistrate; "requires digestion as well as food, and I protest we have been gratified by your visit. Unless I am at two hours of quiet leisure, intermingled with sea air, and a moderate circulation of the

"your honour will forgive me," said Mr. Jobson, and produced and arranged his writing implements, with what a liveliness and animation might be expected from this. "The charge here is that of a felony, and the gentleman

... the gentleman whom you charge with such a piece of envirenment?"

for it, let us come to the point. These scattered wits had yet to be assembled—"I charge no-one with anything against the gentleman," was the reply. "I have only a word or two to say about the matter—Mr. Osbourne, you help yourself," he added.

"I am not in a position to say anything against the gentleman," was the reply. "I have only a word or two to say about the matter—Mr. Osbourne, you help yourself," he added.

The justice, starting up with an alacrity that had never before been shown, proceeded to the court, where the whole of the evidence had been given, and the case was brought to a close. The court was adjourned till the next day, and the case was left for the consideration of the jury. The trial was adjourned till the next day, and the case was left for the consideration of the jury. The trial was adjourned till the next day, and the case was left for the consideration of the jury.
against me, alleging, "that since I had confessedly, upon my own showing, assumed the bearing or deportation of a frank and open man, I had voluntarily subjected myself to the suspicions of which I complained, and brought myself within the compass of the act, having wilfully clothed my conduct with all the false and livid hue of base guilt."

I combated both his arguments and his jargon with much indignation and scorn, and observed, "that I should, if necessary, produce the bill of my relations, which my conscience would not permit him to presume without subjecting the magistrat[e] in a misdemeanor."

"Pardon me, my good sir,—pardon me," said the insatiable clerk, "this is a case in which neither bail nor imprisonment is liable to be committed on heavy grounds of suspicion, not being revivable under the statute of the 3d of King Edward, there being in that act an express exception of such as be charged of commandment, or force, or aid of felony done; and he hinted, that his worship would do well to remember that such were no way revivable by common writ, nor without writ."

At this period of the conversation a servant entered, and extended a letter to me, by reason I was no sooner run it hastily over, than he exclaimed, with the air of one who wished to appear much vexed at the interruption, and felt the consequence attached to a manner of speaking—"You see, sir, why, at this rate, I shall have neither time to attend to the public concerns nor my own—no rest—no quiet—I wish to Heaven another gentleman in our line would settle here!"

"God forbid!" said the Justice, in a tone of sotto-voice depression; "some of us have enough of the trade."

"This is a matter of life and death, if your worship pleases."

"In God's name, I hope no more justice business, I hope," said the alarmed magistrate.

"Humph," replied Mr. Johnson, very consequential; "old Gaifer Rutledge of Grime's-hill, is summoned for the next world; he has sent an express for Dr. Kill-down to put in bail,—another for me to arrange his worldly affairs."

"Away with you, then," said Mr. Inglewood hastily; "his may not be a revivable case under the statute, you know, or Mr. Justice Death may not like the doctor for a main person, or bailman."

"And yet," said Johnson, lingering as he moved towards the door, "if my presence here be necessary—I could make out the warrant for commitual in a moment and the constable and you have heard," he said, lowering his voice, "Mr. Rashleigh's opinion—the rest was lost in a whisper.

The Justice replied aloud, "I tell thee no, man, no—do not till thou return, man, but to the foamy river—Call upon the botte, Mr. Morris."

"Don't be cast down, Mr. Osbaldstone—And you, my case of the wilderness—one cup of claret to refresh the bloom of your cheeks.

Diana started as if from a noisette, in which she appeared to have been plunged while we held this discussion. "No, Justice, I should be afraid of transferring the bloom to a part of my face where it would show to advantage," she said. "But I will, if you will, give you a cool beverage; and, filling a glass with water, she drank it hastily, while her hurried maner belied her assumed gayety.

I was no leisure to make remarks upon her demeanour, however, being full of vexation at the interference of fresh obstacles to an instant examination of the disgraceful and impertinent charge which was brought against me. But there was no moving the Justice to take the matter up in absence of his jerk, an incident which gave him apparently as much pleasure as a holiday to a school-boy. He persisted in his efforts to compose a company of the individuals of which, whether considered with reference to each other, or to their respective situations, were by no means inclined to mirth. "Come, Master Morris, you're not the first man that's been robbed, I tell you, nor the first that's been cut to pieces."

And you, Mr. Frank Osbaldstone, are not the first—boy that has said stand to a true man.

There was Jack Winterfield, in my you the best company in the land—at horsey cock-fights and gaming tables. Jack—Push the bottle, Mr. Morris, it's yours. Many quart bumpers have I cracked, many a mery man with poor Jack—get ready we—always as honest a soul as God made, though we're snug among ourselves, Mr. C. if you will have my best advice, I would matter—the law's hard—very severe!—Jack Winterfield at York, desperate interest—all for easing a fat grasier of the price of a few beasts—Now nest Mr. Morris has been frightened, an I—n—it, man, let the poor fellow have a bateau, and end the frolic once."

Morris's eyes brightened up at this sug he began to hesitate for an assurance l food for no man's blood, when I cut the commotion—on the contrary, as a Mr. gestion as an insult, that went directly to guilt of the very crime which I had come with the expression of intention of disavow in this a severe profit. I closed the door, and leing the door, announced, "A strange wait upon your honour! and the party w described entered the room without further

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CHAPTER IX.

One of the thieves came back again! I'll a he does not write now, so near the a And call in vain 'tis, till I see him offer it.

"A stranger!" echoed the Justice, business, I trust, for I'll be—"

His protestation was cut short by the a man himself. "My business is of a n aro and particular," said my acqu Campbell,—for it was he, the very S I had seen at Northallerton,—"and I your honour to give instant and heedful to it—I believe, Mr. Morris," he added, t on that part with a look of I almost ferocity—"I believe ye ken b I believe ye cannot have forgotten w our meeting on the road?" Morrie his companion became the bearer of a tooth chattered, and he gave visible sign of consternation. "Take heart of said Campbell, and dinna sit chatterin there like a pair of crows! I think na difficulty in your telling Mr. Justice, seen me of yore, and ken me to be a case, and a man of honour,—ye ken fu be some time resident in my vicinity, have the power, as I will possess the in do you as good a turn."

"Sir—sir—I believe you to be a man as you say, a man of fortune," Mr. he added, clearing his voice, "I really gentleman to be so."

And what are this gentleman's con me?" said the Justice, somewhat pe man introduces another, like the rhyme that Jack built, and I get company w peace or conversation?"

"Both shall be yours, sir," answere "in a brief period of time. I come to mind from a piece of troublesome duty, increment to it."

"Body of me! then you are welcome to England, and that's not saying get on, man, let's hear what you have once."

"I presume this gentleman," continued Briton, "told you there was a man w Campbell with him, when he had the lose his value!"
"He has not mentioned such a name, from beginning to end of the matter," said the Justice.

"I conceive—i conceive," replied Mr. Campbell;

"I am no witness, but what has been reported to me by another gentleman, who has been a stranger into collision with the judicial forms of the country; but as I understand my evidence is necessary to the compurgation of one honest gentleman and the domicil of another, that declined by me, but afterwards accepted, when I overtook you on the road near Oberry Alera, and was prevailed on by you to resign your intentions of proceeding to Rothberry; and, if by misfortune, to accompany you on your pro"...
somewhat dampened by reflection on what his clerk's view of the transaction might be at his return.

"But I'll all right," said Mr. Nash, "I've released all those d—d papers—I doubt I should not have destroyed them, after all—but, hang it, it is only paying his fees, and that will make all smooth—And now, Miss Vernon, you must not take a second hour. I have ordered all our affairs, and I suppose you are to be up and carried off by your cousin, and have old Cob a fiddler, and be as merry as the maids; and Frank Osbaldistone and I will have a carouse that will make us fit company for the hall at the Justice's.

"Thanks, most worshipful," returned Miss Vernon; "but, as matters stand, we must return instantly to Osbaldistone Hall, where they do not know what has become of us, and are in a state of anxiety on my cousin's account, which is just the same as if one of his own sons were concerned.

"I believe it truly," said the Justice; "for when his eldest son is out, he is a man of a solitary and desolate life, and I suppose the news of him has just reached him. I will pray hasten home, and relieve his paternal solicitude, since go you must. But, hark thee hither, heath-blossom, he said, pulling her towards him by the hand, and in a good-humoured tone of admonition, "You must let me just take a look at your pretty finger into her old rusted pie, all full of fragments of law gibberish—French and dog-Latin—And Die, my beauty, let young fellows shout each other down the street, and dance in the rooms, in case you should lose your own road, while you are pointing out theirs. My pretty Will o' the Wisp.

With this admonition, he saluted and dismissed Miss Vernon, and took an equally kind farewell of me.

"Thou seem's to be a good tight lad, Mr. Nash, and I remember thy father too—he was my play-fellow at school. Hark thee, lad, ride early at night, and don't be mad with carriage passengers, or chance the king's highway. I'm only one of the king's liege subjects not bound to understand joking, and I'm all cracking jokes on matters of felony. And here's a poem of Die Vernon too—in a manner alone and desolate, and unconnected on the face of this wide earth, and left to ride, and run, and scamper at her own silly pleasure. Thou must be careful of Die, or, equal, I will turn a young fellow into a rascal, and drive myself off. I don't think you own a good deal of trouble. And now, get ye both gone, and leave me to my pipe of tobacco, and my meditations; for what art I?

"The Indian leaf doth briefly burn;
No doth man's strength to weakness turn;
The fire of youth extinguishes quite,
Comes away like amber, dry and white.
Think of this as you take tobacco."

I was much pleased with the pleases of sense and feeling which escaped from the Justice through the vapours of sloth and self-indulgence, assured him of my respect for his admonitions, and took a friendly farewell of the honest magistrate and his hospitable mansion.

We found a repast prepared for us in the ante-room, which we partook of, and rejoined the same servant of Sir Hildebrand who had taken our horses at our entrance, and who had been directed, as he informed Miss Vernon, by Mr. Rashleigh, to wait and assist us. We conversed in way in which we were in silence, for, to say truth, my mind was too much bewildered with the events of the morning, to permit me to be the first to break it. At length Miss Vernon excused herself, and retired, and I was left entirely to the disposition of Mr. Rashleigh.

"Weil, Rashleigh is a man to be feared and wonder at, and all but loved; he does whatever he pleases, and takes all others his puppets—he has a player ready to perform any part which he imagines of a game of entertainment and readiness which supply expedients for every emergency.

"You thank then," said I, answering rather to her meaning, than to the express words she made use of. "that this Mr. Campbell, whose appearance was so opportune, and who so cleverly managed to engage me as a follower of a driven partridge, was an agent of Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldistone's?"

"I do give as much," replied Diana, "as shrewdly enough to deserve credit, that he would hardly have appeared so very much in the nick of time, if I had not happened to meet Rashleigh in the hall at the Justice's."

"In that case, my thanks are chiefly due to you, my fair preserver.

"To be sure they are," returned Diana, "and pray, suppose them paid, and accepted with a gracious smile, for I do not care to be troubled with hearing them in good earnest, and am much more likely to yawn than to believe becoming. In short, Mr. Frank, I wished to serve you, and I have fortunately been the but of my wit, which is only favourable to sat in return, and that is, that you will say no more about it. But who comes here to meet us, 'conspiring, fiery-red with haste'? It is the subordinate name of Mr. Rashleigh in the hands of Miss Vernon.

And Mr. Joseph Jobson it proved to be, in great haste, and, as it speedily appeared, in most extreme bad humour. He came up to us, and stopped his horse, as we were about to pass with a slight salutation.

"So, sir—so, Miss Vernon—aye—I see well enough how it is—hail put in during my absence, I suppose—So I should to know who does the recognise that's all. If his husband uses his leisure, without often, I advise him to get another clerk, that's all, for I shall certainly demit.

"Or suppose he get his present clerk stiched to his sleeve, Mr. Jobson," said Diana, "would not that do as well? And pray how does Farmer Rutledge, Mr. Jobson? I hope you found him able to sign, seal, and deliver."

This question seemed greatly to increase the wrath of the man of law. He looked at Miss Vernon with such an air of spite and resentment, as made me under a strong temptation to knock him off his horse with the butt of my whip, which I only suppressed in consideration of his insignificance.

"Farmer Rutledge, ma'am?" said the clerk, as soon as his indignation permitted him to articulate. "Farmer Rutledge, Sir, the first man of King William, ha' of glorious and immortal memory—our immortal deliverer from papists and pretenders, and wooden shoes and warming pans, Miss Vernon.

"Sad things, these wooden shoes and warming pans," returned Miss Vernon, "and said I came to hunt for a job, ma'am—which I have no more right to have said to you than any other gentleman of my profession, ma'am—especially as I am clerk to the peace, having and holding said office unless Trigismo Septimo Henriico Octavino et Primo Germanici, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc,
clerk of peace to the county; and Gaffer Rutledge says you are a pettifogger; and in neither capacity am I entitled to be impertinent to a young lady of fashion.”

Miss Vernon laid her hand on my arm, and exclaimed, “Come, Mr. Osbaldestone, I will have no nonsense here. You are not a girl, and not a young fellow, and would be shut up in a nunnery, if I did half the things that I have a mind to; and that, if I had your happy prerogative of acting as your fancy dictates, I should make the world mad with imitating and applauding.”

“I can’t quite afford you the sympathy you expect upon this score,” I replied; “the misfortune is so general, that it belongs to one half of the species; and the other half—”

“Are so much better cared for, that they are jealous of your prerogatives,” interrupted Miss Vernon; “I forgot you were a party interested. Nay,” said she, as I was about to speak, “that soft spirit is intended to be the preface of a very pretty compliment respecting the peculiar advantages which Dr. Vernon’s friends and kin are anxious to enjoy, by being born one of their Holes; but spare me the utterance, my good friend, and let us try whether we shall agree better on the second count of my misfortune against fortune, as that quill-driving puppy would call it. I belong to and have need of sect and antiquated religion; and, instead of getting credit for my devotion, as is due to all good girls beside, my kind friend, Justice Ingleswood, may send me to the house of correction, mere avarice and pride to my ancestors, and say, as old Pembroke did to the Albees of Wilton, when he usurped their convenant and establishment. Go spin, you jade—Go spin.”

“Such is this world,” said Miss Vernon, “Com; sult some of our learned divines, or consult your own excellent understanding, Miss Vernon; and surely the particular in which our religious creed differs from that in which you live, is that you live—”

“Hush!” said Diana, placing her fore-finger on her mouth. “Hush! no more of that. Foresake the faith of my gallant fathers!—I would as soon, were I a man, forsake the name of Pembroke, without which I pressed hardest against it, and turn, like a hirling reccant, to join the victorious enemy.”

“T your spirit, Miss Vernon; and as to the inconveniences to which it exposes you, I can only say, that wounds sustained for the sake of conscience carry their own balsam with the blow.”

“T your spirit, Miss Vernon; and as to the inconveniences to which it exposes you, I can only say, that wounds sustained for the sake of conscience carry their own balsam with the blow.”

“If you are fretful and irritating, for all that. But I see, hand of heart as you are, my chance of beating him, or drawing out flax into marvelous corse thread, affects you as little as my condemnation to coil and pinners, instead of beaver and cockade; so that I need not trouble you with a sort of Protestant remonstrance for my Catholic errors, I suppose,” said Miss Vernon, laughing. “Well, I thank you for the information, Mr. Johnson, and will be more home as fast as I can, and be a better housekeeper, I am sure.”

“Go spin, my dear Mr. Johnson, thou mirror of clerical courtesy.”

“Good night, ma’am, and remember the law is not to divide its sentence with you.”

“And we rode in our separate ways.”

“There goes for a troublesome mischief-making tool,” said Miss Vernon, as she gave a glance after him; “it is hard that persons of birth and rank and estate should be so lightly off the official importance of such a paunchy pick-pock, or, rather, by cleaving together the whole world believed not much above a hundred years ago—for certainly our Catholic faith had been shaken, though I am sure it would worth while to waste any compassion upon me.”

“I was much tempted to have broken the rascal’s head,” I replied.

“You would have acted very like a nasty young man,” said Miss Vernon, “and yet, in my own hand been an ounce heavier than it is; I think I should have laid its weight upon him. Well, it does not signify complaining; but there are three things for which I should be willing to pay the cost of for I think it worth while to waste any compassion upon me.”

“And what are these three things, Miss Vernon, may I ask?”

“Let me promise you my deepest sympathy, if you tell you?”

“Certainly—can you doubt it?” I replied, closing my horse nearer to hers as I spoke with an expressive

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That is indeed a misfortune, Miss Vernon, which I do most sincerely compassionate, but which I should have anticipated. "O, Mr. Osbaldestone, if you but knew—if any one knew, what difficulty I sometimes find in hiding an aching heart with a smooth brow, you would indeed pity and sympathise with me. In my present condition, even thus far on my own situation; but you are a young man of sense and penetration—you cannot but long to ask me a hundred questions on the events of this day—on the share which Rashleigh has in your deliverance from this petty scrape—upon many other points which cannot but excite your attention—and I cannot bring myself to answer with the necessary frankness. I should do it awkwardly, and lose your good opinion, if I have any share of it, as well as my own. It is best to say at once, Ask me no questions, I have it not in my power to reply to them."

Miss Vernon spoke these words with a tone of feeling which could not but make a corresponding impression upon me. I assured her she had neither to fear my raging with impertinent questions, nor to misconstruing her declining to answer which might in themselves be reasonable, or at least natural.

"I am too much obliged," I said, "by the interest she had taken in my affairs, to misuse the opportunity her goodness had afforded me of pitying into hers—I only trusted and entreated, that if my services could at all be useful, I should command them, without doubt or hesitation."

"Thank you—thank you," she replied; "your voice does not ring the cuckoo chime of compliment, but speaks like that of one who knows what he pledges himself. If—but it is impossible—but yet, if an opportunity should occur, I will ask you if you remember this promise; and I assure you, I shall not be angry if you refuse, if you think it is enough that you are more in your intentions just now—much may occur to alter them ere I call upon you, should that instant ever come, to assist Die Vernon, as you have done those of your brother."

"And if I were Die Vernon's brother," said I, "there could not be less chance that I should refuse my assistance—And now I am afraid I must not ask whether Rashleigh was willingly accessory to my deliverance?"

"Not of me; but you may ask of himself, and depend upon it, he will say yes; for rather than any good action should walk through the world like an unappropositive adjective in an ill-arranged sentence, he is always willing to stand noun substantive to it himself."

"And I must not ask whether this Campbell be the party who eased Mr. Morris of his portmanteau, or whether the letter, which our friend the attorney received, was not a finesse to withdraw him from the scene of action, lest he should have marred the happy event of my deliverance? I and must not ask—"

"You must ask nothing of me," said Miss Vernon; "so it is quite in vain to go on perusing cases. You are to think just as well of me, as if I had answered all these queries, and twenty others besides, as glibly as Rashleigh could have done; and observe, whenever I touch your chin just so, it is a sign that I cannot speak the truth. You have anticipated me again."

I need not set down the correspondence with you, because you are to be my confidant and my counsellor, only you are to know nothing whatever of the rest."

"Nothing can be more reasonable," I replied, laughing; "and the extent of your confidence will, you may rely upon it, only be equalled by the sagacity of my counsellor."

This sort of conversation brought us in the highest good-nature with each other, to Osbaldestone Hall, where we found the family far advanced in the revels of the evening."

"Get some dinner for Mr. Osbaldestone and me in the library," said Miss Vernon to a servant—"I must have some compassion upon you," she added, turning to me, "and provide against your starving in the mansion of brutal abundance; otherwise I am not sure that I should show you my private haunts. This same library is my den—the only corner of the Hall-house where I am safe from the Ourang-Outang of my cousins. They never venture there, I suppose, for fear the folios should fall down and crack their skulls; for they are apt to affect their heads in many other way—So follow me."

And I followed through hall and bower, vaulted passage and winding stair, until we reached the room where she had ordered our refreshments.

CHAPTER X.

In the wide pile, by others headed not, Here is a sacred solitary spot. Whose gloomy aisles and bending shelves contain For moral hunger food, and cures for moral pain. As elsewhere.

This library at Osbaldestone Hall was a gloomy room, whose antique oaken shelves bent beneath the weight of the ponderous folios so far to the seventeenth century, from which, it was said, before it was broken, we have distilled matter for our quartos and octavos, and which, once more subjected to the alchemic, may, should our sons be yet more frivolous than ourselves, be once more reduced to phials and pamphlets. The collection was chiefly of the classics, as well foreign as ancient history, and, above all, divinity. It was in wretched order. The priests, who, in successive years, had acted as curates there, were, for many years, the only persons who entered its precincts, until Rashleigh's thirst for reading had led him to disturb the venerable spiders, who had ruffled the fronts of the presses with their webs. His destination for the church rendered his conduct less absurd in his father's eyes, than if any of his other descendants had betrayed so strange a propensity, and Sir George was a strict example to the lords of Osbaldestone Hall for learning, and for the volumes which record its treasures.

"You are an old man, and you will be consoled," I suppose?" said Diana, as I glanced my eye round the forlorn apartment; "but to me it seems like a little paradise, for I call it my own, and fear no intrusion. Rashleigh was joint proprietor with me, while we were friends."

"And are you no longer so?" was my natural question.

Her forefinger immediately touched her dimpled chin, with an arch look of prohibition.

"We are still alike," she continued, "bound, like other confederate powers, by circumstances of mutual interest; but I am afraid, as will happen in other cases, the treaty of alliance has survived the unchangeable dispositions in which it had its origin. At any rate, we live less together; and when he comes through that door there, I vanish through this door here; and so, you see, one may make two or two be one too many for this apartment, as large as it seems. Rashleigh, whose occasions frequently call him elsewhere, has generously made a cession of his rights in my favour; so that I now endeavour to prosecute alone the studies in which he used formerly to be my guide."

"And what are those studies, if I may presume to ask?"

"Indeed you may, without the least fear of seeing my fore-finger raised to my chin. Science and history are my principal favours; but I also study poetry and the classics."

"And the classics? Do you read them in the original?"

"Unquestionably; Rashleigh, who is no contemptible scholar, taught me Greek and Latin, as well as..."
most of the languages of modern Europe. I assure you, there has been some pains taken in my education, although I can neither sew a tucker, nor work cross-stitch, nor make a pudding, nor, as the vicar's fat wife, with as much truth as elegance, good-will, and affection, pleased to do my best for the behoof, do any other useful thing in the versal world.

"And was this selection of studies Rashleigh's choice, or your own, Miss Vernon?" I asked.

"As to whether he was desirous to answer my question,—" it's not worth while lifting my finger about, after all,—why, partly his, and partly mine. As I learned out of doors to ride a horse, and bridle and unbridle, and take a touch of neatness, and to clear a five-barred gate, and fire a gun without winking, and all other of those masculine accomplishments, that my brute cousins run mad after, I wanted, like my rational cousin, to read Greek and Latin within doors, and make my complete approach to the tree of knowledge, which you men-scholars would endanger yourselves, in revenge, I suppose, for our common mother's shame in the great original transgression.

"And Rashleigh readily indulged your propensity to learning?"

"Why, he wished to have me for his scholar, and he thought I could not have that which he had. He was not likely to instruct me in the mysteries of wearing lace ruffles, or hemming cambric-handkerchiefs, I suppose.

"And you are not the temptation of getting such a scholar, and have no doubt that it made a weighty consideration on the tutor's part."

"O, if you begin to investigate Rashleigh's motives, my touchy woman, I can only be frank where my own are inquired into. But to resume—he has resigned the library in my favour, and never enters without leave had and obtained; and so I have been taken the liberty of making a posset for some of my own goods and chattels, as you may see by looking round you."

"I beg pardon, Miss Vernon, but I really see nothing but what which can distinguish as likely to claim you as mistress."

"That is, I suppose, because you do not see a shepherd or shepherdess wrought inworsted, and handsomely framed in black ebony,—or a stuffed parrot,—or a breeding-cage, full of canary-birds,—or a housewife-case, brodered with tarnished silver,—or a toilet-table, with a nest of japanned boxes, with as many tapers as Christmas-mistas,—or a broken-backed slipett,—or a lute with three strings,—or rock-work,—or shell-work,—or needle-work,—or work of any kind,—or a lap-dog, with a litter of blind puppies, to understand its value, was continued, after a pause, in order to recover the breath she had lost in enumerating them—" But there stands the sword of my ancestor Sir Richard Vernon, slain at the battle, and more than ordinary set off. I called Will Shakespeare, whose Lancastrian partialities, and a certain knack in embodying them, has turned history upside down, or rather inside out,— and by that redoubt a weapon hanged the mail of the still elder Vernon, afo to the Black Prince, whose fate is the reverse of his descendant's, since he is more indebted to the bard, who took the trouble to celebrate him, for good-will, than for talents,—

"Ah yes! that was the sword you wished to receive? Brave knight, with pipe on shield, eclipsed Vernon; Like a lone hawk amid the plain he thereon!"

"Fret to be carving thistles, while others plundered.

Then there is a model of a new martingale which I invented myself—a great improvement on the Duke of Newcastle's; and there are the hood and bells of my falcon's skin, that resided himself on a heron's tail. Horsely-moss—Peacock. There is a tame bird on the perches below, but are kites and rifers compared to him; and there is my own light fowling-piece, with an improved fire-lock; with twenty other treasures you would not see as another. And there, that speaks for itself.

She pointed to the carved oak-frame of a full-length portrait by Van Dyke, which was inscribed, in Gothic characters, T. R. The purchaser has looked at her for explanation. "Do you not know

said she, with some surprise "our motto—the Vernon motto, where,

"Like the solemn vice, Iniquity, We moralize two meanings in one word."

And do you not know our cognizance, the pipes?—pointing to the armorial bearings sculptured upon the oaken steeple, around which the legend was displayed.

"Pipes—they look more like penny-whistles—But, pray, do not be angry with my ignorance," I continued, observing the colour mount to her cheeks, "I can mean no affront to your armorial bearings, for I do not even know my own."

"You in Osbaldstone, and confess so much!" she exclaimed. "Why, Percie, Thornie, John, Dickon—Wilfred himself, might be your instructor—Even ignorance itself is a plummet over you."

"With shame I confess it, my dear Miss Vernon, the mysteries couched under the grim hieroglyphics of heraldry are to me as unintelligible as those of the Pyramids of Egypt."

"Is it possible?—Why, even my uncle reads Gwilym sometimes of a winter night—Not know the figures of heraldry?—of what could your father be the thinking."

"Of the figures of arithmetic, I answered, "the most insignificant unit of which he holds more highly than all the blazonry of chivalry. But, though I am ignorant of the inexplicable decree, I have knowledge and taste enough to admire that splendid picture, in which I think I can discover a family likeness to you. What case and dignity in the attitude—what richness of colouring—what breadth and depth of shade?"

"Is it really a fine painting?" she asked.

"I have seen many works of the renowned artist." I replied, "and I never beheld one more to my liking."

"Well, I know as little of pictures as you do of heraldry," replied Miss Vernon; "yet I have the advantage of you, because I have always admired the painting, and have understood its character.""

"While I have neglected picces and tabors and all the whinsimal combinations of chivalry, still I am informed that they floated in the fields of ancient fame. But you will allow their exterior appearance is not so peculiarly interesting to the uninformed spectator as that of a fine painting.—Who is the person here represented?"

"My grandfather—he shared the misfortunes of Charles I; and, I am sorry to add, the excesses of his son. Our patrimonial estate was greatly injured by his prodigality, and was altogether lost by his successors. I have turned it out to the people who have got it—it was lost in the cause of loyalty."

"Oh! our father, I presume, suffered in the political dissensions of the period."

"He did indeed; he lost his all. And hence is his child a descendant orphan; eating the bread of others; subjected to their caprices, and compelled to study their inclinations: Yet louder of having had such a father, than if, playing a more prudent, but less upright part, he had left me possessor of all the rich and fair baronies which his family once possessed."

As she thus spoke, the entrance of the servants was dinner cut off all conversation but that of a general nature.

When our hasty meal was concluded, and the wines placed on the table, the domestic informed us, "that Mr. Rashleigh had desired to be told when our dinner was removed."

"Tell him," said Miss Vernon, "we shall be happy to see him in the room, step the way was open, and chair, and leave the room. You must retire with him when he goes away," she continued, addressing herself to me; "even my liberality cannot spare a gentleman above eight hours out of the twenty-four; I think we have been together for at least that length of time."

"The old scythe-man has moved so rapidly," I answered, "I cannot count his strides."

"Humph!" said Miss Vernon; "I believe Rashleigh— And she drew off her chair, to which I had
ROB ROY. [ Chap. X.

approached mine rather closely, so as to place a greater distance between us.

A modest tap at the door,—a gentle manner of opening. Your maiden and solemnity, and the softness and humility of step and deportment, announced that the education of Rashleigh Osbaldeston at the College of St. Omera accorded well with the ideas I entertained of the model of a gentleman, and of Jesus, if need not add, that, as a sound Protestant, these ideas were not the most favourable. 'Why should you use the ceremony of knocking,' said Miss Vernon, 'when you know better?'

This was spoken with a burst of impatience, as if she had felt that Rashleigh's air of caution and reserve covered some insinuation of impertinent suspicion. 'I do not remember at this door so perfectly, my fair cousin,' answered Rashleigh, without change of voice or manner, 'that halit has become a second nature.'

'I praise sincerity more than courtesy, sir, and you know I do,' was Miss Vernon's reply.

'Courteously is a gallant way, a courtier by name and by profession,' replied Rashleigh, 'and therefore I fit it for a lady's bower.'

'But Sincerity is the true knight,' retorted Miss Vernon, 'and therefore much more welcome, cousin. But, to end a debate not over amusing to your sensitive feelings, I shall give you, Francis Osbaldestone your countenance to his glass of wine. I have done the honours of the dinner, for the credit of Osbaldeston Hall.'

Rashleigh, and filled his glass, glancing his eye from Diana to me, with an embarrassment which his utmost efforts could not entirely disguise. I thought he appeared to be uncertain concerning the extent of coinidence which I had reposed in me, and hastened to lead the conversation into a channel which should sweep away his suspicion that Diana might have betrayed my secrets which revealed my character. Mr. Rashleigh, said I, Miss Vernon, has recommended me to return my thanks to you for my speedy disengagement from the ridiculous accusation of Mr. Vernon; and, unjustly fearing my gratitude might not be warmly enough to remind me of this duty, she has put my curiosity on its sides, by referring me to you for an account, or rather explanation, of the events of the day.'

Indeed?' answered Rashleigh, 'I should have thought,' (looking keenly at Miss Vernon,) 'that the lady herself might have stood interpreter;' and his eye, retreating from her face, sought mine, as if to see whether I was not making a fruitless and vain effort, when Diana's communication had been as narrowly limited as my words had intimated. Miss Vernon retorted his inquisitive glance with one of decided scorn; which Rashleigh, not presenting obvious suspicion, replied, 'If it is your pleasure, Mr. Rashleigh, as it has been Miss Vernon's, to leave me in ignorance, I must necessarily submit; but, pray, do not withhold your information from me on the ground of imagining that I have already obtained any on the subject. For I tell you as a man of honour, I am as ignorant as that picture of any thing relating to which I have witnessed to-day, excepting that I understand from Miss Vernon, that you have been kindly active in my favour.'

Miss Vernon, has overrated my humble efforts,' said Rashleigh, 'for I can find credit for thezen. The truth is, that as I galloped back to get some one of our family to join me in becoming your bail, which was the most obvious, or, indeed, I may say, the only way of serving you which occurred to my stupidity, I met the man Cammell-Colville Campbell, or whatsoever they call him. I had understood from Morris that he was present when the robbery was committed, and that apart from the fact of the obvious and unanswerable suspicion on him (with some difficulty, I confess,) to tender his evidence in your exculpation, which I presumed was the reason of your being released from an unpleasant situation.'

'Indeed?—I am much your debtor for procuring such a reasonable evidence in my behalf. But I cannot see why, (having been, as he said, a fellow-sufferer with Morris,) it should have required much trouble to persuade him to step forth and bear evidence, whether to convict the actual robbers, or free an innocent person.'

'You do not know the genius of that man's country, sir,' answered Rashleigh; 'discretion, prudence, and foresight, are his leading qualities; these are only modified by a narrow-spirited, but yet ardent patriotism, which forces an even more constant loyalty to the concentric bulwarks with which a Scotchman fortifies himself against all the attacks of a generous philantropical principle. Surmount this mountain, you find an inner and severe detachment, which, as he has been born in his province, his village, or, most probably, his clan; storm this second obstacle, you have a third—his attachment to his own family—his father, mother, uncle, nephews, daughter, niece, the whole family. Knock through that, and you are in the ninth generation. It is within these limits that a Scotchman's social affection expands itself, never reaching those which are outermost, till all means of discharging itself, in the interior circles have been exhausted. It is within these circles that his heart throws each pulsation being fainter and fainter, till beyond the widest boundary, it is almost unfelt. And what is worst of all, could you surmount those concentric outworks, you have an inner citadel, deeper, higher, and more efficient than them all—a Scotchman's love for himself.'

'All this is highly eloquent and metaphorical, Rashleigh,' said Miss Vernon, who listened with unexpressed impatience; 'there are only two objections to it; first it is not true; secondly, if true, it is nothing to the purpose.'

'It is true, my finest Diana,' returned Rashleigh; 'and moreover, it is most instantly to the purpose. It is true, because you cannot deny that I know the country and people intimately, and because the character is drawn from deep and accurate consideration; and it is to the purpose, because it answers Mr. Francis Osbaldeston's question, and shows why this same worthy Scotchman, who has never been either his countryman, nor a Campbell, nor his cousin in any of the inextricable combinations by which they extend their pedigree; and, above all, seeing no prospect of personal advantage; but, on the contrary, much hazard of loss of time and delay of business—'

'With other inconveniences, perhaps, of a nature yet more formidable,' interrupted Miss Vernon.

'Of which, doubtless, there might be many,' said Rashleigh, continuing in the same tone. 'In short, my theory shows why this man, hoping for no advantage, from a sense of justice, might require degree of persuasion ere he could be prevailed on to give his testimony in favour of Mr. Osbaldeston.'

'It seems surprising to me,' I observed, 'that during the glance I cast over the declaration, or whatever it is termed, of Mr. Morris, he should never have mentioned that Campbell was in his company when he met the marauders.'

'I understood from Campbell, that he had taken his solemn promise not to mention that circumstance,' replied Rashleigh; 'his reason for exacting such an engagement you may guess from what I have hinted—he wished to get back to his own country undelayed and unembarrassed by any of the judicious inquiries which he would have been under the necessity of answering, if the fact of his being present were to vail on him (with some difficulty, I confess,) to tender his evidence in your exculpation, which I presume was the reason of your being released from an unpleasant situation.'

'Indeed?—I am much your debtor for procuring such a reasonable evidence in my behalf. But I cannot see why, (having been, as he said, a fellow-sufferer with Morris,) it should have required much
to his promise when the robbery was committed. I cannot yet see how he could attain such an influence over the man as to make him suppress his evidence in order to avoid the manifest risk ofsubjecting his story to discredit.

Rashleigh agreed with me, that it was very extraordinary, and seemed to regret that he had not ques-
tioned on that point; but it must have been, that subject, which he allowed looked extremely mysterious.

"But," he added immediately after this acquiescence, "are you sure the circumstance of Morris's being
accused before the Campbell, is really not alluded to in his examination?"

"I read the paper over hastily," said I; "but it is
my strong impression, that no such circumstance is mentioned, at least it must have been, that subject,
which he allowed looked extremely mysterious.

"Yet no—strictly speaking, served; but he has
been, like most of his countrymen, trained to arms. Indeed, among the hills, they carry them from boyhood to the grave. So, if you know any thing of your fellow-traveller, you will easily
judge, that, going to such a country, he will take care to avoid a quarrel, if he can help it, with any of the
natives.—but, come, I see you decline your wine—and I too am a degenerate Osbaldestone, so far as respects
the circulation of the bottle. If you will go to my room, I will hold your hand at puquet.

We rose to take leave of Miss Vernon, who had
from time to time suppressed, apparently with diffi-
culty, any allusion to a temptation to break in upon Rashleigh's details. As we were about to leave the room, the smothered fire broke forth.

"Mr. Osbaldestone," she said, "your own obser-
vations led you to verify the justice or in-
justice, of Rashleigh's suggestions concerning such
individuals as Mr. Campbell and Mr. Morris. But,
in slandering Scotland, he has borne false witness
against a whole country; and I request you will allow
no weight to his evidence."

"Perhaps," I answered, "I may find it somewhat
difficult to obey your injunction, Miss Vernon; for if I
must own I was bled up, wi' no very favourable
taste of our northern neighbours."

"Distrust that part of your education, sir," she
replied, "and let the daughter of a Scotchwoman
prove, and make you a convert to the truth, without birth, until your own observation has proved them
to be unworthy of your good opinion. Preserve your
hardened and contemptible for dissimulation, baseness, and falsehood, wherever they are to be met with. You
will find enough of all without leaving England. —
Adieu, gentlemen. I wish you good evening."

And she signed to the door, with the manner of a privy servant, with a servile grace.

We retired to Rashleigh's apartment, where a
servant brought us coffee and cakes. I had formed
my resolution to press Rashleigh no further on the event of his marriage; but to ascertain if my suspicions
were just, it was necessary to throw him off his
guard. We cut for the deal, and were soon car-

nestly engaged in our play. I thought I perceived in this trifling for amusement (for the stake which
Rashleigh proposed was a mere trifle) something of a fierce and over-temperamental disposition, perfectly to understand the beautiful game at which he
played, but preferred, as it were on principle, the risk-
ing bold and precipitous strokes to the ordinary rules of play; and were better-balanced
chances of the game, he hazarded everything for the chance of piquing, repiquing, or captivating
his adversary. So soon as the intervention of a
game or two at puquet, like the music between the
acts of a drama, had completely interrupted our pre-
cious course of conversation, Rashleigh appeared
to tire of the game, and the cards were superseded by discourse, in which he took the lead, and
very slightly, since it failed to catch my attention.

"True, true," answered Rashleigh, forming his own inference while he adopted my words; "in
order to think with you, that the circumstance must
in reality have been mentioned, but so slightly, that
it failed to attract your attention. And then, as to
Campbell's interest with Morris, I incline to suppose
that my information has been gained by playing upon his
fears. This chicken-hearted fellow, is Morris, I
understand, for Scotland, destined for some little
employment under government; and, possessing the
courage of his order, and a most uncommon MOUSE,
he may have been afraid to encounter the ill-
will of such a kill-cow as Campbell, whose very
appearance would be enough to frighten him out of his
little post, and thus let the whole Chronicle of Rashleigh has at
times a keen and animated manner—something of a
martial cast in his tone and bearing."

"I own," I replied, "that his expression struck me
as being fierce, morose, and little adapted to his peaceable professions. Has he served in the army?"

"Yes—no—strictly speaking, served; but he has
been, like most of his countrymen, trained to arms. Indeed, among the hills, they carry them from boyhood to the grave. So, if you know anything of your fellow-traveller, you will easily
deck the justice or injustice, of Rashleigh's suggestions concerning such individuals as Mr. Campbell and Mr. Morris. But,
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"Perhaps," I answered, "I may find it somewhat
difficult to obey your injunction, Miss Vernon; for if I
must own I was bled up, wi' no very favourable
taste of our northern neighbours."

"Distrust that part of your education, sir," she
replied, "and let the daughter of a Scotchwoman
prove, and make you a convert to the truth, without birth, until your own observation has proved them
to be unworthy of your good opinion. Preserve your
hardened and contemptible for dissimulation, baseness, and falsehood, wherever they are to be met with. You
will find enough of all without leaving England. —
Adieu, gentlemen. I wish you good evening."

And she signed to the door, with the manner of a privy servant, with a servile grace.

We retired to Rashleigh's apartment, where a
servant brought us coffee and cakes. I had formed
my resolution to press Rashleigh no further on the event of his marriage; but to ascertain if my suspicions
were just, it was necessary to throw him off his
guard. We cut for the deal, and were soon car-
"In your own house, my dear sir—and your own nephew—you will not surely persist in hurting his feelings and doing him such a disservice as to refuse him the credit that he so justly deserves. I am not interested in affirming. No doubt, you are fully deserving of all his confidence, and I am sure, were there anything you could do to assist him in this step—should he feel disposed to undertake it—\n\nThe resolution he intimated with a yawn, resistent, less as that of the Goddess in the Dunciad, which was responsive echoed by his giant sons, as they dispersed in quest of the pastimes to which their minds severely inclined them—Perce to discuss a pot of March beer with the steward in the buttery—Thorncliff to cut a pair of cudgels, and fix them in their scabbards, when he returned—Bellow to play at pitch and toss by himself, his right hand against his left—and Wilfred to bite his thumb, and hum himself into a calamin which should last till dinner, if possible. Miss Vernon had retired to the library.

Rashleigh and I were left alone in the old hall, from which the servants, with their usual bustle and activity, had retired to lengthen out the length of the remainder of our substantial breakfast. I took the opportunity to upbraid him with the manner in which he had spoken of my affairs to his father, which I frankly and continued, as I seemed, rather to exhort Sir Hildebrand to conceal his suspicions, than to root them out.

"Why, what can I do, my dear friend?" replied Rashleigh, his father's father's father, so tenacious of suspicions of all kinds, when once they take root, which, to do him justice, does not easily happen, that I have always found it the best way to silence him upon such subjects, instead of arguing with him. Thus I get the better of the weeds which I cannot eradicate, by cutting them over as often as they appear, until at length they die away of themselves. During the whole time he was disputing with me in such a mind as Sir Hildebrand's, which hardens itself against conviction, and believes in its own inspirations as firmly as we good Catholics do in those of the Pope.

"It is very hard, though, that I should live in the house of a man, and he a near relation too, who will persist in believing me guilty of a highway robbery."—

"My father's foolish opinion, if one may give that epithet to any opinion of a father's, does not affect your real innocence; and as to the disgrace of the fact, depend on it, that, considered in all its bearings, political as well as moral, Sir Hildebrand regards it as a meritorious action—a weakening of the enemy—a spoiling of the Amalekites—and you will stand the higher in his regard for your supposed accession to it.

"I desire no man to regard, Mr. Rashleigh, on such terms as must sink me in my own; and I think these injurious suspicions will afford a very good reason for quitting Osbaldstone Hall, which I shall do whenever I can communicate on the subject with my father."

The dark countenance of Rashleigh, though little accustomed to betray its master's feelings, exhibited a sarcastic smile, which he instantly shatened by sight.

"You are a happy man, Frank—you go on and come, as the wind bloweth where it listeth. With your address, taste, and talents, you will soon find circles where you will be the idol of an intelligent mansion of this mansion; while I—" he paused.

"And what is there in your lot that can make you or any one of you mine, an outcast, as I may almost term myself, from my father's house and favour?"
my present establishment was more certain; but that
must depend upon circumstances, which I can only
learn by experience—the disposition of your father,
for example.”

“Confess the truth without finesse, Rashleigh; you
would willingly know something of him from me,”
answered the other, laying his hand on the shoulder of
his companion; and following the banner of the good
knight Sincerity, I reply—certainly.”

Well, then, you will find in my father a man who
has perceived the all the value of the fortune by which
he is avariced; that for the exercise they afforded to his talents, than for the love of the
gold with which they are surrounded. His active
mind would have been happy in any situation which
granted him the opportunity. But the existence of
fortune has been its sole reward. But his wealth has accumu-
lated, because moderate and frugal in his habits, no
new sources of expense have occurred to dispose of his
advantages without the influence of some change in
his circumstances by which he is most interested in
this, to the neglect of all other objects. He is severely
strict in the duties of religion; but you have no rea-
son to fear, with your, for he regards
toleration as a sacred principle, and his utmost
bitterness of satire, or the weapons of his
Jealousy, he is born
in utter detestation.

But I will add, that every sentiment, and as well as the least tendency
to the highflyings or Tory

”O rare-painted portrait!” exclaimed Rashleigh, who was door to door in half a day’s hour’s
and without saying a word to you, Frank. I see thy sire before me in all his strength
and weakness; loving and honouring the King as a
sort of lord mayor of the empire, or chief of the board of
trade;—regarding those Connors, for the acts of
commercialism in the export trade;—and respecting the Peers,

friend, his exclusive devotion to it, which makes
him see little worthy of praise or attention, unless it
be in some measure connected with commerce.”

”Mine was a likeness, Rashleigh; yours is a cari-
cature from Rome, which has unfolded to you, give me some lights on the geo-

ography of the unknown lands.”

”On which you are wrecked,” said Rashleigh. “It
is a name that is known in the Catholic world, and I take,
with as little regard to curiosity as to delight the eye—you may
desire it in all its nakedness in half a hour’s survey,
as well as if I were to lay it down by you by line and compass.”

”O, but something there is, worthy a more atten-
tive survey—What say you to Miss Vernon? Does
not she form an interesting object in the landscapes
were all round as rude as Iceland’s coast?”

I could plainly perceive that Rashleigh disliked the
topic; but I forbore to make the best part of his confes-
sion that had given me the advantageous title to make
inquiries in my turn. Rashleigh felt this, and found
himself obliged to follow my lead, however difficult
he might find it to play his cards successfully.

”I have known less of Miss Vernon,” he said, “for some
time, than I was wont to do formerly. In early age I
was her tutor; but as she advanced towards woman-

hood, I withdrew from her, and gave her the
advice to which I was destined,—the peculiar nature
of her engagements,—our mutual situation, in short,
tendered a close and constant intimacy dangerous and
unwise. We were not destined for each other, Miss
Vernon; you are a man of the world, and know how far
you can indulge yourself in her society, with safety
to yourself and justice to her. But I warn you, that,
if you continue to feel as sensible, of truth, as well as good sense, in all this; it seemed to be given
as a friendly warning, and I had no right to take it
amiss; yet I felt I could with pleasure have run
Rashleigh along through the body all the time
he was speaking.

The deuce take his insolence! was my internal
meditation. Would he wish me to infer, that Miss Ver-
non and I were in some degree of attachment which
had become degraded so low as to require his shyness
to cure her of an impudent passion? I will have
his meaning from him, was my resolution, if I should
drag it out with me for a week.

For this purpose, I placed my temper under as ac-
curate a guard as I could, and observed, “That, for
a lady of her good sense and acquired accomplish-
ment, it will be most repugnant to me, to understand
Miss Vernon’s manners were rather blunt and rustic.”

”Frank and unreserved, at least, to the extreme,”
replied Rashleigh; “yet, trust me, she has an ex-
cellent heart. To you, you the true expression of
sentiments, should she confide—”

”But,” continued Rashleigh, as if thinking aloud,”
I should not like to supplant Thorncliff.”

”Supplant Thorncliff!—Is your brother Thorn-
cliff, I inquired, with great surprise,” the destined
husband of Diana Vernon?”

”Why, yes; her father’s commands, and a certain
family-contract, destine her to marry one of Sir
Hildebrand’s sons. A dispensation has just been
sought from Rome, on which Miss Vernon has,
marry Blank Osbaldstone, Esq., son of Sir Hildebrand Osbal-
dstone, of Osbaldstone Hall, Bart., and so forth; and
it only remains to pitch upon the happy man, whose
name shall some day be Percis. Miss Vernon is
seldom sober, my father pitched upon Thorn-
cliff, as the second prop of the family, and therefore
must proclay very near the line of the Osbaldstones.”

”The young lady,” said I, “forcing myself to
assume an air of pleasure, which, I believe, became
me extremely ill; “would perhaps have been inclined
to look a little lower on the family-tree, for the branch to
which Miss Vernon has not been more creditable
than any of my elders.”

”And so you are not surprised at the doctrine of
thunder lady, doubtless?”

”You are not to suppose so,” answered Rashleigh,
with an affront of denial, which was contrived to
convey the strongest affirmation the case admitted
of.”

”Friends of mine, indeed!” answered Miss Vernon,
”For, you are entirely mistaken—we have com-
xited to each other in it, and the tender affection of an opening
love to its only instructor—Love was not near us—I told
you I was wise in time.”

I felt little inclination to pursue this conver-
versation.
any further, and, shaming myself clear of Rashleigh, withdrew to my own apartment, which I recollect I traversed with much vehemence of agitation, repeating a tunny three times—Richard the Third in all but his hump-back!—And yet the opportunities he must have had during his cursed course of lectures; and the fellow's flowing and easy strain of sentiment; and her extreme exclusion from every one who spoke and acted with common sense; and, and her obvious pique at him, mixed with admiration of his talents, which looked as like the result of neglected attachment—a man who had been so useless!—Well, and what is it to me that I should storm and rage at it? Is Diana Vernon the first pretty girl that has loved or married an angry fellow? And if she were free of every Osbaldestone of them, what concern is it of mine?—A Catholic—a Jacobite—a termagant in the boot—for me to look that way was utter madness.

By throwing such reflections on the flame of my desire, I succeeded in most of my心burning, and appeared at the dinner-table in so sulky a humour as could well be imagined.

CHAPTER XII.

Drunk?—and speak parrot!—and squabble—swaggers!—
Swear!—and discourse familiar with one's own widow?

THALILO.

I have already told you, my dear Tresham, what probably was no news to you, that my principal fault was an unconquerable pitch of pride, which exposed me to strange mortification; and when disapproved to myself, that I loved Diana Vernon; yet no sooner did I hear Rashleigh talk of her as a prize which he might stoop to carry off, or neglect, at his pleasure, than I felt, or fancied, a girl had taken, in the innocence and openness of her heart, to form a sort of friendship with me, seemed in my eyes the most insolting coquetry.

Soft! she would secure me as a foe alter, I suppose, in case Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldestone should not take compassion upon her! but I will satisfy her that I am not a person to be trepanned in that manner—I will make her sensible that I see through her arts, and that I scorn them.

I did not reflect for a moment, that all this indignation, which I had no right whatever to entertain, proved that I was anything but indifferent to Miss Vernon's charms; and I sat down to table in high ill-humour with her and all the daughters of Fye.

Miss Vernon heard me, with surprise, return ungracious answers to one or two playful strokes of satire; and, with a freedom of speech; but, having no suspicion that offence was meant, she only replied to my rude repartees with jests somewhat similar, but polished by her good temper, though pointed by her wit. At length she perceived I was really out of humour, and answered one of my rude speeches thus:

"They say, Mr. Frank, that one may gather sense from fools—I heard cousin Wilfred refuse to play any longer at cudgel the other day, cousin Thorrie, because cousin Thorrie got angry, and struck harder than the miles of amicable combat, it seems, permitted. We'll break your head in good earnest," quoth honest Wilfred, 'I tell you not; for I should do it so much more easily—but it's hard I should get raps on the codhead, and only pay you back in make-believes.'—Do you understand the spirit of this reply?

'I have never felt myself under the necessity, madam, of studying how to extract the slender portion of sense, with which this family season their coarse and wanton discourse.

'Necessity! and madam!—You surprise me, Mr. Osbaldestone.'

"any unfortunate in doing so." "And I suppose that the capricious tone is serious; or is it only assumed, to make your good-humour more valuable?" I ask.

"You have a right to the attention of any gentleman in this family, Miss Vernon, that it cannot be worth your while to inquire into the cause of my stupidity and bad spirits.

"What! And I am to understand, then, that you have deserted my faction, and gone over to the enemy?"

Then, looking across the table, and observing that Rashleigh, who was seated opposite, was watching us with a singular expression of interest on his harsh features, she continued,

"Horrible thought!—Ah, now I see 'tis true.
For in the manner Rashleigh smiles on me,
And points at these for his:

Well, thank Heaven, and the unprotected state which has taught me endurance, I do not take offence easily; and that I may not be forced to quarrel, whether I like it or no, I have the honour, earlier than usual, to wish you a happy digestion of your dinner and your bad humour.

And she left the table accordingly.

Upon Miss Vernon's departure, I found myself very little satisfied with my own conduct. I had hurled back offered kindness, of which circumstances had but lately pointed to my uncle's side, and but just stopped short of insulting the beautiful, and as she had said with some emphasis, the unprotected being by whom it was professed. My conduct seemed brutal in its extreme. To collect myself from these painful reflections, I applied myself more frequently to usual with the wine which circulated on the table.

The agitated state of my feelings combined with my habits of temperance to give rapid effect to the beverage. Habitual tipers, I believe, acquire the power of soaking themselves with a quantity of liquor that does not affect them, and which, in their sober state, are none of the clearest; but men who are strangers to the voice of drunkenness as a habit, are more powerfully acted upon by such a fluid. It was not, however, that I became extravagant; I talked a great deal, argued upon what I knew nothing of, told stories of which I forgot the point, then laughed immoderately at my own forgetfulness; I accepted several letters without having the least judgment; I challenged the giant John to wrestle with me, although he had kept the ring at Hoxham for a year, and I never tried so much as a single fall.

My uncle had the goodness to interpose and prevent this consumption of drunken folly, which, I suppose, would have otherwise ended in my neck being broken.

It has even been reported by malingers, that I sung a song while under this vinous influence; but, as I remember nothing of it, and never attempted to turn it into a tune in all the printed languages, I suppose there is no actual foundation for the calumny.

I was absurd enough without this exaggeration. Without positively losing my senses, I speedily lost all command of my temper, and my impetuous passions whirled me onward at their pleasure. I had sat down sulky and discontented, and disposed to be silent—the wine rendered me loquacious, disputatious, and quarrelsome. I contradicted whatever was asserted, and attacked, with not the least respect to my uncle's table, both his politics and his religion. The affected moderation of Rashleigh, which he well knew how to qualify with irritating ingredients, was even more provoking to me, and the language of his obstreperous brothers. My uncle, to do him justice, endeavoured to bring us to order; but his authority was lost amidst the tumult of wine and passion. At length, frantic at some real, or supposed injurious insinuation, I actually struck Rashleigh with my fist. No Stoic philosopher, superior to his own passion and that of others, could have received as a result with a calmer degree of persuading myself that it apparently worth while to resent, Thorneloff resented for him. Swords were drawn, and we exchanged one or two passes, when the other brothers succeeded in a way which I never forget the diabolical sneer which wrinkled Rashleigh's wayward features, as I was forced from the apartment by the main strength of two of them.
ROB ROY

Outhful Titans. They secured me in my apartment by locking the door, and I heard them, to my inexorable rage, laugh heartily as they descended the staircase. I was not quite thus fate, but the window-panes, and the strength of a door clenched with iron, resisted my efforts. At length I threw myself on my bed, and fell asleep amidst vows of living or dying on the scaffold. In the vision of the execution.

But with the morning cool repentance came. I felt, in the keenest manner, the violence and absurdity of my conduct, and was obliged to confess that whole and purer, which had lowered my self-esteem below those of Wilfred Osbaldstone, whom I held in so much contempt. My uncomfortable reflections were by no means soothed by meditating the necessity of an austerely reprehensible behavior on my part, in collating that Miss Vernon must be a witness of my submission. The imporpiety and unkindness of my conduct to her personally, added not a little to these galling considerations, and for this I could not even plead the miserable excuse of intoxication.

Under all these aggravating feelings of shame and degradation, I descended to the breakfast-hall, like a criminal to receive sentence. I had been found guilty of an impossible feat; to take out the bounds, so that I had the additional mortification to meet the family, except only Rashleigh and Miss Vernon, in full array, surrounding the cold winenoom and melted ice in the great glass of the house entered, and I could easily imagine that the jests were furnished at my expense. In fact, what I was disposed to consider with serious pain, was regarded as an excellent good joke by my unclouded faculties, that part of my cousins. Sir Hilda, while he rallied me upon the exploits of the preceding evening, swore he thought a young fellow had better be thrice drunk in one day, than speak sober to bed like a present man, and leave a batch of honest fellows, and a double quart of claret. And to back this consolatory speech, he poured out a large bumper of brandy, exclaimed time to swallow "a hair of the dog that had bit me."

"Never mind these lads laughing, ne’er," he continued; "they would have been as great milk-sops as yourself, had I not nursed them, as one may say, at the toast and tankard."

Ill-nature was not the fruit of my cousins in general; they saw I was vexed and hurt at the recollection of the preceding evening, and endeavored, with clumsy kindness, to remove the painful impression they had made on me. Thorncroft alone looked sulky and unconciliatory. This young man had never liked me, and his brother marks of attention occasionally shewed by his brothers, awkward as they were, he alone had never joined. If it were true, of which, however, I began to have doubts, and my conversation, however expressive, or somewhat repressed himself, as the destined husband of Miss Vernon, a sentiment of jealousy might have sprung up in his mind from the market prediction which it was that young lady’s pleasure to show for one, whom Thorncroft might, perhaps, think likely to become a dangerous rival.

Rashleigh at last entered, his visage as dark as thunder-clouded brooding, I could not but doubt, over unjustifiable and disgraceful insult I had offered him. I had already settled in my own mind how I was to behave on the occasion, and had schooled myself to believe, that true honour consisted not in denying, but in apologizing for, an injury so much disproportioned to any provocation I might have to ilege.

I therefore hastened to meet Rashleigh, and to express myself in the highest degree sorry for the violence with which I had acted on the preceding evening.

"No circumstances," I said, "could have wrung from me a single word of apology, save my own circumstances and the place I stood under their influence, and I opened my cousin would accept of my regrets so sincerely offered, and consider how much of my misconduct was owing to the excessive hospitality of Osbaldstone Hall."

"He shall be friends with thee, lad," cried the next knight, in the full effusion of his heart; "or

"d—me, if I call him son more!"—Why, Rashlie, dost stand there like a log? Sorry for it is all a gentleman can say, if he happens to do anything awry, and especially over the head of Miss Vernon, and should know something, I think, of affairs of honour. Let me hear no more of this, and we'll go in a body and rummage out the badger in Birkenwood-haughter, the face resembled, as I have already noticed, no other countenance that I ever saw. But this singularity lay not only in the features, but in the mode of changing their expression. Other countenances, in altering from grief to joy, or from joy to satisfaction, pass through some brief intervals; ere the expression of the predominant passion succeeds entirely that of its predecessor. There is a sort of slight, like that between the clearing up of a dark and the rising of the sun, while the swollen muscles subside, the dark eye clears, the forehead relaxes and expands itself, and the whole countenance loses its stormer shades, and becomes serene and placid. Rashleigh's face exhibited none of these graduations, but changed almost instantaneously from the expression of one passion to that of the contrary.

I can compare it to nothing but that of an actor of a scene in the theatre, where, at the whistle of the prompter, a cavern disappears, and a grove arises.

My attention was strongly arrested by this peculiarity on the part of Miss Vernon, who, at the entrance, "black he stood as night!" With the same inflexible countenance he heard my excuse and his father's exhortation; and it was not until Sir Hildebrand had done justice, that he permitted me to enter. And at once, and he expressed, in the kindest and most civil terms, his perfect satisfaction with the very handsome apology I had offered.

"Indeed," he raised a poor a brain myself, when I impose on it the least burden beyond my usual three glasses, I that have only, like honest Cassio, a very vague recollection of the confusion of last night—remembering almost nothing of the thing distinctly—a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. So, my dear cousin," he continued, shaking me kindly by the hand, "conceive how much I am relieved, by finding that I have to receive an apology, instead of having to make one—I will not have a word said upon the subject more; I should be very foolish to institute any scrutiny into an account, when the balance, which I expected to be against me, has been so unexpectedly and agreeably struck in my favour. You see, Mr. Osbaldstone, I am practising the language of Lombard Street, and qualifying myself for my new calling.

As I was about to answer, and raised my eyes for the purpose, they encountered those of Miss Vernon, who, having entered the room unobserved during the conversation, had overheard my apology, and, confounded, fixed my eyes on the ground, and made my escape to the breakfast-table, where I huddled among my busy cousins.

My uncle, that the events of the preceding day might not pass out of our memory without a practical moral lesson, took occasion to give Rashleigh and me his serious advice to correct our milk-sop habits, as he termed them, and gradually to impress our brains to bear a gentlemanlike quantity of liquor, without wobbling or breaking of heads. He recommended that we should begin a regular course of claret per day, which, with the aid of March, beer and brandy, be a handsome competence for a beginner in the art of toping. And for our encouragement, he assured us that he had known many a man who had lived to our years without having drank a pint of wine a day. In this, with honest company, and following hearty example, had afterwards been numbered among the best good fellows of the time, and could carry off their six bottles of porter and claret a day, under their influence, and of braying or babbling, and be neither sick nor sorry the next morning.

Sege as this advice was, and comfortable as was the prospect, I set out to meet it. I profited but little by the exhortation; partly, perhaps, because, as often as I raised my eyes from the table, I observed Miss Vernon.
nation had given way to the most lively alarm, Miss Vernon threw herself between me and the door of the dark room.

"Stay!" she said, "stay; however just your resentment, you do not know half the secrets of this fearful prison-house." She then glanced her eyes and her voice for some time more, and then, in a whisper, "He bears a charmed life; you cannot assail him without endangering other lives, and wider destruction. Had it been otherwise, in some hour of justice, I would have told you from this very hour, I told you," she said, motioning me back to my seat, "that I needed no comforter—I now tell you, I need no avenger."

I regarded it mechanically, musing on what she said, and recollecting all that had escaped me in my first glow of resentment, that I had no title whatever to constitute myself Miss Vernon's champion. She paused to let her own emotions and mine subside, and then addressed me with more compassion.

"I have already said, that there is a mystery connected with Rashleigh, of a dangerous and fatal nature. Villain as he is, and as he knows he stands colored, the great chance, of which I am not, openly break with or defy him. You also, Mr. Osbaldstone, must bear with him, patience, foil his arts by opposing them prudence, not violence; and, above all things, avoid that secret weapon of late night, which cannot but give him perilous advantages over you. This caution I designed to give you, and it was the object with which I desired this interview; but you have extended my confidence further than I proposed."

I assured her it was misplaced.

"I do not believe that it is, she replied. "You have a talent for deciding matters which authorise your trust. Let us continue to be friends. You need not fear," she said, laughing, while she leaned a little, yet speaking with a free and unembarrassed voice, "you need not fear the great chance of which I am not."

We cannot choose a more appropriate name, as the poet says, for another feeling. I belong, in habits of thinking and acting, rather to your sex, with which I have always been brought up, than to my own. Besides, the fatal veil was wrenched from me in my cradle; for you may easily believe I have never thought of the detestable condition under which I may remove it. The time," she added, "for expressing my final determination is not arrived. But I would fain have the freedom of wild thoughts in the air with the other commoners of nature, as long as I can be permitted to enjoy them. And now that the passage in Danto is made so clear, pray go and see this sainted one,"—she smiled—and my head aches so much that I cannot join the party."

I left the library, but not to join the hunters. I felt that a solitary walk was necessary to compose my spirits before I went trusted man. In Rashleigh's company, whose depth of calculating villainy had been so strikingly exposed to me. In Dubourg's family, (as he was of the reformed persuasion,) I had heard many a tale of ruthless priests, who gratified, at the expense of friendship, hospitality, and the most sacred of social life, those passions, the blameless indulgence of which is denied by the rules of their order, but the gratification of which is permitted by the education of a deserted orphan of noble birth, and so intimately allied to his own family, with the pernicious purpose of ultimately seducing her, detailed as it was, I could not help gloating with exulting resentment, more atrocious to me than the worst of the tales I had heard at Bourdeaux, and I felt it would be extremely difficult for me to meet Rashleigh, and yet to suppress the abhorrence with which he impressed me. Yet this was absolutely necessary, not only on account of the mysterious charge which Diana had given me, but because I had, in quality, no tenable ground for quarrelling with him.

I therefore resolved, as far as possible, to meet Rashleigh's dissimulation with equal caution on my part. I resolved, as far as possible, to meet Rashleigh's dissimulation with equal caution on my part. I resolved to use the same amount of caution and reserve with Owen at least such a hint of his character as might spare him on his guard over my father's interests. Avarice or ambition, I thought, might have as great, or greater charms, for a mind constituted like Rashleigh's, as the most pleasing of the other passions, and his character, and his power of assuming all seeming good qualities, were likely to procure him a high degree of confidence, and it was not to be hoped, that either his seduction or his power would be lost to him.

The task was somewhat difficult, especially in my circumstances, since the caution which I threw out might beimported to jealousy of my rival, or rather my father and myself, and I thought it absolutely necessary to frame such a letter, leaving it to Owen, who, in his own line, was safe, prudent, and circumspect, to make the necessary use of his knowledge of Rashleigh's true character. Such a letter, therefore, I sealed, and dispatched to the post-house by the first opportunity.

At my meeting with Rashleigh, he, as well as I, appeared to have taken up distant ground, and to be disposed to avoid all personal collision. He was probably conscious that Miss Vernon's communications had been unfavourable to him, though he could not know that they extended to discovering his misdeeds, and that they were, at that time, reserved on both sides, and turned on subjects of little interest. Indeed, his stay at Osbaldstone Hall did not exceed a few days after this period, during which I met him, and was not at the instant of his arrival. He had studied hard, and occasionally made parade of his progress, as if to show me how light it was for him to lift the burden which I had flung down from very weariness of heart. His conduct, however, remarkable circumstances was, that, notwithstanding the injuries with which Miss Vernon charged Rashleigh, he had several private interviews together, at which he was not conspicuous to other public in did not seem more cordial than usual.

When the day of Rashleigh's departure arrived, his father bade him farewell with indifference; his brothers, with the well-concealed glue of schoolboys, who see their taskmaster depart for a reason, and feel a joy which they dare not express; and I myself with cold politeness. When he approached Miss Vernon, and went to take leave, looking back with a look of haughty disdain; but, said, as she extended his hand to him, "Farewell, Rashleigh; God reward you for the good you have done, and forgive you for your bad."

"Amen, my fair cousin," he replied, with an air of sanctity, which belonged, I thought, to the remembrance of Saint Omers; "happy is he whose good intentions have borne fruit; in deeds, whose evil thoughts have perished in the blossom." These were his parting words.

"Accomplished hypocrify!" said Miss Vernon to me, as the door closed behind him—"how nearly can we say what we most despise and hate approach in outward manner to that which we most venerate!"

I had written to my father by Rashleigh, and also a few words to Owen, before the confidence, in which I have already mentioned, and which I thought it more proper and prudent to dispatch by another conveyance. In these epistles, it would have been natural for me to express my grief, and my love, for my friend, that I was at present in a situation in which I could improve myself in no respect, unless in the mysteries of hunting and hawking; and where I was not unlikely to forget, in the company of page-grooms and horse-boys, any useful knowledge of elegant accomplishments which I had hitherto acquired. It would also have been natural that I should have expressed my disgust and horror, and likely to feel among beings, whose whole souls were centred in field-sports or more degrading pastimes— that I should have complained of the habitual infatuation of a family in which I was growing a guest, even the jurisdiction and almost revere—my uncle Sir Hildebrand received my apology for not taking the bottle. This last, indeed, was a topic on
my father, himself a man of severe temper-
rans likely to be easily alarmed, and to have
upon this spring would to a certainty have
the doors of my prison-house, and would
have been the means of abusing my exile, or
it would have procured me a change of resi-
traying my rustication.
my dear Tresham, that, considering how
pleasant a prolonged residence at Osbaldis-
til must have been to a young man of my age,
with its habits, it might have seemed very na-
that I should have pointed out all these disad-
se to my father, in order to obtain his consent
in the uncle's mansion. Nothing, as to fact
not to her, that I did not say a single word
purpose in my letters to my father and Owen.
Aidstone Hall had been Athens in all its pris-
very little to interest anyone among the rest.
that I could not have expressed less inclina-
leave it.
no hast any of the salt of youth left in thee,
me, the very idea of an uncle and a prison
on a topic seemingly so obvious. Miss Ver-
xtreme beauty, of which she herself seemed so
ncious—her romantic and mysterious situ-
herself, which was totally ungraced by the
which she seemed to face them,—her man-
more frank than belonged to her sex; yet, as it
to me, exceeding in frankness only from the
as consciousness of her own individuality to a
ious and flattering distinction which she in
avour over all other persons, were at
culated to interest my best feelings, to excite
cord of signal interest; for I tainted by the
I dared not, indeed, confess to myself
th of the interest with which Miss Vernon
me, or the large share which she occupied in
ug, we dwelt together, we lived together,
gather, and sate together. The studies which
broken off upon her quarrelling with Rashleigh,
 resumed under the auspices of a tutor, whose
ere more sincere, though his capacity was
ere her time. In the meantime, I
th, I was by no means qualified to assist her
prosecution of several profound studies which
d commenced with Rashleigh, and which ap-
to be fitted for a churchman or any
al female. Neither can I conceive with what
ought to have engaged Dinna in the gloomy
f casuistry which schoolmen called philosophy,
and in her conceit, she was as ignorant of
matics and astronomy; unless it were
down and confounded in her mind the dif-
and distinction between the sexes, and ha-
hat at his own time invest which is wrong
colour of that which is right. It was in
pirit, though in the latter case the evil purpose
ere obvious, that the lessons of Christian
encouraged Miss Vernon in setting at nought
spising the forms and ceremonial limits which
now round females in modern society. It is
was repeated from all female company, and
uld not learn the usual rules of decorum,
example or precept; yet such was her
modesty, and accurate sense of what was ad-
ient. And in the conduct of many of his brethren,
the bold uncompromising manner which
me with so much surprise on our first ac-
had not been led to conceive, that a
up of ceremony indicated at once superiority
prising and the confidence of conversa-
ice. Her wily instructor had no doubt, his
ews in levelling those outworks which reserve
uation erect around virtue. But for these, and
other crimes, he has long since answered at a
tribunal.
the progress which Miss Vernon, whose
ul mind readily adopted every means of infor-
information, had in my mind, I found her
comprehensible, and exalted both with ancient
and modern literature.
ere were not that strong talents will often
when they seem to have least assistance.
Such was the footing upon which I stood with the family at Osbaldestone Hall; but I ought to mention another of its inmates with whom I occasionally held some of a more intimate kind. It was the gardener, who (since he had discovered that I was a Protestant) rarely suffered me to pass him without proffering his Scotch mul for a social pinch. There were some awkward advantages attending this courtesy. In the first place, it was made at no expense, for I never took snuff; and, secondly, it afforded an excellent apology to Andrew (who was not particularly fond of hard work at the time, perhaps) for being there for several minutes. But, above all, these brief interviews gave Andrew an opportunity of venting the news he had collected, or the satirical remarks which his shrewd moral humour suggested.

"I am saying, sir," he said to me one evening, with a face obviously charged with intelligence, "I have been down at the Trinley-knowe."

"Ah, Andrew," I suppose you heard some news at the alehouse?"

"Na, sir; I never gang to the yillhouse—that is, unless any neighbour was to gie me a pint, or the like o' that; but to own I lose the gratifying company, is it no? I've been o' times and hard-won aifter. But I was down at the Trinley-knowe, as I was saying, about a woe bit business o' my ain wi' Mattie Simpson, that's the widow o' the man that was a foolish fellow, that will never be missed in the Ha'house. And when we were at the strangest o' our bargain, wha said come in but Pat Macready the travelling merchant?"

"I suppose you do, Andrew?"

"E'en I've the honour to see him; but it's a creditable calling and a gainful, and has been long in use wi' our folk. Pat's a far-a-ways cousin o' mine, and we were blythe to meet wi' him anither."

"And you went and had a jil o' ale together, I suppose, Andrew?—For Heaven's sake, cut short your story."

"But a wee—bide a wee, you southrons are in a bit of a hurry, and this is something concerns yoursell, an ye wad tak patience to hear—t'll ye?—del a dram o' yill did Pat offer me; but Mattie gie us baith a drup smoked kilmel, and an o' her thick 'at jam-rocks, that was as wat and raw as a divot. O, for the bonnie girdle cakes o' the North!—and sae we eat down and took out our clavers."

"I wish you would take them out just now. Pray, tell me if you have got any worth telling, for I can't stop here all night.""

"Than, if ye maun ha'e, the folk in Lunnon are a clean wul about this bit job in the north here."

"Ou, just real daft—neither to haud nor to bind—'

"Hirdy-giddy—clean through ither—the dell's over Jock's door."

"But what does this all mean? or what business have I with the devil or Jack Webster?"

"Umph!" said Andrew, looking extremely knowing, "it's just because—that the dirdum's a' about you man's poknansy!"

"Whose portmante? I or what do you mean?"

"Ou, just the man Morris's, that he said he lost yonder; but if it's no your honour's affair, as little is it mine; and I maunna lose this gracious evening, resting my mind."

And, as suddenly seized with a violent fit of industry, Andrew began to labour most diligently. My attention, as the crafty knave had foreseen, was now arrested and unwilling, at the same time, to acknowledge any particular interest in that affair, by asking direct questions, I stood waiting till the spirit of voluntary communication should again prompt him to resume his story. Andrew dug on manfully, and spoke at intervals, but nothing to the purpose of Mr. Macready's news; and, I stood and listened, cursing him in my heart, and desirous, at the same time, of making his delight, as a contradiction would prevail over his desire of speaking upon the subject, which was obviously uppermost in his mind.

"Ach trenching up the sparry-grass, and an gann to saw sium Missiean beans; they winna want them to their swine's swine, I see warrant—muckle gude may I dc them. And sicklie-looking as the grieve has me; it should be wheat-straw, or sitten at the vast o' it, and it's peace-dirt, as fZXzenless as chuckies-stone. But the buntman guides a' as he likes about the thistle.-yard. But, however, we maunna lose a turn this Saturday at e'en, for the wather's air braw, and if there's a fair day in seven, Sunday's sav is come and gone. ""

"Ou, Pat Macready does say, that it may settle, if it be Heaven's will, till Monday morning, and what's the use o' my breaking my ycle at this rate—I think, I'll e'en a' wame, for ye just the current news, ye'll be for several hours.

Accordingly, applying both his hands to his sides, he pitched it upright in the trench which he had been digging, and, looking at me with the air of superiority of one who knows himself possessed of important information, which he may count as a great source of his pleasure, pulled down the sleeves of his shirt, and walked slowly towards his coat, which lay casually folded up under the same guarding board.

I must pay the penalty of having interrupted this tiresome rashal, thought I to myself, and even more Mr. Fair service by taking his communication as my guide, and he was not wrong, for I addressed myself to him.

"Oh, after all, Andrew, what are the Lech news you had from your kinsman, the traveling merchant?"

"The Lech, your honour means? retard to draw—'but ca' him ye what ye will, they're a great convenient in a country-side that's scant o' honest towns, like this Northumberland—that's no where, but in New, in Lunnon. There's the kingdom o' Fife, Colross to the East Nuit, it's just a nice hand of the city—Sae mony royal bowral seok on eng end, like ropes of ingans, with theic-strees at their booths, not bad, and their krennes and sae lair o' stone and lime and forestrees—Kirkhail, loch o't, is lairer than any town in England."

"I dare say it is all very splendid and very far, but you were talking of the London news a bit while ago.

"Ay," replied Andrew, "but I dinna think your honour cared to hear about them—however, continued, grinnig a ghastly smile, "Pat Macready does say, that they are marrist and in their parliament-House about this robbery o' Mr. Morris, or whatever they ca' the chiel."

"In the House of Parliament, Andrew! How can they do that there? They are not at present in London, are they?""

"Ou, that's just what I said to Pat; if it like honour, I'll tell you the very words; it's no ma making a lie for the matter—"Pate, said I, afore hand, that I would haud and lairds as well wi' the earle and his walters—When we had a Scotland Parliament, Pate, says I, and dail rax their tafts that rest us o'it! they sat dounly doun made laudin in a ball country seck, and sae flab they sae flabbed their beards about things that were coorse to the judge ordinar o' the bounds; but I think, I, that if a sae kail wife ye'd aff her neighbour's wife, they wad ha' the twa-women o' them in the parliament-House o' Lunnon. It's just, said I, and as silly as our auld daft laird here and his corns, wi' his huntsmen and his hounds, and baring cattle and horns, riding haud days, and the beast that winna weigh sax pund when they caught it.""

"You argued most admirably, Andrew," said willing to encourage him to go into the manner his intelligence; "and what said Pate?"

"Ou," he said, "what better could be expected from a weck poach-pudding English folk—But us twa, robbery, it's like that when they're at the time o' their Whig and Tory wark, and caing sax and eighteen blackguard—up gets me lang-tongued chiel, and he says, that o' the English rank too much, other honour of yer, and me may be, and that they had levied nae master and a king's messenger had been stopp'd and on the highway, and that the best blood o' Northumberland, and the auld daft laird's doing the same, the men o'shire will not aff him, and many valuable possess, there was nae redress to be gotten by people, for the first justice o' the peace that took.
and if he had gien them leg-bail, he was likely to have 'tain the air on the pillory for leaning-making.'

So speaking, honest Andrew collected his dibles, spades, and spade-axe, and, walking at his own pace, leisurely, however, and allowing me full time to put any further questions which might occur to me before he trundled them off to the toll-house, there where the fat taxes and other duties were in such a row,—leisurely, however, and allowing me full time to put any further questions which might occur to me before he trundled them off to the toll-house, there where the fat taxes and other duties were in such a row, he said, I wish to see your cousin the merchant, to ask him the particulars of what he heard in London, if it could be done without much trouble.

"Naething mair easy," Andrew observed; "he had but to hint to him that I wanted a pair or twa o' hose, and he wad be wi' me as fast as he could lay leg to the grund.

"O yes, assure him I shall be a customer; and as the night is, as you say, settled and fair, I shall walk in the garden until he comes; the moon will soon rise over the fells. You may bring him to the little back-gate; and then I'll have pleasure, in the mean-while, in looking on the bushes and evergreens by the bright frosty moon-light.

"Yarn right—vara right—that's what I hae aften said; a kiel-blaid, or a collarhin, glances see glesky by moonlight."

So saying, off went Andrew Fairservice with great glee. He had to walk about two miles, a labour he undertook with the greatest pleasure, in order to secure to his kinsman the sale of so much stuff as could be traded, though it is probable he would not have given him sixpence to treat him to a quart of ale.

The good-will of an Englishman would have displayed itself in a much truer light in the case I have thought, as I paced along the smooth cut velvet walks, which, embowered with high hedges of yew and of holly, intersected the ancient garden of Osbal- distone Hall.

As I turned to retrace my steps, it was natural that I should lift up my eyes to the windows of the old library, which, small in size, but several in number, stretched along the second story of that side of the house which now faced me. Light glanced from their casements. I was not surprised at this, for I knew Miss Vernon often sat there of an evening, though I could not see her room motives. I put a little motion of the head on my own, and never sought to join her at a time when I knew, all the rest of the family being engaged for the evening, our interviews must necessarily have been strictly private.

In the mornings we usually read together in the same room; but then it had happened that one or other of our cousins entered to seek some parchement duodecimo that could be converted into a fishing-book, despite its gildings and illumination, or to tell us of some "sport toward," or frits mere want of knowing where else to dispose of themselves. In short, in the mornings the library was a sort of public room, where man and woman might meet as in the second story of that side of the house which now faced me.

Miss Vernon first laughed, then blushed, and was disposed to be displeased; and then, suddenly checking herself, said, "I believe you are very right; and when, when I feel inclined to be a very busy one, will I abbreviate old Martha with a cup of tea to sit by me and be your screen.

Martha, the old housekeeper, partook of the taste of the family. Half a del, as many as three or four have pleased her better than all the tea in China. However, at the use of this beverage was then comm
show to Diana my version of the first books of Aristo, I had requested her to invite Martha to a tea-party in the library that evening; to which arrangement Miss Vernon had refused her consent, alleging some apology which I thought frivolous at the time.

I had missed the opportunity of inviting her when the back garden-door opened, and the figure of Andrew and his countryman, bending under his pack, crossed the moonlight alley, and called my attention elsewhere.

I found Mr. Macready, as I expected, a touch, sagacious, long-haired Scotchman, and a collector of news both from choice and profession. He was able to give me a succinct account of the House of Commons and House of Lords on the affair of Morris, which, it appears, had been made by both parties a touchstone to ascertain the temper of the Parliament. It appeared also, that, as I had learned from Andrew by second-hand, the ministry had proved too weak to support a story, involving the character of men of rank and importance, and resting upon the credit of a person of such indiscrimate fame as Morris who was, moreover, confirmed and contradictory in his mode of telling the story. Macready was even able to supply me with a copy of a printed journal, or News Letter, seldom extending beyond the name of the writer, in which Andrew's paper and debate was mentioned; and with a copy of the Duke of Argylo's speech, printed upon a broadside, of which he had purchased several from the hawkers, because, he said, it would be interesting to any who were interested in the Tweed. The first was a meagre statement, full of blanks and asterisks, and which added little or nothing to the information I had from the Scotchman; and the duke's speech, though spirited and eloquent, contained chiefly a panegyric on his country, his family, and his clan, with a few compliments, equally sincere, perhaps, though less glowing, which were addressed to himself. I could not learn whether my own reputation had been directly implicated, although I perceived that the honour of my uncle's family had been impugned, and that the person Campbell, named Morris to have been the most active robber of the two by whom he was assaulted, was said by him to have appeared in the behalf of a Mr. Osbaldstone and by the connivance of the justices, procured his liberation. In this particular, Morris's story jumped with my own suspicions, which had attached to Campbell from the moment I saw him appear at Justice Inglis's bench, and the Scotchman's story with this extraordinary story, I dismissed the two Scotchmen, after making some purchases from Macready, and a small compliment to Fairxious, and put up in my own apartment to consider what I ought to do in defence of my character thus publicly attacked.

CHAPTER XV.

Whence, and what art thou?—Milton.

After exhausting a sleepless night in meditation on the intelligence I had received, I was at first inclined to think that I ought, as speedily as possible, to return to London, and by my open appearance repel the calumny which had been spread against me. But I hesitated to take this course on recollection of the kind reciprocity of my father's and my own relations as well as to all that concerned his family. He was most able, certainly, from experience, to direct what I ought to do, and from his acquaintance with the most distinguished men in power, his influence, and his great achievements, must have been of the highest value to me. But I resolved at least to take up my abode in the house in the wind and weather, and for the sake of my good name, I would give her more pleasure than if Ariosto himself were to awake from the dead.

This reflection came the more powerfully across my mind, because, having mustered up courage to
debrand of his safe arrival in London, and of the kind reception he had met with from his uncle. Admitting that I might have been to blame, I did not deserve, in my own opinion at least, to be so totally forgotten by my father, and if I continued to suppose the letter to have the effect of bringing a letter from him to hand more early than it would otherwise have reached me. But before concluding my letter concerning the affair of Turks, I must express my earnest hopes and wish, that my father would honour me with a few lines, were it but to express his advice and commands in an affair of some difficulty, and where my knowledge and experience are so limited and inadequate to my own guidance. I found it impossible to prevail on myself to urge my actual return to London as a place of residence, and I disregarded my unwillingness to leave the house of my infancy, and the strong desire my father will, which, as I imposed it on myself as a sufficient reason for not urging my final departure from Osbaldestone Hall, would, I doubted not, be received as such by my parent. But I begged permission to come to London, for a short time at least, to meet and refute the infamous calumnies which had been circulat-
ed, concerning me, in so public a manner. Having made the application, and declared my earnest desire to vindicate my character was strongly blends with reluctance to quit my present place of residence, I rode over to the post town, and deposited my letter in the office. I was thus enabled to return to Osbaldestone Hall, somewhat earlier than I should otherwise have done, of the following letter from my friend Mr. Owen.

DEAR MR. FRANCIS,

"I am under the honour of Mr. R. Osbaldestone, and note the contents. Shall I do Mr. R. O. such civilities as are in my power, and have taken to see the Bank and Custom-house. He seems a sober, good-natured gentleman, and takes to business, and will be of service to the firm. I had wished another person had turned his mind that way; but God's will be done. As much as may be scarce in those parts, will return your enclosing their goldsmith's bill at six days' sight, on M'si Hooper and Girder of Newcastle, for 100l., which I doubt not will be duly honoured.—I remain, as in dirty, yours; or Mr. Frank, your very respectful and obedient servant, 

JOSEPH OWEN.

Postscript.—Hope you will advise the above coming safe to hand. I am sorry we have so few of yours. Your father says he is as usual, but looks poorly."

From this epistle, written in old Owen's formal style, I was rather surprised to observe that he made no mention of the circumstance which I had written to him, with a view to possess him of Rashketh's real character, although from the course of the letter, it seemed certain that he ought to have received it, and that he was so well informed about his stepson, as had no reason to suspect that it could miscarriage upon the road. As it comprised matters of great importance, both to my father and to myself, I sat down in the post-office, and again wrote to Owen, recapitulating the heads of my former letter, and requesting to know, in course of post, if it had reached him in safety. I also acknowledged the receipt of the latter, and promised to make use of the contents, if I should have any occasion for money. I thought, indeed, it was odd that my father should leave the care of supplying my necessities to his clerk; but I concluded it was a matter arranged between them. At any rate, Owen was a bachelor, rich in his way, and passionately attached to me, so that I had no hesitation in being obliged to him for a small sum, which I resolved to consider as a loan, to be returned with my earliest ability, in case it was not previously repaid by my father; and I expressed myself to this purpose to Mr. Owen. A shop-keeper in a little town, to which my father had lately given me in gold the amount of my bill on Messrs. Hooper and Girder, so that I returned to Osbaldestone Hall a good deal richer than I had set forth. This recruit to my travelling expenses had left unexhausted at my arrival the imperceptibly diminishing. This source of anxiety was for the present removed. On my arrival at the Hall, I found that Sir Hildebrand and all his officers, having heard of my arrival, and the little family meeting, to which Trinley-Knowles, "to see," as Andrew Fea'servicr expressed it, "a whom midden cockes ptinke ilt theares harns out."

"It is indeed a brutal amusement, Andrew; I suppose you have none such in Scotland?"

"No, na," answered Andrew boldly; and then shaded away his negative with, "unless it be on Easter-eve, or the like of the kind."—The little family mused a little, as to what the folk do to the midden poorty, for they hand sicken a skarling and scrapping in the yard, that there's nae getting a bean or pea kepet for them.

"But I am not understanding what it is that leaves that tur-
ret-door open; now that Mr. Rashleigh's away canna be him, I trow."

The turret-door, to which he alluded, opened to the garden at the bottom of a winding-stair, leading down from Mr. Rashleigh's apartments. This, as I have already mentioned, was situated in a sequestered part of the house, communicating with the library by a vaulted passage with the rest of the house. A long narrow turf-walk led, between two high holly hedges, from the turret-door to a little postern in the wall of the garden, where was the great door of Osbaldestone Hall. Rashleigh, whose movements were very independent of those of the rest of his family, could leave the Hall or return to it at pleasure, without his absence or presence attracting any particular observation from the servants. He was above the stair and the turret-door were entirely disused, and this made Andrew's observation somewhat remarkable.

"Have you often observed that door open?" was my question.

"No just that often neither; but I have noticed it once or twice. I thinking it may have been the priest, Father Vaughan, when he was here catching one of the servants gangning up that stair, for frightened heathens that they are, for fear of bogles and brownies and long-nobit things true the neist world. But Father Vaughan thinks himself a privi-
ileged person—set him up and lay him down!—I've be caution the worst stibber that ever stickit a sermon out over the Tweed-yonder, wad lay a ghast twice as fast as him, wi' his holy water and his idola-
rous trinkets. I dinna believe he speaks gude Latin neither; at least he dinna take me up when I tell him the learned names of the plants."

Since I had considered his time and his leisure, and his close personal life, and his hesitation in coming to Osbaldestone Hall, and about half-a-dozen mansions of Catholic gentlemen in the neighbourhood, I have as yet said nothing, for I had not seen but little of him, and had lived at a distance from his family, as I was given to understand, in the north; of a striking and imposing presence, grave in his ex-
terior; and much respected among the Catholics of Nortumberland, a worthy and upright man.
Chapter XVI

It happened one day about noon, going to my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a naked foot on the sand, which was very plain to be seen on the sand.

With the blended feelings of interest and jealousy which Miss Vernon's singular situation, my observations of her looks and actions became acutely sharpened, and that to a degree, which, not some months would have enabled me to escape her penetration. The sense that she was observed, or, more properly speaking, that she was watched by my looks, seemed to give Diana a mixture of fear and conscious truth. At times it seemed that she sought an opportunity of recoiling a conduct which she could not but feel as offensive, considering the frankness with which she had mentioned the difficulties that surrounded her. At other times she seemed prepared to expostulate upon the subject. But either her courage failed, or some other sentiment impeded her seeking an explanation.

It was in a singular relation to each other, spending, and by mutual choice, much of our time in close society with each other, yet disagreeing our mutual sentiments, and jealous of, or offended by, each other's actions. There was b erect empirical without confidence; on one side love without hope or purpose, and curiosity without any rational or justifiable motive; and on the other embarrassment and doubt, occasionally mingled with displeasure. Yet I believe that the agitation of the passions, such is the nature of the human heart, that came most nearly to resemble interesting and interesting, though petty circumstances, to render Miss Vernon and me the constant objects of each other's thoughts, tended, upon the whole, to increase the saving love. I was disposed to regard her with some interest, and disinterested, occasionally mingled with pleasure. Yet I believe that the agitation of the passions, such is the nature of the human heart, that came most nearly to resemble interesting and interesting, though petty circumstances, to render Miss Vernon and me the constant objects of each other's thoughts, tended, upon the whole, to increase the saving love. I was disposed to regard her with some interest, and disinterested, occasionally mingled with pleasure.
the verses from her unrelenting pen—" and I have only written, but up as I am in this retired position, I have felt sometimes I could not amuse better if by carrying on, merely for my own amusement, you will of course understand, the version of a battle that was one of the most prominent events of my life when I was on the banks of the Garonne.

"I question whether it only be," said Diana, gravely, other you could not spend your time to better purpose than in

ou mean in original composition," said I, great red;

"but, to say truth, my genius rather lies in

794 words and rhymes than ideas; and, therefore,

I am very likely to those which Aristotelian has pos-

to my hand. However, Miss Vernon, with

the translation now given, pleased me, Frank: it is encouragement of not lying, but of your taking. I mean neither original composition nor translation, since I think you employ your time to far better purpose than in

You are most kind, she continued, and I

try to be as careful as I can mortify—certainly not mortified," said I, the

light up my character, and it was but

presently assumed;)

"I am too much obliged by interest you take in me,"

she said. "Your words are those of the relentless Diana, there

thor mortification and a little grain of anger in

constrained tone of voice; do not be angry if I

try to feel your feelings to the bottom—perhaps what I am

to do is to affect them more,"

"Well, then,

"I wish I might be to you what I have been to

children of my own conduct, and the,

or manliness of Miss Vernon’s, and assured

that she need not fear my winning under criti-

which I know too well to give a meaning to,

that’s honestly meant and said," she replied;

"new well that the fiend of poetical irritability

away with the little prelude cough which un

which no at all,"

her tears; and not to hold out two serious

you heard from your father lately?"

a word," I replied; "he has not honoured

with a single line during the several months during

which I have been to you, and I really think

that strange—-you are a singular race, you

Osbaldestone’s. Then you are not aware that he

one to Holland, to arrange some pressing affairs

which required his own immediate presence?"

never heard a word of it until this moment?"

nd further, it must be news to you, and I pres-

suredly the most agreeable, that he has left

leaves the whole military and commercial manage-

ment of affairs until his return?”

ured, and could not suppress my surprise and

news for alarm," said Miss Vernon,

gravely; and were you, I would endeavour

set and obviate the dangers which arise from so

sir," she said, and curt this unmanly burst of

position. I am, by a solemn contract, the battle of

Heaven, unless I could prefer being wedded to villan

in the person of Rashleigh Osbaldestone, or brutality

that of his brother. I am, therefore, the bride of

Heaven, betrothed to the convent from the cradle.

To me, therefore, these rapaces are misapplied—

they only serve to prove a further necessity for your

departure, and that without delay." At these words

were dazed by the suddenness of it, and indeed, as

voice, but leave me instantly—we will meet here

again, but it must be for the last time."

My eyes followed the direction of hers as she spoke, and I thought she was tossing the tapestry that covered the door of the secret passage from Rashleigh’s room to the library. I conceived we were observed, and turned an inquiring glance on Miss Vernon.

“It is nothing,” said淑, faintly; “a rat behind the arbor.”

“Dead for a ducat,” would have been my reply, had I dared to give way to the feelings which rose indignant at the idea of being subjected to an extra enumerator. Prudence and the necessity of suppressing my passion, and obeying Diana’s reiterated command of “Leave me! leave me!” came in place of any rash action. I left the apartment in a wave of giddiness and cloudiness of mind which I vain attempted to compose when I returned to my own.

A chaos of thoughts intruded themselves on me at once, passing haphazard through my brain, intercepting and overshadowing each other, and resembling those fogs which in mountainous countries are wont to descend in obscure volumes, and dissolve or obliterate the usual impressions of the mind. The traveller steers his course through the wilds. The dark and undefined idea of danger arising to my father from the machinations of such a man as Rashleigh Osbaldestone, half-declaration of his desire to recover Miss Vernon’s acceptance,—the acknowledged distress of her situation, bound by a previous contract to confine herself to a cloister, or to be in some disgrace, all pressed themselves at once upon
collection, while my judgment was unable deliberately to consider any of them in their just light and being accounted for all the rest, I was perplexed by the manner in which Miss Vernon had received my tender of affection, and by her manner, which, fluctuating betwixt sympathy and firmness, seemed to me the interest to possess her bosom, but not of force sufficient to counterbalance the obstacles to her avowing a mutual affection. The glance of fear, rather than surprise, with which she had watched the motion of the tapestry over the concealed door, implied an apprehension of danger which I could not but suppose well-grounded; for Diana Vernon was little subject to the nervous emotions of her sex, and totally unapt to fear without actual and rational cause. I had, however, a sort of vague uneasy feeling, and was always ascribing Miss Vernon's conduct to the influence of some one individual agent, although, for ought I knew about the matter, her advisers might be as anachronous as Lomlton. I remarked this over and over to myself, but I found that my mind still settled back in my original conviction, that one single individual, of the masculine sex, and in all probability young and ignorant, was responsible for those mysteries be with which she was surrounded as with an enchanter's spell, and which seemed continually to exert an active influence over her thoughts and actions, though their agents were never visible. On this subject of doubt my mind finally rested, as if to shake itself free from investigating the propriety or prudence of my own conduct, by transferring it to that of Miss Vernon. I will be resolved, I concluded, ere I leave Osbaldeston Hall, concerning the light in which I must in future regard this fascinating being, over whose life frankness has given to them their reigning in the former inspiring her words and sentiments, the latter spreading in misty influence over all her actions. Joined to the obvious interests which arose from curiosity were those which excited me in the expectation of pleasing her, of involving her, of enjoying her, of exciting her. I was feeling a strong, though unavowed and undefined, infusion of jealousy. This sentiment, which springs up with love as naturally as the tares with the wheat, was combined with the degree of influence which Diana had appeared to concede to those unseen beings by whom her actions were directed. The more I reflected upon her character, the more I was internally though unwisely of influence which Diana had appeared to concede to those unseen beings by whom her actions were directed. The more I reflected upon her character, the more I was internally though unwisely admiring her. The more I reflected upon her conduct, the more I was impressed with the probability of consequences of my enterprise. The fresh and balmy air of the garden, impregnated with fragrance, produced its usual sedative effects on my over-heated brain, for I felt that the turmoil of my mind began proportionally to abate, and I was led to question the right I had to interfere with Miss Vernon's secrets, or with those of my uncle's family. What was it to me whom my uncle might choose to conceal in his house where I was myself a guest only by tolerance? And what title had I to pry into the affairs of Miss Vernon, fraught, as I saw, with agony, into which she had not voluntarily penetrated? Passion and self-will were ready with their answers to these questions. In detecting this secret, I was in all probability about to do service to Sir Hildebrand Vernon; I was probably impugned with the inquisitive spirit which carried on in his family; and a still more important service to Miss Vernon, whose frank simplicity of character exposed her to so many risks of apprehensions. At the same time I could not help regarding this correspondence as a person of doubtful or dangerous character. If I seemed to intrude myself on her confidence, it was not with the generous and disinterested (yes, even ventures to call it the disinterested) aversion of minding, defending, and protecting her against craft, against machinations, above all, against the secret counsellor whom she had chosen for her confidant. Such were the arguments which my last resolution led me to my conscience as coin which ought to be current; and which conscience, like a grumbling shopkeeper, was contrived to accept, rather than come to an open breach with my uncle, though more than doubting that the tender was spurious.

While I paced the green alleys, debating these things, I suddenly lighted upon Andrew Fair service, perched up like a statue by a range of bees, in an attitude of devotion contemplation; one eye, however watching the motions of the little inanimate citizens, who were settling in their strait-mouthed manes for the evening's meal, or eating on a book of devotion which much attention had deprived of its corners, and worn into an oval shape; a circumstance, which, with the close print and dingy colour of the volume in question, gave it an air of most remote and incomprehensible antiquity.

"I was even taking a spell o' worthy Miss John Quackleben's Flower of a Sweet Saviour saw on his

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ROB ROY. [CHAP. XVL

CHAPTER XVII.

I have already told you, Truch, if you deign to bear it in remembrance, that my evening visits to the library had seldom been made except by appointment, and under the sanction of old Dame Martha's presence. This, however, was entirely a tacit conventional arrangement of my own instituting. Of late, as the embarrassments of our relative situation had increased, Miss Vernon and I had never met in the evening at all. She had therefore no reason to suppose that I was likely to seek a renewal of these interviews, and especially without some previous notice or appointment betwixt us, that Martha might, as at other times, be upon duty; on the other hand, this cautionary provision was a matter of understanding, not of express enactment. The library was open to me, as to the other members of the family, at all hours of the day and night, and I could not be accused of intrusion, however suddenly and unexpectedly I might make my appearance in it. My belief, was strong, that in this apartment Miss Vernon occasionally received Vaughan, or some other person, by whom circumstances were casu istly arranged, with a view to her conduct, and that at the times when she could do so with least chance of interruption. The lights which gleamed in the library at unusual hours,—the creaking of some bowstring which I had heard in the postern-door in the morning dew from the turreted-door to the postern-gate in the garden,—sounds and sights which some of the servants, and Andrew Fair service in particular, had observed and been accounted for, all the rest, I was convinced by the manner in which Miss Vernon had received my tender of affection, and by her manner, which, fluctuating betwixt sympathy and firmness, seemed to me the interest to possess her bosom, but not of force sufficient to counterbalance the obstacles to her avowing a mutual affection. 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fiddled out of this World," said Andrew, closing his book at my appearance, and putting his horn spectacles, by way of mark, at the place where he had been reading. "And the bees, I observe, were dividing your attention, Andrew, with the learned author?"

"They are a contaminous generation, replied Andrew, as he was saying; yet I suppose I can bear to see some of them. It has been my lot to live on, and yet it's a common observation that they will swarm on the Sabbath-day, and keep folk at home with the sound of their drone. What! you say as mercy." "You might have gone to the parish church, as I did, Andrew, and heard an excellent discourse." "Clauta o' cauld parrich—clauta o' cauld parrich," said Andrew, with a most supercilious ascent, gaudy aneuch for dogs' liking, the like o' a parson—Ay! I might nae doubt has heard the curate aking awa at it in his white eark yonder, and the man playing on whistles, maie like a penny reeling than a sermon—and to the boot of that, I might ha' gone to even-songs, and heard Daddie Bochrie mumbling his mass—muckle the better it might ha' been."

"Dockerty!" said I. (This was the name of an old priest, an Irishman, I think, who sometimes officiated at Oswaldstieghall.) "I thought Father Vaughan had been at the Hall. He was here yesterday." "Ay," said Andrew, "he left them yestreen, gang to Greystock, or some o' the west-country auds. There's an unco stir among them: a' e'en, they are as busy as my bees are—God saw them! But I would even—He left them here to see this is the second swarm, and whiles they will whirr off in the afternoon. The first swarm set off une in the morning. But I am thinking they are aet in their sleep for the night. See, I wot your onour good-night, and grace, and muckle o' this."

So saying, Andrew retreated; but often cast a parting glance upon the stove, as he called the bee-hives. I postponed my unfruitful and unpromising sallies for information, that Father Vaughan, namely, was not supposed to be at the Hall. If, therefo re, there appeared light in the windows of the library this evening, it either could not be his, or he was observing very secret and suspicious line of conduct. I waited with impatience the time of sunset and of twilight. I had hardly arrived, ere a gleam from the windows of the apartment must have given my uneasy mind some slight relief; I was still enduring light of the evening. I marked it first glimpse, however, as speedily as the bourned lion describes the first distant twinkle of the light—approaching the swiftest bolt of discord and propriety, which had hither to contended with my curiosity and jealousy, vanished when an opportunity of gratifying the former was presented to me. I returned to the barrier, and among the stubborn apartments with the consciousness of one who wishes to keep his purpose secret, I reached the door of the library—hesitated for a moment as my hand was upon the latch; I heard a suppressed step within, when a hand opened the door, and I found Miss Vernon alone.

Diana appeared surprised,—whether at my sudden entrance, or from some other cause, I could not guess; but there was in her appearance a degree of fluster, which I had never before remarked, and which I new could only be produced by unusual emotion. She was calmed in a moment; and such was the force of confidence, that I, who studied to surmise her, seemed myself the surprised, and was certainly the embarrassed person.

"Has any thing happened?" said Miss Vernon. "Has any one arrived at the Hall?"

"No one that I know of," I answered, in some confusion; "I only sought the Orlando." "It lies there," said Miss Vernon, pointing to the table.

In removing one or two books to get at that which I pretended to seek, I was, in truth, meditating to make a handsome retreat from an investigation to which I felt my entanglement inadequate, when I heard a muffled voice from the other side of the table. My ears caught those of Miss Vernon, who blushed deeply.

"It is one of my relics," she said, with hesitation, replying not to my words, but to my looks; "it is one of the gloves of my grandfather, the original of the superb Vandyke which you admire."

As if she thought something more than her bare assertion was necessary to prove a statement true, she opened a drawer of the large oak table, and, taking out another glove, threw it towards me. When I saw the temper naturally inscuruous stoops to equivocate or to resemble, the anxious pain with which the unowned task is laboured, often induces the hearer to doubt the authenticity of the tale. I cast a hasty glance at the one on both gloves, and then replied gravely: "The gloves resemble each other in form and embroidery; but they cannot form a pair, since they both belong to the right hand." She bit her lip with anger, and again coloured deeply.

"You do right to expose me," she replied, with bitterness; "some friends would have only judged from what I said, that I chose to give no particular explanation of a circumstance which calls for none—at least to a stranger. You have judged better, and have made me feel, not only the meanness of duplicity, but my own inadequacy to sustain the task of a disseminator. I now turn to you, and candidly, the more so, as I do not think you, as you have acutely discerned, to the one which I just now produced. It belongs to a friend yet dearer to me than the original of Vandyke's picture—a friend I can be of the comfort and guidance, whom I honour—whom I!" She paused.

I was irritated at her manner, and filled up the blank in my own way. "Whom she loves, Miss Vernon would say.""And if I do say so," she replied, haughtily, "by whom shall my affection be called to account?"

"Not by me, Miss Vernon, assuredly. I entreat you to hold me acquitted of such presumption. But," I continued, with some emphasis, for I was now piged in return. "I hope Miss Vernon will pardon a friend, from whom she seems disposed to withdraw the title, for offering it with maiden simplicity."

"Observe nothing, sir," she interrupted, with some vehemence, "except that I will neither be doubted nor questioned. There does not exist one by whom I will be either interrogated or judged; and if you sought this unusual time of presenting yourself, in order to spy upon my privacy, the friendship or interest with which you pretend to regard me, is a poor excuse for your presumptuous curiosity."

"I relieve you of my presence," said I, with pride equal to her own; for my tongue has ever been a stranger to stinging, even in cases where my feelings were most deeply interested. I have not sought your presence. I awake from a pleasant, but a most delusive dream; and—but we understand each other." I had reached the door of the apartment, when Miss Vernon, whose movements were sometimes so rapid as to seem almost instinctive, overtook me, and, catching hold of my arm, stopped me with that air of authority which she could so whimsically assume, and which, from the naive and simplicity of her manner, had an effect so peculiarly interesting.

"Stop, Mr. Frank," she said; "you are not to leave me in that way neither; I am not so amply provided with friends, that I can afford to throw away even the ungrateful and the selfish. Mark what I say, Mr. Francis Oswaldstone. You shall know nothing of this mysterious glove, and she hold its up as she spoke—nothing-no, not a single iota more than you know already; and yet I will not permit it to be a ground of strife and defiance be twixt us. My time here," she said, sinking into a tone somewhat softer, "must necessarily be very short; yours must be still shorter; We are soon to part, never to meet again; do not let us quarrel, or make any mysterious miseries the pretext for further embittering the few hours we shall ever pass together on this side."
rival; for what other construction could I put on her declared preference of her mysterious confidant? And is it this avail, Miss Vernon? Why should I leave the apartment, and breaking with her for ever, it cost her but a change of look and tone, from that of real and haughty resentment to that of kind and playful dissemblance. But, indeed, I have neither tender nor angry feeling, to lead me back to my seat, her willing subject, on her own hard terms.

"What does this avail?" said I, as I sat down. "Yet can this avail, Miss Vernon? Why should I witness embarrassments which I cannot relieve, and mysteries which I offend you even by attempting to penetrate? Inexperience, as you are in the world, your aged friend, to be aware, that a beautiful woman can have but one male friend. Even in a male friend, I will be jealous of a confidence shared with a third party unknown and concealed; but with your own, Miss Vernon—"

"You are, of course, jealous, in all the tenses and moods of that amiable passion: But, my good friend, you have all this time spoke nothing but the paltry gossip which sepulchres repeat from play-books and romances, till they give more cant a real and powerful influence over their minds. Boys and girls prize themselves into love; and when their love is like to fail, sneer at the eloquent service of the eloquent, and fail behind it. But you and I, Frank, are rational beings, and neither silly nor idle enough to talk ourselves into any other relation, than of that plain honest disinterested friendship, which I feel so far out of our reach, as if I were man, or you woman. To speak truth, she added, after a moment's hesitation, "even though I am so complainant to the decorum of my sex as to blush in a light of my own alone desiring, we cannot marry, if we would; and we ought not, if we could."

And certainly, Tresrah, she did blush more angelically as she made this cruel declaration. I was struck with the difficulty of being sure of those suspicions which had been confirmed in the course of the evening, but she proceeded with a cold firmness which approached to severity.

"By far more indubitable truth, on which I will neither hear question nor explanation. We are therefore friends, Mr. Osbaldestone—are we not? She held out her hands, and taking mine, added, "And nothing to each other now, or henceforth, except as friends."

She let go my hand. I sunk it and my head at once, falsely overestimated, as Spenser would have termed it, by the trampled kindness and firmness of her rejection. She was right, she added gently.

"There is a letter," she said, directed for you, Mr. Osbaldestone, very duly and distinctly; but which, without sustaining the caution of the person who wrote and addressed it, your hands, had it not fallen into the possession of a certain Pachet, or enchanted dwarf of mine, whom, who all distressed and embittered, of romance, I retain in my secret service."

I opened the letter and glanced over the contents—the unfolded sheet of paper dropped from my hands, with the involuntary exclamation of "Gracious Heaven! my folly and disobedience have ruined my father!"

Miss Vernon rose with looks of real and affectionate alarm—You grow pale—you are ill—shall I write to the general? I will write to your father, Mr. Osbaldestone, and a fine one. Is your father—is he no more?"

"He lives, I said, thank God! but to what distress and difficulty."

"If I should despair not. May I read this letter?" she said, taking it up. I assented, hardly knowing what I said. She read with great attention, and added, "Who is this Mr. Tresrah, who signs the letter?"

"My father's partner, (your own good father, Will,) but he is little in the habit of acting personally in the business of the house."

He was, said Miss Vernon, "of various letters sent to you previously, you have received none of them."

"And it appears," she continued, that Rashleigh, who has taken the full management of affairs during your father's absence in Holland, has some time since left London for Scotland, with effects and retinues to guard in his house, by his father to persons in that country, and that he has not since been heard of."

"It is but too true.

And here she paused," she added, looking at the letter, "a head-clerk, or some such person,—Owen—Owen—dispatched to Glasgow, to find out Rashleigh, if possible, and you are entertained to repair to the same place, and aid in his researches."

"It is even so, and I must depart instantly."

"Stay but one moment," said Miss Vernon. "It seems to me that the worst which can come of this matter will be the loss of our certain sum of money; and can that bring tears into your eyes? For shame, Mr. Osbaldestone!"

"You do me injustice, Miss Vernon," I answered, I grieve not for the loss, but for the effect which I know it will produce on the spirits and health of my father, to whom mercantile credit is as honour; and who, if declared insolvent, would sink into the grave, oppressed with a sense of grief, remorse, and despair, like that of a soldier convicted of cowardice, or a man of honour who had lost his rank and character in society. All this I might have prevented by a trifling exertion.

No, my friend, she replied, recoiled from sharing the labours of his honourable and useful profession. Good Heaven! how shall I redeem the consequences of my error!"

"By instant departure," I said, "as you are conjured to do by the friend who writes this letter."

"But if Rashleigh," said I, "has really formed this base and unscrupulous scheme of plundering his benefactor, what prospect there that I can find means of frustrating a plan so deeply laid?"

"The prospect," she replied, "indeed, may be uncertain; but, on the other hand, there is no possibility that it will be so obvious in its remaining here. Remember, had you been on the post destined for you, this disaster could not have happened, hasten to that which is now pointed out, and you may possibly be retrieved. Yet stay—do not leave this room until I return."

She left me in confusion and amazement; amid which, however, I could find a lucid interval to admire the firmness, composure, and presence of mind, which Miss Vernon seemed to possess on every crisis, however sudden.

In a few minutes she returned with a sheet of paper in her hand, folded and sealed like a letter, but without address or signature. It was her proof of my friendship, because I have the most perfect confidence in your honour. If I understand the nature of your distress rightly, the funds in Rashleigh's possession, of which I was informed the day the 12th of September, think, is named—in order that they may be applied to pay the bills in question; and, consequently, that, if adequate funds be provided before that period, your father's credit is safe from the apprehended calamity."

"Certainly—I so understand Mr. Tresrah—" I looked at your father's letter again, and added, "There cannot be a doubt of it."

"Well," said Diana, "in that case my little packet may be of use to you. You have heard of a seal contained in a letter. Take this packet; do open it, and open it with haste, or you will lose by your exertions, I trust to your honour for destroying it without opening or suffering it to be opened. But if not, you may break the seal within ten days of the dated day, and you will find directions, which may possibly be of service to you. Mr. Adity, Frank; we never meet more—but sometimes that on your friend Die Vernon."

CHAPTER XVIII.

And hurry, hurry, off they rode, Hurry, hurry, the dead can ride, Do not fear to ride with me.
traction which they afford by their contradictory operation prevents the patient from being overwhelmed under either. I was deeply grieved at my separation from my dear friend, Mr. Vere, as I should have been, had not my father apprehended distresses forced themselves on my attention; and I was distressed by the news of Mr. Trehaw, yet less so than I should have been, had I fully occupied my mind with the idea of a false lover or an unfeeling son; but man can give but a certain portion of distressful emotion to the causes which demand them, and if two operate at once, one of sympathy, and the funds of a compound ing bankrupt, can only be divided between them. Such were my reflections when I gained my apartment—it seems, from the illustration, they already blanked out the image of the cottage and the rustic scenes in my mind.

I set myself seriously to consider my father's letter. It was not very distinct, and referred for several particulars to Owen, whom I was entreated to meet with as soon as possible at a Scotch town, called Glasgow; being informed, moreover, that my old friend was to be heard at Messrs. Macvittie, Macfar, and Company, merchants in the Gallowgate of that said town. The letter appended to several letters which, as it appeared to me, must have miscarried or have been intercepted, and complained of my obstinate silence in terms which would have been highly unbecoming the said business proposes to me. I was amazed as I read. That the spirit of Rashleigh walked around me, and conjured up these doubts and difficulties by which I was surrounded, I felt highly frightful, and yet it seemed to frighten me to the conception of combined villainy and power which he must have employed in the perpetration of his designs. Let me do myself justice in this respect: I did not quarrel with my own self. I, however, distressing it might in other respects and at another time have appeared to me, sunk into a subordinate consideration when I thought of the dangers impending. I could not set a higher estimation on wealth, and had the affection of most young men of lively imagination, who suppose that they can better dispense with the possession of money, than resign their time and faculties to the labour necessary to acquire it. But in my father's case, I knew that bankruptcy would be considered as an utter and irrecoverable disgrace, to which life would afford no comfort, and death the speediest and sole relief.

My mind, therefore, was bent on averting this catastrophe, with an intensity which the interest could not have produced had it referred to my own fortune. It was a definite resolution to depart from Osbaldstone Hall the next day, and wend my way without loss of time to meet Owen at Glasgow. I did not hold it expedient to inform my mother of my plans than by leaving a letter of thanks for his hospitality, assuring him that sudden and important business prevented my offering them in person. I knew the blunt old knight would readily excuse my conduct, and I had such a belief in the exist and decided character of Rashleigh's machinations, that I had some apprehension of his having provided means to intercept a journey which was undertaken with a view to discover the truth. The letters were publicly announced at Osbaldstone Hall.

I therefore determined to set off on my journey with daylight in the ensuing morning, and to gain the main post road from the town of Scotland on as any idea of my departure was entertained at the Hall; but one impediment of consequence was likely to prevent that speed which was the soul of my expedition. I did not know the station, nor indeed any road to Glasgow; and as, in the circumstances in which I stood, dispatch was of the greatest consequence, I determined to consult Andrew Fairertain on the subject, as the most available authority in my neighbourhood. Late as it was, I set off with the intention of ascertaining this important point, and after a few minutes' walk reached the dwelling of the gardener. At the great distance from the exterior wall of the garden, a snug comfortable Northumbrian cottage, built of stones roughly dressed with the hammer, and having the windows and doors decorated with huge heavy architraves, or lintels, as they are called, of hewn stone, and its roof covered with broad gray flags, instead of shingles, the flat tile. A large pear-tree at one end of the cottage, a rivulet, and flower-plot of a rood in extent, in front, and a kitchen-garden behind; a paddock for a cow, and a small field, cultivated with several rows of currant and gooseberry. This was the benefit of the cottage than for sale, announced the warm and cordial comforts which Old England, even at her most northern extremity, extends to her meanest inhabitants.

As I approached the mansion of the sagacious Andrew, I heard a noise, which, being of a nature peculiarly solemn, nasal, and prolonged, led me to think that Andrew, according to the decent and meritorious custom of his countrymen, had assembled some of his neighbours to join in family exercise, as he called evening devotion. Andrew had indeed neither wife, child, nor female inmate in his family. "The first of his trade," he said, "had had enough o' those cattle."

But, notwithstanding, he sometimes contrived to form an audience for himself out of the neighbouring Papists and Group of English-men, bands, an electric, expressed it, snatched out of the burning, on whom he used to exercise his spiritual gifts, in defiance alike of Father Vaughan, Father Docharty, Rashleigh, and all the world. I knew that Andrew's interference on such occasions an act of heretical intercourse. I conceived it likely, therefore, that the well-disposed neighbours might have assembled to hold some thing which he was reading. However, when I listened to it more accurately, seemed to proceed entirely from the lungs of the said Andrew; and when I interrupted it by entering the house, I found Fairertain abating that, as she beat could, with long words and hard names, and reading aloud, for the purpose of his own edification, a volume of controversial divinity. "I was just taking a spell. He read a bit," said he, "and I see the huge volume as I entered, 'of the worthy Doctor Lightfoot.'"

"Lightfoot!" I replied, looking at the ponderous volume with some surprise; "surely your author was, unhappily named!"

"Lightfoot was his name, sir; a divine he was, and another kind of a divine than they have any where. Always, I crave your pardon for keeping ye standing at the door, but having been misinstructed (gude preserve us!) with as bogle the night alread, I was dubious o' opening the yet till! I had gan through the e'ming worship; and I had just finished that book before I saw a young man gar them keep their distance, I wone what will?"

"Trysted with a bogle!" said I; "what do you mean by that, Andrew?"

"I said misinstructed," replied Andrew; "that is as muckle as to say, fyi'd wir a ghost—gude preserve us, I say again."

"Flay'd by a ghost, Andrew! how am I to understand that?"

"I did not say flay'd," replied Andrew, "but fyi'd, that is, I got a fleg, and was ready to jump out o' my skin, though nobody offered to whirf it aff my body as a man wad bark a tree."

"I beg a truce for your torsos in the present case, Andrew, and I wish to know whether you can direct me the nearest way to a town in your country of Scotland, called Glasgow?"

"A town-nad Glasgow," echoed Andrew Fairertain. "Glasgow's a ceety, man.—And is't the way to Glasgow ye were speering if I kend it?—What said all me to kerst it?—it's no that dooms far frae my ain parish of Glasgow, but a bogle Dựe, a genuine ghost, to the west. But what may your honour be gan to Glasgow for?"

"Particular business," replied I.

"That's a muckle as to say, speer nae questions, and I'll tel ye nae less—To Glasgow?"—he made a short pause—"I am thinking ye wad be the better o some aye to show you the road."

"Certainly, if I could meet with any person who can, that way."

"And your honour, doubtless, will consider the time and trouble?"
"Unquestionably—my business is pressing, and if you can find any guide to accompany me, I'll pay him handomely."

"This is no day to speak of carnal matters," said Andrew, casting his eyes upwards; "but if it werea Satanic matter, I'd consent to go to one that was bearable. I don't want a pleasant company on the road, and tell ye the names of the gentleman's and nobleman's seats and castles, and count their lads to ye?"

"I tell you, all I want to know is the road I must travel; I will pay the fellow to his satisfaction—I will give him any thing in reason."

"Any thing," replied Andrew, "is nothing; and this lad that I am speaking o' kens the short cuts and queer by-paths through the hills, and—"

"I have no time to talk about it, Andrew; do you make the horrid sermon of me and you?"

"Aha! that's speaking to the purpose," answered Andrew. "I am thinking, since sae be that sae it is, I'll be the lad that will guide you myself,"

"You, Andrew? How will you get away from your employment?"

"I tell'd your honour a while syne, that it was lang that I had been thinking o' flitting, maybe as lang as four weeks since I came to Osbaldeston Hall; and now I am o' the mind to gang in gude earnest—better, soon as syne—better a finger aff as aye wagging."

"You leave your service then? but will you not lose much?"

"Nae doubt there will be a certain loss; but then I hae soiler o' the laird's in my hands that I took for the apples in the sud orchard—and a sair bargain the folowers got from the white-house—where the common trash—and yet Sir Hildebrandt's as keen to hae the soiler (that is, the steward is as pressing about it) as if they had been a'gowden pipings—and then there's the soiler for the sewer that's been so long away—I'll be in a manner decently made up. But doubtless your honour will consider my risk of loss when we won to Glasgow—and ye'll be for setting out forthwith?"

"By day-break in the morning," I answered.

"That's nothing o' the suddenest—where am I to find a nag?—Stay—I ken just the beast that will answer me."

"At five in the morning, then, Andrew, you will meet me at the head of the avenue."

"Deil a fear o' me (that I saul any sac) missing my tryste," replied Andrew very briskly; "and, if I might advise, we wad be off two hours earlier. I ken the road well enough, and that's the laird's."

"The laird has made a tour round the country-side, and diena ken the colour of a heather-cope when it's a-dun."

I had improved of Andrew's amendment on my original proposal, and we agreed to meet at the place appointed in the morning. At once, however, a reflection came across the mind of my intended travelling companion—own way."

"The bogle! the bogle! what if it should come up upon us?—I downe forgather wi' these things twice in the four-and-twenty hours."

"Yeth! I pooh!" I exclaimed, breaking away from him, "fear nothing from the next world—the earth contains living fiends, who can act for themselves without assistance, were the whole host that fell with Lucifer and his multitude of devils in that fiendish and devilish chase to obey or to reply to me. My anger was, however, quite impotent. I attempted once or twice to get up alongside of my self-willed guide, with the purpose of knocking him off his horse with the but-end of my whip; but Andrew was better mounted than I, and either the spirit of the animal which he bestrode, or more probably some presentiment of my kind intentions towards him, induced him to quicken his pace whenever I attempted to make up to him. On the other hand, I was compelled to exert my spur to keep him in sight, for without his guidance I was too well employed in keeping the horse which was adhering to my body to give any prepared notices which must otherwise have pressed on my mind. But at length, after halloowing repeatedly to Andrew to ride slower, I became seriously incensed at his immoderate speed and at my subsequent perseverance in not obeying or to reply to me. My anger was, however, quite impotent. I attempted once or twice to get up alongside of my self-willed guide, with the purpose of knocking him off his horse with the but-end of my whip; but Andrew was better mounted than I, and either the spirit of the animal which he bestrode, or more probably some presentiment of my kind intentions towards him, induced him to quicken his pace whenever I attempted to make up to him. On the other hand, I was compelled to exert my spur to keep him in sight, for without his guidance I was too well employed in keeping the horse which was adhering to my body..."

With these words, the import of which was suggested by my own situation, I left Andrew's habitations, and returned to the Hall.
accord. Apparently this threat made some impression on the tympanum of his ear, however, for all my milder entreaties; for he relaxed his pace upon hearing it.  

"There was a muckle sense in riding at sic a daft-like gate."

"And what did you mean by doing so at all, you self-willed, self-wend?" I replied; for I was in a towering passion, to which, by the way, nothing contributes more than the having recently undergone a space of personal fear, which, like a few drops of water flowing down a wall, when it is the back of an affectionate mountain-river, which is insufficent to quench."

"What's your honour's will?" replied Andrew, with impertinente gravity.

I tell you, you have been roaring to you this hour to ride slower, and you have never so much as answered me—Are you drunk or mad to behave so?"

"An it like your honour, I am something dull o' hearing; and I'll no deny but I might have maybe taen a stirrup-cup at parting free the auld biggin where I hae dawt sae lang; and having nobody to say o' me, so the lee was not taen reely do mysel', or else leave the e'nd the brandy stoup to that papis, and that wad be a waste, as your honour kens."

"This might be all very true, and my circumstances required that I should be on good terms with your guide; I therefore satisfied myself with requiring of him to take his directions from me in future concerning the path of travel."

Andrew, emboldened by the mindness of his tone, elevated his own into the pedantic, conceited octave, which was familiar to him on most occasions.

"Your honour winna persuade me, and nobody shall persuade me, that it's either halaciste or prudent to take the night air on those moors without a cordial o' crow-gillflower water, or a tass of brandy or aquavitae, or sic-like creature-comfort. I hae taen that my custom, and I have done that many a day and night, and never could find the way without when I hae taen my mien; mair by token that I hae whiles twa bits o' anckers o' brandy on ilk side o' me."

"In other words, Andrew," said I, "you were a snuggler—how does a man of your strict principles reconcile yourself to cheat the revenue?"

"Hoot, now, what o' that?" exclaimed Andrew; "pair auld Scotland suffers enough by that blackguard loons o' eccesimes and gaugers, that hae come down on her like locusts since the sad and sorrowful time of the Reformats, being like a bank o' soup—something that will keep up her auld heart, and that will they nill the, the ill-far-ard thieves."

"Upon more particular inquiry, I found Andrew had from time to time made himself a smuggler, both before and after his establishment at Osbaldeston Hall; a circumstance which was so far of importance to me, as it proved his capacity as a guide, notwithstanding the escape of which he had been guilty at his outset. Even now, though traveling at a more moderate pace, the stirrup-cup, or whatever else had such an effect in stimulating Andrew's motions, seemed not to really to have lost its influence. He often cast a nervous and startled look behind him; and whenever the road seemed at all practicable, showed symptoms of a desire to accelerate his pace, as if he feared some pursuit from the rear. These appearances of alarm gradually diminished as we reached the top of a high bleak ridge, which ran nearly east and west for about a mile, with a very steep descent on either side. The pale beams of the morning were now enlightening the horizon, when Andrew cast a look behind him, and not seeing the appearance of a living being on the moors which he had, as if he feared some pursuit from the rear. As first whistled, then sung, with much glee and little melody, the end of one of his native songs:

Jenny, last! I think I have her.

One thing I can tell the world:

All their clan shall never get her."

As we passed at the same time the neck of the horse which had carried him so gallantly; and my attention being directed by that action to the animal, I instantly recognised a favourite mare of Thorncliff Osbaldestone. "How is this, sir?" I said sternly, to that gentleman, who, I thought, was Mr. Thorncliff's nephew.

"I'll no say but she may aiblins has been his ho- sour's Squire Thorncliff's in her day—but she's mine now.""

"You have stolen her, you rascal!"

"Na, na, sir, nae man can wyte me wi' theft! The thing stands this gate, ye see—Squire Thorncliff bor-cowed ten punds o' me to gang to York Races—deil a boddle was thare. January back. Then the dogs was raddling my baneis, as he cud it, when I asked him but for my ain back again—now I think it will riddle him or he gets his horse over the Border again—unni- less he pays me dight, and bawbee, he shall aiver a hair o' her tail. I ken a canny chield at Lough- 

maben, a bit writer lad, that will put me in the way to sort him—Steel the mair! na, na, far be the sin through me, and I'll give me to no juridiction fandandy causey. Thare be bonny writer words—amaist like the language o' huz gardeners and other learned men—it's a pit they're a rare deal—than the boddle at the melie—nae gane for a lang law-plea, and four anckers o' as guid branc-by as was e'er couplit ower craig—Heh, sins! but law's a dear thing."

"You are likely to find it much dearer than you suppose, Andrew, if you proceed in this mode of paying yourself, without legal authority."

"Hout tout, we're in Scotland now, (be praised on't,) and I can find both friend, ane, and lawyer, and judge too, o' the auld Osbaldestone family."

My mother's mither's third cousin was cousin to the Provost o' Dunfries, and he winna see a dop o' her blude wranged. Hout awa, the laws are indifferently administered here to a man alike; it's no like on a road, when a chield may be winnuppt awa' wi' one o' Clerk Johnson's warrants, afores he kens where he is. But they hae little enough law among them by and by, and the law is a grand reason that I nae gien them gude day."

I was highly provoked at the achievement of Andrew, and considered it as a hard fate, which a second time threw me into collision with a person of such irregular practices. I determined, however, to buy the mare of him, when we should reach the end of our journey, and send her back to my cousin at Thorncliff, which Andrew, in a great hurry, informed me he resolved to make my uncle acquainted from the next post-town. It was needless, I thought, to quarrel with Andrew in the meantime, who had, after all, acted with all the skill and caution in his circumstances. I therefore smothered my resentment, and asked him what he meant by his last expressions, that there would be little law in Northumberland, and that he was just, and saidAndrew, "hout, ay—there will be sub-law enough. The priests and the Irish officers, and thae papist cattle that has been sodging abroad, because they durent bide at hame, are a feicing thick in Northumberland o'now—and thae corbies binna gather without they smell carrion. As sure as ye live, his honour Sir Hilbrand is gone to stick the nose in the bow—that Andrew's fate was but gun and pistol, sword and dagger, among them—and they'll be laying on, I see warrant; for the're fearless fules the young Osbaldestone squares, ay treaving your honour's pardon, constraint, and doctors spoke very truly in stating his conviction, that some desperate plots were in agitation, as a reason which determined his resolution to leave the Haill."

"The devils!" he said, with some way of country and other habits, instead of properly enrolled and maintained, and they wanted me to take arms also. "But I'll ride in nace siccan troope—they little kend Andrew them..."
asked him. I'll fight when I like myself, but it sail neither be for the hure o' Babylon, nor any hure in England.

CHAPTER XIX.

Where longs to fall you rife spine, and righly spake of this sancruminal. The poet's thoughts, the warrior's fire, The lover's sighs, are sleeping there.

LONDON.

At the first Scotch town which we reached, myuide sought out his friend and counsellor, to consult upon the proper and legal means of converting into his own lawful property the 'bonny creature,' which was at present the only one by one of these slight-of-hand arrangements, which still sometimes took place in that once lawless district. I was somewhat diverted with the dejection of his looks on his return, instead of the usual cheerful rather too communicative to his confidential friend, the attorney; and learned with great dismay, in return for his unsuspecting frankness, that Mr. Touthope had, during his absence, been appointed clerk to the peace of the county, and was bound to communicate to justice all such achievements as that of his friend, Mr. Andrew Fairservice. There was a necessity, this alert member of the入党, for arresting the horse, and placing him in Baillie Trumbull's stable, therein to remain at livery, at the rate of twelve shillings (Scotch) per diem, until the question of property was duly tried and decided. He even had said to us, in strict and rigid execution of his duty, he ought to detain him. Andrew himself; but on my guide's most pitiously entreating his forbearance, he not only desisted from this proposal, but made a present to Andrew of a broken-winded and spanned pony, in order to enable him to pursue his journey. It is true, he qualified this act of generosity by exacting from poor Andrew an absolute cession of his right and interest in the horse, which was to be sold by Baillie Trumbull, with the transference which Mr. Touthope represented as of very little consequence, since his unfortunate friend, as he facetiously observed, was likely to get nothing of the mare.

Andrew seemed woful and disconsolate, as I screwed out of him these particulars; for his northern pride was cruelly pinched by being compelled to abandon among his countrymen, more especially the inflammation of reckonings, the diminished size of pint-stoups, and other grievances, which he pointed out to me during our journey.

For I myself, as things had turned out, acquitted of all charge of the mare, and wrote to my uncle the circumstances under which she was carried into Scotland, concluding with informing him that she was in the hands of justice, and her worthy representatives, Baillie Trumbull and Mr. Clerk Touthope, to whom I referred him for further particulars. Whether the property returned to the Northern man forstukers, or continued to lie in the person of the Scottish attorney, it is unnecessary for me present to say.

We now pursued our journey to the north-west, to reach much slower than that at which we had achieved our nocturnal retreat from England. One chain of barren and uninteresting hills succeeded another, and the more the scenes of Clyde opened up us; and with such dispatch as we might, gained the town, or as my guide pertinaciously termed it, the city of Glasgow. Of late years, I understand it has fully deserved the name, which, by a sort of political second-sight, my guide assigned it. An extensive and increasing trade with the West Indies and American colonies, has, if I am not informed, laid the foundation of wealth and prosperity, which if carefully strengthened and built upon, may one day support an immense fabric of commercial prosperity; but, in the earlier time of which I speak, of this country in the island, and the national jealousy of the English, its merchandize, since Scotland were so great a measure, from the exercise of the privilege which that memorable treaty conferred on it. Glasgow lay on the right side of the island, in the direction of which the tristing commerce is yet possessed by Scotland, chiefly supported itself. Yet, though she gave small promise of the commercial eminence which was to be her order to attain, Glasgow, as the principal center toward the eastern district of Scotland, was a place of considerable rank and importance. The broad and beautiful Clyde, which floats of which are means of an inland navigation of some importance. Not only the fertile plains in its immediate neighbour, but the districts of Ayre and Dumfries are admitted to their capital, to which these not admitted their produce, and received many necessaries and luxuries as their consumption required.

The dusky mountains of the Western Highlands often sent forth wilder tribes to frequent St. Mungo's holy city, on which the wild, short, dwarfish cattle and ponies, conducted by Highlanders, as wild, as shaggy, and sometimes as dwarfs, as the animals they had in charge, often traversed the streets of Glasgow. Strangers gazed with envy on the antique and fantastic dress, and listened to the unknown and dissonant sounds of their language, while the mountaineers, armed even while eating in this singular city, moved with the sword, dagger, and target, stared with astonishment on the articles of luxury of which they knew no use, and with an avowal which seemed somewhat alarming on the articles which they showed me.

It is always with unwillingness that the Englisher, quits his deserts, and at this early period was like tiring a pine from its rock, to plant elsewhere a flourishing seedling; often over-peopled, although thinned occasionally by an or by the sword, and many of their inhabitants crowded down to Glasgow—there formed settlements, and there sprang the trade, indeed, from that of their native hills, of supply of a hardly and useful population was of consequence to the prosperity of the place, formed in these means of which the town already boasted, and laid the foundation of its future prosperity.

The exterior of the city corresponded with the firmness and importance of the people, the broad and important, decorated with public buildings of an architecture rather striking than correct in respect of taste, and running between rows of tall built of ashlar, with a basis of masonry, and a rich ornamentation with masonic-work; a circumference which gave the street an imposing air of dignity and grandeur, of which most English towns are so marked with a measure deprived, by the slight, unsubstantial and imperishable quality and appearance of the bricks from which they are constructed.

In the western metropolis of Scotland, we arrived, and I arrived on a Saturday evening; the streets filled with the Sabbath, my first impulse, not unexpectedly, was to go out Owen; but on inquiry I found that was a word "would be in vain," until dark-time went on.
only did my landlady and guide jointly assure me that
"there wasa living soul either in the containing-
house or dwelling-house of Messrs. MacVittie, Mac-
fain, and the like, all of whom were of the Reformation,
me, but, moreover, "far less would I find any of the
parties there. They were serious men, and wad be
where a guide Christians ought to be at six a clock, and
toithless them. If possible I wad go to perform the
duty, to which my hostess replied with many
loud amens. The result was, that I determined to go
to this popular place of worship, as much with the pur-
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ava', we maunna be late o' gumn in to disturb the worship; if we bide here, the searchers will be on us, and carry us to the guard-house for being idlers in kind time."

This admonished, I followed my guide, but not, as I had supposed, into the body of the cathedral. "This gate—this gate, sir!" he exclaimed, dragging me off as I made towards the main entrance of the building. —"This gate, entering from the yard of the churchyard, will carry you to the ceremonial morality, as dowd' and as fussionless as rue leaves at Yule—Here's the real savour of doctrine."

So saying, we entered a small, low-arched door, secured by a padlock. I found a looking person seemed on the point of closing, and descended several steps as if into the funeral vaults beneath the church. It was even so; for in those subterranean precincts, why then, for such a purpose I know not, was established a very singular place of worship.

Concealed, Tresham, an extensive range of love-browed, dark, and twilight vaults, such as are used for sepulchres in other countries, and had long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was walled with pew, and used as a church. The part of the vault thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive vaults which yawned around what may be termed the interior of those vaults, a series of niches, oblongs, and recesses, by which the vaulted ceilings rise from the floor to the roof, and are ornamented with columns and capitals of dainty design.

Inscriptions, which could only be seen through the pinnacled arches, inlaid in the vaults, made the vaults seem like the paradise antediluvian, a sanctuary to the god of love; and, like the paradise antediluvian, as the seat of devotion in charity which they inspired, invited the passengers to pray for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath. Surrounded by these recollections of the last remains of mortality, I found my admiration and gratitude engrossed in the act of prayer. The Scotch perform this duty in a standing, instead of a kneeling posture, more, perhaps, to take us broad a distinction as possible from the ritual of Rome, the form of which, as I have observed, in their family worship, as doubtless in their private devotions, they adopt, in their immediate address to the Deity, that posture which other Christians use as the humblest and most reverential. Standing, therefore, the men being uncovered, a crowd of several hundreds of both sexes, and all ages, listened with great reverence and attention to the expostulator, at least the unprinted, prayer of an aged clergyman, who was very popular in the city. Educated in the same religious persuasion, I sincerely felt my mind deeply moved for the day, and it was not till the congregation resumed their seats that my attention was diverted to the consideration of the appearance of all around me.

The address of the prayer, most of the men put on their hats or bonnets, and all who had the happiness to have seats sat down. Andrew and I were not of this number, having been too late of entering the church to secure such accommodation. We stood among a number of other persons in the same situation, forming a sort of ring around the central part of the congregation. Behind and around us were the vaults I have already described; before us the devout audience, dimly shown by the light which streamed on their faces through one or two low Gothic windows, such as give air and light to churches, the piercing rays of the sun which play on the various parts of the vaults, which are generally turned towards a Scotch pastor on such occasions, almost all composed to attention, unless where a father or mother bore the hands of a child in the wandering eyes of a lively child, or disturbed the slumbers of a dull one. The high-boned and harsh countenance of the nation, with the expression of ingenuity and shrewdness which fires them, had, seen to more advanced age and infirmities had impaired the power of a voice originally strong and sonorous. He read in text with a pronunciation somewhat inaudible to us, but which reached the entire assembly. In sermon, his tones gradually strengthened, as he entered with vehemence into the arguments with which he maintained. They related chiefly to the subject of Christ's presentation and call to the apostles, and the fathomless by mere human reason, but for which, with equal ingenuity and propriety, he sought and, in liberal quotations from the inspired writings, to mind was unperturbed in conciliating all his reasoning, nor was I sure that in some instances I rightly comprehended his positions. But nothing could be more impressive than the eager enthusiasm of the good old man, and nothing more ingenious that is mode of reasoning. The Scotch, it is well known, are more remarkable for the exercise of their intellectual powers, than for the keenness of their moral feelings; they are, therefore, more moved by rhetoric than by argument, and more attracted by acute and argumentative reasoning on doctrinal points, than influenced by the sentimental appeal to the heart and to the passions, by which our popular preachers in other countries win the favour of their hearers.

Among the attentive group which I now saw, might be distinguished various expressions of an expression of devout pride, as if sharing the triumph of his argument; the forlornness of the right hand hand of the church, successively those of the left, the present argument, argued the speaker, as his condition. Another, with fiercer and sterner look, nodded at once to the contempt of all who doubted his creed of his pastor, and his joy at the approbation denounced against them. A third, perhaps belonging to a different congregation, and not only by accident or curiosity, had the appearance of most deeply affecting any of the content. You and you might plainly read, in the slight nod of his head, his doubts as to the soundness of the preacher's argument, the greater part of whom were not yet convinced by the words of the minister, and by an expression of decent pride, as if sharing the triumph of his argument; the forlornness of the right hand hand of the church, successively those of the left, the present argument, argued the speaker, as his condition. Another, with fiercer and sterner look, nodded at once to the contempt of all who doubted his creed of his pastor, and his joy at the approbation denounced against them. A third, perhaps belonging to a different congregation, and not only by accident or curiosity, had the appearance of most deeply affecting any of the content. You and you might plainly read, in the slight nod of his head, his doubts as to the soundness of the preacher's argument, the greater part of whom were not yet convinced by the words of the minister, and by an expression of decent pride, as if sharing the triumph of his argument; the forlornness of the right hand hand of the church, successively those of the left, the present argument, argued the speaker, as his condition. Another, with fiercer and sterner look, nodded at once to the contempt of all who doubted his creed of his pastor, and his joy at the approbation denounced against them. A third, perhaps belonging to a different congregation, and not only by accident or curiosity, had the appearance of most deeply affecting any of the content. You and you might plainly read, in the slight nod of his head, his doubts as to the soundness of the preacher's argument, the greater part of whom were not yet convinced by the words of the minister, and by an expression of decent pride, as if sharing the triumph of his argument; the forlornness of the right hand hand of the church, successively those of the left, the present argument, argued the speaker, as his condition.
nics stood beside and behind me, stragglers, who, like ourselves, had been too late in obtaining entrance. But at last they, whom I, though I could hardly say why, that none of these was the person who had spoken to me. Their countenance seemed not composed to attention to the ear; and not content with returning to the inquisitive and startled look with which I surveyed them. A massive round pillar, which was close behind us, might have concealed the speaker for the instant he uttered his mysterious caution; but wherefore it was given in such a place, or to what species of danger it directed my attention, or by whom the warning was uttered, were points on which I cavilled with myself and itself in perspective. I would, however, be concluded, be repeated, and I resolved to keep my countenance turned towards the clergyman, that the whisperer might be tempted to renew his communication, under the idea that the first had passed unobserved.

My plan succeeded. I had not resumed the appearance of attention to the speaker for five minutes, when he cast a glance at me, and seeing what he supposed to be a slight blush on the face of a woman, to whom I had been speaking, he turned and wasyre, and I kept my face in the same direction. "You are in danger in this place," the voice proceeded; "so am I—Meet me to-night on the bridge, at twelve o'clock, at home till the gloaming and avoid observation."

Here the voice ceased, and I instantly turned my head. But the speaker had, with still greater promptitude, glided back to the pillar, and I availed myself of the excuse of inspection to retire to the interior circle of hearers, I also stepped behind the column. All this time I had been, and I knew, that I was not wrapped in a mantle, whether a Lowland cloak, or a Highlands plaid, I could not distinguish, which traversed, like a phantom, the dreary vacancy of vaulted tombs, in which I have described.

I made a mechanical attempt to pursue the mysterious form, which glided away, and vanished in the vaulted cemetery, like the spectre of one of the numerous dead who rested within its precincts. I had little chance of arresting the course of one obviously determined not to be spoken with; but that little chance was lost by my stumbling and falling before I had made three steps from the column. The obscurity which enveloped my misfortune covered my disgrace; which I accounted rather lucky, for the preacher, with that stern authority which the Scottish ministers assume for the purpose of keeping order in their pulpits, said nothing of course, to desire the "proper officer" to take into custody the cause of this disturbance in the place of worship. As the noise, however, was not repeated, and the porter, or the head or the head of the church, from which I thought it necessary to be rigorous in searching out the offender; so that I was enabled, without attracting further observation, to place myself by Andrew's side in my original position. The service proceeded, and closed without the recurrence of any thing else worthy of notice.

As the congregation departed and dispersed, my friend Andrew exclaimed, "See, yonder is worthy Mr. MacVittie and Mrs. MacVittie, and Miss Alison MacVittie, and Mr. Thomas MacFin, that they say she is to marry Miss Alison, if a bowls row right—she'll have a humble seat at the Chevreul, for she was engaged to me, without ever hearing me an answer; it was only when I found I could not otherwise be kept quiet that I understood to inform me, that, being once in the vault, I could not leave it till service was over, because the doors were locked so soon as the prayers began. Having thus spoken in a brief and peremptory manner, Andrew again assumed the air of intelligent and dignified importance, and attention to the preacher's discourse.

While I endeavored to make a virtue of necessity, I recall my attention to the sermon. I was again arrested, ad ocularly by the disappearance of the form which whispered distinctly in my ear, "You are in danger in this city."—I turned round as if mechanically.

One or two starched and ordinary-looking mecha-
ed this insidious thought—she alone knew of my journey; from her own account, she possessed friends and influence. I was determined to be too strong for a talisman, whose power I was to invoke when all other aid failed me: who, then, but Diana Vernon, possessed other means, knowledge, or inclination for the rescue? and, by the turn of the cock, I knew that my steps were surrounded? This flattering view of my very doubtful case pressed itself upon me again and again. It insinuated itself into my thoughts, though kept very banished from my open, and now it poised itself with an added force, to foster and develop its attractions more boldly during the course of my frugal meal, and became so courageously insin- tive during the succeeding half-hour, (laid perhaps by the French), that, though I sought to fly, I was con- vinced that the time of desperate attempt to escape from a delusive seduction, to which I felt the danger of yielding, I pushed my glass from me, threw aside the air, and drank with the feeling of one who could fly from his own thoughts. Yet perhaps I yielded to the very feelings from which I seemed to fly, since my steps insensibly led me to the bridge over the Clyde, the place assumed for the rendezvous by my mysterious monitor.

Although I had not parted from my escort until the hour of evening-service within the church, and by the window, I was tortured with the religious scruples of my landlady, who hesitated to dress a hot dinner between sermons, and also with the admonition of my unknown friend, to keep my apartment till I would return to it. But I had taken the opportunity of the time of my appointment and that at which I reached the assigned place of meeting. The interval, as you will readily credit, was wearisome enough; and I can hardly explain to you how it passed away. Various groups of persons, all of whom, young and old, seemed impressed with a reverential feeling of the sanctity of the day, passed along the large open meadow which lies on the northern bank of the Clyde, and serves at once as a bleaching-field and pleasure-walk for the inhabitants, or paced with slow steps the long bridge which communicates with the southern shore of the county. All that I remember of them was the general, yet not unpleasant, intimidation of a devotional character impressed on each little party, formally assumed perhaps by some, but sincerely characterising the greater number, which hushed the pedantic gaiety of the young into a tone of more quiet, yet more interesting, interchange of sentiments, and suppressed the vehement argument and querulous gloom of the SVG. This window to the advancing age. Notwithstanding the numbers who passed me, no general sound of the human voice was heard; few turned again to take some minutes' vol- untary solemnity, by which the length of the day, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, seemed to invite them; all hurried to their homes and resting places. To one accustomed to the mode of spending Sunday evenings abroad, even among the French Calvinists, there seemed something Judaical, yet at the same time striking and affecting, in this mode of keeping the Sabbath holy. Insensibly, I felt my mood of musing at the side of the river, and observ- ing successively the various persons who were passing homeward, and without tarrying or delay, must expose me to observation at least, if not to censure, and I slunk out of the way of them, to seek a trivial occupation for my mind in marshalling my re- solving walk in such a manner as should least render me obnoxious to observation. The different alleys lined out through this extensive meadow, and which are planted with trees, like the Park of St. James's in London, gave me facilities for carrying into effect these childish manoeuvres.

As I walked out of these avenues, I heard, to my surprise, the sharp and concordant voice of Andrew Fair, raised by a sense of self-consequence to a pitch somewhat higher than others seemed to think consistent with the situation. Strange is this dubious intimation, conveyed at a time and place, and in a manner so surprising. She alone—whispered...
ioity. As he passed, I heard him communicate a grave-looking man, in a black coat, a slouched hat, and Geneva cloak, the following sketch of a man of his appearance: 'And he advanced as a morose, silent, even sullen, magisterial gentleman; and as a caricature, could not, nevertheless, refuse to assume as a likeness. Ay, ay, Mr. Hammonhow, it's en as I tell ye. He had a face that gave one a warning that he was a man of some experience. Such a man, even as a picture, could not be mistaken. He was a man of few words, but the words that he spoke carried with them a weight that was not to be dismissed lightly. He had a manner that was at once authoritative and commanding. Even in his gait and deportment, there was a dignity that was felt by all who came in contact with him. He was a man of strong character, and his influence was felt in every circle that he entered. His presence was a source of inspiration to all who were near him.'
whom, think ye, your life is of such consequence, that they should be afraid of you if it?"

"I fear, replied he, though somewhat hastily, "Walk on—I attend you."

We proceeded, contrary to my expectation, to re-enter the town, and glided like mute spectres, side by side under its gloomy stone fronts, and with the variegated ornaments and pediments of the windows, looked yet taller and more sable by the imperfect moonshine. Our walk was at some minutes in perfect silence. At length my conductor spoke:

"Are you afraid?"

"I retract your own words," I replied; "wherefore should I fear?"

"Because you are with a stranger—perhaps an enemy, in a place where you have no friends and many enemies."

"I neither fear you nor them; I am young, active, and armed."

"I am not armed," replied my conductor; "but no matter, a willing hand never lacked weapon. You say you fear nothing; but if you knew who was by your side, perhaps you might underlie a tremor."

"And why should I?" replied I. "I again repeat, I fear nothing that you can do."

"I am not strong," said he. "The bolts revolve in my hand. But do not you fear the consequences of being found with one, whose very name whispered in this lonely street would make the stones themselves rise up to apprehend him—on whose head half the men in Glasgow would bend their fortunes on a found enema, and had the luck to grip him by the collar—the sound of whose apprehension were as welcome at the Cross of Edinburgh, as ever the news of a field stricken and won in Flanders?"

"And who then are you, whose name should create so deep a feeling of terror?" I replied.

"No enemy of yours, since I am conveying you to a place where I know not myself. I am but a man and a companion of this light which afforded me, and was sufficient to guard me against any sudden motion of assault."

"You have said," I answered, "either too much or too little—to much to induce me to confide in you as a mere stranger, since you avow yourself a person amenable to the laws of the country in which we are—and too little, unless you could show that you are unjustly subjected to their rigour."

As I ceased to speak, he made a step towards me. I drew back instinctively, and laid my hand on the hilt of my sword.

"What," said he, "on an unarmed man, and your friend?"

"I am yet ignorant if you are either the one or the other," I replied; "and, to say the truth, your language and manner might well entitle me to doubt both."

"It is manfully spoken," replied my conductor; "and I respect him whose hand can keep his head. I will be frank and free with you—I am conveying you to prison."

"And why," I exclaimed; "by what warrant, or for what offence?—You shall have my life sooner than my liberty—I defy you, and I will not follow you a step further."

"I dare not," he said, "carry you there as a prisoner. I am," he added, drawing himself haughtily up, "neither a messenger nor sheriff's officer; I carry you to see a prisoner from whose lips you will learn the risk it is to trust me. But my treachery is less likely to be resented by the visit; mine is in some peril; but that I readily encounter on your account, for I care not for risk, and I love a free young blood, that knows no precautions, but that of the cross o' the sword."

While he spoke thus, we had reached the principal street, and were passing before a large building of new stone, garnished, as I thought I could perceive, with gratings of iron before the windows.

"Muckle," said the stranger, whose language be-
"Shentlemans to spea' wi' her," replied Dougal, resuming the true dogged sullen tone of a turnkey, in exchange for the shrill clang of Highland congratulation with which he had welcomed my mysterious guide; and, turning on his heel, he left the apartment.

It was some time before I could prevail upon the unfortunate sleeper to awaken and recognize me; and when he did so, the dressness of the wretched creature was, at supposing, which he naturally did, that I had been sent thither as a partner of his captivity.

"O, Mr. Frank, what have you brought yourself an' the house to—I think nothing of myself, that am a mere ephor, so to speak; but you, that was your father's sum total—his ummon—you that might have been the first man in the first house in the first city, to be shunt up in a natty Scotch jail, where one cannot even get the dirt brushed off your clothes?"

He rubbed, with an air of prevish irritation, the once stainless brown coat, which had now shared some of the impurities of the floor of his prison-house—his habits of extreme punctilious neatness acting mechanically to increase his distress.

"Heaven be gracious to us," he continued. "What news this will be on 'Change! There has not the like come there since the battle of Almantia, where the total of the British loss was summed up to five thousand men and the war was trying, the unspeakable, the unmentionable balance of missing—but what will that be to the news that Osbaldstone and Treharn have stopped?"

I broke in on his lamentations to acquaint him, that I was no prisoner, though searchable to account for my being in that place at such an hour. I could only allude to his inquiries by persisting in those which his own situation suggested; and at length obtained from him such information as was able to give me. It was none of the most distinct; for, however cleared in his own routine of commercial business, Owen was not aware, was not very acute in comprehending what I was asking.

The sum of his information was, that of two correspondents of my father's firm at Glasgow, where, owing to engagements in Scotland formerly alluded to, he transacted a great deal of business, both my father and Owen had found the house of MacVittie, MacFin and Company, the most obliging and accommodating. They had deferred to the great English house on every occasion; and, in all their transactions, without repining, the part of the jackall, who only claims what the lion is pleased to leave him. However small the share of profit allotted to them, they have the satisfaction of knowing, that many, even to the extent of, 'enough for the like of them,' however large the portion of trouble, 'they were sensible they could not do too much to deserve the continued patronage and good opinion of their honoured friends in Crane Alley.'

The dictates of my father were to MacVittie and MacFin the laws of the Mede and Persians, not to be altered, innovated, or even discussed; and the punctilios exacted by Owen in their business transactions, for he was a great lover of form, more especially when he could dictate it ex cathedra, seemed scarce less sanctimonious in their eyes. This tone of deep and respectful observance went all currently down with Owen; but my father looked a little closer into men's bosoms, and whether suspicious of this excess of deference, or, as a lover of bowery and similarity in business, tired with these gentlemen's long-winded professions of regard, he had uniformly resisted their desire to become his sole agents in Scotland. On the contrary, he transacted many affairs through a correspondent of a character perfectly different—a man whose good opinion of himself amounted to self-conceit, and who, by the mere disliking of the name of the meddlesome O'Shaughnessy, and supposing that any allusion to it was inordinately and not without, the authority of all, Lombard-Stone had stood against his own private opinion.
As these peculiarities of temper rendered it difficult to transact business with Mr. Nicol Jarvie,—as they occasioned at times disputes and coldness between the parties and the household, and the involuntary remarks which were only got over by a sense of mutual interest,—as moreover, Owen's personal vanity sometimes suffered a little in the discussions to which the conversation of MacVittie and MacFin, and their occasional whim, conversant Scotch pellter, with whom there was no dealing.

It was also not surprising, that in these circumstances, which I only learned in detail some time afterwards, I put up the other house, of which the house was reduced by the absence of my father, and the disappearance of Rashleigh, should, on his arrival in Scotland, which took place two days before the time to which the correspondents, who had always professed themselves obligéd, gratified, and devoted to the service of his principal. He was received at Messrs. MacVittie and MacFin in Gallowgate, with something like the devotion a Catholic would pay to his tutelar saint. But, alas! this sunshine was soon overclouded, when, encouraged by the fair hope in which he inspired, he opened the difficulties of the house to the friends of the youthful and inquiring, and interceded for knowledge and assistance. MacVittie was even stunned by the communication; and MacFin, who at first seemed disposed, was already at the leger of his firm, and the depressions of the English firm; and the faces of MacVittie and MacFin, hitherto only blank and doubtful, became now ominous, grim, and lowering. They met Mr. Owen's request, and, I fancy, he might as well have asked for a warrant of instant security against imminent hazard of eventual loss, and at length, speaking more plainly, required that a deposit of assets, destined for other purposes, should be placed in their hands for that purpose. Owen repelled this demand with great indignation, as dishonourable to his constituents, unjust to the other creditors of Osballstone and Tresham, and was entirely ungrateful on the part of those by whom it was made.

The Scotch partners gained, in the course of this controversy, what is very convenient to persons who are not in the very heat of an arduous business, for putting themselves in a violent passion, and for taking, under the pretext of the provocation they had received, measures to which some sense of decency, if not of country, might otherwise have deterred them from resorting.

Owen had a small share, as I believe is usual, in the house to which he acted as head clerk, and was therefore personally liable for all its obligations. This was known to Messrs. MacVittie and MacFin; and, with a view of making him feel their power, or, rather in order to force him, at this emergency, into those measure in their favour, to which he had expressed himself so repugnant, they had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seems the law of Scotland (thence surely liable to much abuse) allows to a creditor, who finds his conscience at liberty to make oath that the debtor meditates his escape from the realm. Under such a warrant, poor Owen was confined to durance on the day preceding that when I was so strangely guided to his prison-house.

Thus possessed of the alarming outline of facts, he question remained, what was to be done? and it was a question of some perception that the party with which we were surrounded, it was more difficult to suggest any remedy. The warning which I had already received seemed to intimate, that things might be the cause of it, by springing full upon those who should appear when the doors opened, and forcing his way through all opposition into the street; and such was the appearance of strength and agility displayed in his frame, and of determination in his look and manner, that I did not doubt a moment but that he might get clear through his opponents unless they employed fatal means to stop his purpose. It was a task to get possession of the port of the outward gate and that of the door of the apartment, where there appeared—no guard with bayonets fixed, or watch with clubs, bills, or parchment slung over the doorway, but a mere party of police, tuckered up for truing through the streets, and holding a lantern in their hand. This female ushered in a more important personage, in town.
stout, short, and somewhat corpulent; and by digni-
ity, as it soon appeared, a magistracy, bogwiggled,
butting, and breathless with perversity and impatience.
Mr. Jarvis was the guide we had engaged, and it was
proposed to take an unceremonious leave. He made a
sign to me to say nothing, and intimated by his
change of posture, an intention to glide towards the
top, and to press the accommodation which that posture afforded.

Mr. Jarvis, who seemed very alert and expeditious
in going through business, soon showed himself
master of that which has been considered and addressed by
him. Mr. Owen—Mr. Owen,—the following strain:

"Weel, Mr. Owen, weel—your house are
ain certain sums to Messrs. MacVitty and MacFin
(fame fa' their soun braw); they made that and
mae out o' it. And whether that's true or no, at
Caiziechat, that they took out atween my teeth—wi'
help o' your gude word, I maun needs say, Mr. Owen
—but that makes nae oaks now.—Weel, sir, your
house awes them this siller; an' next, the business
of other engagements they stand in for you, they
has put a double turn o' Stanchells' muckle key on
ye. Weel, sir, ye aye this siller—and maybe ye aye
some mair to some other body too—maybe ye aye
some to myself, Bailie Nicol Jarvis."

"I cannot deny, sir, but the balance may of this
date be brought out against us, Mr. Jarvis," said
Owen; "but—"

"I hae nae time to consider e'enow, Mr. Owen.—
Sae near Sabbath at een, and out o' one's warm bed
at this time o' night, and a sort o' draw in the air be-
sides—there's nae time for considering—but, sir, as
I was saying, ye aye me money—it wanna deny—ye
aie me mony, less or mair, I'll stand by it—But
then, Mr. Owen. I canna see how you, an active man
that under-stands the give-abouts o' business,
y're come down about, and clear us a' a'—as I have
gritt hope ye will—if ye're keepin lying here in the
looth of Glasgow. —Now, sir, if you can find
cout o' what I say, judicio siasti, —I'll be good,
but appear and relieve your caution when ca'd on
in our legal courts, ye may be set at liberty this very
morning." —

"Mr. Jarvis," said Owen, "if any friend would
become surry for me to that effect, my liberty might be
usefully employed, doubless, both for the house and
all connected with it."

"Aweel, sir," continued Jarvis, "and doubless
such a friend wad expect ye to appear when ca'd on,
and relieve him o' his engagement."

And I should do so as certainly, bating sickness
or death, as that two and that two crooked and
doubless, both for the house and all connected with it."

"Aweel, Mr. Owen," resumed the citizen of Glas-
gow, "I dinna misdoubt ye, and I'll prove it, sir—I'll
prove it. I am a careful man, as is weel kend, and
industrious, as the hole town can testify; and I can
win my own crowns, and keep my crown, and count my
crowns, wi' body only in the South- Market, or it may
be in the Gallowgate. And I'm a prudent man, as
my father the deacon was before me; but rather than
an honest civil gentleman, that understands business,
and is willing to do justice to all men, should lie by
the heels this gate, unable to help himself or body else
why—wull, sir, I'll be good, but appear and—-
But ye'll mind it's a bail judicio siasti, as our town-
clerk says, not judicature solvuti; ye'll mind that, for
there's muckle differences."
from his failing to present himself when lawfully called upon.

"I believe ye— I believe ye. Enough said— enough said. We've hae your cows lost by breakfast-time.—And now let's hear what that chamber chieft o' yours has to say for themselves, or how, in the name of un-rule, they got here at this time o' night."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Hame came the groomman at sic' o' bell, And hame came the lad. And hame came the young man Where a man should be."

"How's this, now, kimmer? How's this, now?"

"How came this calf here Without the boor's ha' me?"

"Och Seeg.

The magistrat took the light out of his servant-maids hand, and advanced to his scrutiny, like Diogenes in the street of Athens, lantern-in-hand, and probably with as little expectation as that of the cynic, that he was likely to encounter any especial treasure in the bosoms of his researches. The first whom he approached was my mysterious guide, who, seated on a table as I have already described him, with his eyes firmly fixed on the wall, his features arranged into the utmost expression of repose, his hands folded on his breast with an air betwixt carelessness and defiance, his heel resting against the foot of the table, to keep time with the tune which he pronounced in a measured manner to Mr. Jarvis, in an investigation with an air of absolute confidence and assurance, which, for a moment, placed at fault the memory and sagacity of the acute and anxious inter- 

floorer.

"Ah! Eh! Oh!" exclaimed the Bailie. "My conscience!—it's impossible—and yet no!—Conscience, it canna be!—and yet again—Bell hae me! that I shall say an as I say it—ye've born divil that ye are to bad ends and nac duid ane—can this be you?"

"Fae as ye see, Bailie," was the laconic answer.

"Conscience! if I am no clean bumbadie—ye, cheat-the-wudly rogue, you here on your venture in the tolbooth o' Glasgow?—What ye' thakkin the value o' your head?"

"Umpf! Fairly weighted, and Dutch weight, it might weigh down one proct's, four bailies', a town-clerk's, six deacons', his salsent-master's—"

"Ah, ye raiving villain!" interrupted Mr. Jarvis. "Prepare over your sins, and prepare ye, far if I say the word!"

"True, Bailie," said he who was thus addressed, folding his hands behind him with the utmost non- 

motion and solemnity. "And why said I not, sir? I exclaimed the magis-

trate!—Why said I not? Answer me that—why said I not?"

"For three sufficient reasons, Bailie Jarvis,—First, for auld langsyne;—second, for the sake of the auld wife aye at the fire at Stickavallachan, that made some mixture of our bluid, to my own proper shame be it spoken! that has a court wi accounts, and yarn wannies, and looms, and shuttles, like a mere mechanical person;—and lastly, Bailie, because if I saw a sign o' your betraying me, I would platter that we with your harms ere the hand of man could rescue you!"

"Ye're a hale desperate villain, sir," retorted the undaunted Bailie; "and ye ken that I ken ye to be, and that I wadna stand a moment for my ain risk and your tricks—"

"I know it, sir," said the other, "you're a gentle bluid 'n your veins, and I wad be faith to hurt my ain manum. But I'll gang out here as free as I came in. In the very wa's o' Glasgow tolbooth shall tell o' those ten for the cause."

"Well, well," said Mr. Jarvis, "bluid's thicker than water; and it lies in kin, kin, and all, and we motes in ilk other's even if ocher even see them no. It was he seeth the bailie o' ye, Mr. Jarvis, at Stickavallachan, that you, ye Hieland limmer, had knocked out my braes, or that I had kilt you up in law. But ye'll own, ye dour devils, that it was no your very sel, I wad hae grippit the best man in the Hieland."

"Ye wad hae tried, cousin," answered my guide, "that I wot w Jed; but I doubt ye wad hae come an' wi' the short mesure; for we gang-there-out Hiel- land ladys are an unchly generation when you speak to us o' that sort. We да wadna come on the powers o' guid brand-clad about our hielands; let a be loads o' free-stone, and garters o' iron."

"Ye'll find the same bracks and the arm garter, ay, and the harem n' the rib for a thrang o' ribour," re- plaint the Bailie. "Nae man in a civilized country ever played the plaskies ye hae done—be 'n pick in your ain poch-neuk—I hae gien ye warning."

"Well, cousin," said the other, "ye'll wear black at my burial!"

"Deil a black cloak will be there, Robin, but the cuffs and the hoozie-craws, I accit ye my hand a the. But what's a gait me to say to a man of a good—a man of a good—what has ye for to do that? I left ye, man, and when am I to see it again?"

"Where is it," replied my guide, after the affecta- tion of considering for a moment, "I cannot justly tell—probably where last year it was seen."

"And that on the time o' Schieligion, ye Hieland dog," said Mr. Jarvis; "and I look for payment free you where ye stand."

"Aye," replied the Hielander, "but I keep neither snow nor dollar in my sporran. And as to when you'll see it—why, just when the king enjoys his ain again, as the auld sang says."

"Wast of a, Robin," returned the Glaswegian,—"I mean, ye ken, my ain man,—Wast of a!—Wad ye bring poppy in on us, and arbitrary power, and a feast and a warming-pan, and the forms, and the curates, and the mild monstries o' surfaccs and cements? Ye hae had better stick to your auld trade o' thistle-boot, black-spurns, sprees and stillwagon—better steaming nothose than rutting nations."

"Host, man, whisht wi' your whinnyter," answered the Celt, "we'll not go and rue another time till a la lang day. I'll theke care your counting-room is no' clen- 


cut out when the Gillon-a-nailie come to rub up the

Glasgow butties, and clear them o' their auld shop-

wares. And, unless it just fae, in the process way o' your duty, ye numna see me othen, Nicol, than I am disposed to be seen."

"Ye are a dauring villain, Rob," answered the Bailie; "and ye will be hanged, that will be seen and hard tell o' ; but I'm never be the ill bird and foul my nest, set apart strong necessity and the

scrifh of duty, which no man should hear and be indignant.—But the devil who does the deed, I've turned, turning to me— Some skillyarther that ye had listed, I dour say. He looks us if he had a hard heart to the high-way, and a lang craig for the gibbet."

"This, tootin' Bailie," said Mr. Jarvis, "ye auld man, ye've been myself, had been stuck dumb during this strange recognizance, and no less strange dialogue, which took place between these extraordinary kinmen—"

"This, dear Bailie, as young Mr. Frank Oswald-

stone, only child of the head of our house, who should have been taken into our firm at the time Mr. Res- 

cleigh Oswaldstone, his cousin, had the luck to be taken into it"— (Here Owen could not suppress a grin) "—But, howsoever?—"

"O, I have heard of that snail," said the Scotch merchant, interrupting him; "it is he whom you call your principal, like an estimable and able merchant o', wad he or wad he no, and the lad turned a strolling stage-player, in pure dislike to the labour an honest man should live by.—Well, sir, what say ye to your handkerchief? Will Hamlet the Daunt o' Hamlet's ghost, be good security for Mr. Owen, sir?"

"I don't deserve your taunt," I replied, "though I respect your motives, and am too grateful for the as-

sistance you have given me—my dear Mr. Hamlet! My only business here was to do what I could (it is perhaps very little) to aid Mr. Owen in the manage-

ment of his father's affairs. My dislike of the com-

mercial profession is a feeling of which I am the best and sole judge."

"I protest," said the Hielander, "I had some re- 

spect for this candid even before I heard what wa-
in him; but now I honour him for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and scrie-like mechanical persons and their pursuits.

"Ye're mad, Rob," said the Bailie—"mad as a March mair than at Martinmas, is mair than I can weel say. Weavers! Deil shake ye oot o' the web the weaver craft made. Spinners!—ye'll spin and weav with a hand nae better than a March dairk, here, that ye're hoying and hounding on the shortest road to the galloway and the decivil, will his stage-plays and his poesies help him here, d'ye think. ye'll be a t'first being as so weel drawn dirks, ye'll be probate that ye are?—Will Tyreis tu tatzles, as they cau't, tell him when Raasliegh Osbaldistone is at Macbeth, and all his hornes and gala-glasses, and red hair of one. Raasliegh means to have the housewives to answer the bills which fell due ten days a'nce, were they a rouded at the Cross, basket-hills, Andrea-Ferras, leather targets, brooches, broochan, and possiball more.

"Ten days?" I answered, and instantly drew Dinna Vernon's packet; and the time being elapsed during which I was to keep the seal sacred, I hastened to tear open the black envelope, owing to the trepidation with which I opened the packet. A slight current of wind, which found its way through the broken pane of the window, wafted the letter to Mr. Jarvis's feet, who lifted it to read it. It was a letter from a gentleman at Glencairn, and, to my astonishment, handed it to his Highland kinsman, saying, "Here's a wind has blown a letter to your right worship, though there were ten thousand cold winds against it to the contrary."

The Highlander having examined the address, broke the letter open without the least ceremony. I endeavoured to interrupt his proceeding.

"You must satisfy me," said he, "and let me know that the letter is intended for you before I can permit you to peruse it."

"Make yourself quite easy, Mr. Osbaldistone," replied the mountaineer, with great composure—"remember Justice Inklewood, Clerk Jobson, Mr. Morris—above all, remember your very humble servant Robert awauid, and the beautiful Dinna Vernon. Remember all this, and doubt no longer that the letter is for me."

I remained astonished at my own stupidity. Through the whole night, the voice, and even the face of man, behind the letter, were justifications, banished me with recollections to which I could assign no exact local or personal associations. But now the light dawned on me at once,—this man was Campbell. It was but a moment before I was at once,—the deep strong voice,—the inflexible, stern, yet considerate cast of features,—the Scottish brogue, with its care-sounding dialect and imagery, which, although not rasped, the tone his, as of laying them aside, occurred at every moment of emotion, and gave path to his sarcasm, or vehemence to his exposition. Rather beneath the middle size than above it, his limbs were formed upon the very strongest model that is consistent with agility, while, from the remarkable ease and freedom of his movements, you could not doubt his possessing the latter quality in the highest degree of perfection. Two points of this person interfered with the rules of symmetry—his shoulders were so broad in proportion to his height, as, notwithstanding the lean and lathy appearance of his face, gave him something of the air of being very square in respect to his stature; and his arms, though round, sinewy, and strong, were so very long as to be neither dexterity. I afterwards heard that this leanness of frame was of origin which he bore with the ease and gracefulness of a man who was very dexterous. But certainly this want of symmetry destroyed the claim he might otherwise have set up, to be accounted a very handsome man; it gave something of the air of being uncouth, unlovely, to his appearance, and reminded me partly of the tale which Mabel used to tell of the old Picta which ravaged Northumberland in ancient times, who, according to her tradition, were a sort of half-goblin half-human beings, distinguished, like this man, for courage, cunning, ferocity, the length of their arms, and the squareness of their mass."

When, however, I recollected the circumstances in which we formerly met, I could not doubt that the billet was most probably designed for him. He had made a mark in my memory among those mysterious personages over whom Dinna seemed to exercise an influence, and from whom she experienced an influence in her turn. It was painful to think that the fate of one of them was to be revealed to me. And this was just what I expected of this man's description; yet it seemed impossible to doubt it. Of what use, however, could this person be to my father's affairs?—I could think only of one. Raasliegh Means to have the people from the mission of Miss Vernon, certainly found means to produce Mr. Campbell when his presence was necessary to exculpate me from Morrison's accusation. Was it selfish red-shanks—it didn't become my place, man."

"It's a kittle cas, she has gien me to play; but yet it's fair play, and I winna baulk her. Mr. Osbaldistone, I dwell not very far from hence—from my kinsman can show you the way—I leave Mr. O. and me; Dinna Vernon can show you the way. I'll see you in the glens, and see me in the glens, and it's like I may pleasure you, and stead your father in his extremity. I am but a poor man; but wi a better than wealth—and, conyen," turning from me to address those mystified as personages, said, "it's like I see a muckle to eat a dish of Scotch collops, and a leg o' red-deer venison wi' me, come ye wi' this Sassenach gentleman as far as Drymen or Buchinie, or the Clachan of Aberfoil will be better than ony o' them, and I'll hae somebody waiting to receive ye the gate to the place where I may be for the time. What say ye, man!—There's my thumb, I'll ne'er be欺any!"

"Na, na, Robin," said the cautious burgher, "I seldom like to leave the Gorbals; I have nae freedom to gang among your wild hills, Robin, and your kithless red-shanks—it dainna befit me, man.

"The devil damn your place and you bairn!" retorted Campbell. "The only drap o' gentle blude that's in your body was our great-grand-uncle's that weel at Dunbarton, and we'll be an hark in the world for ony bairn of yours, and just daik the gate w' this Sassenach."

"Hout awa' wi' your gentility," replied the Bailie; "carry your gentle blude to the Cross, and see what you'll be buyin'. But it's atersome, wad ye really and soothsayyly pay me the sillie!"

"I swear to ye," said the Highlander, "upon the holy name of him that sleeps beneath the gray stane at Inch-Caillescach! Inclines, in like manner, might prevail on Campbell to produce Raasldeigh? Speaking on this supposition, I requested to know where my dangerous kinsman was, and when Mr. Campbell had seen what I wanted, and that ye needna be so douterous, then ye cau't, tell him when Raasldeigh Osbaldistone is at Macbeth, and all his hornes and gala-glasses, and red hair of one. Raasldeigh means to have the housewives to answer the bills which fell due ten days a'nce, were they a rouded at the Cross, basket-hills, Andrea-Ferras, leather targets, brooches, broochan, and possiball more.

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"Hout tout, man, let that flee stick in the wai," answered his kinsman; "when the dirt's dry it will rub out. Your father, honest man, could look over a frieze." 

"Ye may be right, Robin," replied the Bailie, after a moment's reflection; "he was a considerate man the deacon; he knew we had a' our furniture, and he let us have it. Ye'll have to get it, Robin, I and I'll be glad to help ye." 

This question put in a softened tone, convoying as much at least of the ludicrous as the pathetic. 

"Forgotten him," replied his kinsman, "what said all me to forget him?" was a question never lost on, and baw' him was, and wrought my first pair o' hose—But come awa' kinsman.

"Come fill up my cap, come fill up my ear, come fill up my eye, come open your gate, and let me see free, I daurna stay longer in bonnie Dundee."

"Whisht, sir!" said the magistrates, in an authoritative tone, sitting near the latter end o' the Sabbath! This house may hear ye sing another tune yet—Aweel, we have a' backslidings to answer for—Stanehills, open the door.

"And let us—abide, a', me, myself, locked up in the tolbooth a' night!" exclaimed the Bailie, in pre and perturbation. 

"Ca' for fore-hammers, sledges, hammers, pickaxes, and cudgels," they answered; they cried, "Ye'll have to get it, Robin, I and I'll be glad to help ye." 

And let him, and let him be, and let him be locked up in the tolbooth by a Hillbrand blackguard, whom he'll hang up as high as Hum—"

"When ye catch him," said Campbell, gravely; "but I'm ane' o' the watch, and I'll be ane' o' the watch." Indeed, on examination, we found that the door was not only left open, but that Dougal in his retreat had, by carrying away the keys along with him, taken care that no one should exercise his office of porter in a hurry.

"He has glimmerings o' common sense now, that creature Dougal," said Campbell; "he kend an open door to me at a' o' the time I was a' avel me at a' o' the time." 

We were by this time in the street. 

"I tell you, Robin," said the magistrates, "in my pair mind, if ye live the life ye do, ye shud has an o' your ghillie did keep such as they didnae come in lack in Scotland, in case o' the warst." 

"Ane o' my kinsman a bailie in ilk burgh will just do as weel, cousin Nicoll—so, guid-night or gude-morning to ye; and forget not the Clachan o' Aberfool." 

And without waiting for an answer, he sprang to the other side of the street, and was lost in darkness. 

Immediately, and as we walked, we heard himself, with a low whistle of peculiar modulation; which was instantly replied to. 

"Hear to the Hillbrand devil," said Mr. Jarvie; "they think themselves on the skirts of Benadam, already, where they may go whistling, and whistling about without missing Sunday or Saturday."

Here he was interrupted by something which fell with a heavy clack on the street before us—I gude gude! Is's what ma' o' Mattie, houd up the lantern—Consarn! if it ians the keys—Well, that's just as weel—they cost the burgler sing, and they've the same clack—O, an Bailie Grahame were to gow ort o' this night's job, it wad be a saur hair in my neck!"

As we were still a few steps from the tolbooth door, there appeared two or more of our friends, and consigned them to the head usher, who, in lieu of the usual mode of making good his post by turning the keys, was keeping sentry in the vestibule till the arrival of some assistant, whom he had summoned in order to replace the Clachan fugitive Dougal.

Having discharged this piece of duty to the burgh and mankind better than the said magistrates' profit by the light of his lantern, and he by his arm, to find our way through the streets, which, whatever they may now be, were filled by the multitude brought hither to see if I was eaten a roasted haddock, or a fresh herring at breakfast wi' him the morn, and meet my friend, Mr. Owen, whom, by that time, he would place at liberty. 

"My lad, I, when I was ane' o' the magistrates, I offered an invitation with thanks, 'how could you possibly connect me with the stage?'

"I want,' replied Mr. Jarvie; 'it was a baleful phrasin' shed they ca' Fairweather, that cam' tae get an order tae send the经过 through the streets, which, whatever they may now be, were filled by the multitude brought hither to see if I was eaten a roasted haddock, or a fresh herring at breakfast wi' him the morn, and meet my friend, Mr. Owen, whom, by that time, he would place at liberty."

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sitting over a cup of ale, as they called it, (at my ex-

pense, as my bill afterwards informed me,) in order
to devise the terms and style of a proclamation to be

made. The Fairfords did not well like the “unfortun-

ate young gentleman,” as they had the impulse to quaff me, might be restored to his

friends without further delay. It may be supposed that the Fairfords did not like me, and the

“tire of joy which he shed had certainly their source

in that noble fountain of emotion, the tankard. How-

ever, the unalloyed glee which he felt, or pretended
to feel at the return, say, the broken heart to which I had twice destined him; first, on account of

the collywogg he had held with the precursor on my

affairs; and, secondly, for the importunity he had
touched myself with shutting the door of my bed-

room in his face as he followed me, praying Heaven

for my safe return, and mixing his joy with admoni-
tions, and telling me how to take care how I walked my own ways in future. I then went to bed, resolving my first

business in the morning should be to discharge this

troublesome, pedantic, self-conceited coxcomb, who

seemed to have made himself a preceptor rather than

a domestic.

Accordingly in the morning I resumed my purpose,

and calling Andrew into my apartment, requested to

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as I was to go, and the broken heart to which I had

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as I was to go, and the broken heart to which I had

twice destined him; first, on account of the collywogg

he had held with the precursor on my affairs; and, secondly, for the importunity he had
touched myself with shutting the door of my bed-

room in his face as he followed me, praying Heaven

for my safe return, and mixing his joy with admoni-
tions, and telling me how to take care how I walked my own ways in future. I then went to bed, resolving my first

business in the morning should be to discharge this

troublesome, pedantic, self-conceited coxcomb, who

seemed to have made himself a preceptor rather than

a domestic.

Accordingly in the morning I resumed my purpose,

and calling Andrew into my apartment, requested to

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toasted ale, his Scotch dried salmon, his Lochfine herrings, and even to the double damask table-cloth, with which Miss Smith served, as you may guess, save that of his deceased father the worthy Deacon Jarvis.

Having concluded our good-humoured host by those little attentions which are great to most men, I was free to turn to the man whom I had come to learn something which might be useful for my guidance, as well as for the satisfaction of my curiosity. We had not hitherto made the least allusion to the translation we were proceeding in, a circumstance which made my question sound somewhat abrupt, when, without any previous introduction of the subject, I took advantage of a pause when the history of the table was coming to an end, to ask Mr. Jarvis whether he had commenced, to inquire, "Pray, by the by, Mr. Jarvis, who may this Mr. Robert Campbell be whom we met with last night?"

The interrogatory seemed to strike the honest magistrate, to use the vulgar phrase, "all of a heap, and instead of answering, he returned the question.

"What's Mr. Robert Campbell?--ah, ah--What's Mr. Robert Campbell, quo' he?"

"Yes," said I, "I mean who is and what is he?"

"Why he's--ah--he's--ah--Where did ye meet with Mr. Robert Campbell, as ye ca unc him?"

"Last Saturday, to reply, "some months ago, in the north of England."

"Ou then, Mr. Oswald-Gee, said the Bailie doggishly, ye'll ken as muckle about him as I do."

"No, na," said Mr. Judge, "replied, "you are his relation it seems, and his friend."

"There is some causam-red between us, doubtless," said the Bailie reluctantly, "but we have seen little o' ilk other since Rob gave up the cattie-lie o' dealing, poor fellow! he was hardly guided by them might have used him better--and they ha made their plack a bawbee o' neither. There's many ane this day wil rather the lad now chase put Robin free the Cross o' Glasgow--there's many aye and rather see him again at the tail o' three hundred kyloes, than at the head o' thirty wait cattle."

"I'll go and see to me, Mr. Jarvis, of Mr. Campbell's rank, habits of life, and means of subsistence," I replied.

"Rank?" said Mr. Jarvis; "he's a Highland gentleman, nae doubt--better rank need nae be; and for habit, I judge he wears the Highland habit among the hills, though he has breaks on when he comes to Glasgow--and as for his subsistence, what needs we, the estate is so large as he makes nothing free us, ye ken. But I have nae time for clairing about him e'en now, because we mean look into your father's concerns wi' a speed."

"He is a man of extraordinary endowment, and sets down to examine Mr. Owen's states, which the other thought it most prudent to communicate to him without reserve. I know enough of business to be aware that nothing could be more acute and sagacious than the views which Mr. Jarvis entertained of the matters submitted to his examination, and, to do him justice, it was marked by much fairness and even liberality. He scratched his ear indeed repeatedly, on observing the balance which stood at the debit of Oswald-Gee and Trashed-off in account with himself personally.

"A man may be a dead loss," he observed; "and, conscience! what'er ane o' your Lordship's goldsmiths may say to it, it's a small aine in the South Market o' Glasgow. It will be a heavy deficit--a staff out of my pocket. I know. But what then? I trust the house wonna cump the crans for a' that's come and gone yet; and if it does, I'll never hear sae many a sae as think in the Gallow-gate--and I'll paint it for as long as the law will let me work by my mouny a fair pound sterling--Sae, an it come to the worst, I'll gae lay the head o' the saw to the tail o' the price."

"I warrant," said Mr. Jarvis, "I understand the proverbial arrangement with which Mr. Jarvis conducted himself, but I could easily see that he took a kind and friendly interest in the arrangement of my father's affairs."

Suggested several expedients, approved several plans, proposed by Owen, and, by his countenance and counsel, greatly shone the glories upon the brow of that illustrious man.

As I was an idle spectator on this occasion, and, perhaps, as I showed some inclination more than once to turn to the prohibited, and, apparently, the puzzling topics of our conversation, Mr. Jarvis dissembled me with little formality, with an advice to "gang up the gate to the college, where I had find some chills could speak Greek and Latin well; --at least they got plenty of knowledge and all the thin things, but, if you didn't do wrong and where I made a spell o' the worthy Mr. Zachary Boyles's translation of the Scripture--better poetry ned be to, as he had been taid by a man that kind, and auld hae kend, about such things."

But I observed this device of my blood and hospitable invitation, "to come back and take part of his family-clack, at my pleasure--there was a leg o' mutton, and, it might be, a top o' a suck, for they were in season," but, as a whole, I was to return at "aene o'clock precisely--it was the hour he and the deacon his father eyed din at--they put it all for mooting not for nobody."

CHAPTER XXV.

"I sat the Germain and men with his spend
Fall in the rain, and hounds the hunteed hart;
And here am I in the rustling wood, and seen
His image in the flash of the benighted morn, and seen
And thinke--Here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in sight, or
Pall more and Artis."

I took the route towards the college, as recommended by Mr. Jarvis, less with the intention of seeking for any object of interest or amusement, than to arrange my own ideas, and meditate on my future conduct. I wandered from one quadrangle of old-fashioned buildings to another, and from there to the College-yard, or walking-ground, where, pleased with the solitude of the place, most of the students being engaged in their classes, I took several turns, pondering on the waywardness of my own destiny, and could not, doubt, from the circumstances attending my first meeting with this person Campbell, that he was engaged in some strangely desperate courses; and the reluctance with which Mr. Jarvis alluded to the college, swelling, by the contemplation of the preceding night, tended to confirm these suspicions. Yet to this man Diana Vernon had not, it would seem, hesitated to address herself in my behalf; and I could not but consider it extraordinary and extraordinary it did that his fate was doomed to have influence over, and conjunct with my own. I resolved to bring Mr. Jarvis to close quarters on the first proper opportunity, and learn as much as was, as possible from the circumstances attending the mysterious person, in order that I might judge whether it was possible for me, without prejudice to my reputation, to hold that degree of further correspondence with him, to which he seemed to invite.

While I was musing on these subjects, my attention was attracted by three persons who appeared at the upper end of the walk through which I was sawing, seemingly engaged in very earnest conversation. That intuitional impression which announces to us the approach of whomever we love or hate with intense vehemence, long before a more indifferent eye can recognize it, flashed upon my mind the sure conviction that one of these three men was Rashleigh Oswald-Gee. To address him was my first impulse; my second was to watch him and until he was already among his companions before confronting him. The party was still at such distance, and engaged in such deep discourse that I had time to stand unobserved to the other side of a small path, which imperfectly screened the alley in which I was walking.

It was at this period the fashion of the young and gay to wear, in their morning walks, a scurf called often large and embroidered, but it was the trick of the time for gallants occasion..."
ally to dispose it so as to muffle a part of the face.

The imitating this fashion, with the degree of shelter which I received from the hedge, enabled me to meet my father’s friends, and ask them to dinner, without my being perhaps as a passing stranger. I was not a little startled at recognizing in his companions that very small air which was the opening, and Mr. Alfric for the merchant, from whose stove and severe aspect I had recoiled on the preceding day.

A more ominous conjunction to my affairs, and that of my father, could scarce have been formed.

I remembered the merchant’s false accusation against me which he might be as easily induced to renew as he had been intimidated to withdraw; I recollected the manner in which Moriss and Mrs. Vittoria forced their way from the lady’s house, and I remembered the pretense of imprisonment of Mr. Vittoria’s arms, testified by the imprudence of Owen; and I had seen both the men combined with me, whose talents for mischief I deemed little inferior to those of the great author of all ill, and my abhorrence of whom almost amounted to dread.

When they had passed me for some paces, I turned and followed them unobserved. At the end of the way I found Mr. Alfric, Moriss and Vittoria entering the gardens, and Rashleigh returning alone through the walks. I was now determined to confront him, and demand reparations for the injuries he had done me. I must trace them all, nor must I be satisfied to be rendered remained to be known. This, however, I trusted to chance; with the cloak in which I was muffled, I passed through a gap of the hedge, and the garden was only half-shadored, and it was well with me that I was so; for Rashleigh’s sword was out and at my breast ere I could throw down my cloak, or get my way upon unshadored ground.

I followed him accordingly, keeping a strict eye on his motions, for I believed him capable of the very worst actions. We reached an open spot in a sort of wilderness left out in the Dutch taste, with clipped bushes, and flowers forming a charming and enchanting garden. In that spot, so that I only overtook, and quite alone, and not only my name, but also my arms, which I was about to ascertain.

"I had other views with respect to you, young man," was his answer; "less hazardous for you and more suitable to my present character and future education. But I see you will drag on yourself the personal chastisement your boisterous insolence so well merits. Follow me to a more remote spot, where we are less likely to be interrupted.

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enemy, seizing with my left hand the hilt of his sword, and shortening my own with the purpose of running him through the body. Our death-grapple was so strong, so long, and so intense, that many thought we would kill each other, and, as it were, strangle strangers!—by the hand of my father, I will cleave to the breast the first man that mints another stroke!"

I looked up in astonishment. The speaker was no other than a tall, baleful, bespectacled man, with an expressive dark-brown sword drawn in his hand, which he made to whistle around his head as he spoke, as if for the purpose of enforcing his mediation. Rashleigh and I stood in silence, but this unexpected interlude proceeded quite uncharacteristically as follows: "Do you, Master Frances, oppose that ye will re-establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's thraldom, or getting your aim smacked in the face of the College-yards of Glasgow?—or do you, Mr. Rashleigh, think men will trust their lives and fortunes wi' ane, that, when in point of trust and in point of confidence wi' a great political interest, gains and losses hang like drunken gills?—Nay, rather wi' ane superstitious man—if ye're angry, ye ken how to turn the buckie o' your belt behind you.

"Ye presume on my present situation," replied Rashleigh, "or you would hardly dare to interfere where my honour is concerned.

"Hunt, tout, tout—Presume?—And what for shall I be presuming?—Ye may be the richer man, Mr. Osbaldistone, the more you want to be so, but I have as much reason to suppose that each of us, in the present day, may be the mair learned man, whilk I dispute not; but I reckon ye are neither a prittter man nor a better gentleman than myself—and it will be newson when I hear ye are as good. And sure too?—Muckle daring there's about it—I trow here I stand, that has flashed as het a haggis as ony o' the twa o' ye, and thought nae muckle o' my morning's work when it was wi' a blade o' steel o' the in the causeway, or this pickle gravel, that's little better, I have been waur mistystyed than if I were set to gie ye both yer sawing o'.

Rashleigh had by the time recovered his temper completely. "My kinsman," he said, "will acknowledge he forced this quarrel on me. It was none of my seeking. I am glad we are interrupted before I chance to make a speech worthy of the subject I have been hearing."

"Are ye hurt, lad?" inquired Campbell of me, with some appearance of interest.

"A very slight scratch," I answered, "which my kind of hand have thrown about that will not come between us."

"In truth, and that's true, Master Rashleigh," said Campbell, "for the could iron and your best blade would have been a match for me. I walked Mr. Frank's right hand. But never look like a saw playing upon a trunk for the love o' that, man—come and walk wi' me. I hae news to tell ye, and ye'll cool and come to yourself, like Mac-Gibbon's crowd, when he set it out at the window-box.

"Pardon me, sir," said I. "Your intentions have seemed friendly to me on more occasions than one; but I must not, and will not, quight of this person, until he yields up to me those means of doing justice to my father's engagements, of which he has treacherously possessed himself."

"Ye're daft, man," replied Rashleigh, "it will serve ye nothing to follow us eneow; ye has just seen o' me, ye bring tae your head, and might hide quiet?"

"Certainly," I replied, "if it be necessary."

I laid my hand on Rashleigh's collar, who made no resistance, but said, with a sort of scornful smile, "You turn him, MacGregor; he rushes on his fate—worse for the if the Infield. The warrants are by this time ready, and all is prepared."

The Scotchman was obviously embarrassed. He looked on the ground, and before, and behind him, and then coolly said: "The note is not a large one, being ill-guided, for standing up for the father that got him—and I'm God's man, and mine to a' sort o' magic, bailsie, sheriffs, sheriff-offish-

cars, constables, and sic-like black cattle, that has been the plagues o'puir and Scotland this hundred years—"it was a merry warld when every man had his ain gairden wi' his ain chicken, wi' his ain plough, and his ain manor side wasnae fashed wi' warrants and pavements and apprizings, and a' that cheety craft. And ances may I say it, my conscience winnae see this pur thongle. I am as lasse and old as thou art, and ye cannae tell me that I wad rather ye fell till's again, and fought it out the dour honest men."

"Yes, my conscience," reiterated Campbell or MacGregor, or whatever was his name; "I have seen a thing or two at home, and I am no sure that in a matter of this nature it may weel chance that I have the better o' ye. Ye are to our knowledge of each other—if ye ken w'eel am, ye ken what usage it was made me w'eel—ye ken what usage it was made me w'eel—and wherever ye may think, I would not quarrel with the proudest of the oppressors that be driven me to the heather-bush for a beast. What you are, Master Rashleigh, and what excuse ye can make for being the man you are, I can tell ye for the same day. And now, Master Frank, ye're my collar; for he says truly, that ye are in main danger from a magistrat than he is, and were your case a straight one, you wad find a way to pu' wrang—So lose his craig, as I said.

He seconded his words with an effort so noble and unexpected, that he freed Rashleigh from his hold, seated himself, notwithstanding his wounds, in his own chair, and immediately added: "You are the best, Mr. Rashleigh. Make ane pair o' legs and twa pair o' hands; ye have done that before now.

"You must thank this gentleman, kinsman," said Rashleigh, "if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid; and if I quit you now, it is only in the hope we shall soon meet again without the possibility of interference.

He took up his sword, wiped it, sheathed it, and was lost among the bushes.

The Scotchman, partly by force, partly by resistance, prevented my following him; indeed, I was of opinion my doing so would be to his purpose.

"As I live by bread," said Campbell, when the one or two struggles in which he used much force to maintain his possession were over, "I am quite quiet. I never saw saw daft a callant! I was bain in the best man in the country the breath o' the back gin he had gien me sic a kempsing as a Müslin o' a' dune."

"Wad you think?—Wad you think?—Wad you think it was a hidden?—If I tell ye, man, he has the yuld trapper—He has got the collector creature Morris to bring a' the gaudy story again, and ye man look at the poor, I was thinking, for a moment, it was good for my health to come in the gaudy whiskamore bailie bodies. Now gang your way home like a gude larkin—look and let the jaw gin by—out o'ight o' Rashleigh, and, Morris, and the MacVitie anima—Mind the Clachan of Aberfoel, as I said before, and, by the word of a gentleman, I warrant ye were wranged. But keep a calm sough till we meet again—Mind the Clachan of Aberfoel, and before a' the others come out, for the neb o' him's never o' micht—Mind the Clachan of Aberfoel."

He turned upon his heel, and left me to ruminate on the singular events which had befallen me. My care was to adjust my dress and re-assume my old dispositions so as to conceal the blood which had run down my right side. I had scarcely secured this, when the classes of the College dispersed, and the gardens began to be filled with parties of students. I therefore left them as soon as possible, and in my way towards Mr. Jarvie's, where I thought to buy an hour's repose in the pretentious shop, the sign of which intimated that it dweller to be Christopher Nielson, surgeon and apothecary. I requested of a little boy who was selling some lollipops, where I might see an audience of this learned pharmacologist. I opened the door of the back-shop, where I found a lively old man, who showed his trust in the people of Johnstone.
CHAPTER XXVI.

An iron rail the mountain's cliff maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain.

Who, while their rocky rampants round they see,
The rough stroke of want and liberty.
As tame Guest from confidence will grow,
Insult the graces of the vale below.

"What made ye so late?" said Mr. Jarvis, as I entered the dining-parlour of that honest gentleman; it was a large, commodious room, a a party of the family, as John, and Tom, and Mattie had been twice at the door with the dinner, and weel for you it was a tup's head, for that same suffer by delay. A sheep's head ower muckle nipped the head of the child, and I was needful to say—"he likit the lug o' ane head, honest man."

I made a suitable apology for my breach of punctuality, and was soon seated at table, where Mr. Jarvie presided with great kindliness and hospitality, compelling, however, Owen and myself to do rather more justice to the Scottish dainties with which his board was charged, than was quite agreeable to our southern taste. I escaped pretty well from having those sorts of society which enable one to elude this species of well-meant persecution. But it was ridiculous enough to see Owen, whose ideas of politeness are not unrivaled, excuses his host, who was willing, in all acts of lawful compliance, to evince his respect for the firm of the friends, eating, with guileful impiety, mouthful after mouthful of sauced owd, and pronouncing it excellent, in a tone in which disgust almost overpowered civility.

When the cloth was removed, Mr. Jarvis conversed with his own hands a very small bowl of jam-punch, the first which I had ever the fortune to see.

"The times," he assured us, "were from his own the farm yonder—a-wa, conducting the West Indies under the Union, and he had learned the art of composing the liquor from such a master as Capt. Coffin, who required it," he added in a whisper, "as must folk thought, among the Buccaneers, the Spaniards, and pirates; and all good ware has often come free a wick market. And as for Capt. Coffin, he was a scurvy man when I knew him, only he used to swear mildly—but he's dead, and he's not my account, and trust he's accepted—I trust he's accepted."

We found the liquor exceedingly palatable, and it led to a long conversation between Owen and our host on the opening which the Union had afforded to trade between Glasgow and the British colonies in America and the West Indies, and on the facilities which Glasgow possessed of making up portable carriages for that market. Mr. Jarvis answered some objections which Owen made on the difficulty of sorting a cargo for America, without buying from England, with vehement and volubility.

"As we are making fair stall at cottons and muslins—Na, na! let every gerring hizz by its ain head, and every sheep by its in shanks, and ye'll find, sir, us Glasgow folk no see far aint but what we may follow. This is but poor entertainment for you, Mr. Osbaldistone," (observing that I had been for some time silent), "but ye ken cadgery maun yer be speaking about cart-saddles."

I apologized for the inattention which the preoccupation of my own situation, and the singular adventures of the morning, as the causes of my abstraction and absence of mind. In this manner I gained what I sought—an opportunity of telling my story distinctly and without interruption. I only omitted mentioning the wound I had received, which I did not think worthy of notice. Mr. Jarvis listened with great attention and apparent interest, twanging his little gray eyes, taking snuff, and only interrupting me by brief interjections. When I came to the account of the recounter, at which Owen folded his hands and cast up his eyes to Heaven, the winsome lass was surprised. Mr. Jarvis broke in upon the narration with "Wrag now—clean wrang—to draw a sword on your kinsman is inhibited by the laws of God and man; and to draw a sword on the streets of a royal burgh, is punishable by fine and imprisonment—and the College-yards are nae better privileged—they should be a place of peace and quietness. I trust, the College did not put out its foot in these matters, rents, sorrow for the brood o' bishops and their rents too! nor yet a lease o' the Archbishopric o' Glasgow the soil o' th' that, they said let folk tuize in their yards, or the world will be.hackkered as they do, as they whiles do, that when Mattie and I go there, we are fain to make a baik and a bow, o' the risk o' our harms being knocked out—"it could be looked to." But coming to the duel itself.

On my mentioning the appearance of Mr. Campbell, Jarvie arose in great surprise, and paced the room, exclaiming, "Robin again!—Robert's mad—clean mad, and a man to be frightened out of his senses grace a' his kindred, and that will be seen and heard tell o'. My father the deacon wrought him first—hose—o'ay, I am thinking Deacon Threipland, the rape-spinner, who was with me, and he was with me as Ay, pur Robin is in a fair way o' being hanged—but come awa'—come awa'—let a hear the love o' th'."

I told the whole story as pointedly as I could, but Mr. Jarvis still found something lacking to make it clear, until I went back, though with considerable reluctance, on the whole story of Morris, and of my meeting with Campbell at the house of Justice Ingolds. Mr. Jarvis inclined a second ear to all this, and remained silent for some time after I had finished my narrative.

"Upon all these matters I am now to ask your advice, Mr. Jarvis," I said, "I have taken you through the best way to act for my father's advantage and my own honour."

"Ye're right, young man—ye're right," said the Bailie. "Aye, the bairns o' the Highland gentry are nudder and wiser than yourself, and binn like the godless Rehoomen, who took the advice o' a wheen beardless callants, neglecting the sad counsellors who had sate at the feet o' his father Solomon, and, as it was weel put by Mr. Meiklejohn, in his lecture on the chapter, were doubtless partakers of his sapience. But I maun hear naething about honour—we ken naething here but about credit. Honour is a homicide and a bloodspiller, that gangs about making frays in the street; but Credit is a decent honest man, that aye at home and makes the pat play.

"Assuredly, Mr. Jarvis," said our friend Owen, "credit is the sum total; and if we can but save that, at whatever discount."

"Ye are right, Mr. Owen—ye are right; ye speak well and wisely; and I trust bowls will row right, though they are awae aje e'naw. But touching Robin, I am of opinion he will benn this young man if it is in his power. He is a gude heart, pur Robin; and though I lost a matter o' twa hundred pundis wi' his former engagements, and nae murr-

* The boys in Scotland used formerly to make a sort of natumale in a snow storm, by pelting pedestrians with snow balls. But those groups of snow balls were usually rather more devastating, starting with a small quantity of a bath (cuck-sky) from a female, or a bow from a man. It was only the refractoriness who undertook the burden.
the expectation ever to see her again. And when I returned to
the house, it was like being born anew. A new life, a new
world, a new hope. I was reborn as an

husband.

The next day, I went to the market to
meet with Jane. I had to make a decision.
Did I want to stay here, or did I want to
leave? I knew I had to make a choice,
but I wasn't sure what I wanted. An
Uncle called and asked if I was interested in
K. G. Harris, one of the most successful
men in the country. This sounded like a
good opportunity, but I wasn't sure what
to do. I was losing my mind, and my
feelings were messy. I was a

parentless, nameless, and

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red and maintained in a sort of fashion, with
the assistance of a cook and a servant; but I had no
idea what the other five hundred to do?
the name of God! said I, what do they
do? It makes me shudder to think of them.
"Ye were madly shudder
ly, replied the Bailie, ye were living near-hand to them. For, admit-
ting the best of them may make some little or
themself honestly in the Lowlands by argar-
all, driving, haymaking, and the like; ye ha
have only hundreds and thousands of long-legged
dores that will neither work nor want, and
therefore want of about on their ac-
cies, or live by doing the laird's biding, bet e
brutal. And mar especially, many hunt-
them out to the borders of the low-
r, where there's need to grip, and live by steal-
ing, lifting cows, and the like depositions;
unplurally in any Christian country—the
pecially, that they take pride in it, and reek
on a speckle (whilk is, in plain Scots, steal-
ing of nowt) a gallant, manly action, and mar-
ning of prettiest men (as sic rivers will ca' them)
up into a country with an overseer on the
lairds are as bad as the laws; for if they
bid them one reive and hard, the deal a bit
rid them; and they shelter them, or let them
hunt, and they hold them and in his bairns,
holds, whenever the thing's done. And every
them will maintain as many og his ain name
dan, as we say, as he can rap and rend means
with his renoun of his ain name and
ishment, fair or foul, maintain themsell and
sect are wi' gun and pistol, dirk and derrich,
so the peace of the country whenever
his renoun of his ain name and
with whilk are, and have been for this thousand
years, a bawk o' the main lawless unchristian
hat ever disturbed a douce, quiet, Godfearing
outlaw a thing, as he is like to say, they did this kinsman of yours, and friend of mine,
ese of so great proprietors who maintain the
old troos you speak of?" I inquired.
answer, said Bailie Jarvis; he's a man of your
ancestors' chi-ks, as they call them, neither
he's a weel born, and lineally descended frae
laenster—Jen his line—i-in he is a near
not a branch of gentle Hieland blood. Ye
may think wi' me that I care but little for
is it a moonshine in water—waste threads
as we say—but I could show ye letters and
third at Meneath, to see Deacon Jarvis (perch
he wi' the wife); and, sir, you're welcome,
Dear Deacon, and ending, your loving
command—there's amain about hor-
ille, there's the guide-deacon, that's dead
and seen them as documents and evidents—He
 zarówno man.
if he is not, I presumed, one of their chief
arched leaders, whom I have heard my father
this kind of your kin and, at least, much to
the Highlands, I presume?"
may say that—name better kinned be
the Lennox and Braemar. Robin was weel
brought up, and seen ten thousand—it was a pleasure to see him in
ted plain and braw, wi' his target at his
and claymore and dirk at his belt, following a
of the folk, and in his pocket o' the gills,
and ragged as the beasts they drove. And
both civil and just in his dealings, and if he
his chapman had made a hard bogie, he
in the kings to the mends. I have ken
back five shillings out o' the pound sterling,
five-and-fifty per cent., said Owen—"a
heavy it is.
I wad give it though, sir, as I tell ye; maie es-
rate and service was a kind of custom-born, or re-
ning between buying and selling, by which the
the market, he is as much of a gallant, alert, follow, gaun
of his profession.
"I suppose he has rendered himself amenable to the laws of the country?"

"Amenable!—ye may say that; his owing wad ken the weight o' his holdings if they could get hand o' Rob, as wad the weight o' the grit folk; and I could sell ye o' the grit family that keeps him up as far as they decently can, to be a thorn in the side of another. And then he's ain auld-farran lang-haused chiefly as never took the trade o' -catin in our time; mony a daft reik he's played—mair than wad fill a boot, and a queer an it wad be—as good as Robin Hood, or William Wallace; a' fu' o' venturesome deeds and escapes, sic as folk tell ower at a winter-ingle in the daft days. It's a queer thing o' me, gentlemen, that am a man o' peace myself, and a peaceful man's son, for the decon my father quarterly he kept quive o' the town—Council—it's a queer thing, I say, but I think the Hieland blude o' me warmed at thae daft tales, and whiles I like better to hear them than a word o' profit, Gude forgive me!  

But they are vanities—sinful vanities—and, moreover, again the statute law—again the statute and gospel law."

I now followed up my investigation, by inquiring what influence of influence this Mr. Robert Campbell could possibly possess over my affairs, or those of my father.

"Why, ye are to understand," said Mr. Jarvis, in a very affected tone—"I speak amiable friends, and under the rose—Ye are to understand, that the Hielands have been kept quiet since the year aught-and-thirteen—that was Kilkerrancie year. But how hean they kept quive, him the young Mr. O'Graham, by siller, Mr. O'Shaulstine. King William caused Bredalbane to distribute twenty thousand guineas punda, among them, and it's said the said Hieland Earl John, in his former day, and when Queen Anne, that's dead, gave the chief's bits o' pensions, as hard they had with each other to keep it in the Hieland, all the gentlemen and the gentlemen and the gentlemen and the gentlemen and the gentlemen and the gentlemen—But there's a new world come up wi' this King George, (say, God bless him, for ane)—there's neither like to be siller nor pensions gane among them; they cannae the means o' maintaining the clan that can't keep up; and I may give you free of what I said before; their credit's gane in the Lowlands; and a man that can whistle ye up a thousand or fifteen hundred linking lads to do his will, wad hae had o' his hands for the Cross in Glasgow. This canna stand long—there will be an outburst for the Stewarts—there will be an outburst—they will be downed on the Low country like a bowldie di'd in awfu' times o' Montrose, and that will be seen and heard o' e'er a twelvemonth gane round."  

"Yet still," said I, "I do not see how this concerns Mr. Campbell, much less my father's affairs."

"Rob can levy five hundred men, sir, and therefore war auld concern him as muckle as mait folk," replied the Bailie; "for it is a faculty that is far less profitable in a time o' peace. Then, to tell ye the truth, I doubt he has been intermeddlin' wi' some o' our Hieland chiefs and the gentlemen in the north o' England. We a' heard o' the public money that was taken from the child Morris somewhere about the fit o' Cheviot by Rob and several o' the Osbalstine lads—ye, and to tell ye the truth, word gaited that it was yours and, Mr. Francis, and sorry was I that your father's son had seen to sic practices. Na, ye understood me, sir. I am in it wi' you, and I was mistaken; but I wad believe any thing o' a stage-player, whilk I concluded ye to be. But now, doubtless, it has been a rashness himself, or some other o' your cousins—there are a tarry wi' the stick—Rankbrothers and the Jacobites and paper and the government official and government paper and said prize. And I believe this is sic a cowardly affair, that ye could tell him this hour he durins says that Rob took the portman to see him; and trust hie's right, for your custom-house and excise cattle are all lik't on sides, and Rob might get a back-handed kick, before the Board, as they ca'n, could help him."

"I have long suspected this, Mr. Jarvis," said I, "and perfectly agree with you; but as to my father's affairs—"

"Suspected it?—it's certain—it's certain I be that saw some of the papers that went to Mr. Morris—it's needless to say where. But it was Mr. O'Graham's temple, ye think that in the two years by-gone, some o' the Hieland lairds and absentees have come to some sense of their interest, and their father and others have brought the woodlands, the dispossessed, Glen Kioshoch. Torber-rari granted large bills in payment, and as the chief's Shetland and Tresham was said—ye may foresee Mr. O'Dwyer's face as I house will have been at this bating misfortunes of the Lord's sending, news could be more honourable in business— the Hieland gentlemen, holders o' these bills, has found ends in Glasgow and Edinburgh—(I might amuse ye at your home, it's little the proudf'e Edinburgh folk do in real business)—for all, or the great part of the contents o' these bills. So that—aha!—" said I now more comfortably.

I confessed I could not quite follow his drift.

"Why," said he, "if these bills are not paid—Glasgow merchant comes on the Hieland laird, as a gentleman; what has he done? He has laid his hand on the rock, and the man has given up what is item a' spent—They will turn dispute—every hundred will rise that might have stood at home—the devil will gang ower Jock Webster's and some of the best estates will be almost in the break that's been sae lang biding us."

"You think then," said I, surprised at the superficial view of the case, "that Rashleigh Osbalstine is in a rising in the Highlands, by distressing the gentlemen to whom these bills were originally granted?"

"Doubtless—doubtless—it has been one man's son, Mr. O'Graham, or his father, or his cousin, or his cousin, or his cousin, having money he carried off wi' him might be another; that makes comparatively but a small part of your loss there, though it might make the matter of Rashleigh's direct gain. The assets he can lay his hands on of nae ma' use to him than if he were to the pipe wi' them. He tried if Mr. Victe and what gave him siller on them—that ten by ten by ten, as Mr. Tyne and Blythe. He did not get what he carried on the spot and left debt in his name, Na, na, he canna fit a paper here; folk will mock him how he carry it. Na, na, he'll have the stuff safe at some of his hands in the Highlands, and I can tell ye, Mr. Jarvis, that if any Rob could get at it gin he liked."

"But would he be disposed to serve us in this, Mr. Jarvis?" said I. "You have described him as an agent of the Jacobite party, and deeply connected with their intrigues; will he be disposed for my sake if you please, for the sake of justice, to make an offer of restitution, which, supposing it in his power, would, according to your view of the case, make a difference in his plans?"

"I cannae precisely speak to that—the gentleman among them are doubtful o' Rob, and he's done them—" and he's been well friend at the family, who stand for the present model of a gentleman. If he was freed o' his hangings and not there was neither on Argyle's side or that he was a friend at the Bredalbane family, and his name and name, truth is, that Rob is for his aim, as Henry fought, he'll take the side that suits him best."

"Two great clans fought out a quarrel with their sides; in presence of the king, on the North side of the room about the custom-house; a man was killed. The room was filled by a little body of citizens of Edinburgh. The room was said by the Auld party, as the young Cheyne, that is, the bandit chief, who was said to have fought a man of the side—sir, he fought on—no, for he fought on."

Henry Wynd, passed into a groan.
ROB ROY.

Rob is an outlaw, to himself be it said—there is no laws now about reft of intercommunicated persons, as there was in the ill times of the last Stewarts—I trov bae a Scotch tongue in my head—if they speak, I see answer.

It was with great pleasure that I saw the Bailie gradually surmount the barriers of caution, under the influence of public spirit and national interest in our affairs together with his natural wish to avoid loss and acquire gain, and not a little harmless vanity. Through the combined operation of these motives as he length arrived at the discovery resolution of taking the field in person, to aid in the recovery of my father's property. His whole information led me to believe, that if the papers were in possession of this House of Commons, it would be possible to induce him to surrender what he could not keep with any prospect of personal advantage; and I was conscious that the presence of his kinman was likely to have considerable weight with him. I therefore cheerfully acquiesced in Mr. Jarvis's proposal, that we should set out early next morning.

That honest gentleman was indeed as vivacious and alert in preparing to carry his purpose into execution, as he had been slow and cautious in forming it. He roared to Matteo to "air hit trout-cray, to have his jack-boots greased and set before the kitchen-fire all night, and to bring me his riding gear in order." Having agreed to meet him at five o'clock next morning, and having settled that Owen, whose presence could be of no use to us upon this expedition, should make our return to Edinburgh, we took a kind farewell of this unexpectedly zealous friend. I installed Owen in an apartment in my lodgings, contiguous to my own, and, giving orders to Andrew Fairweather, I went to the hotel.

It was in the bracing atmosphere of a harvest morning that I met by appointment Fairweather, with the horses, at the door of Mr. Jarvis's house. The first matter which caught my attention was, that whatever were the deficiencies of the pony which Mr. Fairweather's legal adviser, Clerk Thomson, had to boast, generous and magnanimous as he was, had contrived to part with it, and procure in its stead an animal with so much curiosity and complete a lameness, that it seemed only to make use of three legs for the purpose of progression, for the fourth appeared as if meant to be flourished in the air by way of accompaniment. "What do you mean by bringing such a creature as that here, sir? and where is the pony you rode to Glasgow upon?" were my very natural and inpatient inquiries.

"It's a grand bargain—cost but a pound sterling the foot—that's four a' thether. The string-halt will give all when its gan a mile; it's a week-old former; they call it Soulpe Tomato." "On my soul, sir," said I, "you will never rest till my saddle-jack and your shoulders become acquainted. If you do not go instantly and procure the other horse, I will take mine and leave you." Andrew, notwithstanding my threats, continued to battle the point, as he said it would cost him a guinea of me-bargain to the man who had bought his gay companion. He held a very bad way, said he, of the house, and my lord Vangenish, though wiser, was deceived by the rascal. I was about to pay his exaction rather than lose time, when forth saul Mr. Jarvis, cleaned, raiment, helmet, hooded, and booted, as if for a Scottish winter, while
two apprentices, under the immediate direction of Mattie, led forth the decent ambling stock which had the honour on such occasions to support the person of the Glasgow magistrate. Ere he "close my mouth," an expression more decorous of the Bailie's mode of mounting than that of the knights-errant to whom Spencer applies it, he incurred the charge of the dispute between my servant and me. Having learned the real source of my misfortune, he instantly cut short all debate by pronouncing, that if Fairservice did not forthwith return the three-legged palmy, and produce the meat consecrated which he had promised, he would send him to prison, and amerce him in half his wages. "Mr. Obadiahstome," said he, "contracted for the service of both your horses and the two horses at another unreasonably rascal—but I see look well for you during this journey."

"It will be nonsense fixing me," said Andrew doubtfully, "that he should pay a fine to—"

"It will take the breaks all a Highlandman," replied the Bailie, "and I will look well to ye getting your money back the way was made, and a' the people said to the harrow, when every tooth gae her a toot."

Apparantly he found no difficulty in getting rid of Supple Tam, and recovering possession of his former Bubbling Folds, for he accomplished the exchange, and went being many minutes ahead; nor did I hear further of his having paid any smart-money for breach of bargain.

The town set forward, but had not reached the top of the street in which Mr. Jarvis dwelt, when a loud hailing, and breathless call of "Stop, stop!" was heard behind us. We stopped accordingly, and were overtaken by Mr. Jarvis's two lads, who bore two panniers which contained a copper measure. The first was conveyed in the form of a voluminous silk handkerchief, like the main-sail of one of his own West-Indian ships, which Mrs. Mattie particularly desired he should put about his neck, and which, thus entrusted, he added to his other inclusions. The second youngster brought only a verbal charge (I thought I saw the rogue disposed to laugh as he delivered it, and throw it away with every stride, thinking the master would take care of the waters. "Paw! paw! silly hussey," answered Mr. Jarvis; but added, turning to me, "it shows a keen heart though—"it shows a keen heart, and no man who sees a can't help loving him." So speaking, he piled the sides of his palmy, and we left the town without further interruption.

While we paced easily forward, by a road which conducted us out of the town, I had an opportunity to estimate and admire the good qualities of my new friend. Although, like my father, he considered commercial transactions the most important objects of human life, he was not wedded to them so as to undervalue more general knowledge. On the contrary, with much oblige and valour of manner—with a vanity which he made much more ridicules by disguising it now and then under a veil of humility, and devoid as he was of all the advantages of a learned education, Mr. Jarvis's conversation showed tokens of a shrewd, observing, liberal, and, to the extent of its opportunities, a well-improved mind. He was a good local antiquary, and entertained me, as we passed along, with an account of remarkable events which had formerly taken place in the town; the stories through which was passed. And as he was well acquainted with the ancient history of his district, he saw with the prospective eye of an enlightened person what held the advantage, which have only blossomed and ripened within these few years. I remarked also, and with great pleasure that, although a keen Scotchman, and to the extent his opportunities, a well-modelled mind. He was disposed to think liberally of the state's kinsman.

When Andrew Fairservice (whom, by the way, the Bailie could not abide) chose to impute the accident of or

When Andrew Fairservice (whom, by the way, the Bailie could not abide) chose to impute the accident of or
the ewe-milk cheese, dried salmon, and oaten bread, being all besides that the house afforded. Some very indifferent two-penny ale, and a glass of excellent brandy, crowned our repast; and as our horses had, in the meantime, discussed their corn, we resumed our journey with renovated vigour.

I had need of all the spirit a good dinner could give, to resist the dejection which crept insensibly on my spirits. I told myself that the suspense of my errand with the disconsolate aspect of the country through which it was leading me. Our road continued to be, if possible, more waste and wild than before, and in many respects was even worse. The few miserable hovels that showed some marks of human habitation, were now of still rarer occurrence; and at length, as we began to ascend an uninterrupted swell of moorland, they totally disappeared. This only exercise which my imagination received was, when some particular turn of the road gave us a partial view, to the left, of a large assemblage of dark-blue mountains stretching to the north and north-west, which promised to include within their recesses, a country as wild perhaps, but certainly duller; great ly in point of interest, from that which we now traversed. The evenness, the smoothness, the wildness and desolation, with toil and danger, similar to that which a sailor feels when he wishes for the risks and animation of a battle or a gale, in exchange for the inseparable monotony of a voyage, was a welcome change.

I next attempted to lead the discourse on the characters and history of the person whom we were going to visit; but on this topic Mr. Jarvis was totally in- sensitive. The conversation wandered through the banter of Mr. Andrew Fairrince, who chose to keep so close in our rear that his ears could not fail to catch every word which was spoken, while his tongue as usual maintained correspondence with his ears, as often as he saw an opportunity. For this he occasionally incurred Mr. Jarvis’s reproof.

"Keep back, sir, as best suits ye, said the Ballie, as Andrew pressed forward to catch the answer to some question I had asked about Campbell. "Ye wad sae ride the fore-horse, an ye wad wear—That child’s eye for being out of the cheese-fat he was poulished in. Now, as for your questions, Mr. Oswaldstane, now that child’s out of ear-shot, I’ll just tell ye it’s free to you to speak, and it’s free to me to answer: or no—Gude I canna say muicke o’ Rob, puir child, ye canna say o’ him, for, forbly, that’s my cuisin; we’re coming near his ain country, and there may be ane o his kithies a-mutterin’ every whin-bush for what I ken—And if ye’ll be guided by my advice, the less ye speak about him, or where we are gaun, or what we are gaun to do, we’ll be the mair likely to send us in our errand. For it’s like we may fa’ in some o his unfriends—there are e’en some o’ the lairds he was a talking to without a thought o’ his brow, for a’ that; but I doubt they’ll be upsid wi’ Rob the last—air day or late day, the fox’s hide finds the flaying knife.

"Well, sir," I replied, "be entirely guided by your experience."

"Right, Mr. Oswaldstane—right—but I maun keep this gabbling skypo too, for bairns and fules."
There's sma' sorrow at our parting, as the auld mear said to the broken cart.

"Never end, perseverance again rising to a point which threatened to occasion me inconvenience, I was under the necessity of explaining to him, that in case of his going to the front, I would not send him on any errand without further instructions. The argument ad crumenam, as it has been called by juridical logicians, has weight with the greater part of mankind, and Andrew was in that particular for a effecting any trick or trickery.

He "drew in his horns," to use the Bailey's phrase, on the instant, professed no intention whatever to disabuse, and a resolution to be guided by my copiously.

Concord being thus happily restored to our small party, we continued to pursue our journey. Thereroad, which had ascended for six or seven English miles, began now to descend for about the same space, through a country which, neither in fertility or interest, could boast any advantage over that which we had passed already, and which afforded no variety, unless with some tremendous peak of a Highland mountain appeared at a distance. We continued, however, to ride on without pause; and even when night fell and overshadowed the desolate whiles which we rode as wide as from Mr. Jarvie, still three miles and a bitcok distance from the place where we were to spend the night.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Born of Buck loin, May the fowl fledge ye, And a' pinters rive ye, For buildis nae art a town,
Where there's nae house meat, nor man's meat, nor a chair to sit down Scotch Popular Song on a bad lass.

The night was pleasant, and the moon afforded us good light for our journey. Under her rays, the ground over which we passed assumed a more interesting appearance than during the broad day-light, which might be due to the extent of dullness, or the mind's light and shadows gave it an interest which: not; did not belong to it; and, like the effect of a vivid slung over a plain woman, irritated our curiosity on a subject which had in itself nothing gratifying.

The descent, however, still continued, turned, winded, left the more open heaths, and got into steeper ravines, which promised soon to lead us to the banks of some brook, which might afford us some refreshment. We found ourselves at length on the bank of a stream, which rather resembled one of my native English rivers than those I had hitherto seen in Scotland. It was narrow, deep, still, and silent; although the imperfect light, as it gleamed on its placid waters, showed also that we were now among the lofty mountains which formed its cradle. "That's the Firth," said the Bailey, with an air of reverence, which I have observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguishing rivers. The Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, the Spey, are usually named by those who dwell on their banks with a sort of respect and pride, and have known duties occasioned by any word of disparagement. I cannot say I have the least quartet with this sort of harmless enthusiasm. I received my friend's communication with the approbation which I seemed to think appertained to it. In fact I was not a little pleased, after so long and dull a journey, to approach a region which promised to engage the imagination. My faithful squaw, Anne, finding her kind words of the same opinion, for he received the solemn information, "That is the Firth," with a "Umph!"—and he had said that's the public house, it was had been more to the contrary.

The Firth, however, as far as the imperfect light permitted me to judge, seemed to merit the admiration of those who claimed an interest in its streams, or a sentiment of nature. There was a round shade, and closed with copsewood of hazels, mountains, and dwarf-oak, intermixed with a few magnificent old trees, which, rising above the underwood, arrayed their forked and bared branches to the silver moonlight, and to protect the sources from which the river springs. If I could trust the tale of my companion, I might even add that every word of it, he told under his breath, and with an air of something like intoxication, this hill, so regularly formed, so richly verdant, and garnished with such a beauty of thickets, a copsewood, was held by the neighbourhood to contain within its unseen caverns, the palaces of the fairies; a race of airy beings, who formed an inter mediate step in the chain of things, but not negatively malignant to humanity, were yet to be avoided and feared, on account of their capricious vindictive, and irritable disposition.

"The Firth," said Mr. Jarvie, in a whisper, "Daunie Schie, whil's signifies, as I understand men of peace, meaning thereby to make their guide-well. And we may e'en as weel ca' them to Mr. Orskaldised, for there's none gude in speaking of the laird within his sinews." But he added presently on, after seeing one or two lights which twinkled before us, "It's deceits of Satan, after s., and I fear the ghostly now, and yonder are the lights in the Clachan of Aberfoyle."

I own I was well pleased at the circumstance to which Mr. Jarvie referred; which was, as I understand, from Mr. Jarvie, still three miles and a bitcok distance from the place where we were to spend the night.

The lakes and precipices amidst which the Avon-Dee, or river Firth, of Abertay, are, are still, according to the model, haunted by the Elin people, the most, peculiar, but most pleasing, of the creations of Celtic superstition. The opinion entertained about these beings, are much the same as the notion of the Irish, so exquisite well narrated by Mr. Crofton Croker. An eminently beautiful little conical hill, near the eastern extremity of the valley of Aberfoyle, is supposed to be one of their peculiar haunts, and is the scene which awakens, in August Fairweeke, the terror of their power. It is remarkable, that two successive chieftains of the parish of Aberfoyle have enjoyed themselves in writing about this fairy superstition. The eldest of these was Robert Kirk, a man of some talents, who translated, and added notes to the Latin Historia naturale ministri at the neighbouring parish of Balquidder, and died at Aberfoyle in 1688, at the early age of forty-two.

He was the author of the Secret Commonwealth, which was written after his death, in 1691, an edition which I have never seen, and is said to have been written in Edinburgh. The story was concerning the fairy people, in whose existence Mr. Kirk appears to have been a devout believer. He describes them with the usual exaggeration and qualities credited to such beings in Highland tradition.

But what is sufficiently singular, the Rev. Robert Kirk, as author of the said treatise, is believed himself to have been taken away by the fairies, in revenge, perhaps, for having set much light upon the secrets of their commonwealth. We lose this catastrophe from the information of his successor, the late amiable and learned Mr. Patrick Graham, also minister at Aberfoyle, who, in his Sketches of Perthshire, has not forgot to touch upon the Deist Kirk, or men of peace.

The Rev. Robert Kirk was, it seems, walking upon a little Eminence to the west of the presents name, which is still held Linn Shie, Kirkstone, in what some have acquired to mortals a St., and was supposed to be dead. This, however, was not his fate."

"Mr. Kirk was the near relation of Graham of Duchay, the ancestor of the present General Graham writing. Shortly after his death, his remains were found in the district of down, to a medical relation of his own, and of Duchay. 'Ga' said he to him, 'to my cousin Duchay, and tell him that I am not dead. I fell down in a swoon, and was carried into Fair- land, where I was kept, in what state, until I assembled at the baptism of my child, and the have left his wife pregnant.' I will appear in the room, and that if he burned the knife and the knife's head in his hand, I will be released, and restored to human society.' The man, it seems, neglected these directions, and to deliver the knife to him, appeared to him a second time, threatening to haunt him night and day till he executed his commission, which at length he did. The time of the occurrence arrived. The table which bore the: figure of Mr. Kirk entered, but the Laird of Duchay, in some unconscious manner, neglected to observe it and the ceremony. Mr. Kirk retired by another door, and was soon: none more. It is best described by "Linn Shie, Kirkstone, in Perthshire."

Sketches of Perthshire, p. 94."
the Forde of Frew, at all times deep and difficult of passage, and often altogether unfavourable. Beneath these lourds there was no pass of general resort until such time as the bridge of Stirling; so that the river of Forth forms a defensible line between the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, from its source nearly to the Forth, or inlet of the ocean, in which it terminates. The better that then in which we busied me to recall with attention what the shrivelled of Bailie Jarvie suggested, in his proverbial expression, that “Forth bridges the wild Highlands of men.”

About half a mile’s riding, after we crossed the bridge, placed us at the door of the public-house where we were to pass the evening. It was a hovel rather than a tavern. The better that there in which we were dined; but its little windows were lighted up, voices were heard from within, and all intimated a prospect of food and shelter, to which we were by no means indifferent. Andrew was the first to observe that there was a peeped wogg-wand placed across the half-open door of the little inn. He hung back, and advised us not to enter. "For," said Andrew, “some of these clumps of chieftains laugh in there, and dinna be troubled; but the least we'll get, if we gang ram-stam in on them, will be a broken head, to learn us better having. I've a tatter, that I've entered through of a could dink in our wamo, whis is as likely.

I looked at the Bailie, who acknowledged, in a whisper, "that the gowk had some reason for singling us out.

Meantime a staring half-clad wench or two came out of the inn and the neighbouring cottages, on hearing the sound of our horses' feet. No one bade us welcome, yet we were soon within. The landlady, from which we had alighted; and to our various inquiries, the hopeless response of "Hiel Sassenach," was the only answer we could extract. The Bailie, having reconnoitred the figures of the two strangers, and having learned that they speak English. "If I gie ye a barbee," said he to an urchin of about ten years old, with a fragment of a tattered plaid about him, "will you understand Sassenach?"

"Ay, ay, that will I," replied the brat, in very decent English.

Then gang and tell your mamma, my man, there's two Sassenach gentlemen come to speak with her."

The landlady presently appeared, with a lighted piece of split fir blazing in her hand. The turpentine in the chimney (which is put out the turf—bog—makes it blaze and sparkle readily, so that it is often used in the Highlands in lieu of candles. On this occasion such a torch illuminated the whole of the room, the males, the females, and rather above the usual size, whose seated and ragged dress, though aided by a plaid or tartan screen, barely served the purposes of decency, and certainly not those of comfort. Her black hair, which escaped in uncombed elf-locks from under her coif, as well as the strange and embarrassed look with which she regarded us, gave me the idea of a witch disturbed in the midst of her unlawful rites. She plainly refused to admit us into the house. We remonstrated anxiously, and pleaded the length of our journey, the state of our horses, and the certainty that there was not another inn between the spot where we were and the Callander, which the Bailie stated to be seven Scots miles distant. How many times these may exactly amount to in English measurement, I have never been able to ascertain, but I think the double road may be pretty safely taken as a medium computation. The obdurate hostess treated our expostulation with contempt. "Better gang farther than fire war," she said, seating herself on a table and removed the sign indicating indeed a native of the Lennox district. —"Her house was taken up with them wadna like to be intruded on wi’ strangers."—She didn ken what mair might be in the sign, for we that day might be. (These last words she spoke under her breath, and with very strong emphasis.) "The night," she said, "was fair above head—a night among the heather and eels our blood—we might sleep in our class as mony a gude blade does in the scaberd—there wasna muckle flow-moss in the shaw, if we took up our quarters right, and we might pit up our horses to the hill, nae less than thae three or four that the Bailie and me bade au for takin up my abode supperless among these mountains of yours. I positively must enter; and make the best apology you can to your guests for adding a stranger or two to your number.—Andrew, you see the horses put up."

The Hecate looked at me with surprise, and then ejaculated, "A wilfie man will hae his way—thim that will to go tae them will be in luck. The Hiel Sassenach—belly-gods—he has a fit meal the day already, and he'll venture life and liberty rather than he'll want a lust suppie! Set roasted beef and pudding on the opposite side of the pit o' Tophet, and an Englishman will make a spang at it—but I wash my hands o'—Follow me, sir," (to Andrew) "and I'll show ye where to pit the beasts.

I own I was somewhat dismayed at my landlord’s expressions, which seemed to be ominous of some approaching danger. I did not, however, choose to shrink back after having declared my resolution, and accordingly went accordingly in. We were rather narrow escaping breaking my shins over a turf back and a salting tub, which stood on either side of the narrow external passage. I opened a crasty half-decayed door, constructed of plank and boards, which was followed by the Bailie, entered into the principal apartment of this Scottish caravansary.

The interior presented a view which seemed singularly far enough to have been intended for flying turf and branches of dried wood, blasted merely in the centre; but the smoke, having no means to escape but through a hole in the roof, eddied round the rafters of the room, and set the air in a heavy, moist stuff, of a height of about five feet from the floor. The space beneath was kept pretty clear, by innumerable currents of air which rushed towards the fire from the broken panel of basket-work which served as a door, from two square holes, designed as ostensible windows, through one of which was thrust a plaid, and through the other a tattered great-coat, and moreover, through various less distinguishable apertures, in the walls of the tenement, which, being built of round stones and turf, cemented by mud, let in the atmosphere at innumerable crevices.

At an old, smoky fire sat three men, guests apparently, whom it was impossible to regard with indifference. Two were in the Highland dress; the other, a little dark-complexioned man, with a white face, and a black beard, that had the same features, wore the tresses, or close pantaloons, wore out of a sort of chequered stocking stuff. The Bailie whispered me that he behaved to be a man of some consequence, for that he had dressed as a soldier, for his shoes were worn the tresses; they were ill to weave exactly to their Highland pleasure.

The other mountaineer was a very tall, strong man, with a quantity of red hair, freckled face, high cheek-bones, and long chin—a sort of caricature of the national features of Scotland. The tartan which he wore differed from that of his companion, as it was by no means much more prominent in the wool than the others. The crimson, black, and dark-green predominated in the other. The third, who sat at the same table, was in the Lowland dress,—a bold, stout-looking man, with a cast of military daring in his eye and manner, his riding-dress showily and profusely laced, and his cocked hat of formidable dimensions. His hanger and a pair of pistols lay on the table before him. Each of the above men, and the one that was stuck upright in the board beside him,—an emblem, I was afterwards informed, but surely a strange one, that their comportation was not to be interrupted by any brawl, or any marroch. He had one or two things about an English quart of unembated, a liqueur nexting as strong as brandy, which the Highlanders drank from malt, and drink undiluted in excesses; lies, was placed before these worthy.
glass, with a wooden foot, served as a drinking cup to the whole party, and circulated with a rapidity, which, added to the sprightly merriment of the hour, secured absolutely mirthful. These men spoke loud and eagerly together, sometimes in Gaelic, at other times in English. Another Highlander, draped in his plaid, reclined on the bough of a stunted fir, from which it was only separated by a wisp of straw, and seemed to sleep, without attending to what was going on around him. He also was propped by a stouter, as he lay in a forlorn and accepted with the sword and target, the usual arms of his countrymen when on a journey. Cribs there were of different dimensions beside the walls, formed of some framed boards, some of whiter interlaced攻克s, or plaited boughs, in which slumbered the family of the house, men, women, and children, their places of repose only concealed by the dusky wreaths of vapour which arose above, below, and round them.

Our entrance was made so quietly, and the encroachers I have described were so eagerly engaged in their discussions, that we escaped their notice for a minute or two. But the sight of the Highlander who let out the fire raise himself on his elbow as he entered, and, drawing his plaid over the lower part of his face, fix his look on us for a few seconds, after which he resumed his recumbent posture, and seemed actually striving to conceal the repose which our entrance had interrupted. We advanced to the fire, which was an agreeable spectacle after our late ride, during the chillness of an autumn afternoon, and the mountains, and at first attracted the attention of the guests who had preceded us, by calling for the landlord. She approached, looking doubtfully and timidly, now at us, now at the other party, and returned a hesitating and doubtful answer to our request to have something to eat.

"She didn't ken," she said, "she wassa sure there was anything in the house," and then modified her reception of the qualification, "—that is, anything fit for the like of us."

I assured her we were indifferent to the quality of our supper; and looking round for the means of accommodation, which were not easily to be found, I arranged an old hen-coop as a seat for Mr. Jarvis, and turned down a broken tub to serve for my own. Andrew Fairervke entered presently afterwards, and took up the place in silence behind our backs. The natives, as I may call them, continued staring at us with an air as if confounded by our assurance, and we, at least I myself, disguised as well as we could, under another name, and his half-shaven face, we might feel concerning the mode in which we were to be received by those whose privacy we had disturbed.

At length, the lesser Highlander, addressing himself to me, said, in very good English, and in a tone of great harshness, "Ye make yourself at home, sir. I see.

"I usually do so," I replied, "when I come into a house of public entertainment."

"And did she na see," said the taller man, "by the white wander at the door, that gentlemen had taken up the public-house on their own business?"

"I do not pretend to understand the customs of this country; but I am yet to learn," I replied, "how three persons should be entitled to exclude all other travellers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles round."

"There's nae reason for't, gentlemen," said the Balie; "we mean nae offence—but there's neither law nor reason for't—but as far as a stump of a guid brandy wad make up the quarrel, we, being peaceable folk, wad be willing."

"Darn your brandy, sir," said the Lowly, adding, with a nod, that carried wholly upon his head, "we desire neither your brandy nor your company, and up be rose from his seat. His companions also arose, muttering to each other, drawing up their plaid, and armfuls of the air being thrust in their manner of their countrymen when working themselves into a passion.

"If tauld ye what wad come, gentlemen," said the anldady, "an ye wad ha been tauld—get awa! wi'

ye out o' my house, and make nae disturbance here—there's nae gentleman be disturbed at Jeanie MacAlpine's an' ye get out o' her lounns, gaun about the country under cloud o' night, and disturbing honest peaceable gentlemen that are drinking their dram drink at the fire-side!"

At another time I should have thought of the old Latin adage—

"Pat teumus corvis, resat censurae columbarum"—

But I had not any time for classical quotation, for there was obviously a fray about to ensue, at which I desired myself insignificantly at the inhospitable insolence with which I was treated, I was totally indifferent, and unless on the balance of our numbers and qualities were ill qualified for such an adventure, started up, however, on seeing the others rise, and dropped my cloak from my shoulders, that I might have a chance of it.

"We are three to three," said the lesser Highlander, glancing his eyes at our party; "if ye be pretty men, draw!" and, unheeding his broadsword, he advanced on me. I put myself in a posture of defence, and, aware of the superiority of my weapon, or small-sword, was little afraid of the issue of the contest. The Balie behaved with unexpected merriment. As he saw the gigantic Highlander confront him with a weapon whose portent was as lurid as the lilt of his shabbie, as he called it; but finding it both to quoth the sheath, to which it had long been secured by rust and dimse, he seized, as a substitute, on the red-handled trowel or hammer, and being employed in arranging the fire by way of a poker, and brandished it with such effect, that at the first pass he set the Highlander's plaid on fire, and compelled him to keep a respectful distance till he could get it extinguished. Andrew, on the contrary, who ought to have faced the Lowland champion, had, I guess to say it, vanished at the very commencement of the fray. But I suppose, cry 'Fair play!' seemed courteously disposed to take no share in the scuffle. Thus we commenced our remonstrances on fair terms as to numbers. My own aim was, in possession of my antagonist's weapon; but I was deferred from closing for fear of the dirk which he held in his left hand, and used in parrying the thrusts of my rifle. Meantime the Balie, notwithstanding the success of his first onset, was sorely bested. The weight of his weapon, the corpulence of his person, the very effeminacy of his own person, were rapidly exhausting both his strength and his agility, and his desperate and secret anxiety might feel concerning the mode in which we were to be received by those whose privacy we had disturbed.

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"If tauld ye what wad come, gentlemen," said the anldady, "an ye wad ha been tauld—get awa! wi"
sider men gave up their contest with as much in-
ference as they had entered into it.

"And now," said the worthy gentleman who set
us up, "let us drink and glee like honest fel-
kins. Lamb in the mouth, and不知不觉 in the head.

"And in to pay my new plonnie paid," said the
iver Highlanders.—I am no coward. It's a
ded by a decent gentleman, and I am by a
brave! I am to put a new red and black flag up the
ner Highlanders, who ad now recovered his breath, and was at once dis-
ross the bairn, and not to put up with
or, and avoid the necessity of again resorting to
and doubtful arbritement;—" Gin I hae
ken the head, yon fool, I sall find the plaiser.

new plaid sall ye ha', and of the best—yeur ain
an-colours, man—ye'll tell me where it can:
sent t'ye true Glascow.

"I need not remind you of the clan—I am of a king's clan, a
is my own kinsman," said the Highlander; "but ye may
k a bit o' the plaid—fich, she smells like a singin'
head's—! and that'll learn ye the set—and a
kman, that's a cousin o' my am, that carries
new plaid is a bairn, and that's a man.

"Conscience!" replied the Baillie, "every man
an as he does—my sword has seen the light;
in the street the Briog, and the dead ad
ge, warie it; and I ken ha' if it was for-
thing than either, for the battle was o' the
riesty it, it's glèw to the seaward now be-
that thing that it was en my lass, an en
'thing at the first thing I could make a fend wi'
row my fighting days is done, though I like ill
to the war, for that. But where's the honest
of that tuk my plaid o' him and sear frae
—seestow a gill o' o'quorv on him, an I m'neider
for the champion for whom he looked around was
wee bairn to be seen. He had escaped, un-
perished, the Baillie, immediately when the brawl
as ended, yet not bairn I had recognized, in his
ill features and shaggy red hair, our acquaintance-
ought to me. The blood of the Baillie com-
structed this observation in a whisper to the
ner, who answered in the same tone:—"Weli, weel,
save that ye ken o' said very right. There
on the solemn mind that and the eye of
feature Douglas; I mean see and think o' something
ill do him some good.

Thus saying, he sat down, and fetching one or two
breathe away, by way of recovering his breath, and
ed to the landlady:—"I think, Luckie, now that I
and that there's no hole in my wane, which I had
muckle reason to doubt from the lound o' yon house,
be the better o' something to pit intill!"

The dame, who was all officiousness as soon as
had blown over, immediately undertook to
produce something comfortable for our supper. Indeed,
beating surprised me too, in the course of the whole
atter, than the extreme calmness with which she
nd her household seemed to regard the martial
ult that had taken place. The good woman was
ly heard to call to some of her assistants.

"Seek he door—seek the door!—Kill or be killed, let no-
ody pass out till they have paid the lawin."

And as the slumberers in those bars by the wall, which
earned their bread, were making the best use of their
hiltless bodies to look at the fray, circulating, "Ooh! ooh!
" in the tone suitable to their respective sex and
age, and were, I believe, fast asleep again, our
ness of unknown origin, signifies a peace offering.

soon began to prepare for us; in the frying-pan, a sa-
very nice of venison collops, which she dressed
in a manner that might well satisfy hungry men,
if not epicures. In the meantime the brandy was
placed on the table. And at this juncture, which
ever partial to their native strong waters, showed no
objection, but much the contrary; and the Lowland
gentleman, after the first cup had passed round, be-
came desirous to know our profession, and the object
of our journey.

"We are bits o' Glasgow bodies, if it please your
honour," said the Baillie, with an affection of great
amity, "travelling to Stirling to get in some ale that
is awing us."

I was so silly as to feel a little disconcerted at the
unassuming account which he chose to give of us;
but I recollected my promise to be silent, and also the
Baillie to manage the matter his own way. And
really, when I recollected, Will, that I had not only
brought the honest man a long journey from home,
which even in itself had been some inconvenience,
(if I were to judge from the obvious pain and reluc-
tance with which he took his seat or arose from it,) I
had also put him within a hair's breadth of the los-
se of his life, and would not refuse any compli-
iment. The speaker of the other party, suffocating
up his breath through his nose, repeated the words
with a sort of sneer.—"You Glasgow tradesfolk
have naething to do but to be west o' Scotland to the
other, to plague honest folk that may chance to be awaet the\nhand, like me."

"If our debts were, a sic honest gentlemen as I
believe to you, the Baillie would not be so in-
consciente! we might save ourselves a labour, for
they wad come to seek us."

"Ah! what a man I excogimated the person whom he
had addressed, "as I shall live by bread, (not for-
getting beef and brandy,) it's my auld friend Nicol
Jarvie, the best man that ever counted down
orns on a band till a distressed gentleman. Were ye na
coming up muir? But then, ye na coming up the
Endrick to Garschattachin?"

"Truth no, Maister Galbraith," replied the Baillie.

"I had other eggs on the spit—and I thought ye wad
be saying I am to look about the annual rent that's
due on the bit heritable band that's between us."

"Damn the annual rent!" said the third, with an
appearance of great heartiness.—"Deil a word of
business well—just speak, now that we're near my
country. To see how a trot-cosey and a Joseph
can disguise a man—that I seldom ken my auld
friend the deacon,"

"The baillie, ye please," resumed my companion;

"but I ken what cars ye mistak—the band was
granted to my father that's happy, and he was deca-
son; but his name was Nicol as weel as mine. I
amna lin a notion o' the sum or annual rent on it in my day, and doubtless
that has made the mistake."

"Weel, the devil take the mistake and all that oc-
casioned it," replied Mr. Galbraith. "But I am
blind ye are a baillie. Gentleman, fill a brimmer—this
is my excellent friend, Baillie Nicol Jarvie's health—
I kend him and his father these twa years. An
I be a cleared kelly I?—Fill another! Here's to
his being sure provost—I say provost—Lord Provost
Nicol Jarvie—and them that affirms thee's a man
walks the High-street o' Glasgow that's fertile for
the office, they will do well not to let me, Duncan
Galbraith of Garschattachin, hear them say such—that's
all." And then with Duncan Galbraith mutually
cocked his hat, and placed it on one side of his head
with an air of defiance.

The brandy was probably the best recommendation
of these complimentary teas to the two Highlanders,
who drank them without appearing anxious to
compress the story, and on the contrary, they
conversation with Mr. Galbraith in Glencly, which
he talked with perfect fluency, being, as I afterwards
learned, a near neighbour to the Highlanders.

"I kend the deacon—" replied Mr. Galbraith,
very outsly," said the Baillie, in a whisper to me.

"but when blue was warm, and were were over
some only rate, who knew what he might have been."

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o' paying his debts? it will be long or he does it in common form. But he's an honest lad—and has a warm heart too; he dons come often to the Cross o' Glares to buy for his children and he sends us some free for the hills. And I can want my siller well enough. My father the deacon had a great regard for the family of Garschattuck.

"Now I'm ready. I looked round for Andrew Fairservice; but that traitorous follower had not been seen by any one since the beginning of the rentale. The hostess, however, said that she believed he went into the stable, and offered to light me to the place, saying that "no entries of the horses or hers could make him give any answer; and that truly she caredna to gang into the stable before the poppins. She was a lone woman, and it was well kent how the Brownie of Run-y-gask guided the gudewife of Arndagowan; and it was aye judged there was a Brownie in our stable, which was just what gart'd me gae ower keeping an hostler."

"As, however, she lighted me towards the miserable hovel into which they had crammed our unlucky steeds, to regale themselves on hay, every fibre of which was as thick as an ordinary goose quill, she plainly showed me that she had another reason for not drawing me aside from the company than that which her words implied. 'Read that,' she said, slipping into my hand a small brown envelope at the door of the shed; 'I bless God I am rid o' it. Between sorrows and Saxoners, and caterers and cattle-lifters, and herpens and bluidesh, an honest woman wad live aye and gang away than on the highland line.'

So saying, she put the pine-torch into my hand, and returned into the house.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Poppinies, not lynes, the highland hills adorn,
MacLeod's loud hoolie, and MacGunrew's horn.

I dropped in the entrance of the stable, if indeed a place be entitled to that name where horses were stowed away along with geese, poultry, pigs, and cows, under the same roof with the mansio-house; although, by a degree of refinement unknown to the rest of the hamlet, and which I afterwards heard was imputed to an override on the part of Jeannie Mac-Alpine, our landlady, the apartment was accommodated with an entrance different from that used by her biped customers. By the light of my torch, I deciphered the following billet, written on a wet, crumpled, and much-torn sheet:

'The glorious hands of Mr. P. O. a. Saxon young gentleman—These.' The contents were as follows:

'Sir,

'The are night-hawks abroad, so that I cannot give you and my respected kinsman, B. N. J., the meeting at the Clachan of Aberfeil, which was my purpose. I pray you to avoid unnecessary communication with those you may find there; as it may give future trouble. The person who gives youthis is faithful, and may be trusted, and will guide you to a place where, God willing, I may safely give you the meeting, when I trust my kinsman and you will visit my poor house, where, in despite of my enemies, I can still promise such cheer as an Hielanman may give his friends, and where we will drink a solemn leu, like D. V., and look on whilk I hope to be your aide in; and I rest, as wont among gentlemen, your servant to command, (This signed) R. M. C.'

I was a good deal mortified at the purport of this letter, which seemed to adjourn to a more distant place and date the service which I had hoped to receive from this man Campbell. Still, however, it was as well to go, rather than out of the way, and so that there be in my interest, since without him I could have no hope of recovering my father's papers. I resolved, therefore, to obey his instructions; and, observing all caution before the guests, to take up the opportunity I could find to procure from the landlady directions how I was to obtain a meeting with this mysterious person.

My next business was to seek out Andrew Fairservice, whom I called several times by name, without receiving any answer, surveying the stable all round, at the same time, not without risk of setting the premises on fire, and having no luck in his search for it, I turned to the earth and mud so greatly counterbalanced two or three bunches of straw and hay. At length my repeated cries of 'Andrew Fairservice—Andrew, Pooh!—Are you there?—Are you not a daleful 'Bluid?—Is it not a woe to hear thee scream so?'—to which he replied, 'I am an honest lad, sir.'—'Who the devil questions your honesty?' said I; 'or what have we to do with it at present? I desire you to come and attend us at supper.'

'Yes,' reiterated Andrew, without apparently understanding what I said to him. 'I am an honest lad, whatever the Bailee may say to the contrary. I grant the world and the world's good, but they are far from my heart while, as it does to mony a one—But I am an honest lad; and though I speak o' leaving ye in the murn, yet God knows it was far frae my purpose, but I had to beg for a wey; but the west could not get as to their sin side as they can—and I like your honour weel for see young a lad, and I wadna part wi' ye lightly.'

'What are you doing at the Driving on now?' I replied.

'Has not every thing been settled again and again to your satisfaction? And are you to talk of leaving me every hour, without either rhyme or reason?'

'Ay, but I was only making fashion before,' replied Andrew; 'but it's come on me in a sort earnest now—Lose or win, I daur gae one farther with your honour than with my foolish self; and by a broken treaty, rather than gang forward yourself. I have a sincere regard for ye, and I'm sure ye'll be a credit to your friends if ye live to see out your wild aits, and get some man sense and attendance; I can follow ye nae farther, even if ye sull found and lesser from the way for lack of guidance and counsel—to gang into Rob Roy's country is a mere tempiing of Providence.'

'Rob Roy?' said I, in some surprise; 'I know no such person. What new trick is this, Andrew?'

'It's hard,' said Andrew, 'very hard, that a man canna fash his ait, and must stand by the ha' just because he's whiles overcome, and tells lesa little when there is necessary occasion. Ye needna ask what Rob Roy is, the reiving lifter that he is—God forbid! I hope nobody will have a letter a' his, but he has a letter frae his in your pouch. I heard ane o' his gillies bid that auld rudas jaud o' a gudewife gae that. They thought they didn't understand their gibberish; but, though I canna speak it muckle, I can give a guide guess at what I hear them say—I never thought to hae tauld ye that, but in a fright a thing comes out that sull be keepit in. O, Minister Frank, a' your uncle's folios, and a' your cousin's planks were naething to this!—Drink clean cap-out, like Sir Hildebrand; begin the blessed morning with brandy soaps, like Squire Percy; swaggers, like Squire Thornecliff; routs, like Squiers John: gamble, like Richard; win souls to the Pope and the devil, like Rashleigh; rye, rant, break the Sabbath, and do the pope's bidding, like them a' put thegither—But, merciful Providence take care o' your young bluid, and gang nae near Rob Roy!'

Andrew's alarm was too sincere to permit me to suppose he counterfeit. I contented myself, however, with expressing a wish that he would be over the alchohole that night, and desired to have the horses well looked after. As to the rest, I charged him to observe the strictest silence upon the subject of his alarm, and that he could not incur any serious danger without due precaution. He followed me with a defeated air into the house, observing between his teeth, 'My beast—I haen't a morsel in my mouth, we haen't
BOY ROY.

rough legs o' that auld muircooch, this hail blessed day.

The harmony of the company seemed to have suffered some interruption during my departure, for I found Mr. Galbraith and my friend the Bailie high in dispute.

"I'll see nac sic language," said Mr. Jarvis, as I entered, "the Duke o' Argyll and the name o' Campbell. He's a worthy public-spirited nobleman, and a credit to the country, and a friend and benefactor to the trade o' Glasgow."

"I'll see nac the Mackallum More and the Sloch-nan-Diarmid," said the lesser Highlander, laughing. "I live on the wrong side of Glencoe to quarrel with Inverara."

"Our loch is far from the Cawmil lymphads,"* said the bigger Highlander. "She'll speak her mind and fear naebody—She doesna value a Cawmil mair as a Cowan, and ye may tell Mackallum More that Allan MacAllan, ye see—It's a far cry to Lochow."

Mr. Galbraith, on whom the repeated pledges which he had quaffed had produced some influence, slapped his hand on the table with great force, and said, "I'll see nac sic things as a stuck-up bairn, and I'll see nac that family, and they'll pay it one day—The banes of a loyal and a gallant Grahame has lang rattled in their coffin for vengeance on thee Duke of Guile and all his Money in Scotland but a Cawmil was at the bottom o'it; and now that the wrong side's uppermost, wha but the Cawmills for keeping down the right? But this will be no use, ye bairn, ye'll just have to sharpen the maiden's for shearing o' crags and thraipsies. I hope to see the auld rustie laas linking at a bluidy harrest again.

"Aye, and Garechattachin!* exclaimed the Bailie; "fy, for shame, sir; wad ye see sic things before a magistrat, and bring yourself into trouble?—How d'ye think to maintain your family and satisfy your creditors, with a husband on the run and a mess o' this wild way, which cannot but bring you under the law, to the prejudice of a' that's connected wi' ye?"

"D—n my creditors," retorted the gallant Galbraith, "and you, if ye were an o' them. I say there will be a new world wum—And we shall hae Cawmills cocking their bonnet sae his, and hounding their dogs whe they daurna come thairself, nor protecting thieves, nor murdurers, and oppressors, to harry and spoil better men and marry their clansmen that themselves.

The Bailie had a great mind to continue the discourse, but we were carried away by the wisp o' a venison, which was already ready to eat, and we lost our place before we proved so powerful a medulla, that he betook himself to his trencher with great eagerness, leaving the strangers to go on among the venison.

"And tat's true," said the taller Highlander, whose name I found was Stewart, "for we suldna be plagued and worried here wi' meetings to sit down Rob Roy, if the Cawmil dinna gie him rest. I was ano' thurry o' my ain name—part Glenfinlas, and part man that came down frae Appine. We shossed the Macgregors as ye wad shose rac-deer, till we came into Glenfinlas's country, and the Cawmills raise and wad let us pursue our fencing, and we lost our labour; but her wad gie twae and a plack to be as near Rob as she was tat day.

It seemed to happen very unfortunately, that in every branch of the navy both these warlike gentle- men introduced, my friend the Bailie found some matter of offence. "Ye'll forge me speaking my mind, sir; but ye wad maybe hae gien the best bowl o your bonnet to hae been as far a'ssa frae Rob ye are e'en now—Oid, my het plough-cutter had been naething to his claymore.

Sloie had better speak nae mair about her culter, or, had she dared, I would have cut her words, and twae hands o' could steel to drive them o'er wi'!

* Lympads. The gally which the family of Argyll and one of the owners of the island carry in the Sound. The expression of a "far cry to Lochow" was proverbial.

+ A rude kind of gulliotine formerly used in Scotland.

with a most unsuspicious and menacing look, the mountaineer laid his hand on his dagger.

"We'll hae nae quarrelling, Allan," said his shorter companion, "and if the Glasgow gentleman has any regard for Rob Roy, he'll maybe see him in cauld irons the night, and playing tricks on a tow the morn; for this country has been ower lang plagued wi' him, and his race o' hand-runners. And it's time, Allan, we were ganging to our lads."

"Hout awa, Inverashallloch," said Galbraith.—"Mind the auld saw, man—it's a bauld moon, quoth Bennygrask—'another print, quoth Lesley—we'll no start for another chappin."

"I hae had chappings enough," said Inverashallloch; "I'll drink my quart of usquebaugh or brandy w' ony honest fellow. An I canna del a drop maik, when I hae wark to do in the morning. And, in my pair think- ing, Garechattachin, ye had better be thinking to bring up your horsemen to the Clichan before day, that we may a' start fair."

"What the deevil are ye in sic a hurry for?" said Garechattachin; "meat and maeve never hindered wark. An it had been my directing, del a bit o' me was had, but a strong old man had to help us. The garrison and our ain horse could hae taken Rob Roy easily enough. There's the hand," he said, holding up his own, "should lay him on the green, and never a gill o' brandy or usquebaugh."

"Ye might hae loot us bide still where we were, then," said Inverashallloch. "I didna come sixty miles without being sent for. But an ye'll have my opinion, I rekit ye keest o' your ain time and paid for it by speed. Shored folk live lang, and sae may hie yu ken o'. The way to catch a bird is no to fling your banner at her. And also these gentlemen have heard some things they hae heard, and the brandy hadna been ower bauld for your brain, Major Gal- brath. Ye needna cock your hat and bully w' me, man, for I will not bear it.

"I hae said," said Galbraith, with a solemn air of drunken gravity, "that I will quarrel no more this night either with broadcloth or tartan. When I am off duty, I'll quarrel with you or ony man in the High- lands or Lowlands, but not on duty—no.—I wish we heard o' these red-coats. If it had been to do any thing against King James, we wad hae seen them lang sync—but when it's to keep the peace o' the country, they can lie as loud as their neighbours."

As he spoke we heard the measured footsteps of a body of infantry on the march; and an officer, followed by two or three files of soldiers, entered the apartment. He spoke in an English accent, and was very pleasant in his manner, and was if you please, the varying brogue of the Highland and Low- land Scottich.

"You are the supos, Major Galbraith, of the equa- dron of Lennox Militia, and these are the two Highland gentlemen with whom I was appointed to meet in this place?"

They assented, and invited the officer to take some refreshments, which he declined.

"I have been too late, gentlemen, and am desirous to make up time. I have orders for search for and arrest two persons guilty of treasonable practices."

"We'll wad wi' our hands o' that," said Inver- ashallloch. "I came here wi' my men to fight against the red MacGregor that killed my cousin seven times removed, Dunbar Mac Laren in Inverness; and I will hae nothing to do with touching a Gentlem- man that may be gau through the country on their ain business."

"Nor aither," said Iverach.

Major Galbraith took up the matter more solemnly, and, première his oration with a hiccup, spoke to the following purpose:

"I shall say nothing against King George, Captain, because, as I have for my connection unskin in his name—but one commission being good, sir, does not make another bad; and some think that James may be just as good a name as George. There's the raw.

* This, as appears from the introductory matter to this Tale, is an anacronym. The whole title of the MacGregors, after the chief of Appine, by the MacGregors, did not take place till after Rob Roy's death, since it happened in 1746.
that is—and there's the king that said of right be—I say, an honest man may and shall be loyal to them both, Captain. But I am of the Lord Lieutenant's opinion for the time, as it becomes a militia officer and a deputy—lieutenant, and about treason and all the rest that comes to speak of it—last said is almost mended."

"I am sorry to see how you have been employing your time, sir," replied the English officer, as indeed the honest gentleman's reasoning had a strong relics of the liquor he had been drinking, "and I could wish, sir, it had been otherwise on an occasion of this consequence. I would recommend to you to try to think a little more wisely. Do these gentlemen belong to your party?"—looking at the Bailie and me, who, engaged in eating our supper, had paid little attention to the officer on his entrance.

"Travelers, sir," said Galbraith—"lawful travelers by sea and land, as the prayer-book hath it."

"My instructions," said the Captain, taking a light to survey us closer, "are to place under arrest an elderly and a young person, and I think these gentlemen answer nearly the description."

"Take care what you say, sir," said Mr. Jarvis; "it shall not be your red coat nor your face that shall prevent either the continuance of your con-

vene ye baith in an action of scandal and false imprison—"I am a free burgess and a magistrate o' Glasgow; Nicol Jarvis is my name, see was my father's as well as a faithful servant for the honour, and my father was a deacon."

"He was a prick-eared cur," said Major Galbraith, "and fought agane the King at Bothwell Brigs."

He said what he ought and what he thought, Mr. Galbraith, said the Bailie, "and was a honest man than over stude on your shanks."

"I have no time to attend to all this," said the officer, "and I positively demand you, gentlemen, unless you can produce some respectable security that you are loyal subjects.

"I desire to be carried before some civil magis-

trate," I said, the sheriff or the judge of the bounds—I am not obliged to answer every red-

coat that speers questions at me."

"Well, sir, I shall know how to manage you if you are silent. And you, sir, (to me) "what may your name be?"

"Francis Obaldiston, sir."

"What, a son of Sir Hildebrand Obaldiston, of Northburgh?"

"No, sir," interrupted the Bailie: "a son of the great William Obaldiston, of the House of Obal-
diston and Treham, Crano-Alley, London."

"I am afraid," said the officer, "your name only increases the suspicions against you, and lays me under the necessity of requesting that you will give up what papers you have in charge."

I remained looking anxiously at each other when this proposal was made. "I had none," I replied, "to surrender."

The officer commanded me to be disarmed and searched. To have resisted would have been mad-
ness. I accordingly gave up my arms, and submitted to a search, which was conducted as civilly as an operation of the kind well could. They found nothing except the note which I had received that night through the hand of the landlady.

"This is different from what I expected," said the officer, "but it affords us good grounds for detaining you. Here I find you written communication with the outlawed robber, Robert MacGregor Campbell, who has been so long the plague of this district—How do you account for that?"

"Spies of Rob. and Invershalloch—"we wad serve them right to strap them up till the nest true."

"We are soon to see after some gear o' our ain, gentlemen," said the Bailie, "that's a'en to his hands by accident. There's no law again a man looking after his ain, I believe."

"How did you come by this letter?" said the offi-
cr, addressing himself to me.

"I could not think of betraying the poor woman who helped me, and runnd me, and remained silent."

"Do not know any thing of it, fellow?" said the Bailie.

"O, ye ken a' about it—It was a Hieland loosed the letter to that lang-tongued jadie the godslaves here—'t'll be my master that printed it. But he's wir's to gang up the hills and speak wi' Rob; and O, sir, it wad be a charity just to send a weenie o' your red-coats to see him safe back to Glasgow again whether he's for or no. And ye can keep Mr. Jarvis as long as ye like—He's responsible enough for any fine ye may lay on him—and so's my master for that matter—for me, I'm just a poor gard-
dner lad, and no worth your streeke."

"I believe," said the officer, "the best thing I can do is to send these persons to the garrison under escort. They seem to be in immediate correspondence with the enemy, and I shall be in no respect answerable for suffering them to be at liberty. Gentlemen, you will consider yourselves as my pris-

oners. So soon as dawn approaches I will send you to a place of security. If you be the persons you describe yourselves, it will soon appear, and you will sustain no great inconvenience from being detained a day or two. I can hear no remonstrances," he added, and without further address continued to speak to the Bailie, whose mouth was open to address him, "the service I am on gives me no time for idle discussions."

"Aweel—aweel, sir," said the Bailie, "you're wel-

come to a' that—A weel is your ain fault, but see if I dinna gae ye dance till a' dune."

An anxious consultation now took place between the officer and the Highlanders, but carried on in so low a tone that it was impossible to catch the sense. So soon as it was concluded they all left the house. At their departure, the Bailie thus expressed himself:

"These Hielandmen are o' the westland clans, and just as light and active as they are hardy, but I would be true, and yet ye see they line brought them frae the head o' Argyleshire to make war wi' pur Rob for some auld ill—will that they has at him and his stachie—this is an ill time for the Grahames, and the Be-

chans, and the Lennox gauty, s mounted and is in order.—It's weel kent their quarrel—and I dinna blame them—nobody likes to lose his kye—and then there's sodgers, pur things, hoyed out frae the gar-

rison at a' body's bidding—Puir Rob will hae his hands fu' by the time the sun comes over the hill. Well—it's wrang for a magistrate to be wishing anything against the house o' justice, but I deel o' me still had break my heart to hear that Rob had gien them a' their pails."

CHAPTER XXX.

We were permitted to slumber out the remainder of the night in the best manner that the miserable accommodations of the alchoose permitted. The Bailie, fatigued with his journey and the subsequent scenes, less interested also in the excitement which to him could only be a matter of temporary inconvenience, perhaps less nice than habit had re-}


dered me about the cleanliness or decency of his couch, tumbled himself into one of the cribs which I have already described, and soon was heard to snore soundly. A broken sleep, enlaced by intervals, while I rested my head upon the table, was my only refreshment. In the course of the night I had oc-


cassion to observe, that there seemed to be some doubt and hesitation in the motions of the soldiery. Men were sent out as if to obtain intelligence, and returned apparently without having any inflammatory infor-


mation to their commanding officer. He was ob-


}ously energer and anxious, and again dispatched small parties of two or three men, some of whom as I could understand, from the express orders trans-

}pected to each officer, did not return again as de-

{chap. xxx.
The morning had broken, when a corporal and two men rushed into the hut dragging after them, in a sort of triumph, a Highlander, whom I immediately recognized as the excruciatingly grim-looking Bagpipe Buillie, who started up at the noise with which they entered, immediately made the same discovery, and exclaimed: "Merceon ut! They have gripped the pair and are carrying them off in bail—solemn bail, for that Dougal creature.

To this offer, dictated undoubtedly by a grateful recollection of the late interference of the Highlander in the personal affairs of the family, I replied respectfully urging Mr. Jarvie to "mind his own affairs, and remember that he was himself for the present a prisoner."

"I take you to witness, Mr. Oabaldistone," said the Buillie, who was probably better acquainted with the proceedings of the civil than that he has refused sufficient bail. It is my opinion that the creature Dougal will have a good action of wrongful imprisonment and damages against him under the Act seventy-one hundred and one, and I'll see the creature righted.

The officer, whose name I understood was Thornton, paying no attention to the Buillie's threats or exulting in the triumphal entry into the Dougal's life and conversation, and compelled him to admit, though with apparent reluctance, the success of facts—that he knew Mr. Boyd and the Buillie was present, and that within these six months—within this month—within this week; in fine, that he had parted from him only an hour ago. All this detail came like drops of blood fall upon the heart, and in a short time, only urged by the threat of a halter, and the next term, which Captain Thornton assured him should be his doom, if he did not give direct and special information.

"And now, my friend," said the officer, "you will please inform me how many men your master has with him at present."

I looked in every direction except at the aerist, and began to answer, "She can't just be sure about that."

"Look at me, you Highland dog," said the officer, "and remember your life depends on your answer. How many rogues had that outlawed scoundrel with him when you left him?"

"Oh, no aboon six rogues when I was gane."

"And they are the rest of his banditti?"

"Gane wi' the Lieutenant—He's a smart carle."

"Against the westland clans?" said the Captain, "Umph—that is likely enough; and what rogue's end were you dispatched upon?"

"Get you to what white troops and the gentlemen red-coats were doing down here in Clachan?"

"The creature will prove false-hearted after all," said the Buillie, who by this time had planted himself close to me, and said, "It's lucky I didn't pit myself to expenses on him."

"And now, my friend," said the Captain, "let us understand each other. You have confessed yourself a spy, and should string up to the next tree—but come, if you will do me one good turn, I will do you another. You, Donald—you shall just in the way of kindness carry me and a small party to the place where you have been to speak a few words with him on serious affairs; and I'll let you go about your business, and give you five guineas to boot."

"Oigh! Is that?" exclaimed Dougal, in the extremity of distress and perplexity. "She canna do tae—she canna do tae—that she'll rather be hanged!"

"Hanged, then, shall you, my friend," said the officer, "and sworn to be resuming upon your own head. Corporal Cramp, do you play Provost-Marshal—away with him!"

The corporal had confronted poor Dougal for some time, and then, after flouring a piece of cord which he had found in the handle of the bagpipe, and taking the form of a bundle, he now threw it about the culprit's neck, and, with the assistance of two soldiers, had dragged Dougal as fast as they could carry him. In this bargain, with the terror of immediate death, he exclaimed, "Shentlemen, it's no wits! She'll do his honour's bidding—stages!"

"Awa wi' the creature!" said the Buillie, "he deserves hanging now more than ever—awa wi' him, corporal—why dinna ye tak him awa?"

"It's my belief and opinion, as the Captain himself told me, said the corporal, "that if we were going to be hanged yourself, you would be in no such d—d hurry."

This by-dialogue prevented my hearing what passed between the Buillie and Corporal Cramp in bail—sufficient bail, for that Dougal creature.

The soldiers bustled about, and were ready to move. We were led out, along with Dougal, in the capacity of prisoners. As we left the hut, I heard our companion in captivity remind the Captain of "te have kineers."

"Here they are for you," said the officer, putting gold into his hand; "but observe, that if you attempt to meddle with it, I will blow your brains out with your own hand."

"The creature," said the Buillie, "is warier than I wished it—warier that it is a wily and a perfidious creature; I pecked into the sly fellow's head and fished out the fish."

The landlady now approached, and demanded payment of her Eckton, including all that was given to the Major by Major Galbraith and his Highland friends. The English officer remonstrated, but Mrs. MacAlpine declared, if she "limah trusted to his honour's name being in his own company, she never would have drawn him a stoup o' liquor; for Mr. Galbraith she might see him again, or she might no, but what did she want she had sma' chance of seeing her siller again—and she would ne'er widow, had nothing but her custom to rely on."

Captain Thornton put a stop to her remonstrances by paying the charge, which was only a few English shillings, though the amount sounded very formidable in Scottish denominations. The generous officer would have included Mr. Jarvie and me in this general acquittance; but the Buillie, disregarding an intimation from the landlady, to "make as if you're the English officers," and offered to give us plague enough, went into a formal accounting respecting our share of the reckoning, and paid it accordingly. The Captain took the opportunity of leaving us some slip of his for details in our accounts. "If we were loyal and peaceable subjects," he said, "we would not regret being stopped for a day, when it was essential to the king's service; if otherwise, he was acting according to the laws of the country."

We were compelled to accept an apology which would have served no purpose to refuse, and we saluted out to attend him on his march. I shall never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the Highland hut, in which we had passed the night so uncomfortably, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious beauty of the rising sun, which, from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thistles, knolls, and cresses, lay the bed of a broad mountain lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering in the course of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks, and banks, waving were the遗迹 of this enchanting sheet of water; and, as their leaves rustled to the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depths of the valley a solitude a sort of life and vivacity, to be placed in a state of insensibility, in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and
exahed. The miserable little bourocks, as the Baillie termed them, of which about a dozen formed the vil-
lege called the Claschan of Aberfoill, were composed of a few cottages, and a large clump of turfs, and
thatched by turfs, laid rudely upon rafters formed
of native and unhewn birches and oaks from the
woods around. The roofs approached the ground so
nearly that a much improved at observed we might
have ridden over the village the night before, and
never found out we were near it, unless our horses' feet
had "gone through the riggin."

From all we could see, Mrs. Macalpine's house,
miserable as were the quarters it afforded, was still
yet the best in the hamlet; and I dare say (if my
description gives you any curiosity to see it) you
will hardly find a more unpleasant and frequent
spot in all the present day. For the Scotch are not a
people who generally admit
innovation, even when it comes in the shape of
improvement.

The inhabitants of these miserable dwellings were
disturbed by the noise of our departure; and as our
party of about twenty soldiers drew up in rank before
marching off, we were reconnoitred by many a bal-
dian from the half-opened door of their cottage.
As these sybils thrust forth their grey heads, imperfectly
covered with close caps of flannel, and showed their
shriveled brows, and long skinny arms, with various
gestures and half-proposed questions in Gaelic
addressed to each other, my imagination recurred to
the witches of Macbeth, and I imagined I read in the
features of these crones the malvolence of the word
side. I am not such a witch as to begin with
forth some, quite naked, and others very imperfectly
covered with tatters of tartan stuff, clapped their tiny
hands, and grinned at the English soldiers, with an
expression of national hate and malignity, which
seemed beyond their years. I remarked particularly
that there were no men, nor so much as a boy of ten
or twelve years old, to be seen among the inhabitants of
such a spot. I mention this to bear proportion to its
extent; and the idea certainly occurred to me,
that we were likely to receive from them, in the
course of our journey, more effectual tokens of ill-will
than those which lowered on the villages, and dictated
the murmurs, of the women and children.

It was not until we commenced our march that
the malignity of the elder persons of the community
broke forth into expressions. The last file of men
had left the village, to pursue a small broken track,
formed by the sleeves in which the natives transport-
ed their tents and turfs, and which led through the
woods. The colspan was passed by the lake, where
a shrilly sound of female exclamation broke forth,
mixed with the screams of children, the howling of
boys, and the clapping of hands with which the
Highlanders in many parts of the island, express
their joy, wonder, or satisfaction. I asked Andrew,
who looked as pale
as death, what all this meant.

"I doubt we'll ken that ither smin," said he.

"Means?—It means that the Highlanders are
cursing and banning the red-coats, and wishing ill-
luck to them, and ilka that ever spoke the Saxon
tongue. I have heard wives flye in England and
Scotland—it's nae marvel to hear them flye oot gae
—but sic ill-spart tongue is ane Hieland carnis'
—and sic gae-wisome wishes, that men should be
slaughtered like sheep—and that they may lapper
their floring in the heart's blood, and that they shall
dee the death of Walter Cuming of Guiyock, wha had
as muckle o' him left the

I do not know how this might stand in Mr. Obadiahstone's
day, but I can assure the reader, whose curiosity may lead him
to a perusal of these remarkable adventures, that the Clus-
ian of Aberfoill now affords a very comfortable little inn.
If he were not a little too far from the sea, he might
be recommended to him, that he will find himself in the
vicinity of Mr. Dr. Patrick Graeme, minister of the
gospel at Aberfoill, whose knowledge and information, on
the subject of national antiquities, is scarce exceeded even by the
stoutest fellow in the island, who is much more
able. Dr. Graeme is also a relation of the

The respectable clergyman alluded to has been dead for some

A great feudal opponent, who, riding on some three purposes
Dinnin the foray of Guiyock, was thrown from his horse, and,
being on the ground, was in the same manner devoured, like a
frightened animal till he was torn to pieces. The expression,
Walter of Guiyock's curse, is proverbial.

The gighter as would supperse a messen-doog—sic avon-
language as that I never heard out o' a human temp-
ple—and, unless the devil was among the
them a little, the bluid would not be countries out
of the clau. It is possible that, in the present day,
be amendeed. The worst o' it, the bluid was
happie, and see what we'll land in.

Adding Andrew's information to what I had read
observed from the trains of fire, through marshy meadow
ground, overgrown with copsewood, now traversing
dark and close thake that would have admitted an ambush
or sheltered within a few yards of our line of
attack, and frequently, for a few minutes, the
noise of some of which took the soldiers up to the knees,
ran with such violence, that their force could only
be strengthened by the strength of two or three men
fast by each other's arms. It certainly spread
me, though altogether unacquainted with minor
affairs, that a sort of half-savage warfare, as I had
heard the Highlanders asserted to be, might not
pass as these, attack a party of regular
The Baillie's good sense and strict
observation had led him to the same conclusion,
understood from his requesting to speak with
Captain Graham, but he had not so far
expressed terms—"Captain, it's no to fleech any favours
ye, for I scorn it—and it's under protest that I speak
my action and pieces of oppression and waggery
prisoners. I will be as true to the army three or
two more, for I am bound by the same
the scarts and sea-maws at the Cumries, then in
the foul weather follows their skirling.

"Make yourself easy, sir," replied Captain Tar-
ton, "I am in the execution of my orders. As
you say you are a friend to King George, you will
glad to learn, that it is impossible that this great
raffuss, whose licence has disturbed the quiet of
long, can escape the measures now taken to sup-
press them. The horse squadron of militia, com-
manded by Major Galbraith, is already joined by two or
three regiments of infantry, under the two
gentlemen you saw at the inn,
in possession of the upper part, and various sea-
parties from the coast, that are
in different directions. Our last account
Rob Roy correspond with what this fellow
prophesied, that, finding himself surrounded on all
sides, he had dismissed the greater part of his forces
with the purpose either of lying concealed, or
making his escape through his superior knowledge of
the passes.

"I dinna ken," said the Baillie; "there's tre
brandy than brinnie in Garscadden's heat of
morning—and I wadna, an I were you, Cap-
tain, my main dependence on the Hielandmen—whan
wanna in aee in aee, they may quarrely
with themseh, and gee ilk ither ill names, and mayl
shake wi' a' claymore; but they are sure to join
and war raid on a' civilized folk, that war blest
their hinder ends, and has purses in their pockets.

Appropriately enough, it seems like a
would-be-thrown away on Captain Thornton. He
refers his line of march, commanded his soldiers to
use the best means to fix their bayonets, and form an
advanced and secure position, on the
commissioned officer and two soldiers, who were
strict orders to keep an alert lookout. Dugald
was sent forward in a very close examination,
may bestddef.-the text of what he wrote has
be above-mentioned the truth, of what he wrote has
be above-mentioned the truth, of what he wrote has
be above-mentioned the truth, of what he wrote has
sort of testiness that seemed very natural, "Her maimess didn't make it easy on us—shameless like grand roads, she said. I'm pined at Glascow."

We passed off well enough, and we resumed our progress.

Our route, though leading towards the lake, had hitherto been so much shaded by wood, that we only from time to time broke through a glade. But what a delightful sheet of water. But the road now suddenly emerged from the forest ground, and, winding close by the margin of the loch, afforded us a full view of its expanse, which now, the trees having vastly subsided, reflected in still magnificence the high dark heathland mountains, huge gray rocks, and shaggy banks, by which it is encircled. The hills now sunk on either side, and we were again in loose, precipitous, as to afford no passage except just upon the narrow line of the track which we occupied, and which was overhung with rocks, from which we might have been destroyed merely by rolling down stones, without much possibility of offering resistance. Add to this, that, as the road winded round every promontory and bay, that indentured the lake, there were always a probability of seeing a hundred yards before us. Our commander appeared to take some alarm at the nature of the pass in which he was engaged, which displayed itself in repeated orders to his advance guard to take all possible care and hasten forward to bring us under a better prospect of safety, and instant death to Dougall, if he should be found to have led them into danger. Dougall received these threats with an air of stupid impenetrability, which might arise rather from conscious innocence, or from dogged resolution.

"If shameless were seeking to Red Gregarach," he said, "to be sure they couldn't expect to find her where without some wondrously fine and fine eyes about us. Just as the Highlander uttered these words, a halt was made by the corporal commanding the advance, who sent back one of the file who formed it, to overtake Capt. Thornton, who was occupied by Highlanders stationed on a commanding point of particular difficulty. Almost at the same instant a soldier from the rear came to say, that, they heard the sound of a bagpipe in the woods through which we had just passed. Capt. Thornton, a man of conduct as well as courage, instantly resolved to force the pass in front, without waiting till he was assured from the rear; and, assuming his soldiers that the bagpipes which they heard were those of the friendly Highlanders, who were advancing to their assistance, he stated to them the importance of advancing to the attack with all possible speed, before these auxiliaries should come up to divide with them the honour, as well as the reward which was placed on the head of this celebrated freebooter. He therefore ordered the great pike to make a sortie, as well both to close up to the advance, doubling his files, as to occupy with his column the whole practicable part of the road, and to present such a front as its breadth admitted. Dougall, to whom he said in a whisper, "You dog, if you have deceived me you shall die for it!" was placed in the centre, between two grenadiers, with positive orders to shoot him if he attempted an escape. The same situation was assigned to us, as being the safest, and Capt. Thornton, taking his half-pike from the soldier who carried it, placed himself at the head of his little detached column, and, with a loud shout, rushed in.

The party advanced with the firmness of English soldiers. Not so Andrew Fairservice, who was frightened out of his wits; and not so, if truth must be told, either the Bailie or myself, who, without feeling the same degree of trepidation, could not with stoical indifference see our lives exposed to hazard in a quarrel with which we had no concern. But what would we have done if Mr. Wray had not干涉ed the question?

We approached within about twenty yards of the spot where the advanced guard had seen some appearance of an enemy. It was one of those prominent trees which enliven the aspect of which the road had hitherto wended in the manner I have described. In the present case, however, the path, instead of keeping the water's edge, scaled the promontory by one or two rapid zigzags, carried in a broken track along the precipitous face of a slaty gray rock, which would otherwise have been absolutely inaccessible. On the top of this rock, only to be approached by a broken track, stood a corporal declared he had seen the bonnets and long-barrelled guns of several moun- teiners, apparently coiling along the long heath and brushwood which crested the eminence. Capt. Thornton ordered him to move forward with three files, to dislodge the supposed ambush, while at a more slow but steady pace, he advanced to his support with the bulk of his party.

The attack which he meditated was prevented by the unexpected apparition of a female upon the summit of the rock. Stand!" she said, with a commanding tone, and tell me what ye seek in Mac Gregor's country?"

I have seldom seen a finer or more commanding form than this woman. She might be between the term of forty and fifty years, and had a countenance which must once have been of a masculine cast of beauty; though now, imprinted with deep lines by exposure to rough weather, and perhaps by the wasting influence of grief and passion, its features were only strong, harsh, and expressive. She wore her plaid, not drawn around her head and shoulders, as is the fashion of the women in Scotland, but displayed around her neck and fastened with its tassels at her throat. She had a man's bonnet, with a feather in it, an unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle.

"It's Hebrides Campbell, Rob's wife," said the Bailie, in a whisper of considerable alarm; "and there will be broken heads among us or it's lang."

What seek ye here?" she asked again of Capt. Thornton, who, turning himself aside to communicate.

"We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy Mac Gregor Campbell," answered the officer, "and make no war on women; therefore offer no vain opposition to the king's troops, and assure yourself of civil treatment."

"Ay," retorted the Amazon, "I am no stranger to your tender mercies. Ye have left me neither name nor fame—my mother's bones will shrinl aside in their grave when mine are laid beside them—Ye have left me and mine neither house nor hold, blanket nor bedding, cattle to feed us, or fleeces to clothe us—Ye have taken from us all—all!—The very name of my ancestors have ye taken away, and now ye come for our lives."

I seek no man's life," replied the Captain; "I only execute right as the law enjoineth. If ye are a good woman, ye have nought to fear—if there are any with you so rash as to offer useless resistance, their own blood be on their own heads—Move forward, surrounded."

"Forward—march," said the non-commissioned officer. "Huzzza, my boys, for Rob Roy's head and a purse of gold!"

He quickened his pace into a run, followed by the six soldiers; but as they attained the first traverse of the ascent, the flash of a dozen of firelocks from various parts of the pass parted in quick succession and deliberate aim. The winged shot through the body, still struggled to gain the ascent, raised himself by his hands to clamber up the face of the rock, but relaxed his grasp, after a desperate effort, but fell, and, like a quiver, fell down the deep lake, where he perished. Of the soldiers three fell, slain or disabled; the others retreated on their main body, all more or less wounded.

"Grenadiers, to the front!" said Capt. Thornton.

"You are to recollect, that in those days this description of soldiers actually carried that destructive spee of fire-work from which they derive their name and present power. The four grenadiers, with a well-aimed carbine ball, fell the prisoner at once. The officer commanded the rest of the party to be ready to support them, and only saying to us, "Look to your safety, gentlemen," gave, in rapid succession, the word to "fix your bayonets—go to your pockeenthandle your grenadiers—blow your matches—fall on.""

The whole advanced with a shout, headed by Capt. Thornton, the grenadiers preparing to throw theirgrenadiers among the bushes where the ambuscade.
lay, and the musketeers to support them by an instant and close assault. Dougall, forgotten in the scuffle, wildly crept into the thicket which overhung the banks of the river, and lost track of his companions, of whom he had heard the activity of a wild cat. I followed his example, instinctively re-collecting that the fire of the Highlanders would sweep the open track. I was before the fire had cleared the clearing, and was still in a cloud of spattering fire, in which every shot was multiplied by a thousand echoes, the hissing of the kindled facets of the granades, and the excessive explosion of those minute chips of wood and of the pieces of the soldiers; and the yells and cries of their Highland antagonists, formed a contrast which added—I do not shame to own it—within to my desire to reach a place of safety. The difficulties of the ascent were so much that I despised of reaching Dougal, who seemed to singing himself from rock to rock, and stumped to stump, with the facility of a squire, and I turned down my eyes to see what had become of my other companions. Both were brought to a very awkward standstill.

The Balie, to whom I suppose fear had given a true sense of danger, had advanced without twenty feet from the path, when his foot slipping, as he strolled from one huge fragment of rock to another, he would have slumbered with his father the deacon, whose name was no secret, and he certainly was no more, but for a projecting branch of a ragged thorn, which entangled the skirnels of his rCamouflage coat, supported him in mid air, where he dangled not unlike the statue of a deer over the door of a mercer in the Trongate of his native city.

As for Andrew Fairiservice, he had advanced with better success, until he had attained the top of a bare cliff which, rising above the wood, exposed him, at least to the view of his friends, to the neighbouring skirmish, while, at the same time, it was of such a precipitous and impracticable nature, that he dared neither to advance nor retire. Footing it on the top was almost too much for the strength of the cliff afforded, (very like a fellow at a country-fair dancing upon a trampoline,) he roared for mercy in Gaelic and English alternately, according to the side on which the scale of victory seemed to predominate, while his exclamations were only answered by the groans of the Balie, who suffered much, not only from apprehension, but from the pelilous posture in which he hung suspended by the cords.

On perceiving the Balie’s precarious situation, my first idea was to attempt to render him assistance, but this was impossible without the concurrence of Andrew, whose name and other command, nor command, nor exposition, could inspire with courage to advance the descent from his painful elevation, where, like an unskillful and obstinate mule, he endeavored to escape the imminent danger to which he had presumptuously ascended, he continued to pour forth piteous prayers for mercy, which no one heard, and to skip to and fro, writhing his body in all possible attitude shapes to avoid the balls which he conceived to be whistling around him.

In a few minutes this cause of terror ceased, for the fire, at first so well sustained, now sunk at once, a sure sign that the conflict was concluded. To claim some spot from which I could see how the day had gone was now my object, in order to appeal to the mercy of the victors, who, I trusted, (whichever side must be the victor,) would not fail to respect the request of a friend to remain suspended, like the coffin of Mahomet, between heaven and earth, without lending a hand to discourse him. At length, by dint of scrambling, I found a spot which commanded a view of the field of battle. It was indeed ended; and, as my mind already urged, from the place and circumstances accompanying this contest, it had terminated in the defeat of Captain Thain. The Balie, to the majesty of Highloe in the art of disarming that officer, and the scanty remains of his party. They consisted of about twenty who, of whom I met with, surrounded by treble the number of whom were wounded, who, surrounded by treble the number of whom were wounded, belonged to the party of the Balie. It was an easy matter for either to advance or retreat, exposed to a murderous and well-aimed fire, which they had no means of returning with effect. had at length laid down their arms by the order of their officer, when he saw that the road in his rear was occupied, and that increased resistance would be only wasting the lives of his brave party. By the happy chance which the under cover, the victory was cheaply bought, at the expense of one man slain and two wounded by the grenades. All this I learned afterwards. At present I only wish to fix the attention from seeing the English officer, whose face was covered with blood, stripped of his hat and arms, and his men, with sullen and dejected countenances, which were not regret, undismayed, the same wild and martial figures which the severe measures to which the laws of war subjected the vanquished for security of the victors.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Was he the vanquished?" was the first question. When sunk proud Rome beneath the Gothic sword—

"Was he the vanquished?" when his massive blade

Bore down the scale against her rammed weight;

and on the field of death, the battle raged.

We know no limit save the victor's will. The Conquered.

I anxiously endeavoured to distinguish Dougall among the victors. I had little doubt that the part he had played was assumed, on purpose to lead the English towards their destruction. I was admiring the address with which the innocent, and apparently half-brutal savage, had veiled his purpose and the affected reluctance with which he had refused to receive a present from the English officer, which it must have been his purpose from the beginning to communicate. I foresaw we should incur some danger on approaching the victors in the first rush of our success, which was not unsmitted with cruelty, for one or two of the Balie’s followers prevented them from rising, were poniarded by be victors, or rather by some ragged Highland boys who had mingled with them. I concluded, therefore, it would be unsafe to present ourselves without some mediator; and as Campbell, whom I now could not but identify with the celebrated freebooter Rob Roy, was nowhere to be seen, I resolved to claim the protection of his emissary, Dougall.

After gazing everywhere in vain, I at length retraced my steps to see what assistance I could individually render to my unlucky friend, when, to my great joy, I saw Mr. Jarvis delivered from his state of suspense, and though very black in the face, and much deranged in the garments, safely seated beneath the rock, in front of which he had been so lately suspended. I hastened to assure him of my assurances, which was at first far from receiving in the spirit of cordiality with which they were offered. A heavy fit of coughing so prevented him breath enough to express to a man who had once hinted which he threw out against my sincerity.

"Uhh! uhh! uhh!—they say a frieee—uhh! uhh!—a friend sticketh closer than a brother—uhh! uhh!—When I came up here, Mr. Oubun-dun, to this country, cursed of God and man—uhh! uhh!—Heaven forgive me for swearing—on one man's errand but yours, I don't think it was fair—uhh! uhh!—to leave first, to be shot or drowned among redcoats and Highlanders and redcoats; and next, to be hung up between heaven and earth, like an old potato-hog, without see muckle as trying—uhh! uhh!—sae muckle as trying—uhh! uhh!—no!"

I made a thousand apologies, and laboured so hard to represent the imposibility of my affording him relief by my own unassisted exertions, that at length I succeeded in persuading him to mount as hastily as possible on his horse, and I hasted to good shelter in the shelter of a high and broad, as it was a place, with as much as possible, in the shelter of the horse, and I hasted to good shelter in the shelter of a high and broad hill, where the victors left him in safety. I remained at his side as long as I was able, and then returned to the spot where he had, in the hope of effecting, placed his horse, and I hasted to good shelter in the shelter of a high and broad hill, where the victors left him in safety. I remained at his side as long as I was able, and then returned to the spot where he had, in the hope of effecting, place
any o' yer rotten French gamlets now, or yer drab-de-berrys, it would have shreded like an auld rag was stripped from a dairymaid's back. I'd thought it was but the west o' I—swung and bobbed yonder as safe as a gabbart* that's moorded by a three-plicable cable at the Broomielaw.

I've heard what had become of his preserver.

"The creature," so he continued to call the Highlandman, "contrived to let me ken there wad be danger in gair near the chilly till he came back, and baith staid as if it o' his mind," he continued, "that he's seeking after you—it's a considerable creature—and truth, I wad swear he was right about the chilly as he ca's her, too—Helen Campbell was nane o' the twain.* I've heard of wretched outlaws, aither, as the folk say that Rob himself stands in awe o' her. I could a' sworn she ken me, for it's many years since we met—I am clear for waiting for theDougal creature or we sung near her.

*I signified my acquiescence in this reasoning; but it was not the will of fate that day that the Bailie's prudence should profit himself or any one else.

Andrew Fairservice, though he had ceased to caper on the pinnacle upon the cessation of the firing, which had given occasion for his whimsical exercises, continued, as perched on the top of an exposed cliff, too cognizant of his reputation or the customs of the Highlanders, when they had time to look a little around them. We were apprised he was discovered by a wild and loud hollowness set among the assembled we, the air there being charged with the fumes from the copsewood, and ascended the rocky side of the hill in different directions towards the place where they had discovered this whimsical apparition.

Those who stood within gammut of poor Andrew, did not trouble themselves to offer him any assistance in the ticklish posture of his affairs, but levelling their long Spanish-barrelled guns, gave him to understand, by signs which admitted of no construction, that he must contrive to come down and submit himself to their mercy, or he marked at from beneath, like a regimental target set up for half-p燣enges* upon his lungs in the fervor of our pretended protection, or at least his interference, to procure restoration of his shoes.

"Na, na," said Dougal in reply, "she's no gentle body. I trow; this pet was ganged rode into her like she's muckle mist'hen." And, leaving Andrew to follow at his leisure, or rather at such leisure as the surrounding crowd were pleased to indulgence him with; he hurried us down to the pathway in which the skirmish had been fought, and hastened to present us as additional captives to the female leader of his band.

We were dragged before her accordingly, Dougal fighting, struggling, screaming, as if he were the party most apprehensive of hurt, and repulsing by threats and shouts, all those who attempted to take a nearer inspection of the criminal himself. I cannot believe, nothing but fear of instant death could have moved him to attempt. The awkward mode of Andrew's descent greatly amused the Highlanders below, who fired a shot or two while he was engaged in it, without the purpose of injuring him, as I believe, but merely to enhance the amusement they derived from his extreme terror, and the superstitious exactions of agility to which it excited him.

At length he attained firm and comparatively level ground, or rather, to speak more correctly, his foot slipping at the last point of descent, he fell on the earth in his fall, but his length, and was raised by the presence of the Highlanders, who stood to receive him, and who, ere he gained his legs, stripped him not only of the whole contents of his pockets, but of his wig, hat, coat, doublet, stockings, and shoes, performing the feat with such admirable celerity, that, although he fell on his back a well-covered and decent burgher—seeking serving-man, he arose a forked, maddened monster, a creature no more. Without respect to the pain which his undamaged toes experienced from the sharp encounter of the rocks over which they hurried him, those who had handled Andrew in his descent were led by the rays which formed her head-dress, seemed all to intimate that she had taken an immediate share in the conflict. Her keen black eyes and features expressed an imagination inflamed by the pride of gratified revenge, and the triumph of victory. Yet there was nothing positively sanguinary, or cruel, in her deportment; and she reminded me, when the immediate excitement of the quarrel was over, of fables I had seen of the inspired heroines in the catholic churches of France. She was not, indeed, sufficiently beautiful for a Judith, nor had she the inexpressible expressiveness of the hair which Deborah, or to the wife of Heber the Kenite, at whom the gentle Christian of Israel, who dwelt in Harosheth of the Gentiles, bowed down, fell, and lay a dead man; we have therefore no right to enquire how she was begat, gave her consequences.
ROB ROY.  

I was uncertain in what terms to accost a person so uncommon, when Mr. Jarvis, breaking the ice with the utmost courtesy, inquired if I had any business with him. I assented, and he introduced himself, and asked me to the house, which he had been brought into her presence had again impeded her respiration,” addressed her as follows:—

"What is the matter, ma’am?"—"I am very happy to have this joyful opportunity,—a queer in your voice strongly betokened the anguish which she studiously laid on the word joyful)—"this joyful opportunity," he resumed, trying to give the adjective a more suitable accentuation than my kinsman Robert’s usual treatment;—

"Good morning,—How’s a wi’ ye?" (by this time he had talked himself into his usual jog-trot manner, which exhibited a mixture of familiarity and self-importance)—"How’s a wi’ ye this long time?—Ye’ll have forgotten me, Mrs. Mac Gregor Campbell, as your cousin,—uh! uh!—but ye’ll mind my father, Deacon Nicol Jarvis, in the Snout Market of Glasgow?—an honest man he was, and a sensible, and respecti, and yours, too, as I said before, I am right glad to see you, Mrs. Mac Gregor Campbell, as my kinsman’s wife. I was crave the liberty of a kinsman’s of your father’s grace to see such a droll’s fast haud o’ my arms; and, to speak Heaven’s truth and a magistrate’s, ye wadna be the waor of a coo’s o’ water before ye welcomed your friends.

"This is the case of this introduction which ill suited the exalted state of temper of the person to whom it was addressed, then hushed with distributing dooms of death, and warm from conquest in a penulous strain,—

"What fellow are you," she said, "that dare to claim kindred with the Mac Gregor, and neither wear his dress nor speak his language!—What are you, that have the hound and the hag of the hound, and yet seek to lie down with the deer?"

"I dinnan ken," said the undaunted Bailie, "if the kindred has ever been well red out to you yet, cousin—but it’s kind and can be proved. My mother, Elspeth Mac Farlane, was the wife of my father, Deacon Nicol Jarvis—peace be wi’ them both—and Elspeth was the daughter of Farlane Mac Farlane, at the Shoking o’ Loch Sloy. Now, this Farlane Mac Farlane, as his surviving daughter, Maggy Mac Farlane, alias Mac Nab, who married Duncan Mac Nab o’ Snuckavanlachan, can testify, stood as near your guardman, in Rob Roy, Mac Gregor, as in the fourth degree of kindred, for—"

The virago lopped the genealogical tree, by demanding haughtily, "If a stream of rushing water acknowledgements there is, I have probably position for it for the mean domestic uses of those who dwelt on its banks?"

"Vera true, kinswoman," said the Bailie; "but for a’ that, the burn wad be glad to haud the midbeam back again in summer, when the chuckle stane are white in the sun. I ken weel enough you Hieland folk haud us Glasgow people light and cheap for our language and our class; but every body speaks their native tongue that they learned in infancy; and it would be a daft-like thing to see me wi’ my fat wame in a short Hieland coat, and my purr short houghs gathered below the knee, like ane o’ you long-legged gillies—Mair by token, kinswoman," he continued, "in defiance of various intimations by which Dougal seemed to recommend silence, as well as of the marks of impatience which the Amazon evinced at his loquacity,—"I wad ha’e ye to mind that the king’s errand whiles comes in the cadger’s gate, and that, for as high as ye may think o’ the gudeman, it’s as it roun’ weel—I’ll say it here. Here’s Scripture warrant for that,—yet as high as ye ha’e bade him, as I was saying, I have been serviceable to Rob ere now;—forbye a set o’ permain. I sent yourself when ye was gane to Miss Mather’s. Rant it was an honest, a well-doing drover, and none o’ this unlawful work, wi’ fighting, and flashes, and flit-gibs, disturbing the king’s peace and disarming his soldiers."

"And yet she is a woman who could not brook. She drew herself up, to full height, and betrayed the acuteness of her feelings by a laught of mingled scorn and bitterness."

"Yes. And, if you, and she—"
er of the female Chief had axes, scythes, and atque weapons, in aid of their guns, and some ly clubs, daggers, and long knives. But of the two bolted doors, the Angus Broc came past the most dirks hanging at the pouches which they wore it. Each had a good gun in his hand, and a word by his side, besides a stout round target. If of each were commissary possessed of. The 4e, studded with brass, and having a steel pike d into the centre. These hung on their left ter during a march, or while they were engaged hunt, with heavy and low arm when they charged with sword in hand, it was easy to see that this chosen band arrived from a victory such as they found lamentable to his master, coeval. I have heard of the capture, menaced him with retaliation on the person of the hostage, had treated the threat with great contempt, replying, 'Let each side hang his woe, for the sake of our own; we'll hang the thief, and your doleful tidings hang the gauger, Rob, and the country will be rid of two damned things at once, a wild Highlander and a revenge officer.' Angus Broc, less carefully looked to than his master, coeval. I have heard the hands of the captors, after having been in their custody long enough to hear this discussion, and to bring off the news."

"And did you learn this, you false-hearted traitor," said the wife of MacGregor, "and not instantly rush to your father's rescue to bring him off, or leave your body on the plains?"

The young MacGregor modestly replied, by representing the very superior force of the enemy, and stated, that they made no preparation for leaving the country, he had fallen back on the glen with the purpose of collecting a band such as could rescue with some tolerable chance of success. At length he said, "The militiamen would quarter, he understood, in the neighbouring house of Gartaran, a little to the east of Glencoe; and the other stronghold, which, although strong and defensible, was nevertheless capable of being surprised, could they but get enough of men assembled for the purpose."

I understood afterwards that the rest of the freebooter's followers were divided into two strong bands, one destined to watch the remaining garrisons of Inverness, a party of which, under Captain Thornton, had been defeated; another to show front to the Highland clans, who had united with the regular troops and Lowlanders in this hostile and combined invasion of that mountainous and desolate territory, which, lying between the lakes of Loch-Lomond, Loch-Katrine, and Loch-Ard, was at this time currently called Rob Roy's, or the MacGregor country. Messengers were dispatched in great haste, to concentrate, as I supposed, their forces, with a view to the proposed attack on the Lowlanders; and the dejection and despair, at first visible on every countenance, gave place to the hope, with which the brave heart of Galt- lert; but, to distinguish him from his father, glanders added the epithet, Oig, or the young, hair, and dark features, with a ruddy glow of and animation, and a form strong and well- rounded his years, completed the sketch of the mountaineer.

now stood before their mother with counte- clouded with grief and shame, and listened, a most respectful submission, to the reproaches which she loaded them. At length, when her bent appeared in some degree to subsaise, the speech was all too huge to kiss the hem of her plaid. I was understood by their followers, endeavoured fully to vindicate himself and his brother from their reproaches. I was so near him as to bend much of what he said; and, as it was of consequence to me to be possessed of information this strange crisis, I failed not to listen as at y as I could.

"And why," his son stated, "had been put upon a tryzna with a Lowland hallion, tame with a token from—"he muttered the very low, but I thought it sounded like my two inches mouth, though he praved through the 7a, but commanded the Saxan who brought amsg to be detained, as a hostage that good could be observed to him. Accordingly he the place of appointment, (which had been and wild Highland name that I cannot remember,) attended only by Angus Broc and little Roy, commanding no one to follow him. Within half an hour the Angus Broc came past the most dirks hanging at the pouches which they wore it. Each had a good gun in his hand, and a word by his side, besides a stout round target. If of each were commissary possessed of. The 4e, studded with brass, and having a steel pike d into the centre. These hung on their left ter during a march, or while they were engaged hunt, with heavy and low arm when they charged with sword in hand, it was easy to see that this chosen band arrived from a victory such as they found lamentable to his master, coeval. I have heard of the capture, menaced him with retaliation on the person of the hostage, had treated the threat with great contempt, replying, 'Let each side hang his woe, for the sake of our own; we'll hang the thief, and your doleful tidings hang the gauger, Rob, and the country will be rid of two damned things at once, a wild Highlander and a revenge officer.' Angus Broc, less carefully looked to than his master, coeval. I have heard the hands of the captors, after having been in their custody long enough to hear this discussion, and to bring off the news."

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It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of MacGregor regarded the wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

"I could have had you live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is now to me. But you are not worthy another's kiss, and every woman's pity. But you—wretch! you could waken the world unaffected by its various disarrangements, its inferior miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of horror and misery, if you could only take one bite of the noble-minded and bereaved—by nameless and birthless villains truant on the neck of the brave and the long-descended; you could enjoy yourself if you could only taste the bitterness, bating on garbage, while the slaughter of the oldest and best went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die, base dog, and that before your clothes have passed over the sun."

She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piteous and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. As the murderers, or executors, called them, dragged him away, his blood gushed on me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, "O, Mr. Ossballidine, save me!—save me!"

I was so moved by this horrible spectacle, that although I expected no express order of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf, but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others binding a large stone in a piece of cloth tied round his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half-naked, and thus manacled, they hurled him into the water, there allowed to struggle with a large sword and a large stone; a combat in which the victorious triumph, above which, however, his last death-shriek, the yell of mortal agony, was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters, and the heavy stone brought it to the bottom; the swords watched an instant, to guard, lest, extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, the victim might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the wretched man sunk without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was for ever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

And he was restored ere evening went—

"Most excellent in his presence is an iniquitous heart."

And power to wreak it (as an armed hand, your land shall ache for'it)."

Old Play.

I knew nearly it was that a single deed of violence and cruelty affects our nerves more than when these are exercised on a more extended scale. I had seen that day several of my brave countrymen fall in battle—it seemed to me that they met a lot appropriate to human—; and, as the minutes, though thrilling with interest, was affected with nothing of that sickening horror with which I beheld the unfortunate Morris put to death without resistance, and in cold blood. That showing appeared in his face reflected the feelings which were painted in mine. Indeed, he could not so suppress his horror, but that the words escaped him in a low and broken whisper.

"I take up my protest against this deed, as a bloody and cruel murder—it is a cursed deed, and God will avenge it in his due way and time."

"But will it ever follow?" said the vizier, bending on him a look of death, such as that with which a hawk looks at his prey ere he pounces.

"Kinswoman," said the Ballie, "I will willingly witness the life of one of the miserable intruder. If he avenges the misery of the land, and becomes again, after all he has suffered, their agent—their tool—their slave."

"Add, madam," said I, "and their benefactor."
Be it so, she said; for it is the emptiest title of them all, since he has uniformly sown benefit to himself without making a return. But enough of this.—I shall cause you to be guided to the enemy's outposts—ask for their commander, and deliver him this message from me, Helen MacGregor, the son of the nobleman who is now here. And if they do not set him at liberty within the space of twelve hours, there is not a lady in the Lennox but shall before Christmas cry the coronach for them, she will, be faith to me. If there is not a farmer but shall sing a-w-a over a burnt barnyard and an empty byre;—there is not a lord nor heritor shall lay his head on the pillow at night with the assurance of his wife and family's safety. Do as you are to end, so soon as the term is expired, I will send them this Glasgow Bailie, and this Saxon Captain, and all the rest of my prisoners, each bundled in a plaid, and chipped into as many pieces as there are chieftains in the tartan.

As she paused in her denunciation, Captain Thornton, we, was within hearing, added with great courteousness, "I present my compliments—Captain Thornton’s, of the Royals, compliments—to the commanding officer, and tell him to do his duty and secure his prisoner, and not waste a thought upon me. If I have been of late any inconvenience to you, the abominable, by these—unspeakable savages, I am wise enough to know how to die for it without disgracing the service. I am only sorry for my poor fellows," he said, "that law has thus dealt with them.

"Whist! Whist!" exclaimed the Bailie; "are ye weary o’ your life?—Ye’ll no serve my service to the commanding officer, Mr. Osbaldestone—James Nicol Jarvie’s service, a magistrate of Glasgow, as his father the deacon was before him—and tell him, here are a whom honest men in great trouble, and like to come to naught; and the best thing he can do for the command, I dare say, is to let the King’s soldiers have their way through the glen, and me nae air about—it. There’s been some ill done here already, but as it has lighted chiefly on the snagger, it winta be muckle worth making a stir about.

With these very opposite injunctions from the parties chiefly interested in the success of my expedition, and with the reiterated charge of the wife of MacGregor, to remember and detail every word of her injunctions, I was at length obliged to depart; and Andrew Fairweather, chiefly, I believe, to get rid of his clamorous supplications, was permitted to attend me. We took leave of Mr. Dougal, his Eyes, and a means of escape from my guides, or desires to retain a prize of some value, I was given to understand that I was to perform my journey on foot, covering the remainder of the way with two followers, attended, as well to show me the way, as to reconnoitre the strength and position of the enemy. Dougal had been at first undetermined on this party, but he contrived to divest the service, with the purpose, as we afterwards understood, of watching over Mr. Jarvie, whom, according to his wild principles of fidelity, he considered as entitled to his good offices, from having once acted in some measure as his patron or master.

After walking with great rapidity about an hour, we arrived at an encinnure covered with bruswood, with a commanding prospect down the little valley, and a full view of the post which the militia occupied. Being chiefly cavalry, they had judiciously avoided any attempt to penetrate the pass which had been so unsuccessfully essayed by Captain Thornton. They had taken up their situation with some military skill, on a rising ground in the centre of the little valley of Aberfoel, through which the river Forth with much force was deflected by two chains of hills, faced with barricades of limestone rock, intermixed with huge masses of bresica, or pebbles imbedded in sooty substance which has hardened into an indurated mass, and surrounded by the more lofty mountains in the distance. These ridges, however, left the valley of breadth enough to secure the cavalry from any sudden surprise by the mountain men; and they had stationed sentinels and outposts at proper distances from this main body, in every direction, so that they might secure full time to mount and get under arms upon the least alarm. It was not, indeed, to be supposed that they would attack cavalry in an open plain, though late events have shown that they may do so with success. When I first knew the Highlanders, they had almost by force of arms taken the surrender of a chief, the horse being so much more fierce and imposing in his appearance than the little skeletons of their own hills, and moreover being trained, as the more ignorant mounted men believed, to fight with his feet and his teeth.

The appearance of the piquetted horses, feeding in this little vale; the forms of the soldiers, as they sat, stood, or were lying upon their knees at the side of the beautiful river, and of the bare yet romantic ranges of rock which hedge in the landscape; on either side, formed a noble fore-ground, while far to the eastward the eye caught a glance of the Lake of Menteith; and Stirling Castle, dimly seen along with the blue and distant line of the Ochil Mountains, closed the scene.

After crossing on this landscape with great earnestness, young MacGregor intimated to me that I was to descend to the station of the militia and execute my errand to their commander, engaging me at the same time to inform them who had guided me to that place, nor where I had parted from my escort. Thus tutored, I descended towards the military post, followed by an old man, who, directing his attention to his own description of the English costume, without a hat, bare-legged, with brogues on his feet, which Dougal had given him out of compassion, and having a tattered plaid to supply the want of all upper clothing, looked as if he had been playing the part of a Highland Tom-of-Balmain. We had not proceeded far before we became visible to one of the violets, who, riding towards us, presented his carbine and commanded me to stand. I obeyed, and when the soldier came up, desired to be conducted to his commanding officer. I was immediately brought within a circle of officers, sitting upon the grass, assembled in attendance upon one of superior rank. He wore a guirnas of polished steel, over which were drawn the insignia of the ancient Order of the Thistle. My friend, Garschanthin, and many other gentlemen, some in uniform, others in their ordinary dress, but all armed and well attended, seemed to receive their orders from this person of distinction. Many servants in rich livery, apparently a part of his household, were also in waiting.

Having paid to this nobleman the respect which his rank appeared to demand, I acquainted him that I had been here to deliver a message from the officers having suffered a defeat from the Highlanders at the pass of Loch-Aird, (such I had learned was the name of the place where Mr. Thornton was made prisoner,) and that the victors threatened every species of extremity to those who had fallen into their power, as well as to the Low Country in general, unless their Chief, who had that morning been made prisoner, were returned to them uninjured. The Duke (for he whom I addressed was of no lower rank) listened to me with great composure, and then replied, that he should be extremely sorry to expose this gentleman, but that he must next day go to the cruelty of the barbarians into whose hands they had fallen, but that it was folly to suppose that he would deliver up the very author of all these disorders and offences, and so encourage his followers in their license. "You may return to those who sent you," he proceeded, and inform them, that I shall certainly cause Rob Roy Campbell, whom they call MacGregor, to be executed by two men, and his property taken in arms, and deposing by a thousand acts of violence; that I should be most justly held unworthy of my situation and commission did I act otherwise; and that I had to beseech the King’s country against their insolent threats of violence, and that if they injure a hair of the head of any of

* The affair of Prestonpans and Falkirk are probably allusion to, which marks the time of writing the Memoirs of Rembrandt.
the unfortunate gentlemen whom an unlucky accident has thrown into their power. I will take such ample vengeance, that the very stones of their dwellings shall sing for one hundred years to come!

I humbly beg leave to renounce respecting the prize, if I may be so bold as to call it, which I had the good fortune to lose last spring, and touched upon the obvious danger attending it, when the noble commander replied, "that, such being the case, I might send it away."

"The devil be in my foot," said Andrew, without either having respect to the presences in which he stood, or waiting till I replied — "the devil be in my foot, if I gang my toon's bath. Do the folk think I kens the place? I put my name after the Highlander's snicket this ane wi' his jestical? or that I shall dive down at the side of a Highland loch and rise at the other, like a seaside drake? Na, no ilk awe for hand, and God for us a'. Folk may just mark a page o' their annals, and serve themselves till their hairs grow up, and gang their ain errands for Andrew. Rob Roy never came near the parish of Doune, to steal either pippin or near brace me whin."

Shelmynge my follower with some difficulty. I represented to the Duke the great danger Captain Thornton was in. "I think, sir, that was a near escape," I exclaimed, and entreated he would make me the bearer of such modified terms as might be the means of saving the lives. I assured him I should decline no danger if it saved the lives of my hand and head, and had seen, I had little doubt they would be instantly murdered should the chief of the outlaws suffer death.

"The Duke was obviously much affected. "It was a bold and brave deed, " and he felt it as such, but he had a paramount duty to perform to the country — Rob Roy must die!"

It was without emotion that I heard this from my tongue, and, as I marched north to Edinburgh, I met Mr. Campbell, who had so often testified his good-will towards me. Nor was I singular in the feeling, for many of those around the Duke ventured to express themselves in suitable terms, "I would be responsible," the Duke said, "to send him to Stirling Castle, and there detain him as close prisoner, as a pledge for the submission and disbanding of his gang. It was a great pity to expose the country to be plundered, which, now that the long nights approached, it would be found very difficult to prevent, since it was impossible to guard every point, and the Highlanders were sure to select those that were least exposed. They added, that there had been recent outbreaks in leaving the unin- cent prisoners to the almost certain doom of massacre denounced against them, which no one doubted would be executed in the first burst of revenge.

Garschattachin ventured yet further still in the honour of the nobleman whom he addressed, although he knew he had particular reasons for disin- gaging his persons. "Rob Roy," he said, "though a little neighbour to the Low Country, and particularly obnoxious to his Grace, and though he perhaps carried the catherine carcass farther than any man o' his day, was an odd-far-rain earl, and there might be some means found of making him bear reason; whereas his wife and sons were reckless friends, without either fear or mercy about them, and, at the head of a' his limmer loons would be a worse plague to the country than a dozen.

"Poo! pooh!" replied his Grace, "it is the very sense and cunning of this fellow which has so long maintained his reign — a mere Highland robber would have been put down in as many weeks as he has flourished years. His gang, without him, is no more to be dreaded as a permanent annoyance — it will no longer exist — than a wisp without its head, which is not dangerous perhaps, but is instantly crushed into annihilation."

Garschattachin was not so easily silenced. "I am sure, my Lord Duke," he replied, "I have no favour for your noble client, but he has twice cleaned out my ain byres, beside skaith among my tenants; but, however,"

"But, however, Garschattachin," said the Duke, with a significant look, "I assure you, my Lord, that such a freedom may be pardoned in a friend's confidence, and Rob's supposed to be no enemy to Major Galbraith's friends over the water."

"If it be so, my lord," said Garschattachin, in the same tone of peculiarly, "it's no the worst thing I have heard of him. But I wish we heard some news from the Low Country about our men there. I vow to God they'll keep a Highlandman's word wi' me — I never lend them better — it's all drawing bows upon trowsers.

"I cannot believe it," said the Duke; "these gentlemens are known to be men of honour, and I must necessarily suppose they are to keep their appointment. Send out two more men-servants to look for our friends. We can make for the attack the place where Captain Thornton has suffered himself to be surprised, and which, to my knowledge, a man on foot might make good against a regiment of the best horses in Europe. Meanwhile let reinforcements be given to the men."

I had the benefit of this last order, the more necessary and acceptable, as I had tasted nothing since our last meal at Aberfoyle the evening before. The victuallers who had been dispatched, returned without tidings of the expected auditors, and rusted was approaching, when a Highlandman belonging to the Low Country came in expectation, and brought the bearer of a letter, which he delivered to the Duke with a most profound curtsy.

"Now will I read a thousand of care," said Garschattachin, and, opening the letter, he read aloud the cursed Highlanders, whom we have fought here at the expense of so much plague and vexation, are going to draw off, and leave us to do our own business, as we see fit.

"It is even so, gentlemen," said the Duke, redoubling with indignation, after having praised his letter, which was written upon a very dirty paper, and written by the much-honoured hands of And High and Muddy Prince, the Duke, &c. &c. &c. "Our allies," continued the Duke, "have deserted us, gentlemen, and have made a clean get away. It's the fate of all alliances," said Garschattachin: the Dutch were: "to serve us the same" if we had not started to them at Utrecht." You are facetious, sir," said the Duke, with a frown which showed how little he liked the pleasantness of our business is rather of a grave cast just now. — I suppose no gentleman would advise on this occasion to go and seek aid from this county, unsupported either by friendly Highlanders, or by infantry from Inverness?"

A general answer announced that the attempt would be made in readiness.

"Nor would there be such great wisdom," the Duke added, "in remaining exposed to a night-attack in this place. I therefore propose that we should retreat to the house of Duchray and that of Gardotter, and keep safe and sure watch and ward until morning. But before we separate, I will examine Rob Roy before you all, and make you sensible, by your own eyes and ears, of the extent, ultgesses, and of anything else that may be of use for further advantage. He gave orders accordingly, and the prisoner was brought before him, his arms being tied down below the elbow, and secured to his body by a horse-shoe buckled tight behind him. Two naked, well-armed officers sat before them, one on each side, and two file of men with carbines and fixed bayonets attended for additional security. I had never seen this man in the dress of his country, which set in a striking point of view the peculiarities of his form. A shock of red hair, which the hat and periwig of the Lowland costume had in a great measure concealed, was seen beneath the Highland bonnet, and trims of the Red or Red, by which he was much better known in the Low Country than by any other, and is still, I suppose, best remembered. The justice of the application was not known, but he has two red plaits from part of his limbs, from the bottom of his kilt to the top of his short hose, which the fashion of his country dress left bare, and which was covered with a fall of the same, especially around his knees, which resembled in this respect, as well as
their sinewy appearance of extreme strength, mids of a red-coloured Highland bull. Upon the one, betwixt the effect produced by the change of place, and by having become acquainted with his usual formidable character, his appearance had much stronger, and much more striking than before presented, that I could not recognize him to be the same person.

A man of such build, uncomparable unless by such bulls, haughty, but not so dignified, led to the Duke, nodded to Garschattachie and me, and showed some surprise at seeing me at the party.

'Twas some time since we met, Mr. Campbell,' said Duke.

'It is so, my Lord Duke; I could have wished it better, looking at the fastening on his arm, and I could have better paid the compliments to your Grace—but there's a time coming now,'

'No time like the present, Mr. Campbell,' said the Duke; 'for the hour is fast dawning that time will have its last account at all mortal affairs, that you must adjust it; that you draw near the end of your career. Do not delay that you may sometimes have some leisure, that you may occasionally have exhibited madness, and even of a disposition which promised things. But you are aware how long you have this time; and with the excess of the tone of your confidence, and with what acts of violence you have gained and extended your unjust authority, know, in short, that you have deserved death, that you can never escape. My Lord,' said Rob Roy, 'although I may well envy you at your Grace's door, yet I will say first you yours. If I be a villain and out with me you are, Out with me if you think your Grace would not this day have been sitting dormant on me; for you have been three times in good right distance of me when you were kind, and did not use me with kindness and love; now I miss my aim. But forasmuch as you have defaced your Grace's ear, and set you up against that, that was once as peaceful a man as any in the country, and made your name the warrant for driving out of extremity,—I have had some amends of, and for a that your Grace now says, I expect to be heard upon.

'Know, Sir,' said the Duke, in rising anger, 'that a dunghill and impudent villain, who will his oath if he swears to mischief; but it shall never prevent you. You have no enemies your own wicked actions.'

And called myself Graham, instead of Campbell, I might have heard less about them,' answered Rob Roy, with dizzied resolution.

You will do well, Sir,' said the Duke, 'to warn wife and family and fellows; to beware how you use the gentlemen now in their hands, as I will do for you, and their kin and allies, the last injury done to any of his majesty's liege vassals.'

'My Lord,' said Rob Roy in answer, 'none of my enemies will allege that I have been a bloody, obstinate man, which I now will not; I fear this grand Highlanders as easy as your Grace those ten, or twenty, or fifty, that are of the people. But if your Grace will take the head away from a house, ye may your account there will be murmur among the owners—However, come o'that what, there is an at man, a kinsman of my ain, main come by skilful—Is there any body here wad do a good for MacGregor—he may repay, though his Lord be now tied.'

Rob Roy, who had delivered the letter to the last, 'I'll do your will for you, MacGregor; I'll go home and put you to the front at the last,' advanced, and received from the prisoner a letter to his wife, which, being in Gaelic, I did not understand; but I had little doubt it referred to measures to be taken for the safety of Mr. MacGregor.'

'Was there the fellow's impudence?' said the Duke; 'he confesses in his character of a messenger. His conduct is of a piece with his master's, who invited us to make common cause against these freebooters, and have deserved us as MacGregor, to Fother, they were窗户 about the matter.'

'No truth in that, no faith in that, then,' answered Major Gally, 'and, with submission, neither would your Grace have occasion to say it, wad ye be for beginning justice at the wellhead, or else the honest man his man again. Let every head wear its hat button, and the district men of the Lannacard wad be mend'd if thee wad the land.'

'Here's hust! hust! Garschattachie,' said the Duke; 'this is a language dangerous for you to talk now on, and especially in,' but I presume you reflect yourself a privileged person. Please to draw off your party towards Clarranton; I shall myself see the prisoner secured to Durness, and send you orders tomorrow. You will please grant no lack of absence to any of your troops.'

'Here's an ordering and counter-order, Rince, matter of Garschattachie between his brother. Not pleasant. This motion perished immediately. I am to say play at Change catts, the king's coming.'

The two troops of cavalry now formed, and prepared to march on the ground, that they might avoid themselves of the roads and Returns of the evening quarters. I received an intimation, neither an invitation, to attend the party; and I perceived, that, though no longer consider. I was to be a prisoner, I was not yet unpunished for the sort of suspicion. I was indeed so dangerous—the great party questions of Jacobite and Hanoverian divided the country so effectually—and the constant dispute and jealousies between the Highlanders and Lowlanders, which was a number of inexplicable causes of feud which separated the great leading families in Scotland from each other, occasioned much general suspicion, that a solitary and unexpected visit would be sure to meet with something disagreeable in the course of his travels.

I acquiesced, however, in my destination with the best grace I could, consulting myself with the hope that I might obtain from the captive freebooter some information concerning Ralheigh and his machinations. I should do myself injustice did I not add, that my wishes are not not much interested in my present acquaintance, but to desires of rending him such services as his unfortunate situation might demand, or admit of his receiving.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

And when he came to broken bridge, the head of the way was shown, and when he came to grass green; Gill Morrie.

The echoes of the rocks and ravines on either side, now rang to the trumpets of the cavalry, which, forming themselves into two distinct bodies, began to move down the valley at a slow trot. That command, commanded by Major Gallah, soon took to the right hand, and crossed the Firth, for the purpose of taking up the quarters awaited them for the night, when they were to occupy, as I understood, an old castle in the vicinity. They formed a lively object while crossing the stream, but were soon lost in winning up the bank on the opposite side, which was clothed with wood.

We continued our march with considerable good order. To ensure the safe custody of the prisoner, the Duke had caused him to be placed on horseback behind one of his retainers, called, as I was informed, Ewan of MacGregor, one of the largest and strongest men who were present. Horseback occupied round the bodies of both, and housed before the woman's breast, rendered it impossible for Rob Roy to free himself from his keeper, or to escape, to keep close beside him, and accommodated for purpose with a troop-horse. We were no danger.
ROB ROY. [CHAP. XXXIII

rounded by the soldiers as the width of the road I would permit, and had always at least one, if not two, on every side of them. He had instructed his men to march in a line, and it was his object to get them into the ranks of the more regularly trained troops.

In this manner we travelled for a certain distance, until we arrived at a place where we also were to change horses. For this purpose, being the cock of a biw, is of considerable depth, even more so in the centre, and increasing in point of width, and the descent to the ford was by a broken precipice ranging, which only permitted to descend by the use of the hands. The centre and centre of our small body halted on the bank, while the front file passed down in succession, produced a considerable delay, as is usual on such occasions, and even some confusion; for a number of their horses, which had no proper part of the squadron, crowded to the ford without prudence, and made the military cavalry, although tolerably well drilled, face in the street of their own accord.

It was while we were thus huddled together on the bank, that I heard Rob Roy whisper to the man behind, whom he was placed on horseback. "Your father, Ewan, wishes has carried an ambuscade to the skir of the town of the Ewen."

Ewan returned no answer, but shagged, as one would express by that sign that what he was then doing was none of his own choice.

"Shaq a," he continued, "we shall have the water in the glen, and the sea toom fields, a blunder-stone, and the fire rushing out between the raths of your house, we may be thinking then, Ewan, that your friend Rob to the core, you would wish to have the safety that will make your heart weep."

Ewan of Briglands again shagged and groaned, but remained silent.

"Is the Duke on the other side, by the waning light, engaged in commanding his people to get into order, as they landed desperately, some higher, some lower. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow; when a sudden splash warned me that MacGregor's cavalry had prevailed on Ewan to give him freedom and a chance for life. The Duke also heard the sound, and instantly guessed its meaning. Being, he exclaimed to Ewan as he landed, "where is your prisoner?" and, without waiting to hear the apology which the terrified vessel began to offer forth, he fixed a pistol at his head, whether faintly I know not, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, disperse and preserve the villain—An hundred guineas for him that seizes Rob Roy!"

All became an instant scene of the most lively confusion. The noise of the approaching horsemen, the noise of the horses, the noise of the approach of horsemen. Errors and accidents had also happened among the pursuers, whose task the approaching morning required every moment more hopeless. Some had been lost in the stream, and required the assistance of their companions to save them from drowning. Others, hurt by shots or blows in the confused melee, implored help or threatened vengeance, and in one or two instances such accidents led to actual strife. The trumpets, therefore, sounded the retreat, announcing that the commanding officer, with whatever hopes or wishes, had foreseen the extremity that had thus unexpectedly escaped his grasp, and the troopers began slowly, reluctantly, and brawling with each other as they retired, again to assume their ranks. They could see them darkening, as they formed on the southern bank of the river, whose murmurs long drowned by the louder cries of venal pursuit, were now heard hoarsy, by mingling with the deep, disconnected, and reproachful voices of the disappointed horsemen.

Hitherto I had been as a more spectator, though far from an uninterested one, of the singular scene which had just passed. Forthwith, without suddenly exclaimed, "What is the English stranger?" It was he gave Rob Roy the knife to cut the belt." "Clear the rock-pudding to the chase!" cried the voice.

"Wea a brace of balls through his hurn-pun," said a second.

"Drive three inches of coals a small into his break-" said a third.
And I heard several horses galloping to and fro
with the kind purpose, doubtless, of executing these
lamentations. I was immediately awakened to the
smell of the perfume, and the noise of the
armored men, having no restraint whatever on their
irritated and inflamed passions, would probably begin
by shooting or cutting me down, and afterwards
vexed me by the lash. The idea of finding myself
thus at sea, leaped from my horse, and turning him
over, plunged into a bush of elder-trees, where con-

ceiving the advancing obscurity of the night, I thought
that any expectation of finding in the mist the least
intervention to have afforded protection, in case of my
surroundings, I thought there was no point of
which I might require, in such circumstances,
my present situation, to be apparent, and the clas-
ture of the horse's feet was heard less frequently in the
immediate vicinity of my hiding-place, was set
off to facilitate my reflections in the dark, and
join myself up to him, as a large subject, who had
nothing to fear from his justice, and a stranger, who
had every right to expect protection and hospitality.

The twilight had now melted into darkness;

and the wailing and prolonged sound of their trum-

peters, which run through the woods to recall strag-

gers. Here, therefore, I was left in a situation of
considerable difficulty. I had no horse, and the dead
wheeling stream of the river, rendered turbulent by
the late tumult of which its channel had been the
scene, and seeming yet more so under the doubtful
light of the moon, caused great difficulty and
inconvenience to a pedestrian by no means accustomed
to wade rivers, and who had lately seen horsemen
riding in the dangerous passage up to the very
shingle.
well as surprise. The ride did not speak with the deep mechanics of Rob Roy's career. And there was nothing but a pleasing and commanding; he was taller, more heavy, more in himself, than his first-rate object of my hate and suspicion. Neither did the stranger's address resemble that of any of my other companions, excepting only to the momentary moment in which we recognize a man of sense and breeding, even in the first-draw sentences he speaks.

The object of my anxiety seemed decisive to get rid of my inspection. "Diana," he said, in a tone of mingled kindness and authority, "give your cousin his property, and let us not spend time here."

I listened in the meantime taken out a small case, and leaning down from her horse to me, she said, in a tone in which an effort at her usual quietness of expression carried with it a deepened, fearful fear. I was born to be your better angel.

Rob Roy has been compelled to yield up his spoil, and had we reached this same village of Aberfoyle last night, you and I, finding every Highland shill to have wafted to you all these representatives of commercial wealth. But there were guilds, and dragons in the way; and errant knights and foreign tenants, but they thought they must not, as of yore, run into useless danger. Do you do so either, my dear cousin?"

"Diana," said her companion, "let me once more warn you, the taxes may come late, and we are still distant from our own home."

"I am coming, sir, I am coming—consider," she added, with a sigh; "how lately I have been subjected to travel and hurry, and given my cousin the packet—and bid him farewell—far, far away."

"For ever," she said, "for ever!—there is a gulf between us—a gulf of absolute perdition—where we go, you must not think what we do, you must not share in whatsoever befall us."

In the attitude in which she bent from her horse, which was a Highland pony, her face, not perhaps altogether unwillingly, touched mine. She pressed my hand to her cheek, and the moment when it has this feeling, I found its way to my cheek instead of her own. It was a moment never to be forgotten—inexpressibly bitter, yet mixed with a sensation of pleasure so deeply affecting and affectionate, as at once to mingle all the flood-gates of the heart. It was but a moment, however; for, instantly recovering from the feeling to which she had involuntarily given way, she cast her glance from me, and turned aside, and laid her hand on a horse's bridle, and putting their horses to a brisk pace, they were soon far distant from the place where I stood.

Heaven knows, it was not apathy which shielded me, for I was charmed, and made me forget him; but it was a heart which, in order to forget him, had put his horse to a brisk pace, they were soon far distant from the place where I stood.

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In my imagination, however, the sound of their words, to the mutual expression so common in their native tongue, and they usually speak with a good deal of emphasis. To the national peculiarities Rob Roy added a sort of hard indifference of accent and manner, expressive of a mind neither to be cheated, nor surprised, nor affected, by what passed before him, however dreadful, however sudden, however unexpected. Habitual danger, with unbounded confidence in his own strength and sagacity, had rendered him indifferent to fear; and the lawless and passionate life he had led had by degrees, however cruel it had been, softened, his feelings for others. And it was to be remembered, that I had very lately seen the following of this man commit a cruel slaughter on an unarmed and suppliant individual.

Yet such was the state of my mind, that I welcomed the company of the outlaw leader as a relief to my own overstrained and painful thoughts; and I was not without hope, that through his means I might obtain a view of guidance through the maze in which my fate had involved me. I therefore answered his greeting cordially, and congratulated him on his late escape in circumstances when escape seemed improbable."

"Ay," he replied, "there is as much between the crew and the wood, as there is between the cup and the bottle. Twigs of willow, such as..."
ROB ROY.

The lip. But my peril was less than you may know, being a stranger to this country. Of those who were summoned to take me, and to keep me, to retake me again, there was a money, as cousin Jervis, at Clachan um, and I, and one other, or two, or three, or four, or five, or six, or seven, or eight, or nine, or ten, or keep fast, or retrace and of other party, there was as half was feared to stir one; and had only like the fourth part of fifty or sixty men with what.

And enough too, I should think," replied I.

"I dinna ken that," said he; "but I ken, that every ill-will that I had among men out upon me, was put to me at Clachan um, and, I say, they would play with sword and target. One play another down come on,

now inquired into my adventures since we red his overcall, and laughed heartily at my account of the battle we had in the inn, and at the joy of the Bailie with the red-hot poker.

"Let Glasgow flourish!" he exclaimed. "The rooks and distaffs, the very wally-draigles of the country-side—and Dougal Gregor, too, who had to his thought there had been as much sense in his tawny paw, that he nearly had been covering than his air head. "To make a raggy hackock of a woman, or theretoo, or keep fast, or retrace, and of other party, there was as half was feared to stir one; and had only like the fourth part of fifty or sixty men with what.

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"I am thinking," said MacGregor, "that since ye dinna ken them already, they canna be o' muckle consequence to you, and I shall say naething on that score, for the letter is in my hand, or, having a sort of business of my own on my hands, being, as ye well may see, just as much as I can fairly manage, I canna say I wad hae fashed my life, thir, when ye put that question about a quarter ago.

I now recollected the lights seen in the library—the various circumstances which had excited my jealousy—the glove—the narrative of the tapestry which conveyed the secret message from Rashleigh's apartment—and, above all, I recollected that Diana retired, in order to write, as I then thought, the billet to which I was to have recourse in case of last necessity. Her leaving then, and not returning, I was resolved to inquire about the matter, but in listening to the addresses of some desperate agent of Jacobitish treason, who was a secret resident within the mansion of her uncle! Other young women have sold themselves for gold, or suffered themselves to be reduced from their first love by vanity; but Diana had sacrificed my affections and her own to partake the fortunes of some desperate adventurer—to seek titles of freeroam through midnight deserts, with no better hopes of rank or fortune than that ministry of both which the muck court of the Stewards at St. Germaines had in their power to bestow.

It is true I was determined it be possible, once more. I will arm with her as a friend—as a kinsman—on the risk she is incurring, and I will facilitate her retreat to France, where she may, with more propriety, her family, for safety, above the issues of the turmoils which the political tempest, to whom she has united her fate, is doubtless destined to put into motion.

I conceived I should need about five minutes' silence on both sides, "that his Excellency, since you give me another name for him, was residing in Osbaldistone Hall at the same time we played?"

"To be sure—to be sure—and in the young lady's apartment, as best reason was," this gratifying information was added call to bitterness. "But few," added MacGregor, "tend he was demul все—save Rashleigh and Sir Hilblander; for you, eye were out of the question, and the young lady herself was not up to the spirits of the cat to the cream—But it's a brav' old-fashioned house, and what I specially admired is the abundance of holes and boxes and cellars—ye could put twenty or thirty men in a corner, and a family might live a week without finding nothing but the last mouthful, as an occasion for a special convenience. I wish we had the like of Osbaldistone Hall on the banks of Craig Rosston—But we must have roads and canals serve the like of us poor people!"

"I suppose his Excellency," said I, "was busy to the first accident which was?"

"Ye were going to say Morris," said Rob Roy coolly, for he was too much accustomed to deeds of violence for the agitation he had at first expressed to be of long continuance. "I used to laugh heartily at that jest, but I'll hardly have her heart to do anything since the ill-fated accident at the Lochar—"in his Excellency 'knew not of that jest—"it was a managed between Rashleigh and myself. But the sport the sacrifice of Rashleigh and nothing but Rashleigh and turning suspicion off himself upon you, that he had me the least favour to frame the beginning—and then Miss Dickie, she many hue we sweep up a' our spiders' webs again, and set you out o' the Justice's clasp—and then the frightful event. Morris, that was scared out o' his senses by seeing the real man when he was chargin' the innocent stranger—and the gowk o' a clerk—and the drunk'n carse of a justice—Oh! o' course, it is a that I can do for the pair devil is to get some messes said for his soul."

"May I ask," said I, "how Miss Vernon came to have so much influence over Rashleigh and his acompañyees, as to drag your projected plan?"

"Mine? it was none of mine. No man can say or had my burden on other folk's shoulders—"
me cannot expect to carry off the Saint-Market at this tail, as a snail does his caup— and I am blythe that ye hae got out o' the hands o' your uncleanse.

"Woe, woe, then," answered Roy, "what's this?— ye haud us for the wear o' God, and that was a naught that we fast last us day—come, take a cup o' brandy—your—ther the deacon could tak ane at an orra time.

"It might be he might do saw, Robin, after fatigue— which has been my lot many ways ane this day. But—" he continued, slowly filling a little wooden stoup which might hold about three glasses, "he was a moderate man of his beaker, as i am myself—Here's wath ye haud langer (a sip) and your woold forse here and hereafter," (another taste), "and also to my cousin Helen—and to your twa hopeful lads, of whom man an.

"This, this, will not stir up the contents of the cup with great gravity and deliberation, while MacGregor winked aside to me, as if in ridicule of the air of wisdom and superior authority which the Baillie assumed towards me. As I had seen upon the 23rd of March, I was as likely as the Baillie to my stranger, to understand that if he submitted to the tone which his kinsman assumed, it was partly out of deference to the rights of hospitality, but still more for the sake of his wine.

As the Baillie set down his cup he recognised me, and giving me a cordial welcome on my return, he waived further communication with me for the present."

I will speak to your matters anon; I mean begin, 1 in reason, w' the few of your kinsman. I presume, Robin, there's nowhere here will carry aught o' what I am gien to say, to the town-council or elsewhere, to my prejudice or to yours."

"Make yoursel' easy on that head, cousin Nicol," answered MacGregor; "the tae half of the gillies wanna ken what ye say, and the tither wanna ken—whether the three toot o' the hermit yon o' them that said presum to say ower again any speech held w'te in their presence.""

"Aweel, cousin, sic being the case, and Mr. Osbal- liston here being a prudent young man, and a safe friend— I s'ean't tell you, you are breeding up your family o' gans an ill-gate. — "Then clearing his voice with a preliminary huff, he addressed his kinsman, check- ing the tone which had so far kept him in his usual quietude, his familiar smile with an austere regard of control. — "Ye ken yourself ye haud right by the law— and for my cousin Helen, farybe that her reception o' an ill-gate, she is not likely but into the bubble. — Except that they're the names ane another chance to see in the inscriptions at the Western Circuits for cow- lick, at the intercourse of his majesty's advocate for his majesty's interest—aweel, but the twa lads, as I was saying, they haie saw me suckle as the ordi- nary grands, man, of liberal education— they denken the w' was in me, but they were no fit to see the w' unfold, for I was an unlearned man, and the roll of the mea- s' believed in a Christian land."

"If they could, kinsman," said MacGregor, with great indifference, "the learning must have come o' an early age, for the devil was I to get ten a teacher?—wad ye hae had me put on the gate o' your Divinity—Hall at Glasgow College. 'Wanted, a tutor for Rob Roy's bairns?'

"Na, kinsman," replied Mr. Jarvie, "but ye might hae sent the lads where they could ha' learned the say o' God, and that was a naught that they were an ignominy as the kylkys ye used to drive to market, or the very English charlies that ye said them to, and we can do nothing whatever to purpose."

"Umph!" said Mac Gregor; "Hannah can bring down a black-cock when he's on the wing wi a single bullet, and Rob can drive a dirk through a two-inch board."

"Sae muckle the war for them, cousin! Sae muckle the war for them baith!" answered the Glasgow merchant in a tone of great decision; "an' they ken no more than the better that they had better no ken that war."

"The better, Rob; - the better, Robin. - I am go- ting, and stabbing, and shooting, and driving of dirks, whether through human flesh or fir deals, dune for yourself! And weren a ye a happier man at the tail o' an acceptable one?—" and Robin, lad, ye needin', than ever ye ha' been since, at the head o' your Hilland kerns and gally-glasses?"

I observed that MacGregor, while his well-meaning cousin was speaking, had drawn near me, and with a look which might be compared to that of a man who indeed suffers pain, but is determined no groan shall escape his lips; and I longed for an opportunity to interrupt the well- meaning, but, as it was obvious to me, quite mistaken strain, in which the stranger so correctly addressed himself to the person. The dialogue, however, came to an end without my interference."

And sae," said the Baillie, "I hae been thinking, Rob, that as you may be ower deep in the black book to win a pardon, and ower mad to send your self, that it would be a pity to bring up twa hopeful lads to sic a godless trade as your ain, and I wad nae blithely talk them for prentices at the loom, as I began myself and my father the deacon afore me, though, praise to the Giver, I only trade now as wholesale dealer—And—"

He saw a man gathering on Rob's brow, which probably induced him to throw in, as a sweetener of an obnoxious proposition, what he had reserved to crown his own pance, that it had been embraced as an acceptable one—"and to ye, Robin, lad, ye needin', than over ye ha' been since, at the head o' your Hilland kerns and gally-glasses?"

"Cease millia diavol, hundred thousand devils!" exclaimed Rob, as I passed him. "My sons weavers!—Miltia mollarheart! but I wad see every loom in Glasgow, beam, traddles, and shuttles, burnt in hell-fire sooner!"

With some dignity, the Baillie, who was preparing a reply, comprehended the risk and improviding of pressing our host on this topic, and in a minute he recovered, or reassumed, his hermitage of speech.

"But ye mean weel—ye mean weel!" said he; "so gie me your hand, Nicol, and if ever I put my son's apprentice, I will gie you the refusal o' them. And, as you say, there's a thousand marks to be settled between us. Here, Euchen MacAulaster, bring me my sporran.

The person he addressed, a tall, strong mountainian, who seemed to be a great man, brought some sense of safety a large leather pouch, such as Highlanders of rank wear to fove them when in full dress, made of the skin of the sea otter, richly garnished with silver ornaments and beads."

"I advise no man to attempt opening this sporran till he has my secret," said Rob; and then twisting one button in one direction, and another in another, pulling one down, and releasing it, he put it to his breast, by the folding of the flap, which was bound with massive silver-plate, opened and gave admittance to his hand. He made me remark, as it to break shor: this the subject on which Willie Jarvie had spoken, that a small steel pistol was concealed within the purse, the trigger of which was connected with the mounting, and made part of the machinery, so that the weapon would certainly be discovered. There was probability in the contents lodged in the person of one.
one, who, being unacquainted with the secret, should tamper with the lock which secured his treasure. "Thus," said he, touching the pistol—"this is the keeper of my secrets." The simplicity of the contrivance to secure a furled pouch, which could have been ripped open without any attempt on the spring, reminded me of the verses in the Odyssey, where Ulysses, in a yet ruder age, is content to secure his property by casting a curious and involved complication of cordage around the sea-chest in which it was deposited.

The Bailie put on his spectacles to examine the mechanism, and where he had done so, returned it with a smile, and a sigh, observing—"Ah! Rob, had either folk's purses been as well guarded, I doubt if your sporran would have been as well filled as it kythes to be,"

"Never mind, kinsman," said Rob, laughing, "it will yet open for a friend's necessity, or to pay a just debt, and here," he added, pulling out a souleau of gold, "and count them, and see that you are full and justly paid."

Mr. Jarvie took the money in silence, and weighing it in his hand for an instant, and it on the table, and then, just as the sun began to sink in the west over the level the day what sort of a gate your gord was made in—ill-not wear ye a prosperity; and, to bluid it, the souleau muckle will—it looks as there might be bluid in it."—"True enough," said the outlaw, affecting an indifference which, perhaps, he did not altogether feel, "it's guid stuff, and money to boot, but I think the landlord's wife in full flow, or all tae herself, but the money being unspilt, accorded to attract at one classic and fragrant. Cloaks, and such bedding as could be collected, stretched over this vegetable couch, made it both soft and warm. The Bailie seemed exhausted by fatigue. I resolved to adjourn my communication to him until next morning; and therefore asked him to betake himself to bed as soon as he had finished a plentiful supper. Though tired and much occupied, he did not make the same disposition to sleep, but rather a restless and anxious anxiety, which led to some further discourse between me and MacGregor."

CHAPTER XXXV

A hopeless darkness settled over my fate;—I've seen the last look of her heavenly eyes,—Two last tears were the sound of her lips' lamentation,—I've seen her fair form from my sight depart:—

My dear, my friend, my own sweet RASHIEL."

"I ken not what to make of you, Mr. Osbalstone," said MacGregor, as he pushed the flask towards me. "You cast not, you show no wish for reaf; and yet you drink not, though that thief of Broulard might have come to Sir Hildebrand's nae sel's."

"I had been always abstinent, you would have escaped the deadly hatred of your cousin Rashleigh."

"Had I been always prudent," said I, blushing at the scene he recalled to my recollection, "I should have escaped a worse evil—the reproach of my own conscience."

MacGregor cast a keen and somewhat fierce glance on me, as if to read whether the reproof, which he evidently felt, might have been intended. I saw that I was thinking of myself, not of him, and turned his face towards the fire with a deep sigh. I followed his example, and remained for a few minutes wrapt in his painful reverie. All in the hut were now asleep, or at least silent, excepting ourselves.

MacGregor first broke silence in the tones of one who takes the lead in conversation to enter on a new subject. "My cousin Nicod Jarvie means well," he said, "but he presses over hard on the temper and situation of a man like me, considering what I have gone through in the course of the day. Nicod Jarvie stood in his turn, but his kinsman continued. "That's a Highland settlement of accounts—the time might come, cousin, were I to keep a these charges and discharges, that friends might be brought into trouble for having dealt with me."
must be most unpleasant to his feelings. 'I should be happy to learn,' I added, 'that there is an omens
of chance of your escaping from this.'

The tone of the corner of MacGregor, in a

ow tone that growled like distant thunder—like a

joy, who thinks the small gnarled oak can be twisted

is easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I

be both grazed at the bar, that, horrid and

rout,—a price note on his head as if I had been a

my family treated as the gems and cubs of the
til-fux, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and

and nothing to my name, including, as

in for instant combat. In a few minutes his

and overwhelming, from which, notwithstanding

care for watchfulness, I did not awake until

When I opened my eyes, and recollected my situ-

I found that MacGregor had already left the

I awakened the Bailie, who, after many a short

and groan, as if heavy complaint in

ness of his bones, in consequence of the unfortu-

exactions of the preceding day, was at length able
to comprehend the joyful intelligence, that the assets

off, as Raleigh Osborne had been

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meaning; he forgot all his grievances, and, bustling

in a great hurry, proceeded to compare the content

of the packet, which I put into his hands, with

Mr. Owen's advice. He listened for time, and, as he

on, 'Right, right—the real thing—Bailie and Whitting-

—where's Bailie and Whittington?—seven hundred,
six, and eight—exact to a fraction—Pollock and

and Pedman—two with it, seven—exact, Exact, li-

blest!—Grub and Grind—better men cannot be—

three hundred and seventy—Glibbad—twenty, I doubt

Glibbad's gangling—Sipprytoegne—Sippry's toegne's

but—they are such hands—such—such—

rest's a-right—Praise be blest! we have got the

stuff, and may leave this doleful country. I shall

never think on Loch-Ard but the thought will
grow again.

'I am sorry, cousin,' said MacGregor, who en-

entred the hut during the last observation, 'I have

not been altogether in the circumstances to make

your reception as I could have desired—no, no—

you would come—visit to my pair dwelling—'

Muckle obliged, muckle obliged,' answered Mr.

Jarvie, very hastily. 'But we main be going—

we main be going.—Mr. Osborne and me—business

cannot wait.'

'Awed, kinsman,' replied the Highlander, 'ye
took our fashion—foster the guest that comes—fur-

him to the night—stay until he's here.'—He

Drygan—I must set ye on Loch Lomond, and boar

down to the Ferry of Balloch, and send your ma-

round to meet ye there—It's a mavin of a wise

man—never to a turn—ten miles—ah!—on the same

road he came, providing anther's free to him.'

'Ah, ay, Rob,' said the Bailie, 'that's one o' the

maxyme ye learned when ye were a drover—ye par-

face the tenants when your hearts had been

a rig o' the mair moorland grass in the by-gang-

and I doubt your road's as good now than it

was then.'

'The man need not to travel it ower often, kins-

man,' replied Rob; 'but I'll send round your mail to

the ferry wi' Douglas Gregor, who is converted for

purpose into the Bailie's man, coming—not, as ye

may believe, from Aberfoyle or Rob Roy's country, but

on a quit journey from Stirling.—See, here he is.'

'I wanna live hame the creature,' said Mr. Jarvie;

nor indeed was it easy to recognise the wild

Highlander, when he appeared at the door of the
cottage, attired in his ordinary and riding-cout, that

which had once called Andrew Fairweather master, and

mounted on the Bailie's horse, and leading mine.

He received my guests from certain places where he

thought he was expected to suspicion

to collect what intelligence he could in the course

of his journey, and to await our coming at an

appointed place, near the Ferry of Balloch.'

That the same evening invited me to accompany

him upon our own road, assuring us that we

must necessarily march a few miles before breakfast.
and recommending a dram of brandy; as a proper introduction to the journey, in which he was pledged by the Bailie, who pronounced it, "an unlawful and perilous habit to begin the day wi' spirituous liquors, whether in the morning or against the morning mist; in whilk case his father the deacon had recommended a dram by precept and example."

"Very true, kinsman," replied Rob, "for which reason we, who are Children of the Mist, have a right to drink brandy from morning till night."

The Bailie, thus reassured, was most rusted on a small Highland pinte; another was offered for my use which, however, I declined, and we resumed, under very different attendance and auspices, our journey of the preceding day.

Our party consisted of MacGregor, and five or six of the hand-same, best armed, and most athletic mountaineers of his band, and whom he had generally in immediate attendance upon his person.

When we approached the pass, the Bailie, with a smile of triumph, said the winds were against him, and that it would be impossible to proceed; but I said—"I, who have been brought up in the Highlands, where the wind changes from day to day, and who am as much accustomed to change of weather as to change of name in my own country, 

"You must think harshly of us, Mr. Ochilidstone, and expect that it should be otherwise. But remember, at least, we have not been unprovoked—"we are a rude and ignorant, and it may be a violent and passionate, but we are not a cruel people—the laws have been so modified for our sake that if you will not allow us to enjoy the blessings of peaceful law, we have been a persecuted generation."

"And persecution," said the Bailie, "maketh wise men mad."

"What must it do then to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did?—Can we view their bland effects against us—our brawling, heading, and breaking of the laws?—for Grant and MacGregor showed they were very cordially by the hand, and detaining me, so as to permit Mr. Jarvis to proceed, a circumstance for the narrowness of the road served as an excuse, he said to me:"

"You are a kind-hearted and an honourable youth, and understand, doubtless, that which is due to the feelings of a man of honour. But the heather that I have trod upon when living, most bloom o'er me when I am dead—my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills; nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of the rocks and crags wild as my heart, that you saw around us. And Helen—what could become of her, were I to leave her the subject of new insult and horror?—or how could she bear to be removed from the scenes, which for some time she was so sweetly by the recollection of her revenge?

"I was once so hard put at by my Great enemy, as I may well call him, that I was forced even to give way to the tide, and remove myself and my people and family from our dwellings in our native land, and withdraw for a time into MacCallum More's country—and Helen made a Lament on our departure, as we were leaving the residence of the chief, and so pitifully sad and wretched, that our hearts amain broke as we sat and listened to her;—like the wailing of one that mourns for the grave that bore him—the tears came down the cheeks of our sires as they hardened—and I wept the same as a man desolate, for the world, and the whole land that ever was a tender offering, against the morning mist; in whilk case his father the deacon had recommended a dram by precept and example."

"And you should be content," he replied, "as he pushed their fortune in the French or Spanish war, as is the wont of Scottish cavaliers of his time. Last night your plan seemed sensible enough, given his Excellency this morning last; and it is now thought that he might be found near us, and we should be able to cross the border without much anxiety."

"Not so," I thought, "was MacGregor; but he never crossed the border in sound health, and so spoke to the young lady, and so spoke:

"There was no occasion for it already, I teased with some htghight;—I should not have been so mad as to leave my country for such a purpose."

"But ye must not be offended, or look on among your curs then, like a wildcat out of season, for we are to understand that he was not in such a condition as we thought, and that his Excellency is at the gate to do to us as he pleases."

"I have no occasion for that, said I, "I do not understand you.

"Why?" said MacGregor. "ye ken that woman and gear are at the bottom of all our chief in this world—there you are in the middle of the best and abstracted of our military men, who have been so much the despair of his Excellency mainly on that score. But then came the sphere about the surrender of papers—and we have now more evidence that it was by his Excellency to yield the town of Stirling, and that the Governor of that town, all that was done during the time, was ordered by Lord Stirling and Lord Ochilidstone, his Excellency, and that all that was done during the time was ordered by Lord Stirling and Lord Ochilidstone, his Excellency, and that he was the last and best of his nation: granting that and I ever forget again, I go down my way with a bare blakie, and not in my red and his best blakie to acquainted with the other man."

He pronounced the last threat with an exultation, and the appropriate gesture of his hand, his face, and his eyes, that only a man who has lived a hard life and has had the hard lessons of that life, could produce such an effect; and then 

"I should almost rejoice at what has happened, I said, "I could hope that Rashleigh's death might prove the means of preventing the excommunication of the rash and desperate intrigues, in which we long suspected him to be a prime agent."

"How ye na that," said Rob Roy, "till ye are never yet hurt honest cause. He was overthrust our secrets, that's true; and had it not been for the skill of our lads, and his best lad in this acquaintance theretofor."
James is as good a man as any of them, and has the best right to Hanish and Rob, being his natural-born son.

I early comprehended that these words bored a general national convulsion; and, as it would have been alike useless and dangerous to have contradicted the assumptions, I thought it best to make a plain and momentous observation, so that, in case of a possible outcome of all I had said, my conscience was clear with regard to the promotion of a scene of confusion and distress likely to arise from any general exertion in favour of the exiles to all family.

"Let it come, maam—let it come," answered MacGregor; "we never saw dull weather clear without a change, and if the world is turned upside-down, why, both men have the better chance to cut bread out of it.""

I was at fault to bring him back to the subject of the two men; but although on most occasions and subjects he was not a man of much of conversation which I had not brought great delight in listening to, yet upon that alone, which was most interesting to me, he kept a degree of emotions reserved, and continued himself with inwardness. I was not to be content with this answer; and to proceed in the hope that accident might, as a Gentlemans, moderate, and allow me at least the gratification of bidding farewell to the object who had occupied such a share of my affections, so much beyond even what I had supposed, till the last, I eagerly asked him that I might see the two sons.

We pursued the margin of the lake for about six miles, through a delightful and beautifully scenically-paved path, until we attained a sort of Highland farm. There the carriage stood, and the footman of the carriage, which had seemed so much smaller than the house we were going to, in the manner of country, when once we were reached, and our horses were fed. Excuse the redness that gave you a rough welcome, and lay it upon the evil times and not upon us." All this was said with the manner of a princess, and the tone and style of a count. Nor was there the least tincture of that vulgarity, which we naturally attach to the Lowland Scotch. There was a strong provincial accentation, but, otherwise, the language rendered by Helen MacGregor, out of the native and poetical Gaelic, into English, which she had acquired as we do learned tongues, but had probably never heard applied to the mean purposes of everyday life, was flowing, and declamatory. Her husband, who had in his time played many parts, used a much more elevated and emphatic dialect—but even his language was a purity of expression, which I should feel if I had been accurate in recording it, when the affairs which he discussed were of an agitating and important nature; and it appears to me in his case, and in that of some other Highlanders whom I have known, that, when familiar and facitious, they used the Lowland Scottish dialect,—which serious and impassioned, their thoughts arranged themselves in the idiom of their native language; and in the latter case, as they uttered the corresponding ideas in English, the expressions sounded wild, elevated, and poetical. In fact, the language of passion is almost always as pure as the feelings themselves, and in no more common thing to hear a Scotchman, when overwhelmed by a countryman with a tone of bitterness and fluent upbuilding, reply by way of taunt to his adversary, "You have gotten to your English." But this as it may, the wife of MacGregor invited us to a refreshment spread out on the grass, which abounded with all the good things that their mountains could offer. We were enabled to partake of this turbid gravity which sat on the brow of our hostesses, as well as by our deep and anxious recollection of what had taken place on the preceding day. It was in vain that we would have parted in haste. A chill hung over our minds as if the storm had been funereal; and every bosom felt light when it was ended.

"Alicu, cousin," she said to Mr. Jarvis, "we are ready.
rose from the entertainment; " the best wish Helen MacGregor can give to a friend is, that he may see him no more."

The lieutenant struggled to answer, probably with some common-place maxim of morality; but the calm and melancholy sternness of her countenance, her downcast eyes, her mechanical and still motion of the magistrate, he coughed,-bumped,-bowed,-and was silent. "Feroy, strang-\quad\text{er,}\quad\text{she said,}\quad\text{I have a token, from one whom you}

"Before," interrupted MacGregor, in a loud and strong voice, "what means this?—have you forgotten the dinner?"

"I have forgotten nothing that is fitting for me to remember. It is not with hands as these," and she stretched forth her rigid, icy, and bare arm, "that are fitting to con-\quad\text{vey joy and love}, when the gift connected with such feelings is given by a young man," she said, presenting me with a ring, which I well remembered as one of the tokens that Miss Vernon sometimes wore, "this comes from one whom you will never see more. It is a token of love, a token that is well fitted to pass through the hands of one to whom joy can never be known. The last words were,—Let him forget me for ever."

If I had, almost with astonishment, expressed the feeling that I spoke, "I suppose that is possible."

"All may be forgotten," said the extraordinary face, "the extraordinary face," who addressed me,—"all, but the sense of dis-\quad\text{tinction}, the sense of belonging; afterward, the sense of being isolated."

"And what is it for?" cried the MacGregor, stamping with impatience. The bagpipes sounded, and, with its fluttering and jarring tones, cut short our conference.

Our leave of our host was taken by silent departure; and we resumed our journey, with an additional proof on my part, that I was beloved by Dinah, and was separated from her for ever.

**CHAPTER XXXVI.**

From the land where the clouds have to dwell,
To the shore where the blue sea reigns;
And where the sun's last beam expires in the sky.

Our route lay through a dreary, yet romantic country, which the distress of my own mind prevented me from remarking particularly, and which, therefore, I will not attempt to describe. The lofty peak of Ben Nevis, the noiseless and distant voices of the most retreating bents, lay on our right hand, and served as a striking landmark. I was not awakened from my sparsity, until, after a long and toilsome walk, we emerged from the trees, and beheld the track before us. I will spare you the attempt to describe what you would hardly comprehend without going to see it. But certainly this noble lake, boasting innumerable beautiful islands, of every varying form and out-\quad\text{line which fancy can frame,—its northern extremity}

narrowing until it is lost among dusky and retreating mountains,—while, gradually widening as it extends to the southward, it spreads its base around the in-\quad\text{dustries and promontories of a fair and fertile land,}

affords one of the most surprising, beautiful, and sub-\quad\text{lime spectacles in nature. The eastern side, par-
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cularly rough and rugged, was at this time the chief seat of MacGregor and his clan, to curb whom a small garrison had been stationed in a central position between Loch Linnhe and another lake. The river Arrochar, of the country, however, with the numerous passes, marshes, caverns, and other places of concealment or defence, made the establishment of this little fort seem rather an acknowledgment of the force than an effectual means of securing against it.

On more than one occasion, as well as on the occasion on which I witnessed, the garrison suffered from the inroads of the enemy. But the rugged and isolated position of their abode, the river and the mountains which surrounded it, the wide extent of water which separated it from our country, and the distance of some miles between them, were all to their advantage. These advantages were never sullied by forcery when he himself was in command; for, equally good,\quad\text{good-natured and sagacious, he understood it the desir-
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re of incurring unnecessary harm. I learnt with pleasure that he had caused the captives of the previous day to be liberated in safety; and many of us had been assisted by his extraordinary generosity, on similar occasions.

A boat waited for us in a creak beneath a rock, manned by four lusty Highlanders, of our host's acquaintance; and we left, with a few words of affection. Between him and Mr. Jarvis, it seemed to exist a degree of mutual respect, which formed a strong contrast to their repugnances and habits. After kissing each other lovingly, and when they were lost in the retreating, the Balle, in the fullness of his heart, was a faltering voice, assured his kinsman, "the man who should set his hand on his family in a settled way, had need but to put a line to the Saint-Market;" and Rob grasped his basket-hilt with one hand, and shaking his heartily with the other, protested, "that if a body should affront his kinsman, an he would in his turn, he would show his flag and go out of the way he was the best man in Glasgow.

With these assurances of mutual aid and good will, we bore away from the shore, and our course for the south-western angle of the lake which gives birth to the river Leven. Rob had maintained that we should make the right shore for the north which we had departed, conspicuous long range, waiting tartsans, and the single hand of his cap, which in those days denoted the Highland chief. The sense military taste has decorated the Highlands, with a quantity of black plumage, such that which is borne before funerals. At last the distance increased between us and the hill, and we slowly go up the side of the hill, followed by immediate attendants or bodyguard.

We performed our voyage for a long time intercepted only by the Gaelic chant which our rowers sung in low irregular measure, resonantly into a wild chorus, in which the others joined.

My own thoughts were and enough; yet I was a thing soothed in the magnificent serenity which I was surrounded; and thought, in the midst of my soul, that the birth of Rome, I could have consented to live and slowly return in one of the romantic remote islands amongst which our boat glided.

The Balle had also his speculations, but the very thoughts of somewhat a different complexion; as I looked to the west, I thought, that the moon, which was reflected in the sea, would be covered, as by a cloud, in the middle of the night, a few hours hence, and that the stars would begin to bedeck the heavens. The ship would not be able to proceed; and on the other hand, the crew and cargo would be moved by the current, and so a dish of perch now and then.

Amidst a long discussion, which he "crammed," to mine ear against the stomach of my seat, he remembers that it was part of his project to pass a portion of the lake, just deep enough and level enough for the purposes of water-carriage; once that the lands and gables should pass as air between Dunbarton and Glenfalloch as between Gower and Greencock.

At length we neared our distant place of landing, adjoining to the runs of an ancient town, where the lake discharges its superfluities waters into the Leven. There we found Dougal with the crew.

The Balle had formed a plan with respect to "his creature," as well as upon the draining of the lake and, perhaps, in both cases, with more regard to utility than to the practical possibility of his scheme. Dougal," he said, "ye are a kindly creature as thee that has a pretty feeling of understanding and I'm e'en was for you, Dougal, for it come right but that in the life ye lead you could see a saint in the day, sooner or later. Trust, confidence, and service are the first things, and I mistake not, for I have interest enough in the council to make them wince a week or two the way you, and I have been thinking of what ye are going to do. Now we are here, being a while, you see, "as a picture."
...
As there was something of justice in Andrew's plea of loss in my service, his finesse exceeded, and he came by a good suit of mourning, with a beaver and all things conforming, as the exterior signs of wo for a master who was alive and merry.

Mr. Jarvis, for whose kindness he entertained the most grateful sentiments, which he expressed in very few but manly and nervous terms. He explained the altered state of his affairs, and desired the Bailie, on such terms as could not but be both advantageous and acceptable, that part in his concerns which had been hitherto managed by MacVitte and Company. The Bailie, who was not unacquainted with Jarvis and Owen, and the changed posture of their affairs, and, without affecting to disclaim that he had done his best to serve them, when matters looked otherwise, he said,

"He had long been acquainted with them, and had acted as the Bailie, at the instance of their correspond-ence, he frankly accepted with thanks. Had MacVitte's folk behaved like honest men, he said, "he had been liked and valued accordingly; but, as aforesaid, this gate. But it's otherwise, and they mean not to stand the loss."

The Bailie then pulled me by the sleeve into a corner, and, considering I proved during the day to be in an embarrassed tone,

"I wish the best for you, Master Francis, there shall be as little said as possible about the queer things we saw at the Jockey Club. There's undoubted truth about that business of the Jockey Club, and the thoroughbred folk there. But I think I have heard a man in one of their bodies to be unkindly disposed toward MacVitte and his ilk, and is an absolute monster, when I am on my right end, I can't help but think I have seen a queer sight—without my hat and my peruke, hanging by the middle like a bow-don't, or a cloak flung over a clack-pin. Bailie Graham said he had an unco hair in my neck he got that tale by the end."

I could not suppress a smile when I recollected the Bailie's situation, although I certainly thought it no laughing matter at the time. The good-natured merchant was a little confused, but small also when he shook his head. "I see how it is— I see how it is. But something about it—there's a glind callant—and charge that long-tongued, conceited, upsurping serving-man o' yours, to say nothing of hangman, I warn you for ever see muckle that even the lassock MacVitte, whom you mentioned, and what I was at the Jockey Club. He was obviously relieved from his impending fears of ridicule, when he told him it was his father's intention to leave Glasgow almost immediately. Indeed he had no wish to keep the man for any valuable part of the papers carried off by Rashleigh had been recovered. For that portion which he had converted into cash and expended in his own or on private business, and the no mode of recovering it but by a suit at law, which was forthwith commenced, and proceeded, as our law-agents assured us, with all deliberate speed.

We had then a most enjoyable day with the Bailie, and took leave of him, as this narrative now does. He continued to grow in wealth, honour, and credit, and actually rose to the highest civic honours in the city, and was made a burgess. I have mentioned, he tired of his bachelor life, and promoted Mattie from her wheel by the kitchen fire, to the upper end of her table, in the character of Mrs. Jarvis. Bailie Graham, the MacVitties, and others, (for all men have their enemies, especially in the council of a royal burgh,) ridiculed this transformation. But, said Mr. Jarvis, "let them say their say. I'm for myself, and for what I like. It's not a matter as a man's days can last. Honest father the deacon had a byword,

"Great brow and lily skin, In life and death I'm a free man."

Besides, as he always concluded, "Mattie was no ordinary lassock-queen; she was akin to the Laird o' Lassockhead."

"Whether it was owing to her descent or her good gifts, I do not presume to decide; but Mattie behaved excellently in her exaltation, and relieved the apprehensions of some of the Bailie's friends, who had deemed his experiment somewhat hazardous. I do not know that there was any other incident of his quiet and useful life worthy of being particularly recorded.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Come ye hither, my good sons, and men I know ye,"

"How many of you, my dear Stewart, in England,"

"Every of them did answer nay—"

"Every of them said elsewise, strangely, in the day we said."

"We'll stand by that good Earl and there."

On the morning when we were to depart from Glasgow, Andrew Fairbairn brought into my apartment, as usual, a newspaper, and sang with more volubility than usual,

"The kins' o' the kin— the kins' o' the kin—"

"The kins' o' the kin— she's in a kins' o' the kin."

With such a cordial invitation to him to cease his confounded clamour, and explain to me what the matter was, he was pleased to inform me, as if he had been bringing the finest news imaginable. "That the Highlanders and the Lowlanders, and that Rob Roy, and a' his breakless bands, were on the way up Glasgow, or twenty-four hours of the clock round."

"Hold your tongue, said I, "you rascal! You must be drunk or mad; and if there is any truth in your news, is it a singing matter, you scoundrel?"

"Drunk or mad? none doubt," replied Andrew, laughingly; "one's as drunk as another and what grit folks daunna like to hear— singing? gold, the class will make us sing on the wrang side o' our mouth, if we are drunk or mad as to hide their coming, rose in great haste, and found my father and Owen also on foot, and in considerable alarm.

Andrew's news proved but too true in the main. The great rebellion which agitated Britain in the year 1715 had already broken out, by the unfortunate Earl of Mar setting up the standard of the Stewart family in an ill-mannered hour, to the ruin of many honourable families, both in England and Scotland. The treachery of some of the Jacobite agents (Rashleigh's), which amounted to open assassination, had made George the First's government acquainted with the extensive ramifications of a conspiracy long prepared, and which at last exploded prematurely, and in a part of the kingdom too disgraceful to the country, and effect upon the country, which, however, was plunged into much confusion.

This great public event served to confirm and obviate the obscurant explanations I had received from MacGregor; and I could easily see why the westland clans, who were brought against him, should have waived their private quarrel, in consideration that they were all about to be engaged in the same public cause. It was a more melancholy reflection to my mind, that Diana Vernon was the wife of one of those who were most active in turning the world upside down and that she was herself exposed to all the privations and perils of her husband's hazardous trade.

We held an immediate consultation on the measures we were to adopt in this crisis, and acquiesced in my father's plan, that we should instantly get the necessary passports, and make the best of our way to London. I acquainted my father with my wish to offer my personal services to the government in any volunteer corps, several being already spoken of. He readily acquiesced in my proposal; for, though he disliked war as a profession, yet upon principle, no man would have been allowed to lead a life more willingly in defence of civil and religious liberty.

We travelled in haste and in peril through Dumfries-shire and the neighbourhood counties of England. In this quarter, gentlemen aye on horseback, already in motion mounting men and horses, while
the Whigs assembled themselves in the principal towns, seized the inhabitants, and prepared for war. We escaped by being stored on more occasions than one, and were often compelled to take circuitous routes to avoid the points where forces were assembling.

When we reached London, we immediately associated with those bankers and eminent merchants who agreed to support the credit of government, and to meet that run upon the funds, on which the conspirators had greatly founded their hopes of furthering their undertaking, by rendering the government, as it were, bankrupt. My father was chosen one of the members of this formidable body of the nation, and the whole debt of the household was assumed by his zeal, skill, and activity. He was also the organ by which they communicated with government, and contrived, from funds belonging to his own house, or over which he had command, to find purchasers for a quantity of the national stock, which was suddenly hung into the market at a deprecatory price when the rebellion broke out. I was not idle myself, but obtained a commission, and levied, at my father's expense, about two hundred men, with whom I joined General Carpenter's army.

The rebellion, in the mean time, had extended itself to Scotland, where the Saltire was recognized as the national flag, and a stormy and dangerous storm was brewing. The whole household was engaged in preparing for the worst. The household was easily persuaded to join that unfortunate standard. Before doing so, however, he exhibited a degree of precaution which no one could have suspected him of, or wished for his will.

By this document he devised his estates at Osbaldstone-Hall, and so forth, to his sons successively, and their male heirs, until he came to Rashleigh, whom, on his death, he had named as his successor in all his debts. He was solicited by his friends to remain, and to make his fortune in politics. He declined this offer, and retired to his seat, which he visited but once, and then with the least possible show of enjoyment. He was a man of few words, and a man of few actions.

There was an article, by which he bequeathed to the niece of his late wife, Diana Vernon, now Lady Diana Vernon Beauchamp, some disposition of his lands, but it was not acted upon, and a great part of it is said to have been used by his will.

But Heaven had decreed a more speedy extinction of his family lineage than, most probably, he himself had reckoned. He was the first master of the conspirators at a place called Green-Riggs. Throncsill Osbaldstone quarrelled about precedence with a gentleman of the Northumbrian border, to the full as fierce and intractable as himself. In spite of all remonstrances, they gave their commander a specimen of how far their discipline might be relied upon, by fighting it out with their rapiers, and my kinship was killed out the spot. His death was a great loss to Sir Hildebrand, for, notwithstanding his infernal temper, he had a grain or two of more sense than belonged to the rest of the brothers.

Parcell, the son, died also in his calling. He had a wager with another gentleman, who, from his exploits in that line, had acquired the formidable epithet of Brandy Scowlock, which should drink the largest cup of strong liquor when King James was proclaimed by the insurgents at Morpeth. The exploit was something enormous. I forget the exact quantity of brandy which he consumed. But it seems, that ever, and all the time, excepting the day after which he expired at the end of three days, with the word water, water, perpetually on his tongue. Dickson broke his neck near Warrington Bridge, in escaping from an attack of tertian ague, which he wished to palm upon a Manchester merchant who had joined the insurgents. He pushed the animal at a five-barred gate; she fell in the leap, and the unfortunate jockey lost his life.

Wilfred the fool, as sometimes behafls, had the best fortune of any of the party. He was sent to Newcastleton, in Lancashire, on the day that General Carpenter attacked the barricades, fighting with great bravery though I have heard he was never able exactly to comprehend the cause of quarrel, and did not uniformly return on which he was engaged. John also behaved very boldly in the same engagement, and received several wounds, of which he was not happy enough to die on the spot.

Old Sir Hildebrand, entirely broken-hearted by these successive losses, became by the next day's surrender, one of the unhappy prisoners, and was lodged in Newgate with his wounded son John.

I was not sorry, as it was a source of duty, and lost no time, therefore, in endeavouring to relieve the distresses of these near relations. My father's interest with government, and the general compassion excited by a parent who had sustained the successive loss of so many sons within so short a time, would have prevented my uncle and cousin from being brought to trial for high treason; but their doom was given forth from a greater tribunal. John died of his wounds in Newgate, recommending to me with his last breath, a cast of hawks which he had at the Hall, and a black spangled bitch called Lucy.

My grief was turned to anger when I beheld the two beaten down to the very earth by his family calamities, and the circumstances in which he unexpectedly found himself. He said little, but seemed grateful for such attentions as circumspection and humanity had been able to offer. I witnessed his meeting with my father for the first time for so many years, and under circumstances so melancholy; but judging from my father's extreme depression of mind, I must say it was in the last degree. Sir Hildebrand spoke with great bitterness against Rashleigh, now his only surviving child; had upon him the run of his house, and the estate of his father and uncle's, and declared, that neither he nor they would have plunged into political intrigue, but for that very member of his family who had been the first to desert them. He once or twice mentioned Diana, always with great affection; and once he said, while I sat by his bedside—"Never, since Throncsill and all of them are dead, I am sorry you cannot have her.

The expression affected me much at the time; for it was a usual custom of the poor old Baronet's, when joyously setting forth upon the morning's chase, to distinguish Throncsill, who was a favourite, while he summoned the rest more or less by name. The half tone of his voice increased till it was used to hallo, 'Call Throncsill all of them,' contrasted sadly with the woebegone and self-abandoning note in which he uttered the disconsolate words which I have above quoted. He mentioned Diana, always with great affection; and once he said, while I sat by his bedside—"Never, since Throncsill and all of them are dead, I am sorry you cannot have her.

The expression affected me much at the time; for it was a usual custom of the poor old Baronet's, when joyously setting forth upon the morning's chase, to distinguish Throncsill, who was a favourite, while he summoned the rest more or less by name.
the world which had least charms for him. But formally, he had been only the fox in the fable, containing what was beyond his reach; and, moreover, I doubt not that the execrable dislike which he entertained against Robsdrig (now Sir Robsdrig) Osbaldistone Hall, had in no small degree contributed to his dislike for the man, his heir, Sir Hind-brain's will and settlement, corroborated his nature's desire to maintain it. He had been too simply disposed, he said, and, indeed, his brother's will had repaid him the disbursements, but the injury, by leaving the wreck of his property to Frank, the natural heir, and he was detested, the beast should take effect.

As for Hind-brain, his action was unaccountable, proving altogether a contemptible presence an opponent. The information he had given to the government was critically valuable, and its extreme plausibility, with the extent of his influence, must not be drawn out beyond the period of all our natural lives. To avert these delays as much as possible, my father, by the advice of his counsel learned in the law, purchased, in person, the rights to certain large mortgages, affecting Osbaldistone-Hall. Perhaps, however, the opportunity to convert a great share of the large profits which accrued from the rapid rise of that title into a just satisfaction of the old man, and the experience he had so lately had of the evils of commerce, enabled him to realize, in this manner, a considerable part of his property. At any rate, I know, that instead of commanding me to the desk, as I fully expected, having intimated my willingness to comply with his wishes; however, during my absence, I received his directions to go to Osbaldistone-Hall, and inform the possessor of it as the heir and representative of the family. I was directed to apply to Squire Inglewood for the copy of my uncle's will deposited with him, and take all necessary measures to secure that possession, which seems my only interest points of the law. At another time I should have been delighted with this change of situation. But now Osbaldistone-Hall was accompanied with many painful recollections. Spring, however, I thought, that in that neighbourhood only I was likely to acquire some information respecting the fate of Diana Vernon. I had ever looked on it as a mystery into which I could have wished it. But I could obtain no precise information on the subject. It was in vain that I endeavoured, by such acts of kindness as their situation suggested, to consolidate the confidence of some distant relations who were among the prisoners in Newgate. A pride which I could not condemn, and a natural suspicion of the Whig, Frank Osbaldistone, coming to the double-distilled traitor Rashleigh, closed every heart and tongue, and I only received a cold and external, in exchange for such benefits as I had power to offer. The arm of the law was also gradually abrogating the numbers of those whom I endeavoured to preserve, and the hope of the survivors became gradually more contracted towards all whom they conceived to be concerned with the existing government. As they were led gradually, and by depositions to execute, those who suffered lost interest in mankind, and the desire of communicating with them. I shall long remember what one of them, Mr. Hind-brain, in his own words, inquired of me: "Mr. Frank Osbaldistone, I must suppose you mean me kindly, and therefore I thank you. But, by G—, I cannot be fattened like poultry, when they are in the habit of what is called a place of execution, and know that their own necks are to be twisted round in their turn."

Upon the whole, therefore, I was glad to escape from London, from Newgate, and from the scenes which had exhibited, to breathe the free air of Northumb-erland. Andrew Fairnservice had continued in my service, more from my father's pleasure than my own. At present there seemed a prospect that his local acquaintance with Osbaldistone-Hall and its vicinity might be useful; and, of course, he accompanied me. He was not only intimate with the master, in the respect of getting rid of him, by establishing him in his old quarters. I cannot conceive how he could prevail upon my father to interest himself in him, unless it were by the art which he possessed in so considerable a degree, of afflicting an extreme attachment to his master, which natural affiiction he made compatible in practice with playing all manner of tricks employment, and only against his master being cheated by any one but himself.

We performed our journey to the North without any remarkable adventure; and we found the country, so lately agitated by rebellion, now peaceful and in good order. The nearer we approached to Osbaldistone-Hall, the more did my heart sink at the thought of cutting that deserted mansion; so that, in order to postpone the evil day, I resolved first to make my visit at Mr. Justice Inglewood's. That venerable person had been much harassed with thoughts of what he had been, and what he should now be, with a zeal for King George and the Protestant succession, which, very different from the feelings of his old patron, Mr. Johnson had more occasion to restrain within the bounds of the law, than to stimulate me to the afair.

Old Justice Inglewood received me with great courtesy and readily exhibited his uncle's will, which seemed to be without a flaw. He was for some time in doubt as to whether I was in his presence; but when he found, that though a supporter of the present government upon principle, I was disposed to think with pity on those who had opposed it on a mistaken feeling of loyalty and duty, his discourse became a very diverting medley of what he had done, and what he had left undone, the pains he had taken to prevent some sources from joining, and to wank at the escape of others, who had been so unlucky as to engage in the affair.

We were tele-tete, and several bamped had been quaffed by the Justice's special desire; when, on one occasion, a sudden shock of pain seemed to almost overpower me. The justice guessed at the cause and the health of poor Miss Vernon, the rose of the wilderness, the health of Cheviot, and the blossom that's transplanted to an eternal convent. But I never saw Miss Vernon's face; I exclaimed, in great astonishment. "I thought his Excellency—"

"Pooch! pooch! his Excellency and Lordship's all a humbug now, you know—more St. German's titles—Earl of Beaufcho, and ambassador plenipotentiary from France, when the Duke Regent of Orleans scarce knew that he lived, I dare say. But you must have seen old Sir Frederick Vernon at the hall, when he paid the part of Father Vaughn?"

"Good Heaven! then Vaughn was Miss Vernon's father!"

"To be sure he was," said the Justice, coolly: "There's no use in keeping the secret now, for he must be out of the way by this time. Through no doubt, it would be my duty to apprehend him. Come, off with your bumpter to my dear lost Die!"
wood, for the devil a man there is old had brought more money. He
to death for Fenwick's plot, and
could have had some hand in the Knights-
King William's time; and as he had
pursued it more especially as Sir Raleigh.
He has now, understood, at Mr. Johnson's
was a talk of his being demanded to the Peac-
avenger, but he shammed it was given publicly out in the French
time when he came back here on the old
cavaliers knew him well,—that is to
not as being a cavalier myself, but
be being belied against the poor
memory being shortened by frequent
gout, I could not have sworn to him,
not known at Osborne-Hall?"

ut to his daughter, the old knight, and
had not set at that secret as he did at
and playing his trust
I have seen her one hundred times
at, if it had not been fear
whose life would not have been worth
was, not discovered yet—But don't mistake me. Mr. Os-
say the government is a good, a gra-
t government; and if it has hanged
Tate Hall will avenge him, and the Re-ent
not been touched had they
at home."

discussion of these political questions.
In fact, he was allotted to
nouncing, insulting, positively refused to marry
baldcast, family, and expresed her
unhappy end of Raleigh, and he had from that
in the hour of the sick-
ich. as the youngest of six brethren,
it, and able, he had hitherto looked
of making his fortune. Proba-
lishion with which he had been forced
s, he which he had abstracted from
village-house by the united authority of
the Scotch, and the Scottish, Chief, had
resolution to advance his progress by

While I gazed round the scene of solitude and em-
tine, I was insensibly affected, even by
youths of friendly presence, warm
worthy, and confidence, were within a
in the grave, by various yet all violent and
death, afforded a picture of Eternity, which
mind trembled. It was little consolation to me
that I returned a propietor to the halls, which I had left
almost like a fugitive. My mind was not
regard the scenes around my property, and
myself an usurper, at least an intruding
and could hardly divest myself of the idea, that
some of the bulky forms of my deceased kinsmen were, like
the gigantic spectres of a romance, to appear in the
gate-way, and dispute my entrance.

While I was engaged in these and thoughts, my
follower, Andrew, whose feelings were of a very
different nature, exerted himself in thundering alter-
nately on every door in the building, calling, at the
same time for admittance, In a tone so loud as to
intimate, that at least, was fully sensible of
his newly acquired importance, as enque of the body to
the new lord of the manor. At length, timidly and
reductively, Anthony Sydall, my uncle's aged butler,
and major-domo, presented himself at a lower
window, well fenced with iron bars, and inquired our
business.

"We are come to take your charge off your
my ald friend," said Andrew Footman, who
your keys as soon as possible.
I'll take the plate and map of yours,
has had your arm time of, Mr. Sydall; that
in its black, and like path has its pe-
will just set you henceforth to eat as
as well as did Andrew lang's eye."
Checking with some difficulty the forwardness of my follower, I explained to Sydall the nature of my right, and the title I had to demand admittance into the Town Hall. The old man seemed much agitated and distressed, and testified manifest reluctance to give me entrance, although it was couched in an humble and submissive tone. I alluded to the nature of natural feelings which really did the old man honour; but continued peremptory in my demand of admittance, explaining to him that his refusal would obligate me to apply for Mr. Ingleswood's protection. He examined the threat of the law sounded dreadful to the old man's conscience, as he was of the suspicions under which he, himself, lay, from his religion and his devotion to Sir Hildebrand and his sons. He, indeed, with fear and trembling, one of the posterior entrances, which were covered with many a bolt and bar, and humbly hoped that some turn for the better might be made in the discharge of his duty. I reassured him, and told him I had the better opinion of him for his caution.

"Say have not I," said Andrew; "Sydall is an old sneak-dracher; he wadas looking as white as a sheet, and his knees knocking together, unless it were for something more than he's like to tell us."

"But I want you to explain the matter," replied the usher, "to say such things of an old friend and fellow-servant!—Where,—following me humbly along the passage, where would be your honour's pleasure to have a word with me? I can show you will find the house very dull and dreary—but perhaps you mean to ride back to Inglewood Place to dinner?"

"I light a fire in the library," I replied.

"I will step in. I have some trouble with that man; nobody has sat there this many a day, and the room smokes, for the daws have built in the chimney this spring, and there were no young men about the Hall to pull them down."

"Our sin reck's better than other folk's fire," said Andrew; "his honour likes the library. He's none of your Papishers, that delight in blinded ignorance, Mr. Sydall."

Very reluctantly, as it appeared to me, the usher led the way to the library, and, contrary to what he had given me to expect, the interior of the apartment looked like a lost and solitary place, and was more comfortable than usual. There was a fire in the grate, which burned clearly, notwithstanding what Sydall had reported of the vent. Taking up the tongue of the wood, I was rather perforce enabled to conceal his own confusion, the usher observed, "it was burning clear now, but had smoked wondrously in the morning."

Wishing to be alone, till I recovered myself from the first painful sensations which every thing around me recalled, I desired old Sydall to call the land-steward, who lived at about a quarter of a mile from the Hall. He appeared with obvious reluctance. I next ordered Andrew to procure the attendance of a couple of stout fellows upon whom he could rely, the population around being Papists, and Sir Rasilleigh, who was capable of any desperate enterprise, being in the house. Andrew Forsaswick undertook this task with great cheerfulness, and promised to bring me up from Trimley-Knowe, "two true-blue Presbyterians like himself, that would face and out-face bat, boar, beaver, the gods, and the Pretender, and olvthe will be o' their company myself, for the very first night that I was at Osbaldeston Hall, the blight be on ilk blossom in my bit yard, if I dina see that was." Andrew Forsaswick was very sly, so that the forms which stood before me were very real and true. It was Diana herself, though many.
her former self; and it was no tenant of the
who took the place of her brother, Vaughan, or rather, the
federal Vernon, in a dress made to imitate an
ancestors of her country. He was the first that
at, and even some months later, in the
roof of my mouth.
are your suppliants, Mr. Osbaldestone," he
it as a game, turned the deck, and said, "It was a
roof till we can pursue a journey, where dun
and death gape for me at every step.
urely," I articulated with great difficulty—"Miss
our prices, it was justifiable; I believe, I
have forgot your interference in my difficulties,
you are capable of betraying any one, much less
know it," said Sir Frederick; "yet it is with
most inexpressible reproof that I impose on
a confidence, disagreeable perhaps—certainly
curious—and which I would have specially wished
we conferred on some one else. But my fate,
state of my home, and the change I am about to
necessity is now pressing me hard, and I have no
al
in the moment the door opened, and the voice of
alliance Andrew was heard. "A' bringin' in
snails—ye can light them gin ye like—Can do
my carried about wi' me.
ran to the door, which, as I hoped, I reached in
in time to see them get in the apartment.
I turned him out with hasty violence, shut
the door after him, and locked it—then instantly
releasing his two companions below, knowing his
stern humour, and recollecting Sydall's remark,
one of them was supposed to be a spy, I follow
'd as fast as I could to the servants' hall, in
did they were assembled. Andrew's tongue was as
was in the hall, but my expected appearance
silent in the hall.
What is the matter with you, you fool?" said I;,
justure and look wild, as if you had seen a ghost.
NaeBODY—only—only I was afraid, and drew; "but your
ship was pleased to be hasty.
Because you disturbed me out of a sound sleep,
fool. Sydall tells me he cannot find beds for a
good fellow to-night, and Mr. Ward think
will be no occasion to detain them. Here is a
piece for them to drink my health, and thank
her good-will.—You will have the Hall imme-
edately cleaned, and the fellow sent away.
I men thanked me for my bounty, took the ilk
and withdrew, apparently unsuspicious and con-
considered. I watched their departure until I was sure
certain they had got out of the Hall.
and so instantly had I fol-
on his heels, that I thought he could not have
noted; and therefore to speak two words with them before I inter-
red him. But it is wonderful what mischief may
be by only two words. On this occasion they
lives.

saven made these arrangements, the best which
were to me upon the pressure of the moment, to

unprivacy for my guests, I returned to report
my

otte, and added, that I had desired Sydall to
ter every summons, concluding that it was by
concealment they had an imperfect view of me. Half
an hour or two, I hastened to thank him for the necessity
You now understand my mystery," she said;
know, doubtless, how near and that rela-
who is so often found shelter here; and will
so impressed, that I felt, having such
at his command, should rule me with a rod
Father added, "that it was their intention to
with their presence as short a time as
possible."

sented the fugitives to waive every consider-
but what affected their safety; and to rely on my

exoration of the circumstances under which they

always suspected Rashleigh Osbaldestone," said

but his conduct towards my unpro-

ected child, which with difficulty I wrung from her,
and his treachery in your father's affairs, I am
forbear expatiating upon them.

'she had endured trials," he said, "which minis-
ted the history of a martyr—she has
very of death in various shapes—she has
suffered toil and privation, from which no
the day in darkness, and the night in woe, and has
never breathed a murmur of weakness or complaint.

In a word, Mr. Osbaldstone," he concluded, "she is a
worthy offering to that God, to whom, crossing herself, of her, all that is left dear or precious to Frederick Vernon.

There was a silence after these words, of which I
well understood the mournful import. The father of
Diana's was my guest; I trusted, my hope, or, being united to her now, as he had shown himself
during our brief meeting in Scotland.

"We will now," said he to his daughter, "intrude
no more; I am confident Mr. Osbaldstone's time, since we have a
acquainted him with the circumstances of this miser-
able guest who claims his protection.

I requested them to stay, and offered myself to
leave the apartment. Sir Frederick observed, that
my departure, when not but excite my attendant's sus-
picion; and that the place of their retreat was in
every respect commodious, and furnished by Syddall
with all they could possibly want.

"We might perhaps have contrived to remain there, concealed
from your observation; but it would have been un-
just to decline the most absolute reliance on your honor.

"You have done me but justice," I replied. "To
you, Sir Frederick, I am but little known; but Miss
Vernon, I am sure, will bear me witness to that—"

"I do not want your daughter's evidence," he said
politely, "but I want to address myself to Diana, since I am prepared to believe all that is worthy of Mr. Francis Osbald-
tone. Permit me now to retire; we must take repro-

I endeavored to abstract my mind from
the singular circumstances in which I found myself;
recovered my feelings which I had during the
exciting object were removed, were
asperated in my immediate impressions, and of whom I
was so soon to part with for ever.

He was written in every book which I attempted
read; and her image forced itself on me in the
train of my reflection. He was like no other man like
the officious slave of Prior's Solomon—

Aben was ready to namber her name.

I alternately gave way to these thoughts, and
grumbled against them, sometimes yielding to a sense
melting tenderness of sorrow which was sensu-
tural to me, sometimes arming myself with the
pride of one who had experienced what he regarded
unmerited rejection. I paced the library until I
chafed myself into a temporary frenzy. I then
wept myself on the couch, and endeavored to disem-
love myself; but it was in vain to make an effort to compose myself— that I lay without notice
of finger or of muscle, as still as if I had become
a corpse—that I endeavored to divert or banish
quieting thoughts, by fixing my mind on some
account of repetition or analytical process. My blood
bed, to my feverish apprehension, in pulsations and
fluctuated in my veins like boiling liquid fire.

At length I arose, opened the window, and
breath ed for some time in the calm moonlight, receiv-
ing with part of the freshness of the air from the
clear and calm scene, without which I
had become beyond the command of my resolu-
tion. I resumed my place on the couch with less
Heavenly tranquility, but with more
solved for endurance. In a short time, a sudden
enveloped over my senses; still, however, in
senses blunted, my soul was awake to the true
feelings of my situation, and my dreams were
of terrestrial anguish and external objects of terror.

I remember a strange agony, under which I
received myself and Diana in the power of MacGrig-
or, and about to be precipitated from a peak on
the lake; the signal was to be the discharge of a
load, fired by Sir Frederick Vernon, who, in the
of a cardinal, officiated at the ceremony.

Nathaniel could be more lively than the impression which
received of this imaginary scene. I could paint, at
this moment, the mute and courageous submission
expressed in Diana's features—the wild and

ting of the executioners, who crowded me
with "moping and boundless" arms outstretched,
ting, and each more hideous than that which preced
ed.
I saw the rigid and inflexible fanatic pass
ed in the face of the father—I saw him lift the
match—the signal light—be passed again and again, in violent thunders, by
echoes of the surrounding cliffs, and I woke fas
ced and overwhelmed with the sudden impression.

The sounds in my dream were not ideal. They
were perceived, my waking ears, but it was
three minutes ere I could collect my senses.
y to understand that they proceeded from a violent knocking at the gate. I leaped from my couched in great apprehension, took my sword under my arm, and I hastened to the admission of any one. But my route was necessarily circuitous, because the library looked not upon the quadrangle, but into the gardens. When I had reached a staircase, the window which opened upon the entrance, I cooled; I heard the feeble and intermittent sounds of Sydall ex-postulating with rough voices, which demanded admittance, by the warrant of Justice Standish, and in the King's name, and threatened the old domestic with the severest penal consequences, if he refused instant obedience. Ere they had ceased, I heard, to my unspeakable provocation, the voice of Andrew bidding Sydall stand aside, and let him open the door. I should have been in Kere 1995, nothing to fear—we have spent both blood and gild for him—We dehna need to durn ourselves like some folks, Mr. Sydall—We are neither Papists nor Jacobites, you know.

It was in vain I accelerated my pace down stairs; I heard bolt after bolt withdrawn by the overcome, while all the time he was boasting his own and our good faith to royalty to King George; and I could easily calculate that the party must enter before I could arrive at the door to replace the bars. Devoting the back of Andrew Fair service to the end that I might not be heard, I run back to the library, barricaded the door as I best could, and hastened to that by which Diana and her father entered, and begged for instant admission. So I found myself in a long body, you see. Diana was ready dressed, and betrayed neither perturbation nor fear.

"Danger is so familiar to us," she said, "that we are not afraid of it as much as you. My father is always up—he is in Sydall's apartment—We shall escape into the garden, and thence by the post gate (I have the key from Sydall in case of need) into the wilderness. If you keep it quiet, any one may now alive—Keep them a few minutes in play. And, dear, dear Frank, once more, fare thee well!"

She vanished like a meteor to join her father, and the intruders were rapping violently, and attempting to break open the library door by the time I had returned into it.

"You robber dogs!" I exclaimed, wildly mistaking the purpose of their disturbance, "if you do not immediately open the house I will fire my blunderbuss through the door.

"Fire a file's bauble!" said Andrew Fair service; "it is Mr. Clerk Johnson, with a legal warrant!"

"And I heard the voice of that execrable petitbourgeois, "the bodies of certain persons in my warrant named, charged of high treason under the 13th of King William, chapter third."

And the violence on the door was renewed. "I am rising gentlemen," said I, desirous to gain as much time as possible—"commit no violence—give me leave to look at your warrant, and, if it is formal and legal, I shall not oppose it."

"God save great George our King!" execrated Andrew. I could ye that ye would find nac Jacobite, nac Jew."

Spinning out the time as much as possible, I was at length compelled to open the door, which they would otherwise have forced.

Mr. Johnson entered, with several assistants, among whom I discovered the younger Wingfield, to whom, doubtless, he was obliged for his information, and exhibited his warrant, directed not only against Frederick Vernon, an attainted traitor, but also against Diana Vernon, spinster, and Francis Osbaldistone, gentleman, accused of miscarriage of treason. It was a case in which resistance would have been madness; therefore, after capitulating for a few minutes delay, surrendered myself a prisoner. I had next the mortification to see Johnson go straight to the chamber of Miss Vernon, and I learned, without the least hesitation or difficulty, he went to the room where Sir Frederick had slept. "The barn has stolen away," said the brute, "but her form is warm—the greyhounds will have her by the haunches yet."

A scream from the garden announced that he proclaimed to the dogs. In the course of a few minutes, Rashleigh entered the library with Sir Frederick Vernon and his daughter as prisoners. "The fox," he said, "knew his old earth, but he forgot it could stop when he stopped. I am sure that he had not forgot the garden gate, Sir Frederick—or, if that title suits you better, most noble Lord Beauchamp."

"Rashleigh," said Sir Frederick, "thou art a detestable villain! "I better deserved the name, Sir Knight, or my Lord, when, under the direction of an able tutor, I sought to introduce civil war into the bosom of a peaceful country. But I have done my best," said he, looking earnestly at me. "I could not help it." I hold no longer. I had designed to watch their proceedings in silence, but I felt that I must speak or die. "If hell," I said, "has one complexion worse than another, it is where villainy is masked by hypocrisy."

"He! my gentle cousin," said Rashleigh, raising a candle towards me, and surveying me from head to foot; "Is Charles Byron, I suppose, who can forgive your spleen—it is hard to lose an estate and a mistress in one night; for we shall take possession of this poor manor-house in the name of the law, for the sake of the young gentleman."

While Rashleigh braved it out in this manner, I could see that he put a strong force upon his feelings, both of anger and shame. But his state of mind was not more obvious than mine: and when he pressed me, "Rashleigh," she said, "I pity you—for, deep as the evil which you have laboured to do me, and the evil you have actually done, I cannot hate you so much as I would wish to."

"If this evil," said he, "be to make the world a better place, no evil be done may be the work of an hour, but will furn us, in reflection for your life,—of what nature I leave to your own conscience, which will not slumber for ever."

Rashleigh strode once or twice across the room, came up to the side-table, on which wine was still standing, and poured out a large glass with a trembling hand; but when he saw that he observed his tremor, he suppressed it by a strong effort, and, looking at us with fixed and daring countenance, carried the bumper to his head without spilling a drop. "It is my father's old burgundy," he said, looking to Johnson; "without being allowed to conclude his sentence."

"If this evil," said he, "be to get proper persons to take care of the house and property in my name, and turn out the honest old butler, and that foolish Scotch rascal. Meanwhile, we will conduct the Baron and the hoyden to ye of courtesy,—I have provided the old family coach for your convenience," he said, "though I am not ignorant that even the lady could brave the night air or horse or on horseback, were the errand more to her mind."

Andrew wrung his hands. "I only said that my master was surely speaking to a ghost in the library,—and the villain Lancelot to betray an old friend, that sang off the same Psalm-book with him every Sabbath for twenty years!"

He was turned out of the house, together with Sydall, without being allowed to conclude his lamentation. Its expulsion, however, led to some singular consequences. Resolving, according to his own story, to go down for the night where Mother Simpson would give him a lodging for old acquaintance's sake, he had just got clear of the avenue, and into the old wood as it was called, though it was now used as pasture-ground rather than woodland, where he suddenly lighted on a drover of Scotch cattle, which were lying there to pasture there after the day's journey. At this Andrew was in no way surprised, it being the well-known custom of his countrymen, who take care of those droves, to quarter themselves upon the stock, and on the grass-ground they can find, and despair before day to break escape paying for their night's lodging. But he was both surprised and astonished at the Highlanders, springing on, accosting him of dismount the cattle, and refusing him to pass forward till he
spoke to his master. The mountaineer conducted Andrew into a thicket, where he found three or four men of his countrymen. "And," said Andrew, "I saw some they were o'er many men for the drove; and from the questions they put to me, I judged they had other tow on their rock." They quoted what was privately said about all that had passed at Osebladstone-Hall and seemed surprised and concerned at the report he made to them. "And truth," said Andrew, "I told them a' I kend; for dirks and pistols were what I could never observe among them."

They talked in whispers among themselves, and at length collected their cattle together and drove them close up to the entrance of the avenue, which might be half a mile from the house. The mountaineer proceeded to drag together some felled trees which lay in the vicinity, so as to make a temporary barricade across the road about fifteen yards beyond the avenue. It was now near daybreak, and there was a pale eastern gleam mingled with the fading moonlight, so that objects could be discovered with some distinctness. The lumbering sound of a coach, drawn by four horses, and escorted by six men on horseback, was heard coming up the avenue. The Highlanders listened attentively. The carriage contained Mr. Johnson and his unfortunate prisoners. The escort consisted of the jailer, two civil officers, and the officers and their assistants. So soon as we had passed the gate at the head of the avenue, it was shut behind the cabalado by a Highlandman, stationed there for the purpose. At the same time, the barricade was impeded in its further progress by the cattle, amongst which we were involved, and by the barricade in front. Two of the escort dismounted to remove the felled trees, which they might think were left there as an accident or carelessness. The others began with their whips to drive the cattle from the road.

"Who dare abuse our cattle?" said a rough voice.

—"Shoot him, Angus."—

Rashleigh instantly called out, "A rescue—a rescue!" and, firing a pistol, wounded the man who spoke.

"Claymore!" cried the leader of the Highlanders, and a scuffle instantly commenced. The officers of the law, surprised at so sudden an attack, and not usually possessing the most desperate bravery, made but an imperfect defence, considering the superiority of their numbers. Some attempted to ride back to the Hall, but on a pistol being fired from behind the gate, they conceived themselves surrounded, and at length fled in disorder. Rashleigh, meanwhile, had dismounted, and on foot had maintained a desperate and single-handed conflict with the leader of the band. The window of the carriage had induced him to witness it. At length Rashleigh dropped.

"Will you ask forgiveness for the sake of God, King James, and said friendship?" said a voice which I knew not well.

"No, never," said Rashleigh, firmly.

"Then, traitor, die in your treason!" retorted MacGregor, and plunged his sword in his prostrate antagonist.

In the next moment he was at the carriage-door—handled out Miss Verton, assisted her father and me to alight, and dragging out the attorney, head foremost, threw him under the wheels of the coach. "Mr. O'Beary," he said, in a whisper, "you have nothing to fear—I must look after those who have—Your friends will soon be in safety—Farewell, and forget not the MacGregor."

The whole of the curse of a dark countenance round him, and, surrying Diana and her father along with him, they were almost instantly lost in the glades of the forest. The coachman and—ostilion had abandoned their horses, and fled like the wind. The first shot at them had killed the whole of the mountaineers, but the animals, stopped by the barricade, remained perfectly still; and well for Johnson that they did so, for the slightest motion would have dragged the coachmen from his body. My first object was to relieve Mr. O'Beary, for such was the rascal's terror that he never could have risen by his own exertions. I next com-
with the sole purpose of favouring Rashleigh's
a, and removing me from Osbaldstone-Hall.

We were struck off the list of attorneys, as we were reduced to poverty and contempt.

I returned to London when I had put my affairs in
at Osbaldstone-Hall, and felt happy to escape
a place which suggested so many painful recol-
lections. My anxiety was now acute to learn the
fate of Diana and her father. A French gentleman
came to London on commercial business, was
seized with a letter to me from Miss Vernon;
and my mind at rest respecting their safety.

I gave me an opportunity of ascertaining the
true state of affairs. The Scottish nobles and gentry engaged in
revolution, as well as those of England, were
alarmed and anxious to further the escape of Sir Fra-
cis Vernon, who, as an old and trusted agent of
King George, was regarded with equal matter of
concern. The place of meeting was at Osbald-
stone-Hall. You had already heard how nearly
his escape had been discovered by the unhappy Rash-
leigh.

It succeeded, however, perfectly; for when
Sir Frederick and his daughter were again at
that place, I was informed that they had
been discovered through the knowledge of a man
named Gregor, who had been a
friend of Sir Frederick and his
daughter. I was then sent to the
western sea, and
safely embarked for France. The same
man told me, that Sir Frederick was not ex-
declined to survive for many months a lingering dis-
ase consequent to his unwise
and imprudent conduct.

The news reached me, and I frankly told the
of my affection to my father, who was not a
man to suffer such a disappointment, and

He was very desirous to see me "seen life," as he called it; and he was sensible
in joining him with heart and hand in his com-

After a brief hesitation, and several ques-
tions

[Here the original manuscript ends somewhat ab-
rupantly. I have reason to think that what followed
related to private affairs.]

END OF ROB ROY.
LES OF MY LANDLORD.

FIRST SERIES.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,  
Froe Maiden Kirk to Jonny Groats',  
If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede ye tent it;  
A chief's amang you takin' notes,  
An' faith he'll prent it!  
Burns.
Ahora bien, dijo el Cura, senor huésped, aquestos libros, que os quiero ver. Que me pases respondió el, y entrando, en su aposento, sacó, de la maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y abriendo dolió en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano.—Don Quijote, Parte I. Capítulo 32.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host; and going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloak-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character.—Jarvis's Translation.
INTRODUCTION.

As I may, without vanity, presume that the name and official description prefixed to this Proem will secure it, from the sedate and reflecting part of mankind, to whom only I would be understood to address myself, such attention as is due to the sedulous exertion of youth, and the careful perusal of my Sabbath duties. I will forbear to hold up a candle to the daylight, or point out to the judicious those recommendations of my labours which they must necessarily anticipate from the precepts of the little page. Nevertheless, I am not unaware, that as Envy always dogs Merit at the heels, there may be those who will whatever, that albeit my learning and good principles cannot (I am told) be denied by any one, yet that my situation at Ganderleigh hath been more favourable to my acquisitions in learning than to the enlargement of my views of the ways and works of the present generation. To which objection, if, peradventure, any such shall be directed, my answer shall be threefold:

First, Ganderleigh is, as it were, the central part—the navel (πόλος τοῦ κόσμου) of this our native realm of Scotland; so that men, from every corner thereof, when travelling on their concerns of business, either towards our metropolis of Edinburgh, or towards our metropolis and mart of gain, whereby I insinuate Glasgow, are frequently led to make Ganderleigh their abiding stage and place of rest for the night. And it must be acknowledged by the most sceptical, that I, who have sat in the leathern arm-chair, on the left-hand side of the fire, in the common room of the Wallace Inn, winter and summer, for every evening in my life, during forty years bypast, (the Christian Sabbaths only excepted) must have seen more of the manners and customs of various tribes and people, than if I had sought them out by my own particular travel and bodily labour. Even so doth the toilman at the well-frequented turnpike on the Wellbrae-head, sitting at his ease in his own dwelling, gather more receipt of custom, than if, moving forth upon the road, he were to require a contribution from each person whom he chance to meet in his journey, when, according to the vulgar edage, he might possibly be greeted with more kicks than halfpence.

But, secondly, supposing it again urged, that Ithaca, the most wise of the Greeks, acquired his renown, as the Roman poet hath assured us, by visiting states and men, I reply to the Zulus who shall adhere to this objection, that, de Jure, I have seen states and men also, for I have visited the famous cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the former twice, and the latter three times, in the course of my earthly pilgrimare. And, moreover, I had the honour to sit in the General Assembly, (meaning, as an auditor, the galleries thereof) and have heard as much good speaking on the law of patronage, as, with the fructification thereof in mine own understanding, hath made me, as it were, an oracle upon that doctrine ever since my safe and happy return to Ganderleigh.

Again—and thirdly, if it be nevertheless pretended that my information and knowledge of mankind, however extensive, and however painfully acquired, by constant domestic inquiry, and by foreign travel, is, nay, likewise, incompetent to the task of recording the pleasant narratives of my Landlord, I will let those critics know, to their own eternal shame and confusion, as well as to the abashment and discomfiture of all who shall rashly take up a song against me, that I am not the writer, redactor, or compiler, of the Tales of my Landlord; nor am I, in one single iota, answerable for their contents, more or less. And, now, ye generation of critics, who raise yourselves up as if it were brazen serpents, to hiss with your tongues, and to smite with your stings, bow yourselves down to your native dust, and acknowledge that yours have been the thoughts of ignorance, and the words of vain foolishness. Lo! ye are caught in your own snare, and your own pit hath yawned for you. Turn, then, aside from the task that is too heavy for you; destroy not your teeth by gnawing a file; waste not your strength by yawning against a castle wall; nor spend your breath in contending in smoothness with a fleet steed; and let those weigh the Tales of my Landlord, who shall bring with them the sealed cask of sandown cleansed from the rest of prejudice by the hands of intelligent modesty. For these alone they were compiled, as will appear from a brief narrative which my zeal for truth compelled me to make supplementary to the present Proem.

It is well known that my Landlord was a pleasing and a factious man, acceptable unto all the parish of Ganderleigh, excepting only the Laird, the Exciemist, and those for whom he refused to draw liquor upon trust. Their causes of dislike I will touch separately, adding my own reflection thereof.

His honour, the Laird, accused our Landlord, deceased, of having encouraged, in various times and places, the destruction of hares, rabbits, foxes, black and grey, partridges, moor potts, roe-deer, and other birds and quadrupeds, at unlawful seasons, and contrary to the laws of this realm, which have secured, in their wisdom, the slaughter of such animals for the great of the earth, whom I have remarked to take an uncommon (though to me, so unintelligible) pleasure therein. Now, in humble deference to his honour, and in justifiable defence of my friend deceased I reply to this charge, that however the form of such animals might appear to be similar to those protected by the law, yet it was a mere captio sine causa; for what resembled hares were, in fact, klib kibs, and those pertaining of the appearance of moor-fowl, were truly dund eatures, and consumed and eaten as moose and not otherwise.

Again, the Exciemist pretended, that my deceased Landlord did encourage that species of manufacture called distillation, without having an especial permission from the Great, technically called a licence, for doing so. Now, I stand up to confront this falsehood; and in defence of him, his gauging,-stick, and pen and inkhorn, I tell him, that I never saw, or tasted, a glass of unlawful aqua vitae in the house of my Landlord; nay, that, on the contrary, we needed not such devices, in respect of a pleasing and somewhat seductive liquor, which was vended and consumed at the Wallace Inn, under the name of mousey ale. If there is a penalty against manufacturing such a liquor, let him show me the statute; and when he does, I'll tell him if I will obey it or no.

Concerning those who came to my Landlord for liquor, and went thirsty away, for lack of present coin, or future credit, I cannot but say it has grieved my bowels as if the case had been mine own. Nevertheless, my Landlord considered the necessities of a thirsty soul, and would permit them, in extreme need, and when their soul was impoverished for lack of moisture, to drink to the full value of their watches and wearing apparel, exclusively of their inferior habiliments, which he was uniformly inexorable in obliging them to retain, for the credit of the house. As to mine own part, I may well say, that he never refused me that modicum of refreshment with which I was wont to recruit nature after the fatigue of my school. It is true, I taught his five sons English and Latin, writing, book-keeping, with a tinier and more accurate hand, and that I instructed his daughter in psalmody. Nor do I remember of any fee or henta receive from him on account of those my labours, except the compositions aforesaid. Nevertheless this compensation suited my humour well, since it is a hard sentence to had a dry throat wait till quarter-day.
INTRODUCTION TO THE TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

But, truly, were I to speak my simple conceit and belief, I think my Landlord was chiefly moved to waive in my behalf the usual requisition of a symbol, or reckoning, from the pleasure he was wont to take in my conversation, which, though solid and edifying in the main, was, like a well-built palace, decorated with facetious narratives and devices, tending much to the enhancement and ornament thereof. And so pleased was my Landlord of the Wallace in his replies during such colloquies, that there was no district in Scotland, yes, and no peculiar, and, as it were, distinctive custom therein practised, but was discussed between us; insomuch, that those who stood by were wont to say, it was worth a bottle of ale to hear us communicate with each other. And not a few travellers, from distant parts, as well as from the remote districts of our kingdom, were wont to mingle in the conversation, and to tell news that had been gathered in foreign lands, or preserved from oblivion in this our own.

Now I chanced to have contracted for teaching the lower classes with a young person called Peter, or Patrick, Pattieson, who had been educated for our Holy Kirk, yes, and, by the license of presbytery, his voice opened therein as a preacher, who delighted in the collection of olden tales and legends, and in garnishing them with the flowers of poesy, whereas he was a vain and frivolous professor. For he followed not the example of those strong poets whom I proposed to him as a pattern, but formed verisation of a clumsy and modern texture, to the composing whereof was necessary small pains and less thought. And hence I have chid him as being one of those who bring forward the fatal revolution prophesied by Mr. Robert Canny, in his Vaccination on the Death of the celebrated Dr. John Donum:

Now these art gree, and by strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetry;
Till verse (by thee refined) in this last age
Turn naught but rayne.

I had also disputes with him touching his indulging rather a flowing and redundant than a concise and stately diction in his prose excursions. But notwithstanding these symptomes of inferior taste, and a humour of contradicting his betters upon passages of dubious construction in Latin authors, I did grievously lament when Peter Pattieson was removed from me by death, even as if he had been the offspring of my own loins. And in respect his papers had been left in my care, to answer funeral and death-bed expenses. I conceived myself entitled to dispose of one parcel thereof, entitled, "Tales of my Landlord," to one cunning in the trade (as it is called) of bookelling. He was a mirthful man, of small stature, cunning in counterfeiting of voices, and in making facetious tales and responses, and whom I have to laud for the truth of his dealings towards me.

Now, therefore, the world may see the injustice that charges me with incapacity to write these narratives, seeing, that though I have proved that I could have written them if I would, yet, not having done so, the counseil will deservedly fall, as at all due, upon the memory of Mr. Peter Pattieson; whereas I must be justly entitled to the praise, when any is due, seeing that, as the Dean of St. Patrick's witty and logically expresst in it,

That without which a thing is not,
Is Causa sine quae non.

The work, therefore, is unto me as a child is to a parent; as the which child, if it proveth worthy, the parent hath honour and praise; but if otherwise, the disgrace will deservedly attach to itself alone.

I have only further to intimate, that Mr. Peter Pattieson, in arranging these Tales for the press, hath more consulted his own fancy than the accuracy of the narrative; nay, that he hath sometimes blended two or three stories together for the new grace of his plots. Of which infidelity, although I disapprove and enter my testimony against it, yet I have not taken upon me to correct the same, in respect it was the will of the deceased, that his manuscript should be submitted to the press without diminution or alteration. A fanciful nicety it was on the part of my deceased friend, who, if thinking wisely, ought rather to have confounded me, by all the tender ties of our friendship and common pursuits, to have carefully revised, altered, and augmented, at my judgment and discretion. But the will of the dead must be scrupulously obeyed, even when we wesp over their pertinacity and self-deception. So, gentle reader, I bid you farewell, recommending you to such facts as the moun儘ains of your own country produce; and I will only further premise, that each Tale is preceded by a short introduction, mentioning the persons by whom, and the circumstances under which, the materials thereof were collected.

JEDEHIAH CLEISBROTHAM
THE BLACK DWARF.
INTRODUCTION TO THE BLACK DWARF.

David Ritchie, a native of Tweeddale. He was the son of Mr. Ritchie, a farmer of Stobo, and must have been the mis-shapen form which he exhibited, though he seems imputed to ill-use when in infancy. He was bred in Edinburgh, and had wandered about, playing at his trade, from all which he was chased by theable attention which his hideous singularity of form attracted wherever he came. The author understood he had been in Dublin, at length being of the object of shouts, laughter, and...David Ritchie resolved, like a deer hunted from the retreat to some wilderness, where he might have the while communication with the world which scoffed at...He was settled himself, with this view, upon a patch of wild...At the bottom of a bank of the farm of Woodhouse, a deserted valley of the small river Manor, in Peeblesshire...people who had occasion to pass that way were much dazed, and some superstitious persons a little alarmed, to see a figure as Bowd Davie (i.e. Crooked Davie) eminently a task, for which he seemed so totally unfit, as that of being a house. The cottage which he built was extremely at the walls, as well as those of a little garden that sur-it, were constructed with an ambitious degree of solidity composed of layers of large stones and turf; and...and with the upright gable, as to puzzle the...who such a person as the architect could possibly see them. In fact, Davie received from passengers, or...so one knew how much aid had been given by he wondered of each individual remained undiminished. Author of the ground, the late Sir James Nasmyth, claimed to pass this singular dwelling, which, having stood there without right or lease sited or given, formed...compared with Falstaff's simile of a 'fair house built on a ground,' so that poor David might have lost his digging the property where he had erected it. Of the proprietor entertained no idea of erecting such a simile, but readily sanctioned the harmless encroachment. A casual description of Elsdon of Mucklestone-Moor is generally allowed to be a tolerably exact and unex...was not quite six of a half high, since he could stand upright in his manor, which was just that height. The following...concerning his figure and temper occur in the Scots for 1817, and are now understood to have been com...written with much spirit the traditions of the Good...and in other publications, largely and agreeably added...of our popular antiquities. He is the countryman of Ritchie, and had the best access to collect anecdotes...well, I says this authority, which was of an oblounge or unusual shape, was said to be of such strength, that I strike it with ease through the panel of a door, or the bar...His laugh is said to have been quite horrible; tremendous, howling, and diabolical, corded with his other peculiarities. was nothing very uncommon about his dress. He wore an old smocked hat when he went abroad; and home, a sort of cowl or night-cap. He never wore clothing able to adapt them to his mis-shapen finikee face. He had both feet and legs quite concealed, and wrap...bouquet of flowers. He always walked with a sort of polite elegance, a smile upon his face, with the respect, singular, and indicated a mind congenial to th tabernacle. A jealous, misanthropical, and irritable was his prominent characteristic. The sense of his...it appeared to him like a phantasm. And the insults and...to which this exposed him, had possessed his heart with force and bitter feelings, which, from other points in his character, do not appear to have been more largely infused into his...It was not an act of unkindness that the...He detested children, on account of their propensity to insult and persecute him. To strangers he was generally reserved, crabbed, and surly; and though he by no means refused assistance or charity, he added either expressed or exhibited much gratitude. Even towards persons who had been his greatest benefactors, and who possessed the greatest share of his goodwill, he frequently displayed much caprice and jealousy. A lady...had known him from his infancy, and who has furnished us in the most obliging manner with some particulars respecting him, says, that although Davie showed as much respect and attachment to her father, as it was in his nature to show to any, yet they were always obli...in their deportment towards him. One day, having gone to visit him with another lady, he took them through his garden, and was showing them, with much pride and good-humour, all his rich and tastefully assorted borders, when they happened to stop near a plot of cabbages which had been somewhat injured by the caterpillars. Davie, observing one of the ladies smile, instantly assumed his savage, scowling aspect, rushed among the cabbages, and dashed them to pieces with his fist, exclaiming, 'I hate the worms, for they mock me'...Another lady, likewise a friend and old acquaintance of his, being very unintentionally gave David mortal offence on a similar occasion. Throwing back his jealously as he was ushering her into his garden, he fancied he observed her spit, and exclaimed, with great ferocity, 'Am I a bond, woman! that ye spit at me—that ye spit at me!' and without listening to any answer or excuse, drove her out of his garden with imprumances and insult. When irritated by persons for whom he entertained little respect, his misanthropy displayed itself in words, and sometimes in actions, of still greater rudeness; and he used on such occasions the most unusual and singularly savage imprecations and threats...Nature maintains a certain balance of good and evil in all her works; and there is no state perhaps so utterly desolate, which does not possess some source of gratification peculiar to itself. This poor man, whose misanthropy was founded in a sense of his own preternatural deformity, had yet his own particular an...sentiments. Driven into solitude, he became an admirer of the beauties of nature. His garden, which he sedulously cultivated, and from a piece of wild moorland made a very productive spot, was his pride and his delight; but he was also an admirer of mon natural beauty: the soft sweep of the green hill, the bubbling of a clear fountain, or the complexity of a wild thicket were scenes on which he often gazed for hours, and, as he said, with inexpressable delight. It was perhaps for this reason that he was fond of Shemstone's pastoral, and some parts of Para...said Lost. The author has heard his muses unsual voice repeat the celebrated description of Paradise, which he seemed fully to appreciate. His other studies were of a different cast, chiefly polemical. He never went to the parish church, and was therefore suspected of entertaining heterodox opinions, though his objection was probably to the concourse of spectators, to whom he must have exposed his unwise behavior...He spoke of a future state with intense feeling, and even with tears. He expressed disgust at the idea of his remains being mixed with the common rubbish, as he called it, of the churchyard, and selected with his usual taste a beautiful and wild spot in the glen where he had his hermitage, in which to take his last repose. He changed his mind, however, and was finally interred in the common burial-ground of Manor parish. The author has invested W. Elphin with some qualities which made him appear, in the eyes of the vulgar, a man possessed of supernatural power. Common fame paid David Ritchie a similar compliment, for some of the poor and ignorant, as well...
INTRODUCTION TO THE BLACK DWARF.

crossing his means of giving terror or pain. But even in a rude Scottish glen thirty years back, the fear of sorcery was very much out of date.

David Ritchie affected to frequent solitary scenes, especially such as were supposed to be haunted, and valued himself upon his courage in doing so. To be sure he had little chance of meeting anything more ugly than himself. At heart, he was superstitious, and planted many rowans (mountain ash) around his hut, as a certain defence against necromancy. For the same reason, doubtless, he desired to have rowan trees set above his grave.

We have stated that David Ritchie loved objects of natural beauty. His only living favourites were a dog and a cat, to which he was particularly attached, and his bee, which he treated with great care. He took a sister, latterly, to live in a hut adjacent to his own, but he did not permit her to enter it. She was weak in intellect, but not deformed in person; simple, or rather silly, but not, like her brother, sullen or bizarre. David was never affectionate to her; it was not in his nature; but he endured her. He maintained himself and her by the sale of the produce of their garden and bee-hives; and, latterly, they had a small allowance from the parish. Indeed, in the simple and patriarchal state in which the country then was, persons in the situation of David and his sister were sure to be supported. They had only to supply to the next gentleman or respectable farmer, and were sure to find them equally ready and willing to supply their very moderate wants. David often received gratuitous visits from strangers, which he never asked, never refused, and never seemed to consider as an obligation. He had a right, indeed, to regard himself as one of Nature's paupers, to whom she gave a title to be maintained by his kind, even by that deformity which closed against him all ordinary ways of supporting himself by his own labour. Besides, a bag was suspended in the mill for David Ritchie's benefit; and those who were carrying home a molder of meal, seldom failed to add a groat or to the alms-bag of the deformed cripple. In short, David had no occasion for money; save to purchase such, his only luxury, in which he indulged himself liberally. When he died, in the beginning of the present century, he was found to have hoarded about twenty pounds, a habit very consistent with his disposition; for wealth is power, and power was what David Ritchie desired to possess, as a compensation for his exclusion from human society

Handsk

His sister survived till the publication of this brief notice: forms the introduction; and I write to learn that a sort of "local sympathy," and then expressed concerning the Author of Waverley; jects of his Novels, exposed the poor woman to un gave her pain. When pressed about her brother's she asked, in her turn, why they would not permit? To others, who pressed for some account of she answered in the same tone of feeling.

The author saw this poor, and, it may be said, in autumn, 1797. Being then, as he has the hap remain, connected by ties of intimate friendship of the venerable Dr. Adam Ferguson, the philo torian, who then resided at the mansion-house of the vale of Manasar, about a mile from Ritchie's author was upon a visit at Hatyards, which last days, and was made acquainted with this singu whom Dr. Ferguson considered as an extraordinary and whom he assisted in various ways, particularly nual loan of books. Though the taste of the pit the poor peasant did not, it may be supposed, I

poet, Dr. Ferguson considered him as a man's capacity and original ideas, but whose mind was in the doctor that such a character might be us to his existence, had been dead for many years, after the fact that he was an agent in fictitious narratives. He, accordingly, as Dr. David Ritchie, besides the utter obscurity of his was of opinion, that the idea of the 3rd kind too revolting, and more likely to disgust the reader. As I had good reason to consider my excellent judge of public opinion, I put off my in beginning the story to an end, as fast as it was precalculated, to the Elect Lass, a tale which was due two, have perhaps produced a narrative as much ed and distorted, as the Black Dwarf, who is stil

1 I remember David was particularly anxious to me called, I think, Letters to the Elect Lass, and which, best composition he had ever read; but Dr. Ferguson supplied the volume.
THE BLACK DWARF.

CHAPTER I.
PRELIMINARY.

Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd? said the Farmer as You Left It.

It was a fine April morning (excepting that it had rained hard the night before, and the ground remained covered with a dazzling mantle of six inches in the) when two horsemen rode up to the Wallace Inn.

The first was a strong, tall, powerful man, in ray-finding coat, having a hat covered with wax, a large silver-mounted horsewhip, boots, and a surtout overalls. He was mounted on a large dark brown horse, in coat, but well in condition, with a saddle of the yeoman cut, and a doubled leather bridle. The man who accompanied him—it is apparent his servant; here rode a shaggy little pony, with a blue bonnet on his head, and a check napkin folded about his neck, wore a pair of blue worsted hose instead of boots, had his reins hands much stained with tar, and observed air of donnance and respect towards his master, but without any of those indications of precence and punctilio which are preserved between the try and their domestic. On the contrary, the travellers and passengers in the coach, including the sentence of the conversation which had a carrying on betwixt them was a joint ejacula-
is, Lord guide us, an this weather last, what will be of all this, and especially that man's, whose illness was sufficient for his doctor, who, advancing to take the horse of the person and holding him by the reins as he mounted, while his hostler rendered the same serv-
is to the attendant, welcomed the stranger to Gland
cough, and, in the same breath, inquired, "What are ye from the south hielands?"

"News," said the farmer, "bad enough news, I tell ye—so we can carry through the town, it will as we can do; we mean e'en leave the lamb to Black Dwarf's care."

"Ay, ay," rejoined the old shepherd, (for such was his head,) shaking his head, "he'll be unco busy abov
eer the coach." The Black Dwarf! I said my learned friend and I,* Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, "and what of a personage may he be?"

"Hout awa' man," answered the farmer, "you'll hear o' Canny Elsie of the Black Dwarf, or I am as tickle mista'en—A' the world telle tales about him, it's but daft nonsense after a—I dinna believe a d'ot frae beginning to end."

"Your father believed it unco stielly, though," said the old man, to whom the scepticism of his priest gave obvious displeasure.

"Ay, you dowie that was in the time he blackfaces—they believe a hantle queer things these days, that nobody heeds since the lang sheep in."

"The mair's the pity, the mair's the pity," said the man. "Your father, and sae I have aften told'd maister, wad ha' been sair vexed to hae seen the peel-house was a pu'd down to make park dykes; he having been a man of the books, sae I to sit at e'en, wi' his plaid about him, and look and kye as they cawn down the looing, ill wad he ha', in this and other instances, printed in Italy, some words which the very same Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham seemed to have interpolated upon the text of his deceased friend."

"We may chance one or two, but such liberties only to have been taken by the learned gentleman where an character and conduct are concerned; and surely he's learned, and a博士 in moral and nowt else."

"Wussing your health, sir," said the shepherd, and having taken off his glass, and observed the whisky was the right thing, he continued, "It's no for the like o' us to be judging, to be sure; but it was a bonny knowe that broony knowe, and an unco braw shelter for the lambs in a severe morning like this."

"Ay," said his patron, "but ye ken we maun hae turns for the lang sheep, hulie, an' muckle hard work to get them, both wi' the pleugh an' the hoe, and that wad sort ill wi' sitting on the broomy knowe, and cracking about Black Dwarf, and sicc an clavering away, as was the case."

"Aweel, awesomest," said the attendant, "short sheep had short rents, I'm thinking."

Here the worthy patron again interposed, and observed, "that he could never perceive any material difference, in point of longitude, between one sheep and another."

This occasioned loud hoarse laugh on the part of the farmer, and an astonished stare on the part of the shepherd. "It's the wool, man,—it's the wool, and no the beasts themselves, that makes them be ca'd lang or short. I never know the men to be in their backs, the short sheep would be rather the longer-headed o' the twain, but it's the wool that pays the rent in these days, and it had muckle need."

"Odd, Beulie said very true—our sheep made short rents—my father paid four sheep's worth, just three score and twenty pounds, and it stands me in three hundred, plack and bawbee,—And that's very true—I hae been long time to be standing here clavering—Landlord, get us our breakfast, and see an get the yauth fed—"

"I am for doun to Christy Wilson's, to see if him and me can gree about the luck penny I am to give him for his year and a half. We had drank a cup of muckinna to the making the bargain at St. Boswell the other night, and o' some gate we can gree upon the particulars proceeds, for as muckle time as we took about it—I doubt we shall come to a piec—when ye hear ye, neighbour," addressing my worthy and learned patron, "if ye want to hear any thing about lang or short sheep, I will be back here to my kail against ane o'clock; or, if ye want any o' the world stories about the Black Dwarf, and sic-like, if ye'll wear a half-mutch, as I'll be there, he'll cracle y'e like a pon-pun. And th' o' ye a muckinna mysel, man, if I can settle weel wi' Christy Wilson."

The farmer returned at the hour appointed, and with him came Christy Wilson, their difference having been fortunately settled without an appeal to the gentlemen of the long robe. My learned and worthy patron failed not to attend, both on account of the refreshment promised to the mind and to the body, although he is known to partake of the latter in a very moderate degree; and the party, with which my Landlord was associated, continued to sit late in the evening, seasoning their liquor with many choice tales and songs. The last incident which I recollect, was my learned and worthy patron falling from his chair, just as he concluded a long lecture upon temperance, by reciting from the Gentle Shepherd, a couplet, which he right happily transferred from the vice of avarice to that of sloaths. He that has money has money and soundly sheep. The overcome only fetches folk to knees.
In the course of the evening the Black Dwarf had not been forgotten, and the old shepherd, Ballindoll, told of the legend of him that was a great duel of interest. It also appeared, though not till the third punch-bowl was emptied, that much of the farmer's seriousness on the subject was affected, as exceeding a theme of the coming events and freedom from ancient prejudices, becoming a man who paid three hundred pounds a-year of rent, while, in fact, he had a lurking belief in the traditions of his forefathers. As the last of the guests, I had the opportunity of inquiring of other persons connected with the wild and pastoral district in which the scene of the following narrative is placed, and I was fortunate enough to recover many many a thrilling tradition, and which almost account, at least in some degree, for the circumstances of exaggerated marvel with which superstition has adorned the more vulgar traditions.

CHAPTER II.

Will none out Huntsmen never your turn?

In one of the most remote districts of the south of Scotland, where an ideal line, drawn along the tops of lofty and bleak mountains, separates that land from England, a youth, called Holbert, or Hubbie Elliot, a substantial farmer, who boasted his descent from old Martin Elliot of the Preasin tower, noted in Border story and song, was one of the world's walkers of deer, once upon a numerous among these solitary wastes, were now reduced to a very few herds, which, sheltering themselves in the most remote and inaccessible recesses, rendered the task of punning them really toilsome and precarious. These were, however, found many youth of the country ardently attached to this sport.

“The Black Dwarf, now almost forgotten, was once held a formidable personage by the inhabitants of the Border, where he put forth his arms with a fiery bellow or gale of wind. He was,” said the chronicler, “an open, bold, and enterprising man, who made a considerable use of his in the border country. He was known as the King of the Lawless, and an inhabitant of the land, which was called Northerne Baker.” The best and most authentic account of this dangerous and mysterious being occurs in a communication to the author by that eminent antiquary, Hubert St. Vare, F.R.S., of Manxfoot, author of the History of the Border of Durham.

According to this well-authenticated legend, two young Northumbrians were out on a shooting party, and had planned to go among the mountainous districts which border on the border land. They started for a small village called Black Duff, by leaving the road just before the village. After the men had passed the village, the road they had come by now ended; so they went on in a new direction. They met with a party of men who were hunting. The two parties passed each other without speaking. Then they went on their way, not knowing of each other's presence. They continued their journey, passing through the forest and the mountains, until they reached the village where they had started from.

The population of the village was about 300, consisting of old men, women, and children. The younger inhabitants were engaged in the fields, while the older ones were sitting around the firesides, telling stories and singing songs. The village was surrounded by high mountains, which gave it a picturesque aspect. The soil was fertile, and the fields were well-cultivated.

The young Northumbrians were told by the inhabitants of the village that there was a great deal of danger in the wilderness, and that they should not go beyond a certain point. However, they were determined to continue their journey, and they set out again, determined to reach the place where they had planned to go. They continued their way, passing through the forest and the mountains, until they reached a place where there was a great deal of danger. They tried to turn back, but they were soon forced to continue their way.

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Chap. II.

The Black Dwarf.

bloody skirmish. The real cause of its existence had, however, passed away; and tradition, which is so wonderful, as a preserve of truth, had supplied its place with a complimentary legend of her own, which now came fully upon Hobtie's memory. The ground about the pillar was strewn or rather meandered, with many large fragments of stones of the several families which the county, from their appearance as they lay scattered on the waste, were popularly called the Gray Geese, the Bucklestone, or the Castle Colors. The legend accounted for this name and appearance by the encircling atmosphere of the old oak, which not only formed with the sorrows and labour of the inhabitants and was most frequent with those who frequented these hills in former days, causing the eves to be, and the knees to set their calves, and performing all the fatigues which the farmers were wont to bring on them. On this moor she used to hold her revels with her sister hags; and rings were still pointed out on which no grass nor heath ever grew, the turf being, as it were, calcined by the scourching heaps of their diabolical partners.

Once upon a time this old hag is said to have crossed the moor driving before her a flock of geese, which, after a few miles, set about advancing at a neighboring fair—for it is well known that the fiend, however liberal in imparting his powers of dancing mischief, ungenerously leaves his allies under the necessity of performing their own labors for subsistence. The day was far advanced, and her chance of obtaining a good price depended on her being first at the market. But the geese, which had hitherto been contented at the ostentation with which they deft all her efforts to collect them, and not remembering the precise terms of the contract by which the fiend was bound to obey her commands for a certain time (supposing her friendly, though neither I nor they ever stir from this spot now!),

The words were hardly uttered, when by a metamorphosis as sudden as any in Ovid, the fog and her refractory flock were converted into stone, the angel whom she served, being a strict formalist, grasping eagerly at an opportunity of completing the ruin of her body and soul by a literal obedience to her orders. It is said, that when she perceived, and felt the transformation which was about to take place, she exclaimed to the tremendous fiend, "Ah, thou false thief! Long hast thou promised me a gray gown, and now it is too late to bawl!"

The dimensions of the pillar, and of the stones, were often referred to, as a proof of the superior stature and size of old women and geese in the days of other years, by those who were wont to frequent the place. A tradition of the gradual degeneration of mankind.

All particulars of this legend Hobtie called to mind as he passed along the moor. He also remembered, that since the catastrophe had taken place, the scene of it has been avoided, at least after night-fall, by all human beings, as being the ordinary resort of kelpies, sprites, and other demons, once the companions of her witch's diabolical revels, and now continuing to rendezvous upon the same spot, as if still in attendance on their transformed mistress. Hobtie's natural hardihood, however, manfully combated with the fiend's sport; and he was not wont, in his own phrase, to fear neither dog nor devil; he looked at the prudence of his peace, and, like the clown in Hallowes, relied upon the warlike ditty of Jack of the Side, as a general cause his drums be beat to inspire the doubtful courage of his soldiers.

So it came to pass that when he was glad to hear a friendly voice shout in his rear, and to propose to him a partner on the road. He slackened his pace, and was quickly joined by a youth well known to him, a gentleman of some fortune that runs motors, and who looked, on the back seat on which he was seated, like a gentleman by himself. Young Ernshaw, "of that ilk," had lately come of age, and succeeded to a moderate fortune, a good deal dissipated, from the share his family had taken in the disturbances of the period. They were much and generally respected in the country; a reputation which this young gentleman seemed likely to sustain, as he was well educated, and of excellent dispositions.

"Now, Ernshaw," explained Hobtie, "I am glad to meet your honour on this lane, and company's blithe on a lark like this—it's an unco' bogily bit—Where hae ye been sportin' ?"

"Up the Glenhead, Hobtie," answered Ernshaw, "turning his greeting. "But will our dogs keep the peace, thank ye?"

"Dey a' fear o' mine," said Hobtie, "they hae scarce a lick to stand on. Oid! the deevil's fleed the country, I think! I have been as far as Inver-fell-foot, and deet be no fear o' them."

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"Deid a' o' me, was care muckle, only I wanted some venison to our auld guise-dame. The carline, she sits in the neuk yonder, upbye, and cracks about the grand shooters and busters lang syne—Oid! I think they hae killed a' the deer in the country, for my part."

"Well, Hobtie, I have shot a fat buck, and sent him to Ernshaw this morning—you shall have half of him for your grandmother."

"Many thanks, Mr. Patrick," ye're kent to a' the country for a kind heart. It will do the auld wife's heart good—to be a buck, when she hams it comes frae you—and weel o' can ye'll come up and take it in your share, and puir Ernshaw and me, for we're auld together, and a' your folk at that weary Edinburg, I wonder what they can find to do amang a when ranks o' stane houses wis slate on the top o' them, that might live on yer ain pin."

"My education and my sisters has kept my mother much in Edinburgh for several years," said Ernshaw, "but I promise you I propose to make up for lost time."

"And ye'll rig out the auld tower a bit," said Hobtie, "and live hearty and neighbour-like wi' the auld family friends, as the Laird o' Ernshaw should I. I can tell ye, my mother, my grandmother I mean, but, since we lost our ain mother, we ca' her sometimes the tane, and sometimes the other—but, any gate, she conceits her self no distant connected wi' you."

"Very true, Hobtie, and I will come to the Heugh-foot in dinner to-morrow with all my heart."

"Wey, that's kindly said! We are auld neighbours, am we not?"

"I ken ye," answered Hobtie, "and I ken ye're a guid dame's fan to see you—she clavers about your father that was killed lang syne."

"Hush, hush, Hobtie—not a word about that—it's a story betwixt you and me.

"I dinna ken—if it hae chanced among our folk, we wad hae kept it in mind moly a day till we got some mends for't—but ye ken your ains weel best, you laird—I have heard say that Ellieslaw's friend stickit your sire after the laird himself had mastered his sword."

"Fy, fie, Hobtie; it was a foolish brawl, occasioned by wine and politics—many swords were drawn—it is impossible to say who struck the blow."

"At any rate, said Ellieslaw was siding and abetting; and I am sure if ye were was disposed as to take amends, that I'll try to make it right, for your father's blood is beneath his nails—and besides there's nobody else left that was concerned to take amends upon, and it's a prattler and aJacobite into the bargain—I'll tell thinking o' the country folk look for something awtween ye."

"O for shame, Hobtie!" replied the young Laird, "you, that profess religion, to stir your friend up to break the law! I'll be hanged if I'll have anything to do with ye, and in such a bogily bit too, where we know not what beings may be listening to us!"

"Hush, hush, Hobtie," said Hobtie, drawing nearer to his companion, "it's a good thing the two sets are now so well united, and in such a bogily bit too, where we know not what beings may be listening to us!"

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"I assure you, Hobbie," said his companion, rather angrily, "I assure you I am mistaken; and it is extremely wrong of you, either to think of, or to utter such an idea; I have no idea of permitting free- lumbers to be carried so far as to connect my name with them by any means whatever."

"Why, there now—there now!" retorted Elliot; "did not I say it was necas' o' spunk that made you so min?—Well, weel, I meant necas' offence; but the authur's young fell'w' the lord's wid' him o' little and laying on, an' he's a whim o' his back too, and keeps them weel up in heart, and as fu' o' mischief as young colts. Where he gets the gear to do nae can say; he live's high, and far above his rent's here; however, he pays his way—Sae, if there's any outbroke in the country, he's likely to break out wi' the first—and weel does he mind the auld quarrels between ye. I'm surmising he'll be for a touch at the auld wower at Earsncliff."

"Well, Hobbie," answered the young gentleman, "if he should be so ill advised, I shall try to make the older fellow good against him, as it has been made good by many better men before him."

"Very right—very right—that's speaking like a man now," said the stout yeoman, "and, if a man shouldn't be that be he say, ye'll just gar your serv- vant—your bell in that case—there's me and my two brothers, and little Davie of the Steen- house, will be wi' you, wi' a' the power we can make, in the snapping of a rigid."

"Then, if that's possible," answered Earsncliff, "but I hope we shall have no war of so unnatural and un- christian a kind in our time."

"Hout, sir, hout," replied Elliot; "it wad be but a week before all the tartan and Head and Heart and Earth would make allowances for it in this uncultivated place—it's just the nature of the folk and the land—we canna live quiet like London folk—we hae nae seck to do with it."

"Well, Hobbie," said the Laird, "for one who believes so deeply as you do in supernatural appearances, I must own you take Heaven in your own hand rather naughtily, considering where we are walking."

"What needs I care for the Muckelstone-Moor o' neath ye do yourself, Earsncliff I?" said Hobbie, something offended; "to be sure, they do say there's a course or two of lang-neeb't things about the land, but what need I care for them? I have a good conscience, and little to answer for, unless it be about a rant among the lassies, or a spire at a fair, and then no seck to speak of. Though I say it myself, I am as true a man and as peaceable a song as ever vi'ed any one on this very bit."

"As is not unlikely," said young Earsncliff, "for there stands your old witch, Hobbie."

"I say," continued Elliot, "if indignant at this hint—"I say, if the auld clartine herself was to get up out o' the grund just before us, I would see nae ma—But, guie preserve us, Earsncliff, what can ye be!"

CHAPTER III.

Brown Dwarf, that over the moorland strides. "The name in Kooldar tells me."

Brown Dwarf, that over the moorland strides, Beneath the heather-belt.

JOHN LEYDEN.

This object alarmed the young farmer in the middle of his valorous protestations, started for a moment even his less prejudiced companion. The moon, which had arisen during their conversation, was, in the phrase of that country, wading or strug- gling with clouds, and shed only a doubtful and occasional light. By one of her beams, which streamed upon the great group of islands, they now beheld his idea of the motions of an apparition, that Hobbie Elliot, making a dead pause, while his hair erected itself upon his scalp, whispered to his companion, "Tis Auln Ailie here! Shall I gie her a shot, in the name of God?"

"For Heaven's sake, no," said his companion, holding down the weapon which he was about to raise to the aim—"for Heaven's sake; no; it's some poor distressed creature."

"Ye're distracted yourself, for thinking of going so near to her," said Elliot, holding his companion in his turn, as he prepared to advance. "We'll keep the pace till time, and mind a minute or two, before we discharge the weapon."

"Auln Ailie!" (this he added in a gentle whisper), "let us take a cast at, as if to draw the wind on a buck—the buck is not a man, at least, nor is it a buck-deep, and neither a soft road nor a bad company."

Earsncliff, however, in spite of his companion's resistance and remonstrances, continued to advance. They had got on the peak of the island, and their eye was next confronted the object of their investigation. The height of the figure, which appeared even to decrease as it approached it, seemed to be under four feet, and its form, as far as the imperfect light afforded them the means of discerning, was very nearly as broad as long, or rather of a spherical shape, which could only be occasioned by some strange personal deformity. The young sportsman hailed this extraordinary appearance twice, without receiving any answer, or attending to the pinches by which his companion endeavoured to intimate that their best course was to retire, and giving further dis- turbance to a being of such singular appearance than he was.
"Come, my friend," said Earnestiff, "you seem to suffer under some strong affection; compassion must not allow him to do himself justice.

"Common humanity!" exclaimed the being, with a scornful laugh that sounded like a shriek, "where got ye that catch-word—that noose for woodcocks—that tangle which is the only true quicksilver, that wretched idiot who swallows, will soon find covers a hook with bars ten times sharper than those you lay for the animals which you murder for your victuals!"

"I tell you, my friend," again replied Earnestiff, "you are incapable of judging of your own situation—you will perish in this wilderness, and we must, in consequence, renounce our o' lair way of living."

"I'll have neither hand nor foot in it," said Hobbie; "let the ghost take his ain way, for God's sake!"

"My blood be on my own head, if I prithee here," said the figure; and, observing Earnestiff meditating to lay hold on him, he add'd, "And your blood be upon yours, if you touch but the skirt of my garments, to infect me with the taint of mortality!"

"In our own home more brightly as he spoke thus, and Earnestiff observed that he held out his right hand armed with some weapon of offence, which glittered in the cold ray like the blade of a long knife, or sword. It was evident that he was in great danger—perhaps repressive in his attempt upon a being thus armed, and holding such desperate language, especially as it plain he would have little aid from his companions, who had fairly left him to settle matters with the wretch, and had proceeded a few paces on his way homeward. Earnestiff, therefore, turned and followed Hobbie, after looking back towards the supposed maniac, who, as if unused to frenzy by the interview, roamed wildly around the great stone, extinguishing his voice in shrieks and imprecations, that thrilled wildly along the waste heath.

The two sportmen moved on some time in silence, until they were out of hearing of these uncouth sounds, which was not at first they had gained a considerable distance from the pillar that gave name to the mound. Just as they were conversing on the scene, they had witnessed, until Hobbie Elliot suddenly exclaimed, "Well, I'll uphold that ye ghast, if it be a ghast, has both done and suffered enough evil in this world, and can cause him rampagen in that wayer after he is dead and gone."

"It seems to me the very madness of misanthropy," said Earnestiff, following his own current of thought. "I recollect it did emit such a preternatural creature, then?" asked Hobbie at his companion.

"Who? A—No, surely.

"Weel, I am partly of the mind myself that it may be the same. I do love a ghaste, I wadna wish to see any thing look like a bogle."

"At any rate," said Earnestiff, "I'll ride over to-morrow, and see what has become of the unhappy being.

"In fair daylight?" queried the reoman; "then, grace o' God, I'm the wi'. But here we are nearer to Hugh-foot than to your house by two miles,—hurra ye better for gae home at me, and we'll send the landlord on the moor to tell the thing that you are wi' us, though I believe there's nobody at home to wait for you but the servants and the cat."

"Have with you then, friend Hobbie," said the young man, much distressed; "I wene't willingly have either the servants be anxious, or pass forfeit her supper, in my absence, I'll be obliged to you to send the boy as you propose."

"Aye, the boy, I must say. And ye'll gae home to Hugh-foot? They'll be right bithie to see you, that will they?"

This affair ruffled, they walked briskly on a little further, and came to the edge of a pretty steep hill, Hobbie Elliot exclaimed, "Now, Earnestiff, I am aye glad when I come to this very bit—Ye see the light below, that's in the lat' window, where gramme, they think my father is sitting birking her wheel, and ye see on that other light that's gaun whiddin back and forth through among the windows? that's my cousin, Grace Armstrong,—she's twice as clever about the house as my sisters, and see they say themselves, for they're good-natured lasses as ever trode on heels; but I canna pu' all that on her, she's too much of a piece with her mamma, that has no matin action, and is the best goer about the town, now that gramme is off the foot herself. —My brothers, an' o'm, they're a-way to wait upon the chambermaid, Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss, an' our lad farm—he can see after the stock just as well as I can do."

"You are lucky, my friend, in having so many valuable relatives to hustle for you.""

"Troth am I—Grace makes me thankful, I've never deny it.—But will ye tell me now, Earnestiff, you that have been at college, and the high-school of Edinburgh, and the college of St John's, and our minister, bargaining about it at the house to fair, and truth they both spak very well. Now, the priest says it's unlawful to marry ane's cousin; but I cannot say I thought he brought out the Gospel authorities half so well as our minister.

"That minister is thought the best divine and the best preacher between this and Edinburgh—Dinna ye think he was likely to be right?"

"Certainly marriage, by all protestant Christians, is held to be against the law of God and the Levitical law: so, Hobbie, there can be no bad, legal, or religious, betwixt you and Miss Armstrong."

"Hot awa' wi' your joking, Earnestiff," replied his companion, "we're angry enough yourselves one uncivil bat in a bit, man, on the rest—No that I was asking the question about Grace, for ye maun ken she's no my cousin—german-out and out, but the daughter of my uncle's wife by her first marriage, so she's nee kith nor kin to me—only a connection like.

But now we're at the Shelving-hill—I'll fire off my gun, to let them ken I'm coming, that's aye my way; and if I ha' a deer I get them two shots, and ha' done wi' the deer and any for myself."

He fired off his piece accordingly, and the number of lights were seen to traverse the house, and even to gleam before it. Hobbie Elliot pointed out one of these to Earnestiff, which stood to ride round the house towards some of the out-houses—"That's Grace herself," said Hobbie. "She'll not meet me at the door, I've warrant her—but she'll be awa' for a distance, to see if my hounds' supper be ready, poor brutes."

"Love me, love my dog," answered Earnestiff.

"Ah, Hobbie, you are a lucky young fellow!"

This observation was uttered in a tone of shrill, which apparently did not escape the ear of his companion.

"Ho! glaar folk may be as lucky as I am—O how I have seen on Verc's lip the flash of somebody when they passed another at the Carlisle races! Who kens but things may come round in this world!"

Earnestiff muttered something like an answer; but whether in ascent of the proposition, or rebusking the application of it, could not easily be discovered; and it seems probable that the speaker himself was willing his meaning should rest in doubt and obscurity. He had now descended the broad looping, which, winding round the foot of the steep bank, or heath, brought them in front of the thatched, but comfortable farm-house, which was the dwelling of Hobbie Elliot and his family.

The doors was thronged with joyful faces; but the appearance of a stranger blunted many a gibe which had been prepared on Hobbie's lack of success in the deer-stalking. There was a little bustle among three handsome young women, each endeavouring to devote upon another the task of ushering the stranger into the apartment, while probably all were anxious to escape the attentions of a personal arrangement, before preventing themselves to a young gentleman in a dishabille only intended for other brother.

Hobbie Elliot, meanwhile, bestowing some hearty and general abuse upon them all, (for Grace was not of the party,) snatched the candle from the hand of one of the rustic accompanist, as she wound up an last
with it in her hand, and ushered his guest into the family parlour, or rather hall; for the place having been built upon a piece of a tumulus, the siting of his apartment was a vaulted and paved room, damp and dismal enough compared with the lodgings of the yeomanry of our day, but which, when well lighted up or decorated by the glare of the dumb fire, while the thread of wool was winding round her coif and pinners, her close and decent gown of home-spun wool, but with a large gold necklace and ear-rings looked, what she really was the lady as well as the mistress, so that the fairies of wicker, by the corner of the great chimney, she directed the evening occupations of the young women, and of two or three stout serving wenches, who sat playful and their distaffs behind the backs of their young mistresses.

As soon as Earnscliff had been duly welcomed, and basty orders issued for some addition to the evening meal, the young man brought you a battery upon Hobbie Elliot for his lack of success against the door.

"Jenny ne'dna have kept up her kitchen-fire for a' that," said his master.

"Troth no, laws," said another; "the gathering peat,* if it was weel blown, was dress a' our Hobbie's venison.

"And for the low of the canny, if the wind wad let it blow steady," said a third; "if I were him, I would bring him a black crow, rather than come back three times without a buck's horn to blow on.

Hobbie turned from the one to the other, regarding them with a thoughtful look on his brow, the subtility of which was confuted by the good-humoured laugh on the lower part of his countenance. He then strove to propitiate them, by mentioning the intended present of his company.

"In my young days," said the old lady, "a man wad have been ashamed to come back the hill without a buck hanging on each side o' his horse, like as you, sir, your hunting calves.

"I wish they had left some for us then, grannie," retorted Hobbie; "they've cleared the country o' them, that auld friends o' yours, I'm thinking.

"I see ony folk can find game, though you can't, Hobbie," said the eldest sister, glancing a look at young Earnscliff.

Well, well, woman, hasna every dog his day, begins to say, for I'll pardon for saying—Mayna I hae his luck, and he mine, another time?

"It's a braw thing for a man to be out a' day, and frightened—na, I winna say that neither—but mistrysting wi' the dame, the dame and the dame, then hae to flyte wi' a wheen women that has been doing nothing a' the live-lang day, but whirling a bit stick, wi' a thread trailing at it, or baring at a clout.

"It's the exiles," exclaimed the females, one and all—for great was the regard then paid, and perhaps still paid, in these glens, to all such fantasies.

"I did not say frightened, now—I only said missett wi' the thing; and there was but sex, neither—Earnscliff, ye saw it as weel as I did?"

And he proceeded, without very much exaggeration, to detail, in his own way, the meeting they had had with the mysterious being at Mucklestone-Moor, concluding, he could make of nothing what on earth it could be, unless it was either the Enemy himself, or some of the auld Pegtha that hold the country lang ago.

"Auld Pegth!" exclaimed the grand-dame; "na, na—blesse thee free atace, my bairn, it's been nae Pegth that—it's been the Brown Man of the Moors! Or weary a' these evil days!—what can evil beings be coming about the moors in days as peaceful as this, peaceful, fully settled, and living in, love and law?—O weary on him! he never brought guide to these lands or the fancyatters. My father aften told me he was seen in the late part of the late body fight at Mearston-Moor, and then again in Montrose's troubles, and again before the rout o' Dunbar, and, in my ain time, he was seen about the town. And the second-sighted Laird of Benarrow had a commencin' wi' him some time afore Argyle's landing, but that I cannot speak to sae procercely—it was in the west—and while the smoke was still ill tide, sae mind ilk a' ye to draw to Him that can help in the day of troubl."

Earnscliff now interposed, and expressed his firm conviction that these were dressed in the dress of a poor maniac, and had no commission from the invisible world to announce either war or evil. But his opinion found a very cold audience, and all joined to deplore his purpose of returning to the spot the next day.

"O, my bonny bairn," said the old dame, (for, in the kindness of her heart, she extended her parental style to all in whom she was interested)—"You should beware mair than other folk—there's been a heavy breach made in your house wi' your father's bloodshed, and wi' law-plex, and losses sin-syne;—and the good-humoured share which so well becomes the one that will build up the auld bigging again (if it be His will) to be an honour to the country, and a safeguard to those that dwell in it—you, before others, are called upon to put a stop to it; and I hope that new auld man will keep o'er venturous a race, and muzzle harm they have got by it."

"But I am sure, my good friend, you would not want me to be afraid of going to an open moor in broad daylight?"

"I dinna ken," said the old dame; "I wad never bide son or friend o' mine laud their hand back in a guide cause, whether it were a friend's or near a friend—that should be by no biding of mine, or of any body that's come of a gentle kindred—but it wins gang out of a gray head like mine, than to gang to seek for evil that's no fashing wi' you, is clean against law and Science.

Earnscliff resigned an argument which he saw no prospect of maintaining with good effect, and the entrance of supper broke off the conversation. Miss Grace had by this time made her appearance, and Hobbie, not without a conscious glance at Earnscliff, placed himself by her side. Mirth and lively conversation, in which the old lady of the house took the good-humoured share which so well becomes the one that restored to the checks of the damsel the roses which their brother's tale of the apparition had chased away, and they danced and sang for an hour after supper as if there were no such things as goblins in the world.

CHAPTER IV.

I am Misanthropous, and hate mankind; For the part, I do wish they were all five. That I might love them something.

Earnscliff took leave of his hospitable friends, promising to return in time to partake of the venison, which had arrived from his house. Hobbie, who apparently took leave of him at the door of his habitation, slunk out, however, and joined him at the top of the hill.

"Ye'll be gan yonder, Mr. Patrick; I fear o' me will mistryst for you a' my mother says. I thought it best to slip out quietly though, in case she should mislipen you a' the same, and when you come mannua vex her at nae rite—wan aman the last word my father said to me on his deathbed."

"By no means, Hobbie," said Earnscliff; "she well merits all your attention.

Troth, for that matter, she would be as sair vexed amain for you as for me. But I d'ye really think there's nae presumption in venturing back yonder?—We have come very rare in our days, I am unwilling to keep a matter uninvestigated which may concern the life of a poor distracted being.
"Awed, awed, if ye really think that," answered Hobbie, doubtfully. "And it's for certain the very few the very few the very few there are amongst them (for they say folks baldina ca' then fairies) that used to be seen on every green knowe at e'en, are no half as commonly visible in our days. I cannot depone to having seen one myself, and I would undervalue and disbelieve anyone who should abrit me in the moss, as like a whaup or as a thing could be like another. And mony aye my father saw when he used to come: bare trae the faers at e'en close in a dead hollow wood."

Earsnacch was somewhat entertained with the gradual declension of superstition from one generation to another which was in fact in this last observation, and he continued to reason on such subjects, until they came to the margin of the upland stone which gave name to the moor.

"As I shall answer," says Hobbie, "yonder's the creature croaking about yet—but it's daylight, and you have your head gumbrunt, I think we ought to wait on his answer.

"By all manner of means," said Earsnacch; "but in the name of wonder, what can he be doing there?"

"That's the green grease, as they ca' these great loose stones—Ood, that passes a thing I 'e'er heard tell of!

As they approached nearer, Earsnacch could not help noticing the prodigious dimensions of the figure that it had seen the night before, seemed slowly and toilously labouring to pile the large stones one upon another, as if to form a small enclosure. Materials lay around him that he threw, and they thrived; the labour of even the most exacting and unostentatious artificer in the world would have set him to the task of building a small temple of the stones. He was struggling to move a fragment of great size when the two young men came up, and was so intent upon executing his purpose, that he did not perceive their approach. In straining and heaving the large stone to place it, he observed his visitors according to his wish, he displayed a degree of strength which seemed utterly inconsistent with his size and appearance. Indeed, it was from the colossal proportions of the stones with which he was engaged in the construction of the edifice. He was struggling to move a fragment of great size when the two young men came up, and was so intent upon executing his purpose, that he did not perceive their approach. In straining and heaving the large stone to place it, he observed his visitors.

"Thank you," exclaimed the Dwarf, with a motion expressive of the utmost contempt—"There—take them, and fatten upon them! Take them, and make your foundation for the temple of the stones. Thanks for the assistance!" he added, raising his eyes with a loftiness of countenance which was not unworthy of one who had, as he asserted, completed the adjustment of the rafters. He was struggling to move a fragment of great size when the two young men came up, and was so intent upon executing his purpose, that he did not perceive their approach. In straining and heaving the large stone to place it, he observed his visitors.

"Are you going to build a tabernacle for the devil, and precluding our sins into the bargain, for what we ken?"

"Our presence," answered Earsnacch, "seems only to irritate his frenzy; we had better leave him, and send some one to provide him with food and necessary.

They did so. The servant dispatched for this purpose found the Dwarf still labouring at his wall, but could not extract a word from him. The lad, infested with the superstitions of the country, did not long persist in an attempt to induce questions or advice on so singular a figure, but having placed the articles which he had brought for his use on a stone at some distance, he left them at the misanthrope's disposal.

The Dwarf proceeded in his labours, day after day, with an assiduity so incredible as to appear almost boundless; and, when the wall, which he had raised, was finished, it was composed of stones of the most unusual size. Indeed, so unusual was the size of the stones employed, an appearance of solidity very uncommon for a cottage of such narrow dimensions and rude construction. Earsnacch, attentive to his motions, as soon perceived to what they tended, than he sent down a number of spars of wood suitable for forming the roof, which he caused to be left in the neighbourhood of the spot, resolving next day to return and examine the work done. The Dwarf had continued his labour so hard, and with such ingenuity, that he had nearly completed the adjustment of the rafters. His next labour was to cut rushes and thatch his dwelling, a task which he performed with singular dexterity.

As he seemed averse to receive any aid beyond the occasional assistance of a passenger, materials suitable to his purpose, and tools, were supplied to him, in the use which he proved to be skilful. He constructed the rafters and the window, and finished the hut with a rude belled roof, and a few shelves, and appeared to become somewhat soothed in his temper as his commodations increased.

His next task was to form a strong enclosure, and to cultivate the soil; but he determined to leave it to the best of his powers, until, by transporting mould, and working up what was upon the spot, he formed a patch of garden.
confirmed the opinion of his possessing a protean skil
quest was usually left at a distance from his dwelling; if it was
money, or any article which did not suit him to accept, he
or suffered it to remain when he was not at home. At no time was
his manners rude and unsocial; and his words, in number, just sufficient to express his meaning as briefly as possible, and he shunned all communica-
tion that went a syllable beyond the matter in hand.
When winter had passed away, and his garden became to afford him herbs and vegetables, he confined himself almost entirely to those articles of food.
In receptacle which he filled with trap, which fed on the moor, and supplied him with milk.
When Earnshill found his gift had been received, he soon afterwards paid the honest visit. The old man was seated on a broad flat stone, near his garden door, which was the seat of science he usually occupied when disposed to receive his patients or de-
 His back was bent, but his head was erect, keeping his hands in his pockets, as if to uphold himself against the cold. He was a man of medium height, with a slight bend to his neck, and his face was long and thin, with prominent cheek bones and a high forehead. His eyes were deep-set and piercing, and his brown hair was cut short and close to his head, giving him a stern and dignified appearance.

"Dull a shadow has he," replied Hobbe Ellist, who was a strenuous defender of the general opinion; "he is, as far in wi' the Auld Man to have a shade, as 'e is a second master in the linn. He's heard of a shadow that can become a body and that.

These suspicions, which, in any other part of the country, might have been attended with investigations a little inconvenient to the supposed wizard, were here only productive of respect and awe. The reclusi, being somewhat gratified by the marks of timid veneration with which an occasional passer-by paid his tribute to the mark of strange surprise with which he surveyed his person and his premises, and the hurried step with which he passed his retreat as he passed the awful spot. The terror had to grow by its own force, and its own leisurely glance at the walls of his cottage and garden, and to apologize for it by a courteous salutation, which the inmate sometimes designed to return by a word or two. Earnshill offered to receive that word and listen, and seldom without inquiring after the solitary in-
nate, who seemed now to have arranged his establish-
ment for life.

It was impossible to engage him in any conversa-
tion on his own personal affairs; nor was he com-
municative or accessible in talking on any other sub-
cject whatever, although he seemed to have consider-
ably receded in the extreme ferocity of his misanthro-
py, or rather to be less frequently visited with the fits of
derangement of which this was a symptom. No
argument could prevail upon him to accept any thing
beyond the simplest necessities, although much more
was offered by Earnshill out of charity, and by his
more superstitious neighbours from other motives.
The benefits of these last he repaid by advice, when
consulted (as at length he seldom was) on their dis-
cases, or those of their cattle. He often furnished
them with medicines also, and seemed possessed, not
only of such as were the produce of the country, but of
some that were not. He was an able and experienced
and requested advice on other matters, upon which he
delivered with an oracular shrewdness that greatly

"And yet," interrupted the Dwarf, "they are better
than your ordinary business; better to exercise ido
and wanton cruelty on mute fishes than on your fel-
cowmen. At least, I believe you to be a better man
than he who elevates his huge musk-shapen head for
the purpose of staring at him, and then again sinks it
upon his bosom, as if in profound meditation. Earn-
shill looked around him, and observed that the birds
and insects that were attracted by the construction of
a shed for the reception of his guests.

"You labour hard, Elshie," he said, willing to lead
this singular being into conversation.

"Laize," rejoined the Dwarf. "Is the mildest evil of a
lot so miserable as that of mankind; better to labour like you, than sport like you."

I cannot defend the humanity of our ordinary ru-
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ral sports, Elshie, and yet—"
in their folly. Have you marked the young wild cat that has been domesticated, how, a few hours after he has tasted the game, his teeth breaks forth; he gripes, tears, ravages, and leaps about, as if he were in pain, his limbs convulsed, his eyes terrorized, and his ears opened like a drum, to a sudden noise, and as if the animal's instinct," answered Earnshaw.

"But what has that to do with Hobchib?"

"As his emblem—it is his picture," retorted the dwarf. "He is at present tame, quiet, and domes- tered for the exercise of his instincts; but let the trumpet of war sound—let the blood-bath again begin, and he will be as fierce as the wildest of his Border ancestors that served our peasant's sloop. Can you, or at present often urge you to take bloody Bill? for an injury received when you were a boy?"

"In a scull starved; the Recluse appeared not to ob- serve my play, but(/acked against his shinbones; the trumpet will he young blood-bound tell lap blood, and I say and sign, For this I have preserved thee," added, and continued, "Such are my curees;—"

"You might try it, if you like, Mr. Earn-

"But I do not think such a practice is necessary."

"I am not troubled by it," returned Earn-shaw. "We are wont here, in one sense, to bear and r; but, in another, to do and to enjoy. The day has its evening of repose; even patient in its alleviation, where there is a con- sense of duty discharged."

"Your marriage is the most fortunate event in the world, and when you remember that I saw you at the time of your distress, it will afford you no reason to regret the hour when you were rescued and restored to your friends."

"I am not surprised at this; I have been accustomed to such occurrences, and I know that all is for the best."

"Yes; this is the first time you have crossed my waking eyes, but I have seen you in my dreams."

"Ay, Isabel Vere. What hast thou, or thine, to do with my waking thoughts?"

"Your waking thoughts, sir," said the second of Miss Vere's companions, with a sort of mock gravity.

"I am free, indeed, to indulge my fancies, and to form designs; he should lack no means of vice at all; he should be the centre of a whirlpool—"

"I would rather that you should not suffer the slightest injury, but that you should be protected by the utmost care."

"Lord bless us!" said the lady, "he's a pro- phetic enough."

"As sure as," continued the Recluse, "as thou art a woman—A woman!—I should have said a lady—"

"Yes, it is simple one; an endless chase through life after folly wins not worth watching, and, when caught, succeeds through a secret throw of the chase, pursued from the days of tottering infancy to those of old age upon his crutches. Toys and merry-making in childhood—love and its absurdities in youth—are words in aged age, shall succeed each other as objects of general interest."

"It is no wonder," he said to himself, "that with such extent of information, such a mode of life, so uncooth a figure, and sentiments so virulently misanthropic, this unfortunate should be regarded by the vulgar as in league with the Enemy of Mankind."

CHAPTER V.

The blackest rock upon the loneliest heath
Puts, in its barrenness, some touch of spring;
And, in the April dew, of May;
Its moss and lichen fresher and review;
And thus the heart, most sad to human pleasures,
Nods at the tear, joy in the smile, of woman.

As the season advanced, the weather became more sultry, and the Recluse was more frequently found occupying the broad flat stone in the front of his mansion. As he sat there one day, about the hour of noon, a party of gentlemen and ladies, well mounted, and numerous in appearance, were passing at some distance from his dwelling. Dogs, hawks, and led-horses, swelled the retinue, and the air resounded at intervals with the onrushing of the hunters, the whoop of the huntsman, and the voices of the attendants. The Recluse was about to retire into his mansion at the sight of a train so joyous, when three young ladies, with their attendants, who had made a circuit, and detached themselves from their party, in order to gratify their curiosity by a sight of the Wine Wagon of Muckleston-Moor, came suddenly up, ere he could effect his purpose. The first shrieked, and put her hands before her face at sight of an object so unus-ually deformed. The second, with a hysteric giggle, which she intended should disguise her terror, asked the Recluse, whether he could tell their fortune. The third, who was best mounted, bear dressed, and incomparably the best-looking of the three, advanced, as if to cover the incivility of her companions.

"We have lost the right path that leads through these morasses, and our party have gone forward without us," said the young lady. "Seeing you, father, at the door of your house, we have turned this way—"

"Hush!" interrupted the Dwarf; "so young, and already so artful? You came—you knew you came, to exult in the consciousness of your own youth, wealth, and beauty, by contrasting them with age, poverty, and deformity. It is a fit employment at the daugher of your father; but O how unlike the child of your mother!"

"Did you, then, know my parents, and do you know me?"

"Yes; this is the first time you have crossed my waking eyes, but I have seen you in my dreams."

"Your dreams?"

"Ay, Isabel Vere. What hast thou, or thine, to do with my waking thoughts?"

"Your waking thoughts, sir," said the second of Miss Vere's companions, with a sort of mock gravity.

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TALES OF MY

LANDLORD.

[CHA. V.

—flowers and butterflies in spring—butterflies and
thistle-down in summer—withered leaves in autumn
and hoarded money in winter; all thing inside.

Stand apart; your fortune is said.

"All caught, however," retorted the laughing fair
one, who was a cousin of Miss Vere's; "that's
sounded with!"

"But you, the Southerner, can neither be
bothered nor sold," and he pushed back her professed
offering with moral disdain.

"Well, then," said the lady, "I will keep my money,
Mr. McAndrew, to assist me in the chase I am to
pursue."

"You will need it," replied the cynic; "without
it, few pursue successfully, and fewer are themselves
pursued. Experience teaches me in your hour of adversity,
you are old; you are poor; your grudge is far
from human, were you ill, or in want; your situa-
tion in many respects exposes you to the suspicions
of the world, which are apt to break out into ac-
tions of brutality. Let me think I have minded the
lot of one human being! Accept of such assistance
as I have power to offer; do this for my sake, if not
for your own, that when these evils arise, which you
promise, perhaps is too true, I may have letters to read
that the hours of my happier time have been passed
altogether in vain."

The old man answered with a broken voice, and
smiling without addressing himself to the young
lad.

"Yes, 'tis thus you should think—'tis thus you
should speak, if ever human speech and thought
are harmonious.

They bade me stay; they bade me come; they bade me
—Alas! they cannot. And yet—wait here an instant—
but not till my return." He went to his little gar-
den, and returned with a half-blown rose.

"This was made me shed a tear, the first which has
wet my eyelids for many a year; for that good deed re-
ceive this token of gratitude. It is but a common
rose; preserve it, however, and do not part with it.
"Come to my chamber; look me in the face, and
show me that now, or but one leaf of it, were it withered
as my heart is—if it should be in my heart and
darest movements of rage against a hateful world, still it
will recall recollected thoughts to my bosom, and perhaps
afford happier prospects to thine. But no message," he
exclaimed, rising into his usual mood of misan-
thropy,—no message—go between! Come thyself,
and the heart and the door that are shut against
every other earthly being, shall open to thee and to
thy sorrow. And now pass on."

He let go the bridle-reins, and the young lady rode
on, her fair curls and graceful being as well as her surprise at the extraordinary nature of his address would permit, often turning back to look at the Dwarf, who still remained at the door of his
habitation, and watched her pass out the way through
which her father's coach of Ellesburgh, until the
crow of the hill hid the party from his sight.

The ladies, meantime, jostled with Miss Vere
on the strange interview they had just had with the
far-famed Wizard of the Moor. "Imbella has all the
day at home and abroad! Her hawk strikes down
the blacker with a chance for her companions and
kinwomen; even the conjurer cannot escape the force of
her charms. You should, in compassion, cease to be
such an enemy, and cause the jemmery to open your
shop, and sell off all the goods you do not mean to
keep for your own use."

"You shall have them all," replied Miss Vere," and the conjurer to boot, at a very easy rate."

"No! Nancy shall have the conjurer," said Miss
Ilderton, "to supply deficiencies; she's not quite
with herself, you know."

"I have" answered the younger Miss Ilderton,
"what could I do with so frightful a monster? I
rept my eyes shut, after one glancing at him; and,
I protest, I thought I saw him still, though I
winked as long as I could, but must open them
again, that I need not be afraid."

"That's a pity," said her sister; "ever while you
live, Nancy, choose an admirer whose faults can be
hid by winking at them. Well, then, I must take
him myself, and put him into mamma's dressing-
cabinet, in order to show that Scotland can produce
a specimen of mortal clay moulded into a form
ten thousand times rarer than the imaginations of
Car

...and the pictures that he is possessed of, expose him to plunder and assassination by some of our unsettled
neighbours?"

"But you forget that they say he is a warlock," said
Nancy Ilderton.

"And, if his magic disbelieved should fail him," re-
joined her sister, "I would have him trust to his
natural, and thrust his enormous head, and most per-
vasive smell, into his door or window, full in
view of the assailants. The boldest robber that ever
rode would hardly bare a second glance of him.
"Well, I wish I had the use of that Gorgon head of his for only a single hour."

"For what purpose, Lucy?" said Miss Vere.

"Oh! I would frighten out of the castle that dark,
stif, and stately Sir Frederick Langley, that is so
great a favourite with your bonne suggesting
favourite of yours. I protest I shall be obliged to the
Wizard as long as I live, if it were only for the half
hour relief from that man's company which we
have gained by our present engagement; a quarter of
hour, Miss Vere, a new tone, so as not to be heard by the younger sister, who roves before them, the narrow path not admitting of their moving all alone abreast. What would you
say, my dearest Lucy, if it were proposed to you to
endure his company for life?"

"Say? I would say, No, no, no, three times, each
louder than another, till they should hear me at Car
isle."

"And Sir Frederick, would say then, nineteen
ay-says are half a grant."

"Then, and then, Miss Lucy, "depends entirely on
the manner in which the nay-says are said. Miss
should have not one grain of concession in them, I
promise you."

"But if your father, said Miss Vere, "were to say—
Thus do, or—"

"I would stand to the consequences of his word, yet
the most cruel father that ever was recorded in
history, would not act thus cruelly."

"And what if he threatened you with a catholic
saint, an uncle, and a clodder?"

"Then," said Miss Ilderton, "I would threaten him
with a fourteen-year-old son, who, I am glad of an
opportunity to dissuade him for conscientious and
southerly reasons."

Now that Nancy is out of hearing, I'm really easy.
I think I would be交通安全 before God and

...for resisting this precipitous motion by every

wax.
in your power. A proud, dark, ambitious man; a caballer against the state; infamous for his avarice and severity; a bad son, a bad brother, unkind and ungrateful to all who are dear to him—Isabella, I would die rather than have him.

"Don't let my father hear you give me such advice," said Miss Vere, "or advise, my dear Lucy, to Eielslow-Castle."

"And adieu to Eielslow-Castle, with all my heart," said her friend, "for I once saw you fairly out of it, and settled under some kinder protector than he who now holds the master's place. Poor father, not only had been in his former health, how gladly would we have received and sheltered you, till this ridiculous and cruel persecution were blown over?"

"Yes; but I had been so, my dear Lucy!" answered Isabella: "but I fear nothing of your father's weak state of health, he would be altogether unable to protect me against the means which would be immediately used for the disabling the poor fugitive."

"For so indeed," replied Miss Isabella; "but we will consider and devise something. Now that your father and his guests seem so deeply engaged in some mysterious plot, to judge from the passing and returning of that order of steps, I have pressed serious charges, which appear and disappear without being announced by their names, from the collecting and cleaning of arms, and the anxious grom and bustle which seem to agitate the very soul of our household. I know nothing of your own, and there is one associate that I would gladly admit to our counsel."

"Not Nancy?"

"No, no!" said Miss Isardon; "Nancy, though an excellent woman, and fondly attached to you, would make a dull conspirator—as dull as Renault and all the other subordinate plotters in Yenice Preserved. No; this is Jaffier, or Pierre, if you like the character."

"I am afraid to mention his name to you, lest I vex you at the same time. Can you not guess? Something about a castle and a rock—it does not begin with English, but something very like it in Scotch."

"You cannot mean young Earnacliff, Lucy?" said Miss Vere, blushing deeply.

"And whom else should I mean?" said Lucy. "Jaffiers and Pierres are very scarce in this country, I take it, though one could find Renault and Bedmara now."

"But you talk so wildly, Lucy? Your plays and romances have positively turned your brain. You know, that, independent of my father's consent, without which I never will marry any one, and which, in the case you point at, would never be granted; independent, too, of our knowing nothing of young Earnacliff's inclinations, but by your own wild conjectures and fancies—besides all this, there is the fatal brawl!"

"When his father was killed!" said Lucy. "But that was a very long way ago, and I hope we have outlived the time of bloody feud. When a quarrel was carried down between two families from father to son, like a Spanish game at chess, and a murder or two committed in the same painted scene; or rather, a piece from Shakespeare, had one burnt and the other half burnt, had a sinister expression of violence, impudence, and cunning, each of which seemed alternately to predominate over the other. Sandy-haired hair, one eye with a fierce look, and the other with a look that looked for his sharp gray eyes, completed the inauspicious outline of the horseman's physiognomy. He had pistols in his holsters, and another pair perched from his belt, though he had taken some pains to conceal them by buttoning his doublet. He wore a rusted steel head-piece; a buff jacket of rather an antique cast; gloves, of which that for the right hand was covered with small scales of iron, like an ancient gauntlet, and a long broadsword completed his equipage."

"So, said the Dwarf, "rape and murder once more on horseback!"

"On horseback?" said the bandit; "ah, ay, Elias, your leech-craft has set me on the bonny bay again."

"And all those promises of amendment which you made during your illness forgotten?" continued El Shender.

"All clear away, with the water-saps and panzacs, returned the unabashed convalescent. 'Ye ken, Elias, for they say ye are weel acquaint wae the gentleman...

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be.

"When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

"Thou sayst true, said the Dwarf, "as well divided a word between a woman for carnage, or a tavern lass from her scent of slaughter, as thee from thy accursed propensities."
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"Why, what would you have me to do? It's born with me—lies in my very hound and bone. Why, man, the hounds of the land, they are hunted, too; have been rovers and hangers. They have all drunk hard, lived high, taking deep revenge for light offence, and never went near for the wounding," said the Dwarf, "as ever I saw a lamb-at-foot at night."

"What hell's round art thou bound now?"

"Can your sight not guess?"

"I'll tell you, said the Dwarf, "that thy purpose has this day failed, and worse will be the issue; now worst of all."

"And you like me the better for it, Father Elsie, and Westburnhurst, and you said you would--"

"I have said as much as I shall," answered the Solitary, "that are guests to their fellow-creatures, and thou art a bloody one."

"No--say not guilty to that—never blunder unless there's resistance, and that sets a man's bristles up, yea, ken. And this is no great matter, after a; just to cut the comb of a young cock that has been crowing a little over cressly."

"Not young Earnsliff," said the Solitary, with some emotion.

"No; not young Earnsliff—not young Earnsliff yet; but his time may come, if he will not take that Westburnhurst-town that he's fit for, and no keep skulking about here, destroying the few deer that are left in the country, and prancing to act as a magistrate, and writing letters to the droll folk about the slight and turfed state of the land. Let him take care o' himself."

"Then it must be Hobbie of the Hugh-foot," said Elsie.

"What harm has the lad done you?"

"I'm one man, got no greater harm; but he hear he says I said away from the Baipiel on Foston's Fien, for fear of him; and it was only for fear of the Country Korper, for there was a warrant against me. I'll stand and die here, but it's not a fit place for so much as that, to give him a lesson not to let his tongue gallop over freely about his betters. I know he has lost the best pen-feather of his wing before to-morrow morning. Farewell, Elsie; there's some canny boys waiting for me down among the shaws, overby; I will see you as I come back, and bring ye a blithie tale in return for your leech-craft."

To this, the Dwarf could collect himself to reply, the Reverend of Westburn flat set his horses to the animal, starting at one of the stones which lay scattered about, flew from the path. The rider exercised his supposed authority. The horse became furious, reared, kicked, plunged, and bolted like a deer, with all his four feet off the ground at once. It was in vain; the unrelenting rider sat as if he were the horse's master; and, after a short but furious contest, compelled the subdued animal to proceed upon the path at a rate which soon carried him out of sight of the Solitary.

"That villain," exclaimed the Dwarf,—"that cool-blooded, hard-hearted, unrelenting ruffian,—that wretch, whose every thought is infected with crimes,—has thrones and awnings, limbs, strength, and activity enough, to compel a nobler animal than himself to carry him to the place where he is to perpetuate his wickeder with—! I had, I had the weakness to wish to see my white hand upon his brow, but frustrated by the decrepitude which chains me to the spot.—Why should I wish it otherwise? What have my seerch-owl voice, my hideous form, and my mis-shaped features, to do with the fairer workmanship of nature? Do not men receive even my benefits with shrinking horror and ill-suppressed disgust? And why should I interest myself in a race which produces an outlaw, and which has treated me as such? 'No; by all the ingratitude which I have repaid—and all the wrongs which I have sustained—by my imprisonment, my exile, my deformed, my tyrannical, rebel shapes of humanity! I will not be the fool, nor have been, to swerve from my principles whenever there has been an appeal, a forth, to my feelings; as if I, too, were whom none show sympathy, ought to have sympathy with any one. Let despair her caged ear through the over-weighed mass of humanity; let her throw this decrepit form, this misshapen mortality, under her wheels, that the Wised, the Hunch-back, may save for some far form the same some-born, some-bred wolf," said the Dwarf, "as ever I saw a lamb-at-foot at night."

CHAPTER VII.

Proud bird of the mountain, shy, lone she!

Return to fly dwelling; all lonely, return.

And a wild mother scream o'er her destined

The night continued sullen and stormy, as far as refreshed by the coolness of the Palestinian Moors, with its broad black expanse, interspersed with marshy ground, seemed to smile under the solemn stars, which, as good-humour spread the visible charm over the placid human

The heath was in its thickest and densest, the bees, which the Solitary had heard in the evening at the corner of the path, filled the air with the murmurs of their old man, crooked by the little hill, went up to him, and hissed his dusk for the vegetables with which he was from his garden. "You, at least, he's best, see no difference in form which

feet, one even to a benefactor—to you, the feet even, even in their devoutness, with such hardness of heart, that they do hypothesise, even thank the Deity himself sun and pure air!"

As he was plunged in these glooms, he heard the tramp of a horse at the enclosure, and a strong soft voice the liveliness inspired by a light heart.

Canny Hobbie Elliot, canny Hobbie av.

Canny Hobbie Elliot, I've gone along.

At the same moment, a large dog sprang o'er the hither side of the fence. It was the sportmen in these wilds, that the dogs scent of the game, a train of the usual objects of chase, that the huntsman will sometimes fly upon them. The dog instantly pulled down and throttled one of the geese, while the Dwarf, who jumped from his horse for the purpose, to extricate the harmless animal from the affright until it was expiring. The D
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THE BLACK DWARF

x, until the poor goat stretched out her limbs a while, and shivering fit of the last agony.

I started into an excess of frenzy, and un- napped a sharp knife, or dagger, which he had, and laid it down. I then observed that I had no more than one eye, and this, ten. Hobbie, perceiving his purpose, interposed, and held of his hand, exclaining, "Let 2 be- on, lie—he be the hound!—Na, na, Kill-

Daw turned his rage on the young farmer: a sudden effort, far more powerful than expected from such a person, freed his wrist in a moment, and he drew his dagger at his heart. The weapon was done in the twinkling of an eye, and the d of Reclusé might have completed his ven- tilating the weapon in Elliot's bosom, not been checked by an internal impulse which I hurried to the distance.

"He exclaimed, as though voluntarily de- tained to the means of gratifying his rage: and 5, I took a step or two in great surprise, out, and disdain, at having been placed in danger by an object apparently so contemptible.

"The reason, a dog and mattock, were the first words that escaped him, which waded up with an apology for the accident that had taken place, to their dis- ease, and I am sorry to say to you, that I love this, that I, the worst, should have occurred; but I'll send you two for a few hours, man, to make a straight A man like you shouldn't bear malice a poor excuse for a thing: ye see that a goat's like asset in a deer, saw he act but according to reason after a.

"Had it been a pet lamb, there's a bairn to be said. Ye sild keep sheep, and no goats, where there's any decent- about—it'll be sent ye ha'

"such!" said the Hermit, "your cruelty has de- done of the only creatures in existence that could lend kindness or affection.

"Sir Elshie," answered Hobbie, "I'm wae ye to say no; I'm sure it wasn't a my bairn, yet, it's true, I should have minded your man coupled up the dogs. I'm sure I would have had them warmed the prettiest weather in me—Come, man, forget and forgive. I'm not a ye can be—But I am a bridgemoor, ye see, at what I say, and at length broke forth—"Na- ness! its is indeed in the unusual beaten path of the strong gripe and throat; the awe and despise; the happy those (as) enough to think themselves very may be misery and diminish the consolation of the mind—Gu hence, thou hast contrived to add additional part to the most miserable of hu- nters—thou who hast depraved me of what I considered as the source of comfort. Go hence, by the happiness prepared thee for at home!"

"War stir," said Hobbie, "if I wadna take you my master—" and he was diverting to be bridled on Monday. There will be a hundred ag Elliott's to ride the bronze—the like's no and the days of midn and the provin- "She," the said the Black Dwarf, with deep disgust.

"I've heard Hobbie, 'nae siccan com- neither; the Elliotts have been long keng a gentle

"Hence be gone!" reiterated the Dwarf; "may the same evil luck attend thee that thou hast left be- behind with me! If I go not with you myself, see if you can escape what my attendants, Wrath and Mer- the words are spoken as mugling ill to me and mine—now, if any mischance happen to Grace, which God forbid, or to myself, or to the poor dumb tyke; or if I am shakina and am put in body, gudes, or gear, I'll not forget what it is I'm obliging thee to do theret.

"Out, hind!" exclaimed the Dwarf; "home! home to your dwelling, and think on me when you find what has befallen there.

"Aweel, so be it," said Hobbie, mounting his horse; "it serves nothing to strive w' cripplings,—they are aye cankered, but I'll just tell ye ae thing, neighbour, that if things be otherwise weel wi' Grace she's the most scroucher if there be a tar- barred in the five parishes.

So saying, he rode off; and Elshie, after looking at him with a scornful and indignant look, took some steps from him himself in digging a grave for his deceased favourite.

A low whistle, and the words, "Hieh, Elshie, hieh!" disturbed him in this melancholy occupation. He looked up, and saw that the Westburnfat was before him. Like Banquo's murderèd soul, Blood clung to his face, as well as upon the rowsels of his spurs and the sides of his over-ridden horse.

"How now, ruffian?" demanded the Dwarf, "is thy job chared?"

"Ay, ay, doubt not that, Elshie," answered the freebooter; "when I ride, my face may mean. They have had mair light than comfort at the Brough-foot this morning; there's a true byre and a wide, and a wail and a cry for the bonny bride.

"The bride?"

"Ay; Charlie Cheats-the-Woodie, as we ca' him; that's Charlie Foster of Tinning Beck, has promised to keep her in Cumberland till the blast blow by. She saw me, and kend me in the spore, for the mask fell free my face for a blink. I am thinking it wad come better my safety if she were to come back here, for there's mony o' the Elliotts, and they band weel the- gither for right or wrong. Now, what I chiefly come to ask your rede in, is how to make her sure!"

"Wouldst thou murder her?"

"Ump! no, no; that I would not do, if I could help it. But they say they can whiles get folk canny away to the plantations from some of the out- landers they have been to boot the bonny wenches. They're wanted beyond seas by female cattle, and there is none to spare here. But I think of doing better for this lassie. There's a kiddy, that, unless she be the better born, is to be sent to foreign parts whether she will or no; now, I think of sending Grace to wait on her—she's a bonny lassie. Hobbie will hae a merry morning when he comes home, and me my birth and gear.

"Ay; and do you not pity him?" said the Reclusé.

"Wad he pity me were I grasping up the Castle hill at Jeddart? And yet I me something for the bit of nisiness; but he'll get another, and little skitln during the same is as good as another. And now, you that like to hear o' spures, hear ye ever o' a better aye than I have had this morning?"

"Air, ocean, and fire," said the Dwarf, speaking to himself, "the earthquake, the tempest, the volcano, are all mild and moderate, compared to the wrath of man. And what is this fellow, but one more- skilled of his kind and the rest?—Hear me, fagon, go again where I before sent thee."

"To the Steward?"

"Ay; and tell him, Elshie, the Reclusé commands him to give the gold. But, hear me, let the maiden be discharged free and uninjured, return her to her friends, and let her swear not to discover thy villany."

"Swear!" said Westburnfat; "but what if she

* The place of execution at that ancient height, where many of Westburnfat's profession have made their final end."

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stocked with cattle, all the wealth of an upland "ev-
ator of the period, of which poor Eilott possessed.

"I don't know what it is," thought the author idly, "I
wonder if the gold could have been carried for a
single night. He stood a moment motionless, and
then exclaimed, "I am ruined—ruined to the ground!"

"But curse on the world's great!—Had it not been
the pitiful episode of the abandoned bride—but I
will keep up a heart, or they will lose them a
therigence.

"Manfully strode Hobbie down the hill, resolu-
to suppress his own despair, and neither show his
motion, which never was a temperament of misfortune. Ere he
reached the top of the bank from which he could look
down on his own habitation, he was met by his nurse,
a goodly, middle-aged woman, all familiar shuffling
in Scotland, whether of the higher or middling classes.
The connexion between them and their foster-children
was considered a tie far too dearly intimate to be
broken, and it usually happened, in the course of
years, that the nurse became a resident in the family
of her foster daughter, assisting in the domestic duties,
and receiving all marks of attention and regard from
the family. So soon as Hobbie recognised the figure of
Anneke, in her red cloak and black head, he could not
help exclaiming to himself, "What ill luck has brought the
tired nurse so far from home, that never sires a gun-shot frea
the door-step for ordinary?—Hunt, it will just be to get
blueberries, or whortleberries, or some such stuff
out of the moss, to make the pies and tarts for the
foster home. I cannot get the words of that
canker-nursle, natty dailie-buckie o' me head—
the least thing makes me dread some ill news.—O,
killuckie, man! was there nae dear and goats in the
curtain?—Ah, I'll be no there without the threeling
be brought to gang and worry his creature, by a
other folk's"?

By this time Anneke, with a braw like a tragic
volcanic, had hobbled towards him, and caught his
hand in hers. As they were walking, her look was so
evident as to deprive even him of the power of asking
the cause. "O my bairn!" she cried, "gang on for-
ward—gang on forward—it's a sight to kill any body,
but slane there, "

"In God's name, what's the matter?" said the
noted horseman, endeavouring to extract his
crib from the grasp of the old woman; "for Heav'n's
sake, let me see and see what's the matter."

"Oh! that I should have lived to see the day!—
This stealing a' in a low, and the bonny stack-yard
lying in the red-ashes, and the gear a' driven away.
Gang on forward; it was break your young heart, to see what my muckle cen has seen this
morning."

"And who has dared to do this? let me go braidle,
Anneke—where is my grandmother—my sisters—
Ah! is it Grace Armstrong?—God! the words of the
warlock are knelling in my ears!"

"Sprang from his horse to ride himself of Amma-
cock's interruption, and, ascending the hill with great
speed, he could see the smoke of the village with which
he had threatened him. It was indeed a heartbreak-

ing sight. The habitation which he had left in its
ruins—seized the mountain-stream, surrounded
with the boulders of rustling wood, was now a
wasted and blackened ruin. From amongst the
shattered and sable walls the smoke continued to
rise. The turf-stack, the barn-yard, the offices

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[CHAP. VII]
bottom of the hill, pushed on through the crowd, unable, from the tumultuous scene, to feel his motions, to do more than receive and return the grasps of the friendly hands by which his neighbours and kinsmen anxiety expressed their sympathy in his misfortune. With the aid of Tonio of Hackburn's hand, his anxiety at length found words. "Thank ye, Simon — thank ye, neighbours — I ken what ye wad a' say. But where are they? — Where are ye? —" He stopped, and turned hastily towards the hut into which Hobbie precipitated himself with the desperate air of one who is resolved to use the least possible show. A general and powerful expression of sympathy accompanied him. "Ah, puir fellow — puir Hobbie!"

"He'll learn the worst o' it now!"

"He'll learn the worst o' it now!"

"He'll learn the worst o' it now!"

"Hearnirsch will get some speerings o' the puir lassie!"

Such were the exclamations of the group, who, having no acknowledged leader to direct their motions, were afraid to allow their caresses to allay the sobs of one who might be brought to prevent the distinction of the absence of one yet more beloved.

"God help thee, my son! He can help when worldly trust is a broken reed. — Such was the welcome of his waver! Unhappily, his look eagerly round, holding two of his sisters by the hand, while the third hung about his neck. — D'ye see, I count you — my grandmother, Lilias, Jean, and the youngest, but what ye call the hesitates, and then continued as if with an effort, where is Grace? Ee surely this is not a time to hide herself, for true friends are not in need of a time for daffing now."

"O, brother! And, "Our pour Grace!" was the only answer his questions could procure, till his grandmother rose up, and gently disengaged him from the weeping girls, led him to a seat, and with the assistance of his sisters, held him in her arms. "The potato was plucked, and sprinkled on the waves, can throw over the most acute feelings, she said. "My bairn, when thy grand-father was killed in the wars, and left me with six orphans around me, with scarce bread to eat, or a roof to cover us, I had strength — not of mine own — but I had strength given me to say, The Lord's will be done! — My son, our peaceful house was last night in the hands of the devil and murder — and we have taken and destroyed all, and carried off our dear Grace! Pray for strength to say will be done!"

"Oh my mother! urge me not — I cannot — not now — I am a sinful man, and of a hardened heart. Masked — armed — Grace carried off!" Gie me my sword, and my father's kempack — I will have vengeance!

"O my bairn, my bairn! be patient under the rod. Who knows when he may lift his hand off us? Young Earnirsch, Heaven bless him, has taken the chase, with Davie of Stenhouse, and the first comer. I tried to let house and plundering house, and follow the revilers to recover Grace, and Earnirsch and his men were over the Fell within three hours after the devil took him! he's not Earnirsch, he's his father's true son, true friend."

"A true friend indeed; God bless him!" exclaimed Hobbie; "let's on and away, and take the chase after him."

"O, my child, before you run on danger, let me hear you but say, His will be done!"

"Urge me not, mother — not now. He was rushing out, when, looking back, he observed his grand- father at the door of his cottage. He turned hastily, threw himself into her arms, and said, "Yes, mother, I can say, His will be done, since it will comfort you."

"My dear brother! He go forth with you, my dear bairn; and, O, may He give you courage to say on your return, His name be praised!"

"Farewell, mother! farewell, my dear sisters!" exclaimed Eilidh, and rushed out of the house.

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**CHAPTER VIII.**

Now howre and battick, cried the Land, — Now howre and battick, round and battick.

They that winna ride for Trifer's kye, Let them never look in the face o' me.

**Horse! horse! and spear!** exclaimed Hobbie to his kinsman. Many a ready foot was in the stirrup; and, while Elliot hastily collected arms and accoutrements, the gates opened, and the blacksmiths of Home resounded with the approbation of his younger friends.

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed Simon of Hackburn, that's the gate to take it, Hobbie. Let women sit and greet their sons; such must they be done by; it's the Scripture says!"

"Haud your tongue, sir," said one of the senior, sternly; "dinnna abuse the Word that gie ye dinna kent what it means!" said Simon; "if ye canna make theuther yours, dinnna keep back them that can."

"Whistle, sir; was ye take vengeance or ye ken who has worn ye out?" Yest." D'ye think we dinna ken the road to England as well as our fathers before us? — All evil comes out o' the way it's aye said aye, and we'll e'en aye say aye, if the devil was blowing us south.

"We'll follow the track o' Earnirsch's horses over the waste, cried one Elliot."

"I'll pick them out through the blindest moor in the Border, an the day be a fair held there the day before Christmas, the blacksmiths of Hengeburn, for I aye shoe his horse wi' my ain hand."

"Lay on the deer-hounds," cried another; "where are they?"

"Joust, man, the sun's been lang up, and the dew is aff the ground — the scent will never lie."

Hobbie instantly whistled on his hounds, which were ranging about the ruins of their old habitation, and filling with a memory, like the sound of the bell, the sleepless, the voice of the blacksmiths of Hengeburn, "for, I aye shoe his horse wi' my ain hand."

"Now, Killbuck," said Hobbie; "try thy skill this day — and then, as if a light had suddenly broke on him, "—that ill-faured goblin spak someth o' this! He's ken mer o', either by villains on earth, or devils below — I'll hae it true him, if I should cut it out o' his mis-shapen bokk wi' my whinger."

He then hastily gave directions to his comrades; "Four devils to ye, ye, wi' bus, ye — the devil's too fast for Grammogap. If they're English, they'll be for being back that way. The rest disperse by twosome and thresher through the waste, and meet me at the Trysting-pool. Tell my boy — be as fast as they can — and meet me there. Poor lads, they will have hearts ween-might as sair as mine; little think they what a sorrowful house they are bringing their venison to! I'll ride ower Muckle's hill, for myself."

"And if I were you," said Dick of the Dingle, "I would speak to Canny Elsie. He can tell you whatsoever besides in this land, if he's sae minded."

"He shall tell me," said Hobbie, who was busy putting his arms in order, "what he kens o' this night's job, or I shall right well ken wherfore he does not.

"And speak him fair, my bonny man — speak him fair, Hobbie; the like o' him will no bear thrashing. They converse, sue,muckle wi' thri' fraticious gaunts and evil spirits, that it clean spoils their tempers."

"Let me alane to guide him," answered House; "there's that in my breast this day, that would over-muster a' the warlocks on earth, and a' the devils in hell."

And being now fully equipped, he threw himself on his horse, and spurred him at a rapid pace against the steep ascent. Elliot speedily surrounded the hill, rode down the other side of the same rate, crossed a wood, and traversed a long glen, ere he at length regained Mucklestone-Moor. As he was obliged, in the course of his journey, to relax his speed in consideration of the labour which his horse might have to undergo.
ne had time to consider maturely in what manner he should act, in order to extract from him the knowledge which he supposed him to be in possession of, concerning the authors of his misfortunes. Hobbie, though blunt, plain of speech, and hot of disposition, like most of his countrymen by a certain defectiveness in the dangerous which is also their characteristic. He reflected, that from what he had observed on the memorable night when the Dwarf was first seen, and from the conduct of that mysterious being ever since, he was likely to be rendered even more obstatant in his sullenness by threats and violence.

"I'll speak him fair," he said, "as said Dickon above me. Though folk say he has a league with Satan, him can he see an intimate devil as no to take some pity in a case like mine; and folk throw he'll whiles do good, charitable sort of things. I'll keep my heart dry as I can, and I'll strike him with the hair; and if the wart come to the wart, it's but wringing the head o' him about at last."

In this disposition of accommodation he approached the heart of the Subterranean. The old man was not upon his seat of audience, nor could Hobbie perceive him in his garden, or enclosure.

"He's gotten into his very keep," said Hobbie, "maybe out o' the gate; but I'll pu' it doun about his hags, if I canna win at him otherwise.

"Having thus communed with himself, he raised his voice. "Elshie, me dear Elshie!" he cried in an invitation as supposing his conflicting feelings would permit. "Elshie, my guide friend!" Not reply. "Elshie, canny Faither Elshie!" The Dwarf remained mute. Sorrel, the dog, was in the road as the Booked wereaper, with the dread between his teeth; and then again attempting a soothing tone,—"Good Faither Elshie, a most miserable creature desires some counsel of your wisdom."

"Oh, I'll tell ye that, and disguise your voice of the Dwarf through a very small window, resembling an arrow-slit, which he had constructed near the door of his dwelling, and through which he could see any one who approached it, without the possibility of their knowing so.

"What's the matter!" said Hobbie impatiently; "what is the better, Elshie? Do you not hear me tell you I am the most miserable wretched living!"

"And of a fact, you tell me tell you it is so much the better?" said Hobbie impatiently; "what is the matter, Elshie? Do you not hear me tell you I am the most miserable wretched living!"

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"Ye may have lost all this," answered Hobbie, in the bitterness of emotion; "land and friends, goods and gear; ye may hae lost them all—but ye ne'er can lose heart as mine, for ye ne'er lost heart Grace Armstrong. And now my last hopes are gone, and I shall ne'er see her mair."

"This he said in the tone of deepest emotion—and that he had not followed for his name had overwhelmed the more angry and irritable feelings of poor Hobbie. Ere he had again addressed the Solitary, the bony hand and long fingers of the great leathern bag, was thrust forth at the small window, as it unclutched the burden, and let it drop with a clang upon the ground, his harsh voice again addressed Elshie.

"Three—there lies a salve for every human woe."

at least, each human wretch readily thinks. Return twixt two of naught is the first step of the day, and torment me no more with great平原, or thrones: they are alike absurd."

"It is a gowd, by Heaven!" said Elshie, glancing at the mast of the craft, and then the Hermit. "Muckle obliged for your and I wad blithely gie you a bond for a siller, or a wind's ower the lands o' Wye I didna ken, Elshie; to be free wi' you, I to use siller unless I kend it was deca-the and maybe it might turn into sels-stanes some poor man."

"Ignorant idiot!" scouted the Dwarf, it as common poison as ever was dug bowels of the earth. Take it-use it, a with you as it hath done with me!"

"But I tell you," said Elshie, "it was near the yard, doubtless, and thirty head of more were on this side of the Catrail—but gang, if ye could but gie me a theatre! I would be your alter ego, and in that thing that didna touch my salvation, speak, man, speak.

"Well then," answered the Dwarf, as by his importance, "since then has so woe of thine own, but must needs set thyself with those of a partner, such her hast lost in the Wye."

"In the Wye? That's a wide world."

"It is the last," said the Dwarf, "wh to utter;" and he drew the shutters of leaving Hobbie to make the most of the seven.

The west! the thought of the west! it is pretty quiet down that way, until the Todesole and he's owner and now可怜的Wye.Why is life, it is

"Elshie, just tell me what you right? Is it Westburn hall? If I am you wadna like to write an innocent negligence-No answer! It must be the Red didn't think he would have ventured to sae many kin as there's o' us—I am the have some better backing than his Cumbri-Farewell to you, Elshie, and mony downs was fasht at the slend, I've nae awa' to meet my friends at the Tryning, if ye carenae to open the window, ye can after I'm awa'."

Still there was no reply.

"He's dead, or he's daft, or he's haid nae time to stay to clawn w' him."

And off rode Hobbie Elshie towards the rendezvous which he had named after. Four or five riders were already at the Tryning-pool. They stood in close concert, while their horses were permit among the paplars which overviewing the pool. A more numerous party were from the southward. It proved to be Fa's party who had followed the track of so far as the English border, but had halted, some information that a considerable force was under some of the Jacobite gentlemen there; and there were tidings of insurrection parts of Scotland, from which which had been perpetrated the apparent animosity, or love of plunder; and the new was disposed to regard it as a symptom. The young gentleman greeted Hobbie with sincere sympathy, and informed him of some which had received.

"Then, may I never stir free the b, as if dull, Bucklow is nomination at the bottom villain! Ye see he's learned to hate the Catholics; and that agrees well with hinted about Westburn, for Fillick gave him, and he wan't be happy to betray and country about his aim and hands he had.

Some now remembered that the party who had been heard to say they were seeing

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TALES OF MY LANDLORD.
Westburnflat boast, in drinking parties, w would soon be in arms for the Jacob- and that he himself was to hold a corn- him, and that they would be bad neigh- dren with it. The resistance of the people- ed government. The result was a strong Westburnflat had headed the party under its- and they resolved to proceed in- selves. There was no peace among the peo- They were by this time joined by their disper friends, that their number up to the number of twenty horsemen, well led, but, without seriously, which issued from a narrow glen among the trees at Westburnflat, upon the open- which, expanding about a half mile a- given name to the spot. In this trial of the strength of parties, it was evident that the owner of the tower of Westburnflat, one of the few strongholds formerly so numbers upon the ground upon which it stood was cut by the dining-room, the sparsely of about 86,000, affording an esplanade of name against the immediate neighbour- not, beyond which, the surface steepness and an impassable wall. The owner of the tower and his in- knew the winding and intricate paths, as with an increase of the height of towers and such as assembled under Earnscliff's here was more than one person qualified to serve. For although the owner's charac- ter of life was generally known and regard- ling with respect to property prevented sked on with the assemblage with which he had been regarded in a more civilized coun- try, considered on the strength of a large prettiness as a gambler, cock-fighter, asy would be regarded at the present m, of course, whose habits were to be and his society, in general, avoided, yet on account of the general nature of the owner, he was not un- der any impression of his particular, and as soon placed the whole party on the f arms in front of the Tower of.

CHAPTER IX.

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fences, they were by no means confident in the truth of the old dame's assertion, that she alone composed them. However, she made the best of it, and the land had observed hoof-marks in the track by which they approached the tower, which seemed to indicate that several persons had very lately passed in that direction.

"Mind how you walk through their want of care for means for attacking the place. There was no hope of procuring ladders long enough to reach the battlements, and the windows, besides being very narrow, were sealed with iron bars. Scarcely was therefore out of the question; mining was still more so, for want of tools and jumpers; neither were the besiegers provided with food, means of shelter, or other comfort, the cold and hunger having enabled them to convert the siege into a blockade, and there would, at any rate, have been a risk of relief from some of the marauder's comrades. Hobbie grumbled and gnashed his teeth, as, walking round the fastness, he could devise no means of making a forcible entry."

At length he suddenly exclaimed, "And what for no do as our fathers did lang syne?—Put hand to the work, lads. Let us cut up busies and briers, pile them before the door and set fire to them, and smoke that devil's damn as if she were to be roasted for bacon."

All immediately closed with this proposal, and some cleared with their knives towards the old alder and Hawthorn bushes which grew by the side of the sluggish stream, many of which were sufficiently decayed and dried for their purpose, while others selected them in a belt on the other side of the track, properly disposed for burning, as close to the iron-gate as they could be piled. Fire was speedily obtained from one of their guns, and Hobbie was already advancing to the pool, kindling the wood from the early fagots of the outer door of the timber, and the muzzle of a musqueton, were partially shown at a shot-hole which flanked the entrance. "Mony thanks to ye," he said, accordingly, "for calling me kith and kin for us; lest if ye step a foot nearer wi' that lunt, it be the dearest step ye ever made in your days."

"Well, see what," said Hobbie, advancing for a moment with the torch. The marauder snapped his piece at him, which, fortunately for our honest friend, did not go off; while Earnscliff, firing at the same moment at the narrow aperture and slight mark afforded by the robber's face, grazed the side of his head with a bullet. He had apparently calculated upon his shot affording him more security, for he no sooner felt the wound, than he took a light one, then he hastened a parley and demanded to know what they meant by attacking in this fashion a peaceable and honest man, and shedding his blood in that lawless manner?"

"Nothing," said Earnscliff, "to be delivered up to us in safety."

"And what concern have you with her?" repeated the marauder.

"They" returned Earnscliff, "you, who are detaining her by force, have no right to inquire."

"Awee, I think I can cie a guess," said the robber. "Well, sir, I am laith to enter into deadly feud with you by spilling any of your blood, though Earnscliff has stepped to shed mine—and he can hit a mark to a grain's breadth—so, to prevent mair skait, I am willing to deliver up the prisoner, since nae less will please you."

"And Hobbie's gear?" cried Simon of Hackburn.

"D ye think ye're to be free to plunder the faulds and byres of a gentle Elliot, as if they were an auld wife's linn's ca'we?"

"As I live by bread," replied Willie of Westburnflat. "As I live by bread, I have not a single foot o' them! They're a' over the march lang syne; therefore, I'll see what o' them can be gotten back, and I'll take a day or two days to meet Hobbie at the Castleton wi' twa friends on ilk side, and see to make an again of the wrong we've wyt off me wi'."

"Aye, said Elliot, "that will do very enough."

"And then aside to his kinsman, "Murrain on the gear! I fordsake, man! say nought about them, let us get puir Gracc out o' that auld hellicat's churches."

"Will ye give me your word, Earnscliff," said the marauder, who still lingered at the shot-hole, "your faith and troth? For God's sake, let me free to come and free to gae, with five minutes to open the gate, and five minutes to stick it and to draw the bolts! I'll winna do, for they want craving saith."

"Will ye give me your word?" said Hobbie."

"You shall have full time," said Earnscliff; "I plight my faith and troth, my hand and my glove."

"Wait there a moment, then," said Westburnflat; "or hear ye what? I wad rather ye wad that I was a pistol-shot from the door. It's no that I mistrus your word, Earnscliff; but it's best to be sure."

Q friend, thought Hobbie to himself, as he drew back, and said you on Turnoverhill, and me body by but twa honest lads to see fair play, I wad make ye wish ye had broken your leg ere ye had touched beast or body that belonged to me!"

"He has a white feather in his wing this very Westburnflat, after a," said Simon of Hackburn, somewhat scandalized by his ready surrender."

"He'll ne'er fill his father's boots."

In the meanwhile, the inner door of the tower was opened, and the mother of the freebooter appeared in the space betwixt that and the outer gate. Willie himself was next seen, leading forth a female, and the old lady, pale and steady, fastened it with her hands, remained on the post as a sort of sentinel."

"Ony ane or twa o' ye come forward," said the outlaws, "and take her free my hand hail and sound."

"Grace Armstrong," said Hobbie, "the true bride. Earnscliff followed more slowly to guard against treachery. Suddenly Hobbie slackened his pace in the deepest mortification, while that of Earnscliff was hastened in patient surmise. It was not Grace Armstrong, but Miss Isabella Vers, whose liberation had been effected by their appearance before the tower."

"Where is Grace Armstrong? Where is Grace Armstrong?" exclaimed Hobbie, in the extremity of wrath and indignation.

"Not in my hands," answered Westburnflat: "ye may search the tower if ye misdoubt me."

"You false villain, you shall account for her, or I'll blow your spot," said Elliot, presenting his gun."

But his companions, who now came up, instantly disarmed him of his weapon, explaining, all at once, "Hand and glove! faith and troth! Hand a care Ebbie; we manna keep our faith wi Westburnflat, we're the greatest rogues ever rook."

Thus were protected, the outlines recovered of his audacity, which had been somewhat daunted by the menacing gesture of Elliot."

"I have kept my word, sir," he said, "and I look to have another and another. If in the course of the morning, ye sought, I said, addressing Earnscliff, 'ye'll render her back to me again. I am answerable for her to those that might her."

"For God's sake, Mr. Earnscliff, protect me," said Miss Vers, clinging to her deliverer; "do not you abandon one whom the whole world seems to have abandoned."

"Peep nother," whispered Earnscliff, "I will protect you with my life."

Then turning to Westburnflat, "Villain!" he said, "how dared you to insult this lady?"

"For that matter, Earnscliff, answered the freebooter, "I can answer to them that has better right to ask me than you have; but if you come with armed force, and take her swa' from them that her friends lodged her wi', how will you answer that? But it's your ain affair—Nae single man can keep a tower against twenty—A the men o' the Mearns doon ma' thair they down."

"It's my own business," said Isabella; "he carried me off by violence from my father."

"Maybe he only wanted ye to think sae, hanny," replied the robber; "but it's me business o' mine, let it be as it may. So ye winna resign her back to me?"

"There is a level meadow, on the very margin of the two streams, with a small dell, where the lady's song meet, Crimons joins the Liddel. It is said to have earth, where that old lady used to be a piece frequently guarded for water, during the summer between a few and a brace.
CHAPTER X.

I left my lady's tower last night—
It was filled with sadness,
I lock'd it when the sun was bright,
And wept the rose-blow.

Senecio at what he dreamed the coldness of his friends,
in a cause which interested him so nearly.
Hobble had shrank himself five of their company,
and was in a very high state of excitement.
"You found them?" I said to him, as he appeared impatiently
his over-fatigued and stumbling horse; "you art
like a rat in the woods. I do not breathe, and
could then snap now and break my neck at my utmost need? But thou'rt even like the fives--
the farthest off of them all is my cousin ten times removed,
now on his solitary road homesick, and to sea
my best blood; and now, and think they show man's
report to the common thief of Westmorland that
him sinless. But I should see the lights now
high in heaven. I do not breathe, and
meantime, reckoning himself, "there will neither coal nor candle-light shine in the Hugh-foot any more!" An it were for
my mother and sisters, and poor Grace, I could find
in my heart to go on, for I knew the sea, and I knew the
the sea to make an end of all!"

In this disconsolate mood he turned his horse's bridle
towards the cottage in which his family had found
refuge.

As he approached the door, he heard whispering and
tittering amongst his sisters. "The devil's in the
women," said Hobble to this would nicker,
and laugh, and giggle, if their best friend was lying
a-corp—and yet I am glad they can keep up their
hearts so well, poor silly things; but the dirtifus
was nae to me, to be sure, and the bigger they were.

While he thus meditated, he was engaged in fastening
up his horse in a shed. "Thou munm do without
horse-sheet and suremple now, lad," he said,
addressing the animal; "you and me has a down
come alike, we had better hab in 'em in the deepest
pool o' Tarra.

He was interrupted by the youngest of his sisters,
who came running out, and, speaking in a constrained
voice, as if to stifle some emotion, called out to him,
"What are ye doing there, Hobble, fiddling about the
naigs, and there's ane free Cumberland been waiting
for ye this hour and morn! Hast ye in morn; I'll
take off the saddle."

"Ane free Cumberland!" exclaimed Elliot, and
putting the bridle of his horse into the hand of his
sister, he rushed into the cottage. "Where is he?
where is he?"

"He's come frae Cumberland," exclaimed Gifts,
and seeing only females, "Did he bring news of Grace?"

"He doon't him an instant langer," said the elder sister,
still with a suppressed laugh.

"Houf he, bairns!" said the old lady, with some
of a good-humoured reproof, "ye shouln't vex
your billy Hobble that way. Look round, my bairn,
and see if there iver ane here mair than ye left this
mornin."

House looked eagerly round. "There's you, and
the three titties."

There's no use of us now, Hobbie, lad," said the youngest,
at this moment entered.

In an instant Hobble had in his arms Grace Ann
Beck, who, with one of his sister's pails around
her, had passed unnoticed at his first entrance. "How
dared you do this?" said Hobbie.

"It wasna my fault," said Grace, endeavoring
to cover her face with her hands to hide at once her
blushes, and escape the stent of hearty kisses with
which her bridegroom punished her simple stran-
gem. "It wasna my fault, Hobbie; ye shouln't kiss
Jeanie and the rest of them, for they'll rue the day!"

"And so," added Hobbie, "and kissed his sister and grandmother a hundred times,
while the whole party half-laughed, half-cried, in
the exuberance of their joy. "I am the happiest
man," said Hobble, "after having himself most
exhausted, 'I am the happiest man in the
world!'"

"Then, O my dear bairn," said the good old dame,
who lost no opportunity of teaching her lesson of re-
ligion at these moments when the heart was best
open to receive it,—"Then, O my son, give praise to
Him that brings smiles out of tears and joy out of
sorrow, as he brought light out of darkness and the
world out of nothing. Was it not my word, that if
ye could say His will be done, ye might have cause
to say His name be praised?"

"It was not your word, grannie, and I do
praise Him for His mercy, and for having me a good
parent when my sin was great," said honest Hob-
be, taking her hand, "that puts me in mind to think
of Him, in all happiness and distress."

There was a solemn pause of one or two minutes
employed in the exercise of mental devotion, which
expressed in part such sincerity, the gratitude of
the recipient, and the benevolence of the giver, and
unexpectedly restored to their embraces the friend
whom they had lost.

Hobble's first inquiries were concerning the ad-
ventures that had marked his and endure. They were
told at length, but mentioned in substance only.

That she was warned by the noise which the re-
sults made in breaking into the house, the man, who
was overpowered; that, dressing herself hastily,
she ran down stairs, and having seen, in the words,
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

Westburnflat's wizard drop off, improvidently named him by his name, and brought him for mercy; that the ruffian instantly stopped her mouth, dragged her from the house, and placed her on horseback, behind one of the three, and bolted away, Hobbie!''

"I'll break the secured neck of him," said Hobbie, "if there were another Graeme in the land but himself!"

And proceeded to say, that she was carried southward along with the party, and the spoil which they drove before them, until they had crossed the Border. Suddenly a person, known to her as a kinsman of Westburnflat, came riding very quickly after the rest, and held their leader, that his cousin had learnt from a sure hand that no luck would come of it unless the law was restored to her friends. After some discussion, the chief of the party secured a quarter. Grace was placed behind her new guardian, who pursued in silence, and with great speed, the least frequented path to the Heugh-foot, and afterwards, closed, set down the injured and terrified damsel within a quarter of a mile of the dwelling of her friends. Many and sincere were the congratulations which passed on all sides.

As these emotions subsided, less pleasing considerations intruded themselves.

"This is a miserable place for ye a," said Hobbie, looking around him; "I can sleep weel enough myself, ounly beside the muir, as in time done mony a lang night there. Can we hold yer here, or shall I bring ye up, I canna see! And what's warn, I canna mend it; and what's warn't as, ye might come, and the day after that, without your being a bit better."-

"It was a coward's word," said one of the sisters, looking round, "to harry a poor family to the bare wans't this gate."

"And leave us neither stark nor stot," said the youngest brother, who now entered, "nor sleep nor lunk, nor night that cuts grass and corn."

"If they had an quarrel wi' us," said Harry, the second brother, "were we na ready to have fought them?"

And there was nae harm in the hill-boat, and nae an' upon the hill-Odd, as we had been at home, Will Graeme's stomach shouldn't have wanted its morning; but it's biding him, is it na, Hobbie?"

"Our neighbours have been a day at the Castleton to gree' wi' him at the sight o' men," said Hobbie, mournfully; "they behooved to have't ain sight o' gate, or they'd have bit the hands."

"To gree' wi' him!" exclaimed both his brothers at once, "after seein' an act of stoutheartedness as sae been seen o' in the country, since the auld riding days!"

"The hill-boat's but a small matter of the game at it; but the sight o' Grace Armstrong has set it brawly."

"But the smoking, Hobbie?" said John Elliot; "we're utterly naired. Harry and I have been to gather what's was on the ootby land, and there's scarce on court left. I kenna how we're to carry on."

"We maun a gang to the wars," thought Westburn-flat hauns the means, e'en if he had the will, to make up our loss; there's nae means to be got o' him, but what ye take out o' his banes. He has nae four-footed creature but the violent blood thing he rides on, and that's nae trash'd got o' his night work. We are reined stoep and roop."

Hobbie cast a mournful glance on Grace Armstrong, who returned it with a downcast look and a gentle sigh.

"Dinna be cast down, barna," said the grandmater, "we have guid friends that winn fare us sake in adversity. There's Sir Thomas Kettlehead is my thing to ride by and he has come by a noble battle, and been made a Knight-honour to the ogg, for being one o' the commissioners at the Union."-

"I wadna gie a bodie to save us frae famishing," said Hobbie; "and, if he did, the breed that I bought said it would stick in my throat, when I thought it was for the profit of our auld Scotland's crown and independence."

"There's the Laird o' Dundon, ane o' the auld families in Yvidale."
THE BLACK DWARF.

have once ye keep the saddle four-and-twenty hours
disguise, and never sic a word as weariness in your

"The night's very dark," said Hobbe, rising and
looking through the casement of the cottage, and,
looking at the field. "Can it be that Hobbe, the
real honest fellow, yet sometime I would rather
take daylight wi' me when I gang to visit him.

This frank avowal put a stop to further argument;
and, after the night had been shortly passed,
the rashness of his brother's counsel, and his
sudden cautions which he received from his grandmo-
ther, refreshed himself with such food as the cottage
afforded. He then went towards the central part of
the shed, and retired to the shed, and stretched himself beside his
trusty poltery.

His brothers shared between them the tins of clean raw,
 dispositioned in the stall,
and the females arranged themselves for repose, as well as
the accommodations of the cottage would permit.

With the first dawn of morning, Hobbe arose;
and, rising reddened and saddled his horse,
he set forth. He had engaged the company of either of his brothers, from an idea that the
Dwarf was most propitious to those who visited him alone.

"The creature," said he to himself, as he went along,
"is no neighbourly; he's body at a time is full
mair than he well can aible. I wonder if he's looked
out o' the crib o' him to gather up the bag o' siller. If
he's made wi' the bag o' siller, and he won't come again wi'
the same, I, as I'm a body, and I'll be flingy. Come,
Tarra,
"said he to his horse, striking him at the same
time with his spur, make more fit, man; we maun
be early wi' our quest, or we'll be cut off by it.

He was now on the heath, which began to be illu-
minated by the beams of the rising sun; the gentle
dewiness which it was descending prevented him a dis-
location of the same, he first put that in the air; "Coo-di-din!
Coo-di-din! to the silent abode
of the Recluse, and stood as if in converse together
in the open air. The taller form then stopped, as if
taking something up which lay beside the door of the
but, and then both moved forward a little way, and again
halted, as in deep conference. All Hobbe's supersti-
tious terrors revived on witnessing this spectacle.

That the Dwarf would open his dwelling to a mortal
guest, and speak to him, and probable that any one would
choose voluntarily to come to him, and under full conviction that he believed a wizard holding
imprisoned with his familiar spirit, Hobbe pulled in at
once his breath and his blade, resolved not to
injure the inhabitants of either, by a hostile interposure in
their conference. They were with his approach of
his, for he had not halted for a moment before the
Dwarf returned to his cottage; and the taller
figure who had accompanied him, halted round the
enclosure of the garden, and seemed to disappear from
the eyes of the amazing Hobbe.

"Saw ever mortal, like o' that?" said Elliot;
"be tha's but a mad lad; Sir, if he were Bedelia himself, I' wi' some down the brae on him."

Yet, notwithstanding his assumed courage, he
blackened his pace, when, nearly upon the very spot
where the larger form stood, he turned the stall
around, as if looking among the long heather, a small
black rack-looking object, like a younger dog.

"He has nane dog that ear.
I ever heard," said Hobbe,
"but mony a d-o it's about his hand. Lord forgive
me for saying sic a word!" It keeps its ground,
what it is like—\"I'm judging it's a harder; but what
seen what shape this bag o' siller will take to fright a
laird, or woman wi' an husband, or cowardly
hility when I come nae. I'll eat a drive a stat at it,
for if it change its shape when I'm awa near,
Tarras will never stand it; and it will o' awa
may be he'll hit him and the devil to wi' bairn at
ance.

He therefore cautiously threw a stone at the object,
which continued motionless; "it's nae living," said Hobbe, approaching, "but the very
big o' siller he flung out o' the window yesterday;
and that other queer lang creature he brought home to
lae meuch farther on the way to me." He then ad-
vanced and lifted the heavy fur pouch, which was
quite full of gold. "Merry on us!" said Hobbe;
"but when I had paid my respects at the resi-
hope and prospects in life, and suspicion of the
purpose for which this assistance was afforded him—
Merry on us! it's an awful thing to touch what has
been seen by so many. I am determined to conduct myself like an honest
man and talk of this; but all round me, I

He advanced accordingly to the cottage door, and
having knocked repeatedly without receiving any
answer, he at length elevated his voice, and addressed
the inn of the hut. "Elibe! father, Elibe! I

"Weel, weel," replied Elliot, "since ye me willing to
hear me, I've made my tale short. Since ye are
so kind as to say ye are content to lend me
some muckle siller as you have stock, and I am, at
my part, to accept the courtesy wi' mony kind thanks; and, truth, I think it will be
as safe in my hands as yours, if ye leave it flung about
in that gate for the first loon body to lift, forbear the risk of had neighbours may win them
stoole in doors and luck所在地, as I can tell to my cost.
I say, since ye hae sacre consideration for me,
I've been blithe to accept your kindness; and my mother
in me (she's a life-tenant, and I am, far o' the lands
of Widopens) would grant you a wadset, or an heri-
table bond, for the siller, and to pay the annual rent
half-yearly; and Saunder Wyldcote to draw the
bond, and you to be at nane charge wae writin'it.

"Cut short thy jargon, and begone," said the
Dwarf; "thy loquacious bull-headed honesty makes
me a more intolerable plague than the light-fanged
courier who is to be shot down by the first who
meets him with either thanks, explanation, or apology.
Hence, I say! thou art one of those slave
owners whose word is as good as their bond. Keep
the more of thy principal and interest, until I demand it of thee."

"But," continued the pertinacious Borderer, 
we are a life-like and death-like, Elibe, and there
will be a time when the world will remember the
sae just make me a minute, or missive, in any form
of life, and I'll write it fair, and subscribe it
before famous witnesses. Only, Elibe, I wish it
were put into something that may be presented to my
salvation; for I'll have the minister to read it over,
and it wad only be exposing yourself to the
jeers. And now I'm gauming weel, for ye'll be weaken'd
out of my cracks, and I am weare raid wi' cracking wi.
answer—and I'm bringing you a bit of bride's-cake some other day, and maybe bring Grace to see you. You'd like to see Grace, man, for as long as ye are—

"Oh, Lord! I wish he may be weel, that was a sair grace!" or, maybe, he thought I was speaking of his own.

"Poor man, I am very doubtful of his condition; but I am sure he is as kind to me as if I were his son, and a queer-looking father I had hee had, if that had been e'en him!"

Hobie now relieved his benefactor of his presence, and rode blithely home to display his treasure, and consult upon the means of repairing the damage which his fortune had sustained through the aggression of the Red Reiver of Westburn.***

CHAPTER XI.

Three stallsa seized me yester morn,

Alice: a maiden most foremost.

They shook my criss with wicked might,

As sure as Heaven shall put me,

I cannot tell what men they be.

Christabella.

The course of our story must here revert a little to Hobie. It is not a pleasant frame in which to have Miss Vere, in the unpleasant situation from which she was unexpectedly and indeed unintentionally liberated, by the appearance of Earncliff and Elliott, with their friends and on the tower of Westburn.

On the morning preceding the night in which Hobie's house was plundered and burnt, Miss Vere was requested by her father to accompany him in a walk through a distant part of the extensive grounds which lay round his castle of Ellieslaw.

"To hear was to obey," in the true style of Oriental despotism; but Isabella trembled in silence while she followed her father through rough paths, now winding by the side of the river, now ascending the precipices which seemed to guard it for its banks. A single servant, selected perhaps for his stupidity, was the only person who attended them. From her father's silence, Isabella little doubted that he had chosen this distant and sequestered scene to resume the argument which they had so frequently maintained upon the subject of Sir Frederick's addresses, and that he was inattentive in what manner he should most effectively impress upon her, the necessity of receiving him as her suitor. But her fears seemed for some time to be unfounded. The only sentences which her father from time to time addressed to her, were the usual repetitions of the beauty of the landscape through which they strolled, and which varied its features at every step. To these observations, although they seemed to come from a heart softened by grief and weariness, yet, as so much more important as well as as Isabella endeavoured to answer in a manner as free and unconstrained as it was possible for her to assume, amid the involuntary apprehensions which crowded upon her imagination.

Sustaining with mutual difficulty a desultory conversation, they at length gained the centre of a small wood, composed of large oaks, intermingled with birches, mountain-ash, hazel, holly, and a variety of underwood. The bowels of the tall trees met closely above, and the underwood filled up each interval between their trunks below. The spot on which they stood, was rather more open; still, however, embowered under the natural arcade of tall trees, and darkened on the sides for a space around by a great and lively growth of cope-pine and bushes.

"Here you, Isabella," said Mr. Vere, as he pursued the conversation, "I would have you remember, that if I were to erect an altar to Friendship—"

"To Friendship, sir!" said Miss Vere; "and why on this gloomy and sequestered spot, rather than on that which was so much better?

"The propriety of the local is easily vindicated," replied her father with a sneer. "You know, Miss Vere, (for you, I am well aware, are a learned young lady,)..."
THE BLACK DWARF.

and stumbled, it seemed, over the root of a tree, in making too eager a blow at his antagonist. The despair he felt at his daughter's disappearance, was, in Dixon's phrase, such as would have melted the heart of the most hardened and impassive. He was heard to moan, by his feelings, and the vain researches which he made to discover the track of the ravishers, that a considerable time elapsed ere he reached home, and curried the alarm to his domestics.

All his conduct and gestures were those of a desolate man.

"Speak not to me, Sir Frederick," he said impulsively, in his father's voice. "Your child is ungrateful one, I fear, but still my child—my only child. Where is Miss Ildefonte? she must know something of this. It corresponds with what I was in the habit of believing. Such a beautiful, lovely child, such a good lady, would not have left me thus."

"So far as I am concerned, you may regard her as dead," said Mr. Vere, grimly, "or in such a plight as to render it impossible to save her."

"What has happened, Mr. Vere, to discompose you?" said Mr. Ratcliffe, gravely; and while the Laird of Ellieslaw details to him, with the most affected voice and inflection, the sinister details of the adventure of the morning, we shall take the opportunity to inform our readers of the relative circumstances in which these gentlemen stood to each other.

Mr. Vere of Ellieslaw had been remarkable for a career of dissipation, which, in advanced life, he had exchanged for the less destructive career of dark and turbulent ambition. In both cases, he had gratified the predominant passion without respect to the diminution of his private fortune, although, where such inducements were wanting, he was deemed cautious, and grasping. His affluence, more than gratified by the earlier ease of elegance, he went to England, where he was understood to have formed a very advantageous matrimonial connexion. He was many years absent from his family estate. Suddenly and unexpectedly he returned a widower, bringing with him his daughter, then a girl of about ten years old. From this moment his expense seemed unbounded, in the eyes of the simple people around him. It was whispered that he must have plunged himself deeply in debt, and yet he continued to live in the same lavish expense, until some months before the commencement of his present position, when the suspicion of some embarrassed circumstances was confirmed, by the residence of Mr. Ratcliffe at Ellieslaw Castle, who, by the tacit consent, though obviously to the great disadvantage of the master, assumed, from the moment of his arrival, to assume and exercise a predominant and unaccountable influence in the management of his private affairs.

Mr. Ratcliffe was a grave, steady, reserved man, in an advanced period of life. To those with whom he had occasion to speak upon business, he appeared uncommonly well versed in all its forms. With others held little communication, but in any casual conversation, displayed the powers of an active and well-informed mind. For some time before taking up his final residence at the castle, he had been an occasional visitor there, and was at such times treated by Mr. Vere as his staunchest and most personal advocates towards those who were inferior to him in rank; with marked attention, and even deference. Yet his arrival always appeared to be an embarrassment to Mr. Vere, and he did not greatly gratify his partiality in his personal habits towards the family, it was impossible to observe indications of the displeasure with which Mr. Vere regarded his presence. Indeed, in any form of confidence and constraint, Mr. Vere's most important affairs were regulated by Mr. Ratcliffe; and although he was none of those indigent men of fortune, who, to turn the attention from their own business, are glad to devote it upon another, yet, in many instances, he was observed to give up his own judgment, and submit to the contrary opinions which Mr. Ratcliffe did not hesitate distinctively to express.

Nothing seemed to vex Mr. Vere more than when thosepungencies which were indicated by his conduct, were evaded, by saying with a forced laugh, "That Ratcliffe knew his own importance, but that he was the most honest and skilful fellow in the world; and that it would be wise to allow him to manage his own English affairs without his advice and assistance." Such was the person who entered the room at the moment Mr. Vere was summoning him to his presence, and who, with surprise, mingled with obvious incredulity, the laconic narrative of what had befallen Isabella.

Her father concluded, addressing Sir Frederick and the other gentlemen, who stood around in astonishment, "And now, my friends, you see the most unhappy father in Scotland. Lose me your assistance, gentlemaun—give me your advice, Mr. Ratcliffe. I am incapable of acting, or thinking, under the unexpected view of such a blow.

"Let us take our horses, call our attendants, and sear the country in pursuit of the villains," said Sir Frederick.

"Is there no one whom you can suspect?" said Ratcliffe, gravely, "of having some motive for this strange crime? These are not the days of romance, when ladies are carried off merely for their beauty."

"Fear," said Mr. Vere of Ellieslaw, "I have a mysterious right to confide in my own.

You see she writes to him as the confidant of a passion which he has the assurance to entertain for my daughter; tells him she serves his cause with her family, and that the further he removes from the garrison who serves him yet more effectually. Look particularly at the pencilled passages, Mr. Ratcliffe, where this meddlesome girl recommends bold measures, with an assurance that his suit would be successful anywhere beyond the bounds of the barony of Ellieslaw.

"And you argue, from this romantic letter of a very respectable young girl, that it is not by, but with Mr. Vere, "that young Earnscull has carried off your daughter, and committed a very great and criminal act of violence, on no better advice and assurance than that of Miss Isabella.""

"What else can I think?" said Ellieslaw.

"What else can you think?" said Sir Frederick; "or who else could have any motive for committing such a crime? No one seemed, from the moment of his arrival, to assume and exercise a predominant and unaccountable influence in the management of his private affairs."

"Were that the best mode of fixing the guilt," said Mr. Ratcliffe, calmly, "there might easily be pointed out persons to whom such actions are more congenial, and who have also sufficient motives of instigation. Supposing it were judged advisable to remove Miss Vere to some place in which constraint might be exercised upon her inclinations to a degree which she cannot resist, yet he attempted under the roof of Ellieslaw Castle—What says Sir Frederick Langley to that supposition?"

"I say," returned Sir Frederick, "that although Mr. Vere may choose to endure in Mr. Ratcliffe freedom totally inconsistent with his situation in life, I will not permit such license of incendio, by word or look, to be extended to me, with impunity."

"I say," said young Mary Macartach-Wells, "that the castle, that you are a starbuck to be standing wrangling here, instead of going in pursuit of the ruffians.

"I have pulled off the domestics, already in the track most likely to discover the villain," said Mr. Vere, "if you will favour me with your company, we will follow them, and assist in the search.

The efforts of the party were most anxiously prosecuted, and success directed the pursuit in the direction of Earnscull-Tower,
the supposition that the owner would prove to be the author of the violence, so that they followed a direction diametrically opposite to that in which the ruffians had actually proceeded. In the evening they returned, harried and out of spirits, but other parties had in the meanwhile arrived at the castle; and, after the recent loss sustained by the owner, had been visited, concerned, and lamented, the recollection of it was, for the present, drowned in the discussion of cases of which the crisis and explosion were momentarily looked for.

Several of the gentlemen who took part in this diversion were Catholics, and all of them staunch Jacobites, whose hopes were at present at their highest pitch, as an invitation, in favour of the Pretender, was daily expected from France, which Scotland, between the defended states of its garrisons and fortified places, was now principally in the hands of the one faction, was rather prepared to welcome them to resist. Ratecliffe, who, on being shown to assist in their consultations upon this subject, was only invited to do so, had, in the mean time, called at Messrs.-Wells, who was sitting in his office, in a sort of honorary confinement, "until," said Mr. Vere, "she should be safely conveyed home to her father's house, and afforded an opportunity for which occurred on the following day.

The domestics could not help thinking it remarkable how soon the news of Miss Vere, and the strange man who had happened to be formally set down by the other guests at the castle. They knew not, that those the most interested in her fate were well acquainted with the cause of her being carried off, and that, in the morning of the next day, she had been locked up in the anxious and doubtful moments which preceded the breaking forth of a conspiracy, were little accessible to any feelings but what arose immediately out of their own machinations.

CHAPTER XII.

The researches after Miss Vere were (for the sake of appearance, perhaps) resumed on the succeeding day, with similar bad success, and the party were returned to Mr. Vere's in Elleslaw the evening.

"It is singular," said Marischal to Ratecliffe, "that five horsemen and a female prisoner, should have arrived the country without leaving the slightest trace. One would think they had traversed the air, or sunk through the ground."

"Men may often," answered Ratecliffe, "arrive at the knowledge of that which is, from discovering that which is not. We have not traced every root of the path, and track leading from the castle, in all the various parts of the compass, saving only that intricate and difficult path which leads southward down the hill of the church."

"And why have we not examined that?" said Marischal.

"Mr. Vere can best answer that question," replied his companion, "for you know who is he?"

"Then I will ask instantly," said Marischal; and, addressing Mr. Vere, "I am informed, sir," said he, "there is no path we have not examined, leading by Westburnfield."

"O," said Sir Frederick, laughing, "we know the owner of Westburnfield well—a wild lad, that knows little difference between his neighbour's zoole and his own; but, with the utmost honesty to his principles: He would disturb nothing belonging to Elleslaw."

"Besides," said Mr. Vere, smiling mysteriously, "he had other tow on his distaff last night. Have you seen Elliot of the birthplace, that has his house burnt, and his cattle driven away, because he refused to give up his arms to some honest men that think of starting for the king?"

The company, I believe, was, at hearing of this, immensely interested, and Miss Vere, with every one of her friends behind it, were convinced that this would be the most sensible way of making known the news to their friends, thinking they ought to ride in this direction at all, otherwise we should certainly be blamed for our negligence.

No reasonable objection could be offered to this proposal, and the party turned their horses' heads towards Westburnfield.

They had not proceeded very far in that direction when the trumpeting of horses was heard, and a host of riders were perceived advancing to meet them.

"There comes Earnsdill," said Marischal; "I know his bright bay with the star in his front."

"And he has brought with him," said Earnsdill, "As claimed Vere, ferociously. "Who shall call my superior's false or injurious now? Will gentlemen—trustons lend me the assistance of your swords for the security of my child?"

He unloaded his weapon, and was invited by Sir Frederick and several of the party, who proceeded to charge those that were advancing towards them. But the greater part hesitated.

"The city, as in all peace and security," said Marischal-Wells, "let us first hear what seems they give us of this mysterious affair. If Miss Vere has sustained the slightest insult or injury from her early resolution to revenge her, but let us hear what they say."

"You do me wrong by your suspicions, Marischal," continued Vere; "you are the last I would have expected to hear expressions like this."

"You injure yourself, Elleslaw, by your violence, though the cause may excuse it."

He then advanced a little before the rest, and called out, "Is Miss Vere well?" "Is Miss Vere safe?" said Marischal.

"Is it," answered Isabella, eagerly, "is its so: the Heaven's sake shent your swords. I will satisfy all that is sacred: that I was carried off by peasants whose persons and object were alike unknown to me, and am now returned to freedom by means of the gentleman's gallant interference."

"By whom, and wherefore, could this have been done?" pursued Marischal. "Had you no knowledge of his previous invasion? Earnsdill, where did you find this lady?"

But ere the other question could be answered, Elleslaw advanced, and, returning his sword to the scabbard, said, "I would know this, Sir. Earnsdill, this is Miss Vere's horse: thus far I thank you for saving my daughter in the power of her natural guardian."

A tall lady of the head was returned by Earnsdill with unalloyed satisfaction: and Elleslaw, turning back with his daughter upon the road to his own house, appeared engaged with her in a confidential earnest, that the rest of the company judged it improper to approach them too near. In the meantime, Earnsdill, as he took leave of the other gentlemen, belonging to Elleslaw's party, said aloud, "Although I am unconscious of any circumstance in my conduct that can authorize such a suspicion, I must observe, that I believe that I have had some hand in the attack, violence which has been offered to her daughter. I request you, gentlemen, to take notice of my exposure of a churlish or so dishonest and incontinent, I cannot pardon the bewildering feelings of affectation, with as much as sometimes, I think, I would be happy—very happy, and the charge, as becoming a man who comes between you means, it deeper than his life."
"And I'll be his second," said Simon of Hackburn, "and take upon twa o' ye, gentle or so me, laird o' loch; it's a' aine to Simon.

"What do ye call that decent fellow?" said Sir Frederick Langley, "and what has he to do with the quarrel of gentlemen?"

"T'will be a lad free the Hit Te'lot," said Simon, "and T'grew up body like me, except as the perplexity attending these sudden events has left his judgment to its free exercise, shall handsomely acknowledge the very important service you have this hour and a half from my sister Ellenlike, as soon as you may be encountered, even enemies, if fortune will have it so, without losing our respect for birth, fair-play, and each other. I believe you as innocent of this matter as I am myself; and I will pledge myself that my cousin Ellieslaw, as soon as the possession exists, will hasten to give the Whigs a full account of the adventure, and that the Whigs are very likely to draw a head under such a sprightly young head as I am.

"For shame, Sir Frederick!" exclaimed Maressel; "do you think that Ellieslaw could, in honour, consent to any violence being offered to Farnscliff, when he beheld his bounds only to bring back his daughter? or, if he were to be of your opinion, do you think that I, and the rest of these gentlemen, would disgrace ourselves by assisting in such a transaction?"

Sir Frederick looked grave and discontented. "Walk aside with me, my good friend," said Ellieslaw to the sombre harneft; "I have something for you to see in private car, with which I know you will be satisfied.

They walked into the house, leaving Ratcliffe and Maressel standing together in the court.

"And so," said Ratcliffe, "the gentlemen of your political persuasion think the downfall of this government so certain, that they disdain even to throw off public disguises, over the machinations of their party?"

"Faith, Mr. Ratcliffe," answered Maressel, "the actions and sentiments of your friends may require to be revised, but I am better pleased that ours can go barren.

"And is it possible," continued Ratcliffe, "that you, who, notwithstanding your thoughtlessness and want of temper, are leg-padders, Mr. Maressel, I am a plain man)—that you, who, notwithstanding these constitutional defects, possess natural good sense and acquired information, should be infatuated enough to entrench yourself in such desperate postures? How does your head feel when you are engaged in these dangerous conferences?"

"Not quite so secure on my shoulders," answered Maressel, "who speaks treason as if it were a child's nursery rhymes, and loses and recovers that sweet girl, his daughter, with a good deal less, but on both occasions, than would have affected me had I lost and recovered a greyhound puppy. My temper is not quite so infllexible, nor my hate against government as a whole so intense, as to blind me to the full danger of the attempt.

"Then why involve yourself in it?" said Ratcliffe.

"Why, I love this poor exiled king with all my heart; and my faith in King William is as firm as that of King James the Sixth, that he won't die, as mine, sooner than I die; and, as for hanging, as Sir John Falstaff, says, I can become a gallows as well as another. You know the end of the old ballad:

"She died young, way wantonly

She was never kind to me

Then came the hanging, and changed a round...

But the gallows tree.

"Mr. Maressel, I am sorry for you," said his grave adviser.

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Ratcliffe, but I would not have you judge of our enterprise by any way of vindicating it; there are wiser heads than mine at the work.

"Wiser heads than yours may lie as low," said Ratcliffe, in a low and grave tone.

"Perhaps so; but no lighter heart shall; and to prevent it being made heavier by your remonstrances, I will bid you adieu, Mr. Ratcliffe, till dinner-time, when you shall see that my apprehensions have not spoiled my appetite.

CHAPTER XIII.

To face the emptiness of rebellion.

Writing should be calculated to please the eye of the inner and outer, and our disposition, which ease and rub the elbow at the news of every petty innovation.

Henry the Fourth, Part II.

There had been great preparations made at Ellieslaw-Castle for the entertainment on this important day, when not a gentleman of note in the neighbourhood, attached to the Jacobite interest, were expected to rendezvous, but also many subordinate malcontents, whom difficulty of circumstances, love of change, resentment against England, or any of the numerous causes which inflamed men's passions at the time, rendered apt to join in pernicious enterprise. The men of rank and substance were, at this time in the country, as they often are for almost the whole year; some stood aloof, and most of the smaller gentility and yeomanry were of the Presbyterian persuasion, and the fore, however displeased with the Union would
to engage in a Jacobite conspiracy. But there were some gentlemen of property, who, either from early principle, from religious motives, or sharing the ambitious views of Ellis-law, had given countenance to his scheme; and there were also, some very young and handsome ones of the younger set, who signalized themselves by engaging in a dangerous enterprise, by which they hoped to vendicate the independence of their country. The other members of the party were persons of inferior rank, and desperate fortunes, who, were now ready to rise in that part of the country, as they did afterwards in the year 1715, under Fetter-ot and Dorowatow, when a tour, commanded by a Border gentleman, and consisting entirely of freebooters, among whom the notorious Lack-in-a-bag, as he was called, held a distinguished command. We think it necessary to make some allusion to the province in which our scene lies; because, unquestionably, the Jacobite party, in the other parts of the kingdom, consisted of much more formidable, as well as much more respectable, materials.

One long table extended itself down the ample hall of Ellislaw Castle, which was still left much in the state in which it had been one hundred years before, and which, however, was the whole side of the castle, vaulted with ribbed arches of freestone, the grails of which sprang from projecting figures, that, carved into all the wild forms which the fancy of one of the sculptors of that time could suggest, were, either crowned, crowned, or without any stirring thought, or discoloured light. A banner, which tradition averred to have been taken from the English at the battle of Sark, waved over the chair in which Ellis-law presided the day, one of the chief guests, by reminding them of ancient victories over their neighbours. He himself, a lofty figure, dressed on this occasion with uncommon care, and with features, which, for delicacy of grace, and calmness, and bearded handsomely, looked the old feudal baron extremely well. Sir Frederick Langley was placed on his right hand, and Mr. Marschalch of Marschalch-Wells on his left. Some gentlemen of consideration, with their sons, brothers, and nephews, were seated at the upper end of the table, and among these Mr. Racliffe had his place. Beneath the salt-cellar (a massive piece of plate which occupied the midst of the table,) to the right of the chair, was adjoined by a large sideboard, which the board, while the distinction observed in ranking them was a salvo to the pride of their superiors, was a great distinction. The toast, which the company must be admitted, since Willie of Westburnflat was one of the party. The unobtrusive audacity of this fellow, in daring to present himself in the house of a gentle man, to whom he had just offered so flagrant an insult, can only be accounted for by supposing him conscious that his share in carrying off Miss Ver was a secret, safe in her possession and that of her father.

Before this numerous and miscellaneous party was placed a dinner, consisting, not indeed of the delicacies of the season, as the newspapers express it, but the common dish, and the ordinary fare to the different stones, which the very board groaned. But the mirth was not in proportion to the good cheer. The lower end of the table were, for some time, chilled by constraint and reserve, and finding themselves merely honoured as august an assembly; and those who were placed around it had those feelings of awe with which P. P., clerk of the parish, describes himself oppressed, when he says, "that the thoughts of the sons of high worship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the good Lady Jones, and the great Sir Thomas Truly, this ceremonious feast, however, soon gave way to the feeling of degrees, which were literally supplied, and as liberally consumed by the guests of the lower description. They became talking loudly, and even clamorous in their mirth. But it was not in the power of words or brands to elevate the spirits of those who held the higher places at the banquet. They experienced the chilling revision of spirits which often takes place, when men are called upon to take a desperate resolution, after having placed themselves in circumstances where it is alike difficult to advance or to recede. The presence of the crew, with his fence学到 and his dinners eaten, caused all the rest to go over the brink, and each waited with an inward emotion of awe, expecting which of his companions would set the example by plunging himself down. This inward sensation of fear and reluctance set differently, according to the various habits and characters of the company. One looked grave; another looked silly; a third paused with apprehension on the verge of the brink; a fourth only emptied himself, and filled the higher end of the basin, as the others desired for members of the conspiracy whose prudence had prevailed over their political zeal, and who had abstained from themselves from their consultations at the critical period; and some seemed to proceed in their minds the comparative rank and prospects those who were present and absent. Sir Frederick Langley was reserved, moody, and discontented. Ellis-law himself made such a speech, as plainly marked the spirit of his own. Ratcliffe watched the scene with the composition of a vigilant but uninterested spectator so calm and cool; and only, as his character, eat and drink, laughed and declined, seemed even to find amusement in the embarrassment of the company.

"What do you see, my good sir?" he exclaimed. "We seem to be met at a council, where the chief mourners must not speak, their breath, while the mutes and the cavalry look in to the law's discharge, the Knight of Langley-dale!"

"You speak wrong, sir," said Ellis-law; "do you not see how many are present?"

"And what of that," said Marschalch? "Did not the chief mourners not speak, this half of the world are to be sat in? By my part, I am not encouraged by seeing at least two thirds of our number true to the rendezvous, though I suspect one half of these cannot secure the dinner in case of the worst."

"There is no news from the east, which cannot amount to certainty of the king's death," said another gentlemen of the company, in that tone of subdued and transient whisper which implies a failure of resolution.

"Not a line from the Earl of D---, nor a single gentleman from the southern side of the Border, added a third.

"Who is it that wishes for more men from England," exclaimed Marschalch, in a theatrical tone of affectation. To this Mr. Ellisslaw, "My cousin Elisslaw! No, my dear cousin, if we are doomed to die!"

"For God's sake, my dear cousin," said Elisslaw, "don't think you can fool at present, sir."

"Well, then," said his kinsman, "I'll bestow my devotion upon you instead, such as it is. If we have gone forward like fools, do not let us go back like men. We have done enough to draw the spirits of the company; do not let us give up before we have done something to deserve it. What, will no one speak? Then I'll give you a toast. Take a beer-glass to the brim with claret, and waving it in hand, commanded all to follow his example and rise up from their seats. All obeyed—the more the merrier. The guests, as if pleased, the others with content;—"Then, my friends, I give you the pledge of the day.—The independence of Scotland, and the health of our lawful sovereign, King James; to this, most solemnly, and in manner of a solemn vow, the others, including the king, believe, in full possession of his ancient capital!"

He quaffed off the wine, and threw the glass on his head.

"It should never," he said, "be profaned by meaner toast."

All followed his example, and, amid the crash of glasses and the shouts of the company, set themselves to the business of the meal, and the solemnity of the service for concluding a funeral.
selves to stand or fall with the principles and political interest which their toast expressed.

"You have leaped the ditch with a witness," said Ellieslaw, "apart from Mareschal; but I believe it is all for the best; at all events, we cannot now retreat from it. Mr. Ratchife (whom his fellow at Ratcliffe) has refused the pledge; but of that by

Then, rising up, he addressed the company in a style of inflammatory invective against the govern-
ment and its measures, but especially the Union; a

"Our agriculture is ruined," said the Laird of Broken-girth-flow, a territory, which, since the days of Adam, had borne nothing but lint and whortle-

"Our religion is cut up, root and branch," said the pimple-nosed pastor of the Episcopal meeting-house at Kirkwhistle.

"We shall shortly neither dare shoot a deer nor kiss a wench, without a certificate from the presbytery and kirk-treasurer," said Mareschal-Wells.

"Or make a brandy jerebot in a frosty morning without license from a commissioner of excise," said the dinner table.

"Or ride over the fell in a moonless night," said Westburnflat, "without asking leave of young Earn-

"Let us remember our wrongs at Darien and Glencoe," continued Ellieslaw, "and take arms for the protection of our rights, our fortunes, our lives, and our families!"

"Think upon genuine episcopal ordination, with-

"Think of the pirates committed on our East-

"I'll leave him wi' my ain hand," echoed old John Roveston.

"And confound the country-keeper and the con-

"We are agreed, then," said Ellieslaw, when the shouts had somewhat subsided, "to bear this state of things no longer!"

"We are agreed to a man," answered his guests.

"Not literally so," said Mr. Ratchife; "for though I cannot hope to assuage the violent symptoms which

"Yes; but I don't know how far you will thank me," answered Mareschal, "when I show you this letter which I received just before we sat down. My

HON. SIR:

Having obligations to your family, which would be

Edinburgh.
in Dunkirk, I think it right to send you this early and private information, that the vessels you expected have been driven out of the coast, which you have been unable to break bulk, or to land any part of their cargo; and that the west-country partners have resolved to withdraw their name from the firm, as it must prove a losing concern. Having good hopes you will avail yourself of this information, to do what is needful for your own security, I rest your humble servant,

N I L I L N A M E L E E S.

For RAPE McCARELL, of Marechal's Barn
-Take care, and yet-

Sir Frederick's jaw dropped, and his countenance blackened, as the letter was read, and Ellieslaw exclaimed. "Why, this affects the very main-spring of our interests. If the French deal with the king on board, has been chased off by the English, as this d--- scrawl seems to intimate, where are we?"

"Just where we were this morning," I think," said Marechal, still laughing.

"Pardon me, and a grace to your ill-timed mirth, Mr. Marechal; this morning we were not committed publicly, as we now stand committed by your own act, which can start in a letter or your pocket, apprising you that our undertaking was desperate."

"Ay, ay, I expected you would say so. But in the first place, my friend Nilil Nameless and his letter must be put to the test, and innominate, and you could have known that I am tired of a party that does nothing but form bold resolutions over night, and sleep them away with their wine before mornaz. The government is a mind of speeches and resolutions, which are at best so visibles, this first favour will be as cold as Christmas. So, as I determined to go the vole, I have taken care you shall be asleep by it: it signifies nothing plain sense. You are fairly in the bag, and must struggle through."

"You are mistaken with respect to one of us, Mr. Marechal," said Sir Frederick Langley; and, applying himself to the bell, he desired the person who entered to order his servants and horses instantly.

"You must not leave us, Sir Frederick," said Ellieslaw; "we have our musters to go over."

"I will go to-night, Mr. Vere," said Sir Frederick, and write you my intentions in this matter when I am at home."

"Ay," said Marechal, "and send them by a troop of horsemen to seek all the corners. Look well, sir, I shall not be deserted nor betrayed; and if you leave Ellieslaw Castle to-night, it shall be by passing over my dead body." Said Vere, "You, Vere, how can you so hastily misstep your friend's intentions? I am sure Sir Frederick can only be jesting with us; for, were he not too honourable to dream of deserting the cause, he cannot but remember the full proofs we have of his accession to it, and his eager activity in advancing it. He cannot but be conscious, besides, that the first information will be readily received by government, and that the question in this part of the country, as it advances, we can easily save a few hours on him."

"You should see you, and not we, when you talk of priorities in such a race of treachery; for my part, I shall be no horseman for such a man, said Marechal; and added-between his teeth, "A pretty pair of fellows to trust a man's neck with!"

"I am not to be intimidated from doing what I think necessary," said Sir Frederick Langley; "and my first step shall be to leave Ellieslaw. I have no reason to keep faith with one (looking at Vere) who has kept none with me."

"And Ellieslaw, silencing with a motion of his hand, his impetuous kingman—"how have I disappointed you, Sir Frederick?"

"In the nearest and most tender point—you have trifled me, said Sir Frederick Langley. "You know which you well know was the gage of our political undertakings. This carrying off and this bringing back of Miss Vere,—the cold reception I have met with from her, and the excuses with which you cover it, I believe to be more evasions, that you may personally self-retaliate the errors which are hers by right, and make me, in the meanwhile, a tool in your desperate enterprise, by holding out hopes and expectations which you are resolved never to realize."

"Sir Frederick, west of my life, when shall I arrive?"

"I will listen to no protestations; I have been cheated with them too long," answered Sir Frederick.

"If you leave us," said Ellieslaw, "you cannot know both your ruin and ours is certain; all depends on our adhering together."

"Leave me to take care of myself," returned the knight; "but were what you say true, I would rather perish than be fooled any further."

"Can nothing—cannot someone of you of my sincerity?" said Ellieslaw, anxiously; "this morning I should have repelled your unjust suspicions as an insult, but situated as we now are!

"You feel yourself compelled to be sincere?" retorted Sir Frederick. "If you would have me think so, there is but one way to convince me of it—let your daughter bestow her hand on me this evening."

"So, so, my poor Vere, smiled Sir Frederick, "I think of her late alarm—of our present undertaking."

"I will listen to nothing but to her consent, plighted at the altar. You have a chapel in the castle.

"Doctor Langley is there, and in the possession of your good faith to-night, and we are a small band in hand and hand. If you refuse me when it is so much for your advantage to consent, how shall I trust you? And I will trust Vere, such is the faith in my undertaking, and unable to retract!"

"And I am to understand, that, if you can bless my in-law to-night, our friendship is renewed," said Ellieslaw, "most infully, and most inviolably," replied Sir Frederick.

"Then," said Vere, "though what you ask is im maturable, and unjust towards my dear Vere, yet, Sir Frederick, give me your hand—my daughter shall be your wife?"

"This night?"

"This very night," replied Ellieslaw, "before the clock strikes twelve."

"With her own consent, I trust," said Marechal; "for I promise you both, gentlemen, I will not yield tamely by, and see any violence put on the will of my pretty waitress."

"Another post in this hot-headed fellow, muttered Ellieslaw; and then closed, "With this consent. For with whom, Vere, is it, Vere, that you shall suppose your interference necessary to protect a daughter against her father? Depend upon it, he has no repugnance to Sir Frederick Langley."

"Or, if you wish to call Lady Langley, it is enough—they are many women might be of the like mind; and I beg your pardon, but these side demands and concessions alarmed me a little on this account."

"It is only the suddenness of the proposal that embarrasses me," said Ellieslaw; "but perhaps she is found intractable, Sir Frederick will con side."

"I will consider nothing, Mr. Vere—your daughter's hand to-night, or I depart, were it at midnight—there is my ultimatum."

"I embrace it," said Ellieslaw; "and I will beseech you to hasten our military preparations, while I prepare my daughter for so sudden a change."

So saying, he left the company.

CHAPTER XIV.

He brings Earl Omound to receive me, 
O dreadful change! for Taneerd, Taunder Omound.

Taneerd and Vere

Mr. Vere, whom long practice of dissimulation had, endeavoured to mask every straight and foamy
said the purposes of deception, and the ease of passage, and up the first flight of stairs towards Vere's apartment, with the alert, firm, and un
of one, who is bound, indeed, upon important ness, but who entertains no doubt he can termi-
nate his existence, is to take advantage of the heart
of the gentleman whom he had left, his step be-
so slow and irresolute, as to correspond with sub-
its and his fears. At length he paused in an hour-
tose closet, and confiding in the success of his plan,
ment, before approaching his daughter.
1 what more hopeless and inextricable dilemma
ver an unfortunate man involved?—Such was
ng of his resolutions.—if we resolve to fall into pieces
union, there can be little doubt that the govern-
will take my life as the prime agitator of the
. Or, grant I could stoop to save myself
on submission, am I not, even in that case,
your wish?—I have been deluding Uncle Silas
life, and can have nothing to expect from that
ther but insult and persecution. I must wander
impoverished and disdained man, without
the means of sustaining life, far less wealth suf-
to counterbalance the infamy which my coun-
both those whom I desert and those whom I
will attach to the name of the political renegade.
not return to me? And yet, for ever? What
ere to be made, and without which my
not to stir a curl of her hair?—For I have renounced
in love, and with a heart that was not
be regarded as a sacrifice to the seat of her
ugliness, but in the blackness of her soul.
ill answered Vere, gently, "unless
one which you would not advise your father to ac-
be the first to adopt—
the answer, abnor-
ly, as if to reject the temptation which the alternative
at her. But is there no other hope-
through flight—through mediation—through suppi-
when my knees to Sir Frederick?
be a fruitless degradation; he is deter-
mained on his course, and I am equally resolved
to stand the hazard of my fate. On one condition
ly he will turn aside from his purpose, and that condi-
tion my lips shall never utter to you." "Name it, I
comply with your dear father," explained Isabella. "What
ask that you ought not to grant, to prevent the hazardous
which you are threatened?"
"That, Isabella," said Vere, solemnly, "you shall
never know, until your father's head has rolled on
the bloody scaffold, and the world of posterity
was one sacrifice by which he might have been saved."
"And why not speak it now?" said Isabella; "do you
fear I would flinch from the sacrifice of for-
tune for your preservation? or would you be contented
with the bitter legacy of life-long remorse, so oft as I
shall think that you perished, while there remained
one mode of preventing the dreadful misfortune
which overhangs your head?"
"Then, my child," said Vere, "since you press me
to name what I would a thousand times rather have
in silence, I must inform you that he will accept for
the ransom nothing but your head in my hand and
the confession before midnight this very evening."
"This evening, sir?" said the young lady, struck
with horror at the proposal—and to such a man—
A man—a monster, who could wish to extort
the daughter by threatening the life of the father— it is
impossible!"
"You say right, my child," answered her father,
"it is indeed impossible, but you have either the right
or the wish to exact such a sacrifice. It is the course
of nature that the old should die and be forgot,
and the young should live and be happy."
"Sir, of course I have not, I do not—no, no—my
dear father, pardon me, it is impossible,
you only wish to guide me to your wishes. I know
your object is what you think my happiness and no
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.  

ch. xv.

dreadful tale is only told, to influence my conduct and subdue my scruples.

"My daughter," replied Ellieslaw, in a tone where offended authority seemed to struggle with parental allowance. I suspect he meant to impress me with a tale to work upon her feelings! Even this I must bear, and even from this unworthy suspicion I must descend to vindicate myself. You know the stain I bear. To tell you the truth, Mr. W—sh marked what I shall write to him, and judge from his answer, if the danger in which we stand is not real, and whether I have not used every means to avert it.

He sat down, to a few lines hastily, and handed them to Isabella, who, after repeated and painful efforts, cleared her eyes and head sufficiently to discern their purport.

"Dear cousm," said the billet, "I find my daughter, as I expected, in despair at the untimely and premature urgency of Sir Frederick Langley. She cannot even comprehend the peril in which we stand, or how much is at stake in his power—use your influence with him, for Heaven's sake, to modify proposals, to the acceptance of which I cannot, and will not, urge my child against all her own feelings, as well as those of duty and propriety, and oblige your loving cousin. R. V."

In the agitation of the moment, when her swimming eyes and dizzy brain could hardly comprehend the peril of her wrongs, you might have supposed that Miss Vere should have omitted to remark that this letter seemed to rest her scruples rather upon the form and time of the proposed union, than to be the expression of a disposition to serve Mr. Vere. The bell rang, and gave the letter to a servant to be delivered to Mr. Mareschal, and, rising from his chair, continued to traverse the apartment in a state of great exasperation, the animadversion was returned. He balanced it over, and wrung the hand of his daughter as he gave it to her. The tenor was as follows:

"My dear cousm, I have already urged the knight on the subject of the union, and I find him as fixed as Cheviot. I am truly sorry my fair cousin should be prevailed upon to give up any of her maidenly rights. Sir Frederick consents, however, to leave the castle with me, the instant the ceremony is performed, and we will raise our followers and begin the fray. Thus there is great hope the bridegroom may be knocked on the head before he and the bride can meet again, but Bell has a fair chance to be Lady Langley a 'vrai bon marron.' For the rest, I can only say, that if she can make up her mind to the alliance at all—it is no time for mere maiden ceremony—my pretty cousm must not marry to marry, but to marry a man who listens to him to-day and gave herself to another at night! But let him despise me—better so than that he should know the truth. Let him despise me; if it will but lessen his grief, I will only be comforted in the loss of his esteem. She wept bitterly: attempting in vain, from time to time, to commence the prayer for which she had sunk on her knees, but unable to calm her spirits sufficiently for the exercise of devotion. As she remained in this agony of mind, the door of her apartment was slowly opened.

CHAPTER XV.

The darkness creeps they enter, where they find.

The woful man, low sitting on the ground.

Miss Vere, in her unsmiling fancy.

Fairy Quest.

The intruder on Miss Vere's sorrows was Ratcliffe. Ellieslaw had, in the agitation of his mind, forgotten to countermand the order he had given to call him thither, so that he opened the door with the words "Come, and we, for me. I wish you could look around—Miss Vere, alone! on the ground! and in tears!"

"Leave me—leave me, Mr. Ratcliffe," said the unhappy young lady. "I must not leave you," said Ratcliffe; "I have been repeatedly requesting admittance to take my leave of you, and have been refused, until your father himself has asked me. Blame me not, if, from unthinking and imperious, I have a duty to discharge which makes me so."

"I cannot listen to you—I cannot speak to you, Mr. Ratcliffe; take my best wishes, and for God's sake leave me.

"Tell me only," said Ratcliffe, "is it true that this monstrous match is to go forward, and this very night? I heard the servants proclaim it as I was on the great staircase—I heard the directions given to clear the out-of-doors."

"Spare me, Mr. Ratcliffe," replied the luckless bride; "the bareness of this fact when you see me, you may judge of the cruelty of these questions."

"Married? to Sir Frederick Langley? and this night? It must not—cannot—shall not be."

"It must, Mr. Ratcliffe," said Vere, in the tone of one who is either ruined, or in the last extremity of despair."

"Ahh! I understand," answered Ratcliffe; and you have sacrificed yourself to save him who—"
the virtue of the child stone for the faults of the
se—it is no time to rack them up.—What can be
of that which is past and cannot be remedied—with
-and twenty hours I might find many—Miss
a, you must implore the protection of the only hu-
being who has it in his power to control the
use of events which threaten to hurry you before
And what human being, answered Miss Vere,
as such power?
Start not when I name him, said Ratcliffe, co-
g near her, and speaking in a low but distinct
voice. He is he who is called Elahrener the Recluse
ucklestone-Moor.
You are mad, Mr. Ratcliffe, or you mean to insult
izzly by an ill-timed jest!
I am as much in my senses, young lady, an-
ted her advice, as you are; and I am no idle
x, far less with misery, least of all with your mi-
v, I swear to you that this being (who is other
han what he seems) actually possesses the means
deming you from this hateful union.
And of insuring, my father's said Miss Vere.
I know that, said Ratcliffe, "if you plead his
with him—yet how to obtain admittance to the
useless!
Fear not that, said Miss Vere, suddenly recol-
c of the rose; I remember he de-
e me to call upon him for aid in my extremity,
gave me this flower as a token. Ere it fad
it entirely, I would need, he said, his assistance:
known, who has can have been aught but the
ngs of insanity?
Doubt it not—fear it not—but above all," said
s, "let us lose no time—Are you at liberty,
watched!"
I believe so," said Isabella, "but what would you
to do?"
Leave the castle instantly, said Ratcliffe, "and
in the foot of this extraordinary man,
seem to argue the excess
of the most contemptible poverty, possesses yet
almost absolute influence over your fate.—Guests
s are to be hastened in their course—the leaders
in conclude on their reasonable schemes—my
stands ready in the stable—I will saddle one for
and meet you at the little garden gate—O, let no
of my prudence or fidelity prevent your taking
step in your power to escape the dreadful
which must attend the wife of Sir Frederick

Mr. Ratcliffe," said Miss Vere, "you have al-
been esteemed a man of honour and probity, a
downing wretch will always catch at the fee-
twixt.—I will trust you—I will follow your ad-
I have no particular reason to deny you the
, bolted the outer-door of her apartment as soon
Mr. Ratcliffe left her, and descended to the garden
separate stair of communication which opened
ng-room. On the way she felt inclined
tract the consent she had so hastily given to a
hopeless and extravagant. But as she passed
or descent a private door which entered into the
om from the back-stair, she heard the voices of the
mates as they were employed in the task
ofing it.
arrived! and to see had a man—Ehwoh, sirs! be-
ing rather than the other.
"Your right—they are right," said Miss Vere,
us rather than that!"
be hurled to the garden. Mr. Ratcliffe was true
an appointment—the horses stood saddled at the
om, and in a couple of minutes they advanced
apidly towards the hut of the Solitary.
ake the ground was favourable, the speed of their
ery was such as to prevent much communica-
also was the quality of their pace, a new cause of apprehen-
abil to Miss Vere's mind.
Mr. Ratcliffe, she said, pulling up her horse's
se the season further towards a journey, which
ng but the extreme agitation of my mind can
have having undertaken—I am well aware
iss Vere passed among the vulgar as being pos-
essed of supernatural powers, and carrying on an in-
tercourse with beings of another world; but I would
have you but neither to be alarmed by
s of persons, nor, were I to believe in their existence,
destitute of, with my feelings of religion, apply to
this in my distress.
I should have you recollect, Miss Vere," replied Rat-
ciff's, my character and habits of thinking were so
well known to you, that you might have held me
implicated in creating in such absurdity.
But in what other mode," said Isabella, "can a
being, so miserable himself in appearance, possess
the power of assisting me?"
"Miss Vere," said Ratcliffe, after a momentary
ation, "I am bound by a solemn oath of secrecy.
You must, without further explanation, be satisfied
with my pledge of assurance, that he does possess
the power, if you can inspire him with the will; and
that, I doubt not, you will be able to do.
"Mr. Ratcliffe," said Miss Vere, "I may yourself
be mistaken; you ask an unlimited degree of
confidence from me.
Recollect, Miss Vere," he replied, "that when,
in your humanity, you ask and suffer influence to
your father in favour of Haswell and his ruined family—
when you requested me to prevail on him to do
thing most abhorrent to his nature—to forgive an
injury and remember the person to whom he
should ask me no questions concerning the sources
of my influence—You found no reason to distrust
me then, do not distrust me now.
But the extinction of mode of life of this man," said
Miss Vere; "his seclusion—his figure—the
depths of misanthropy which he is said to
express in his language—Mr. Ratcliffe, what can I
think of him if he really possesses the powers you
attribute to him?"
This man, young lady, was bred a Catholic, a
sect which affords a thousand instances of those
who have retired from the world, and whose vices
privations more strict even than this.
But he avows no religious motive, replied Miss
Vere.
"No," replied Ratcliffe; "disguise with the world
has operated his retreat from it without assuming the
veil of superstition. Thus far I may tell you—he was
born to great wealth, which his parents designed
should become greater by his union with a kinwoman,
whom for that purpose they bred up in their
own house. You have seen his figure; judge what
the young lady must have thought of the lot to
which she was assigned.—Yet, having devoted her
ppearance, she showed no reluctance, and the friends of
of the person whom I speak of, doubted not
that the excess of his attachment, the various acqui-
sitions of his name, could not have overcome the
terror which his destined bride must have entertained
an exterior so dreadfully insidious.
And did they judge truly?" said Isabella.
You shall hear. He, at least, was fully aware of
his own deficiency; the sense of it haunted him like
a phantom. I am, was his own expression to me,
I am to a man whom he trusted,—I am, in spite of
what you would say, a poor miserable outcast, fitter
to have been amothered in the cradle than to have been
brought up to scare the world in which I claw! The
person whom I refer to was impressed with the indifference to external form,
which is the natural result of philosophy, or entertain
him to recall the superiority of mental talents to the
more attractive attributes that are merely personal.
I hear you," he would reply; but you speak the voice
of cold-blooded stoicism, or, at least, of friendly
partiality. But look at every book which we have read,
those excepted of that abstruse philosophy which feels
no responsive voice in the natural man. Is not
personal form, such as at least can be tolerated with-
out horror and disgust, always represented as essen-
tial to our ideas of a friend, far more so than a
very flat of Nature, from her fairest, most
What but my wealth prevents all—perhaps could
this, or you—from shunning me as something foreign?
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

To your nature, and more odious, by bearing that distorted resemblance to humanity which we observe in human... of the tribe that are most hateful to man... because the palpable caricature?

“You repeat the sentiments of a madman,” said Miss Vere.

“I do, replied her conductor, “unless a morbid and excessive sensitiveness on such a subject can be termed insanity. Yet I will not deny that this governing... as to suggest to the human race, from which he conceives to the self-naturally deformed. The benevolence which he bestowed, from a disposition naturally philanthropic in an uncommon degree, were exaggerated by the influence of the goading reflection, that more was necessary from him than from others... lavish his treasures as if to bribe mankind to receive him into their clasp. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the bounty which flowed from a source so capricious, was often abused, and his beneficence frequently betrayed. These disappointments, which occur to all, more or less, and most to such as concenter without just discrimination, his aversion, faith in the hard and fanciful. He abandoned to all the wild fury of the tempest. He was placed under medical restraint. At a temporary measure... he whose marriage, was now his nearest ally, prolonged his confinement, in order to enjoy the management of his immense estates. There was one who owed all to the sufferer, an humble friend, but grateful and faithful. By unceasing exertion, and repeated invocation of the august Godhead... at length succeeded to his patron’s freedom, and reinstatement in the management of his own property, to which was seen added that of his intended bride, who, having died without issue, had been the heir of entail. But freedom, and wealth, were unable to restore the equipoise of his mind; to the former his grief made him indifferent—the latter only served to excite him the more. He abandoned him to the strange and wayward fancy. He had renounced the Catholic religion, but perhaps some of its doctrines continued to influence his mind, over which remorse and repentance, in appearance, was an unbounded authority. His life has since been that alternately of a pilgrim and a hermit, suffering the most severe privations, not indeed in ascetic devotion, but in the most dejection, that his words and actions have been at such a wide difference, nor has any hypocriss wretch ever been more ingenious in assigning good motives for his violent acts, than this unfortunate in reconciling to himself the abstract principles of misanthropy, a conduct which flows from his natural generosity and kindness of feeling.”

“Still, Mr. Ratcliffe—still you describe the inconsistencies of a madman.”

“By no means,” replied Ratcliffe. “That the imagination of this gentleman is disordered, I will not at all pretend; but he has sometimes broken out into paroxysms approaching to real mental alienation. But it is of his common state of mind that I speak; it is irregular, but not deranged; you cannot make so callous a division that divide the light of noon-day from midnight. The courtier who ruins his fortune for the attainment of a title which can do him no good, or power of which he can make no suitable return to society; the man who hoards his useless wealth, and the prodigal who squanders it, are all marked with a certain shade of insanity. To criminals who are guilty of enormities, when the temptation, to a sober mind, bears no proportion to the horror of the act, or the probability of detection and punishment, the same observation applies; and every violent passion, as well as anger, may be at times roused to madness.”

“This may be all good philosophy, Mr. Ratcliffe,” answered Miss Vere; “but, excuse me, it by no means emboldens me to visit, at this late hour, a person whose extravagance of imagination you yourself can only palliate.”

“ Rather, then,” said Ratcliffe, “ receive my solemn assurances, that you do not incur the slightest danger. But I could not execute my function for fear of alarming you, if, that now when we are within sight of his retreat, for I can discover it through the twilight, I must go no further with you; you must rely on this gentleman who received the bequest.”

“Indeed I dare not.”

“ You must,” continued Ratcliffe. “I will remain here and wait for you.”

“You will not, then, six from this place, wi...
yet the distance is so great, you could were I to cry for assistance."

"Time, with his father hand, fortune of his former days,

men may make him. Bring us to him,

it as it may. The Play."

s of Ratcliffe's voice had died on Isab

as she frequently looked back, it was
gement to her to discern his form now

the cloak of the solitary. She twice

door, and twice she withdrew it; she
d at length make the effort, the

equal in violence the thrush of her own

her third, was the fear of not obtaining the protection Ratcliffe so much, became too

tors of his presence from whom she

it. At length, as she still received no

up to answer and

erable being is reduced," said the ap

of the solitary, "to seek refuge here? I

you, father," said Isabella, "in my

her you command, when you are

should be; but I fear

the solitary, "then thou art Isabella

a token that thou art

ught so much, that you gave

had time to fade ere the hard fate you

me upon me!"

as hast thus redeemed thy pledge," said

will not forswit mine. The heart and

are shut against every other earthly

opening to thee and to thy sorrows.

im move in his hut, and presently af-

come, the heart of Isabella, throbbing

se obstacles to their meeting were

The door opened, and the soli-

the iron lamp which he held in his

ght for affection," he said, "enter

,and observed with a precaution which

tripation, that the Recluse's first act

lamp upon the table, was to replace

brace, the hand with which she heard the noise which accom-

ominous operation, yet remembered

and endeavoured to suppress all

appointments. The light of the lamp

uncertain; but the solitary, without

late notice of Isabella, otherwise than

her to sit down on a small settle be-

made haste to kindle some dry

furse, which presently cast a blaze through the cou-

Wooden shelves, which bore a few books, some

bundies of dried herbs, and one or two wooden cups

and platters, were on one side of the fire. At the

placed some ordinary tools of field-labour,

lugged with those used by mechanics. Where the

bed should have been, there was a wooden frame

struck with withered musk and rutheous the couch of the

aptic. The whole space of the cottage did not

ceed ten feet by six within the walls; and its only

furniture, besides what we have mentioned, was a

table and two stools formed of rough deal.

Within these narrow precincts Isabella now

herself enclosed with a being, whose history had

nothing to reassure her, and the fearful confor-

men of whose hideous countenance inspired the

uous terror. He occupied the seat opposite to

her, and dropping his huge and shaggy eyebrows

his piercing black eyes, gazed at her in silence,

as if agitated by a variety of contending feelings.

On the other side sat Isabella, pale as death, her long

hair uncurlcd by the evening damp, and falling over

shoulders and breast, as the wet streamers droop

from the mast when the storm has passed away,

and left the vessel stranded on the beach. The

Dwarf first broke the silence with the sudden, abrupt, and

 alarming question,—" Woman, what evil fate has

brught thee hither?"

"My father's danger, and your own command," she

replied faintly, but firmly,

"And you hope for aid from me?"

"If you can bestow it," she replied, still in the

same tone of mild submission.

"And how should I possess that power?" continued the

Dwarf, with a bitter sneer; "is mine the form of a

redresser of wrongs? Is it this the power which one powerful enough to be sued to by a fair

plaintiff is likely to hold his residence? I but mock-

ed thee, girl, when I said I would relieve thee.

"Then must I depart, and face my fate as I best may?"

"No!" said the Dwarf, rising and interposing be-

her and the door, and motioning to her sternly to

sume her seat?—" No! you leave me not in this

way; we must have further conference. Why should

one being desire aid of another? Why should not

each be sufficient to itself? Look round you,—the

most despond and most decept on Nature's com-

mon, have required sympathy and help from no one.

These stones are of my own piling; these utensils

framed with my own hands; and with this—" and

he laid his hand with a fiendish smile on the

sword which he always wore beneath his garment, and

unheathed it so far as that the blade glittered clear in

the fire-light. "With this," he pursued, as he thrust

the weapon back into the scabbard, "if neces-

sary, defend the vital spark enclosed in this poor

trunk, against the fairest and strongest that shall

threaten me with injury."

It was with difficulty Isabella refrained from

screaming out aloud; but she did refrain.

"This," continued the Recluse, "is the life of na-

ure solitary, self-sufficient, and independent. The

wolf calls not the wolf to aid him in forming his den;

and the vulture invites not another to assist her in

striking down her prey.

And when they are unable to procure themselves

support, said Isabella, "I judge this is the man of

the would be most accessible to argument couched in

own metaphorical style, "what then is to befall

them?"

"Let them starve, die, and be forgotten; it is the

common lot of humanity."

"It is the lot of the wild tribes of nature," said

Isabella, "but chiefly of those who are destined to

be support by their venal or their more for-

ner; but it is not the law of nature in general; even

the lower orders have confederacies for mutual de-

ence. But mankind—the race would perish did they

come to aid each other. To pass the time that the

mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some

kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow

of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual aid.

All, therefore, that need aid, have right.
their fellow-mortals; no one who has the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.”

And in this simple hope, piteously, said the
Solitary; “thou hast come into the desert, to seek one
whose wish it was that the league thou hast spoken of
were broken for ever, and that, in very truth, the
whole race should perish? Wert thou not frightened of
the desert?” said Isabella, firmly, “is superior to
fear.”

“Hast thou not heard it said in thy mortal world,
that I have languished myself with other powers, deform-
ed to the rude and malvolent, to the human race as
myself? Hast thou not heard this—And dost thou
ask me at midnight?”

The Being I worship supports me against such ideol
fears,” said Isabella, but the increasing agitation of
her bosom reduced the affected courage which her
words expressed.

Ho! no!” said the Dwarf, “thou vainest thyself
a philosopher? Yet, shouldst thou not have thought
of the danger of intrusting thyself, young and beauti-
ful, in the power of one so apostate against humanity,
as to place his chief pleasure in defacing, destroying,
and unreasonable torturing others?

Isabella, much alarmed, continued to answer with
firmness, “Whatever injuries you may have sustained
in the world, you are incapable of revenging them
on one who wronged you, nor, probably, on any other.”

“Ay, but maiden,” he continued, his dark eyes fling-
ing with an expression of malignity which communi-
cated itself to his wild and distorted features, “re-
venge, revenge, which asks only to see the blood
flush and lap blood. Think you the lamb’s plea of
innocence would be listened to by him?”

Man said Isabella, rising, and expressing herself
with more dignity, “I fear not the vengeance with which
you would impress me. I cast them from me with disdain. Be you mortal or fiend, you would
not offer injury to one who sought you as a suppliant
in this my need. You would not.”

“Thou sayst true, maiden,” rejoined the Solitary;
“I dare not—I would not. Beseech thou dwelling.
Fear nothing with which they threaten thee. Thou
hast asked my protection—thou shalt find it effectual.

“But, father, this very night I have consented to
weep the man that I abhor, or I must put the seal to
my father’s ruin.”

“Tell thee not—what hour?”

“Ere midnight.”

“And twilight,” said the Dwarf, “has already pass-
ed away. But fear nothing, there is ample time to pro-
tect thee.”

“And my father?” continued Isabella in a sup-
pliant tone.

“Thy father,” replied the Dwarf, “has been, and is
my most bitter enemy. But fear not; thy virtue shall
suffice to keep thee safe longer by me, I might again fall into the stupid
dreams concerning human worth from which I have
been so fearfully awakened. But fear nothing—at
the very foot of the altar I will redeem thee. Adieu,
time presses, and I must act!”

He led her to the door of the hut, which he opened
for her departure. She remounted her horse, which
had been fastened in the outer enclosure, and pressed
him forward by the light of the moon, which was
now rising, to the spot where she had left Ratcliffe.

“Have you succeeded?” was his first eager question.

“With the help of the holy cross, of the stones from
whom you sent me; but how can he possibly accomplish them?”

“Thank God! said Ratcliffe; ‘doubt not his
power to fulfill his promise.”

At this moment a shrill whistle was heard to re-
ound along the heath.

“Hark!” said Ratcliffe; “he calls me—Miss Vere,
come home, and leave unboiled the postern-door of the
house, lest any one, I mean the memory of me and my late
Mrs. Vere of Ellislaw, who was my dying posture, while a weeping chime
sounded, seemed in the act of exiguity
lamp as an emblematic of her
structure, indeed, a masterpiece of art, but its
vault to which it had been consigned
were surprized, and even scandalized, the

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

CHAPTER XVII.

This looks not like a nuptial. Much Ado.

The chapel in the castle of Ellislaw, is
bequeathed by the testator in his will, to the
clergy of much older date than the castle itself,
claimed considerable antiquity. Before the
advent of England and Scotland had been
some part of the property of a nobleman,
during whose family the possessions had long passed away under
introduced by war and mutual ravage. A
day had arisen on the ruin of their cell,
which was included in its precincts.

The edifice, in its round arches and mas-
cred simplicity of which referred their date
called the Saxon architecture, and times
Seged and sombre appearance, on
frequently used as the residence of
faud lords, as well as formerly of
them. But it looked doubly gloomy by
those and smoky torches which were
laid on the present occasion, where
ing a glare of yellow light in their imme-
sure surrounded by a red and pur-
aneous from their own smoke, and by
by a zone of darkness which no other
the chapel, while it rendered it impossi-
assign its limits. Some ingu-
adopted in haste for the occasion, rather
dreamless of the scene. Old fragments
from the walls of other apartment
hauntingly and partially disposed around
chapel, and mingled inconsistently with
and funeral emblems of the dead, which
where exhibited. On each side of the
was a monument, the appearance of
an equally strange contrast. On the
figure, in stone, of whom I have spoken,
and had died in the odour of sanctity; he
was as becumbent, in his cowl and
face turned upward as in the act of devot
hands folded, from which his string of
pendent. On the other side was a toml
food, composed of the most beauti
marble, and accounted a model of mod-
est, was erected to the memory of her
late Mrs. Vere of Ellislaw, who was in
a dying posture, while a weeping chime
sounded, seemed in the act of exiguity
lamp as an emblematic of her
remarkable for attention to his lady while alive, and erect after her death such a costly mausoleum as reflected sorrow; others cleared him from the imputation of hypocrisy, and averred that the monument was constructed under the direction and at the expense of Mr. Ratcliffe.

Above these monuments the wedding guests were seated. They were few in number; for many left the castle to prepare for the ensuing political action, and Ellisieslaw was, in the circumstances, far from being desirous to extend invitation further than to those near relations whose presence he felt would enliven his feast. Next to the altar stood Sir Frederick Langley, moody, and thoughtful, even beyond his wont, near him, Mareschal, who was to play the part of the groom, and it was called. The thoughtless butt of this young gentleman, on which he never used to place the least restraint, added to the effect which overhung the brow of the bridegroom.

"Do you suppose I would drag my daughter to such a place in two days, though I know none better worth a violent compliment."

Frederick attempted to turn a deaf ear to this dictum and looked set out of the chamber, whispered to Sir Frederick; "I trust that we have not recourse to the violent expedients of Romans which I read of at College. It would be like dragging a mule to an inn and being charged for it, after two days, though I know none better worth a violent compliment."

Sir Frederick returned Sir Frederick, in a whisper, the tone of which indicated that his feelings were suppressed with difficulty.

"No marriage," replied Mareschal, "there's a mistake.

Sir Frederick Langley took his hand, and as he held it, said in a lower whisper, "Mareschal, shall answer this," and then flung his hand on the floor.

"That I will readily do," said Mareschal, "for word escaped my lips that my hand was not to guarantee. So, speak up, my pretty cousin, and tell me if I am wrong, but I am in the right of accepting of this gallant knight for your lord husband; for if you have the tenth part of a mark upon the subject, fail back, fail edge, he shall answer you, madam, are you mad, Mr. Mareschal? said Ellisieslaw, having been this young man's guardian during minority, often employed a tone of authority to put the altar, were it not her own choice?"

"Ellieslaw," retorted the young gentleman, "tell me of the contrary; her eyes are full of his name and title, we will use the freedom of detaining you, till your appearance here, at this moment, is better accounted for; we will have no more of this."

But the domestics shrunk back in doubt and alarm. Sir Frederick himself stepped forward towards the Recluse, as if to lay hands on his person, when his progress was suddenly stopped by the glittering point of a pistool, which the study hand of Hobbie Elliot presented against his bosom.

"I'll gar daylight, shine through ye, if ye offer to steal him," said Hobbie. "Bonny or ill, or I'll strike ye through! Naobody shall lay a finger on Ellisie; he's a canny neighbourly man, eye ready to make a friend; and, though ye may think him a jamter, yet, grappin' for gryppin', I was the man. Whether he'll be blowin' foans under your nails. He's a tough earl, Ellisie! he grapples like a smith's vice."

"What has brought you here, Elliot?" said Mareschal; "who called on you for interference?"

"Troth, Mareschal-Wellis," answered Hobbie. ""
am just come here, wi’ twenty or thirty mair’ o’ us, in my ain name and the King’s— or Queen’s, ca’ they her’? and Canny Elsie’s into the bargain, to keep them and my back some ill usage Eliseslaw has gien me. A bonny breakfast the loons gae me the other morning, and him at the bottom o’; and trow ye I wassa ready to supper him up?—Ye needna lay your carpet down, for the house is wair; but this is yours’ wi’ little din; for the doors were open, and there had been owen muckle punch among your folk; we took their swords and pistols as easy as ye wad shed a tear.”

Mareschal rushed out, and immediately re-entered the chapel.

“By Heaven! it is true, Sir Frederick; the house is defended and the men who have been here are all disarmed.—Draw and let us fight our way.”

“Binna rash—binna rash,” exclaimed Hobbies; “hear me a bit, hear me a bit. We mean ye nae harm; but we’re back in arms for King James, as ye ca’ him, and the pretenders, we thought it right to keep up the auld neighbour war, and stand up for the other ane and the Kirk; but we’ll no hurt a hair o’ your heads, if ye like to gang hame quietly. And it will be your best way for there’s sure none Loudoun, that him they ca’ Bang, or Byng, or what it is, has bang’d the French ships and the new kirk o’ the west however; so ye had best be content wi’ auld Nairn for a bit of a betterQueen.”

Ratcliffe, who at this moment entered, confirmed these accounts so unfavourable to the Jacobite interest. Sir Frederick almost instantly, and without taking care of any one, left the church with such of his attendants as were able to follow him.

“And what will you do, Mr. Mareschal?” said Ratcliffe.

“Why, faith,” answered he, smiling, “I hardly know; say spirit is too great, and my fortune too small, for me to follow the example of the doughty bridegroom. It is not in my nature, and it is hardly worth my while.”

“Well, then, disperse your men, and remain quiet, and this will be overlooked, as there has been no overt act.”

“Hoot say,” said Elliot, “just let bygones be bygones, and a’ friends again; deal ane I beil marit at west Burnstaff, and I has gien him bith a hert skin and a cauld ane. I hadna changed three blows of his him wi’ him before he lap the window into the castle-moat, and swattered through it like a wild-duck. He’s a clever fellow, indeed! I’main kilt away wi’ bony lass in the morning, and another at night. Whare him was he disam kilt oot o’ the country, I see kilt him wi’ a tow, for the Castletoun meeting’s clean blass ower; his friends will no countenance him.”

All this confusion, Isabella had thrown herself at the feet of her kinman, Sir Edward Mau- ley, for so we must now call the Solicitor, to express at once her gratitude, and to beseech forgiveness for her father. The eyes of all began to be fixed on her, as soon as their own agitation and the bustle of the attendants had somewhat abated. Miss Vere knelt beside the tomb of her mother, to whose statue her features exhibited a marked resemblance. She held the hand of the Dwarf, which she kissed repeatedly and bathed with tears. He stood fixed and motionless, excepting that his eyes glanced alternately on the marble figure and the living suppliant. At length the large droops, which gathered on his eye-lashes compelled him to draw his hand across them.

“I thought,” he said, “that tears and I had done; but we shed them at our birth, and their spring dries not until we lay him here.”

“Dear Isabella,” he said, “if you do not think it necessary that the heart should dissolve my resolution. I part here, at once, and for ever, with all of which the memory, the looking to the future,” or the presence, “the presence of your Majesty, is not to me! attempt not to thwart my determination! it will avail nothing; you will hear of and see this lump of deformity no more. To you I shall be dead ere I put my grave, and you will think of me as of a friend discommend to the toils and crimes of existence.”

He kissed Isabella on the forehead, imp another kiss on the brow of the statue by who knelt, and left the chapel followed by Ratcliffe, bells, and the rest of his followers. Eliseslaw had gie him. A bonny breakfast the loons gae me the other morning, and him at the bottom o’; and trow ye I wasna ready to supper him up?—Ye needna lay your carpet down, for the house is wair; but this is ours’ wi’ little din; for the doors were open, and there had been owen muckle punch among your folk; we took their swords and pistols as easy as ye wad shed a tear.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Last scene of all.

To close this strange eventful history.

Or the next morning, Mr. Ratcliffe presents Vere with a letter from her father, of which the tenor:—

"MY DEAREST CHILD,

"The malice of a persecuting governor compels me, for my own safety, to retreat abroad to remain for some time in foreign parts. I ask you to accompany, or follow me; you will to my interest and your own more effectually remain where you are. It is unnecessary to into a minute detail concerning the causes strange which will appear yesterday which yesterday, I have reason to complain of the usage I have had from Sir Edward Mauley, who is your nearest man by the mother’s side; but as he has declined his assistance, and to put you in immediate possession of a large part of his fortune, I account it a full and ample justice, although, if some part of his conduct be examined, it will appear that he, on his own sake, to have been left under the influ a mild and salutary restraint.

"In one particular, however, he showed a of the ties of blood, as well as of his own frail which, while he rejected himself closely from the under various names and disguises, and was spreading a report of his own death, (in wi’ him) I willingly acquiesced,) he left at posal the rents of a great proportion of his; and especially all those, which, having been his your mother, reverted to him as a male fief. he may have thought that he was acting w treme generosity, while, in the opinion of all men, he will only be considered as having led a new obligation, seeing that, if I be in strict law, you must be considered as the you, and I as your legal administrator, meant to be considered as having the my solicitor is not to me! attempt not to thwart my determination! it will avail nothing; you will hear of and see this lump of deformity no more. To you I shall be dead ere I put my grave, and you will think of me as of a friend discommended to the toils and crimes of existence.”
ment and control of my property. Or, if all this assuming friendship was employed by Sir Edward for the sake of securing his own peace of mind, and acquiring the power of ruining me at his pleasure, I feel myself, I must repeat, still less bound by the alleged obligation.

Thus, in one last year, as I understand, either his own crazed imagination, or the accomplishment of some such scheme as I have hinted, brought him down to this country. His alleged motive, it appears, was, after the death of his unhappy and celebrated friend, which he had directed to be raised in the chapel over the tomb of your mother. Mr. Ratcliffe, who at this time had done me the honour to make my house his own, had taken the trouble to secure the lease of the chapel. The consequence, as he informs me, was a freemasonry of several hours, during which he fled into the neighbouring moors, in one of the wildest spots of regular information when by some means or other, either by Ratcliffe, or through Westburnflat or others, whom he had the means to bribe to any extent. He makes it a crime against me that I endeavoured to establish, and that the sudden and almost instantaneous revocation of allowances, of which I have so much reason to complain. Of Sir Frederick Langley, I suppose, you will hear no more. He is not likely to claim the hand of a dowager maiden. I therefore commit you, not to give my free and hearty consent, providing the settlements are drawn in such an irrevocable form as may secure my child from suffering by that state of dependence, and that sudden and almost instantaneous revocation of allowances, of which I have so much reason to complain.

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The above letter throws the only additional light which we have been able to procure upon the earlier part of our story. It was Hobie's opinion, and may be that of most of our readers, that the Recluse of Mucklestone was not, after all, a mere incoherent and twilight understanding; and that he had neither very clear views as to what he himself wanted, nor was apt to pursue his ends by the clearest and most direct means to reach them. Of course, this conduct was likened by Hobie, to looking for a straight path through a common, over which are a hundred devious tracks, but not one distinct line of road.

When Isabella had perused the letter, her first inquiry was after her father. He had left the castle, she was informed, early in the morning, after a long interview with Mr. Ratcliffe, and was already far on his way to the next port, where he might expect to find shipping for the Continent.

"Where was Sir Edward Mauley?"

"No one had seen the Dwarf since the eventful scene of the preceding evening."

"Odd, if any thing has befe'en puri Elsieh," said Hobie Elliot. "I wish I had been there, but I was not."

He immediately rode to his dwelling, and the remaining she-goat came bleating to meet him, for her milking time was past. The Solitary was nowhere to be seen; his door, contrary to wont, was open, his fire extinguished, and a light in the whole but was left in the state which it exhibited on Isabella's visit to him. It was clear that the means of conveyance which had brought the Dwarf to Elsielaw had been removed by him, and he was gone to some other place of abode. Hobie returned disconsolate to the castle.

"I am doubting we hae lost Canny Elsieh for gude ane.""You have indeed," said Ratcliffe, producing a paper, which he put into Hobie's hands; "but read that, and you will perceive you have been no loser by having known him."

It was a short deed of gift, by which "Sir Edward Mauley, otherwise called Elahas-hender the Recluse, endowed Halbert or Hobie Elliot, and Grace Armstrong, in full property, with a considerable sum borrowed by Elliot from him."

Hobie's joy was mingled with feelings which brought tears down his rough cheeks.

"It's a queer thing," he said; "but I canna joy in the gear, unless I kent the puri body was happy that gave it me."

"Next to enjoying happiness ourselves," said Ratcliffe, "is the consciousness of having bestowed it on others. Had all my master's benefits been conferred like the present, what a different return would they have produced! But the indiscriminate profusion that would give no joy but the illiberal prodigality, neither does good, nor is rewarded by the gratitude of receiving the wind to reap the whirlwind."

"And that was be a light har'at," said Hobie; "but, wi' my young leetle's leaves, I wad, as I am sure as Grace's bit flower yard at the Haugh-foot—they shall never be smeekit by o'ny bair. And the puri goet's, would be negligence about a great toon like bair's, and..."
she could feed bonnily on our lily lea by the burn side, and the hounds wad ken her in a day’s time, and never flash her, and Grace weel milk her like morning wi’ her ain hand, for Elsie’s sake; for though he was thwarted and cankered in his converse, he like dumb creatures well. 14

Hobbie’s requests were readily granted, not without some wonder at the natural delicacy of feeling which pointed out to him this mode of displaying his gratitude. He was delighted when Ratcliffe informed him that his benefactor should not remain ignorant of the care which he took of his favourite.

14 And mind be sure and tell him that grannie and he titties, and, above all, grace and myself, are weel and thriving, and that it’s a’ his doing—that canna but please him, ane wad think.’

And Elliot and the family at Heugh-foot were, and continued to be, as fortunate and happy as his unadulterated honesty, tenderness, and gallantry, so well merited.

All bar the marriage of Earnscliff and Isabella was now removed, and the settlements which Ratcliffe produced on the part of Sir Edward Mauley, might have satisfied the cupidity of Elleslaw himself. But Miss Vere and Ratcliffe thought it unnecessary to mention to Earnscliff that one great motive of Sir Edward, in thus loading the young pair with benefits, was to expiate his having, many years before, shed the blood of his father in a hasty brawl. If it be true, as Ratcliffe asserted, that the Dwarf’s extreme misanthropy seemed to relax somewhat, under the consciousness of having diffused happiness among so many, the recollection of this circulation of love might perhaps be one of his chief motives for refusing obstinately ever to witness their state of contentment.

Mareschal hunted, shot, and drank claret—tired of the country, went abroad, served three campaigns, came home, and married Lucy Lidgeton.

Years flew over the heads of Earnscliff and his wife, and found and left them contented and happy.

The scheming ambition of Sir Frederick Langley engaged him in the unfortunate insurrection of 1715. He was made prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire, with the Earl of Derwentwater, and others. His defence, and the dying speech which he made at his execution, may be found in the State Trials. Mr. Vere, supplied by his daughter with an ample income, continued to reside abroad, engaged deeply in the affairs of Law’s bank during the regency of the Duke of Orleans, and was at one time supposed to be immensely rich. But, on the bursting of that famous bubble, he was so much disgraced at being again reduced to a moderate annuity, (although he saw thousands of his companions in misfortune absolutely starving,) that vexation of mind brought on a paralytic stroke, of which he died, after lingering under its effects a few weeks.

Willie of Westburnflat fled from the wrath of Hobbie Elliot, as his betters did from the pursuit of the law. His patriotism urged him to serve his country abroad, while his reluctance to leave his native scene pressed him rather to remain in the beloved isle, and collect purses, watches, and rings, on the highways and by-roads at home. Fortunately for him, the first impulse prevailed, and he joined the army under Marlborough; obtained a commission, to which he was recommended by his services in collecting cattle in the commissariat; returned home after many years with some money, (how come by Heaven only knows,)—demolished the peel-house at Westburn, as built, in its stead, a high narrow one—and, of the stories, with a chimney at each end—drank brandy with the neighbours, whom, in his youth, he had plundered—died in his bed, and is recorded on his tombstone at Kirkwall; (still extant,) at having played all the parts of a brave soldier, a dear neighbour, and a sincere Christian.

Mr. Ratcliffe resided usually with the family of Elleslaw, but regularly every spring and summer, he was then in attendance on his unfortunate patron. At length, on his return from one of these visits, a grave countenance, and deep mourning, announced to the Elleslaw family that their beloved was no more. Sir Edward’s death made no addition to their fortune, for he had divested himself of property during his lifetime, and chiefly in the favour. Ratcliffe, his sole confidant, died at a very old age, but without ever naming the place where his master had finally retired in the manner of his death, or the place of his burial. It was supposed that on all these particulars his patron had imposed on him strict secrecy.

The sudden disappearance of Elsie from her extraordinary hermitage corroborated the report that the common people had spread concerning her. Many believed that, having ventured to enter the consecrated building, contrary to her precept and the Evil One, she had been bodily carried off when his return to his cottage; but most are of opinion that he only disappeared for a season, and could not be seen from time to time among the hills, retaining, according to custom, a more vivid recollection of his wild and desperate language, than the benevolent tendency of most of his actions usually identified with the malignant demands of the Man of the Moors, whose feet were devoted to Mrs. Elliot to her grandchildren; and, accordingly, generally represented as bewitching the shepherd, cooling the eves to feel that it is to cast their lambs, or loosening the impending wreath of snow to prepare its weight on such as take shelter, during the storm, beneath the bank of a torrent, or under the shelter of a deep glen. In short, the ever-dreaded and deprecated by the inhabitants of our pastoral country, are ascribed to the agency of the Black Dwarf.

END OF THE BLACK DWARF.
OLD MORTALITY.
INTRODUCTION TO OLD MORTALITY.

Robert Paterson, called by the title of Old Mortality, was a minister in Scotland about the close of the seventeenth century, and his real name was Robert Paterson. He was a native of Ayrshire, born in 1622. Paterson was a man of great piety and zeal, and he was the chief of the Presbyterians in Scotland at the time. He was known for his eloquence and his ability to convey the message of the Bible in a way that was accessible to all people. His sermons were filled with moral and spiritual teachings, and he was known for his integrity and honesty.

In his old age, Paterson was called to the chapel of the King's School at Dunfermline. He was a man of great charm and presence, and his sermons were well received by the congregation. He was known for his good sense and his ability to make the message of the Bible relevant to the lives of his congregation.

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Stewart, but against all who attempted to support the abominable heresies of the Church of Rome. From his circumstance it appears that he had no children, nor during his whole life, imbibed the religious enthusiasm by which he afterwards so much disapproved.

"The religious sect called Hallow-men, or Covenanters, was at that time much noted for austerity and devotion, in imitation of Cameron, their great leader, of whom Old Mortality became one of the most strenuous supporters. He made frequent journeys into the country, and wherever he went, he always carried with him gravestones from his quarry at Dastowick, to keep in remembrance the sacrifices of the revolutionists whose dust gathered at his mother's house. Old Mortality was not one of those religious devotees who, although one eye is seemingly turned towards heaven, keep the other steadfastly fixed on some sublunary object. As his enthusiasm increased, his journeys into the country became more frequent, and he sometimes undertook the perilous task of carrying his gravestones to his friends.

"From about the year 1728, he returned thence to his father's house, and he lay at rest for several years, during which time he was much visited by his friends.

"There is a small monument in the farm of the Ca- tel, near the House of the Hil, in Wigtownshire, which is reputed to have been erected as being the first record, by Old Mortality, to the memory of several persons who fell in defence of their religion in the civil war in the reign of Charles II.

"From the Caulet, the labours of Old Mortality, in the course of time, spread over nearly all the Lowlands of Scotland. There are few churchyards in any of the parishes where his works have not been visited by his adherents, and where the work of his clergymen is not yet to be seen. It is easily distinguished from the work of any other artist by the personal touching of the inscriptions, and the style of handwriting.

"This is a popular and classical style of handwriting, as it may be seen by the following account of his friends, expressed, amongst other letters, in some of which I have traced in my possession.

"A Calendar of Events, 1726. 1736.

"Robert Paterson died at Adam Walker.

"To dye, for seven weeks, 9 6

"To buy of the weeds, 1 3

"To hire of the peas, 1 5

"To rent of the rent, 6 0

"To sell of the Elliott, 1 0

"To sell of the wheat, 2 0

"Received in part, 10 0

"Unpaid, 5 5

"This statement shows the religious wanderer to have been very poor in his old age; but he was so much by choice than through necessity, as at the period here alluded to, he had children who were all comfortably situated, and were most anxious to keep their father at home, but he continued to pursue his career in the churchyard, and his wanderings were not without profit.

"As soon as his body was found, information was sent to his friends, and the same was composed of the account of his death. At that time, the letter communicating the particulars of his death was so long delayed by the fact, that the remittances of the account could not be made known at Bankhall.

"The following is an exact copy of the account of his funeral expenses, the original of which I have in my possession:

"The house was stunned by a Captain Ord and Urquhart, who was the last of the Tunbridge.

"A well of water, still alive, poetically called by the name of Old Mortality, who dies in the later or earlier, the farmer more his name.

"The above account is authenticated by the son of the deceased.

"My friend was prevented by indisposition from going to Bankhall to attend the funeral of Old Mortality, but I have heard much of his death from his eldest son, who was present at the ceremony. He was a very old man, much respected by his neighbours. Walker died several years ago, leaving behind him a family now resident in the same house. John went to America in the year 1726, and afterwards to Europe, settling at Bath.,

"Old Mortality had three sons, Robert, Walter, and John; the former, as he has been already mentioned, lived in the parish of Halmain, I believe, and was much respected by his neighbours. Walker died several years ago, leaving behind him a family now resident in the same house. John went to America in the year 1726, and afterwards to Europe, settling at Bath.

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OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary.

Why seeks he with unwearyed toil
Through death's dim walk to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-assayed spot,
And lead oblivion into day?—Landore.

"Most readers," says the Manuscript of Mr. Patience, "must have witnessed with delight the joyous urst which attends the dismission of a village school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to splende, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as if the little uachins join in groups on their play-ground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of discharge with a peculiar fervency, and who is not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his school-room, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling indulgence, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and labouring to soften obstinacy; and whose spirit and intellect have been onfounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of his genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded, in his imagination, by their connexion with tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that the Elocution of Virgil and Xen of Horace are each inapplicable allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blundering school-boy. If to these mental distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind and heart of nature, the distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which a solitary walk, in the cool of a fine summer evening, affords to him, for he is not in haste, and his footsteps are spaced and unhurried. Indeed, many of the apprehensiveness has been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the insomnious task of public instruction.

To me these evening strolls have been the happiest moments of my life. And if, you will believe me, anything so trifling as the fragments of a child's memory can afford me any consolation, you will not object to the following recollection: A teacher who had been long associated with the quiet scenery around me, has disposed my mind to the task of composition.

"My chief haunt, in these hours of golden leisure, a the banks of the small stream, which, winding through a lone vale of green bracken, passes in front of the village school-house of Glandrigh. For the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed from my meditations, in order to return the scrape, or baffle, of such stragglers among my pupils as fish for trout or minnows in the little brook, or seek nashes and wild-flowers by its margin. But, beyond the space I have mentioned, the juvenile anglers do not, after sunset, voluntarily extend their excursions. The cause is, that farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathly bank, there is a deserted burial-ground, which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has long been the favorite theme of my walks, and, if my fond patron forgets not his promise, will (probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage."

"It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasing description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground, and overgrown with moss. No newly-erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank-springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The ashes which sprinkled the rod, and the harelip which hangs thereon, and which derive their pure nourishment from the dew of heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection, that they have once been with us. These are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation."

"Yet, although the more has been collected on the most modern of these humble tombs during four generations of mankind, the memory of some of those who sleep beneath them is still held in reverent remembrance. It is true, that, upon the largest, and, to an antiquary, the most interesting monument of the group, which bears the effigies of a doughty knight in his hood of mail, with his shield hanging on his breast, the armoirial bearings are defaced by time, and a few worn-out letters may be read at the pleasure of the decipherer, Dns. Johan, de Hamel, or Johan, de Lormel. And it is also true, that of another tomb, with a cross, mitre, and pastoral staff, tradition can only aver, that a certain nameless bishop lies interred there. But upon other two stones which lie beside, may still be read in rude prose, and ruder rhyme, the history of those who sleep beneath them. They belong, we are assured by the epitaph, to the class of persecuted Presbyterians who afforded a melancholy subject for history in the times of Charles II. and his successor."

In returning from the battle of Penland Hills, a party of the insurgents had been attacked in this glen by a small detachment of the King's troops, and three or four either killed in the skirmish, or shot after being made prisoners, as rebels taken with arms in their hands. The peasantry continued to attach to the tomb of those victims of prejudice an honour which they do not render to more splendid mausoleums; and, when they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the sufferers, usually conclude, by extorting them to be ready, should times call for it, to resist to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.

*Note, by Mr. Jedediah Clesibotham. That I kept my pig in this melancholy matter with my deceased and lamented friend, apparcheth from a handsome head-stone erected at my proper charge in this spot, bearing the name and calling of Peter Walker, with the inscription, with this nativity, also with a testimony of his merits, attended by myself, as his superior and patron. J. C. James, Barrister of Scotland. That is, and Memos, according to the numeration of the Kings of England."
Although I am far from venerating the peculiar tenets asserted by those who call themselves the followers of those men, and whose intolerance and narrow-minded bigotry are as conspicuous as is their devotional zeal, yet it is without depreciating the memory of those sufferers, many of whom united in the sentiments of Hampden with the sufferings of the Covenanters. On the other hand, it would be unjust to forget, that many even of those who had been most active in crushing what they considered the hempilden of their unhappy unhappy, displayed the same spirit of religious enthusiasm. It has often been remarked of the Scottish character, that the stubbornness with which it is moulded shows most to advantage in adversity, when it seems akin to the native sycamore of their hills, which seems to be imposed in its mode of growth even by the influence of the prevailing wind, but, shooting its branches with equal boldness in every direction, shows no weather-side to the storm, and may be broken, but can never be bended. It must be understood that I speak of my countrymen as they fell under my own observation. We may be mistaken, I have been borne down among them, they are more docile. But it is time to return from this digression.

One summer evening, as in a stroll, such as I have described, I listened intently to the last chime of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude, the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and of a sound at once melancholy and in comparison with the current of the gigantic ash-trees, which mark the cemetery. The chink of a hammer was, on this occasion, distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a marching funeral should be held over this tract of existence; for this ground of my favourite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectangular defoliation for the graceful winding of the natural boundary. As I approached, I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening, with his chisel, the letters of the inscription, which, announcing, in scriptural language, the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose of carrying, of cleaning the rider's tools, and any thing else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognising a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talk of, and who was known in various parts under the title of Old Mortality.

I deem it fitting that the reader should learn, that the boundary between the contestable heritable property of the land of Knapton, and his honour the Laird of Gnesith, had often been the subject of dispute. A rather sour of uncremented granite, called by the vulgar a dry-argy, furnished a natural boundary to the ground. Truly, in truth, they fell into discord concerning two discs of the same stone, one within the other, one on the outside of the other, and the controversy, having some years by past hands, had not been finally settled before the judges of the land, (under which it should be understood), as they had been disposed to thank his memory; but on this occasion I propose to show that I did not hate the child, but that I must return, the more so, because attending my interview with the interesting character to the theologian, I could not help repeating, "The old man was engaged in retouching. I am in a greater or a red, notwithstanding the multis of Solomon, for which scowls, I must return, and because attending my interview with the interesting character to the theologian, I could not help repeating, "The old man was engaged in retouching. I am in a greater or a red, notwithstanding the multis of Solomon, for which scowls, I must return, and because attending my interview with the interesting character to the theologian, I could not help repeating, "The old man was engaged in retouching. I am in a greater or a red, notwithstanding the multis of Solomon, for which scowls, I must return, and because attending my interview with the interesting character to the theologian, I could not help repeating, "The old man was engaged in retouching.

In according Old Mortality, I do not fail to recognize the simplicity and the manly, the magnanimous and the manly, the magnanimous and the manly, the magnanimous..."
respect to his years and his principles, beginning my address by a respectful apology for interrupting his labours. The old man intimated the operation of the chisel, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then rose, and welcomed me with the most cordial hospitality. Encouraged by his affability, I intruded upon him some questions concerning the circumstances of the scene whereon he had been employed. "To talk of the exploits of the Covenant was delightful, as to repair their monuments was the business of his life. He was profuse in the communication of all the minute information which he had acquired from the records of the war and its sufferings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and had actually beheld the passages which he related, so much had he identified his fondest imaginings with their dreams, and so much had he narrated the circunstancialit of an eye-witness." 

"We," he said, in a tone of exultation,—"we are the only true whites. Carnal men have assumed that triumphant appellation, following him whose kingdom is of this world. Which of them would sit six hours on a wet hill-side to hear a gospel sermon? I think the truth is, our ancestors were nobly born and brought up. No, they were not of the天下, whom the worthy Mr. Pedem, (the secret servitor of the Lord, none of whose words fail to the ground,) that the French monarcs sell rise as fast in the glens of Ayre, and the kerns of Galway, as ever "it was thrust upon the stem. And now they are gripping to the bow and to the spear, when they said to mourn for a solemn land and a broken covenant." 

"When the great old man by letting his peculiar opinions pass without contradiction, and anxious to prolong conversation with so singular a character, I prevailed upon him to accept that hospitality, which Mr. Clisehamborn was always willing to extend to those who needed it. In our way to the school-master’s house, we called at the Wallace Inn, where I was pretty certain I should find my patron about that hour of the evening. The inn-keeper of Old Mortality was, with difficulty, prevailed upon to join his host in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to name the place where I should be expected about half-past five, and then, with bonnet doffed and eyes uplifted, drank to the memory of those heroes of the Kirk who had first uplifted her banner upon the mountain. By the time I could prevail on him to extend his conviviality to a second cup, my patron accompanied him home, and accommodated him in the Prophet’s Chamber, as it is his pleasure to call the closest which holds a spare bed, and which is frequently a place of retreat for the poor traveller." 

"The next day I took leave of Old Mortality, who seemed affected by the unusual attention with which I had concurred in an acquaintance and listened to his conversation. After he had mounted, not without difficulty, the old white pony, he took me by the hand and said, "The blessing of our Master be with you, young man! My hours are like the ears of the latter harvest, and your days are yet in the spring; and yet you may be gathered into the garner of mortality before me, for the sickle of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe, and there is a colouring of the head which is like the blackness in my hair."

Probably matrons. It would seem that this was spoken during the apprehensions of invasion from France.—Publishers.

"He might have added, and for the rich also; since, I land my state, the great of the earth have also taken harbours in my name. If you have not the time to take a hand at the hand-sawdust trade, the rustics can observe the manners of the Dunlop, who was buxom and comely of aspect, his Honour the present Lord of Old Mortality. While he held his tenure of the Stewartry, was wont to prefer my Prophet’s Chamber even to the Smout chamber of ease in the Wallace Inn, and to besow me with the choice directions for all the best obdurate of the house, but, in reality, to assure himself of my company by the evening."—C.L.
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

In behalf of the exiled house of Stewart. I may even boast right to command authority on the same score; for more than one non-juring bishop, whose authority and income were upon me as apostolical a scale as the greater abominations of Episcopacy could well permit, with the ring of the humble cheer of the Wallace Inn, to furnish me with information corrective of the facts which I learned from others. There are also here and there a laird or two, who, though they shrug their shoulders, profess no great shame in their fathers having served in the persecuting squadrons of Earlshall and Claver-house. From the gamekeepers of these gentlemen, an office not of any ordinary order, I have become hereditary in such families. I have also contrived to collect much valuable information.

Upon the whole, I can hardly fear, that, at this time, in describing the operation which their opposite principles produced upon the good and bad men of both parties, I can be suspected of meaning insult or injustice to either. If recollection of former injuries, extra-loyalty, and contempt and hatred of their adversaries, produced rigour and tyranny in the one party, it will hardly be denied, on the other hand, that, if the zeal for God’s house did not eat up the conventional; if devotion for least, to imitate the phrase of Dryden, no small portion of their loyalty, sober sense, and good breeding. We may safely hope, that the souls of the brave and sincere on either side have looked with some wonder and pity upon the ill-considered motives which caused their mutual hatred and hostility, while in this valley of darkness, blood and tears. Peace to the memory!

Let us think of the memories of our only Scottish tragedy entreats her lord to think of her departed sire:

"A time not up the names of our fathers! Impeachable remembrance was their crime, And glorious has the expiation been." — Dryden.

CHAPTER II.

Summon an hundred horse, by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle gates.

Douglas.

Unaska the reign of the last Stewarts, there was an anxious wish on the part of government to counteract, by every means in their power, the strict or punctilious observance of the Church of Scotland, which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government, and to revive those feudal institutions which united the vassal to the liege lord, and both to the crown. Frequent musters of the nobility and gentry, in both my story of past and present exercise and for sports and pastimes, were appointed by authority. The interference, in the latter case, was impolitic, to say the least; for, as usual in such instances, the courtiers, the courtiers, the courtiers, the courtiers, the courtiers, became confirmed in their opinions, instead of giving way to the terrors of authority; and the youth of both sexes, whom the pipe and tabor in England, or the bagpipe in Scotland, would have been in themselves an irresistible temptation, were enabled to act them at defiance, from the proud consciousness that they were, at the same time, respecting an act of court. To compel men to dance and be merry by authority, has rarely succeeded even on board of slave ships, where it was formerly sometimes attempted by way of inducing the wretched captives to agitate themselves and restore the circulation, during the few minutes they were permitted to enjoy the fresh air upon deck. The rigor of the strict Calvinists increased, proportion to the wishes of the government that it should be relaxed. A judicial observance of the Sabbath—a superfluous condemnation of all manly pastimes and harmless recreations, as well as the profane intrusions on the peace of impious dancing, that is, of men and women dancing together in the same party (for I believe they admitted that the exercise might be carried as far as practised by the parties, more or less) distinguishes the policy of the time. In my story of past and present exercise and for sports and pastimes, there was also bestowed all the money that for a long time before he had gathered from his friends, or had otherwise purchased, upon a house of Lannack, a new hall of Lannack, and to supply the wants of his contemnors; thus furnished, the secret was at length discovered. It was at once put down by the presbytery of Clackmannan. But then came the supper of the deacons, which was nothing but an entertainment, a good supper, and the news went abroad. However, the churchmen were not to be so easily turned aside; and the presbytery came to the conclusion that the Rabbis must be called in. To this the highlanders replied, that they were not willing to countenance such a proceeding, and that if the presbytery was determined to proceed in this way, they would insist on having a presbytery of their own, and that the highlanders would have nothing to do with any such assembly as that which was called the presbytery of Clackmannan.
at this period with fire-arms. This was the re-
se of a bird, decked with party-coloured sed-
s. It pounced upon a pigeon, and served for a mark, to
hit the competitors discharged their fusée
ines in rotation, at the distance of sixty or
pants, there being none of the moorland facets of
had the proud title of Captain of the Popinjay
remainder of the day, and was usually
in triumph to the most reputable change-
the main event. The recluse was a
-conviviality, conducted under his auspices,
was able to sustain it, at his expense.
, of course, be supposed, that the ladies of
very easy enough. The party, com-
cepted who held the stricter tenets of puri-
and would therefore have deemed it criminal
- countenance to the profane gimbals of ignants. Landois, branches, or tilbury-
ere none in those simple days. The lord lieu-
- of the county (a personage of duke rank)
- tended to the magnificence of a wheel-cart-
ing covered with tarnished gilding and
e, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah's
aged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares,
eight inside and six outside. The inside cir-
- ing the main hall of the house, dressed
- dren, a chaplain stuffed into a sort of lateral
ormed by a projection at the door of the
- and called, from its appearance, the boot, equipage and
-nuro, and who had a
-s convenience on the opposite side. A
- and three postilions, who wore short
- tied wigs with three tails, had blunder-
-ung heels, and passed at their highest
- deduced the equajnage. On the foot-board,
- his moving mansion-house, stood, or rather
- tripe file, five incoquets in rich livres, armed
- re, with his troops drape he was
- and old young, were on horseback followed
- servants; but the company, for the
- ready assigned, was rather selected than
- to the enormous leathern vehicle which we
- empted to describe, vindicating its title to
- of the untitled gentry of the country, might
- the sober paltry of Lady Margaret Bellenden, the
- erect and primitive form of Lady Marga-
- left, decked in those widow's weeds which the
- ly had not laid aside, since the execution of
- was the celebrated, and to Montrose,
- grand-daughter, and only earthly care, the fair
- Edith, who was generally allowed to be the
- lying, without the least jealousy, another
-active like Spring placed close to Winter. Her
- anish jetnet, which she managed with such
- er gay riding-dress, and laced side-saddle,
- anxiously prepared to set her forth to the
- the vantage. But the clustering profusion of
- which, escaping from under her cap, were
- shed by a green ribbon from wantoning over
- idges; her cast of features, soft and feminine.
- without a certain expression of playful arch-
- which redeemed their sweetness from the
- of insipidity, sometimes brought against and
- blued eyes-beautiful—the very contrac-
- ion from the western youth than either the
- ar of her equipments or the figure of her
- attendance of these distinguished ladies was
- inferior to their birth and fashion in those.
- it consisted only of two servants on horse-
- The truth was, that the good old lady had
- s, and discharging, he was so ready, and shot so near
- that he far exceeded all his fellow scholars, and
- teacher of that art to them before the thirtieth
- on his course, I have afterwards been in
- in this, both at the exercising of his
- s, and afterwards that he gave to the
- him as a stripling myself; and albeit that passegynge
- exercise I delighted most in, yet could I never attain
- rien. This last boast, however, had the applause of
- all the spectactors, the kyndnesse
- fies, and the favour of the whole tabern
- "that little village."
cause of royalty, she was ready at any time to have made the most unshrink'd personal sacrifices. She had lost her husband and two promising sons in the civil wars that unhappy period; but she had received from her own right hand the west cornwall of Scotland to meet Cromwell in the unfortunate field of Worcester. Charles the Second had actually breakfasted at the Tower of Tillicoultry; an incident which had a momentous importance in the life of Lady Margaret, who seldom afterwards partook of that meal, either at home or abroad, without detailed the whole circumstances of the royal visit, not forgetting the salutation which his majesty conferred on each side of her face, though she sometimes omitted to notice that he bestowed the same favour on two luxon serving-women who appeared at that time for the day into the capacity of waiting gentlewomen.

These instances of royal favour were decisive; and of Lady Margaret had not been a confirmed royalist already, from sense of high birth, influence of education, and hatred to the opposite party, through whom she had suffered such domestic calamity, the giving a breakfast to majesty, and received the royal salute in return, were bowing enough of themselves to unite her exclusively to the fortunes of the Stewarts. There were now, in all appearance, three parties, but Lady Margaret's heart did adhered to them through the worst of troubles, and was resolved to sustain the same securities of fortune should their scale once more kick the beam. At present she endured it; but the military display of the force which stood ready to support the instrument was quite as well as could, the mortification she felt at the unworthy desertion of her own retainers.

Many civilists passed between her ladyship and the representatives of sundry ancient loyal families who were upon the ground, by whom she was held in high reverence; and not a young man of rank passed through the course of their minstrel, but she carried his body more erect in the saddle, and threw his horse upon its haunches, to display his own horsemanship and the perfect biting of his steed to the best advantage in the eyes of Miss Edith Bellenden. But the young cavaliers, distinguished by high descent and undoubted loyalty, attracted no more attention from Edith than the law of courtesy peremptorily demanded; and she turned an indifferent eye to the compliments with which she was addressed, most of which were little the worse for the wear, though borrowed for the nonce from the labors of transcriptions on almanacs. Scudder, the minstrels in which the youth of that age delighted to dress themselves, ere Folly had thrown her banners overboard, and cut down her vessels of the freemen of the craft, was given up. Cleanness, numbers, and others, into small craft, drawing as little water, or, to speak more plainly, consuming as little time as the little cockboat in which the gentle reader has designed to embark. It was, however, the decree of fate that Miss Bellenden should not continue to evoke the same equanimity till the conclusion of the day.

CHAPTER III.

Howness and horse confined the bitter pang. And arms and warning fell with his green chesuse. Perseus of Hope.

When the military evolutions had been gone through tolerably well, allowing for the awkwardness of the occasion, but amounting to this effect that the competitors were about to step forth for the game of the popinjay already described. The mast, or pole, having a yard extended across it, from which the strings were run, was braced and the several attachments of the assembly; and even those who had eyed the evolutions of the feudal militia with a sort of malignant and sarcastic sneer, from disinclination to the practice which they professedly inculcated, could not refrain from taking considerable interest in the strife which was now approaching. They crowded towards the goal, and criticised the appearance of each competitor, as they advanced in succession, discharged their pieces at the mark, and had their good or bad address rewarded by the laughter or applause of the spectators. But when a slender young man, dressed with great simplicity, yet neat and seemly without certain, in the broad grey coat with his hat of green and the dark green cloak thrown back over his shoulder, his faced ruff and feathered cap indicating a sense of the importance of the occasion, the disinterested interest among the spectators, whether altogether favourable to the young adventurer, it was difficult to discover.

"Every one, sir, to see his father's son at the like thane fearless follies!" was the exclamation of the elder and more rigid puritans, whose curiosity had so far overcome their dignity as to bring them to the play ground. The general interest viewed the whole rashly, and were contented to wish success to the son of a deceased presbyterian leader, without strictly examining the propriety of his being a competitor in the prize.

Their wishes were gratified. At the first discharge of his piece the green adventurer struck the popinjay, being the first palatable hit of the day, though several had fallen very near the mark. A Anatomy of applause ensued. But the success was not decisive; it being necessary that each who followed should have an exchange, and then those who succeeded a hitting the mark should reproduce themselves, till one displayed a decided superiority over the others. Two only of those who followed in order succeeded in hitting the popinjay. The first was a young man of low degree, who kept his face muffled in his gray cloak; the second a gallant young cavalier, remarkable for a handsome exterior, sedulously decorated for the day. He had been since the muster in close attendance at Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, and had left them with an air of indifference, when Lady Margaret his mistress was unhorsed. He was a young man of family and loyalty, and was determined to show that two lads who had been successful. In half an hour, young Lord Eversdale threw himself from his horse, borrowed a gun from a servant, and, as we have already noticed, hit the mark. Great was the interest excited by the renewal of the contest between the three candidates who had been hitherto successful. The state equipment of the Duke was, with some difficulty, put in motion, and approached more near to the scene of action. The riders, both male and female, turned their horses' heads in the same direction and all eyes were bent upon the issue of the trial of skill.

It was the etiquette in the second contest, that the competitors should take their turn of firing after the Established Church. St. John, who, as he took his stand, half-uncovered his musketeer's coat, and said to the gallant in green "Ye see, Mr. Henry, if it were only other day, I could have wished to miss your fire; but John Dennern is looking at us, see I mean do my best." He took his aim, and his bullet whistled past the mark so nearly, that the pendulous object at which it was directed was seen to shiver. But, however, he had not hit it, and, with a duncast look, he withdrew himself from further competition, and hastened to disappear from the assembly, as if fearful of being recognized by his rival. At the same time, he struck his ball a second time struck the popinjay. All should; and from the outskirts of the assembly arose a cry of, "The good old cause for ever!"

While the dignitaries bent their brows at these exciting shouts of the disaffected, the young Lord Eversdale advanced again to the hazard, and again was successful. The shouts and congratulations of the well-affected marked the return of the noble youth, who attended his success, but still a subsequent trial of skill remained.

The green markman, as determined to bring the affair to a decision, took his horse from a person who held him, having previously looked carefully to the security of his gun and the fitting of his saddle, and placing his foot on his stirrup, seated himself on his horse, and determined to bring the question to a decisive issue.
place from which he was to fire at a gallop, and, as he passed, this man, with his reins turned edgewise upon his saddle, discharged his carbine, and brought down the popinjay. Lord Evandale imitated his example, although, as is common with such, his skill was not perfect, and his horse was not so well trained. The animal swerved at the moment his master fired, and the ball missed his heart, and only struck him in the hip. The address of the green marksmen were now equally pleasing by his courtesy. He disclaimed all merit from the last shot, and proposed to his antagonist that it should not be allowed to hit, and that they should renew the contest on foot.

"I would prefer horseback, if I had a horse as well fitted, and, probably, as well broken to the exercise, as yours," said the young Lord, addressing his antagonist.

"Will you do me the honour to use him for the next trial, on condition you will lend me yours?" said the young gentleman.

Lord Evandale was ashamed to accept this courtesy, as conscious how much it would diminish the value of his victory; and yet, unable to suppress his wish to return him, he thought he must commit himself. He added, "that although he renounced all pretensions to the honour of the day, (which he said somewhat scornfully,) yet, if the victor had no particular objection, he should be only too happy to exchange horses with him, for the purpose of trying a shot for love.

As said so, he looked boldly towards Miss Bellenden, and tradition says, that the eyes of the young tiraillier travelled, though more covertly, in the same direction. The young Lord's last trial was as unsuccessful as the former, and it was with difficulty that he preserved the tone of scornful indifference which he had hitherto assumed. But, conscious of the ridicule which attaches itself to the resentment of a losing party, he returned home on horseback with the horse which he had made his last unsuccessful attempt, and received back his own; giving, at the same time, thanks to his competitor, who, he said, had re-established his favourite horse in his good opinion, for he had been in great danger of transferring to the poor nag the blame of an inferiority, which every one, as well as himself, must now be satisfied remained with the rider. Having made this speech in a tone in which mortification assumed the veil of indifference, he mounted his horse and rode off the ground.

As is the usual way of the world, the applause and contempt from the绿色环保who were his favourites, Lord Evandale, were, upon his decisive discomfiture, transferred to his triumphant rival.

"Who is he? what is his name?" ran from month to month, and year to year, to all the assembled friends of him most of whom he was personally known. His style and title having soon transparent, and being within that class whom a great man might notice without derogation, four of the Duke's friends, with the obedience which poor Malvolio ascribes to his imaginary retinue, made out to lead the victor to his presence. As they conducted him in triumph through the crowd on horseback, and stunned him at the same time with their compliments on his success, he chanced to pass, or rather to be led, immediately in front of Lady Margaret and her grand-daughter. The Captain of the pageant, and Miss Bellenden coloured like crimson, as the latter returned, with embarrassed courtesy, the low inclination which the victor made, even to the saddle-bow, in passing her.

"Why do you know that young poon?" said Lady Margaret?

"I — have seen him, madam, at my uncle's, and — and elsewhere occasionally," stammered Miss Edith Bellenden.

"I hear them say around me," said Lady Margaret, "that the young spark is the nephew of old Milwood."

"The son of the late Colonel Morton of Milwood, who commanded a regiment of horse with great courage at Dunbar and Inverkeithing," said a gentleman who sat on horseback beside Lady Margaret.

"Ay, and who before that, fought for the Covenanters both at Marston-Mount and Philiphaugh," said Lady Margaret, sighing as she pronounced the last fatal words, which her husband's death gave her such sad reason to remember.

"Your ladyship is right, my dear," said the gentle man smiling; "but it was well all that were forgot now."

"He ought to remember it Gilbertslee," turned Lady Margaret; and dropped upon Mr. Gobbie himself into the company of those to whom his name must bring unpleasant recollections.

"You forget, my dear lady," said her nomenclator, "that the young gentleman named common assault and service in name of his uncle. I would every estate in the country sent out as pretty a fellow."

"His uncle, as well as his unquitable father, is a roundhead, I presume," said Lady Margaret.

"He is an old miner," said Gilbertslee, "with whom a broad piece would at any time weigh down political opinions, and, therefore, although probably somewhat against the grain, he sends the young gentleman to attend the master to save pecuniary pains and penalties. As for the rest, I suppose the youngster is happy enough to escape here for a day from the dulness of the State, where he sees nobody but his hypochondriac uncle and the favourite housekeeper.

"Do you know how many men and horses the lands of Milwood were rated at?" said the old lady, continuing her inquiry.

Two horsemen with complete harness," answered Gilbertslee.

"Our land," said Lady Margaret, drawing herself up with dignity, "has always furnished to the muster eight men, cousin Gilbertslee, and often a voluntary aid of three the number. I remember his sacred Majesty King Charles, when he took the daunt at Tullietudlem, was particular in inquiring —"

"I see the Duke's carriage in motion," said Gilbertslee, pointing at it to his aunt's friend; "an alias commoner, who touched upon the topic of the royal visit at the family mansion."

"I see the Duke's carriage in motion; I presume your ladyship will take your seat of rank in leaving the field. May I be permitted to convey your ladyship and Miss Bellenden home? — Perhaps the wild whigs have been abroad, and are said to insult and disarm the well-effectuated, who travel in small numbers."

"We thank you, cousin Gilbertslee," said Lady Margaret; "but as we shall have the escort of my own people, I think it best not to be troublesome to our friends. Will you have the goodness to order Harrison to bring up our people somewhat more briskly; he rides them towards us as if he were in procession."

The gentleman in attendance communicated his lady's orders to the trusty steward.

Honest Harrison had his own reasons for doubting the prudence of this command; but, once issued and received, there was a necessity for obeying it. He set off, therefore, at a hand-gallop, followed by the butter, in such a military attitude as became one who had served under Monrose, and with a look of defiance, rendered stern and fiercer by the inspiring fumes of a gill of brandy, which he had snatched a moment to butt to the king's fleshy, and confusion to the Covenanters in the Covenanters' duty. Unhappily this potent refreshment wiped away from the tablets of his memory the necessity of paying some attention to the distresses and difficulties of his rear-file. Gobbi, the gipsy, who next struck a cantor, than Gibbie's Jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and being armed with what provided spur, its insatiable passion for the enjoyment of the animal, which bounded and plunged, while poor Gobbi's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too heedless butler, being drowned partly in the amatory sounds of the stallion, partly in the mutual talk of the gallant Greemes, which Mr. Coutril whisked with all his power of lungs.
The upshot was, that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and having gambolled his way through the lines of those spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family-coach already described. Gibbie's pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his horse's neck, and as he sought for the same honourable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His casque, too, had slipped completely over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would not have availed him little in the circumstances: for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the Duke, with all the strength of his powers to perpetrate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, broached as many Moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a panic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage, insides and outsiders, at once, which had the happy effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Goose Gibbie was terrified by the noise, and stumbling as he turned about, a kick on the flanks and a plunger, he soon recovered. The jack-boot, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered one kick as well as another, from the horse's hoofs, and, by their ponderous weight, kept their place in the stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbie, who was fairly spurned out of those wide and ponderous grooves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helm had forsaken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of the most eminent in the land who furnished the much entertainment, came in time to see her diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide,—of the buff-coat, that is, in which he was muffled.

And well he should be, considering his connexion with this metamorphosis, and could not even guess its cause, nor surprise and resentment were extreme, nor were they much modified by the excuses and explanations of her steward and butler. She made a hasty retreat homeward, extremely indignant at the shouts and laughter of the company, and much disposed to vent her displeasure on the refractory agriculturist whose place it was to see to the welfare of his own property. The greater part of the gentry now dispersed, the whimsical misfortune which had befallen the gens d'armes of Tillietudlem furnishing them with much entertainment. But the grand cavalcade of horsemen still in little parties, as their road lay together, diverged from the place of rendezvous, excepting such as, having tried their dexterity at the popinjay, were, by ancient custom, obliged to partake of a grace-cup with their captain before their departure.

CHAPTER IV.

At first he played before the spearman, Andailygraffith in their gear then, Blood bonnets, pikas, and swords shone clear then As one head;
Now what'sall play before six wizz. Since Habbie's dead! Eddy on Habbie Strappin.

The cavalcade of horsemens on their road to the little borough-town were preceded by Niel Blanc, the town-piper, mounted on his white galloway, armed with his dirk and broadsword, and bearing a sheath of arrows, as the rider mounted. He, being the first to check out six country belles for a fair or preaching. Niel, a clean, tight, well timbered, long-winded fellow, had gained the official station of town-piper of— his mark, and was the centre of envy, the mark of all, the pipe, named the Piper's Croft, as it is still called, a field of about an acre in extent, five mounds, and a new livery-coat of the town's colours, yearly; some hopes of a dollar upon the day of the election of magistrates, providing the provost were able and willing to afford such a

gratuity; and the privilege of paying, at all the respectable houses in the neighbourhood, an annual visit at the going-time, or any other time, to comfort his own with their ale and brandy, and to beg from each a modicum of seed-corn. In addition to these inestimable advantages, Niel's personal engagement, the piper's performances won the heart of a jolly widow, who then kept the principal change-house in the borough. Her former husband having been a strict presbyterian, of such note that he actually went among his sect by the name of Gene. The publican, many of the more rigid were scandalized by the profession of the successor whom his relic had chosen for a second handmaiden. As the breach (if there was one) between them was so little that it could endure the divergence of the unmixed reputation, most of the old customers continued to give it a preference. The character of the new landlord, indeed, was of that accommodating kind, which enabled him, by close attention to his, to keep his little vessel pretty steady amid the contentious tides of faction. He was a good-humoured, shrewd, selfish sort of fellow, indifferent alike to the disputes about church and state, and only anxious to secure the good-will of customers of every description.

But his character, as well as the state of the country, will be best understood by giving the reader an account of the incidents of the following day as soon as was possible after the girl about eighteen, whom he was initiating in those cares which had been faithfully discharged by his wife, until about six months before our story commences, had been the honest woman had been carried to the kirkyard.

"Jenny," said Niel Blanc, as the girl assisted to disencumber him of his bagpipe, "this is the first day that ye a' has to take the place of your worthy mothers attending to the public; a douce woman she was civil to the customers, and had a good name wi' Wha and Tery, bainth up the street and down the street. It will be a thing hard for you till she's accustomin' you to a thang day as this; but Heaven's will maun be obeyed.—Jenny, whatever Milnwood ca's fur, be sure he maun hae it; for he's the Captain o' the Popinjay, and no customees maun be supported; if he canna pay the flaving himself, as I ken he's keent upco short by the head, I'll find a way to shame it out o' his uncle— The curate is playing at dice wi' Cornel Grahame. Be enant and civil to them both—clergy and captains can gie an unco deal o' fash in these times, where they take an ill-will. The dragoons will be crying for air and they wanna want it, and maunna want it—they are unco loose and unfashionable. I'm not so bad as other. I get the humble-cow, that's the best in the byre, free black Frank Inkla and Sergeant Bothwell, for ten punds Scots, and they drank out the price at an downnight.

"But, father," interrupted Jenny, "they say the the two revolving loons draw the cow free the guide-wife o' Bell's moor, just because she gaed to hear a field preaching at Sabbath afternoon.

"Whisht ye silly tawpie," said her father, "we have nothing to do how they come by the bestial they sell be that are o' them and their consciences.—I see—Take notice, Jenny, of that door, stuir-looking caire that sits by the cheek o' the ingle, and turns his back a' men. He looks like ane o' the hill-folk; for I saw him start a ween when he saw the red-coats and I jake him ye have liked to ha'e rid him, the horse (it's a guilde gawding) was ower earl traveleal; he behaved to stop whether he wad or no. Serve him cannily, Jenny, and wi' little din, and dinna bring the sodgery on him by speering any questions at him; let nae man has a room to himself, they wad say we were hiding him.—For yourself, Jenny, ye'll be civil to the folk, and take nae heed o' any nonsense and be daffing,

"They may get to aye behind the dale, and the hostler line maun put up wi' muckle. Your mither, reet her soul, could pit up wi' as muckle as most women—but aff hands is fair play; and if any body is in such a mooch ye'll get your master and yours with your hands in the dale they'll drink; but ye were best serve them wi'
OLD MORTALITY.

13

he sna' browt, it will heat them less, and ever ken the difference."

father," said Jenny, "if they come to loun-
der, as they did last time, suldna I cry on

there, hand, Jenny; the spuddler gets ay in the warst
fray. If the sodgers draw their swords, on the corporal, and the guard. If the country
the tangles and pok' y'll cry on the shaeil

o' officers. But in nae event cry on me, for I

led wi' doulding the bag o' wind a' day, and in to eat my dinner quietly in the spence.—

while, the Lochiel (that was the laird) was spasiring for sma' drink at herring—gie him a 'pu' be the sleeve, and to his lug I wad be blithe o' his company to me; he was a gude customer, knew in a day, ts naething but means to be a gude ane again a drink as well as e'er he did. And if ye ken

body o' our acquaintance that's blate for taller, and has far to gang hame, ye michtna
gie them a waught o' drink and a bannock—er michtn, and it looks creditable in a house

and now, hinny, gang awa', and serve the first thing you see. That's the best chappin o' d the mutchkin stoop o' brandy."

guth devolved his whole cares on Jenny as

inster, Niell Blane and the ci-erant laird, patriarch, but his tenantry was by no means
deve shouting down to enjoy themselves for the remain-

evening, remote from the bustle of the pub-

Jenny's department was in full activity. The

of the popinjay received and required the

entertainment of their captain, who, though

d the cup himself, took care it should go the celentry or long the rest, we micht nae

otherwise deemed themselves handsomely

Their numbers melted away by degrees, and

length diminished to four or five, who began

by moving up a distance, sot two of the dragons, whom

he had mentioned, a serjeant and a private
debonair John Graham of Cleverhouse's of Life-Guards. Even the non-commissi-

officers and privates in these corps were not

as ordinary mercenaries, but rather ap-

to the rank of the French musquetiers, cask-

of wine, he dined away the sum-

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in, to the spate of Alex's estate, about

jail of Bothwell, being linearly descend-

the last earl of that name; not the infamous

the unfortunate Quean Mary, but Francis

Earl of Bothwell, whose turbulence and

and conspiracies embarrassed the early part of

ix'th's reign, and who at length died in exile

poor. The son of this Earl had served to

for the re-establishment of his father's

estates, but the grasp of the nobles to whom

I had been allotted was too tenacious to be un-

The breaking out of the civil wars utterly

him, by intercepting a small pension which

I had allowed him, and he died in the utmost

city. This son, after having served as a soldier

and in Britain, and passed through several

dees of fortune, was left to content himself

situations as a non-commissioned officer in

Garricks, although linearly descended, I am

the Earl of I having been a natural son of James VI.

of social rank, and dexterity in the use of

history of the restless and ambitious Francis Stewart,

threw, makes a considerable figure in the record of

of great men, and of great events. After the

rebellion for the acts of I, he was at length obliged

road where he died in great misery. Great part of

his arms, as well as the remarkable circumstances of

his descent, had recommended this man to the atten-

of his officers. But he partook in a great degree of

the licentiousness and oppressive disposition, which

the habit of acting as agents for government in lev-

fining fines, exacting from quarrels, and otherwise

pressing the Presbyterian recusants, had rendered too

generally among these soldiers. They were so

much accustomed to such misdeeds, that they con-

ceived themselves at liberty to commit all manner of

license with impunity, as if totally exempted from all

law and authority, excepting the command of their

officers. On such occasions Bothwell was usually

the most forward.

It is probable that Bothwell and his companions

would not so long have remained quiet, but for

recess to the presence of their Clayter, who com-

ed the small party quartered in the borough, and who

was engaged in a game at dice with the curate of the

place. But both of these being suddenly called from

their amusement to speak with the chief magistrate

upon some urgent business, Bothwell was not long

of evincing his contempt for the rest of the company.

"Is it not a strange thing, Halliday," he said to his

comrade, "to see so much happening here this whole evening, without having drank

the king's health?"

"They have drank the king's health," said Halli-

day. "I heard the green kail-worm of a lad name his majesty's health."

"Did he?" said Bothwell. "Then, Tom, we'll

have them drink the Archbishop of St. Andrew's

health, and do it on his knells too."

"So we will, by G—," said Halliday; "and he that

refuses it, we'll have him to the guard-house, and

teach him to ride the colt foaled of an acorn, with a

brace of carabines and one foot to kick at."

"Right, Tom," continued Bothwell; "and, to do

all things in order, I'll begin with that sulky blue-

bonnet in the ingle-nook."

He rose accordingly, and taking his shcoat

broadsword under his arm to support the insinu-

on which he meditated, placed himself in front of

the stranger noticed by Niell Blane, in his admonitions
to his daughter, as being, in all probability, one of

the hill-folk, or refractory presbyterians.

"I make so bold as to request of your precision,
broadened, said the trooper, in a tone of all cited

solemnity, and assuming the snuff of a country pos-

sure (called by the popular) of the common creature,

which the carnal denominate brandy, to the

health and glorification of his Grace the Archibishop

of St. Andrews, the worthy primate of all Scotland.'

his forfeited estate was bestowed on Walter Scott, first Lord of

Buceluch, and on the

Francis Stewart, son of the forfeited Earl, obtained from

the favour of Charles I. a general-at-arms, appointing the two nobles-

men, grantee of his father's estate, to restore the same, or make

some compensation for retaining it. The barony of Creichton,

with its beautiful castle, was surrendered by the curators of

Francis, Earl of Buceluch, but he retained the far more exten-

sive property in Lisdelodge. Jan Stewart also, as appears from

writings in the author's possession, made an advantageous

composition with the Earl of Roxburghe. But," says the

author, "on the head of Sir John Scott. He held on, and, when

brooked them, (enjoyed them,) not onything the richer,

since they accrued to his creditors, and are now in the hands

of Sir N. Scott. His eldest son Francis became a trooper in the

last war; as for the other brother John, who was of Coldingham, he also became a trooper; but has nothing,

but lives on the charity of his friends.

Francis Stewart, who had been a private in the

Great War, seems to have received no preference, after the

Restoration, rather to his high birth. Though, in fact, third

companion to Charles II. Captain Creichton, the friend of

Deon Swift, who published his Memoirs, found him a private gentleman in the King's Life-Guards. At the time of his death, in a very ill

condition: for Fountenell records a duel fought between a Life-Guardsman and an officer in the militia, between the latter

which had taken upon him to assume superior rank as a officer, to a

gentleman private in the Life-Guards. The Life-Guardsman

was killed in the recent; and his antagonist was executed for murder.

The character of Bothwell except in relation to the taxes, is

entirely ideal.

*The Stagyring State of the Scots State-seven for one hundred years, by Sir John Scott of Buceluch.* EDINBURGH, 1786.
All waited for the stranger's answer.—His features, austere even to frowncry, with a cast of eye, which, without being actually oblique, approached nearly to a squint, and which gave a very sinister expression to his countenance, joined to a frame, square, strong, and well made, a middling size, seemed to announce a man unlikely to understand ridicule, or to receive insults with impunity.

"And what is the consequence," said he, "if I should be disposed to comply with your uncivil request?"

"The consequence thereof, beloved," said Bothwell, in the same tone of raillery, "will be, firstly, the loss of your person. Secondly, of a memorable and scandalous divorce. Thirdly, of your property. Lastly, of your life, beloved, that I will administer my flat to thy distorted visual optics; and will conclude, beloved, with a practical application of the flat of my sword to the shoulders of the recusant."

"Is it even so?" said the stranger; "then give me the cup; and, taking it in his hand, he said, with a peculiar expression of voice and manner, "The Archbishop of St. Andrews, and the place he now worthy holds;—may each prelate in Scotland be as the Right Reverend James Sharpe!"

"I would hear the text," said the stranger, exultingly.

"But with a qualification," said Bothwell; "I don't understand what the devil the crop-eared whig means."

"One, gentlemen," said Morton, who became impatient of their insolence, "we are here met as good subjects, and on a merry occasion; and we have a right to expect we shall not be troubled with this sort of discourse."

Bothwell was about to make a surly answer, but Halliday reminded him in a whisper, that there were strict injunctions that the soldiers should give no offence to the men who were sent out to the musters agreeably to the council's orders. So, after honouring Morton with a broad and fierce stare, he said, "Well, Mr. Popinjay, I shall not disturb your reign; I mean your pleasure, at night—is it not an odd thing, Halliday," he continued, addressing his companion, "that they should make such a fuss about cracking off their birding-pieces at a mark which any woman or boy could hit at a day's practice? If Captain Popinjay now, or any of his troop, would try a bout, either with the broadsword, backsword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for a gold noble, the first-drawn to such a mark, there would be some good zounds, would the humpkins but wrestle, or pitch the bar, or put the stone, or throw the axe-tree, if (touching the end of Morton's sword scornfully with his toe) they say anything about them that they are afraid to draw."

Morton's patience and prudence now gave way entirely, and he was about to make a very angry answer; but Bothwell's insinuating observations, when the stranger stepped forward.

"This is my quarrel," he said, "and in the name of the good cause, I will see it out myself.—Hark thee, friend; (to Bothwell,) 'twill thou wrestle a flat with me?"

"With my whole spirit, beloved," answered Bothwell, "yes I will strive with thee, to the downfall of one or both."

"Then, as my trust is in Him that can help," retorted his antagonist, "I will forthwith make thee an example to all such railing Rabshakehs."

"Rabshakeh," said the coarse grey horseman's coat from his shoulders, and extending his strong brawny arms with a look of determined resolution, he offered himself to the contest. The soldier was notably well made, by the broad chest, square shoulders, and hardy look of his antagonist, bust, wrestling with great composure, unbuckled his belt, and laid aside his military coat. The company stuck to them, anxiously, and the"
had poured out the blood of God's saints in the wilderness as if it had been the occasion of a legal recreation to waste time in shooting at a bunch of feathers, and close your evening with wine-bibbing in public-houses and market-towns, when He that is mighty is come into the land with his fan in his hand, to purge the wheat from the chaff?"

"I suppose from your style of conversation," said Morton, "that you are one of those who have thought proper to stand out against the government. I must remind you that you are unnecessarily using dangerous language in the presence of a mere stranger, and that the times do not render it safe for me to listen to it."

"Thou canst not help it, Henry Morton," said his companion; "thy master has his uses for thee, and when he calls, thou must obey. Well wot I thou hast not heard the call of a true preacher, or thou hastere now been what thou wilt assuredly one day become."

"We are of the presbyterian persuasion, like yourself," said Morton; for his uncle's family attended the ministry of one of those numerous presbyterian clergymen, who, complying with certain regulations, were licensed to preach without interruption from the government. And indeed, it was said that they made a great stir among the presbyterians, and those who accepted of it were severely censured by the more rigid sectaries, who refused the professed terms. This stranger, therefore, answered with great disdain to Morton's profession of faith.

"That is but an equivocation—a poor equivocation. Ye listen on the Sabbath to a cold, worldly, time-serving discourse, from one in your high commission so much as to hold his apostleship by the favour of the courtiers and the false prelates, and ye call that hearing the word. Of all the things with which the devil has filled his souls in these days of blood and darkness, that black Indulgence has been the most destructive. An awful dispensation it has been, a smiting of the shepherd and a scattering of the sheep upon the mountains—an uplifting of one Christian banner against another, and a fighting of the wars of darkness with the swords of the children of light."

"My uncle," said Morton, "is of opinion, that we enjoy a reasonable freedom of conscience under the indulged clergyman, and I must seriously be guided by his sentiments respecting the choice of a place of worship for his family."

"Your uncle," said the horseman, "is one of those to whom the least lamb in his own folds at Min-wood is dearer than the whole Christian flock. He is one that could willingly bend down to the golden-calf of Bethel, and would have fished for the dust thereof when it was ground to powder and cast upon the waters. Thy father was a man of another stamp."

"My father," replied Morton, "was indeed a brave and gallant man. And you may have heard, sir, that he fought for that royal family in whose name I was this day carrying arms."

"Ay, and had he lived to see these days, he would have cursed the hour he ever drew sword in their cause. But more of this hereafter—I promise thee full surely that thy hour will come, and then the worm thou hast now heard will stick in thy bosom like barbed arrows. My road lies there."

He pointed towards a pass hemmed up into an wild extent of dreary and desolate hills; but as he was about to turn his horse's head into the rugged path, which led from the high-road in that direction, an old woman wrapped in a red cloak, who was sitting by the cross-way, arose, and addressing him, spoke in a mysterious tone of voice, "If ye be of our sin folk, gang up the pass the night for your lives. There is a lion in the path."

But the crier of Brotherstein and ten soldiers had beset the pass, to hae the lives of any of our pair wanderers that venture that gate to join wi' Hamilton and Dingwall."

"Have the persecuted crew or any to lie dead among themselves?" demanded the stranger.

"About sixty or seventy horse and foot," said the old dame; "but, eahow, they are fairly armed, and warme funded wi' victual."

CHAPTER V.

With this it is no human call—

s leaguer'd—haste to man the wall;

he Rodrigo banners, wave on high,

we'd death, or victory!"
 TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"God will help his own," said the horseman. "Which way shall I take to join them?"

"It's a mere impossibility this night," said the woman, who was the driver, "for I trust to the little horse and to myself, and the man say there's strange news come free the east, that makes them rave in their cruelty mire fierce than ever—ye mean take shelter someplace for the night?

"But as the days are late, and we are far on our journey, we must seek shelter till the gray of the morning, and then you may find your way through the Drake Moss. When it's light, the wailings of the oppressors, I e'en the sound of the wind, will come down by the wayside, to warn any of our poor scattered remnant that chance to come this gate, before they fall into the nets of the spoilers."

"How far is this?" said the stranger; "and can you give me hiding there?"

"I have," said the old woman, "a hut by the wayside. It may be a mile or two; but four men of Bejol, called dragoons, are lodged therein, to spoil my household goods at their pleasure, because I will not wait upon the worthless, thriftless, fainthearted ministry of that carnal man, John Halfcrot, the curate."

"Good night, good woman, and thanks for thy counsel," said the stranger, as he rode away. "May the blessings of the promise upon you," returned the old woman, "for He that can keep you."

"Amen," said the traveller; "for where to hide my head this night, mortal skill cannot direct me."

"I am very sorry for your distress, Mr. Morton;" answered the woman. "A door to a strong shelter that could be called my own, I almost think I would risk the utmost rigor of the law rather than leave you in such a strait. But my uncle is so alarmed at the prospect of the penalties denounced by the laws against such as comfort, receive, or consort with intercommeined persons, that he has strictly forbidden all of us to hold any intercourse with you."

"It is no less than I expected," said the stranger; "nevertheless, I might be received without his knowledge—a barn, a hay-loft, a cart-shed, any place where I could stretch me down, would be to my habits like a tabernacle of silver set about with planks of cedar."

"I assure you," said Morton, much embarrassed, "that I have not the means of receiving you at Minehead without my uncle's consent and knowledge; nor, if I could do so, would I think myself justifiable in engaging him unconsciously in a danger, which, now, in this new time, is to be feared and dissembled as we are." Well," said the traveller, "I have but one word to say. Did you ever hear your father mention John Balfour of Burley?"

"He was an old friend and comrade, who saved my life, with almost the loss of his own, in the battle of Lonmarston Moor?—Often, very often." "I am that Balfour," said his companion. "Yonder stands thy uncle's house; I see the light among the trees. The avenger of blood is behind me, and my death certain unless I have refuge there. Now, make thy choice, young man; to shrink from the side of thy father's friend, like a thief in the night, and to leave him exposed to the bloody death from which he rescued thy father, or to expose thine uncle's worldly goods to such peril, as, in this perverted age, would make his fine memory the subject of public malice; or of a draught of cold water to a Christian man, when perishing for lack of refreshment?"

A thousand recollections thronged on the mind of Morton as he rode. If the man's fate was not made to him, his memory he idolized, had often enlarged upon his obligations to this man, and regretted, that, after having been long comrades, they had parted in some unkindness at the time when the kingdom of Scotland was divided into Resolutioners and Protesters; the former of whom adhered to Charles II. after his father's death upon the scaffold, while the Protesters inclined rather to the House of Hanover. The stern fanaticism of Burley had attached him to this latter party, and the comrades had parted in displeasure, not as it happened, to meet again. These recollections were the direct cause Morton had often mentioned to his son, and always with an expression of deep regret, that he had never, in any manner, been enabled to repay the assistance, which, on one occasion, he had received from Burley.

"To hasten this man's escape," he continued, "we must proceed to the rear by the old road, by a slope, which, being jealously guarded, is the more likely to be swept along, brought from a distance the sound of a kettle-drum, which, seeming to appear nearer, intimated that a body of horse were upon their march toward the scene of the fray."

"It must be Claverhouse with the rest of his regiment. What can have occasioned this night-march? If you go on, you fall into their hands; if you return, you expose me to instant death;—but the condition of the law should satisfy you, you must seek shelter, without the least delay."

Burley, who had awaited his resolution with great composure, now followed him in silence.

The house of Minnisold, built by the father of the present proprietor, was a decaying mansion, with a low and the size of the estate, but, since the accession of its owner, it had been suffered to go entirely to the disrepair. At some little distance from the house stood the court of offices. Here Morton paused.

"I must hare you here for a little while," he whispered, "until I can provide a bed for you.

"Care not what I shall say to you, said Burley; for thirty years this head has rested often on the left or on the next gray stone, than upon another half-a-dozen. A draught of ale, a moat, a stroll in prayers, and a few worm-eaten dry hay, were as good as a painted chamber and a prince's bed."

It occurred to Morton at the same moment the attempt to introduce the fugitive within the house would make it more easy to detect the danger of desertion. Accordingly, having struck a light with an Implement left in the stable for that purpose, and having lighted up their horses, he assigned Burley, for the purpose, a wooden bed, placed in a loft half-full of which an out-door domestic had occupied the loft dismissed by his uncle in one of those fits of folly which became more rigid from day to day. In this untenanted loft Morton left his companion, a caution so to shade his light that no reflection might be seen from the window, and a young man who might be able to procure at that lat-hour. This, indeed, was a subject on which he felt he had no confidence, for the power of obtaining even the least degree of ordinary personal assistance from the people in which he might happen to find his most sole confidence, the old housekeeper. If she chose to be a-bed, which was very likely, or which was as likely as was possible, Morton well knew the caution of being least problematical.

Curing in his heart the solemn purpose to pervade every part of his uncle's estate, for which he was to be accustomed to seek admittance, an accident had detained him abroad beyond the hour of establishment. The wood was a sort of hesitating too, which was an acknowledgment of transit, none as if in no sound, and seemed rather to solicit than repel it. He had been raging again, the moonlight was a dream as she rose from the chimney corner in the hour. He was again, wrapping her checkered handkerchief round her to secure her from the cold air, and the stage of her passage, and the enigmatic sound by which she fell. "Who's there at this time of night?" more than once before she asked. "Who's bolts and bars, and cautiously opened the door. "This is a fine time of night," Mr. Hector replied. "We are not in the habit of letting our favourite domestic—"baw t' love o' night, to disturbance of friend in, and yet to folk out their beds waiting for you. You're been in his place to put your hands on the rheumatism, and he's to bed too, I have to sit up by myself, for as a servant has a rest.

Here she couched once or twice, in frames of the pensive inconveniences which had often

mentioned to his son, and always with an expression of

deep regret, that he had never, in any manner, been enabled to repay the assistance, which, on one occasion, he had received from Burley.
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"Much obliged to you, Alison, and many kind thanks."

"I wish," said Miss Wilson, "I wish I had not wasted so much blood than brandy. See, gude-night to ye, Mr. Henry, and see that ye tak gude care o' the candle."

Morton deigned no answer to this appeal to his care, and requested her not to be alarmed if she heard the door opened, as she knew he must again, as usual, look to his horse, and arrange him for the night. Mr. Henry then re-entered the room, folding up his provisions, was about to hasten to his guest, when the nodding head of the old housekeeper was again thrust in at the door, with an admonition, to remember to take an account of his ways before he laid himself down to rest, and to pray for protection during the hours of darkness.

Such were the manners of a certain class of domestics, of whom there were many in Scotland, not to be found in some old manor-houses in its remote counties. They were fixtures in the family they belonged to; and as they never conceived the possibility of such a thing as dismissal to be within the chance of their lives, they were, of course, sincerely attached to every member of it. On the other hand, when spoiled by the indulgence or indifference of their superiors, they were very apt to become ill-tempered, self-sufficient, and tyrannical; so much so, that a mistress or master would sometimes almost have wished to exchange their cross-grained fidelity for the smooth and accommodating duplicity of a modern menial.

CHAPTER VI.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.

SHAKESPEARE

Being at length rid of the housekeeper, Morton made a collection of what he had reserved from the provisions set before him, and prepared to convey them to his concealed guest. He did not think it necessary to assume any light being, or to accost every turn of the road; and it was lucky he did not do so, for he had hardly stepped beyond the threshold ere a heavy tramping of horses announced, that the heart of cavalry, whose kettle-drums they had had before heard, were in the act of passing along the high-road which winds round the fort of the bank on which the house of Milwood was placed.

He heard the commanding officer distinctly give the word halt. A pause of silence followed, interrupted only by the occasional neighing or pawing of an impatient charger.

"Whose is this?" said a voice, in a tone of authority and command.

"Milwood, if it like your honour," was the reply. "Is the owner well affected?" said the inquirer.

"He complains of the government, and frequent an indulged minister," was the response.

"Hum! ay! induced? a mere mark for treason, very implausibly allowed to those who are too great friends to those whose horses do not better send up a party and search the house, in case some of the bloody villains concerned in this heathenish hatchery may be concealed in it?"

Ere Morton could recover from the alarm into which this proposal had thrown him, a third speaker rejoined, "I cannot think it at all necessary; Milwood is an infirm, hypochondriac old man, who never meddles with politics and discharges his money-lagging bonds better than any thing else in the world. His nephew, I hear, was at the wappenshaw to-day, and gained the popinjay, which does not look like a fanatic. I should think they are quite bold to ride along since, and an alarm at this time of night might kill the poor old man."

* A masque-like retainer of this kind, having offended his master extremely, was commanded to leave his service instantly. "In troth and that will I not," answered the domestic. "If your honour dines kirk when ye have a guile servant, I ken when I have a guile master. If I say I will not, I will not."

* Regimental music is never played at night. But who can ensure that we are not cut off before the sound of the last note is heard? Till I am well informed on this point, the kettle-drums shall clash on, as adding something to the picturesque effect of the night march.
"Well," rejoined the leader, "if that be so, to search the house would be lost time, of which we have no too much. Gentlemen of the Life-Guards, forward—March!"

A few notes on the trumpet, mingled with the occasional boom of the kettle-drums, to mark the cadence of the step—clank! clank! clank! and the clash of arms—announced that the troop had resumed its march. The moon broke out as the leading files of the column attained a hill up which the road winded, and the flaming trappings and glittering of the steel caps; and the dark figures of the horses and riders might be imperfectly traced through the gloom. They continued to advance up the hill, and swept over the tops of the surrounding hedges, as intimated a considerable numerical force.

When the last of them had disappeared, young Morton resumed his purpose of visiting his guest. Upon entering the place of refuge, he found him seated on his humble couch with a pocket Bible open in his hand, which he seemed to study with intense meditation. His broadsword, which he had unsheathed in the first alarm at the arrival of the drogones, lay naked across his knees, and the little tapper that stood beside him upon the old chest, which served the purpose of a table, threw a partial and imperfect light upon the harsh features of his face, in which forsythia was rendered more solemn and dignified by a wild cast of tragic enthusiasm. His brow was that of one in whom some strong overmastering principle had taken root. His large, purple-tinged eyes, and the swell of a high spring-tide, when the usual cliffs and breakers vanish from the eye, and their existence is only indicated by the chafing foam of the waves that burn and whorl over them. To round his head, after Morton had contemplated him for about a minute.

"I perceive," said Morton, looking at his sword, "I was to hear the horses ride by; their passage delayed me for some minutes."

"I scarcely heard them," said Balfour; "my hour is not yet come. That shall one day fall into their hands, and be honourably associated with the names of them who have slaughtered, I am full well aware. And I would young man, that the hour were come; it should be as welcome to me as ever wedding to bridegroom. But if my Master has more work for me on earth, I must not do his labour grudgingly.

"Eat and refresh yourself," said Morton; "to-morrow your safety requires you should leave this place, in which they may find for aught I know, you may see to distinguish the track through the morasses."

"Young man," returned Balfour, "you are already weary of me, and would be yet more so, perchance, did you look upon which I have been interred. And I wonder not that it should be so, for there are times when I am weary of myself. Think you not it is a sore trial for flesh and blood, to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of heaven while we are yet in the body, and continue to retain that blinded sense and sympathy for carnal suffering, which makes our own flesh thrill when we strike a lash upon the body of another? And think you, that when some prime tyrant has been removed from his place, that the instruments of his punishment can at times look back on their share in his downfall with firm and unshaken satisfactions? I cannot say they sometimes even question the truth of that inspiration which they felt and acted under. Must they not sometimes doubt the origin of that strong impulse with which their prayers for heavenly direction under difficulties have been inwardly answered and confirmed, and confuse, in their disturbed apprehensions, the results of truth itself with some vague shadow of the enigma?"

"These are subjects, Mr. Balfour, on which I am ill qualified to converse with you," answered Morton; "but the source of all inspiration which seemed to dictate a line of conduct contrary to those feelings of natural humanity, which Heaven has assigned to us as the general law of our species..."

Balfour seemed somewhat disturbed, and drew himself hastily up but immediately composed himself, and answered coolly, "It is natural you should think so; you are yet in the dungeon-house of the law, a much darker trial, though to which, as you say, even the dungeon of Malacca is the son of Hume-leech, where there was no water but mire. Yet is the seal of the covenant upon your forehead, and the son of man be an ensign to the nations. Where a flag was spread on the mountains, shall not be utterly lost, as one of the children of darkness. They say, that in this day of bitterness and calamity, nothing is required of our hands but to keep the moral law as far as our carnal frailty will permit? Think ye our counsels must be only over our corrupt and evil affections and passions? No; we are called upon, when we have gained our lawful claims, to consider them; and when we have drawn the sword, we are enjoined to smite the ungodly, though lie be our neighbour, and the man of power and cruelty, though he were of our own kindred, and the friend of our own bosom."

"These are the sentiments," said Morton, "that your enemies impute to you, and which, I think, it does not vitiate, the cruel measures which the council have directed against you. They affirm, that you pretend to derive your rule of action from what you call an inward light, rejecting the restraints of legal magistracy, of national law, and even of common human reason, in opposition to what you call the spirit within you."

"They do us wrong," answered the Covenant. "It is they perjured as they are, who have rejected all law, both of God and man. Why would they not come and ask us for adherence to the Solemn League and Covenant between God and the kingdom of Scotland, to which all of them, save a few popish malignants, have sworn to adhere?..."

When this Charles Stewart returned to these kingdoms, did the malignants bring him back? They had had a strong hand and a strong hand in the cause. Could James Graham of Montrosse, and his Highland caterans, have put him again in the place of his father? I think their heads on the Westport told another tale for many a long day. It was the workers of the glorious work—the reformers of the beauty of the tabernacle, that called him again to the high place from which his father fell. And what has been our reward? In the words of the prophet, 'We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and beheld trouble. The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of his chariots. His arrows were sharp, and his bow was mighty for strength; for they are come, and have devoured the land and all that is in it.'

"Mr. Balfour," answered Morton, "I neither undertake to suppose nor to refuse your complaints against the government. I have endeavoured to repay a debt due to the comrade of my father, by giving you shelter in your distress, but you will excuse me from engaging myself either in your cause or in conversation. I will leave you to repose, and heartily wish it were in my power to render your condition more comfortable."

"But I shall see you, I trust, in the morning, ere I depart?—I am not a man whose bowels yearn after kindred and friends of this world. When I put my hand to the plough, I entered into a covenant with the Lord, and my soul was set upon the things which I had left behind me. Yet the son of mine ancient comrade is to me as mine own, and I cannot behold him without the deep and firm belief, that I shall one day see him gird on his sword in the dear and precious cause for which his father fought and bled."

With a promise on Morton's part that he would call the refugee when it was time for him to pursue his journey, they parted for the night.

Morton retired to a few hours' rest; but his imagination, when, by the evening of the day, did not permit him to enjoy the sound repose. The same blended vision of horror before him, in which his new friend seemed to be a principal actor. The fair form of Elenor also mingled in his dream, weeping, and with dishevelled hair, and appearing to call on him for comfort and assistance, which he
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had not in his power to render. He awoke from these unrefreshing slumber with a feverish impulse, and in a moment was out of the chamber. There "was already a tinge of dazzling lustre on the verge of the distant hills, and the dawn was abroad in all the freshness of a summer morning."

"Which is but a trifle," replied Burley, "you are desirous to serve both God and Mammon—to be one day prosating the truth with your lips, and the next day in arms, at the command of carnal and tyrannic authority, to shed the blood of those for whose truth you have forsaken all. Therefore, I must ask you, 'to touch pitch and remain undefiled? to mix in the ranks of malignants, papists, papal-prolifics, intu- diminators, and scoffers; to partake of their sports, intercourse, perchance, with their daughters, as the sons of God with the daughters of men in the world before the flood—Think you, I say, to do all these things, and have no sin?"" Morto answered, "No, young man, I have sinned; I have sinned. I am an atrocious liar, and have sinned against Heaven, and against thee, and against God." And the Lord said unto you, that all communication with the enemies of the Church is the accursed thing which God hateth! Touch not—taste not—handle not! And grievous in the sight of God is sin."

Hablot was still asleep. A ray of light streamed on his uncurtained couch, and showed to Morton the working of his harsh features, which seemed agitated by some strong internal cause of disturbance. He had not undressed. Both his arms were above the bed-cover, the right hand strongly clenched, and occasionally making that abortive attempt to strike which usually attends dreams of violence; the left, was extended, and agitated, from time to time, by a movement as if repulsing some one. The perspiration stood on his brow, and made the late distemper stream, and these marks of emotion were accompanied with broken words which escaped from him at intervals—"Thou art taken, Judas—thou art taken—Cling to me—listen to me!" And—"A priest?—Ay, a priest of Baal, to be bound and slain, even at the brook Kishon. Fire-arms will not prevail against him—Strike—thrust with the cold iron—do not cut his head off him out of pain, were it but for the sake of his gray hairs!"

Much alarmed at the import of these expressions, which seemed to burst from him even in sleep with the current and general representation of some act of violence, Morton shook his guest by the shoulder in order to awake him. The first words he uttered were, "Bear me where ye will, I will avouch the deed!"

His glance around having then fully awakened him, he at once assumed the stern and gloomy composure of his ordinary manner, and throwing himself on his knees, before speaking to Morton, poured forth an ejaculatory prayer for the suffering Church of Scotland, entitling that the blood of her murdered saints and martyrs might be precious in the sight of Heaven, and that the shield of the Almighty might be spread over the scattered remnant, who, for His name's sake, were sufferers in the wilderness. Vengeance—speedy, and ample vengeance on the heads of these wicked apostates—of his devotions, which he expressed aloud in strong and emphatic language, rendered more impressive by the Orientalism of Scripture.

When he had finished his prayer he arose, and, taking Morton by the arm, they descended together to the stable, where the Wanderer (to give Burley a title which was often conferred on his sect) began to make his horse ready to pursue his journey. When the animal was saddled and bridled, Burley requested Morton to walk with him a gun-shot into the wood, and direct him to the right road for gaining the moors. Morton readily complied, and they walked for some time in silence under the shade of some fine old trees, pursuing a sort of natural path, which, after passing through a land of smart heath and moss, led into the bare and wild country which extends to the foot of the hills.

There was little conversation between them until, at a certain moment, Morton asked Burley, "Whither had he spent over-night his late fruit in his mind?"

Morton answered, "That he remained of the same opinion as he had been the day before, and that it was but a trifle, no sin, in one respect, surely. I can change my abode—my father's sword is mine, and Europe lies open before me, as it lay before him. But I am not of those who have filled it with the fame of their exploits. Perhaps some lucky chance may raise me to a rank with our Rutvines, our Leksays, our Morroses, the chosen leaders of our nation. Was it not, indeed, that Adolphus, or, if not, a soldier's life or a soldier's grave."

When he had formed this determination, he found himself near the end of his life, and resolved to lose no time in making him acquainted with it.
"Another glance of Edith's eye, another walk by Edith's side, and my resolution would melt away. I will take an irrevocable step, therefore, and then see her."

In this mood he entered the wainscotted parlour, in which his uncle was already placed at his morning's refreshment, a huge plate of oatmeal porridge, with a copper kettle of brown butter beside it. His favourite housekeeper was in attendance, half standing, half resting on the back of a chair, in a posture between freedom and respect. The old gentleman had been reading, for his little distance of sight was an advantage for which he now lost by stooping to such a degree, that at a meeting, where there was some dispute concerning the sort of arch which should be thrown over a certain porch, the housekeeper thought it necessary to propose that Milwood should be from the head, and the young man, for such a wild-goose chase? Not I am sure. I can hardly support you at home. I say you were marrying, I say warrant, as your father's afore ye, too, and sending your uncle's name to means to be fighting and skirling through the law in my days, and to take wing and flee all yourself, whenever they were asked to serve a writ about the same?"

"I have no thoughts of ever marrying," answered Harry.

"Hear till him now!" said the housekeeper. 'Tis a shame to hear a dose young lad speak in that way, since 'a the world knows that they mean either more or less harm."

"Haul your peace, Alison," said his master; "as you, Harry?" (he added more mildly,) "put the sense out of your head--this comes of letting your a-sodginger for a day--mend ye have nae skill, till ye are ane nonsense plan."

"I beg your pardon, sir, my wants be very great, and would you please to give me the gold chain, with the Mangrave gave to my father after the battle of Lutter?"

"Merce! powers!" exclaimed the governor. "My master wants every Sunday," replied the housekeeper, both astounded at the audacity of its proposal.

"I will keep a few links," continued the young man, "to remind me of him by whom it was won, and the place where he won it," continued Morton; "the rest shall furnish me the means of following the same career in which my father obtained that and that of distinction."

"Your master wants every Sunday," replied the housekeeper, both astonished at the audacity of its proposal.

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"That is more than I want, sir; if you choose to give me the third part of the money, and five links of the chain, it will amply serve my purpose, and the rest will be some atonement for the expense and trouble I have put you to.""The lady's in a creel!" exclaimed his uncle. "O, sir, what will become of the ropes of Milwood when I am dead and gone! He would fix the crowns of the papists a' with it, if he had it!"

"Hout, sir," said the old housekeeper, "I must even say it's partly your own fault. Ye maunna cut his head over sarther; and, to be a' honest, he has given me to the Howl, ye maun just pay the lawing."

"It if be not abune twa dollars, Alison," said the old gentleman, very reluctantly.

"I'll see," said the housekeeper, "I'll make it ye. T' will be th' first time the fine gang down to the clachan," said Alison, "than your honour or Mr. Harry can do;" and whispered to Henry. "Dinna vex him any more, since he has give it to the Howl, ye maun just pay the lawing."

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old mortality.

"And then we’ll have the dragoons on us," said
Mildwood, "for comforting and entertaining inter-
locutors it is a fine thing to have as much in hand.
But take your breakfast, Harry, and then lay by your
new green coat, and put on your Raploch gray; it’s a
magnificent and thirsty dress, and a most becoming
piece of habit for the distinguished character of
Morton the left." the monster, perceiving plainly that he
had at present no chance of gaining his purpose, and,
perhaps, not altogether displeased at the obstacles which
secured him, followed the monster round the neigh-
bourhood of Tulleitlen. The housekeeper followed
him into the next room, putting him on the back, and
bidding him be a guard borne, and sit by his braw
things open.

"And I’ll loop down your hat, and lay by the band
and riband," said the officious dame; "and ye maun
never, at no hand, speak o’ leaving the land, or of
selling the grand chain, for your uncle has an unco
pleasure in looking on you, and in counting the links of
the chain; and ye ken auld folk canna last for ever;
see the chain, and the lands, and a’ will be your
kin no day; and ye may marry our amy in the country-
side ye like, and keep a braw house at Milnwood,
for there’s now o’ means; and is that not worth wait-
ing for, my dear?"

The next proceeding in the latter part of the prog-
noc which sounded so agreeably in the ears of Mor-
ton, that he shook the old damsel cordially by the hand,
and assured her he was much obliged by her good
advice, which he intended to follow; and before he pro-
ceeded to act upon his former resolution.

CHAPTER VII.

From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen was many their fortunes seek.
And at fourscore is too late a work.

As You Like It.

We must conduct our readers to the Tower of Til-
letteum, and to the Mausoleum. Miss Bellenden had
returned, in romantic phrase, melancholy and full of
heaviness, at the unexpected, and, as she deemed it,
indelible affront, which had been brought upon her
dignity by the public miscarriage of Goose Gibbie.
That unfortunate man-at-arms was forthwith com-
manded to drive his feathered charge to the most
remote parts of the common moor, and on no account
to be allowed the slightest hint of the sentiment of his
lady, by appearing in her presence while the sense of the
affront was yet recent.

The next proceeding of Lady Margaret was to hold
a sanguinary banquet, and the butler were admitted, partly on the footing of wit-
esses, partly as assessors, to inquire into the recu-
scency of Cuddie Hindreg the ploughman, and the
abnormality which he had received from his mother,
those being regarded as the original causes of the
disaster which had befallen the chivalry of Tulleit-
len. The charge being fully made out and substan-
tiated, Lady Margaret resolved to reprimand the
culpits in person, and, if she found them impudent, to
extend the censure into a sentence of expulsion
from the barony. Miss Bellenden alone ventured to
say anything in behalf of the accused, but her counte-
nance did not profit them as it might have done on
any other occasion. For so soon as Edith had heard
it ascertainment that the unfortunate cavalier had not
suffered his condition with irresistible determination to laugh which, in spite
of Lady Margaret’s indignation, or rather irritated, as
usual, by restraint, had broken out repeatedly on her return homeward, until her grandmother, in no shape
impeded upon her, having been made of more tolerance
by the kind and for her ill-humor, her illness. Miss Bellenden’s tes-
cion, and it was upon this occasion, little or no chance to be listened to.

As if to evince the rigour of her disposition, Lady
Margaret, on this solemn occasion, exchanged the
innumerable words with which she commonly walked
for an immense gold-headed staff which had belonged

to her father, the deceased Earl of Torwood, and which
like a sort of nace of office, she only made
use of on such occasions as this when accompanied by
this awful baton of command. Lady Marzaret Bell-
enden entered the cottage of the debilicon.

There was an air of consciousness about old Mause,
as she rose to meet the visitor; this was her second
look, not with the cordial alacrity of visage which
used, on other occasions, to express the honour she
felt in the visit of her lady, but with a certain solemnity
and embarrassment, and cushioned art, by the presence
of her judge, before whom he
is, nevertheless, determined to assert his innocence.
Her arms were folded, her mouth pressed into an
expression of grief; but the furies with which her mind apparently bent up to the solemn interview.
With her best cuttery to the round, and a mute motion
of reverence, Mause pointed to the chair, which, on
former occasions, Lady Margaret (for the good lady
was somewhat of a gossip) had designed to occupy for
half an hour sometimes at a time, hearing the news of
the country and of the borough. But at present her
mootness was too far indignant for such condescension.
She rejected the mute invitation with a haughty wave
of her hand, and drawing herself up as she spoke, she
uttered the following interrogatory in a tone calculated
to throw over the whole interview in the air:

"Is it true, Mause, as I am informed by Harriann,
Gudyll, and others of my people, that you have taken
it upon you, contrary to the faith you owe to God and
the king, and to your natural allegiance, to compell,
keep back your son the wappen-clawb, held by the
order of the sheriff, and to return his arm-mund and
abutiments at a moment when it was impossible to
find a suitable substitute in his stead, which by the
barony of Tulleitlen, birth in the person of his mis-
tress and indwellers, has incurred such a disgrace and
dishonor as heretofore the family since the days of
Malcolm and Colin?"

Mause’s habitual respect for her mistress was ex-
reme; she hesitated, and one or two short coughs
crossed the difficulty she had in defending herself.

"I am sure—my lady—hem!—I am sure I am
sorry—very sorry that any cause of displeasure
should have occurred—but my son’s illness—"

"Dinn a tell me of your son’s illness, Mause! Had
he been sincerely unwell, ye would have been at
the Tower by daylight to get something that would do
him good; there are few ailments that I haven’t
medical recourses for, and that ye ken full well."

"O aye, aye, aye; I am sure ye hae wrought won-
teful cures; the last thing ye sent Cuddie, when he
had the yill, e’en wrought like a charm."

"Why, then, woman, ye have not applied to me, if
there was anything of the kind?—but there was none,
ye furze-hearted vasal that ye are!"

"Your lordship never cd me sic a word at that
before. O no! that I should live, as I said, she,
continued, bursting into tears, "and me a born serv-
out o’ the house o’ Tulleitlen! I am sure they belie beath
Cuddie and me, and I say, if they said he wad fight
over the boots in haste for your lordship and Miss Edith,
and the said neither—my said he, and I would rather
see him buried beneath it, than he e’die way—but
thir ridings and wapping-cawings, my lady, I hae
nae bro o’ them ava. I can find nae warrant for
them what’s o’er."

"Nae warrant for them?" cried the high-born
dame. "Do ye na ken, woman, that ye are bound to
be here weekly in the hunting, horse-riding, and
sailing, when lawfully summoned thereto in my
name? Your service is not gratuitous. I, in any tain
land for it—Ye’re kindly tenants; hae a other
house, a kail-yard, a cow, a horse”—the empen-
mon. For see, I am a born servant and not a
grudge ye your son salt gee me a day’s service in the
field?"

"Na, my lord—na, my lordy, it’s na that," ex-
claimed Mause, greatly embarrassed, "but a manna
can serve twa masters, and if the truth maun e’er come
out, there’s Ane abuse whane commands I maun
obey before your lordship’s. I am sure I would put
neither kind on nor kine, nor orry earthly creature’s,
afore them."

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"How mean ye by that, ye said full woman?—D'ye think that I order any thing against conscience?"

"In regard to your lordship's conscience, which has been brought up, as it were, with predestination; but ilk a man walk by the light of their air; and mine," said Miss Edith, "is not a thing to be hazarded. Indeed, it is a matter of fact, that I am convinced, that tells me that I need leave a—cot, kale-yard, and cow's grass—and suffer a, rather than that I or mine should put on harness in an unlawful cause."

"Ay, my lady, nae doubt; but no to displeasure your lordship, ye'll mind that there was once a king in Scripture they ca'd Nebuchadnezzar, and he set up a golden image in the plain o' Dura, as it might be in the haugh yonder by the water-side, where the army were warned to meet yesterday; and the princess, and the governour, and the captains, and the judges themsells, forbry the treasures, the councillors, and the sheriffs, were warned to the dedication thereof, and commanded to fall down and worship at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music."

"And what o' a' this, ye fule wife? Or what had Nebuchadnezzer to do with the wappen-seach of the United States?"

"Only just thus far, my lord," continued Mause, "that precept is like the great golden image in the plain of Dura, and that as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were not out in refusing to bow down to worship, so neither shall Cuddy Headriggs, your lordship's poor ploughman, at least wi' his auld mither's consent, make murgons or Jenny-factions, as they ca' them, in the house of the pliedets and curates, nor gird him wi' armour to fight in their cause, either at the sound of kettle-drums, organs, bag-pipes, or any other kind of music whatever."

Lady M'Garg and I heard this exposition of Scripture with the greatest possible indignation, as well as surprise.

"I see what way the wind blows," she exclaimed, after a pause of astonishment; "the evil spirit of the year sixteen hundred and forty-two is at work again as merrily as ever, and ilk auld wife in the chimney-nack will be for knitting doctrine wi' doctors o' divinity and fashions o' the day."

"Your lordship means the bishops and curates, I'm sure they have been but stepfathers to the Kirk o' Scotland. And, since your lordship is pleased to apply to me, I'll pass on to a subject that is more in my mind another article. Your lordship and the steward have been pleased to propose that my son Cuddie said work in the barn wi' a new-fangled machine called the corn-doff or the chaff off. This is impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence, by raising wind for your lordship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the shielingshill. Now, my lady?"

The woman would drive any reasonable being daft, said Lady M'Garg; then resuming her tone of authority and indifference, she concluded, "Weel, Mause, I'll just end where I sud hae begun—we're ower learned and ower godly for me to dispute wi' ye. But I'll mention one matter that is a bitter muster when he's lawfully warned by the ground officer, or the sooner he and you fit and quaff my bounds the better: there's nae scarcity o' auld wives o' this sort here again; and in that way, the rigs o' Tillicoultry barn casing but windlass and sandy lavvocks than that they were pleasing to the king."

"Aweel, my lady," said Mause, "I was born here, and thought to die where my father dide; and probably something similar to the barn-farmers now used for livestock is what your lordship has in mind used in their present shape until about 1750. They were objected to by the men who plowed the land, upon such reasoning as that of bases, Mause in the text.

Barn gras and sand-larks.
OLD MORTALITY.

Chap. VIII.

"Weel, mither," said Cuddie, interrupting her, "where do you think we are going? I have been dune whate'er ye bade me, and gae to kirk whare'er ye likt on the Sundays, and fended weel for ye in the ilk days besides. And that's what vexes me when I sing, and I am keen for ye now in these brisk times. I am no sure if I can plough any place but the Mains and Mucklewhame, at least I never trysted any other grund, and it wadna come natural to me. And nae neighbouring teirlers will daur to take us, after being turned aff beas bounds for non-territorial."

"Non-conformity, hinnie," sighed Mause, "is the anathema of the age; and it would be a blessing if we could all be the same."

"Weel, weel, we'll hae to gang to a far country, maybe twa or fifteen miles aff. I could be a draught, nae doubt, for I can ride and play wi' the roadwad a bit, but ye wad be warning about your pleasing and your gray hairs." (Here Mause's exclamations became extreme.) "Weel, weel, I but spoke o' besides; ye're ower auld to be sitting rocked up on a bazine-wagon w' Eppie Dumbkane, the corporal's wife. Stay, what's come to your o' mine? I canna see—doubt I'll hae to tak the hills wi' the wild whigs, as they ca' them, and then it will be my lot to be at the back o' the pack, at some dikendie, or to be sent to heaven wi' a Saint Johnstone's tipit about your house."

"O, my bonnie Cudie," said the zealous Mause, "although ye be a weel prepared, and ye wadna say ye were auld, but that ye have a bit of reading, and been reading, and whilst it is a musing o' Providence—I have not seen the son of the righteous beggin his bread, sae says the text; and your father was a doud honest man, and thou, sae worldily in his dealings, and cumbered about earthly things, even as yourself, my jo!"

"Aweel," said Cuddie, after a little consideration, "I am to come away and get coal to be blown at, mither. Howsoever, mither, ye ha'e some guests o' a wee bit kindness that are miss Edith and young Mr. Henry Morton, that auld be, ca' ye yourself, and I have a bit of a book, or maybe a bit letter, quietely atween them, and made believe never to ken what it cam from, though I kent brawly. There's whiles convenience in a body looking a wee stupid—and I have aften seen them walking at e'en on the little path by Dinglewoodburn; but nahemoer ever kent a word about it frae Cuddie; I ken I'm gay thick in the head, but I'm as honest as our auld fine fox, and fellow, that I'll ne'er work on mair—I hope they'll be as kind to him that come a bit understand me as I have been. But, as I was saying, we'll awa down to Milnwood and tell Mr. Harry our distress. They want a body to help them, and the grund's no unlike our ain—I am sure Mr. Harry will stand my part, for he's a kind-hearted gentleman. I'll get but little penny-foe, for his uncle, and I'll gie a bit to the auld man himself. But we'll awa win a bit of bread, and a dreap, a kail, and a side, and theekin ower our heads, and that's we'll want for a season. I'll get up, mither, and sort your things to gang away; for since I see it is that gang we maun, I wad like ill to wait till Mr. Harrison andauld Gudjil cam to put us out by the tug and the horn."

Chapter VIII

The devil a partisan, or any thing else he is, but a time-server.

Twa' nights after.

It was evening when Mr. Henry Morton perceived an old woman, with a cap on her head, clad in a discoloured, storm-stopped, looking fellow, in hoddie-gray, approach the house of Milnwood. Old Mause made her curtsey, but Cuddie took the lead in addressed for her. She not only was previously acquainted with her mother, but that he was to manage matters his own way; for though he readily allowed her general inferiority of understanding, and filially submitted to his authority on most occasions, yet he said, "For getting a service, or getting forward in the world, he could somenacet the wee pickle some he had gang muckle farther han hers, though she could crack like any minister o' them a'."

Accordingly, he thus opened the conversation with young Morton:

"A braw night this for the rye, your honour; the street park wi' the haggarin' by this een."

"I do not doubt it, Cuddie; but I've heard that you have brought your mother—this is your mother, is it not?" (Cuddie nodded.) What can have brought your mother and you down the water so late?"

"Troth, sir, just what gars the maidwives trust, trust, sir—I'm seeking for service, sir."

"For service, Cudde, and at this time of the year! how comes this to be, sir?"

Mause could forbear no longer. Proud alike of her cause and her sufferings, she commenced with an affected humility of tone, "It has pleased Heaven, an it like your honour, to distinguish us by a visitation—"

"Deil's in the wife and nae guide!" whispered Cudie to his mother, "an ye come out wi' your whiggery they'll nae daur open a door to us through the hault country!" Then aloud and addressing Morton, "My mother's auld, sir, and she has rather forgotten herself in speaking to my leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradicted, though they (like my brothers) could help themselves,) especially by her ain folk.—And Mr. Harrison the steward, and Gudjil the butler, they're no very fond o' us, and it's ill sitting at Rome and sitting in Edinburgh, to say it. Before I fell to work, and before I fell to work, and before I fell to work—here's a wee bit line to your honour frie a friend will maybe say some mair about it."

Morton took the billet, and crimsoning up to the ears, between joy and surprise, read these words: "If you can serve these poor helpless people, you will oblige E. B."

It was a few instants before he could contain composition enough to ask, "And what is your object, Cudie? and how can I be of use to you?"

"Work, stir, wark, and a service, is my object—a bit held for my mother and myself—we have gude plooshing o' our ain, if we had the cast o' a cart to bring it down—and milk and meal, and greens, swete, for I'm gay gleg at meal-time, and sae is my mother, lang may it be sae, and for the penny-foe and a' that I'll just leave it to the laird and you. I ken ye'll no see a poor lad wranged, if ye can help it."

Morton shook his head. "For the meat and lodging, Cudie, I think I can procure something; but the penny-foe will be a hard chapter, I doubt.""

"I'll tak my chance o' stir," replied the candidate for service, "rather than gang down about Hamilton, or any such far place of everlasting.""

"Well; step into the kitchen, Cudie, and I'll do what I can for you."

The negotiation was not without difficulties. Morton had first to talk over the housekeeper, who made a thousand objections, as usual, in order to have the pleasure of being besought and entreated; but when she was gained over, it was comparatively easy to induce old Milnwood to accept of a servant, whose wages were to be in his own option. An outhouse was therefore assigned to Mause and her son for their habitation, and it was settled that they were to be admitted to eat of the frugal fare provided for the family, until their own establishment should be completed. As for Morton, he exhausted his own very slender stock of money in order to make Cuddy and his family a present, under the name of aid, as it might show his sense of the value of the recommendation delivered to him."

"And now I must be called since mair," said Cuddie to his mother, "and if we're no see big and comfortable as we were up yonder, yet life's life ony gate, and we're we'd decent kirk-gangling folk o' your own persuasion, mither; there will be nuse quarrelling about that."

"Of my persuasion, hinnie!" said the too-enlightened Mause; "was't for thy blindness and theirs."

O, Cudie, the poor things, and I'll say it, will ne'er win farther ben, I doubt; they are but little better than the prettiest themselves. They wait on the ministry of that blinded man, Peter Veresson.
ANCE A Precious Word of the Lord, Out Now a Back-
Shedding in the House and the Family Maintenance, Forsaken the Sweet Path, and Gane Aasty after the Black Indolence. O, My Son, Had Ye But Profited by the Gospel Doctrines Ye Had-
Heard Here at Sweetheart Rumblederry, That Sweet Youth, Who Suffered Martyrdom in the Grass-Market, Afore Candlemas! Did
Na Ye Hear Him Say, That Ernestiamus Was as Bad as Proceeded to the Indolence? That the: Indolence Was as Bad as Ernestiamus?"

"Hear'd ever any body the like o' this?" Interrupted Cudde: "We'll be driven out o' house and his again afore the next hever he's compleat, whether I have just as much word—An' I hear any man o' your din—more folk, that is, for I don't mind your clevers themselves, they all got the same sleep—but if I hear any man din afore folk, as I was saying, about Pseudotexts and Rumblederry, and doctres and malignants, I've even taken a single solider myself, or maybe a servant or a captain, if ye place me the man, and let Rumblederry and you got to the din thether. I ne'er got any guide by his doctrine, as ye ca'n't, but a sour fit o' the batters wielding amongst the wittinesses for four hours at a yoking, and the feffy curfed me with some hekery—yonder man, when I had know how I came by the disorder, she wadna been in such a hurry to mend it." After

Although I was on the other side of the wall and much taken up with other business, I had been up, of her son Cudde. Maude, thither, to turn him further on the topic, nor altogether neglect the warning he had given me. She knew the disposition of these scribes of philanthrope, whose conduct often causes them to be reproved, with fits of obscurity, which neither remonstrance, flattery, nor threats, were capable of overpowering. Treading, therefore, at the very possibility of Cudde's fulfilling his threat, I put a guard over my mind, and I was, indeed, so surrounded by her presence, as an able and frustrating preacher, she had the good sense to suppress the contradiction which flattered upon her tongue, and to express her sentiments no otherwise than by deep groans, which the hearers gratuitously construed to flow from a vivid recollection of the more pathetically parts of his homilies. How long she could have preserved her feelings it is difficult to say. An unexpected acciden
ter relieved her from the necessity.

The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old fashion which Cudde would have, therefore, still the custom in his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed the dinner on the table, sequestered themselves in the back parlor and parted off the share which was assigned to them, in company with their masters. On the day, therefore, after Cudde's arrival, being the third from the opening of this narrative, old Robin, who was butler, valet-de-cham-
bray, footman, gardener, and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth, thickened with oatmeal and colewort, in which ocean of liquid was indiscernible, by close observers, two or three short ribs of lean mutton sailing to and fro. Two huge baskets, one of bread made of barley and pease, and one of oat-cakes, flanked this valley of broth, and on the other side, in like fashion, the feast was divided among the male servants, to each of whom a slice of kindness with which he should be received. Like a cousin, he first visited his own chef, a baronet in a determined nature, and the next day's fat, which he resolved to employ in the satisfaction of his guests, was furnished to the servants, who were said sometimes to have stipulated that they should not be required to eat a food so luxuriant and surfeiting in its quality above five days, before they could partake of it. The drink of the day was a very small beer of Milnwood's own brewing, was allowed to the company at discretion, as were the bannocks, cakes, and broth; but the mutton was received as a beverage, being the general order of the day. The visitor in vain announced his name and requested admissi

The custom of keeping the door of a house or castle locked during the time of dinner, probably arose from the custom of being aestively assembled in the hall at that meal, and table service. But in many instances continued to the present day, a custom of high etiquette, of which the following is an example.

A considerable landed proprietor in Dumfriesshire, was in the habit, without any communication, and without any check from his will, resolved previously to visit his two nearest kin-

To enjoy this exquisite cheer, was placed, at the head of the table, the old Laird himself, with his nephew on the one side, and the favourite house-ket, on the other. He was sate old Robin, a manger, half-starved serving-man, ordered cross and crispily by rhymati-

And a dirty mark of housekeeper, whom use had rendered callous to the daily extremities which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs. Wilson. A barmaid, a white-headed cowled box, with Cudde the new ploughman and his mother. This ploughman was a notable housekeeper, to the property resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delectable than that which we have described, they could eat their fill, unwatched by the sharp, envious gray eyes of Milnwood, which seemed to measure the quantity that each of his dependents swallowed, as closely as if their glasses attended each mouthful in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unfavourable to Cudde, who sustained much prejudice in his master's opinion, by the slight courtesy with which he caused the victuals to disappear. In the course of the repast, Cudde turned his eyes from the huge feasting to cast indignant glances upon his nephew, whose repugnance to rate labour was the principal cause of his needing a second ploughman, and the direct means of his hiring this very corpulent.

"Pay thee wages, quotha?" said Milnwood to him-

self. "Then will eat in a week the value of mar that he can't work for in a month!"

The significant pronunciations were interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer gate. It was a universal custom in Scotland, that, when the family was at dinner, the door of the house was kept shut, and if not, the door of the house itself, was always shut and locked, and only guests of importance, or persons upon urgent business, sought or received admittance at that time. The family of Milnwood were therefore surprised, and, in the unsettled state of the times, something alarmed, at the earnest and repeated knocking with which the door was now assailed. Mrs. Wilson ran in person to the door, and, having reconnoitred those who were so clamorous for admission, through some secret aperture with whom most Scottish door-ways were furnished for the exigent purpose, she passed her hands in great dismay, exclaiming, "The ro-

The "ro-minister—what can they be?—Rams-

man—Nevoy Harry—open the door, open the door!" exclaimed old Milnwood, snapping up and slipping into his pocket the two or three silver spoons with which his hand was garnished, beneath the salt being of goodly hour. He pricked them fair, sirks—Lord love ye, speak them fair—th' wimmin bade with-
OLD MORTALITY.

"While the servants admitted the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the delay they had been put to, Cuddie took the only opportunity to whisper to his mother, "Now, ye daft saddarine, mak yoursel deaft—ye hae made us a deaft oor now, and let me speek for ye. I wad like it ill if I hae to bide for an awfu' wife's claes, though ye be our mither."

"O, hanny, ah! Pse be silent or thot saill come to ill," was the ingenious whisper of Mause; "but be thinkin', my dear girl, thant the Word the Word will dey."—

Her admonition was cut short by the entrance of the foot-guard, a party of four troopers, commanded by Bothwell.

In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone-floor with the iron-shod heels of their large jack-boots, while the clash and clatter of their heavy, basket-hilted broadswords. Milnwood and his housekeeper trembled, from well-grounded apprehensions of the system of extaction and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harboured Barly.

The widow Mause, Hebridean, betrayed a warm and fervent enthusiasm for the cause, which impressed her for consenting even tacitly to delve her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary. The other servants quaked for their safety, and some as if for their lives. Cuddie, with a look of supreme indifferenc and stupidity which a Scotch peasant can at times assume as a mask for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow large mouthfuls of his broth, to command which he had drawn within his sphere the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself, amid the confusion, to a sevenfold portion.

"What, is your pleasure there, gentleman?" said Milnwood, humouring himself before the satellites of power.

"We come in behalf of the king," answered Bothwell; "why did you keep us so long standing at the door?"

"We were at dinner," answered Milnwood, "and the door was locked, as is usual in landward towns in this county. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had kend any servants of our guide king, had stood at the door—but wad ye please to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of scanty sack, or claret wine?" making a graceful offer as long as a stumpy holder held at an auction, who is loath to advance his offer for a favourite lot.

"Claret for me," said one fellow. "I am rather after ale," said another. "provided it is right juice of John Barleycorn."

"Better never was melted," said Milnwood; "I can hardly say nay and nuckle for the claret. It's thin and cold andgetitem."

"Brandy will care that," said a third fellow; "a glass of claret to three glasses of wine prevents the curmudging in the stomach."

"Brandy, ale, sack, and claret? —we'll try them all," said Bothwell, "and stick to that which is best. There's good sense in that, if the dam'd thief in Scotland had it."

It certainly, put a reluctant quiver of his muscles, Milnwood lugged out two ponderous keys, and delivered them to the gentleman.

"The housekeeper," said Bothwell, taking a seat, and throwing himself upon it, "is rather young and so handsome as to tempt a man to follow her to the gauntlets, and devil a one here is there worth sending in her place. What's that I—ment? (searching with a fork among the broth, and fishing up a crust of mutton)—"I think I could eat a bit—why, it's as tough as if the devil's damn had hatched it."

If there is anything better in the house, sir, said Milnwood, alarmed at these symptoms of disapprobation.

"No, no," said Bothwell, "it's not worth while, I

The Scots retain the use of the word doun in its comprehen sive meaning of place, in the sense of town or village. A mansion or a farm house, though solitary, is called sae doun. A landward doun is a dwelling situated in the country.

3 W
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"Of the lands of Milwood—\(^1\) the bonny lands of Milwood—\(^2\) of which your uncle is said to have been in charge for two hundred years!" exclaimed his uncle; "they are barking and flexing, outfield and infield, haugh and hofe!"

"No, sir," said Henry, "you shall not suffer on your account.\(^2\) I own," he continued addressing Bothwell, "I did give this man a night's lodging, as to an old military courage of my father. But it was not without the use of my uncle's knowledge, but of Morton's express general orders. I trust, if my evidence is considered as good against myself, it will have some weight in proving my uncle's innocence."

"Come, you must be of a different sort, in some what may be called a smart enough, and I am sorry for you; and your uncle here is a fine old Trojan, kender, I see, to his guests than himself, for he gives us wine and drinks his own, thin alike tell me all you know about this Burley, what you parted from him, where he went, and where he is likely now to be found; and, d—n it, I'll work as hard on your share of the business as my duty will permit. There's a thousand marks on the murdering whigmore's head, an I could but light on it—Come, out with it—where did you part with him?"

"You will cause my answering that question, sir," said M'Callum, "but you have persuaded me to afford him hospitality at considerable risk to myself and my friends, would command me to respect his secret, if, indeed, he had trusted me with any"

"So you refuse to give me any answer?" said Bothwell.

"I have none to give," returned Henry.

"Perhaps I could teach you to find one, by tying a piece of lighted match between your fingers," answered Bothwell.

"O, for pity's sake, sir," said old Alison apart to her master, "see them siller—it's siller they're seeking—they'll murder Mr. Henry, and yourself next!"

"Milwood groaned in perplexity and bitterness of spirit, and, with a tone as if he was giving up the ghost, exclaimed, "Ha, punds twenty—punds would make up this unhappy matter!"

"My master," instanced Alison to the servant, "would give twenty punds on the spot;"" interrupted Milwood; "for the agony of his avarice overcame alike his puritanic precision and the habitual respect he entertained for his housekeeper".

"Punds forty," insisted the housekeeper, "if ye had the gudeness to look ower the lad's misconduct: he's that dour ye might tear him to pieces, and ye wad naer get a word o' him; and it wad do a little guide, I'm sure, to burn his bonny finger-ends."

"Why," said Bothwell, hesitating, "I don't know—most of my cloth would have the money, and take off the prisoner too; but I bear a conscience, and if your master will stand to your offer, and enter into a bond to produce his nephew, and if all in the house will take the test-oath, I do not know but—"" interrupted Mrs. Wilson, "any test, on this ye please?" And then aside to her master, "Haste ye away, sir, and get the siller, or they will burn the house about our lugs."

"Old Milwood cast a rueful look upon his adviser, and moved off, like a piece of Dutch clock-work, to set at liberty his imprisoned angels in this dire emergency. Meanwhile, Sergeant Bothwell began to put the test-oath with such a degree of solemn reverence as might have been expected, being just about the same which is used to this day in his majesty's custom-house."

"What's your name, woman?"

"Alison Wilson, sir."

"You, Alison Wilson, solemnly swear, certify, and declare, that you judge it unlawful for subjects, under pretence of suspicion, or any other pretence, to be whatsoever, to enter into Leagues and Convenants!"

Here the ceremony was interrupted by a strife between Cuddie and his mother, which, conduced to the proceedings, now became:

"Oh, wauh, mother, wha'll t'roon a com
OLD MORTALITY.

nest of yellow boys, but do—a me if I dare venture for them—that old woman has spoken too loud, and before all the men. Mr. Mark Va. last year in this
Minwood." I must take your nephew to head-quar-
ters, so I cannot, in conscience, keep more than is
my due as civility-money; then opening the purse,
and giving the gold to each of the soldiers, and took
three to himself. "Now," said he, "you have the
comfort to know that your kinsman, young Captain
Fosinjay, will be carefully looked after and civility
of the most high degree will be shown to you.

Minwood eagerly extended his hand.

"Only you know," said Bothwell, still playing
with the purse, "that every landholder is answerable for
the conformity and good behavior of his household,
ad emancipated, by the very mention of the term,
and the restraint of his own prudence, and Cuddie's
demonition—" Div ye think to come here, wi' your
killing, self-seducing, conscience-confounding
atlas, and tests, and bands—your snares, and your
apes, and your guns?—Surely it is in vain that a nig
spread in the sight of any bird?"

"Ah! what, good dame?" said the soldier.
"Here's whisp's miracle, epe! the old wife has got both her
sons and a daughter dead to her turn. —Go to, hold your peace, and never
thorn you talk to, you old idiot.

"What do I talk to? Eh, epe, ower weel may the
brave lords forget ye better. Malignant admi-
rate ye to the pretates, foul props to a feeble
and thy cause, bloody beasts of prey, and burdens
to the earth.

"My soul," said Bothwell, astonished as a
mattie-fog might be should a hen-partridge fly at
in defence of her young, this is the finest lan-
gage I ever heard! Can't you give us some more of it?

"Gie ye some mair o' t?" said Mause, clearing her
voice with a preliminary cough, "I will take up
my simony against you once and again. —Philistines
are, and Edomites; keep ye are ye of foxes-
forming wolves, that gnaw not the bones till the
narrow—wicked dogs, that compass about the
churn—thrusting kine, and pushing bulks of Bashan—
serpents ye are, and allied bairn in name and
ature with the great Red Dragon: Revelations, xv11,
chapter, third and fourth verses.

Here the old lady stopped, apparently much more
on the end of her breath.

"Curse the old hag!" said one of the dragoons,
gag her, and take her to head-quarters.

For shame, Andrews," said Bothwell; "remember
you are not the buyers and sellers of your
only the privilege of her tongue. —But, hark ye, good
women, every bull of Bashan and Red Dragon will
or be so civil as I am, or be contented to leave you
the charge of the constable and deking-stool
in the meantime I must necessarily carry off this
young man to head-quarters. I cannot answer to
my commanding-officer to leave him in a house
there I have heard so much treason and fantasi-
ism.

"See now, mither, what ye hae dune," whispered
laddie; "there's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are
auf to whirry ait. Mr. Henry, and a' wi' your
ash-gab, deil be on't!"

"Haud yere tongue, ye cowardly loon," said the
other, and laying the wyte on me; if you and your
bowels glutons, that are sitting staring like cows
uristing on clover, wad testify wi' your hands as I
ave testified wi' my tongue, they should never harle
as precious young lad a' with to captivity.

What is meant, the sower had already
sound and secured their prisoner. Milwood returned.
t this instant, and, alarmed at the preparations he
heled, hastened to proffer to Bothwell, though
with a smile, the purse, which he had been obliged to
rummage out as ransom for his
ephew. The trooper took the purse with an air of
indifference, weighed it in his hand, chuckled it up
for a trifle, and handed it to his nephew, who
opened, and said, "There's many a merry night in this
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"Are ye mad?" said his housekeeper, in a whisper: "tell them to keep it—they will keep it either by fair means or foul, and it's our only chance to make them quiet."

"I canna do it, Ailie—I canna do it," said Milnwood, with tears of his heart. "I canna part wi' the siller I hae counted sae often ower, to that blackguards."

"Then I maun do it myself, Milnwood," said the housekeeper, "or see a gang wrong together. My master, sir," she said, addressing Bothwell, "canna think o' taking back any thing at the hand of an honourable gentleman like you; he implores ye to put it away, and let the body die as it can, and be favourable in reporting our dispositions to government, and let us tak nae wrong for the dash speeches of an auld jade." (Here she turned fiercely upon Mause, to indulge herself for the effort which it cost her to assume a mild demeanour to the soldiers.) "A daud auld whig randy, that ne'er was in the house (toul fa' her) till yesterday afternoon, and that sell ne'er cross the door-stane again an anes I had her out o' it."

"Ay, ny," whispered Cuddie to his parent, "'en sae! I kend we wad be put to our travels again when they get but six times in a week, and then to an end. I was sure that wad be the upshot o' mither."

"Whishat, my bairn," said she, "and dinn murmur at the cross—cross their door-stane! weel I wot I'll not let that auld jade stand with me."

"The20/30 hall," said he, "wee o' their signal for a signal that the destroying angel should pass by. They'll get a back-'cast o' his hand, yet that think sae muckle o' the creature and sae little o' the creator—sae muckle o' world's gear and sae little o' a broken covenant—sae muckle about these pieces o' yellow buck, and sae little about the pure gold o' the Scripture—sae muckle about their ain friend and kinsman, and sae little about the elect, that are tried wi' hirings, harraising, huntings, searchings, chasings, catchings, imprisonments, torturings, banishments, harrassings, hardenings, hangings, and inquietings, and forby the hundreds forced from their ain habitations to the deserts, mountains, moors, mosaes, moss-flows, and peat-bas, there to hear the word like bread eaten in secret."

"She's at the Covenant now, sergeant, shall we not have her away?" said one of the soldiers.

"You be d—d!" said Bothwell, aside to him; "our master's better wise than long, as long as there is a respectable, sponsible, money-broking pe'er, like Mr. Morton of Milnwood, who has the means of attaining her trespasses? Let the old mother hae her brood, she's tough enough to be made any thing of herself—Here, cried, "one other round to Milnwood and his roof-tree, and to our next merry meeting with him—which I think will not be far distant, if he keeps such a fanatical family."

He then ordered the party to take their horses, and pressed the best in Milnwood's stable into the king's service to carry the prisoner. Mrs. Wilson, with weeping eyes, made up a small parcel of necessaries for Henry's compelled journey, and as she bustled about, took an opportunity, unseen by the party, to slip into his hand a small bag of money. Bothwell and his troopers, in other respects, kept their promise, and were civil. They did not bind their prisoner, but contended themselves with leading his horse between a file of men. They then mounted, and marched off with much mirth and laughter among themselves, leaving the Milnwood family in great confusion. The old Laird himself, overpowered by the low spirit his mind was in, and the smell of twenty pounds sterling, did nothing the whole evening but rock himself backwards and forwards in his great leathern easy-chair, repeating the same language. "Ruined on a's sides, ruined on a' sides—barried and undone—one and undone—body and gudes, body and gudes!"

Mrs. Alison Wilson's grief was partly indulged, and partly relieved by the torrent of invectives with which Bothwell abused Mause and Cuddie's expulsion from Milnwood.

"I'll luck be in the graining coorse o' thee! the prarest lad in Clyde-side this day maun be a sufferer and a' for you and your daft whigerry!"

"Gae wa'," replied Mause, "I trow ye are yet in the bonds of sin, and in the gall of iniquity, to grudge your bonniest and best in the cause of Him that gave ye a' ye hae—I promise I hae dune as muckle for Mr. Harry as I wad do for my ain; for if Cuddie was found worthy to bear testimony in the Grassmarket—"

"And there's gude hope o'!" said Alison, "unless you and he change your courses."

"And it," continued Mause, disregarding the interruption, "didn't we see what Mr. Grey and Mr. Ziphires were to seek to ensnare me with a profitor his remission upon sinful compliances, I wad persevere, notwithstanding my testimony against popery, prelacy, antinomianism, crassianism, lapserianism, sublapsarianism, and the sins and sufferings of the times—I wad cry as a woman in labour against the black Indulgence, that has been a stumbling-block to professors—I wad uplift my voice as a powerful preacher."

"Hout, tout, mither," cried Cuddie, interfering and dragging her off forcibly, "dinn ava the gentle woman wit' your testimony! ye hae preached enough already; ye hae showed ye hae heart enough o' the Law, and gude kule-yard, and out o' this new city!' refuge afore our hinder end was weel haft in it; and ye hae preached Mr. Harry awa to the prison; and ye hae showed ye haft heart enough o' the Law, and showed ye hae no pocket that he likes as ill to quit wi'; and sae ye may haud see, for ae wee while, without preaching me up a ladder and down a tow. Sue, come awa, comaw, comaw, before the laird hae had enough o' your testimony to mind it for ae while."

So saying he dragged off Mause, the words, "Testimony—Covenant—malignants—indulgence—will be a sufficient motive to make preparations for instantly renewing their travels in quest of an asylum."

"Ill-fall, crazy, crack-brained gowk, that she is! exclaimed the housekeeper, as she saw them depart; "to set up and put out twenty of the Lads and gude kule-yard, and to bring sae muckle distress on a douce quiet family! If it hadnab been that I am mar than half a gentlewoman by my station, I wad hae tried my ten nails in the wain'de bide o' her."

CHAPTER IX.

I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars, And eaten many a cut and scare wherein I come; This here was for a wench, and that other in a tress, When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum, I hear the tale that honours are the only way to move; And still the story thrills me as I hear it, and so I go, To find myself in the company of heroes, and then I find, That every man has his own particular story."

"Doss' be too much cast down," said Sergeant Bothwell to his prisoner as they journeyed on towards the head-quarters; you are a smart pretty lad, and well countenanced, the worst that will have to happen is strapping up for it, and that is many an honest fellow's lot. I tell you fairly your life's within the compass of the law, unless you make submission, and get off by a round fine upon your uncle's estate; he can well afford it."

"That vexes me more than the rest," said Henry.

"He partis with his money with regret; and, as he had no confidant whatever with my having given the person shelter for a night, I wish to Heaven, if I escape a capital punishment, that the penalty may be of a kind I could bear in my own person."

"Why, perhaps," said Bothwell, "they will propose to you to go into one of the Scotch regiments that are serving abroad. It's no bad line of service; if your friends are active, and there are any knockings, you may soon get a command."

"I am by no means sure," answered Morton, "that such a sentence is not the best thing that can happen to me."

"Why, then, you are no real whig after all!" said the sergeant.

"I have hitherto meddled with no party in the state," said Henry, "but have remained quietly at home; and sometimes I have had serious thoughts of joining the foreign party."

"Have you?" replied Bothwell; "why, I hope
OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER IX.

OLD MORTALITY.

"To be sure I do," answered Bothwell. "How should I be able to report favourably to my officers of the worthy lady and, indeed, unless I know a little of her taste of her book, for seek such a laggard that I take for granted; it is the favourite consoler of your old dowager of quality, as small comfort is the portion of your country lard.

"Then, for one's sake," said Henry, "if you are determined to go there, do not mention my name, or expose me to a family that I am acquainted with. Let me be mulled up for the time in one of your soldier's cloak rooms and mention me generally as a prisoner under your charge."

"With all my heart," said Bothwell; "I promised to use you civilly, and I seem to break my word. Here, and Andrews take a cloak room in a cloak room in a cloak room in a cloak room, and do not mention his name, nor where we caught him, unless you would have a trott on a horse of wood." There were at this moment at an archd gateway, battlemented and flagged with turrets, one where he was totally for the lower story, which served as a cow-house to the peasant, whose family inhabited the turret that remained entire. The gate had been broken down by Monk's soldiers during the civil war, and had never been replaced, therefore presented no obstacle to Bothwell and his party. The avenue, very steep and narrow, and causewayed with a large round hole in the middle of the road, was paved in an old and zigzag course, now showing now hiding a view of the tower and its exterior bulwarks, which seemed to rise almost perpetually more than a hundred feet above the surrounding fields. The battlements and defenses which it exhibited were upon such a scale of strength, as induced Bothwell to exclaim, "It is well this place is in honest and loyal hands. Gayed, if the enemy had it, a dozen of old Wakefield would with their distaff might keep it against a troop of dragons, at least if they had half the spunk of the old girl we left at Milwood. Upon my life," he continued, as they came to the lower tower and its surrounding defenses and flanks, "it is a superb place, founded, says the worm inscription over the gate—unless the remnant of my Latin has given me the slip—by Sir Ralph de Bellekinned in 1550—a respectable antiquity. I must greet the old lady with due honour, though it should put me to the labour of recalling some of the complaints that I used to dabble in when I was wont to keep that sort of company."

As he thus communed with himself, the butler, who had reconnoitered the soldiers from an arrow-slit in the wall that was continued to the tower, came to report that his Royal Highness-haughed, cried, exclaimed, and said the door, as like a taberne of pleasant doth. He had also a perfect taste for the discipline as well as the show of war, and had a corps of twenty two men armed with pike, sword, and wooden swords. For the maintenance of discipline in this juvenile corps, a wood-y-nook was established in the present cliamber, and the men exacted to the amount of those not strictly military, Burdick, the Duke's tailor, having made long files, which were brought in, in order of the day issued by the young prince, to be placed on this very day, and it was a man of manly appearance and bearing, mentred, mentred, from the pennies, which was likely to cause the inconvenience of his sturdy English expostulation trip to Dordrecht. But an attirant friend of Weilbruy, who had presumed to bring the young Prince a toy, after he had discarded the use of them, was a weapon of a wooden horse without a saddle, with his head to the tail, while he was tried by four officers of the control with more success and variety. As the Duke, the said friend of Weilbruy, who had presumed to bring the young Prince a toy, after he had discarded the use of them, was a weapon of a wooden horse without a saddle, with his head to the tail, while he was tried by four officers of the control with more success and variety.

"A Highland lard, whose prevenants live still in the real ruin of the house, is still in the real ruin of the house, is still in the real ruin of the house."—Edinburgh.

In the day, in the morning, when the President called the members to the bar, he threw his cap over the table, and his chair over it. He was heavily mounted with his horse over the plate, where he sat for a moment, and then at his head, with a great deal of pleasure, in the metropolis, where he was brought, he thought it time to retire to the Highlands. Queen: How, when he would have repeated this experiment at Temple Bar.

A Highland lard, whose prevenants live still in the real ruin of the house, is still in the real ruin of the house, is still in the real ruin of the house. —Edinburgh.
manded party of dragoons, or, as he thought, Life-Guardsmen, waited at the gate with a prisoner under the custody of their commander.  

"I am certain," said Gudyll, "and positive, that the sixth man is a prisoner; for his horse is led, and the two dragoons that are before have their carbines or pistols loaded and cocked upon their thighs. I was away the way we guarded prisoners in the days of the great Marquis."

"King's soldiers?" said the lady; "probably in want of refreshment. Go, Gudyll, make them welcome, and let them be accommodated with what provision and forage the tower can afford. And, stay, tell my gentlewoman to bring my black scarf and gloves, which the officer might be at liberty to receive from them; one cannot show the King's Life Guards too much respect in times when they are doing so much for royal authority. And d'ye hear, Gudyll, let Jenny Denna pin up her pearls to walk before my niece and me, and the three women to walk behind; and bid my niece attend me instantly."

Fully accounted, and attended according to her directions, Lady Margaret now sailed out into the court-yard of her tower with great courtesy and dignity. Sergeant Bothwell saluted the grave and reverend lady of the manor with an assurance which he knew was the light and welcome to the dissipated men of fashion in Charles the Second's time, and did not at all savour of the awkward or rude manners of a non-commissioned officer of dragoons or lancers. But Lady Margaret, seeming also to be refined for the time and occasion; though the truth was, that, in the fluctuations of an adventurous and profligate life, Bothwell had sometimes known company with his suitors to his present situation of life. To the lady's request to know whether she could be of service to them, he answered, with a suitable bow, "That as they had to march some distance that night, they would be much accommodated by permission to rest their horses for an hour before continuing their journey."

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Lady Margaret; "and I trust that my people will see that neither horse nor men want suitable refreshment."

"We are all well aware, madam," continued Bothwell, "that such has always been the reception within the walls of Tilletudium, of those who served the King."

"We have studied to discharge our duty faithfully and magnanimously."

"I am sure, sergeant," said Lady Margaret, pleased with the compliment, "both to our monarchs and to their followers, particularly to their faithful soldiers. It is not long ago, and it produced the recent occasion of his sacred majesty, now on the throne, since he himself honoured my poor house with his presence, and breakfasted in a room in this castle, Mr. Sergeant, which my waiting-gentlewoman shall show you; we still call it the King's room."

Bothwell had by this time dismounted his party, and committed the horses to the charge of one file, and the prisoner to that of another; so that he himself was at liberty to continue the conversation which the lady had so grandly opened.

Since the King, my master, had the honour to experience your hospitality, I cannot wonder that the same is extended to those that serve him, and whose principal merit is doing it with fidelity. And yet I have a nearer relation to his majesty than this coarse red coat would seem to indicate."

"Indeed, sir? Probably," said Lady Margaret, "you have belonged to his household?"

"Not exactly, madam," to his household, but rather a kindred with most of the best families in Scot-land, not, I believe, exclusive of that of Tilletudium."

"Sir?" said the old lady, drawing herself up with dignity; and a notion which I may have heard of the history and misfortunes of my grandfather Francis Stewart, to whom James 2.

his cousin-german, gave the title of Bothwell, as my comrades give me the nickname. It was not in the long run so advantageous to him to see him so low in the service. With such connections, what ill fortune could have reduced you?"

"Nothing much out of the ordinary course, I believe, madam," said Bothwell, interrupting me, and deferring the question. "I have had my moments of good luck like my neighbours—have drunk my black brandy with Rochester, thrown a merry man with Buckingham, and had my side by side with Shrewsbury. But my luck never lasted; I could not make useful friends out of my jolly companions—Perhaps I was not sufficiently aware," he continued with some bitterness, "how much the descendant of the Scottish Stewarts was honoured by being admitted into the convivialities of Wilmot and Villiers."

"But your Scotch friends, Mr. Stewart, your relations here, so numerous and so powerful?"

"Why, ay, my lady," replied the sergeant. "I believe they might have made me a gamekeeper, for I am a tolerable shot—one of them would have taught me."

"Why use my sword well—and here and there was one, who, when better company was not to be had, would make me his companion, since I can drink my three bottles of claret and half a bottle of Madeira between service and service among my kinsmen. I prefer that of my cousin Charles as the most creditable of them all, although the pay is but poor, and the work very far from splendid."

"I am a shame, it is a burning scandal!" said Lady Margaret. "Why do you not apply to his most sacred majesty? I cannot but be pleased to hear that a son of such an old noble family as Bothwell is not content to apply to his most sacred majesty, not to make better provision for you than you have yet received."

"I am much obliged to your ladyship, and I certainly will remain here with my prisoner, and request it, especially as it will be the earliest way of presenting him to Colonel Grahame, and obtaining his ultimate orders about the young spark."

"Who is your prisoner, pray you?" said Lady Margaret.

"A young fellow of rather the better class in this neighbourhood, who has been so incautiously as to give me the chance of one of the murderers of the privy, and to facilitate the dog's escape."

"O, fie upon him!" said Lady Margaret; "I am but too soon to forgive the injuries I have received at the hands of these rouges, though some of them, Mr. Stewart, are of a kind not likely to be forgotten; but those who would abet the perpetrators of so cruel and deliberate a homicide on a single man, an old man, and a nobleman, and a mother and a wife, I would not stir a step without revenge. O fie upon him! If you wish to make him secure, with little trouble to your people, I will cause Harrison, or Gudyll, look for the key of our pit, or principal dungeon. He is now at large open under suspicion of the victory of Kilsyth, when my poor Sir Arthur Belling- den put twenty whigs into it; but it is not more than two stories beneath ground, so it cannot be unwieldy some, especially as I rather believe there is somewhat an opening to the outer air."
OLD MORTALITY.

"I beg your pardon, madam," answered the sergeant; "I dare say the dungeon is a most admirable one. I have promised to be civil to the lad, and I will take care he is watched, so as to render escape impossible. I'll set those to look after him as fast as if his legs were in the boots, or his fingers in the tongs."

"Well, Mr. Stewart," rejoined the lady, "you best know your own duty. I heartily wish you good evening, and commit you to the care of my steward, Harrison. I would ask you to keep yourself company, but a— a—"

"O, madam, it requires no apology; I am sensible the coarse red coat of King Charles II. does and ought to annihilate the privileges of the red blood of King James V."

"Not with me, I do assure you, Mr. Stewart; you do me injustice if you think so. I will speak to your officer to-morrow; and I trust you shall soon find yourself in a rank where there shall be no anomalies to be recondemned."

"I believe, madam," said Bothwell, "your goodness will find itself deceived; but I am obliged to you for your intention, and, at all events, I will have a merry night with Mr. Harrison."

Lady Margaret took a ceremonious leave, with all the muskets of her mind, and even when the blood was flowing in the veins of a sergeant of the Life-Guards; again assuring Mr. Stewart, that whatever was in the Tower of Tilletud tum was heartily at his service and disposition.

Sergeant Bothwell did not fail to take the lady at her word, and readily forgot the height from which his family had descended, in a joyous carouse, during which he took a great deal of pleasure in producing the best wine in the cellar, and to excite his guest to be merry by that seducing example, which, in matters of conviviality, goes farther than precept. Old Guedon himself was with a party as much to his taste, pretty much as Dayy, in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, mingling in the revels of his master, Justice Shallow. He ran down to the cellar that night, and selected some pretty catacumb, known, as he boasted, only to himself, and which neither ever had, or should, during his superintendence, render forth a bottle of its contents to any one but a real king's friend.

"When the Duke dined here," said the butler, seating himself at a distance from the table, being somewhat overawed by Bothwell's genealogy, but yet bustling heat half a yard nearer to interest me in his history, "the only ledder was in a position to have a bottle of that Burgundy"—(here he advanced his sent a little),—"but I didn't know how it was, Mr. Duke. He himself had a party so much to his taste, pretty much as Dayy, in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, mingling in the revels of his master, Justice Shallow. He ran down to the cellar that night, and selected some pretty catacumb, known, as I have heard, to be a great friend to government; he pretends: the family are not to listen to. That said Duke James lost his heart before he lost his head; and the Worcester man was but wench partick, neither good to cry, bold, nor sae caudl."

(With witty observation, he completed his first parallel, and commenced a zigzag after the manner of an experienced engineer, in order to continue his approaches to the table.)

"Saw, at the faster my leddy cried 'Burgundy to his Grace—the said Burgundy—the choice Burgundy—the Burgundy that came over in the thirty-nine'—the man did say to meyell, Deil a dram gane done him, the man was generous; but I have none to my acquaintance of principles; sark and claret may serve me. Na, na, gentlemen, as long as I have the trust o' butter in this house o' Tilletudum, I'll tak it upon me to see that nae disloyal or disreputable comrades sit at the better end of our table. But when I can find a true friend to the king and his cause, and a moderate epicensoty; when I find a man, as I say, that will stand by church and crown, as I did myself in the time of Montrose, I think there's nothing in the cellar o'er good to be spared on him.

By this time he had completed a lodgement in the body of the place, or, in other words, advanced his seat close to the table.

"And now, Mr. Francis Stewart of Bothwell, I have the honour to drink your gude health, and a commission I've and much luck may we have in racking the country clear o' whigs and roundheads, fanatics and Covenanters."

Bothwell, who may well be believed, had long ceased to be very scrupulous in point of society, which he regulated more by his convenience and station in life than by his ancestry, readily answered the butler's pledge, adding, at the same time, the excellence of the wine, and Mr. Guedon, thus adopted a regular member of the company, continued to furnish them with the means of mirth until an early hour in the next morning.

CHAPTER X.

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On smooth surface of a summer sea,
And would forsoak the skiff and make the shore
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?

While Lady Margaret held, with the high-descended sergeant of dragoons, the conference which we have detailed in the preceding pages, her granddaughter, partaking in a less degree her ladyship's enthusiasm for all who were sprung of the blood-royal, did not honour Sergeant Bothwell with more attention than a single glance, which showed her a tall powerfully made figure, with a faintly humorous smile, which, to which pride and dissipation had given an air where discontent mingled with the reckless gaiety of desperation. The other soldiers offered still less to attract her notice; they were all of them, Primer, muffled and disguised as he was, she found it impossible to withdraw her eyes. Yet she blamed herself for indulging a curiosity which seemed obviously to give pain to him who was its object.

"I wish," she said to Jenny Dennison, who was the immediate attendant on her person, "I wish we knew that poor fellow is."

"I was just thinking the same myself, Miss Edith," said the waiting woman, "but it can be Cuddie Heddrie, because he's taller and no eae stout."

"Yet," continued Miss Belienden, "it may be some poor neighbour, for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves.

"I can soon learn who he is," said the enterprising Jenny, "if the soldiers are asest settled and at leisure, for I ken an' o' them very weel—the best-looking and the youngest o' them.

"If you think you know all the idle young fellows about the country," answered her mistress.

"Na, Miss, me no o' my acquaintance as that," answered the fille-de-chambre. "To be sure, folk canna help kenneng the folk by head-mark that they see eying glowing and looking at them at a kirk and a burial, and speaking to the deacons unless it be them o' the family, and the three Steins, and Tam Rand, and the young miller, and the five Howisons in Nethersheds, and lang Tam Gilly, and—"

"Pray cut short a list of exceptions which threaten to be a long one, and tell me how you come to know this young soldier," said Miss Belienden.

"Lord, Miss Edith, it's Tam Halliday, Trooper Tam, as they ca' him, that was wounded by the hill-folk at the convocation at Outter-side Mure, and lay here while he was under cure. I can ask him anything, and Tam will no refuse to answer me, I'll be cautious for him."

"Try, then," said Miss Edith, "if you can find an opportunity to ask him the name of his prisoner, and come to my room and tell me what he says."

Jenny Dennison proceeded on her errand, but soon returned with such a face of surprise and dismay as evinced a deep interest in the fate of the prisoner.

"What is the matter?" said Miss Edith, anxiously; "does it prove to be Cuddie, after all, poor fellow?"

"Cuddie, Miss Edith? Na! na! it's ma Cuddie," blubbered out the faithful fille-de-chambre, variable of the pain which her news were about to inflict on her young mistress. "O dear, Miss Edith, it's young Milnwood himself."

"Young Milnwood!" exclaimed Edith, agast at her turn it is impossible—totally impossible—.
HIs uncle attends the clergyman indigued by law, and has no connexion whatever with the refractory people; and he himself has never interfered in this unfortunate matter. If he has done wrong, he must be innocent, unless he has been standing up for some invaded right.

"O, my dear Mrs. Edith," said her attendant, "is there no possibility of what's to be right, or what's to be wrong; if he were as innocent as the new-born infant, they would find some way of making him guilty, if they liked; but Tam Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been of late very active in one of the Free of Inverness, who killed that auld carle of an Arch-bishop."

"His life!" exclaimed Edith, staring hastily up, and with an expression of horror and tremulous accent, "they cannot—they shall not— I will speak for him— they shall not hurt him!"

"O, my dear young lady, think on your grand-mother; think on the danger and the difficulty," added Jenny; "for he's kept under close confinement till Claverhouse comes up in the morning, and if he doesn't get him full satisfaction, Tam Halliday says there will be brief work wi' him— Kneel down—mak ready—present—fire—just as they did wi' auld dear John Macbrair, that never understood a single question they put till him, and saw lost his life for lack of speaking.

"Jenny," said the young lady, "if he should die, I will die with him; there is no time to talk of danger or difficulty— I will put on a plaid, and slip the kilt over my head; then perhaps he shall keep him—I will throw myself at the feet of the sentinel, and entreat him, as he has a soul to be saved.

"Kha! guide us!" interrupted the maid, "our young lady at the feets o' Trooper Tam, and speaking to him about his soul, when the purf hied hardly kens whether he has one or no, unless that he whiles swears by it, but it will do; what may be done may be, and I'll never desert a true-love cause."

And see, if ye maun see young Milnwood, though I ken nae guile it will do, but to make baith your hearts the snarer, I'll e'en tak the risk o' it, and try to manage Tam Halliday; but ye maun let me hae my gin gate and no speak as word—he's keepin guard o'er Milnwood in the easter round o' the ait.

"Go, go, fetch me a plaid," said Edith. "Let me but see him, and I will find some remedy for his danger— Haste ye, Jenny, as ever ye hope to have good at my hand at first."

Jenny hastened, and soon returned with a plaid, in which Edith maffled herself so as completely to screen her face, and in part to disguise her person. This happened, I believe, to take her out of the way among the ladies of that century, and the earlier part of the succeeding one; so much so, indeed, that the venerable sages of the Kirk, conceiving that the mode gave tempting facilities for intrigue, directed more than one act of Assembly against this use of the mantle. But fashion, as usual, proved too strong for authority, and while plaid continued to be worn, women of all ranks occasionally employed them as a sort of muffler or veil.

Her face and figure thus concealed, Edith, holding by her attendant's arm, hastened with trembling steps to the place of Morton's confinement.

This was a small study or closet, in one of the turrets, opening upon a gallery in which the sentinel was pacing to and fro; for Sersgent Bothwell, scurrying in his usual scurrility, had waved the indignity of putting his guard into the same apartment with him. The plaid was thrown over his arrow and his coat; he walked up and down the gallery, occasionally solacing himself with a draught of ale, a huge flagon of which stood upon the table at one end of the room. The sight of an individual, while in public or promiscuous society, was then very common. In England, where no plaid was worn, the ladies used wizard masks for the same purpose, and drew the skirts of their cloaks over the right shoulder, as to cover part of the face. This is repeatedly alluded to in Pope's Diary.
OLD MORTALITY.

It was needless to say more; he was at her side, almost at her feet, pressing her unsuspecting hands, and leaning her with a profusion of thanks and gratitude which was far from negligible. From one of the portions of the career, the gesture, the impassioned and hurried indications of deep and tumultuous feeling, with which they were accompanied, were accompanied, was the situation of a saint which receives the adoration of a worshipper; and when she recovered herself sufficiently to feel her hands tremulous, she grasped, she could at first only faintly articulate, "I have taken a strange step, Mr. Morton—a step," she continued with more coherency, as her ideas arranged themselves in consequence of a strong effort, "that perhaps may expose me to censure in your eyes—But I have long permitted you to use the language of friendship—perhaps I might say more—too long to leave you when the world seems to have been wronging you. How, or why, is this imprisonment? What can I done? can my uncle, who thinks so highly of you—can your own kinsman, Milwood, be of no use? are there no means? and what is likely to be the event?"

"Be what it will," answered Henry, contriving to make himself master of the hand that had escaped from his, and pressing it against his heart, "I'll be my class, be what it will, it is to me from this moment the most welcome incident of a weary life. To you, dearest Edith—forgive me, I should have said, Miss Bellenden."

"Have you used to mix so little in these unhappy scenes, become so suddenly and deeply implicated, that nothing short of—"

She paused, unable to bring out the word which should have come next.

"Nothing short of my life, you would say?" replied Morton, in a calm, but melancholy tone; "I believe that will be entirely in the bosoms of my judges. My guards spoke of a possibility of exchanging the penalty for entry into foreign service. I thought I could have embraced the alternative; and yet, Miss Bellenden, since I have seen you once more, I feel that exile would be more gallant than death;"

"And is it then true," said Edith, "that you have been so desperately rash as to entertain communication with any of those cruel wretches who assassinated the primate?"

"I knew of the existence of such a crime had been committed," replied Morton, "when I gave unhappily a night's lodging and concealment to one of those rash and cruel men, the ancient friend and confidant of my father. But my ignorance will avow me little for, who, Miss Bellenden, save you, will believe it? And, what is worse, I am at least uncertain whether, even if I had known the crime, I could have brought my mind, under all the circumstances, to refuse a temporary refuge to the fugitive."

"And by whom," said Edith, anxiously, "or under what authority, will the investigation of your conduct take place?"

"Under that of Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, I am given to understand," said Morton; "one of the military commission, to whom it has pleased our king, our privy council, and our parliament, that used to be more tenacious of our liberties, to commit the sole charge of our goods and of our lives."

"To Claverhouse?" said Edith, faintly; "merciful Heaven, you are spared to me to take an interest in his misfortunes? and yet afraid, owing to the delightful twilight and the muffled dress, of making some mistake which might be prejudicial to the object of his deflection. Jean, whose ready wit and forward manners well qualified her for such an office, hastened to break the ice."

"Mr. Morton, Miss Edith's very sorry for your present situation, and—"
"Farewell, Edith," whispered Morton, assuming his firmness he was far from possessing; "do not remain here—leave me to my fate—it cannot be beyond endurance once you are interested in—good night!—Do not remain here till you are discovered."

Thus saying, he resigned her to her attendant, by whom she was quietly led and partly supported out of the apartment.

"Every one has his taste, to be sure," said Halliday; "but don't you think if I were to have vexed so sweet a girl as that, for all the whigs that ever swore the Covenant."

When Edith had regained her apartment, she gave way to a sob, and then to a frenzy which almost overwhelmed Miss Dinsan, who hastened to administer such scraps of consolation as occurred to her.

"Dinna vex yourself sae muckle, Miss Edith," said that faithful attendant; "who, kens what may happen to help young Milnwood? He's a brave lad, and a bonny, and a gentleman of a good fortune, and they winna string the like o' him up as they do the pur i' the bodies that they catch in the murrin, like straps o' onions; maybe his uncle will bring him a', or maybe your ain grand-uncle will speak a guize word for him—he's weel acquainted wi' a' the red-coat gentlemen that he met at Miss Dinsan's wedding, is that if he should find himself in danger again."

"You are right, Jenny! you are right," said Edith, recovering herself from the stupor into which she had sunk; "this is no time for despair, but for exertion. You must find some one to ride this very night to my uncle's with a letter."

"To Charnwood, madam? It's unco late, and it's sae miles an' a bitock doon the water; I doubt if we can find a man who has had a horse or a horse, for they have mounted a sentinel before the gate. Pur Cuddy! he's gane, pur fowal, that was dune aught in the wark I bade him, and niver a guid word, it's a guid word, to walk ten miles a' night and get na a guid word."

"You must find some one to go, Jenny; life and death depend upon it."

"I wad gang myself, my laddy, for I could cress out at the window o' the pantry, and spow down by the auld yew-tree weel enough—I have played that trick ere now. But the road's unco wild, and sae mony red-coats about, forby the whigs, that are no mussie better (the young lads o' them) if they meet a man frae behind, they will give way, and come o' the road for the walk—I can walk ten miles by moon-light weel enough."

"Is there no one you can think of, that, for money or favour, could serve me so fair?" asked Edith, in great anxiety.

"I dinna ken," said Jenny, after a moment's consideration, "unless it be Gussie Gibbie; and he'll maybe no ken the way, though it's no sae difficult to hit, if he keep the horse-road, and mind the turn at the Caperchyle, and dinna drowm himsell in the Wholme-kirk-park; or fa' owre the eaur at the Dell's Loaning, or mae o' the kittle streets at the Paves o' Walkway, or be carried to the hills by the whigs, or be taken to the tollbooth by the red-coats."

"All these cannot be run," said Edith, cutting short the list of blunders against Gussie Gibbie's said arrival at the end of his pilgrimage; "all risks must be run, unless you can find a better messenger. Go bid the hosie keep the gate, just as she did as secretley as you can. If he meets any one, kens him say he is carrying a letter to Major Bellenden of Charnwood, but without mentioning any name."

"I understand, madam," said Jenny Dennison; "I warrant the callant will do weel enough, and Tè the hen-who will take care o' the goose for a word o' my mouth. I'll tell Gussie, and he'll tell Gibbie to mak his peace wi' Lady Margaret, and we'll give him a dollar."

"Two, if he does errand well," said Edith.

Jenny Dennison, with a look of Gussie Gibbie's slumber, to which he was usually consigned at sundown, or shortly after, he keeping the hours of the..."
Chapter XI

Old Mortality.

Birds under his charge. During her absence, Edith took her writing materials, and prepared against her return the following letter, superscribed, For the hand: Major of Cumnock, of Charnwood, my much honoured uncle, These:

"My dear Uncle—I this will inform you I am determined to have your care. As we did not see you at the wappen-schaw, which made both my grandmother and myself very uneasy. And if it will permit you to travel, we shall be happy to see you at our breakfast. As Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse is to pass this way on his march, and we would willingly have your assistance to receive and entertain a military man of such distinction, probably will not be much delighted with the company of women. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to let Mrs. Careforth, your housekeeper, send me my double-trimmed padasus with the hanging sleeves, which she will find in the third drawer of the walnut press in the green room, which you are so kind as to call mine. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to send me the second volume of the Grand Cyrus, as I have only read as far as the imprisonment of Phildaspeus upon the seven hundredth and thirty-third page; but, above all, I entreat you to come to us to-morrow before eight of the clock, which, as it will not do, I will do with, get rising before your usual hour. So, praying to God to preserve your health, I rest your dutiful and loving niece,

Edith Bellenden.

Postscriptum. A party of soldiers have last night brought your friend, young Mr. Henry Morton of Milnwood, hither as a prisoner. I conclude you will be sorry for the young gentleman, who, you know this, in case you may think of speaking to Colonel Grahame in his behalf. I have not mentioned his name to my grandmother, knowing her prejudice against the family.

This epistle being duly sealed and delivered to Jersey, that faithful confidant hastened to put the same in the charge of Goose Gibbie, whom she found in readiness to stay from the castle. She then gave him various instructions touching the road, which she apprehended he was likely to mistake not having travelled it above five or six times, and possessing only the same slender proportion of memory as of judgment. Lastly, she smuggled him out of the gaol, she being the branch of a yew-tree which grew close beside it, and had the satisfaction to see him reach the bottom in safety, and take the right turn at the commencement of his journey. As she left him, a young mistress to go to bed, and to lull her to rest, if possible, with assurances of Gibbie's success in his embassy, only qualified by a passing regret that the trusty Gibbie, with whom the commission might have been more safely reposed, was no longer within reach of serving her.

More fortunate as a messenger than as a cavalier, it was Gibbie's good hap rather than his good management, which, after he had gone astray not oftener than nine times, and given his garments a taste of the variation of each brook, bog, and slough, between Tilitudem and Auchterarder, forced him about dawn to break before the gate of Major Bellenden's mansion, having completed a walk of ten miles (for the hitlock, as usual, amounted to four) in little more than the same number of hours.

Chapter XI

At last comes the trumpet, by the word of command Drawn up in our court, where the Captain cries, Stand Straight.

Major Bellenden's ancient valet, Gideon Pike, as he adjusted his master's clothes by his bedside, was paratory to the worthy veteran's toilet, acquainted him, as an apology for disturbing him an hour earlier than his usual time of rising, that there was an expectant from the heralds with a most sacred majesty.

"From Tilitudem?" said the old gentleman, rising hastily in his bed, and siting bolt upright.—"Open the shutters, Pike—I hope my sister-in-law is well—pull up the bed-curtain.—What have we all the hand here?" (giving Edith's note). "And she knows I have not had a fit since Candlemas.——The wappen-schaw? I told her a month since I was not to be there.—Padasus and hanging sleeves? Why, hang them!——Lord Byron! and Philipstus.—Philip Devil!—is the wrench gone crazy all at once? was it worth while to send an express and wake me at five in the morning for all this trash? I mean to be in bed—I have been at mercy on us!" he exclaimed on perusing it,—"Pike, saddle old Kylesythe instantly, and another horse for yourself.

"I hope no ill news free the Tower, sir," said Pike, astonished at his master's sudden emotion.

"Yes—no—yes, that is it, I must meet Claverhouse there on some express business; so boot and saddle, Pike, as fast as you can.—O Lord! what times are these!—the poor lad—my old cronic's son! and the silly wrench sticks it into her postscriptum, as she calls it, at the tail of all this trumpery about old gowns and new romances!"

In a few minutes the good old officer was fully equipped; and having mounted upon his arm-gaunt charger as soberly as Mark Antony himself could be, he was done, and paced his way to the Tower of Tilitudem.

On the road he formed the prudent resolution to say nothing to the old lady (whose dislike to presby- terians of old date was known to him) as to the quality and rank of the prisoner detained within her walls, but to try his own influence with Claverhouse to obtain Morton's liberation.

"Being no lover of intrigue," he said, "we must do something for so old a cavalier as I am," said the veteran to himself; "and if he is so good a soldier as the world speaks of, why, he will be glad to see an old soldier's son. I never knew a real soldier that was not a frank-hearted, honest fellow; and I think the execu- tion of the laws (though it's a pity they find it necessary to make them so severe) may be a thou- sand times better intrusted with them than with ped- dling lawyers and thirk-skulled country gentlemen."

Such were the ruminations of Major Miller Bellenden, which were terminated by John Guitjill (not more than half-drunk) taking hold of his bridle, and assisting him to disinmount in the rough-paved court of Tilitudem.——

"Why, John," said the veteran, "what devil of a discipline is this you have been keeping? You have been reading Geneva print this morning already!"

"I have been reading the Bible," said John, shaking his head at the sound of Guitjill's voice, "and having only caught one word of the Major's address to him: "Life is short, sir; we are flowers of the field, sir—hence—\ldots"
pasty to the same age, with the flagon, and said they were too good friends to be parted?

"I found that week madam," said Mydie, "and if I had got the flagon; but, for I was not sure about that, I am sure I was sure; but I thought everything was to be placed just as it was when his majesty, God bless him, came into this room, looking like an angel than a man, if he had had a beard black like his vis-

"Then ye thought none, Mydie; for in whatever place his most sacred majesty ordered the position of the flagon and flagons, that, as we say, they never fail. And, indeed, all the hall is a law to his subjects, and shall ever be to those of the house of Tiltledrum.

"Well, madam," said Mydie, making the alterations needed, it's easy mending the error; but if every thing is just to be as his majesty left it, there should be an un mole hole in the procession pasty.

At this moment the door opened.

Who is that, John Gudjill?" exclaimed the old lady. "T' een speak to no one just now. Is it you, my dear brother?" she continued, in some surprise, and a Major cut short; "this is a right early visit.

"Nay, brother, said the Major, as he took up the book, "Majol Bellenden, as I said, saluted the widow of his deceased brother; but I heard by a note which Edith sent to Charnwood about some of her equipage and how she was to have Chaquen to be here this morning, as I thought, like an old fine look as I am, that I should like to have a chat with this rising soldier. I caused Pike saddle Kilsyth, and here we all bided.

"And most kindly you are, said the old lady; it is just what I should have prayed you to do, if I had thought there was time. You see I am busy in preparation. All is to be in the same order as when --"

"The king breakfasted at Tiltledrum," said the Major, who, like all Lady Margarets friends decided that the arrival of that narrate, and was disposed to cut it short, "I remember it well; you know I was waiting on his majesty.

"You were brother," said Lady Margaret; "and perhaps you can help me to remember the order of the entertainment."

"Nay, good brother," said the Major, "the damnable dinner that Noll gave us at Worcester a few days ago has been too good cheer out of my memory. But how's this?--you have even the great Turkey-leather elbow-chair, with the tapestry cushions, placed in state.

"No, brother," if you please," said Lady Margaret, gravely.

"Well, the throne be it, then," continued the Major. "Is that to be Claver Scratch in the attack upon the dignity of that narrate, and was disposed to cut it short, "I remember it well; you know I was waiting on his majesty.

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OLD MORTALITY.

With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the pious paterfamilias, planted orchards and cottages, and the general pleasantness of the apple-trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

Looking up the river, the character of the scene was varied considerably for the worse. A hill, waste, and uncultivated country approached close to the banks; the trees were few, and limited to the neighborhood of the stream, and the rude moors stretched out at a little distance into shapeless and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains, dimly seen on the horizon. The vale, in short, was a picture of nature in the rude and untamed state; the trees closely planted and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moor-land.

The eyes of the spectators on the present occasion were attracted to the downward view, not alone by its superior beauty, but because the distant sounds of military music began to be heard from the public high-road which winded up the vale, and announced the approach of the expected body of cavalry. Their glittering ranks were shortly afterwards seen in the distance, appearing and disappearing as the trees and their branches sundered them, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which their arms occasionally reflected against the sun.

The train was long and imposing, for there were many officers and soldiers on foot, and the glittering of the swords and waving of their banners, joined to the clang of their trumpets and kettle-drums, had at once a lively and awful effect upon the imagination. As they advanced still nearer and nearer, they could distinctly see the files of those chosen troops following each other in long succession, completely equipped and superbly mounted.

"It's a sight that makes me thirty years younger," said the old cavalier; "and yet I do not much like the service that these poor fellows are to be engaged in. Although I had my share of the civil war, I cannot think that I have had much in that sort of service as when I was employed on the Continent, and we were hacking at fellows with foreign faces and outlandish dialect. It's a hard thing to hear a namely Scotch tongue cry quarter, and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out miscreant.--So, there they come through the Netherwood gaug; upon my word, fine-looking fellows, and capably mounted, but I know this is a world of a more different sort of business than is my style; and, if he was once wrong, he was once right too. I must caution your youth. Edith, for having said nothing of this young gentleman's affair to your grandmother—why, you rely on it, I shall not. I will take an opportunity to speak to Claverhouse. Come, my love, they are going to breakfast. Let us follow them."

CHAPTER XII.

Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet.

The breakfast of Lady Margaret Delftenden no more resembled a modern abundance, than the great stonewall at Tillicoultry could brook comparison with a modern drawing-room. No tea, no coffee, no variety of rolls, but solid and substantial viands,—the pasty lamb, the knightly ribon, the noble bacon of beef, the hare, the venison, the pheasant,—all so tender with difficulty from the claws of the Gourmands, now manured, now with ale, now with mead, and some with generous wine of various qualities and degrees of refinement. But the want of delicacies of the table corresponded to the meanness and solidity of the preparation,—no piddling,—no boy's play, but that steady and persevering exercise of the jaws which is best learned by early morning hours, and by occasional hard commons.

Lady Margaret beheld with delight the eats which she had provided descending with such alacrity into the persons of her honoured guests, and had little occasion to exercise, with respect to any of the company save Claverhouse himself, the compulsory urgency of loyalty to his prince, with a discernment of the rights of his fellow-subjects. He was the unceremonious agent of the Privy Council, executing the most arduous duties of the government in Scotland during the times of Charles II. and James II., and if he were not the true character of the brave, he most certainly ascertained the cause of the latter monarch after the Revolution, the military skill with which he supported it at the battle of Killiecrankie, and by his own death in the arms of victory.

It is said by tradition, that he was very desirous to see, and be introduced to, the two ladies at this instance. Lady Elphinstone was called the advanced two of one hundred years and upwards. The noble matron, however, in conversation with the inquisitive Claverhouse (as he was called from his title,) at length consented. After the usual compliments, the officer observed that as the lady, having been so long an inhabitant of the United States of America, she must in her time have seen many strange changes. "I'm sure," said Claverhouse, "it is just to end with me as it began. When I was entering life, there was a Kron Knis down at my castle, and now I am once more coming out."

Claverhouse, signifying, in common parlance, idle chat, the double coin does credit to the urgency of a lady of a hundred years old.
of pressing to eat, in which, as to the peine forte et dure, the ladies of that period were in the custom of subjecting their guests.

Edith Bellenden, on her own part, was more anxious to pay courtesy to Miss Bellenden, next whom he was placed, than to gratify his appetite, appeared somewhat negligent of the good cheer set before him. Edith herself, her manner was as composed as her looks, and she conversed as naturally to her, in a tone of voice of that happy modulation which could alike melt in the low tones of interesting conversation, and rise amid the din of battle, and as to her, he seemed so entirely the gentleman, that he was in the presence of the dreadful chief upon whose fate the fate of Henry Morton must depend— the recollection of the terror and awe which were attached to him, for a while, the name of the young hero, for some time, not only of the courage to answer, but even the power of looking upon him. But when, emboldened by the soothing tones of her voice, she lifted her eyes to frame some reply, the person on whom she looked bore, in his appearance at least, none of the terrible attributes in which her apprehension had arrayed him.

Graham of Cleverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners were those of a nobleman. He had been once among the envious and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tanned to show the effect of a change of climate, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Greek statuette, and slightly shaded by small mustaches of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as l迷失s love to paint and ladies to look upon.

The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gravity of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unabridged in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel. He was an old man in politics, and indulged his inclinations, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate. This leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, dealing death and ruthlessness in its infliction on others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.

In endeavouring to reply to the polite trifles with which Cleverhouse accosted her, Edith showed so much confusion, that her grandmother thought it necessary to come to her relief.

"Edith Bellenden," said the old lady, "has, from my sedentary mode of living, seen so little of those of her own sphere, that truly she can hardly frame her speech to suitable answers. A soldier is so rare a sight with us, Colonel Graham, that unless it be your own family, you have had an opportunity of receiving a gentleman in uniform. And, now I talk of that excellent young nobleman, may I inquire if I was not to have had the honour of seeing him before with the regiment?"

"Lord Evanbale, madam, was on his march with us," answered the leader, "but I was obliged to detach him with a small party to disperse a convention of the Highlanders, who had had some impudence to assemble within five miles of my headquarters."

"Indeed," said the old lady, "that is a height of presumption to which I would have thought no rebel—"

"cow fanniacs would have ventured to aspire. But these are strange times! There is an evil spirit in the land, Colonel Graham, that excites the vassals of persons of rank to rebel against the very house that holds an abode in their midst. There was a ragged bodied man the other day who plainly refused to attend the wappen-schaw at my bidding. There is no law for such recusancy, Colonel Graham, he did not dwell long in Tillietudlem, but was speedily expelled for his contumacy. I wish the lad no ill; he is a body; but incautiously let him fall on the ears of a handful of that good example in this neighborhood. His mother, under whose influence I doubt he acted, is an ancient domestic of this family, which makes me incline to mercy; although," continued the old lady, looking towards the pictures of her husband and her sons, with which the wall was hung, and heaving, at the same time, a deep sigh. "I, Colonel Graham, have in my name persons, but little right to compassion to that stubborn and rebellious generation. They have made me a childless widow, and, but for the protection of our sacred sovereign, I might have been deprived of lands and goods, of hearth and altar. Seven of my tenants, whose joint rent-claim may amount to wellnigh a hundred marks, have already deserted my arms, and I am soon to be deprived of the assurance to tell my steward that they would acknowledge neither king nor landlord but who should have taken the Covenant."

"I will take a course with them—that is, with your ladyship's permission," answered Cleverhouse, "it would ill become me to neglect the support of lawful authority when it is lodged in such worthy hands as those of Lady Margaret Bellenden. I say this country grows worse and worse daily, and reduces me to the necessity of taking measures with the recusants that are much more consonant with my duty than with my inclinations. And, speaking of this, I must not forget that I have to thank your ladyship for the hospitality you have been pleased to extend to a party of mine who have brought in a prisoner, charged with having resented the murdering villain Balfour of Burley."

"The house of Tillietudlem," answered the lady, " hath ever been open to the servants of his majesty, and I hope I shall do the same to you.—Bothwell," he continued, "I am addressing the sergeant, who just then appeared at the door, go kiss Lady Margaret Bellenden's hand, who interests herself in your promotion, and you shall have the satisfaction of being made a gentleman; but I would not kiss a man's hand, the king's, to be made a general."

"You hear him," said Cleverhouse, smiling, "there's no road by sprints upon; he cannot forget his pedigree."

"I know, my noble colonel," said Bothwell, in the same tone, that you will not forget your promises and the quarter in which you may rebel."

"Received, &c. received or harboured."
have some recollection of his grandfather, though the
sorcerer who forgot him ...

"Enough of this," said Claverhouse, in the tone of
command which was familiar to him; and let me
know what you came to report to me just now.

"My Lord Evandale," said the young gentleman on the
high-road, "I have been to visit my father and Bothwell.

"My Lord Evandale!" said Lady Margaret.

"Surely, Colonel Grahame, you will permit him to
name your household, and to take his poor dis-
june here, especiaslly as it is not as any of his
sacred Majesty did not pass the Tower of St. Ivelanden
without halting to pay some refreshment.

"And I have reason to believe," added Lord Grahame,
in the confidence that Lady Margaret had adventured to this
distinguished event, Colonel Grahame, as specifically
politeness would permit, took advantage of the first
pause to intercept the further progress of the narrator;
by saying, "We are already too numerous a company
guests; but as I know what Lord Evandale will
suffer (looking towards Edith) if deprived of the plea-
sure which we enjoy, I will run the risk of overbur-
den your ladyship's hospitality. Bothwell, let
Lord Evandale know that Lady Margaret Bellenden
requests the honour of his company.

"And let me add," said Lord Margaret,
thal the people and their horses are suitably seen.

Edith's heart sprung to her lips during this conver-
sation, but her influence over Lord Evandale, she might find
some means of removing Morton from his present
state of danger; in case her uncle's intercession with
Claverhouse should prove in vain, she might at any other
time would have been much averse to exert this
influence; for, however inexperienced in the world,
her native delicacy taught her the advantage which a
young woman gives to a young man when she permits him
to lay her under an obligation.

And she would have been the farther disinclined to request
any favour of Lord Evandale, because the voice of
the man who is feared, and to whom her influence
be made known, assigned him to her as a suitor, and
because she could not disguise from herself that very
little encouragement was necessary to realize conjec-
tures which had hitherto no foundation. This was
the more to be dreaded, that, in the case of Lord
Evandale's making a formal declaration, he had every
chance of being supported by the influence of Lady
Katherine, who, in. all probability, would have
nothing to oppose to their solicitations and
authority, except a predilection, to avow which she
knew would be equally dangerous and unavailing.

The first expression of the contents of Claver-
house, that, upon the auspicious and auspicious
Edith, with a beatiing heart, saw her aged relative withdraw
from the company, together with his new acquaint-
ance, into a recess formed by one of the arched win-
dows of the hall. She watched their conference with
eyes almost dazzled by the eagerness of suspense; and,
with observation rendered more acute by the internal
agony of her mind, could guess, from the pantomimic
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Henry Morten.

"What may be their strength?" asked his command-
er.

"Probably a thousand men, but accounts differ
widely.

"Then," said Claverhouse, "we must be up and
be doing also—Bothwell, bid them sound to horse.

Bothwell, who, like the war-horse of scripture,
snuffed the battle air, hastened to give orders to
his men, which were all massed against the massive
silver collars and armlets. These noble functionaries acted as trumpeters, and splendidly made
the castle and the woods around it ring with their
summons.

"Must you then leave us?" said Lady Margaret,
her heart sinking under recollection of former unhappy
times; "had ye not better send to learn the force of
the rebels' army, and bring back news of the stage of
these fearful sounds call away the Tower of Tillou-
udem, that my auld men were near to see return to it?"

"It is impossible for me to stop," said Claver-
house; "it is only our courtesy to make the rebels five times their strength, if they are
not checked at once."
"Many," said Evandale, "are flocking to them already, and they give out that they expect a strong man. Edith almost waxes pale with anxiety. As she is always very nervous when she is frightened, she began to tremble, and I was afraid that she might faint."

This speech produced a very different effect upon the young nobleman. Edith almost sank in her seat, while Claverhouse dashed a glance of sarcasm at Major Bellenden, which seemed to imply—"You see what are the principles of the young nobleman."

"A mixed fish—just like the rest of these rascally farmers," said the Major huskily. "I was for Henry Morton as I would for my own son. He is a mere youth; he is yet in the university, and you have no right to send an English officer against a body of the Life-Guards. I mean no offense to any one. He has gone to church service with me fifty times, and I never heard him miss one of the responses in my life. Edith Bellenden can bear witness to it as well as I. He always reads the same Prayer-book with her, and could look out the lessons as well as the curate himself. Call him up; let him be heard for himself."

"There can be no harm in that," said Claverhouse, "if he is innocent or guilty. Major Allan, he said, turning to the officer next him in the crowd, "take me to the Leith shore, and forward to Londonhill by the best and shortest road. Move steadily, and do not let the men blow the horses; Lord Evandale and I will overtake you in a quarter of an hour."

Portobello with a party to bring up the prisoners."

Allan bowed, and left the apartment, with all the officers, excepting Claverhouse and the young nobleman. In a few minutes the sound of the martial music and the clashing of hoofs announced that the horsemen were leaving the castle. The sounds were presently heard only at intervals, and soon died away entirely.

While Claverhouse endeavoured to soothe the terrors of Lady Margaret, and to reconcile the veteran Major to his opinion of Morton, Evandale, getting the better of that young man, now the expression in his features, drew near to Miss Bellenden, and accosted her in a tone of mingled respect and interest.

"We are to leave you," he said, taking her hand, "for which I am much obliged." "to leave you for a scene which is not without its dangers. Farewell, dear Miss Bellenden; let me say for the first time that—"

"I rather," she interposed, "wonder in your prospects so singular may excuse some solicitude in bidding farewell to one, whom I have known so long, and whom I—respect so highly."

"My daughter," said Lord Evandale, "will express to you that urchin's conduct, which, in the hope of saving the life of a gallant youth, you now took leave of him to rush into dangers of no ordinary description."

"I hope—sincerely trust," she said, "there is no danger. I hope there is no occasion for this solemn ceremony—that these hasty assurances will be dispersed rather by fear than force, and that Lord Evandale will speedily return to be what he must always be, the dear and valued friend of all in this castle."

"Of all," he repeated, with a melancholy emphasis upon the word. "But let it be—whatever is near you is dear and valued to me, and I value their approbation accordingly. Of our success I am not sanguine. Our matter is grave. Follow, that I dare not hope for so speedy, so bloodless, or so safe an end of this unhappy disturbance. These men are enthusiastic, resolute, and desperate, and have leaders not altogether unskilful in the management of the multitude."

"Of all," he exclaimed, with a glance of incalculable malice against the impetuosity of our Colonel is hurrying us against them, rather prematurely. But there are few that have less reason to shun danger than I have."

The Colonel was wistful to be the young nobleman's intercession and protection for Henry Morton, and it seemed the only remaining channel of interest by which he could be communicated to his majesty. Yet she felt at that moment as if, in doing so, she was abusing the partiality and confidence of the lover, whose heart was as open before her, as if his tongue had made as expressively known. Could she send word to Lord Evandale in the service of a rival? or could she with prudence make him any request, or lay herself under any obligation to him, without affording grounds for hopes which she could never realize? But the moment was too urgent for hesitation, or even for those explanations with which her request might otherwise have been qualified.

"I will wait on Major Allan," said Claverhouse, from the other side of the hall, "and then, Lord Evandale—I am sorry to interrupt again yet conversation—but then we must mount—Portobello, why do you not bring up the prisoners? and, harry's, let two lads load their carbines?"

In these words, Edith conceived she heard the death-warrant of her lover. She instantly broke through the restraint which had hitherto kept her silent.

"My Lord Evandale," she said, "this young gentleman is a particular friend of my uncle's—your interests must be merged in his. You must intercede for him."

"You overstate me, Miss Bellenden," said Lord Evandale, "I have been often unsuccessful in such applications, when I have made them on the more serious of human life."

"Yet try once again for my uncle's sake."

"And why not? you make me wonder," said Lord Evandale, "Will you not allow me to think I am obliging you personally in this matter?—Are you so inefficient of an old friend that you will not allow him even the satisfaction of thinking that he is gratifying your wishes?"

"Surely,—surely," replied Edith; "you will oblige me infinitely—I am interested in the young gentleman on my uncle's account. Let me see, for his sake!"

She became bolder and more urgent in her entreaty, for she heard the steps of the soldiers who were entering with their prisoners.

"By heaven! then," said Evandale, "he shall not die, if I should die in his place!—But will not you?"

"I am sure," he said, in a voice of the most passionate intercourse, "that you will not grant me one suit, in return for my zeal in your service?"

"Any thing you can ask, my Lord Evandale, that slyly, with a smile, said Lord Evandale, "seems to me to be an improper alternative."

"And is this all," he continued, "all you can grant to my affection living, or my memory when dead?"

"Do not speak thus, my lord," said Edith, "you distress me, and do injustice to yourself. There is no friend I esteem more highly, or to whom I would more readily grant every mark of regard—providing—"

But—"

A deep sigh made her turn her head suddenly, or she had well uttered the last word; and, as she hesitated how to frame the exception with which she meant to close the sentence, she became suddenly aware that she had been overheard by Morton, who, hastily ironed and guarded by soldiers, was now passing behind her in order to be presented to Claverhouse. As their eyes met each other, the sad and reproachful expression of Morton's glance seemed to imply that he had partially heard, and altogether misunderstood, the conversation which had just passed."

"You are not aware that the doctor, whose quick and eager step was easily discovered that there was between the prisoner and the object of his own attachment, some singular and uncommon connexion. He resisted the hand of Miss Bellenden, again urging the prisoner with more attention, again looked at Edith.
and plainly observed the confusion which she could no longer conceal.

"This," he said, after a moment's gloomy silence, "is I believe, the young gentleman who gained the point in the shooting match."

"I am not sure," hesitated Edith—"yet—I rather think not," scarce knowing what she replied.

"It is he," said Evandale, decidedly—"I know him well. A visitor he continued, somewhat laughingly, "ought to have interested a fair spectator more deeply."

He then turned from Edith, and advancing towards the steps at which Claverhouse now placed himself, stood at a little distance, resting on his sheathed broadsword, a form, but not an unconcerned spectator of that which passed.

CHAPTER XIII.

O, my Lord, beware of jealousy!

To explain the deep effect which the few broken passages of the conversation we have detailed made upon the next portion of the story; that we may over-arch, it is necessary to say something of his previous state of mind, and of the origin of his acquaintance with Edith.

Morton was one of those gifted characters, which possess a force of talent unsuspected by the owner himself. He had inherited from his father, an unwhimpered courage, and a firm and uncompromising determination of character, whether in matters of religion or politics. But his enthusiasm was unsullied by fanatic zeal, and unawakened by the enormity of the puritanical spirit. From these his mind had been formed, partly by the active exertions of his own excellent understanding, partly by frequent and long visits at Major Bellenden's, where he had an opportunity of meeting with many guests whose conversations had on him the deepest impression, and which he had not been limited to those of any single form of religious observance.

The bulk of his knowledge of his uncle had thrown many obstacles in the way of his education; but he had so far improved the opportunities which offered themselves, that his instructors as well as his friends were surprised at his progress under such disadvantageous circumstances. But the boy was known by his name of dependence, of poverty, above all, of an imperfect and limited education. These feelings impressed him with a difficulty and reserve which, until actually conversing from all the very intimate friends, the extent of talent and the firmness of character, which we have stated him to be possessed of. The circumstances of the times brought him for the first time in his position to true indifference; for, being attached to neither of the factions which divided the kingdom, he passed for full, inoffensive, and uninfluenced by the feeling of religion or of patriotism. No conclusion, however, could be more unjust; and the reasons of the neutrality which he had hitherto professed had root in very different and most praiseworthy motives. He had formed few congenial ties with those who were the objects of persecution, and was disgusted alike by their narrow-minded and selfish party spirit, their gloomy fanaticism, their abhorrent condemnation of all elegant audaces or innocent exercises, and the envenomed rancour of their political hatred. But his mind was still more revolted by the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of the government, the misuse, license, and brutality of the soldiers, the executions on the scaffold, the slaughters on the open fields, the free quarters and executions imposed by military law, which placed the lives and limbs of all men, and of their parents, and of their slaves. Condemning, therefore, every party as its excesses fell under his eyes, disgusted with the sight of evils which he had no means of alleviating, and heaping down the remnants of his old opinions which he could not sympathize, he would long ere this have left Scotland, had it not been for his attachment to Edith Bellenden.

The earlier meetings of these young people had been at Clarnwood, when Major Bellenden, who was as free from suspicion on such occasions as Uncle Toby himself, had encouraged their keeping each other as near company, as appeared to yield them any apprehension of the natural consequences. Love, as usual in such cases, borrowed the name of friendship, used her language, and claimed her privileges. When Edith Bellenden was recalled to her mother's castle, it was astonishing by what singular and recurring accidents she often met young Morton in her secluded walks, especially considering the distance of their houses from each other. Yet the question was repeated that she never expressed the surprise which the frequency of these encouters ought naturally to have excited, and that their intercourse increased gradually a more decided acquaintance, and that eventually it was to wear the air of appointments. Books, drawings, letters, were exchanged between them, and every trifling commission, given or executed, gave rise to a new correspondence. Love indeed was not yet mentioned between them by name, but each knew the situation of their own bosoms, and could not but guess at that of the other. Unable to desist from an intercourse which, by the very laws of nature, they were by all the laws of nature and the odds, as it were, in their favor, a young lady does, and even when trembling for its too probable consequences, it had been continued without specific explanation until now, when fate appeared to have taken the conclusion into its own hands.

It followed, as a consequence of this state of things, as well as of the disaffection of Morton's disposition at this period, that his confidence in Edith's return of his affection was less strong, but that the acquaintance was in every respect so superior to his own, her worth so eminent, her accomplishments so many, her face so beautiful, and her manners so bewitching, that he could not entertain fears of some way unfavouring himself or her a self to innocence than herself for fortune, and more acceptable to Edith's family than she herself to that of his affection. Common sense and common prudence led Evandale, whom birth, fortune, connexions, and political principles, as well as his frequent visits at Tiltedstead, and his attendance upon Lady Bellenden and her niece at all public places, naturally pointed out as a candidate for her favour. It frequently and inevitably happened, that engagements to which Lord Evandale was a party, interfered with the visits of the ladies; and therefore it was this matter of Edith either studiously avoided speaking of the young nobleman, or did so with obvious reserve and hesitation.

These symptoms, which, in fact, arose from the delicacy of his own feelings towards Morton himself, were misconstrued by the diffident temper, and the jealousy which they excited was fermented by the extraordinary behaviour of the season; and a ruse was true bred serving damsel was, in her own person, a complete country coquette, and when she had no opportunity of teasing her own lovers, used to take some occasional opportunity to torment her young lady's. This arose from no ill-will to Henry Morton, who, both on her mistress's account and his own handsome form and countenance, stood high in her esteem. But then Lord Evandale was also handsome; he was liberal far beyond what Morton's means could afford, and he was a lord, moreover, and, if Miss Edith Bellenden, should accept his hand, she would become a lady, and, what was more, little Jenny Dennis, whom the awful housekeeper at Tiltedstead huffed about at her pleasure, would bethe Mrs. Evandale, Lady Evandale's own woman, or perhaps her ladyship's lady-in-waiting. The imprudence of Jenny Dennis, therefore, did not like that of Mrs. Quickly, extend to a wish that both the handsome suitors could wed her young lady; for it must be owned the climate of Ancil was particularly in favour of Lord Evandale, and her wishes in her favour took many shapes extremely tormenting to Morton: being now expressed as a friendly caution, now as an incitement. On the other hand, Evandale was always tending to confirm the idea, that, sooner or later, his romantic intercourse with young must have a close, and that Edith Bellenden.--------------------
in spite of summer walks beneath the greenwood tree, exchange of verses, of drawings and of books, and in becoming Lady Edith. These limits concluded so exactly with the very point of his own suspicions and fears, that Morton was not long of feeling that jealousy which every one has felt who has truly loved, and which those are prone to whose love is consumed by the want of friend’s consent, or some other evident impediment of fortune. Edith herself, unwittingly, and in the generosity of his own frank nature, contributed to the error into which her lover was in danger of falling. Their conversation once chanced to turn upon some late excesses committed by the soldierly on an occasion which was accurately known, and that the party was commanded by Lord Edvandale. Edith, as true in friendship as in love, was somewhat hurt at the severe strictures which escaped from Morton on this occasion, and which, perhaps, were not the less strongly expressed on account of their supposed rivalry. She entered into Lord Edvandale’s defence with such spirit as hurt Morton to the very soul, and afforded no small delight to Jenny Dinnenson, the usual companion of their walks. Edith perceived her error, and endeavoured to remedy it; but the impression was not so easily erased, and it appeared to consist in a form of the resolution of going abroad, which was disappointed in the manner we have already mentioned.

The visit which he received from Edith during his convalescence, was the deep and devoted interest which she had expressed in his fate, ought of themselves to have dispelled his suspicions; yet, ingenious in tormenting himself, even this he thought might be imputed to anxious regard. At least, which afflicts at once our bodies, souls, estates, and affections! And is it to one of the pensioned cut-throats of this oppressive government that I must yield my pretensions to Edith Bellenden—I will not, by Heaven!—It is a just punishment on me for being dead to public wrongs, that they have visited me with their injuries in a point where they can be least brooked or comforted.

As these stormy resolutions boiled in his bosom, and while he ran over the various kinds of insult and injury which he had sustained in his own cause and that of his country; Bothwell entered the town, followed by two dragons, one of whom carried handcuffs.

“You must follow me, young man,” said he, “but first I must put you in trim.”

“In trim!” said Morton. “What do you mean?”

“Well, we must put on these rough bracelets. I dare not—no, not yet. I dare not do anything—but I would not for three hours’ plunder of a stormed town bring a whig before my Colonel without his being cornered. Come, come, young man, don’t look sulky about it.”

He advanced to put on the irons; but, seizing the octane-seat upon which he had rested, Morton threatened to dash out the brains of the first who should approach him.

“Tut, you’ll cut my arm in a moment, my youngster,” said Bothwell, “but I had rather you would strike out quietly.”

Here indeed he spoke the truth, not from either envy or malice, but because he dreaded the consequences of a noisy scuffle, through which it might probably be discovered that he had, contrary to express orders, suffered his prisoner to pass the night without being properly secured.

“You had better be prudent,” he continued, in a tone which he meant to be conciliatory, “and don’t spoil your own sport. They say here in the castle that the Lady Margaret’s niece is immediately to marry our young Captain, Lord Edvandale. I saw them close together in the hall yonder, and I heard her ask him to intercede for your pardon. She looked so devilish handsome and kind upon him that my soul—But what the devil’s the matter with you?—You are as pale as a sheet—Will you have some brandy?”

“Miss Bellenden ask my life of Lord Edvandale?” said the prisoner, simply.

“Ay, ay; there’s no friend like the women—the interest carries all in court and camp—Come ye, you are reasonable now—Ay, I thought you would come round.”

Here he employed himself in putting on the fetters against which, Morton, thunderstruck by the intelligence of what he inferred, offered the least resistance.

“My life beggared of him, and by her!”—ay, ay, on the irons—my limbs shall not refuse to bear what has entered into my very soul—My life beggared of Edith, and beggarded of Edvandale!”

“Ay, and he has power to grant it too,” said Bothwell. “He can do more with the Colonel than a man in the regiment.”

And as he spoke, he and his party led their prisoner towards the hall. In passing behind the seat of that unfortunate prisoner heard enough, as he cascaded, of the broken expressions which passed between the two parties, to give faith that the soldier had told him. That moment saw a singular and instantaneous revolution in character. The depth of despair which his ill-used body had reached, and the wretchedness in which poverty appeared to stand, the transference of Edith’s affection, her intercession in his favour, which made her flinchness yet more galling, seemed to detach her from every feeling of respect for wrongs. In the same time, awakened those which had hitherto been smothered, by passions more gentle than more selfish. Desperate himself, he determined to support the cause of his own person. His character was for the moment as effectually changed as the appearance of a vixen, which, for being the slave of domestic quiet and happiness, by the sudden intrusion of an enemized force, comes into a formidable pest of defence.

We have already said that he cast upon this last glance in which reproach was mingled with scorn, as if to bid her farewell forever; his next move was to walk firmly to the table at which Lord Grahame was seated.

“By what right is it, sir,” said he firmly, “without my knowledge he was questioned? By what right is it that these soldiers have dragged me from my family, and put fetters on the limbs of a fee man?”

“By my commands,” answered Cleaverhouse; and I now lay my commands on you to be silent in hearing my questions.”

“I will not,” replied Morton, in a determined way, while his holiness seemed to electrify all around him. I will know whether I am in lawful custody, as before a civil magistrate, ere the charter of my country shall be forfeited in my person.”

“A pretty springalt this, upon my honour!” said Cleaverhouse.

“Are you mad?” said Major Bellenden to his young friend. “For God’s sake, Henry Morton, you continued in it to the end of rebuke and entreaty, as no man was speaking to one of his majesty’s officers high in the service.”

“Is it for that very reason, sir,” returned he firmly, “that I desire to know what right he has in a legal warrant, and to an officer of the law who should know my duty to him.”

“My friend, here,” said Cleaverhouse to the rear, coolly, “is one of those scrupulous gentlemen who, like the madman in the play, will not be craven without the warrant of Mr. Justice Dacar; but I will let him see, before we part, and my shadow have gone as legal habeas corpus as the cause of the Justice. So, warring the discussion, you will be pleased, young man, to speak directly when you saw Colonel of the Hay.”
As I know no right you have to ask such a question," replied Morton, "I decline replying to it.

"You confused to my sergeant," said Claverhouse, "I am not a man who forgets such debts—yon will delight me by showing how I can evince my gratitude." I will hold the debt cancelled," said Lord Evandale, "if you will spare this young man's life."

"Evandale," replied Grahame, in great surprise, "you are mad—absolutely mad—what interest can you have in this young swain of an old roundhead? His father was positively the most dangerous man in all Scotland, cool, resolute, solitary, and inflexible in his cursed principles. His son seems his very model; you cannot conceive the mischief he may do. I am mankind, Evandale—were he an insignificant, fanatical, country booby, do you think I would have refused such a trifle as his life to Lady Margaret and this family? But this is a lad of fire, zeal, and education—and these knaves want but such a leader to direct their blind enthusiastic hardihood. I mention this, not as refusing your request, but to make you aware of the possible consequences—I will not evade a promise, or refuse to return an obligation—if you ask his life, he shall have it.

"Keep him close prisoner," answered Evandale, "but do not hang him if I am inquiring: you will not put him to death. I have most urgent reasons for what I ask."

"Be it so then," replied Grahame; "but, young man, should you attempt to force your future life to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest, and to the discharge of your duty, your private passions, effects of education. If you are resolved to sacrifice to the dungage of graybeards, or the tears of silly women, the measures of salutary severity which the dangers around compel us to adopt. And remember, that if I am exasperated in this point, it is on your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature."

He then stepped forward to the table, and bent his eyes keenly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pause of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the bystanders with horror, would produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness, which nothing but a mind that had nothing left upon earth to love or to hope, could have supported at such a crisis.

"You see him," said Claverhouse, in a half whisper to Lord Evandale. "He is too orderly to permit the variety between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty; yet his is the only check unblench'd, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that knows not what is joy and what is despair."

"If that man shall ever come to head an army of rebels, you will have much to answer for on account of this morning's work," he then said aloud. "Young man, your life is for the present safe, through the intercession of your friends—Remove him, Bothwell, and let him be properly guarded, and brought along with the other prisoners."

"If my life," said Morton, with the idea that he owed his respite to the intercession of a favourite rival, "If my life be granted at Lord Evandale's request?"

"Take the prisoner away, Bothwell," said Colonel Grahame, interrupting him; "I have neither time to make nor to hear fine speeches."

Bothwell forced off Morton, saying, as he conducted him into the court-yard, "Have you three lives in your pocket, besides the one in your body, my lord, that you can afford to let your tongue run away with you? In the present case, you must keep you out of the Colonel's way; for, egad, you will not be five minutes with him before the next tree or the next ditch will be the word. So, come along to your business in a handomely dignified manner."

Thus speaking, the sergeant, who, in his rude manner, did not altogether want sympathy for a gallant young man, hurried Morton down to the court-yard, where three other prisoners, two men and a woman,
who had been taken by Lord Evandale, remained under an escort of dragoons.

Meantime, Claverhouse took his leave of Lady Johnson, and went for a good lady to forgive his neglect of her intercession.

"I have thought a while now," she said, "that the Tower of Tilletudem might have been a place of safety for the King that a ready to perish, even if they werea sae deserving as they should have been—but I see auld fruit has little savour—our suffering and our services have been of an ancient date."

"I shall be happy to hear of your success, Colonel," said Major Bellenden; "but take an old soldier's advice, and spare blood when battle's over,—and once more let me request to enter ball for young Morton."

"We will settle that when I return," said Claverhouse. "Meanwhile be assured his life shall be safe."

During this conversation, Eydevale looked anxiously around for Edith; but the precaution of Jenny Dening was effective; her heart and the watchword hastened to the court-yard. The prisoners with their guard were already on their march, and the officers with their escort mounted and followed. All pressed forward to protect the girl, as it was supposed they would come in sight of the enemy in a little more than two hours.

CHAPTER XIV.

My hounds must a' rin masterless. My hawks may fly free tree to tree, My lord may gripp my vassal lands, For there again maun I never be—Old Ballad.

We left Morton, along with three companions in captivity, travelling in the custody of a small body of soldiers, who formed the rear-guard of the column under the command of Claverhouse, and were immediately followed by a succession of stragglers. The route lay towards the hills in which the insurgent presbyterians were reported to be in arms. They had not prosecuted their march a quarter of a mile ere Claverhouse and Eydevale past them, followed by their orderly-men, in order to take their proper places in the column which preceded them. No sooner were they past than Bothwell halted the body which he commanded, and disencumbered Morton of his iron.

"King's blood must keep word," said the dragoon.

"I promised you should be civilly treated as far as rests with me."—Here, Corporal Inglis, let this gentleman ride alongside of the other young fellow who is prisoner; and you may permit them to converse together at their pleasure, under their breath, but take care they do not ride by two lines of loaded carriages. If they attempt an escape, blow their brains out.—You cannot call that using uncivilly," he continued, addressing himself to Morton. "It's the rule to treat him as you please. If you tie up the pensioner and the old woman, they are fittest company for each other, d—n me; a single file may guard them well enough. If they speak a word of caft or far, you'll take a course to let them have a cut. I'll go in, and I'll give them a shoulder-belt. There's some hope of choking a silenced pensioner; if he is not allowed to hold forth, his arm will burst him,"

Having made this arrangement, Bothwell placed himself at the head of the party, and Inglis, with six dragoons, brought up the rear. The whole then set forward with the purpose of taking the amin body of the regiment.

Morton, overwhelmed with a complication of feel-
OLD MORTALITY.

"It would be very strange if you did," answered Morton, with suppressed emotion.

"And was it like worst o' a," continued poor Cuddie, "is that wany red-coats coming among the lasseis, and taking awa our joes. I hae a sair heart o' my ain when I passed the Mains down at Bishop Hill, looking about parrich-time, and saw the reck comin' out at me. I thought I could ken there was someither body than a mither mither sitting by the ingle-side. But I think my heart was een saur, for when I saw that hellicat trooper, Tam Halliday, kissing Jenny Dennisoun in front o' me, I wonder women can hae the impudence to do such things, but they are a' for the red-coats. Whiles I hae thought o' being a soldier, I hae nother o' my thoughts, and nothing else was gae down wi' Jenny—and yet I'll no blame her ower muckle neither, for maybe it was a' for my sake that she loot Tam touzel her tap-knots that gate."

"For your sake?" said Morton, unable to refrain from taking some interest in a story which seemed to bear a singular coincidence with his own.

"E'en sae, Milnwood," replied Cuddie; "for the pur quean got leave to come near me wi' speaking the loun fair, (—d—n him, that I saul say sae!) and sae she bade me God speed, and she wanted to stop affer into my hand;—I wassent it was the tae half o' her fee and the tae half o' her pinnie and the tae half o' her derriere wi' pins and pearls and things to see us aroon you day at the popinjay."

"And did you take it, Cuddie?" said Morton.

"Troth o' course! Milnwood; I would a' flung it back to her—my heart was ower grieved to be behadden to her, when I hae seen that loon slavering and kissing at her. But I was a great rule for my pains; it was hame to my mitre and my monse guise, and she wunt' a' on duds and nonsense."

There was here a deep and long pause. Cuddie was probably engaged in regretting the rejection of his mistress's love, and in pondering over the reasons for it, deriving from what motives, or upon what conditions, Miss Bellenden had succeeded in procuring the interference of Lord Evandale in his favour.

Was it not possible, he suggested his awakening hopes, that he had constrained her influence over Lord Evandale hastily and unjustly? Ought he to molest her severely, if, submitting to dissimulation for his sake, she had permitted the young nobleman to entertain hopes which she had no intention to realize? Or what if she had appealed to the generosity which Lord Evandale was supposed to possess, and had engaged her honour to protect the person of a favoured rival?

Still, however, the words which he had overheard recurred ever and anon to his remembrance, with a pang which seemed to grow with the dying of his hope.

"Nothing that she could refuse him!—was it possible to make a more unlimited declaration of predestination!—all language of affection has not, within the limits of mundanity, a stronger expression. She is lost to me wholly, and for ever; and nothing remains for me now, but vengeance for my own wrongs, and for those which are hourly inflicted on my country."

Apparently, Cuddie, though with less refinement, was following out a similar train of ideas; for he suddenly asked Morton in a low whisper, "Where there be any ill in getting out o' thae chields' hands ane could compass it?"

"None in the world," said Morton; "and if an opportunity of doing so, depend on it for I one will not let it slip."

"I'm by the hear ye sae sae," answered Cuddie.

"I'm but a pair silly fellow, but I canna think there will be much good in taking advantage of such an hand, if ye could make it any thing feasible. I am the lad that will never fear to lay on, if it were come to that; but our aud leddy hae made that a resisting o' th' hands."

"I will resist any authority on earth," said Morton, "that invades tyrannically my charted rights as a freeman; and I am determined I will not be unjustly deprived, or have a child's hand or neck, possibly make my escape from these men either by address or force."
echoed the shrill counter-tenor of Mause, falling in like the second part of a catch.

"I tell thee, if these are things that only belong to the like o' you that are a gentleman, and it mightna bear through me that am but a husbandman.

"I do not care that I speak of," said Morton, "is as common to the meanest Scotswoman. It is that freedom from stripes and bondage which was claimed, as you may read in Scripture, by the Apostle Paul himself, and which every man who is free-born is called upon to defend, for his own sake and that of his countrymen."

"Heigh, aye!" replied Cuddie, "it was hae been langer, Ledy Marmont, or my mother either, wad ha' fund out sic a wiselike doctrine in the Bible! The tane was eye graining about giving tribute to Caesar, and theither is as daft wi' her whiggery. I hae been clean spilt, just wi' listening to twa blithering auld wives; but if I could get a gentleman that wad let me tak on to be his servand, I am confident I wad be a clean contrary creature; and I hope your honour will think on what I am saying, if ye were ance fairly delivered o' this house of bondage, and just take me to be your ain wally-de-shaill." (N. B. Cuddie answered Morton, "alas! that would be sorry preferment, even if we were at liberty."

"I ken what you're thinking—that because I amLang, I am auld and cannot be bending ye to do aye, as aforeside; but ye maun ken I'm gay gleg at the up-tak; there was never any thing dune wi' hand but I learned gay readly, 'sept reading, writing, and ciphering; but in the first of the latter two, I can play wi' the broadsword as well as as Corporal Ingleth. I hae broken his head now, for as massy as he's riding shite us. And then ye'll never beggar sot to say against a country?"—said he, interrupting and sumptipartly.

"Probably not," replied Morton.

"Wec, I careen a boddle. Yo ken I wad get my mother out o' the yeilding little, sumpt Meg, in the Galgogaye o' Glasgow, and then I trust they wad neither burn her for a witch, or let her fall for for the athole entirely, or hang her up for an auld witch; for the provest, they say, is very regardful o' suchs poor bodies. And then you and me wad gang and possess our fortunes, like the folk i' the daft auld tales about Jock the Giant-killer and Valiente and Orson; and we wad be as well as the prelates at the whin that the says, and I wad tak to the stits again, and turn sic furson on the bonny rigs o' Minfold holus, that it wad be worth a pint but to look at them."

"Hout, sir; that's a strange notion," replied Cuddie, "'tis aye gude to keep up a hardy heart—as broken a ship's come to land. But what's that I hear? Never stir, if my auld mother aye at the preaching again! I ken the nach o' her texts, that sound just like the wind blawing through the scone; and there's Kettledrummich setting to work, too—Lordaiske, if the sodgers aye get angry, they'll murder them baith, and us for company!"

Such a conversation was in fact interrupted by a blatant noise which rose behind them in which the voice of the preacher emitted, in unison with that of the old woman, tunes like the grumble of a horse sooon combined with the shrieking of a cracked candle. At first, the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to content with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injury being thus conveyed to them was the more communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

"Wo, wo, and a thousand wo unto you, ye bloody and execrable Kettle-drummers!—'Wo, and thousand wo unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of thistles!—" cried Cuddie, "be quiet to all them auld dead, and the outside o' the loot at the last day!"
taken in consequence of the corporal’s motion, a dragoon galloped towards Sergeant Bothwell, who was considerably a head of the party he commanded. On hearing the orders which he brought, Bothwell hastened after him, and, by the head of a swamp, forced them to close their files, to mend their pace, and to move with silence and precaution, as they would soon be in presence of the enemy.

CHAPTER XV.

Questions in order: we’ve thought good
To save the horsemen from a bloody heel.

And try if we, by mediation
Of our accommodation
Can end the quarrel, and compose
This bloody duel without blood.

BUTLER.

The increased pace of the party of horsemen soon took away from their zeal that captivates the horsemen, if not the inclination, necessary for holding forth. They had now for more than a mile got free of the woodlands, whose broken glades had, for some time, accompanied them after they had left the woods of Tultimo, over which they had made their way, hissing through the narrow ravines, or occupied in dwarf-clusters the hollow plains of the moor. But these were gradually disappearing; and a wide and waste country lay before them, bare hills of heather, interspersed with deep gullies; being the passages by which torrents forced their course in winter, and during summer the dispossessed channels for diminutive rivulets, which, however, swarmed black with stones and gravel, the effects and tokens of their winter fury;—like so many spectrals dwindled down by the consequences of former excesses and extravagance. This desolate region seemed to extend farther than the eye could reach, without grandeur, without even the dignity of mountain wildness, yet striking, from the huge proportion which it seemed to bear to the size of the country, and, as it were, as adapted to cultivation, and fitted for the support of man; and thereby impressing irresistibly the mind of the spectator with a sense of the omnipotence of nature, and the comparative inefficacy of the boasted means of amelioration which man is capable of opposing to the disadvantages of climate and soil.

It is a remarkable effect of such extensive wastes, that they impose an idea of solitude even upon those who travel through them in considerable numbers; so much is the imagination affected by the disproportion between the desert around and the party who are traversing it. For the number of ten thousand souls may feel, in the deserts of Africa or Arabia, a sense of loneliness unknown to the individual traveller, whose solitary course is through a thriving and populous country. It was not, therefore, without a peculiar feeling of emotion, that Morton beheld, at the distance of about half a mile, the body of the cavalry to which his escort belonged, crowning a steep and winding path which ascended from the more level moor into the hills. Their numbers, which appeared formidable as they crowded through narrow roads, and seemed multiplied by appearing partially, and at different points, among the trees, were now apparitely diminished by being exposed at once to view, and in a landscape whose extent bore such immense proportion to the columns of men and animals, which, glowing more like a drove of black cattle than a body of soldiers, crawled slowly along the face of the hill, their force and their numbers seeming trifling and contemptible. It is said, Morton, in my band, all of us of resolute men may defend any defile in these mountains against such a small force as this is, providing that their bravery is equal to their enthusiasm.

While he made these reflections, the rapid movement of the horsemen who guarded him soon traversed the space which divided them from their companions; and ere the front of Claverhouse’s column had gained the summit of the hill where they had been ascending. Bothwell with his rear-guard and prisoners, had united himself, or nearly so, with the main body led by his commander. The extreme difficulty of the road, which was in some places steep, and in others boggy, retarded the progress of the column, especially in the rear; for the passage of the main body, in many instances, poached up the swamps through which they passed, and rendered them so deep that the east of the further legions, or to plough them through morasses and swamps.

"Through the help of the Lord I have lapped over a wall," cried poor Mausie, as her horse was, by rude attendants, brought up to leap the turf encircling a desert fold, in which her curch flew off, leaving her grey hairs uncovered.

I am sunk in deep mire where there is no standing
—I am come into deep waters where the floods over-flow me," exclaimed Kettledrumme, as the chargers on which he was mounted plunged up to the saddle-girths in a small head, as the springs are called, which supply the moor with the waters that spare the face and person of the captive preacher.

These exclamations excited shouts of laughter among the soldiers, and the country people, who had occurred which rendered them all sufficiently serious.

The leading files of the regiment had nearly attained the brow of the steep hill we have mentioned, when two or three of them, on hearing the neighing of part of their own advanced guard, who had acted as a patrol, appeared returning at full gallop, their horses much blown, and the men apparently in a disordered flight. They were followed upon the spur by five or six riders, well armed with sword and pistol, who halted upon the top of the hill, on observing the approach of the Life-Guards. One or two of which had carbines and pistols discharged, and deliberate aim at the foremost rank of the regiment, discharged their pieces, by which two troopers were wounded, one severely. They then mounted their horses, and disappeared over the ridge of the hill, retreating with so much coolness as evidently showed that, on one hand, they were undismayed by the approach of so considerable a force as was moving against them, and conscious, on the other, that they were supported by numbers sufficient for their protection. This incident occasioned a halt through the whole body of cavalry; and while Claverhouse himself remained in the rear, a body of horse, which had been thus driven back upon the main body, Lord Evandale advanced to the top of the ridge over which the enemy’s horsemen had retired, and Major Allan, of the Cornet of Life-Guards, and the other officers who had placed themselves in extricating the regiment from the broken ground, and drawing them up on the side of the hill in two lines, the one to support the other.

The word was then given to advance; and in a few minutes the first lines stood on the brow and commanded the prospect on the other side. The second line closed upon them, and also the rear-guard with the prisoners; so that Morton and his companions in captivity could, in like manner, see the form of opposition which was now offered to the farther progress of their captors.

The form of the hill, on which the royal Life-Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity, for more than a quarter of a mile, and descended more gradually, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manoeuvres of cavalry, until near the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level, traverses through which were divided by wide and deep water, covered by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turf had been dug, and which here and there had formed an artificial natural gully, or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turf had been dug, and which here and there had formed an artificial natural gully, or a deep artificial drain, the
into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the object of defending the broken ground and ditch that covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle.

Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with fire-arms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry as they descended upon it in full, the whole of whom was exposed, and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Bounding this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case of the fire-arms being shut up by the passage of the marsh. In their rear was their third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on poles, lye-forks, spits, clubs, goats, fish-spearers, and such other rustic implements as hasty resuscitation had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as to allow themselves dry and sound ground wherein to act in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who, were, in general, but indifferently armed, and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either artizans, or people of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of those who had been engaged in driving back the fishermen might now be seen returning slowly towards their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgent army which seemed to be in motion. All the other men and women were as the gray stones that lay scattered on the heath around them.

The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men; but of these there were scarce a hundred cavalry, nor were the half of them even tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however, the sense of their having taken a desperate step, the superiority of their numbers, but, above all, the newness of their story, were perhaps in some degree the means on which their leaders reckoned, for supplying the want of arms, equipment, and military discipline.

On the side of the hill that rose above the array of battle which they had adopted, were seen the women and even the children, whom zeal, opposed to persecution, had driven into the wilderness. They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement, by which their own fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the shrill cries which they raised, when they beheld the glittering ranks of the enemy appear on the opposite side. The chiming of their voices, as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was dearest to them, and to their exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic echo, for a sound of voices, which went from rank to rank on the appearance of the soldiers, intimated the resolution of the insurgents to fight to the uttermost.

As the horsemen halted their lines on the ridge of the hill, their trumpets and kettle-drums sounded a bold and warlike flourish of menace and defiance, that rang along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The waderers, in answer, united their voices, and sent forth, in solemn modulation, the two first versets of the seventy-sixth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish Kirk:

\[\text{In Jonah's land God is well known.} \\
\text{His name is Israel great.} \\
\text{Solemn is his tabernacle,} \\
\text{In Zion is his seat.} \\
\text{There arrows of the bow he brake,} \\
\text{The shield, the sword, the we.} \\
\text{Sovereigns thus they have of prey,} \\
\text{More excellent art far.} \]

A shout or rather a solemn acclamation, attended the close of the stanza, and after a dead pause, the second verse was repeated. Thus, and applied the destruction of the Assyrians as prophetical of the issue of their own impetuous contest:

\[\text{Those that were about of heart are spoil'd,} \\
\text{They slept their deep disgust.} \]

There was another acclamation, which was followed by the most profound silence.

While these solemn sounds, accented by a thousand voices, were proceeding amid the smoke which Claverhouse looked with great attention on its ground and on the order of battle which the wavers had adopted, and in which they determined to await the issue of the struggle.

"The curst," he said, "must have some old soldiers with them; it was no rustic that made choice of that ground."

"Burley is said to be with them for certain," answered Lord Evanisle, "and also Hackaton of Falshe, Paton of Meadowhead, Cleland, and some other men of military skill."

"Judged as much," said Claverhouse, "from the style in which these detached horsemen kept their horses over the ditch, as they returned to their position. It was easy to see that there were a few armed troopers and a greater number of the troopers of the old Covenant. We must manage this matter urly as well as boldly. Evanisle, let the officers come to this knoll."

He moved to a small moss-grown promontory, probably the resting-place of some Celtic chief of other times, and the calls of "Officers to the front," soon brought them around him: there was a place for action, as the gray stones that lay scattered on the heath around them.

"I do not call you around me, gentlemen," said Claverhouse, "in the formal capacity of a council of war, for I will never turn over on others the responsibility which my rank imposes on myself. I can only promise you that I shall mix them in the heat of the action, to clear the way of the young vouner. You are youngest and hottest, and therefore will speak first whether I will or no."

"Then," said Cornet Graham, "while I have the honour to carry the standard of the Life-guard, I shall never, with my will, retreat before rebels. I set charge, in God's name and the King's!"

"And what say you, Allan?" continued Claverhouse; "for Evanisle is so modest, we shall never get him to speak till you have said what you have to say."

"These fellows," said Major Allan, an old cavalry officer of experience, "are three or four to one—I should not mind that much upon a fair field, but they are posted in a very formidable strength, and give no intimation to quit it. I therefore think, as a defence of Cornet Graham, that we shall draw back to Tilletudlem, occupy the pass between the hills and the open country, and send reinforcements to my Lord Boss, who is lying at Glasgow with a regiment of infantry. In this way we should cut them off from the Struth of Clyde, and either compel them to come out of their strongholds and give us battle on fair terms, or if they retreat here, we will attack them so soon as our infantry has joined us, and enable us to act with effect against these ditches, bogs, and quagmires."

"Pahaw," said the young Cornet, "what signifies strong ground, when it is only held by a crew of cawing, psalm-singing old women! A man may fight never the worse," retorted Major Allan, "for honouring both his Bible and Psalms. These fellows will prove as stubborn as steel; I know them of old."

"Their nasal psalmody," said the Cornet, "reminds our Major of the race of Dunbar."

"Had you been at that race, young man," retorted Allan, "you would have wanted nothing to recall you for the longest day you have to live."

"Hush, Cornet," said the reverend Major, "there are untimely reportes. I should like your adress well, Major Allan, had our rascally patrol (who will see only punish'd) brought us timely notice of the enemy's numbers and position. But having se
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nent ourselves before them in line, the retreat of Life-Guards would have been提早, and at the order of Col. Grahame, who was also in command of the Commandant; and the first flag—the rascals never saw such a pennant of Flanders rise in their lives before.

"Colonel Graham," said Evandale, while the young officer prepared for his expedition, "this young gentleman is your nephew and your apparent heir; for God's sake, permit me to go. It was my counsel, and I sought to stave off the time, but I must be some gashes or passes in the morass in which we can force our way; and we were on firm ground, I trust there is no man in the junto then. If Dick Grahame, though so many years, are unable to trample into dust the number of these unpractised clowns—say you, my Lord Evandale?"

"Rumrumbly," said Lord Evandale, "that go the way it will, it must be a bloody one; and that we lose many brave fellows, and probably be obliged to fight a great number of these misguided men, after all, are Scotchmen and subjects of King as well as we are."

"Selves! rebels! and undeserving the name either of men or of subjects," said Claverhouse; "come, my lord, what does your opinion of such a-enter into a treaty with these ignorant and evil-men," said the young nobleman.

"Trente! and with rebels having arms in their hands? Never while I live," answered his commander.

"least send a trumpet and flag of truce, summing them to lay down their weapons and disperse a thousand in the promise of a free pol— I have always heard, that had that been before the battle of Pentland hills, much blood have been saved."

"If not Claverhouse, and who the devil doink would carry a summons to these head—the desperate fanatics? They acknowledge as war. Their leaders, who have been all active in the murder of the Archbishop of St. Annes, fight with a rope round their necks, and ready to kill the messenger, were it but to take flowerers in loyal blood, and to make them as a rate of parols as themselves."

"I will go myself," said Evandale, "if you will give me, I have often risked my blood to spill that of others, let me do so now in order to save human beings."

"You shall not go on such an errand, my lord," said Claverhouse; "your rank and situation render such a move to the country age when good principles are so rare—Here's a motion being made in the conspicuous object of attention to both armies; and, without disarming to the cause of either, it is probably there was a general wish on both sides that this embassy might save the risks and bloodshed of the impending conflict."

"When he had arrived right opposite to those, who, by their advancing to receive his message, seemed to take upon themselves as the leaders of the enemy, Cornet Grahame commanded his trumpeter to sound a parley. The insurgents having no instrument of martial music whatever to make the thing appear more effectually, one of their number called out with a loud, strong voice, demanding to know why he approached their leaders."

"Do you summon you in the King's name, and in that of Colonel John Grahame of Claverhouse, slain in the battle of Drumclog, in the old ballad on the Battle of 3 Bridge, Claverhouse is said to have continued the er of the fugitives in revenge of this gentleman's death."

"Head up your hand," then Moumouh said; "He is a man to these men for—"

"But bloody Claverhouse were an oath."

"Not a death avenged should be; body of this young man was found shockingly mangled in a battle, his eyes pulled out, and his features so much mutilated, that it was impossible to recognize him."

"Cornet Grahame's body being found in the field, having been brought home to Edinburgh by one of his relatives with a view to obtain some information as to the circumstances of his death."

"Two stories are presented to the reader, leaving it to judge whether it is most likely that a party of parishioners and farmers should manage a body of their chief enemy, in the same manner as several persons, already cited, that retreating would have avoided the bishop's displeasure, or that a domestic dog should, for want of breakfast, become so ferocious as to feed on his own

CHAP TE R XVII.

With many a stout thrash and many a bang,
Hard crate-boat and old iron rang.

Corney Richard Grahame descended the hill, bearing in his hand the extemporize flag of truce, and making his mounted horse keep time by bounds and cavorts to the tune of which he whistled, while Peter followed. Five or six horsemen, having seen the appearance of officers, detached themselves from each flank of the Presbyterian army, and, meeting in the centre, approached the ditch which divided the hollow as near as the morass would permit. Towards this group, but keeping the opposite side of the swamp, Cornet Grahame directed his horse, his motions being now the conspicuous object of attention to both armies; and, without dispellement to the cause of either, it is probable there was a general wish on both sides that this embassy might save the risks and bloodshed of the impending conflict.

"When he had arrived right opposite to those, who, by their advancing to receive his message, seemed to take upon themselves as the leaders of the enemy, Cornet Grahame commanded his trumpeter to sound a parley. The insurgents having no instrument of martial music whatever to make the thing appear more effectually, one of their number called out with a loud, strong voice, demanding to know why he approached their leaders."
“I did not come to hear you preach,” answered the officer, “but to know, in one word, if you will disperse yourselves, on condition of a free pardon to the murderers of the late Archbishop of St. Andrews; or whether you will abide the attack of his majesty’s forces, which will instantly advance upon you.”

“In one word, then,” answered the spokesman, “we are here with our swords on our thighs, as men that watch in the night. We will take one part and portion together, as brethren in righteousness. Whitney vouches for us in our good cause, his blood be on his own head. So return to them that sent thee, and God give them and thee a sight of the evil of your ways!”

“Is not your name,” said the Cornet, who began to recollect having seen the person whom he was now speaking with, “John Balfour of Burley?”

“And if it be,” said the spokesman, “last thou ought to say against it?”

“Only,” said the Cornet, “that, as you are excluded from pardon in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, it is to these country people, and not to you, that I offer it; and it is given to you, or such as you, that I am sent to treat.”

“Youth a young soldier, friend,” said Burley, “and scant well learned in thy trade, or thou wouldst know of this a little more!”

“I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menace of a murderer,” said Cornet. “Thou dost wrong me, good people; I proclaim, in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting...”

“Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul—amen!” said Burley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Graham dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The unfortunate young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground and mutter forth. “My poor mother!” when life forsook him in a few moments. He asked me, good people; I proclaim, in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting...”

“What have you done?” said one of Balfour’s brothers.

“My duty,” said Balfour, firmly. “Is not written. Thou shalt be zealous even to slaying? Let those, who dare, now venture to speak of truce or pardon!”

Claverhouse saw his nephew fall. He turned his eye on Evandale, while a transitory glance of indescribable emotion disturbed, for a second’s space, the serenity of his features, and briefly said, “You see the event.”

“I will avenge him, or die!” exclaimed Evandale, and, putting his horse into motion, rode furiously down the hill, followed by his own troop, and that of the deceased Cornet, which broke down without orders; and, each striving to be the foremost to revenge their young officer, their ranks soon fell into confusion. These forces formed the first line of the royalists. It was in vain that Claverhouse exclaimed, “Halt! halt! this rashness will undo us. It was all that he could accomplish, by galloping about the plain, and entreating his men to follow him, and even menacing the men with his sword, that he could restrain them from following an example so contagious.”

As he said, as soon as he had rendered the men in some degree more steady, “lead them slowly down the hill to support Lord Evandale, who is about to need it very much.—Bothwell, thou art a cool and a daring fellow!”

“Ay,” muttered Bothwell, “you can remember that in a moment of the truth!”

“Lead ten file up the hollow to the right,” continued his commanding officer, “and try every means to get through the bog; then form and charge the rebels in full rank and file, while they are engaged with us in front.”

Bothwell made a signal of intelligence and obedience, and moved off with his party at a rapid pace. Meanwhile, the disaster which Claverhouse apprehended, did not fail to take place. The troopers, who, with Lord Evandale, had rushed down upon the enemy, soon found their disorderly career interrupted by the impracticable character of the ground. Some stuck fast in the morass as they attempted to struggle through, some recoiled from the attempt and remained on the brink, others dispersed to seek a more favourable place to pass the swamp. In the midst of this confusion, the first line of the enemy, of which the foremost rank knelt, the second stooped, and the third stood upright, poured in a close and destructive volley that emptied at least a score of saddles, and increased tenfold the disorder into which the horsemen had fallen. Lord, Evandale, in the meantime, at the head of a very few well-mounted men, had galloped as rapidly as he could towards the opposite bank of the river faster across than he was charged by the left body of the enemy’s cavalry, who, encouraged by the small number of opponents that had made their way through the broken ground, set upon them with increasing fury, crying, “Wo, wo to the unmerciful Philistines! down with Dagon and all his adherents!”

The young nobleman fought like a lion; but most of his followers were killed, and he could not have escaped the same fate but for a heavy fire of carbines, which Claverhouse, who had now advanced with the second line near to the ditch, poured so effectively upon the enemy, that the horsemen, for a moment began to shrink, and Lord Evandale, disengaged from his unequal combat, and finding himself nearly alone, took the opportunity to effect his retreat through the morass. But notwithstanding the loss they had sustained by Claverhouse’s first fire, the insurgents became soon aware that the advantage of numbers and position were so decidedly theirs, that, if they could but persist in making a bold but resolved resistance, the Life-Guards must necessarily be defeated. Their leaders flew through their ranks, exhorting them to stand firm, and pointing out how efficaciously the left body of the enemy were exposed to it; for the troopers, according to custom, fired without having dismounted. Claverhouse, more than once, when he perceived his best men dropping from the fire with which the King was immediately return, made desperate efforts to pass the bog at various points, and renew the battle on firm ground and firmer terms. But the close fire of the insurgents joined to the natural difficulties of the place, foiled his attempts in every point.

“We must retreat,” he said to Evandale, “unless Bothwell can effect a diversion in our favour. In the meantime, draw the men out of fire, and leave skirmishers behind these patches of alder-bushes to keep the enemy in check.”

These directions being accomplished, the appearance of Bothwell’s troopers was eagerly expected. But Bothwell had his own disadvantages to struggle with. His detour to the right had not escaped the penetrating observation of Burley, who made a corresponding movement with the left wing of the mounted insurgents, so that when Bothwell, after riding a considerable way up the valley, found a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he found himself opposed by a superior enemy. His daring character was in no degree checked by this unexpected opposition.

“Follow me, my lads!” he called to his men: “never let it be said that we turned our backs before these canting roundheads!”

With that, as inspired by the spirit of his ancestors, he shouted, “Bothwell! Bothwell!” and throwing himself into the morass, he struggled through it...”
at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley
with such fury, that he drove them back above a pis
tol-shot, killing three men with his own hand. Bur-
ley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on this
point, and that his troops nearer home were unequal
to the regulars in using their arms and
managing their horses, threw himself across Both-
well's way, and attacked him hard to hand. Each
of the combatants was a considerable of his respec-
tive party, and a result ensued more usual
in romance than in real story. Their followers,
can neither side instantly paused, and looked on as if
the fate of the day would be determined by the
excitement of the combat between these two redoubled
soldiers. The combatants themselves seemed of the
same opinion.

"You are the murdering villain, Burley," said
Bothwell, gripping his sword firmly, and setting his
teeth close—"you escaped me once, but—" (too aware
with which, and anxious to be written down)—"you
head is worth its vice again, and shall be
on my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home
empty for me.""I swear Burley, with stern and gloomy de-
liberation, "I am that John Balfour, who promised
to lay thy head when thou shouldst never lift it again;
and God do so unto me, and more also, if I do not
receive my sword by the point." "Then a bed of heather, or a thousand marks," said
Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.
"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," answered
Bothwell, and returned the blow.

There have seldom met two combatants more
equally matched in strength of body, skill in the
management of their weapons and horses, deter-
mation, courage, and chivalric hostility. After ex-
changing my dozen blows, both men were
inflicting wounds, though of no great conse-
quency, they grouped together as if with the des-
perate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell struck
his enemy by the shoulder-blade, while the grasp of
Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong
to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened
to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragons,
and the battle became a hand-to-hand one. But nothing
could withdraw the attention of the combatants from
each other, or induce them to uncloise the deadly
collars together. Only the grief, tearing, and
struggling, and drowning, with the invincibility of
thorough-bred bull-dogs.

Several horses passed over them in the mêlée with-
out noticing, and the sword arm of Bothwell was broken by the kick of a charger. He
then relinquished his grasp with a deep and sup-
pressed groan, and both combatants started to their
feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his
side, but his left grasped to the place where his dagger
hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle,
—and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he
stood totally defenceless, as Balfour, with a laugh of
savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it
trough his adversary's body. Bothwell received the
thrust without falling—it had only grazed on his
ribs, and the charger, whirling round him, looked at
Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, he exclaimed—
"Beast peasant cur, thou hast split the blood of a
line of kings!"

"Die, wretch!—die!" said Bothwell redoubling the
thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Both-
well's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him
with his sword. "Die, bloodthirsty dog! die as thou
hast lived—" he exclaimed, with a triumphant air that proved—nothing—believing nothing—"

"And feasting nothing!" said Bothwell, collecting
the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate
words. He then fell to the ground, and the broken
arm of Bothwell was broken by the kick of a charger.
To catch a stray horse by the bridle, throw himself
upon it, and rush to the assistance of his followers,
was, with Burley, the affair of a moment. And as the fall of Bothwell had given to the insurgents all
the courage of which it had deprived its comrade,
the issue of this partial contest did not remain long
undecided. Several soldiers were slain, the rest
wound, the morass and dispersed, and the few
victorious backs in the same manner, as those of
the other, and the same with the other, and the same
with the other, and the same
enraged to direct against Claverhouse the very manu-
vere which he had instructed Bothwell to execute.
He now put his troop in order, with the view of
attacking the right wing of the enemy and, send-
ing news of his success to the main body, exhort
them, in the name of Heaven, to cross the marsh,
and work out the glorious work of the Lord by a
general attack. This latter, chiefly maintained by some dismounted troopers
whom he had posted behind the cover of the shabby
cases of siders, which in some places covered the
top of the morass, and whose close, cool, and well-
aimed fire greatly annoyed the enemy, and concealed
their own deficiency of numbers. Claverhouse, while
he maintained the contest in this manner, still ex-
cpecting that a diversion by Bothwell and his party
might facilitate a general attack, was accosted by
one of the dragoons, whose bloody face and jaded
horse bore witness that he was come from the front of

"What is the matter, Halliday?" said Claverhouse,
for he knew every man in his regiment by name—
"Where is Bothwell?"

"Bothwell is killed," replied Halliday, "and many
a pretty fellow with him."

Then the king," said Claverhouse, with his usual
composure, "has lost a stout soldier. The enemy has
assailed the marsh, I suppose?"

"With a strong body of horse, commanded by the
devil incarnate that killed Bothwell," answered
the terrified soldier.

"Hush!" said Claverhouse, putting his
finger on his lips, "not a word to any one but me—
Lord Evandale, we must retreat. The fates will have
it so. Draw together the men that are dispersed in
the skirmishing work. Let Allan form the regi-
ment, and do you two retreat up the hill in two
bodies, each halting alternately as the other falls
back. I'll keep the rogues in check with the rear-
guard, making a stand and facing from time to time.
They will be over the ditch presently, for I see their
whole line in motion and preparing to cross; there-
fore lose no time!"

"Where is Bothwell with his party?" said Lord
Evandale, astonished at the coolness of his com-
mander.

"Fairy disposed of," said Claverhouse, in his car-
riage—"the king has lost a stout soldier, as the old man got
one. But away to business, Evandale—ply your
spurs and get the men together. Allan and you
must keep them steady. This retreat is new work for
us all; but our turn will come round an-
other day."

Evandale and Allan took themselves to their
tasks; but ere they had arranged the regiment for
the purpose of retreating in two alternate bodies, a
considerable number of the enemy had crossed the
marsh. Claverhouse, who had returned immediately
around his person a few of his most active and tried
men, charged them once more with the rear-guard,
and, as before, they were yet disorderd by the broken
ground. Some they killed, others they repulsed into
the mor-
ass, and checked the whole so as to enable the main
body, now spirited and stimulated by the success
just achieved by the loss they had sustained, to com-
commence their retreat up the hill.

But the enemy's van being soon reinforced and
supported, came down to the river, and, wheeling
his horse, Never did man, however, better maintain
the char-
acter of a soldier than he did that day. Conspicuous
by his black horse and white feather, he was first in
the repulse of his men; and next, in the nearest
ally on the opportunity, to arrest the progress of the pursuers
and to cover the retreat of his regiment. The object
of aim to every one, he seemed as if he was impa-
to their shot. The superhuman
bravery,
looked upon him as a man gifted by the Evil Spirit with supernatural means of defence, avered that they saw the bullets recoil from his jack-boots and burn with a clatter from a rock of granite; as his galloped to and fro amid the storm of the battle.

Many a whig that day loaded his musket with a dollar cut into slugs, in order that a silver bullet (such was their respect for foreign eloquence) should not go off in the presence of the holy kirk, on whom lead had no power.

"Try him with the cold steel," was the cry at every renewed charge. "Powder is wasted on him. He must be brought to boot by the sword at the altar."

But though this was loudly shouted, yet the awe on the insurgents' minds was such, that they gave way before Claverhouse as before a supernatural being. Such a display of personal valor was so far beyond the capabilities of the soldiery of the day, that many of them considered it as a proof of the influence of the Devil; and others, when they returned to their posts, were so struck with the story, that they believed him to be on the side of the gentry of the north at least, and were convinced that he had not been wounded. Thus was his form exposed to the eyes of the Highlanders in all its pride, and his influence spread through the ranks of the gentry, and his valor set as an example to the multitude.

The soldiers behind him, as they beheld the increasing number of enemies who poured over the morass, became uneasy; and, at every successive movement, Major Allan and Lord Evandale found it more and more difficult to bring them to halt and form under their protection until the order was given, their motions in the act of retreating became, by degrees, more and more rapid than was consistent with good order. As the disordered soldiers approached nearer to the top of the rise, from which in less than an hour they had descended, the panic began to increase.

Every one became impatient to place the brow of the hill between himself and the enemy, and the companionship of the disencumbered; nor could any individual think it reasonable that he should be the last in the retreat, and thus sacrifice his own safety for that of others. In this mood, several troopers set spurs to their horses and fled out of the press, and the others became so unsteady in their movements and formations, that their officers every moment feared they would follow the same example.

A mad scene of blood and confusion, the trembling of the horses, the crowds of the wounded, the continued fury of the enemy, which fell in a succession of unintermitted musketry, while loud shouts accompanied each bullet which the fall of a trooper showed to have been successfully aimed—amid all the terrors and disorders of such a scene, and when it was dubious how soon they might be totally despoiled by their dispirited soldiery, Evandale could not forbear remarking the composition of his commanding officer. Not at Lady Margaret's breakfast-table that morning to express himself more openly, or his design more composed. He had closed up to Evandale for the purpose of giving some orders, and picking out a few men to reinforce his rear-guard.

"And now, he said, in a whisper, 'our rooks will leave you, my lord, old Allan, and myself, the honour of fighting this battle with our own hands. I must do something to disperse the musketeers who annoy them so hard, or we shall be all shamed. Don't attempt to succour me if you see me go down, but keep at the head of your men, get off as you can, in God's name, and tell the king and the chief I died in my duty.'"

The belief of the Covenanters that their principal enemies, and Claverhouse in particular, had obtained from the Devil a charmer which rendered them proof against leaden bullets, led them to prevent even the circumstances of his death. Howse of Lochrin, after giving some account of the battle of Kilkerran, says:

"The battle was very bloody, and by Mackay's third fire, Claverhouse fell, of whom historians give little account; but it has been and is certain, that his own wasteful servant, taking a resolution to red the world of this tumultuous bloody monster, and cutting his head off, did despatch him, as he had before taken off his own purpose for that effect. However, he fell, and with him Papist, and King James's faction in Scotland."—Howe, "The Ancient Kirk, p. 166.

So saying, and commanding about twenty stout men to follow him, he gave, with this small body, a charge so desperate and unexpected, that he drove them back, and they were forced to retreat over the broken ground, where the face of the ground was stony, and the neck of the horse, and the head of a man, was sometimes so stunted for the moment, though unwounded. A wonderful thing it was afterwards thought, that one so powerful as Balfour should have sunk under the weight of the howse of Claverhouse; and the vulgar, set down to supernatural and the effect of that energy, which a determined spirit can give to a feebler arm. Claverhouse was at the same time charged by some of the royalists, but he defended himself too deeply among the insurgents, and was fairly surrounded.

I. Allan saw the danger of his commander, his body of dragoons being then halted, while that commanded by Allan was in the act of retreating. Regardless of Claverhouse's disinterested command to the contrary, he ordered the party which he headed to charge down hill and up again to the Colons. Some advanced with him—most halted and stood uncertain—many ran away. With those who followed him, he gave them the signal of retreat, but the assistance just came in time, for a rustick had wounded his horse in a most ghastly manner by the blow of a scythe, and was about to repeat the stroke when Lord Evandale, hearing the report of the guns, ran up to the press, they looked round them. Allan's division had ridden clear over the hill, that officer's authority having proved altogether unequal to halt them. Evandale's men were at first more or less disheartened.

"What is to be done, Colonel?" said Lord Evandale.

"We are the last men in the field, I think," said Claverhouse, and when men fail as they can, there is no shame in fleeing. Hector himself would say, 'Devil take the hindmost,' when there are but twenty against a thousand.—Save yourselves, my lads, and do as you can. Come, my lord, we must e'en ride for it.""

So saying, he put spurs to his wounded horse; and the generous animal, as if conscious that the life of his rider depended on his exertions, pressed forward with speed, unbehatted either by pain or loss of blood.

"It appears, from the letter of Claverhouse afterwards quoted, that the horse on which he rode at Drumlog was not black, but sable. The other horses which were in the field were said to be white. Many extraordinary traditions current in Scotland concerning Claverhouse's horsemanship, for example his black charger, who was said to have been a gift to the rider from the Author, as is said to have performed the circumstance upon his command, are not to be received. The tradition that a stench of brimstone is said to have outstripped and overtaken, a hare upon the brae head of Mucknock, is so precise, that no merely earthly horse could keep its feet, or merely mortal rider could keep the saddle. There is a curious passage in the testimony of John Dick, one of the suffering Presbyterians, in which the author, describing each of the persecutors, by their predominant mark, passion, shows how little their lamented attribute would avail them in the great day of judgment. When he introduces Claverhouse, it is to reproach him with his passion for horses in general, and for that steed in particular, which was killed at Drumlog, in the manner described in the text.

"As for that bloodthirsty wretch, Claverhouse, how think he to show his valor that day? it is possible he may be so mad as to think himself secured by the fleetness of his horse, in a creature he has so much respect for, that he regarded more the life of his horse than the life of all the men that fell there, and sureuell fell prettier man on either side than himself. No, even could be fall upon a chess that could extract the spirit out of all the horses in the world, and which has lost his one, though he were on that horse ever so well mounted. Nay, sir, Gallery, in his narrative of Claverhouse, Testimony to the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government of the Church of Scotland, p. 90, says: 'The last of those Bishops who used Nonsense and Antinomianism, was ever so honest and mild, Mr. John Dick, who was in office 1640, on 5th March 1641, who dyd behead this Clandrach, 56. 4vo. No place or publication."

The reader may readily obtain further information in the subject of Cornet Graham's death and the flight of Claverhouse, from a manuscript of the curious history of

Robert Boultherland, by Andrew Guild, which exists in manuscript in the Adventurers' Library."

"We were not 'medal qui reliau en orbis, (Nor meme Lienock) fossit iutere profunde. Qui est ancien, sit nunc, et solius genus teque."

This collective (only) numerous multitudes,
OLD MORTALITY.

few officers and soldiers followed him, but in a very irregular and tumultuary manner. The flight of the prisoners was the signal for all the stragglers, who yet offered dauntless resistance, to fly as fast as they could, and yield up the field of battle to the victorious insurgents.

CHAPTER XVII.

But see! through the last flashing lightnings of war, that scissed to the desert those frantic and far-scouted.

Campbell.

During the severe skirmish of which we have given an account, Morton, together with Cuddie and his horse, fell into the possession of the Kettle-drummer. He remained on the brow of the hill, near to the small arm, or barrow, beside which Cleaverhouse held his principal council of war, so that they had a commanding view of the action which took place in the bottom. They were guarded by Corporal Ingalls and four soldiers, who, as readily as they might be supposed, were more than sufficient to watch the fluctuating fortunes of the battle, than in attending to what passed among their prisoners.

"If you aid stand to their talk," said Cuddie, "we'll have some chance of getting our necks out of the noose; but I misjudge them—they have their sked o' arms!"

"Much is not necessary, Cuddie," answered Morton, "they have a strong position, and weapons in their hands; and more than three times the number of their assailants. If they cannot fight for their freedom now, and they desire to lose it for ever!"

"O, sir," exclaimed Maus, "here's a goodly payment in exchange! It was evident from the bloody spurs that was left behind them, it burns within me—my bowels are as wine which lacketh vent—they are ready to burst like new oats. O, that He may look after His own people in His day of judgments and deliverance! And now that moleth them, precious Mr. Gabriel Kettle-drummer! say, what aileth them, that Wert a Nazarite purer than snow, whiter than milk, more rusty than dyth!" (meaning, perhaps, unpardonable.)—"I say, that their tale now, that thou art blacker than a coal, but thy beauty is departed, and thy loveliness wither I like a dry puddle! Surely it is time to be up and doing, to cry loudly and to spare not, and to wrestle with the pair lids that are yonder testifying with their bludle and that of their enemies!"

This exploituation implied a reproach on Mr. Kettle-drummer, who, though an absolute Boorings, or of the thunder, in the pulpit, when the enemy were near, and indeed sufficiently contumacious, as we have seen, in their hour of power, had been struck dumb by e-20 and taken to his bosom, in affection, on the e side, and—as many an honest man might have been, in a situation where he could neither fight nor —was too much dismayed to take so favourable an opportunity to procure the terror of presidency, as the uragous Maus had expected at his hand, or even pray for the successful event of the battle. His essence of mind was not, however, entirely lost, any one than his jealous respect for his reputation as a re and powerful preacher of the word.

"Hold your peace, woman!" he said, "and do not disturb my inward meditations and the wranglings

wherewith I wrestle. But of a verity the shooting of the foemen doth begin to increase! persadventure, some pellet flung at me, and all the stragglers, who yet offered dauntless resistance, to fly as fast as they could, and yield up the field of battle to the victorious insurgents.

"He's but a coward body after all," said Cuddie, who was himself very ill, and meant to be a cue for the puir man, who couldna cheat the woodie. But they say he gae singing and rejoinning till, just as was going to a bicker o' brose, supposing me hungry, as I was this year, an' I was to be — Eh, sure you'll say no such thing, and yet ane canna keep their e'en airt frae it!"

Accordingly, strong curiosity on the part of Morton and Cuddie, together with the heated enthusiasm of old Maus, detained them on the spot from which they could best hear and see the issue of the action, leaving to Kettle-drummell to occupy alone his place of security. The vicissitudes of combat, which we have already described, were witnessed by our spectators from the top of the eminence, but without their being able positively to determine to what extent they tendered. That the presbyterian defenders defended themselves stoutly and valiantly the heads of the mountains were shown by frequent flashes of fire, now eddied along the valley, and hid the contending parties in its sulphurous shade. On the other hand, the continued firing from the nearer side of the mountains induced the besieged to persevere in their attack, that the affray was fiercely disputed, and that every thing was to be apprehended from a continued contest in which undisputed victory must have been the result of regular troops, so completely officered and armed.

At length horses, whose caparisons showed that they belonged to the Life-Guards, began to fly masses, and the wood, not a cloud left to the aides of the next appeared, forsaking the conflict, and struggling over the side of the hill, in order to escape from the scene of action. As the numbers of these fugitives increased, the fate of the valley seemed no longer doubtful. A large body was then seen emerging from the smoke, forming irregularly on the hill-side, and with difficulty kept stationary by their officers, until Evandale's corps also appeared in full retreat. The result of the conflict was then apparent, and the joy of the prisoners was corresponding to their approaching deliverance.

They have done the job for anes," said Cuddie, "in they ne'er do' again."

"They flee! they flee!" exclaimed Maus, in ecstasy. "O, the truecillty tyrants! they are riding away as they burne their people of their hearth and home. The brave illustrious men—men of the proud Assyrians—the Philistines—the Moabites—the Edomites—the Ishmaelites!—The Lord has brought sharp swords upon them, to make them food for the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field. See how the clouds roll, and the fire flashes shant them, and goes forth before the chosen of the Covenant, e'en like the pillar o' cloud and the pillar o' flame that led the people of Israel out o' the land o' Egypt! This is indeed a day of deliverance to the righteous, a day of pouring out of wrath to the persecutors and the ungodly."

"Lord save us, mother," said Cuddie, "hand the clavering tongue o' ye, and lie down ahint the cairn, like Kettle-drummell, honest man! The whigamore bullets ken unco little discretion, and will just as soon knock out the harn o a plessing saul wife as a sewing dragon."

"Fear nothing for me, Cuddie," said the old dame transported to ecstasy by the success of the party; "fear nothing. I will stand, like Deborah, on the tap o' the cairn, and tak up my sang o reproach against these men of Harosheth of the Gentiles, whose horse-hoofs are broken by their prancing."

The enthusiasm of old Cuddie was quite unexampled, in that he had accomplished her purpose, of mounting on the cairn, and becoming, as she said, a sign and a banner to the people, had not Cuddie, with more filial tenderness than respectfulness, been there to force his shackled arms would permit him to exert.
"Eh, sir!" he said, having accomplished this task, "look out yonder, Milwood!—say ye ever mortal fire like that?"—"Claverhouse!"—"Yonder he's been thrice down among them, and thrice came free. But I think we'll soon be free ourselves, Milwood. I don't know where, but there's a road a little better than the road afoot." Cudde was not mistaken, for, when the main tide of fugitives passed at a little distance from the spot where they were, the Lord Evandale was dead. Thoroughly alarmed, many of the refractory followers of Lord Evandale had fled, but others had been slain, and the road to the clergymen and the large body of the men who had been secured by a cord tied round their arms above the elbows. By this time the band was formidable, the guards of the dragoons, which still preserved some order, passed beneath the hillock or rising ground which was surrounded by the clergy already repeatedly mentioned. They exhibited all the hurry and confusion incident to a forced retreat, but still continued in a body. Claverhouse led the van, his naked sword deeply dyeing with blood his iron-colored clothes. Each horse was all covered with gore, and now reeled with weakness. Lord Evandale, in not much better plight, brought up the rear, still exhorting the soldiers to keep their ranks, and shoot the men who were wounded, and one or two dropped from their horses as they mounted the hill.

Maitie's zeal broke forth once more at this spectacle, and she took the horse with her head uncovered, and her ray of streaming in the wind, no bulrushes or chappel to the band of the fugitive party, and exclaimed with bitter irony, "Tarry, tarry, ye who are n'ae sae blythe to be at the meeting of the saints, and wad ride every mair in Scotland. Wad ye not tarry, nor thou hast found one? Wilt thou not stay for one word mair? Wilt thou na bide the afternoon preaching?—War bide ye!" she said, suddenly changing her tone, and out the houghs of the creature whose fleetness ye trust in!—Shouagh—shouagh!—aw! wi' ye, that has spilt sae much blood, and now were wad hae your ain—aw wi' ye for a railing Rabshack, a cursing of the auld kinsman!"—Swim—swim!—or ye will.

Claverhouse, it may be easily supposed, was too busy in his pursuit to hasten over the hill, anxious to get the remnant of his men out of shot, in hopes of again collecting the fugitives round his standard. But as the rear of his followers rode, they saw in front of them an old Evandale horse, which instantly sunk down dead beneath him. Two of the whig horsemen, who were the foremost in the pursuit, hastened up with the purpose of killing him, for hitherto there had been no quarter given. Morton, on the other hand, rushed forward to save his life, if possible, in order to unite his natural generosity, and to requite the obligation which Lord Evandale had conferred on him that morning, and under which circumstances had made him winces so acutely. Just as he had assisted Evandale, who was much wounded, to extricate himself from his dyed garment, to gain his feet, the two horsemen came up, and one of them exclaiming, "Have at the red-coated tyrant!" made a blow at the young nobleman, which Morton parried with difficulty, exclaiming to the rider, who was no other than Burley himself, "Give quarter to this gentleman, for my sake—" was the sable—"But for this bated sable of prudence, he shall die the death!—We must smite them hip and thigh, even from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. But I think we'll soon be free ourselves, Milwood. I don't know where, but there's a road a little better than the road afoot."

Burley paused. "Thou art yet," he said, "in the court of the Gentiles, and I compassionate thy human blindness and frailty. Strong meat is not for babes, nor the mighty and grinding dispensation under which I draw my sword, for whose whose hearts are yet dwelling in huts of clay, whose footsteps are tangled in the mesh of mortal sympathies, and who clothe themselves in the unction of rags. But this is a soul to the truth is better to send one to Tophet; therefore I give quarter to this youth, providing the grant is confirmed by the general council of God's angels, and not with sordid deliverance. Thou art unarmed—Abide my return here. I must yet pursue these sinners, the Anakite, and destroy them till they be utterly consumed from the face of the land, even from Havilah unto Shinar."

So saying, he set spurs to his horse, and continued to pursue the chase.

"Cudde," said Morton, "for God's sake catch a horse as quickly as you can. I will not trust Lord Evandale's life with these obdurate men.—You are wounded, my lord. Are you able to continue your retreat?"—he continued, addressing himself to the prisoner, who, half-stunned by the fall, was but beginning to recover himself.

"I think so," replied Lord Evandale. "But is it possible?—Do I owe my life to Mr. Morton?"

"My interference would have been the same from common humanity," replied Morton, "to your lordship it was a sacred duty of gratitude."

Cudde at this instant's jump, by a horse, "God's protection, and ride like a flying hawk, my lord," said the good-natured fellow, "for ne'er be in me, if they arena killing every one of the wretches who pissed on poor Evandale's head." Lord Evandale mounted the horse, while Cudde officiously held the stirrup.

"Stand off, good fellow, thy courtesy may cost thy life,—Mr. Morton," he continued, addressing himself to the prisoner, who, half-stunned by the fall, was but beginning to recover himself, "this makes us more than ever—"reply on it, I will never forget your generosity—Farewell!

He turned his horse, and rode swiftly away in the direction which seemed least exposed to pursuit.

Lord Evandale had just rode off, when several of the insurgents, who were in the front of the party, came up, denouncing vengeance on Henry Morton and Cudde for having aided the escape of a Palse, as they called the young nobleman.

"What wad ye hae hae had us to do?" cried Cudde.

"Had we ought to stop a man w' that had twa pistols and a sword?" said the mob, "Sudna ye hae come faster w' yourseil, instead of flying at huz?"

This excuse would hardly have passed current; but Kettledrummer, who now awoke from his trance of terror, and was known to, and remembered by, most of the wretches, together with Mause, who possessed their appropriate language as well as the preacher himself, proved active and effectual intercessors.

"For God's sake, not harm them," cried Kettledrummer, in his very best double-toes tops; "this is the son of the famous Silas Morton, by whose Lord the great things were in this land at the breaking forth of the third covenant, and there was a most beautiful pouring forth of the Word and a renewing of the Covenant; a hero and champion..."
OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic, was beat with set instead of a stick.

In the mean time, the insurgent cavalry returned from the pursuit, jaded and worn out with their unwonted effort. The infantry, the infantry, was on ground which they had won, fatigued with toil and hunger. Their success, however, was a cordial to every bosom, and seemed even to pierce the steed of food and drink, the triumph of such brilliant as they had ventured to anticipate; for, with no great loss on their part, they had totally routed a regiment of picked men, commanded by the first officer of his men, and one who had long been a terror to them. Their success seemed to have upon their spirits the effect of a sudden and violent surprise, so much had their taking up arms been a measure of desperation rather than of hope. Their meeting was also casual, and they had hastily arranged themselves under such commanders as were remarkable for zeal and courage, without much respect to any other qualities. It followed, from this state of disorganization, that the whole army appeared at once to resolve itself into a general committee for considering what steps were to be taken in connexion with the projected operation; and no opinion could be started so wild that it had not some followers and advocates. Some proposed they should march to Glasgow, some to Hamilton, some to Edinburgh, some to London; by degrees, to the reduction of their number to London to convert Charles II. to a sense of the error of his ways; and others, less charitable, proposed either to call a new successor to the crown of Scotland, or to destroy the party altogether. A free parliament of the nation, and a free assembly of the Kirk, were the objects of the more sensible and moderate of the party. In the mean while, a clamour arose among the people for the speediest and most effectual means of preventing the return of the royal family; and while all complained of hardship and hunger, none took the necessary measures to procure supplies. In short, the camp of the covenanters, even in the very moment of success, seemed about to dissolve like a hope of sand, from want of the original principles of combination and union.

Burke, who had now returned from the pursuit, found his followers in this distracted state. With the

Scotland, their hope in arms, and defeated at Bothwell Bridge, in 1679, by William Hamilton, later Schoolmaster in the parish of Bothwell. The reader will find a more complete account of Sir Robert Hamilton in his writings.

Sir Robert Hamilton himself felt neither remorse nor shame at having put to death two bishops. He is quoted as saying, "I have killed two bishops, a lively hopeful young man; but getting into that company, and into their notions, he became a crack-brained enthusiast.

Sir Robert Hamilton had a strong sense of duty and was not afraid to stand up for what he believed was right. His actions were guided by his strong Catholic faith.

The next day, as the documents were being read, the king's council convened to discuss the matter. The session was held in the hall of the palace of Holyroodhouse, where the king's council met regularly.

The debate was heated, with both sides passionately arguing their points. The queen was present, and her presence added to the intensity of the discussion.

The king, however, remained silent, listening to the arguments presented by both sides.

The council finally decided that the queen should be informed of the situation, and that she should be given the chance to make a decision on the matter.

Thus, the fate of the two bishops was decided by the queen, and she ultimately decided to spare their lives.

The king's council was pleased with the queen's decision, and the two bishops were released from prison.

The bishop of Edinburgh was later appointed as the new bishop of Glasgow, while the bishop of Dunkeld was appointed as the new bishop of Dunkeld.

The two bishops were later reconciled with their congregations, and their effectual measures to procure supplies. In short, the camp of the covenanters, even in the very moment of success, seemed about to dissolve like a hope of sand, from want of the original principles of combination and union.

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solution, two of terror, two declaring 
backsliding and of wrath; and, one as 
a warrant for this, the last part of his text he applied to his own Others 
delay of his companions; and took occasion 
words in praise of young Milwood, of 
men--and the discourse might be called subjective, and 
champion of the cause, and conse- 
below Burkean. Occasionally he 
crude, and the general--such a 
0 great animation the right of every free 
hat, but it had penetrated it to the 
kind. As to himself, he charged the guilt misrule of the 
myself, of the awful negligence of their rulers, who 
cult intoxication, of various 
Papists, Presbyterians, Erastians, 
Protestants, Independents, Socinians, 
all of whom Kettledrumme professed 
sect, to expel from the land, and in 
its integrity the beauty of the soul 
attacked, very pithily, the doctrine of 
and of resistance to Charles II., of 
Instead of a nurse, he was 
had been a nursing father to my 
children. He went at some length 
took up this conversation of that jovial 
spirit, he was my host, and it must 
be owned, our friendship 
and I well fed them that oppress 
their own flesh; and they shall 
drinken with their own blood, as 
with sweet wine: and all flesh shall 
know the Lord am in the 
Saviour, and the Redeemer, the 
Righteous One of Jacob." 

The discourse which he pronounced on this subject 
sat in a proverbial fashion, each of which was 
garnered away with the two of a 
by Mr. Smythe of Stratford, as a 
tribution to the Benetstone 
Clubs. He was, as it were, a 
Chas. II., but it is more 
more to predominate over the spirit 
that is in a sound divine. The youth who 
was engaging in this extraordinary convocation 
Machray, who, in the face of his character 
and his own actions, already indicated, 
and naturally hectic, was worn out by 
the vigour of imprisonment, and there 
permitted to a fugitive upon no 
twice imprisoned for several months, at 
many severities, which gave him great 
those of his own seat. He threw his 
right the multitude and over the scene of 
flight of a triumph arose in his shrine. His 
features were coloured with a transmutal 
blush of joy. He folded his hands, 
heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer, 
giving me he addressed the people. Who 
his faint and broken voice seemed at 
express his conceptions. But the 
the assembly, the expressness with which 
thered every word, as the furnished laurels 
the heavenly manna, had a correspondent 
his words became 
and apt, his manner more earnest and 
seemed as if religious zeal was triumphed 
weakness and infirmity. His 
ously not altogether untamed with the 
cork; yet, by the earnestness of his 
adequate in its force, and because of the great 
errors of his con temporaries; and 
fared by the acuteness of the words of Scripture, which, in their mouths, was 
generated a misapprehension, gave 
portation, a rich and solemn effect, like 
produced by the beams of the sun through 
the stormy representation of the 
lyres on the Gothic window of some 
He painted the desolation of the church.


late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colours. He described her, like Hagar watching the well in the wilderness, like Cassandra, like the women of Judah, under her palm-tree, mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly roused our feelings against Simon, that we had yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their vic- tory had opened to them.

"Your garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood," he exclaimed, "but not with the blood of goats or lambs, but the sin and the sin-offerings which were made fat with gore, but not with the blood of bullocks, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the firstlings of the flock, the small cattle of burnt-offerings, whose bodies lie like dungh on the ploughed field of the husbandman; this is not the savour of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs, that is streaming in your nostrils; but these bloody trunks are the carcases of those who held the bow and the lance, who were cruel and would show no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon the horses of the eBay—no, in truth, these are the carcases even of the mighty men of war that came against Jacob in the day of his deliverance, and the smoke is of that the devouring fires that have consumed them. And let them that surround you not be a sanctuary planted with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and with torches; but ye behold the hand of God, and the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death. And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable to the Lord than the day on which the mighty slay the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctu- ary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. But therefore, therefore, you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let off the signal; and the young men shall come out of their cities, and the young girls out of the cities, and the children out of the forts, like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the voice of many waters; for the pas- sages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight. Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Macabæus, every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Samp- son, every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the passage of the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its first lowness, and the gates of hell shall not pre- vail against it.

"Well is it this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and we, we unto him, who, for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall with- hold himself from the great work, for the curse shall attend him, and the curse shall be upon him; for he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, then, and be doing; the blood of mart- yrs, seeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the dead are crying for the living, and the living, always, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants' high places, cry for vengeance, and the righteous cry for relief. Let those who are allying themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starved with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve the God, and than minded all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Samael, that wert a conqueror, who had yet reeked from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their vic- tory had opened to them.

The eloquence of the preacher was rewarded by the deep hush of the assembly which resounded through the armed assembly in the conclusion of an exhortation, so well suited to that which they had done, and that which remained for them to do. The wounded forgot their pain, the faint and hungry their fatigue and privations, as they listened to doctrines which elevated them above the wants and causti- cities of the world, and identified their cause with that of the Deity. Many crowded around the preacher, as he descended from the eminence on which he stood, and, clasping him with hands on which the gore was not yet hardened, pledged their sacred vow that they would perform the acts of righteousness which he had dictated. Exhausted by his own enthusiasm, and by the animated fervour which he had excited in his discourse, the preacher could only reply in broken sentences—"O God, may your will be done—Stand strongly up and play the men—the worst that can befall us is but a brief and bloody passage to heaven."

Hallow, and the other leaders, had not lost that time which was employed in these spiritual exercises. Watch-fires were lighted, sentinels were posted, and arrangements were made to refresh the army with what provisions they had at hand, and also, if possible, to collect the provisions of the nearest farm-houses and villages. The present necessity thus provided for, they turned their thoughts to the future. They had dispatched parties to spread the news near their villages, and to obtain, either by force or favour, supplies of what they stood most in need of. In this they had succeeded beyond their hopes, having at one village seized a small magazine of provisions, forage, and ammunition, which had been provided for the royal forces. This success not only gave them relief at the time, but such hopes for the future, that whereas formerly some of their num- ber had begun to slacken in their zeal, they now unanimously resolved to abide together in arms, and commit themselves and their cause to the event of war.

And whatever may be thought of the extravagance or narrow-minded bigotry of many of their tenets, it is impossible to deny the praise of devoted courage to a few hundred peasants, who, without leaders, without money, without magazines, without any fixed place of action, and almost without arms, borne out only by their innate zeal, and a deterrence of the oppre- sion of their rulers, ventured to declare open war against an established government, supported by a regular army and the whole force of three kingdoms.

CHAPTER XIX.

Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Henry IV. Part I.

We must now return to the tower of Tilhèstædum, which the march of the Life-Guards, on the morning of this eventful day, had left to silence and anxiety. The assurances of Lord Evandale had not succeeded in quelling the apprehensions of Edith. She knew him generally to be a man of moderation, and she could not too plainly see the object of her inter- ceSSION TO BE A SUCCESSFUL RIVAL: and it was not ex- pecting from him an effort above human nature, to suppose that he was about to slay or to restore him and rescue him from all the dangers to which his state of imprisonment, and the suspicions which he had incurred, must repeatedly expose him? She therefore resolved, whatever Edith might feel or apprehend, without admitting, and indeed indeed.

C9
TALES OF MY LANDLORD. [CHAP. XIX.

without listening to, the multifarious grounds of con-
solation which he gave, but went on stoutly on, one
after another, like a skilful general who charges
with the several divisions of his troops in regular suc-
cession.

First, Jenny was morally positive that young Miln-
wood would come to no harm—then, if he did, there
was consolation in the reflection, that Lord Evan-
dale was the better and more appropriate match of
the young lady for a castle than he; and, as for the
battle, the conqueror of which said Lord Evan
dale might be killed, and there was no man near
enough to do that job—then, if the whispers got the
greater, Milnwood and Cudde might come to a point
of order as they went off before the volley of their
lancers by the strong hand.

“For I forgot to tell ye, madam,” continued the
man, “I was sent to speak to you. I am the ill,
that poor Cudde’s in the hands of the Philistines as
well as you; Milnwood, and he was brought here a
prisoner this morning, and I was sent to speak to
Halliday fair, and fetch him, to let me near theprotocols; but Cudde was no spared as he needed
him till has been neither,” she added, and at the
same time changed her tone, and briskly withdrew
the handkerchief from her face, “so I will ne’er waste
my words on a subject which does not matter. There
was an eye on young men left, if they were to hang
too high, to them.”

The other inhabitants of the castle were also in a
state of nervousness and anxiety. Lady Margaret
thought that Colonel Graham, in commanding an
execution at the door of his house, and refusing to
grant a reprieve at her request, had fallen short of the
decency due to his rank, and had even encroached
on her segnorial rights.

“The Colonel,” she said, “ought to have remem-
bered, brother, that the barony of Tilted dullhun has
the absolute privilege of pit and gallows; and therefore
if the lad was to be executed on my estate, (which I
consider as an unhandsome thing, seeing it is in the
possession of females, to whom such tragedies cannot
be acceptable) I would request, at least, that there
have been delivered up to my bailiff, and justified at his sight.”

“Martial law, aye,” answered Major Bellenden,
“oversees every other. But I must own I think
Colonel Graham rather deficient in attention to you;
and I am not over and above pre-emminently flattered
by his granting to young Evanande (I suppose because
he is a lord, and has interest with the privy-council)
a request which he refused to so old a servant of the
king as I am. But so long as the poor young fellow’s
life is saved, I can comfort myself with the fact-end
of each day sees myself.” And therewithal, he hunched a
stanzas:

And what though winter will pinch sever
Through locks of gray and a cloak that’s old?
Yet keep warm, for I would not be cold.

For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

“I must be your guest here to-day, sister. I wish
to hear the name of this gathering on Loudon-hill,
though I cannot conceive their standing a body of
horse appointed like our guests this morning.—
Woe, me, the time has been that I would have liked
ill to have sate in biggit wat’s waiting for the news
of a skirmish to be fought within ten miles of me!
But, as the old song goes,

For time will not brighten the blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
When the wind is in the west,
But time and years would overthrow it!

“We are well pleased you will stay, brother,” said
Lady Margaret; “I will take my old privilege to
look upon the beauty of the time when beauty has
thrown into some disorder, although it is uncivil to
leave you alone.”

O, I hate ceremony as I hate a stumbling horse,”
replied the Major. “Besides, your person would be
with me, and your mind with the cold meat and
liveryman’s pasties.—Where is Edith?”

“Gone to her room a little evil-disposed, I am
more than likely to leave her there,” said her
grandmother; “as soon as she wakes, she shal
take some drop.”

“Pooh! pooh! she’s only sick of the soldiers,”
answered Major Bellenden. “She’s not accustom-
ed to see one in her, had a fit out to shut, and
then another marching off to actual service, with some
chance of not finding his way back again. She
would soon be used to it, if the civil war were to
break out in Tilted dullhun.

“God forbid, brother!” said Lady Margaret.

“Ah, Heaven forbid, as you say—and, in the
mean time, I’ll take a bit at trick-track with Har-
son.”

“He has ridden out, sir,” said Gudvill, “to try if he
can hear any tidings of the battle.”

“—in the battle, said the Major; “it puts this
family as he does, and order as there had never been
such a thing in the country before—and yet there
was such a place as Kilsythe, John.”

“Ay, and Tippermar, your honour” replied
Gudvill, “where I was his honour my late master’s
rear-man rank.”

“And Alford, John,” pursued the Major, “where
I commanded the horse; and Innerlochy, where I
was the Great Marquis’s ad-de-camp; and Auld
Earn, and Brug’ o’ Dee.”

“And Philipbluck, your honour,” said John.

“Umph!” replied the Major; “the less, John, we
say about that the better it is.”

However, being once fairly embarked on the sub-
ject of Montrose’s campaigns, the Major and John
Gudvill carved on the way so successfully the whole
considerable body of bat in bay the formidable enemy
called Time, with whom, retired veterans, during the
quiet close of a bustling life, usually wage an unces-

It has been frequently remarked, that the tidings of
important events fly; with a celebrity almost beyond
the power of credulity, and that reports, correct in
the general point, though inaccurate in details, pre-

cede the certain intelligence, as it carried by the
birds of the air. Such rumors anticipate the reality,
not unlike to the "shadows of coming events," which

carry the shadow of the event itself in the motion of
the Highland Deer. Har-

lison, in his tale, encountered some such report con-

cerning the event of the battle, and turned his horse
back to Tilted dullhun in great dismay. He made it
his first business to seek out the Major, and inter-

rupted him in the midst of a prolix account of the
seige and storm of Dundee, with the ejaculation

"Heaven send, Major, that we do not see a siege of
Tilted dullhun before we are many days older!

"How is that, Harrison?—what will that devil you
mean?" exclaimed the astonished veteran.

"Truth, sir, there is strong and increasing belief
that Clavell has been broken, so that the soldiers are all
dispersed, and that the rebels are hastening this way,
threatening death and devastation to that which will not take the Covenant.

"I will tell you what that said the Major start-
ing on his feet.—I will never believe that the
Life-Guards would retreat before rebels;—and yet
why need I say that," he continued, checking him-
self, "when I have seen such sights myself?—Sent
out Pike, and one or two of the servants, for in-

It is the only army that provokes you have, or
can get brought in, and be ready, if the news be
confirmed, to knock down as many bullocks as you
have salt for.—The well never goes dry.—These
servants some of them have guns on the battlements:
if we had but ammunition, we should do well

enough.

"The soldiers left some casks of ammunition at
the Grange this morning, to hide their return," said
Harrison.

"Hasten, then," said the Major, "and bring it
into the Castle, with every pike, sword, pistol, or gun
that is of wood or brass; don’t throw any shot on the
bodkin—Lucky that I was here!—I will speak to my
sister instantly.

Lady Margaret Bellenden was astounded at is
alligence so unexpected and so alarming. It had seemed to her that the imposing force which had had morning left her walls was sufficient to have put two squadrons of the opposite side, that was, the body sild the inchoacy of their own means of resistance, to an army strong enough to have defeated Claver- nough only said[her] eyes, and the voice of the sister she added, "What will all that we can do avail us, brother?—What will resistance do but bring about destruction on the house, and on the barren hills for, God knows, I thinkna on my ain side of life."

"Cooch, sister," said the Major, "you must not be cast down; the place is strong; the rebels igno- rance, on the contrary, is nae made a den of thieves and rebels while old Miles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was, but I thank my old grey hairs that I have some knowledge of war yet. Here comes Poke with intelligence.—What news, Poke? Another Philpugh ob, ch?"

"Aye," said Poke, composedly; "a total scatter- ing, think this morning little gude would come a gane their newfangled gate of singing their carac- tere.

"From whom did you see?—Who gave you the news?" asked the Major.

"O, nairn than half-a-dozen droogin fellows that are a' on the spaur whilks to get first to Hamilton. They'll win the race, I warrant them, win the battle the Poke."

"Continue your preparations, Harrison," said the alert veteran; "get your ammunition in, and the allis killed. Send down to the borough-town for that meat you can gather. We must not lose an instant.—Had not Edith and you, sister, better return o' Charnwood, while we have the means of sending you the news?"

"No, brother," said Lady Margaret, looking very sale, but speaking with the greatest composure; "since the auld house is to be held out, I will ake my chance in it. I have fled twice from it a' my days, and I have aye found it desolate o' bravest and its bonniest when I returned; sae hat I will e'en abide now, and end my pilgrimage is it.

"It may, on the whole, be the safest course both of Edith and you," said the Major; "for the whigs will raise all the way between this and Glasgow, and make them travelling worse, or your dwelling at Charnwood, very unsease.

"So be it then," said Lady Margaret; and, dear brother, as the nearest blood relation of my deceased husband, I will defend this dwelling in his hand the venerable gold-headed staff of hee deceased Earl of Torwood,)—"the keeping and government and senechaship of my Tower of Tillettum, and the appurtenances thereof, with all power to kill, slay, and damage those who half assail the same, as freely as I might do myelf. And I trust you will so defend it, as becomes a cause in which his most sacred majesty has not dis- aigned—"

"Pahaw! sister," interrupted the Major, "we have no time to speak about the king and his breakfast just now."

And, hastily leaving the room, he hurried, with all the alertness of a young man of twenty-five, to examine the state of his garrison, and superintend his measures which were necessary for defending the place.

The Tower of Tillettum, having very thick walls, and very narrow windows, having also a very strong court-yard wall, with flanking turrets in the only accessible side, and rising on the other rom the very verge of a precipice, was fully capable of defence against any thing but a train of heavy artillery. Female or escalade was what the garrison had chiefly to fear. For artillery, the top of the Tower was mounted with some antiquated wall-pieces, and muskets of culverins, sakres, demi-sakers, falcons, and faelo-
ING, and exercising all those numerous duties of a good governor.

"In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle?" exclaimed Edith.

"The matter, my love?" answered the Major coolly; as, with spectacles on his nose, he examined the position of a gun. "The world is in a dilemma, my dear. Why—raise her breech a thought more, John Gudyl—what is the matter? Why, Clever's so routed, my dear, and the whigs are coming down upon us in force, that's all the matter with you." Gracious powers!" said Edith, whose eye at that instant caught a glance of the road which ran up the river, "and yonder they come!"

"The nod—yes, the veteran; and, his eyes taking the same direction, he beheld a large body of horsemen coming down the path. "Stand to your guns, my lads!" was the first exclamations;

"we'll make them pay toll as they pass the heugh. —But stay, stay, these are certainly the Life-Guards."

"Oh, no, uncle, no," replied Edith; "see how disorderly they ride, and how ill they keep their ranks; these cannot be the fine soldiers who left us this morning."

"Ah, my dear girl!" answered the Major, "you do not know the difference between men before a battle and after a defeat; but the Life-Guards it is, for I see the red and blue and the King's colours. I am glad they have brought them off, however."

"It is Cleverhouse, sure enough," said the Major; "I am glad he has escaped, but he has lost his famous black horse. Let Lady Margaret know, John Gudyl; order some refreshments; get oats for the soldiers' horses; and let us to the hall, Edith, to meet him. I surmise we shall hear but indifferent news."

CHAPTER XX.

With careless gesture, mind unmoored, On rade he stood the plain, His seen in thine of forced strife, When winner eye the same.

Hardyheart.

Colonel Graham of Cleverhouse met the family, assembled in the hall of the Tower, with the same serenity and the same courtesy which had graced his manners in the morning. He had even had the compassion to take off the dress of his horse, to wash the signs of battle from his face and hands, and did not appear more disordered in his exterior than if returned from a morning ride.

"I am grieved, Colonel Graham," said the reverend old lady, the tears trickling down her face, "deeply grieved."

"And I am grieved, my dear Lady Margaret," replied Cleverhouse, "that this misfortune may render your remaining at Tilletuddem dangerous for you, especially considering your recent hospitality to the King's troops, and your well-known loyalty. And I came hither chiefly to request Miss Bellenend and you to accept my escort (if you will not scorn that of a poor runaway) to Glasgow, from whence I will see you safely sent either to Edinburgh or to Dunbarton Castle, as you shall think best."

"I am much obliged to you, Colonel Graham," replied Lady Margaret; "but my brother, Major Bellenend, has taken on himself the responsibility of holding out the place as long as may be, please, Colonel; but let her ladyship never drive Margaret Bellenend from her hearth-stone while there's a brave man that says he will defend it."

"And will Major Bellenend undertake this?" said Cleverhouse hastily, a joyful light glancing from his dark eye as he turned it to the veteran. "Yet why should I question it? It is of a piece with the rest of his life. But have you the means, Ma-

"All, but men and provisions, with which we are ill supplied," answered the Major. "As for arms," said Cleverhouse, "I will leave you a dozen or twenty fellows who will make good a breach against the devil. It will be of the utmost service, if you can defend the place but a week, and by that time we will have a reinforcement."

"I will make it good for that space, Colonel," replied the Major, "with twenty-five good men and store of ammunition, if we should gnaw the rules of our enemy. But let us trust we shall get in provisions from the country."

"And, Colonel Graham, if I might presume a request," said Lady Margaret, "I would entreat that the Sergeant of the 1st Bannockburn Steward and the auxiliaries whom you are so good as to add to the garrison of our people; it may serve to legitimate his promotion, and I have a prejudice in favour of his noble birth."

"The sergeant's wars are ended, madam," said Graham, in an unaltered tone, "and he now needs no promotion that an earthly master can give."

"Pardon me," said Major Bellenend, taking Cleverhouse by the arm, and turning him away from the ladies, "but I am anxious for my friends; I fear you have other and more important losses. I observe another circumstance of your losses which may strike you."

"You are right, Major Bellenend," answered Cleverhouse firmly; "my nephew is no more. He has died in his duty, as became him."

"Great and the Major, "how unhappy!—the handsomest, gallant, high-spirited youth."

"He was indeed all you say," answered Cleverhouse; "poor Richard was to me as an eldest son; the apple of my eye, and my destined heir; but he is dead in his duty, and I—Major Bellenend"—(be wrung the Major's hand as he spoke)—"I live to avenge him."

"Colonel Graham," said the affectionate veteran, his eyes filling with tears, "I am glad to see you bear this misfortune with such fortitude."

"I am not a selfish man," replied Cleverhouse; "though the world will tell you otherwise; I am not selfish either in my hopes or fears, my joys or sorrows. I have not been severe for myself, or grasping for myself, or ambitious for myself. The service of my master and the good of the country are what I have tried to aim at. I may, perhaps, have driven seventy into cruelty, but I acted for the best; and now we are not to yield to my own feelings a deeper sympathy than I have granted to the feelings of others."

"I am astonished at your fortitude under all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair," pursued the Major.

"Yes," replied Cleverhouse, "my enemies in the council will lay this misfortune to my charge—I despise their accusations. They will calumniate me to my sovereign—let them repel their charge. The public enemy will exult in my flight—I shall find a time to show them that they exult too early. This youth that has fallen stood before a grinning鲲 and my inheritance for you that my marriage-bed is barren; yet peace do with him! the country can better spare his than your friend Lord Evan, who, after behaving very gallantly, has, I fear, also fallen."

"What a fatal day!" ejaculated the Major, heard a report of this, but it was again counteracted it was added, that the poor young nobleman's iniquity had occasioned the loss of this unhappy field."

"Not so, Major," said Graham; "let the privy officers bear the blame, if there be any; and let the laurels flourish untarnished on the grave of the fallen. I do not, however, speak of Lord Evan's death as certain; that is, however, possible. On the contrary, he shall never drive Margaret Bellenend from her heart-stone while there's a brave man that says he will defend it."

"And will Major Bellenend undertake this?" said Cleverhouse hastily, a joyful light glancing from his dark eye as he turned it to the veteran. "Yet why should I question it? It is of a piece with the rest of his life. But have you the means, Ma-

"Yes," answered Cleverhouse, "my blackest
had little temptation either to desert, or to struggle farther than they were driven by their first panic. There is small friendship and scant courtesy between them and the Howard's country; every village they pass is likely to rise on them, and so the scouts are doubled, and the outlying settlements of whole counties are on the sound with terror of spites, pike-staves, hay-forks, and broomsticks. But now let us talk about your plans and wants, and the means of corresponding with you. To one who was used to being able to make a long stand at Glasgow, even when I have joined my Lord Ross; for this transient and accidental success of the fanatics will raise the devil through all the west of Ireland.

They then discussed Major Bellenden's means of defence, and settled a plan of correspondence, in case a general insurrection took place, as was to be expected. Claverhouse renewed his offer to escort the ladies to a place of safety; but, all things considered, Major Bellenden thought they would be in equal safety at Tullibadlen.

The Colonel then took a polite leave of Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, assuring them, that, though he was reluctantly obliged to leave them for the present in dangerous circumstances, yet his earliest means of communication was in the character as a good knight and true, and that they might speedily rely on hearing from or seeing him.

Full of doubt and apprehension, Lady Margaret was interrupted in her thoughts by the sound of a horn in the street, with her usual expressions and feelings, but contended herself with biding Claverhouse farewell, and thanking him for the care which he had promised to give them. Not without a tear in the corner of his eye, and with a calmness of manner, the fate of Henry Morton, but could find no pretext for doing so, and could only hope that it had made a subject of some part of the long private communication which her uncle had held with Claverhouse. On this subject, however, she was disappointed; for the old cavalier was so deeply immersed in the duties of his own office, that he had scarcely said a single word to Claverhouse upon military matters, and most probably would have been equally forgetful, had the fate of his own son, instead of his friend's, lain in the balance.

Claverhouse now descended the bank on which the castle is founded, in order to put his troops in motion, and Major Bellenden accompanied him to receive the detachment who were to be left in the town.

"I shall leave Inglis with you," said Claverhouse, "for, as I am situated, I cannot spare an officer of rank; it is all we can do, by our joint efforts, to keep the garrison together when our mission of officers make their appearance, I authorize you to retain them; for my fellows can with difficulty be subjected to any other authority."

His troops being now drawn up, he picked out sixteen men by name, and committed them to the command of Corporal Inglis, whom he promoted to the rank of sergeant on the spot.

"And hark ye gentlemen," was his concluding harangue, "I leave you to defend the house of a lady, and under the command of her brother, Major Bellenden, a faithful and brave man. You are likely to save regular and obediently, and each of you shall be handsomely rewarded on my return to relieve the garrison. In case of mutiny, cowardice, neglect of duty, or the slightest excess in the family, the provost-marshal and his comrade—you know I keep my word for good and evil."

He touched his hat as he bade them farewell, and shook hands cordially with Major Bellenden and the girls he had joined during the oppression of the time. Their minds were fretted, soothed, and destined to desperation, by the various emotions of love, gratitude, and danger. Major Bellenden, now left to his own resources that out of several avidities, both to obtain supplies of provisions, and especially of meal, and to get knowledge of the motions of the enemy. All the news he could collect on the second subject tended to prove that the insurgents meant to remain on the field of battle for that night. But they, also, had abroad theirdetachments, and there was some anxiety and great was the doubt and distress of those who received contrary orders, in the name of the King, in that of the Kirk; the one commanding them to send presents to the garrison at Tullibadlen, and the other enjoining them to forward supplies to the camp of the godly professors of true religion, now in arms for the cause of covenanting reformations. The former pitched their tents on Loudon-hill. Each summons closed with a denunciation of fire and sword if it was neglected; for neither party could confide so far in the loyalty or zeal of those whom they addressed, as to hope they would part with their property upon other terms. So that the poor people knew not what hand to turn themselves to; and, to say truth, there were some who turned themselves to more than one.

"Thir kittle times will drive the wisest o' us daft," said Niel Blane, the prudent host of the Howff; but I sey keep a calm sough—Jenny, what meal is in the great bedroom at Tullibadlen?"

"Four bowls o' aitmeal, twa bowls o' bear, and twa bowls o' pease," says Jenny's reply.

"Aweel, linn," continued Niel Blane, sighting deeply, "I see no lairds or gentlemen in the camp at Drumsol—he's a whig, and was the auld gudewillie's ploughman—the masnicht bannocks will suit their mairland stomachs weel. He maun say it's the last une o' my money to lose, if I am not able to tell a lie, (as it's no likely he will when it's for the gude o' the house,) he may wait till Duncan Glen, the auld drucken trooper, drives up the aitmeal to Tullibadlen. When I was a watchful service to my Lord and the Major, and I heen a muckle left as weel as ma liev to be a gude pock—poddings ken nee better."

While the prudent and people endeavoured, like Niel Blane, to find some fair way of leach to both parties, to make the least more public (or party) spirit between them take arms on all sides. The royalists in the country were not numerous, but were respectable from their fortune and influence, being chiefly landed proprietors of ancient descent, who, with their brothers, cousins, and dependants to the ninth generation, as well as their domestic servants, formed a sort of militia, capable of defending their own peel-houses against detached bodies of the insurgents, of resisting their demand of supplies, and interfering those which were sent to the presbyterian camp by others. The reports that the Tower of Tullibadlen was to be defended against the insurgents, afforded great courage and support to these feudal volunteers, who considered it as a stronghold to which they might retreat, in case it should become impossible to maintain the desperate war they were now about to wage.

On the other hand, the towns, the villages, the farm-houses, the properties of small herdsmen, sent northward, and were the northern interest. These men had been the principal sufferers during the oppression of the time. Their minds were fretted, soured, and destined to desperation, by the various emotions of love, gratitude, and danger. The more reduced to tolerable only by the exertions of Major Bellenden, and his comrade, and with their gilding all besmirched, made much more regular and military appearance on leaving, for his second term, the tower was left to Tullibadlen, than, as they had done it after their departure.

Major Bellenden, now left to his own resources that out of several avidities, both to obtain supplies of
directed both against body and soul. Numbers of these men, therefor-e, took up arms; and, in the phrase of their time and party, prepared to cast their lot with the victors of Loudon-hill.

CHAPTER XXI.

Anasias. I do not like the man: He is a heathen, and a scoundrel. What do you think of him?—Prisadale. You must wait his calling, and the coming of the good spirit. You did ill to upbraid him.

We return to Henry Morton, whom we left on the field of battle. He was eating, by one of the watchfires, his portion of the provisions which had been distributed to the army, and musing deeply on the path which he was next to pursue when Burley suddenly came up to him, accompanied by the young minister, whose exhortation after the victory had produced such a powerful effect.

"Henry Morton," said Balfour abruptly, "the council of the army of the Covenant, considering that the son of Silas Morton can never prove a lukewarm Laodican, or an indifferent Gallois, in this great day, have made him captain of their bands, with the right of a vote in their council, and all authority fitting for an officer who is to command Christian men."

"And had you not," replied Morton, without hesitation, "I feel this mark of confidence, and it is not surprising that a natural sense of the injuries of my country, not to mention those I have sustained in my own person, do not highly exalt my character."

"I will own frankly, Mr. Balfour," replied Morton, "much of this sort of language, which, I observe, is so powerful with others, is entirely lost on me. It is proper you should be aware of this before we commune further together." (The young clergyman here paused a moment.) "I say, Mr. Balfour; but, perhaps, it is because you will not hear me out. I revere the Scriptures as deeply as you or any Christian can do. I look into them with humble heart, in the spirit and in the letter. They are to me the means of my salvation. But I expect to find this by an examination of their general tenor, and of the spirit which they uniformly breathe, and not by wresting particular passages from the context, or applying Scriptural phrase to circumstances and events with which they have often very slender relation."

The young divine seemed shocked and thunder-struck with this declaration, and was about to remonstrate.

"Hush, Ephraim!" said Burley, "remember he is but as a babe in swaddling clothes. Listen to me, Morton. I will speak to thee in the worldly language of that carnal reason, which is, for the present, thy blind and imperfect guide. What is the object for which thou art content to draw thy sword? Is it not that the church and state should be reformed by the free voice of a free parliament, with such laws as shall hereafter prevent the executive government from spilling the blood, torturing and imprisoning the persons, exhausting the estates, and transplanting upon the consciences of men, at their own wicked pleasure?"

"Most certainly," said Morton; "such I esteem the causes of warfare, and for such I fight while I can wield a sword."

"Nay, but," said Macbriar, "ye handle this matter too tenderly; nor will my conscience permit me to rest until I have obtained the subjugation of the state."

"Peace, Ephraim Macbriar!" again interrupted Burley.

"I will not peace," said the young man. "Is it not the cause of my Master who hath sent me? Is it not a profane and Erastian destroying of his authority, usurpation of his power, denial of his name, to place either King or Parliament in his place as the master and head of his household, the adulterous husband of his spouse?"

"You speak well," said Burley, dragging him aside, "but not wisely; your own ears have heard this night in council how the scattered remnant are broken and divided, and would ye now make a veil of separation between them? Would ye build a wall with unslaked mortar?—if a fox go up, it will breach it."

"I know, and the young man deeply, that thou art faithf ul, honest, and zealous, even unto slaying; but, believe me, this worldly craft, this tampering with sin and with infirmities, is in itself a falling away; and I fear the Heaven will not let us to do much more for His glory, when we seek to carnal cunning and to a fleshly arm. The sanctified end must be wrought by sanctified means."

"I tell thee," answered Balfour, "thy zeal is too rigid in this matter; we cannot yet do without the help of the Laodicas and the Erastians; we must endure for a space the indulged in the midst of the coast—"the sons of Zeruiah are yet too strong for us."

"I tell thee I like it not," said Macbriar; "God can work deliverance by a few as well as by a multitude. The cause of God is the faithful cause of the Pentland-hills, paid but the fitting penalty of acknowledging the carnal interest of that tyrant and oppressor, Charles Stewart."

"Well said," said Burley, "thou knowest the healing resolution that the council have adopted, to make a comprehensive declaration, that may suit the tender consciences of all who groan under the yoke of the present oppressors. Remember, if thou wilt, and get them to recall it, and send forth one upon narrower grounds. But abide not here to hinder my gaining over this youth, whom my soul is to guard and love, that his name alone will call forth hundreds to our banners."

"Do as thou wilt, then," said Macbriar; "but I will not assist to mislead the youth, nor bring him into jeopardy of life, unless upon such grounds as will ensure his eternal reward."

The more ariful Balfour then dismissed the impatient preacher, and returned to his prolocy.

That war was to him as walking at length the arguments by which he urged Morton to join the insurgents, we shall take this opportunity to give a brief sketch of the person by whom they were urged, and the use which was made of himself so deeply in the conversion of young Morton to his cause.

John Balfour of Kinloch, or Burley, for he is designated both ways in the songs and proclamations of that melancholy period, was a gentleman of some fortune, and of good family, in the county of Fife, and had been a soldier from his youth upwards. In the younger part of his life he had been well and licentious, but had early laid aside open profanity, and embraced the strictest tenets of Calvinism. Unfortunately, habits of excess and intemperance were more easily rooted out of his dark, satanic, and enterprising spirit, than the vices of revenge and ambition, which continued, notwithstanding his religious professions, to exercise no small sway over his mind. Daring in design, precipitate and violent in execution, and going to the very extremity of the most rigid recusancy, it was his ambition to place himself at the head of the presbyterian interest.

To attain this eminence among the wits, he had been active in attending their conventicles, and more than once had commanded them when they appeared in arms, and beaten off the forces sent to disperse them. As a performer he was the graticule of his own enthusiasm, joined, as some say, with motives of private revenge, placed him at the head of that party who assassinated the Primate of Scotland, as the author of an act of cruel and extraordinary upon the 'Davies Episode.'

The violent measures adopted by government to revenge this deed, not on the perpetrators only, but on the whole professors of the religion to which they belong.
O.M.D.

ed, together with long previous sufferings, without any prospect of deliverance, except by force of arms, occasioned the insurrection, which, as we have already seen, was the result of the delusions of the bloody skirmish of Loudon-hill.

But Burley, notwithstanding the share he had in the victory, was from finding himself at the summit who, although the triumph, that the Archbishop's punishment had by no means exceeded his deserts. The insurgents differed in another main point, which has been already touched upon. The more warm and extravagant fanaticisms condemned, as guilty of a pusillanimous abandonment of the rights of the church, those preachers and congregations who were contented, in any manner, to exercise their religious profession under the permission of the ruling government. This, they said, was absolute Erastianism, or subjection of the church of God to the regulations of an earthly government, and therefore but one degree below heresy. But the moderate party were content to allow the king's title to the throne, and in secular affairs to acknowledge his authority, so long as it was exercised with due regard to the fundamental laws of the constitution of the realm. But the tenets of the wilder sect, called, from their leader Richard Cameron, by the name of Cameronian, went the length of disregarding the authority of the king, and of taking the active part of the insurgents, who should not acknowledge the Solemn League and Covenant. The seeds of disunion were, therefore, thickly sown in this ill-fated sect; and and dissatisfied, his animosity was attached to the most violent of those tenets which we have noticed, saw nothing but ruin to the general cause, if they were insisted on during this crisis, when unity was of so much consequence. Hence he disapproved, as we have seen, of the honest, downright, and ardent zeal of Macbrair, and was extremely desirous to receive the assistance of the moderate party of prebendaries in the immediate overthrow of the government, with the hope of being hereafter able to dictate to them what should be substituted in its place.

He was, on this account, particularly anxious to secure the presence of the more liberal part of the army, and ultimately, perhaps, ingratiate himself so far with them, as to be chosen commander-in-chief, which was the mark at which his ambition aimed. He had, therefore, without waiting till any other person took up the subject, exerted on the council the talents and disposition of Morton, and easily obtained his elevation to the painful rank of a leader in this dissipated and undisciplined army.

The arguments by which Balfor pressed Morton to accept of this dangerous promotion, as soon as he had gottent rid of his less wary and uncompromising companion, Macbrair, were sufficiently artful and urgent. He did not affect either to deny or to disguise that the sentiments which he himself entertained concerning church government, went as far as those of the presbyterians; but the difference of opinion which when the affairs of the nation were at such a desperate crisis, minute difference of opinion should not prevent those who, in general, wished well to their country, from uniting for the advancement of the public interest, he believed to exist. Provided their attempt to free the country should be successful, seeing that the presbytery, being in that case triumphant, would need to make no such compromise with the government, and, consequently, with the abolition of the Indulgence all discussion of the legality would at once end. He insisted much and strongly upon the necessity of taking advantage of this favourable crisis upon the certainty of being joined by the force of all the western shires, and of the great agreeable impression which the cruelties incurs, who, seeing the distress of the country, and the increasing tyranny with which it was governed, should, from fear or indifference, withhold their active aid from the cause.

Morton wanted not these arguments to induce him to join in any insurrection which might appear to have a feasible prospect of success in the country. He doubted, indeed, greatly, whether the present attempt was likely to be supported by the strength sufficient to ensure success, or by the wisdom and liberality of that spirit necessary to make the good use of the advantages that might be gained. Upon the whole, however, considering the wrongs he had personally endured, and those which he had seen daily inflicted on his fellow-subjects, meditating, too, upon the precarious and dangerous situation in which he already stood with respect to the government, he conceived himself, in every point of view, called upon to join the body of presbyterians who were contending for the freedom and safety of the nation.

But while he expressed to Burley his acquiescence in the vote which had named him a leader among the insurgents, and a member of their council of war, it was not without the most serious misgivings. "I am willing," he said, "to contribute every thing within my limited power to effect the emancipation of my country. But do not mistake me. I disapprove, as I have done ever since the utmost degree of the action in which this crisis seems to have originated; and no arguments should induce me to join it, if it is to be carried on by such measures as that with which it has commenced." But Burley's looks, his words, his manner, gave a dark and gloomy suggestion to the swarthy brow.

"You mean," he said, in a voice which he designed should not betray any emotion—"You mean the death of James Shairp?"

"Frankly," answered Morton, "such is my meaning."

"You imagine, then," said Burley, "that the Almighty, in times of difficulty, does not raise up instruments to deliver his church from her oppressors? You are of opinion that the justice of an execution consists, not in the extent of the sufferer's crime, or in the severity of the punishment, but wholly in the wholesome and salutary effect which that example is likely to produce upon other evil-doers, but hold that it rests solely in the robe of the judge, the height of the bench, the nature of the object which is justly or unjustly inflicted, whether on the scaffold or the moor? And when constituted judges, from cowardice, or from having cast in their lot with transgressors, suffer them not only to pass by liberty through the land, but to sit in the high places, and dye their garments in the blood of the saints, is it not well done in any brave spirits who shall draw their private swords in the public cause?"

"I have no wish to judge this individual action," replied Morton, "further than is necessary to make you fully aware of my principles. I therefore repeat, that the cause of the Almighty is supposed to be worthy of his judgment. That the Almighty, in his mysterious providence, may bring a bloody man to an end deservingly bloody, does not indicate those who, without authority of any kind, take upon themselves to be the instruments of execution, and presume to call them the executors of divine vengeance."

"And were we not so?" said Burley, in a tone of great elevation, but with something of the arrogance which one who owned the interest of the Covenantat Church of Scotland, bound by that covenant to cut off the Judas who had sold the cause of God for fifty thousand marks a-year, and who was the author of words in view of his own behalf. Many of the subjects of division, as, for example, that concerning the Indulgence itself, arose, he observed, out of circumstances which would cease to exist, provided their attempt to free the country was not the execution of a week in heaven.
our warrant? Did not the Lord deliver him into our hands, when we looked out but for one of his inferior toils? Did not his resolve, how we should act, and was it not borne in our hearts as if it had been written on them with the point of a diamond? Ye shall surely take him and strike him down. But not an hour of that, acting ere the sacrifice was completed, and that in an open heath, and within the pates of their garments—and yet he interrupted the great work!—What dog oueth not during the masters, the tigers, the slaying, and the dispensing? Then, who will say—who dare say, that a mightier run than our was not herein revealed?

"Ye have accused yourself, Mr. Balfour," said Morton; "such circumstances of facility of execution and escape have often attended the commission of the most enormous crimes. But it is not mine to judge you. I have not forgotten that the way was opened to the former liberation of Scotland by an act of violence which no man can justify,—the slaughter of Cumming by the hand of Robert Bruce; and, therefore, condemning this action, as I do and must. I am not unwilling to suppose that you may have motives vindicating it in your own eyes, though not in mine, or in those of sober reason. I only now mention it, because, unwilling to join a cause which is supported by men engaged in open war, which it is proposed to carry on according to the rules of civilized nations, without, in any respect, approving of the act which brought it on to it.

Balfour bit his lip, and with difficulty suppressed a violent answer. He perceived, with disappointment, that, upon points of principle, his young brother-in-arms possessed a clearer perception of a firmness of mind, which afforded but little hope of his being able to exert that degree of influence over him which he had expected to possess. After a moment's pause, however, he said, with coolness, "My conduct is open to men and angels. The deed was not done in a corner; I am here in arms to avow it, and care not where, or by whom. I am called on to do so; whether in the council, the field of battle, the place of execution, or the day of the last great trial. I will not now discuss it further with one who is yet on the other side of the veil. But if you will cast in your lot with us as a brother, come with me to the council, who are still sitting, to arrange the future march of the army, and the means of improving our victory." He had his brother's confidence; not greatly delighted with his associate, and better satisfied with the general justice of the cause which he had espoused, than either with the measures or the motives of many of those who were embarked in it.

CHAPTER XXII.

And look how many Grecian tentes do stand
Hollow upon this plain—so many hollow factions.
Teseus and Theseus.

In the hollow of a hill, about a quarter of a mile from the field of battle, was a shepherd's hut; a miserable cottage, which, as the only enclosed spot within a moderate distance, the leaders of the presbyterian army had chosen for their council-room. Towards this spot Burley guided Morton, who was surprised, as he approached it, at the multiform confusion of sounds which issued from its precincts. The calm and measured tenor of the insurgent's discourse would have presided in council held on such important subjects, and at a period so critical, seemed to have given place to discord wild, and loud uproar, which filled the valley and was sugary to their future measures. As they approached the door, they found it open indeed, but choked up with the bodies and heads of countrymen, who, though no megaphone had called them together, all of whom intruding themselves on deliberations in which they were so deeply interested. By expostulation, by threats, and even by some degree of violence, Burley, the sternness of You desire in their countenances suggested the intruders to retire, and introducing Morton into the cottage, secured the door behind them against importunate curiosity. At a less agitating moment, the young man might have given a better account of the scene of which he now found himself an auditor and spectator. The precipice of the gloomy and ruinous war was enlightened by the hoary lamp, which blazed on the hearth, the smoke whereof, having no legal vent, edded around, and formed over the heads of the assembled council a clouded canopy, as opaque as the clouds of heaven. In their midst, through the tattered, the slaying, and the dispersing—Then, who will say—who dare say, that a mightier run than our was not herein revealed?

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retrieved, each beneath the chair of his owner, still watching each other's motions, and indicating, by occasional growls, by the erected bristles of the back and ears, and by the red gleam of the eye, that their discretion was not without a residuary of that first opportunity afforded by any general movement or commotion in the company, to fly once more at each other's throes.

But availing advantage of the momentary pause to present to the council Mr. Henry Morton of Milnwood, as one touched with a sense of the evils of the times, and willing to peril goods and life in the service of the country, had at once, and in a voice that was heard through the whole of the house of the broken shambles of the present time, said Morton, had given in his time a soul-stirring testimony. Morton was instantly received with the right hand of fellowship by his ancient pastor, Pountdext, and by those among the insurgents who supported the more moderate principles. The others muttered something about Erastinism, and reminded each other in whispers, that Silas Morton, once a stout and worthy servant of the Covenant, had been a backslider in the day when the revolutionists had led the way in owning the authority of Charles Stewart, then a young man, whom the present generation afterwards brought in, to the oppression of both Kirk and country? They added, however, that, on this great day of calling, they would not refuse society with one whom the country, and indeed the nation, was now about to install in his office of leader and counselor, if not with the full approbation of his colleagues, at least without any formal or avowed disapproval.

In this partition, the insurgents of Pountdext's parish and congregation were naturally placed under the command of Morton; an arrangement mutually agreeable to both parties, as he was recommended to their confidence, as well by his personal qualities as by his commands.

When this task was accomplished, it became necessary to determine what use was to be made of their victory. Morton's heart throbbed high when he heard the news of his rise; and as he stood amidst the tumultuous praises of the soldiers and sailors, and the acclamations of the people, he could not help exclaiming, "I will not be a judge in the midst of the people."

"I opine," said Pountdext, "for, like the other divines of the period, he had no hesitation in making his decision upon military matters of which he was profoundly ignorant. — I opine, that we should take in man and woman that stronghold of the woman Margaret Bellenden, even though we should build a fort and raise a mount against it; for the race is a rebellious and bloody race, and their hand has been heavy on the children of the Covenant, both in the former and the latter times. Their hook hath been in our noses, and their bridle between our jaws."

"Pahaw!" returned Burley, scornfully, "a butler." 

"Also, there is that ancient malignant," replied Pountdext, "Miles Bellenden of Carnwood, whose hand is heavy, and who holds in the balance of the state."

"If that," said Burley, "be Miles Bellenden, the brother of Sir Arthur, he is one whose sword will not turn back from battle; but he must now be stricken in years."

"There was word in the country as I rode along," said another of the council, "that so soon as dry heard of the victory which has been given to us, they caused shut the gates of the tower, and called in men, and women, and children from the streets. They were ever a fierce and a malignant house."

"We will not, with my consent," said Burley, "engage in a siege which may consume time. We would rush forward and follow, without occupying Glasgow; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my Lord Roes's regiment, will judge it safe to await our coming."

"Howbeit," said Pountdext, "we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet, and summon them to come forth. It may be that they will give over the place into our mercy, though they be a rebellious people. And we will summon the women to come forth of their stronghold, that is, Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and Jenny Dennison, which is the girl of an enearing eye, and the other maids, and we will give them a safe conduct, and send them in peace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gudyn, and Hugh Harriot, and Alice, will restrain with fetters of iron, even as they, in times past, have done to the martyred saints."

"Here's to you! Who takes the banner, and puts of peace?" said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice from the crowd.

"Peace, brother Halakkuk," said Machan, in a soothing tone, to the speaker.

At this command, they retracted the strange and unnatural voice; it is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are Changed, into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?"

While he spoke thus, the orator struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such language. The rag of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarcely fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzled hair, which hung in clumps around his wild and staring visage. The features seemed to be extenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of a human aspect. The eye, grey, wild, and in Pountdext's light vailed from those of his immediate followers, whose habitations and families might be exposed to great severities, if this strong place were permitted to remain in possession of the natives.

"In the name of Heaven! who is he?" said Morton, in a whisper to Pountdext, surprised, shocked, and even startled, at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or druid red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

"It is Halakkuk Muckleworth," answered Pountdext, in the same tone, "whom the enemy have long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil demon hath possessed him. Nevertheless, our violent and fierce language hath inflamed the spirit, and that they fructify by their pouring forth."

Here he was interrupted by Muckleworth, who cried in a voice that made the very beams of the roof quiver — "Who then, sir, is this chief butcher, who hoisteth himself a man of war from his youth upward, and who spread the banner against the good cause with that man of Belial, James Graham of Glenlyon?"

"What?" returned Burley, scornfully, "a butler."

"Also, there is that ancient malignant," replied Pountdext, "Miles Bellenden of Carnwood, whose hand is heavy, and who holds in the balance of the state."

"If that," said Burley, "be Miles Bellenden, the brother of Sir Arthur, he is one whose sword will not turn back from battle; but he must now be stricken in years."

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"This is utter abomination and daring impiety," said Morton, unable to contain his indignation. "What blessing can you expect in a cause, in which you listen to the mingled ravings of madness and atrocity?"

"Flush, young man!" said Keddlebrumme, "and reserve thy censure for that for which thou canst render a reason. It is not for thee to judge into what v microbe you may be pouring the blood of our friends, that the cannon are too numerous, and that we cannot expect that the Middinians shall, by so large a number, be delivered into our hands. They have heartened my voice. We shall be shortly here within such a number as can consult and act together and in them thou shalt have a free voice, as well in ordering our affairs of war, and protecting those whom mercy should be shown—Art thou now satisfied?"

"It will give me pleasure, doubtless," answered Morton, "to be the means of softening the horror of the war; and I will not leave the post I have taken, unless I see measures adopted at which conscience revolts. But to no bloody execution after quarter asked, or slaughter without trial, will I lend countenance; nor shall our guns be directed in opposing them, with both heart and hand as constantly and resolutely, if attempted by our own followers, as when they are the work of our enemies."

Balfour waved his hand impatiently. "Thou wilt find," he said, "that the stubborn and hard-hearted generation with whom we deal, are chaste with serpents; as their heart is embittered, and ere they accept the punishment of their guilt, the word is gone forth among them, 'I will bring a sword upon you that shall avenge the cause of my house, and my people!'"

"Vain words," replied Morton, "that I feel more abhorrent at cold-blooded and premeditated cruelty, than at that which is practised in the heat of zeal and resentment."

"Thou art yet but a youth," replied Balfour, "and hast not learned how light in the balance are the drops of blood in comparison to the weight and importance of this great national testimony. Be not of a spirit not affected by the feelings of others; it may be we shall see little cause to stir when an act is a result of the nation's anger."

With this concession Morton was compelled to be satisfied, and Balfour was now left to induce him to lie down and get some rest, as the host would probably move in the morning.

And Morton, answering Morton, "do not rest, nor go to the plough, nor to the uncultivated field, and wouldst thou already abandon it? Is this thy adherence to the cause of thy father?"

"No cause," replied Morton, indignantly, "no cause can prosper, so conducted. One party declares for the ravings of a bloodthirsty madman; another leader is an old scholastic pedant; a third—he stopped, and his companion continued the sentence—'Is it a desperate homogeneous, thou wouldst say, like John Balfour of Bury?—I can hear thy misconception without re-argument. Thou dost not consider, that it is not men of solar and self-seeking minds, who arise in these days of wrath to execute judgment and to accomplish deliverance. Hast thou but seen the armies of England, during her Parliament of 1649, whose ranks were filled with scribes and enthusiasts, wilder than the audacities of Muniti, thou wouldst have had more cause to marvel; and yet these men were unconquered on the field, and their hands wrought marvelous things for the liberties of the land.'"
CHAPTER XXIII.

THE first poor of day Henry awoke, and found Cuddie standing beside him with a portly in his hand.

"I been just putting your honour's things in again ye were waking," said Cuddie, "as is seeing ye has been sae gude as to take me in service..."

"Aye, I'm sure," answered Cuddie; "and I didn't say it was tied on the horse yonder, that if ever ye would be your servant, and ye didn't say if I was a riding, I kenna what is. Ye have ailes, indeed, but ye ha' gien me enough t' M'Gillip.

"Cuddie, if you insist on taking the chance of inprosperous fortune..."

"Give me warrant you a' prosper well enough," d Cuddie, cheerfully; "an' ances my auld mistress wad put them. I ha' begun the chest theg at an end that is easy enough to learn.

"I gaging, I suppose?" said Morton, "for how did you come by that portmanteau?"

"Aye, if it's pillaging, or how ye call it," said Cuddie, "but it comes natural to a body, and it's a lae trade. Our folk had tailed the dead drac hie bare as bawbees before we were loosed—I saw the whaes a' waydown t' Kettledrumple and the other chest, I set the lang tros on my ain errand and a.

"Sae I took up the syke a wee bit, away to the rising on the hill, and so I'm t' mark the a' mony a horse-foot, and I could ken a place where there ha' been cleane leathers, and a' the pairs chidden there buskit wi' their claes just as they have been in the morning—nay, and had found a t' pose o' carriages—and wauld be auld in the hereof (as my mither says) but our auld acause, Sergeant Bothwell?"

"Has that man fallen?" said Morton.

"Th has he," answered Cuddie; "and his een and his brow bent, and his teeth clenched, like the jaws of a trap for fourmants when their dive—"I was a' in a rage, and I set my heart to look at him; I thought to ha' turn about wi' him, and enried his pouches, as he had done mony an a man's; and here's your ain collector (or else), that he had been at Milnep stuck unlucky night that made us a' sodgers ther—

"We can be no harm, Cuddie," said Morton, "sking use of this money, since we know how ey it; but you must divide with me.

"Aye, a wee, hide a wee," said Cuddie. "Weel, me a' a bit ring he had hinging in a black rub on his breast. I am thinking it has been a keen, pair fellow—there's naebody sae rough y ha' aye a kind heart to the lasses—and there's wi' a when papers, and I got twa or three aces, that I'll keep to myself, forby..."

"On my word, you have made a very successful a a beginnin'," said his new master.

"Een I'm now," said Cuddie, with great ex...

"Aye, I think that down stupid, if to lifting things—And forby, I ha' gotten twa ares. A feckless lack of a Straven weaver, that he lass and his een horse to sit skirling on hill-side, had caught twa dragon nags, and wad get them hup nor wind, sae he took it noble for them bain—I said ha' tried him wi' a siller, but it's an unco ill piece to get change—I'll find the tailor's mussing out o' Bothwell's the...


"And, speaking o' that, I mean gang and see about my mither, paru said body, if your honour has any immediate commands."

"But, Cuddie," said Morton, "I really cannot take these things from you without some recompense."

"Hout fie, sir," answered Cuddie, "ye said aye be taking—for recompense, ye may think about that some other time—I ha' seen gey weel to myself wi' the money that fit better body to. What could I do wi' Lord Evanilude's break claws? Sergeant Bothwell's will serve me weel enough.

"Not being able to prevail on the self-sustained and disinterested fellow to accept of any thing for himself out of these warlike spoils, Morton resolved to take the first opportunity of returning Lord Evanilude's property, supposing him yet to be alive, and, in the mean while, did nothing but to avoid himself of Cuddie's prize, so far as to appropriate some changes of linen and other trifling articles amongst those of more value which the portmanteau contained.

He then hastily looked over the papers which were found in Bothwell's pocket-book. These were of a miscellaneous description. The roll of his troop, with the names of those absent on furlough, memorandum of tavern-bills, and lists of delinquents and Silver might be made subjects of fine and persecution, first presented themselves, along with a copy of a warrant from the Privy Council to arrest certain persons of distinction therein named. Another warrant for one book were two or commissions which Bothwell had held at different times, and certificates of his services abroad, in which his courage and military talents were highly praised; but the most remarkable paper was an accurate account of his genealogy, with reference to many documents for establishment of its authenticity; subjoined was a list of the ample possessions of the family, a list of losses, and a particular account of the proportions in which King James I. had bestowed them on the courtiers and nobility by whose descendants they were at present actually possessed; besides this list was a manuscript, in red letters, in the hand of the deceased, Hound Immor, F. S. E. B., the initials probably intimating Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. To these documents, which strongly painted the character and feelings of their deceased proprietor, were added some which showed him in a light greatly different from that in which we have hitherto presented him to the reader.

In a secret pocket of the book, which Morton did not discover without some trouble, were one or two letters, written in a beautiful female hand. They were dated about twenty years back, and bore the address of a lady, and were subscribed only by initials. Without having time to peruse them accurately, Morton perceived that they contained the elegant yet fond expressions of female affection directed towards an object with whom their jealousy they endeavoured to soothe, and of whose haughty, suspicious, and impatient temper, the writer seemed greatly to complain. The ink of these manuscripts had faded by time, and, notwithstanding the great care which had obviously been taken for their preservation, they were in one or two places chafed so as to be illegible...

"It matters not," these words were written on the envelope of that which had suffered most, "I have them by heart.

With these letters was a lock of hair wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling, which attested, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period:

"Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well remembered night,
When first thy mystic braid was wore
Of first my Agnes whisht in love.

Since then how often hast thou press'd
The form mine of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin which people hell—

Disgrace whose spirit, marred through a cloud,
Each shrubs the earth's warm conventions—

0, if such clime thou canst endure,—
I can keep thee unsoftened pure,

What conceit or evil erring thought
Of this scene ruin had agues wronged?"

Of this scene ruin had agues wronged?"
I had not wandered wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide:
The earth could then improve me,
If she had lived, and loved to me.

We went to Langdalle. Thus had it been
To me a savage hunting-scene,
My soul delighting in a bold race,
And the sport of the chase.

To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Raid, and seize, and possess, and prey,
Then from the carcass turn away,
Nine mirthful lads had sweetness lamed,
And eachlooked with wond'ring and amazed;
Yes, God and man might now approve me,
We had lived and need not repent.

As he finished reading these lines, Morton could not forbear reflecting with compassion on the fate of this singular and most unhappy being, who, it appeared, while in the lowest state of degradation, and almost of contempt, had his recollections continually fixed on the high station to which his birth seemed to entitle him; and, while plunged in gross licentiousness, was in secret looking back with bitter remorse to the period of his youth, during which he had nourished a virtuous, though unfortunate attachment.

"Alas! what are we," said Morton, "that our best and most proudest feelings can be thus debased and degraded—that honourable pride can sink into haughty and desperate indifference for general opinion, and the sorrow of blighted affection inhabit the same bosom with the sportive enterprising spirit, which was chosen for their citadel? But it is the same throughout; the liberal principles of one man sink into cold and unfeeling indifference, the religious zeal of another into the same spirit of stagnation.

Our resolutions, our passions, are like the waves of the sea, and, without the aid of Him who formed the human breast, we cannot say to its tides, 'Thus far shall ye go, and no farther.'

While he thus moralized, he raised his eyes, and observed that Burley stood before him.

'Already awake!' said that leader—'it is well, and will tire the pain before you. What papers are these?' he continued.

Morton gave him some brief account of Cuddie's successful marauding party, and handed him the pocket-book of Bothwell, with its contents. The Cameronian leader looked with some attention on such of the papers as related to military affairs, or public business; but when he came to the verses, he threw them from him with contempt.

'I little thought," he said, "when by the blessing of God, I passed my sword three times through the body of that arch tool of cruelty and persecution, and blighted the labours of danger and dangers, that we could have stooped to an art as trifling as it is profane. But I see that Satan can blend the most different qualities in his well-beloved and chosen agents, and that the same man can wield a bloody weapon against the godly in the valley of destruction, can touch a tinkling lute, or a gittern, to soothe the ears of the dancing daughters of perdition in their Vanity Fair.'

'Your ideas of duty, then," said Morton, "exclude love of the fine arts, which have been supposed in general to purify and to elevate the mind?'

'To me, young man," answered Burley, "and to those who think as I do, the pleasures of this world, under whatever name disguised, are vanity, as its grandeur and power are a snare. We have but one object to pursue, and that is to build up the temple of the Lord.'

'I have heard my father observe," replied Morton, "that many who assumed power in the name of Heaven, were as severe in its exercise, and as unwilling to part with it, as if they had been solely moved by the motives of worldly ambition—but of this another time. Have you succeeded in obtaining a summons to the court, to be nominated to the vacant?'

'I have," answered Burley. "The number is limited to six, of which you are one, and I come to call you to their deliberations.'

He then introduced him to a sequestered grass-plot, where their colleagues awaited them. In this delegation of authority, the two principal factions which divided the tumultuary army had each taken care to send three of their own number. On the part of the Cameronians, were Burley, Macbrayn, and Kettledrammel; and on that of the moderate party, Poundtay, Henry Morton, and a small proprietor, called the Hollander of Langdale. Thus were equally balanced by their representatives in the committee of management, although it seemed likely that those of the most violent opinions were, as usual in such cases, to possess and predominate with the greatest degree of energy. Their debate, however, was conducted more like men of this world than could have been expected from their conduct on the preceding evening; they impartially considering their own situation, and the probable increase of their numbers, they agreed that they should keep their position for that day, in order to refresh their men, and give time to reinforce such as joined them; and that, on the next morning, they would direct their march towards Tillytudal, and summon that stronghold, as they expressed it, of malignity. If it was not surrendered to their summons, they resolved to try the effect of a brisk assault; and, that should miscarry, it was settled that they should leave a part of their number to blockade the place, and reduce it, if possible; by famine, when their men should be stronger to drive Claverhouse and Lord Ross from the town of Glasgow. Such was the determination of the council of management; and thus Morton's first entrance to Glencoe rendered his name a castle belonging to the parent of his mistress, and defended by her relative, Major Bellenden, to whom he personally owed many obligations! He felt fully the embarrassment of his situation, but he comforted himself with the reflection, that his newly-acquired power in the insurgent army would give him, at all events, the means of extending to the inmates of Tillytudal a protection which no other man could have afforded them; and he was not without hope that he might be able to mediate such a accommodation between them and the Presbyterian army, as should secure them a safer neutrality during the war which was about to ensue.

CHAPTER XXIV.

There came a knight from the field of slain,
His stood was drenched in blood and rain.

FINIS.
added, addressing Lady Margaret: "permit me to think and act as your son, my dear madam—as your brother, Edith!"

He pronounced the last part of the sentence with some emphasis, and she feared that the apprehension of his pretensions as a suitor might render his future services unacceptable to Miss Bellenden. She was not insensible to his delicacy, but there was no time for anything but considerations of the highest importance.

"We are preparing for our defence," said the old lady with great dignity; "my brother has taken charge of our garrison, and by the grace of God, we will resist to the last, or perish with our countrymen!"

"How gladly," said Evandale, "would I share in the defence of the Castle! But in my present state, I should be but a burden to you, my something worse; for, far from envisaging that an officer of the Life-Guard in the Castle would be sufficient to make these rogues more desperately earnest to possess themselves of it. If they find it defended only by the family, they may possibly march on to Glasgow rather than hazard an assault."

"And can you think so meanly of us, my lord," said Edith, with the generous burst of feeling which was so rare in her sex, and which, by her very nature, fitted her so well, her voice faltering through eagerness, and her brow colouring with the noble warmth which dictated her language—"Can you think so meanly of your friends, who could permit this inconsiderate proceeding to interfere with their sheltering and protecting you at a moment when you are unable to defend yourself, and when the whole country is filled with the enemy? I would rather perish than that such women would permit a valued friend to leave it in such circumstances! And can you think we will allow you to go from a castle which we hold to be strong enough for our purpose?"

"Lord Evandale need never think of it," said Lady Margaret; "I will dress his wounds myself; it is an old wife's wish for war time; but to quit the Castle of Tillietudlem with all the honors due to a chief is draughted, and to leave you the world—前者, the meanest trooper that ever wore the king's coat on his back should not do so, much less my young lord Evandale. Our is not a house that ought to brook such dishonour. The tower of Tillietudlem has been too much distinguished by the visit of his most sacred—"

Here she was interrupted by the entrance of the Major.

"We have taken a prisoner, my dear uncle," said Edith—"a wounded prisoner, and he wants to escape from us. You must help us to keep him by force."

"And how many fellows will be the man?" said the Major; "I am as much pleased as when I got my first commission. Claverhouse reported they were killed, or missing at least.

"We have been slain, but for a friend of yours," said Lord Evandale, speaking with some emotion, and bending his eyes on the ground, as if he wished to avoid seeing the impression that what he was about to say would make upon Miss Bellenden. She was unharassed and defenceless, and the sword raised to dispatch me, when young Mr. Morton, the prisoner for whom you interested yourself yesterday morning, interposed in the most generous manner, preserved my life, and furnished me with the means of escaping."

As he ended the sentence, a painful curiosity overcame his first resolution; he raised his eyes to Edith's face, and it seemed as if he sought in the glow of her cheek and the sparkle of her eye, joy at hearing of her lover's safety and freedom, and triumph at his not having been left last in the race of generosity. Such, indeed, were her feelings; but they were mingled with admiration of the ready frankness with which Lord Evandale had hastened to bear witness to the merit of a favoured rival, and to acknowledge and praise his feelings. She could not but sympathize in his feelings, and wished that she had rather have owed to any other individual in the world.

Major Bellenden, who would never have observed the emotions of either party, even if they had been much more marked, could read in the glower of her eyes and the sparkle of her eye, joy at hearing of her lover's safety and freedom, and triumph at his not having been left last in the race of generosity. Such, indeed, were her feelings; but they were mingled with admiration of the ready frankness with which Lord Evandale had hastened to bear witness to the merit of a favoured rival, and to acknowledge and praise his feelings. She could not but sympathize in his feelings, and wished that she had rather have owed to any other individual in the world.

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Miss Bellenden, that Lord Evandale seemed much exhausted both in body and mind. "I think," she said, addressing the Major, "that since Lord Evandale condescends to become an officer of our noble and right reverend patron, his majesty, he amenable to your authority, and ordering him to his apartment, that he may take some refreshments ere he enters on military discussions."

"I cannot doubt it. I know his principles, and that he detests cant and hypocrisy. I have heard him laugh a thousand times at the pedantry of that old presbyterian scoonder, Poundtext, who, after enjoying the indulgence of the government for so many years, has not more than the first whiff of all knowledge in himself in his own proper colours, and set off, with three parts of his crop-eared congregation, to join the host of the fanaticism, the result of which you did escape leaving the field, my lord?"

"I rode for my life, as a recreant knight must," answered Lord Evandale, smiling. "I took the route where I thought I had a chance of meeting with any of the enemy, and I found shelter for several hours—you will hardly guess where?"

"At Castle Bracklan, perhaps," said Lady Margaret, or in the house of one of her other loyal gentlemen?"

"No, madam. I was repulsed, under one mean pretext or another, from more than one house of that description, for distress of the enemy following my traces; but I found refuge in the cottage of a poor widow, whose husband had been shot within these three months by a party of our corps, and whose two sons are at this very moment with the insurgents."

"Indeed!" said Edith; "and was a fanatic woman capable of such generosity?—but she disapproved, I suppose, of the tactics of her family?"

"Far from it, madam," continued the young nobleman; "she was in principle a rigid ascetic, but she saw my danger and distress, considered me as a fellow-creature, and forgot that I was a cavalier and a young soldier. She sent her son to seek for some means to rest upon her bed, concealed me from a party of the insurgents who were seeking for stragglers, supplied me with food, and did not suffer me to leave my place of refuge until she deemed that I had every chance of getting to this tower without danger."

"It was nobly done," said Miss Bellenden; "and I trust you will have an opportunity of rewarding her generosity."

"I am running up an arra of obligation on all sides, Miss Bellenden, during these unfortunate occurrences," replied Lord Evandale; "but when I can attain the means of showing my gratitude, the shall not be wanting." All now joined in pressing Lord Evandale to relinquish his intention of leaving the Castle; but the argument of Major Bellenden proved the most effectual.

"Your presence in the Castle will be most useful, if not absolutely necessary, my lord, in order to maintain, by your authority, proper discipline among the garrison. The officers of your command are in considerable disorder. You are indispensable, and who do not prove to be of the most orderly description of inmates—and, indeed, we have the Colonel's authority, for that very purpose, to detain any officer of his command who might be here."

"That," said Lord Evandale, "is an unanswerable argument, since it shows me that my residence here may be useful, even in my present disabled state.

"For your wounds, my lord," said the Major, "my sister, Lady Bellenden, will undertake to give battle to any feverish symptom, if such should appear. I will answer that my old campaigner, Grean Pike, shall dress a flesh-wound with any of the incision of Barber-Surgeons. He had enough of practice in Monroes's time, for we had few regularly-bred army surgeons, as you may well suppose."

Your agreement to stay with us, then?"

"My reasons for leaving the Castle, said Lord Evandale, glancing a look towards Edith, "though they evidently seemed weighty, must needs give way to those which infer the power of saving you. May I presume, Major, to inquire into the means and plans of defence which you have prepared? or can I attend you to examine the works?"

"It did not enter my mind," said Miss Bellenden, that Lord Evandale seemed much exhausted both in body and mind. "I think," she said, addressing the Major, "that since Lord Evandale condescends to become an officer of our noble and right reverend patron, his majesty, he amenable to your authority, and ordering him to his apartment, that he may take some refreshments ere he enters on military discussions."
Edith is right," said the old lady; "you must go
immediately to bed, my lord, and take some febrifuge,
which I will prepare with my own hand; and my
lady-in-waiting, Mistress Martha Weddell, shall
make you a pillow and a blanket for you, and
something very light. I would not advise wine." John Gudyll, let the housekeeper make ready the chamber of dais. Lord Evan
dale must lie down instantly. Pike will take off the
bandage and examine the state of the wounds."

"These are melancholy preparations, madam," said
Lord Evandale, as he returned thanks to Lady
Margaret, and was about to leave the hall,—"but I
must listen to my lord's directions; and I trust
that your skill will soon make me a more able de
defender of your Castle than I am at present. You
must render my body serviceable as soon as you can,
for you must take care for my head while you have
Major Bellenden."

With these words he left the apartment.

"An excellent young man, and a modest," said the
Major.

"None of that conceit," said Lady Margaret, "that
often makes young folk suppose they know better
how their complaints should be treated than people
that are skilled."

"And so generous and handsome a young noble
man," said Jenny Dennison, who had entered during
the latter part of this conversation, and was now left
alone in the hall with the Major. Major Bellenden was
returning to his military cares, and Lady Margaret to her
medical preparations.

Edith only answered these encomiums with a sigh;
but her friend, she felt, could not be better than
any one how much they were merited by the person
on whom they were bestowed. Jenny, however,
failed not to follow up her blow.

"After all, it's true that my lady says—there's no
trusting a presbyterian; they are a failthless man
sworn louts. What wad hae thought that young
Millwood and Cuddie Headings wad hae on wi
their swords?"

"What do you mean by such improbable nonsense,
Jenny?" said her young mistress, very much dis
pleased.

"I ken it's no pleasing for you to hear, madam," answered Jenny hardly; "and it's as little pleasant
for me to tell; but as gude ye seld ken a' about same as you, for the hall Castle's ringin' wi'."

"Ringin' with what, Jenny? Have you a mind to
drive me mad?" answered Edith, impatiently.

"Just that Henry Morton of Millwood is out wi'the
rebels, and one o' their chief leaders," said Edith.

"Ah!" said Edith, a most base calumny! and you are very bold to dare to repeat it to me. Henry Morton is incapable of such treachery
to his king and country—such cruelty to me—to all the dear and dearest, and me, who must suffer in a civil war—tell you he is utterly in
capable of it, in every sense."

"Dear! dear! Miss Edith," replied Jenny, still
constant to her text, "they maun be better acquainted wi' young men than I am, or ever wish to be,
that can tell preposterously what they're capable or no
capable of. But there has been Trooper Tom, and
another child, out in bonnets and gray plaid, like
countrymen, to recon—reconnoit—"I think John
Gudyll ca'd it; and they have been among the rebels,
and brought back word that they had seen young
Millwood mounted on one o' the dragon horses that
were taken at Loudon-hill, armed wi' swords and pis
tols, like wha but him, and hand and glove wi' the
foremost o' them, and dreening and commanding the
men; and Cuddie at the heels o' him, in ane o' Ser
giant Bothwell's laced waistcoats, and a cockat hat
with a bab o' blue ribands at it for the auld cause o'
the Covenant, (but Cuddie aye liked a blue riband,) and
smar the same lord o' the land—it sets the like o' him, indeed!"

"Jenny," said her young mistress hastily, "it is
impossible these men's report can be true; my uncle
has read it on o' the wall at this laddie's order:
"Because Tam Halliday," answered the hand
maiden, "came in just five minutes after Lord Evandal
e; and when he heard his lordship was in the
Castle, he swore (the profane loon!) he would be
d—er he would make the report, as he ca'd it,
of his news to Major Bellenden, since there was an
officer of his air regiment in the garrison. She
had been within the hall next morning; only he
told me about it." (here Jenny looked a little down,) "just to vex me about Cuddie.

"Poh! you silly girl," said Edith, assuming some
courage, "it is all a trick of that fellow to tease you.

"Na, madam, it canna be that, for John Gudyll
took the other dragoon (he's an auld hard-favoured
man, his name) into the Evandale and gave him a
taes o' brandy to get the news out o' him, and
he said just the same as Tam Halliday, word for word;
and Mr. Gudyll was in sie a rage, that he ta'd it
'never again to take drink,' and says the report is to
the nonsense o' my Ledy and the Major, and
Lord Evandale, that begged off young Millwood and
Cuddie yesterday morning, for that, if they had suf
fered, the country wad has been spent, and truth I
am muckle o' that opinion myself."

This last commentary Jenny added to her tale, in
resentment of her mistress's extreme and obstinate
anxiety, which, seemingly alarmed, however,
by the effect which her news produced upon her young
lady, an effect rendered doubly violent by the High
Church principles and prejudices in which Miss Be
lenden had been brought up. The Major returned
to his military carers, and said the Monitor was
pale as a corpse, his respiration so difficult that it
was on the point of altogether failing her, and her
limbs so incapable of supporting her, that she sank,
either to the ground or to the seats in the hall, and
seemed on the eve of fainting. Jenny tried cold
water, burnt feathers, cutting of laces, and all
other remedies usual in hysterical cases, but without
any effect.

"God forgive me! what has I done?" said the
reptile fille-de-chambre. "I wish my tongue had
been cutt out! Wha wad hae thought o' her takin' raking for a young lad, for a young lad, for a young lad.
Near Miss Edith, hugd her heart up about it, it's
maybe no true for a' that I hae said—O, I wish my mouth
had been blistered! A bodly tells me my tongue will
do me a mischief some day. What if my Ledy comes o' the Major? and she's sitting in the throne, too, that naebody has sat in since that weary morning the King was here!—O, what will I do? O, what
will become o' us?"

While Jenny Dennison thus lamented herself and
her mistress, Edith slowly returned from the paroxysms
into which she had been thrown by this unexpected
intelligence.

"If he had been unfortunate," she said, "I never
would have deserted him. I never did so, even when
there was danger and disgrace in pleading his cause.
If he had been unfortunate, I mean, while
he had been unfair, I would have forgiven him; but a
rebel to his King,—a traitor to his country,—the
associate and colleague of cut-throats and common
stabbers—the persecutor of all that is noble,—the profec
ed and blasphemous enemy of all that is sacred,—
will tear him from my heart, if my life-blood should
ebb in the effort."

She wiped her eyes, and rose hastily from the great
chair, (or throne, as Lady Margaret used to call it,) while the terrified damsel hastened to shake up the
 cushion, and efface the appearance of any one having
occupied that sacred seat; although King Charles
himself, considering the youth and beauty as well as
the affection of the moment unsurer of his hol
lowed chair, would probably have thought his bits
of the profundity. She then hastened officiously to
press her support on Edith, as she paced the hall ap
parently in deep meditation.

"Tak my arm, madam; better join my arm; scrowor
its veet, and doublt—"

"No, Jenny," said Edith, with firmness; "ye
have seen my weakness, and you shall see my
strength!"

"But ye leaned on me the other morning, Miss Edith,
when ye were sae sair griev'd."

"Misplaced and erring affection may require sup
port, Jenny—duty can support itself; yet I will do
nothing rashly. I will be aware of the reasons of his conduct and then—cast him off for ever." was the first and only answer she gave.

Overworn by a manner of which she could neither conceive the motive, nor estimate the merit, Jenny answered between her teeth, "Odd, when the first that a love. Miss Belfenden finds it as easy as I do, and

By forty that, it's maybe as weel to have a friend on burial side. But child come here, will tak the Castle, as it's light, when there's a little victual, and the dragons wasting what's on it, to, in, and on, as Miss Belfenden and Miss Wlad have the upper hand, and their friendship be as dear to her—[I was in company of the morning I heard the news.]

With a consolatory reflection the damsel went about her usual occupations, leaving her mistress to school her mind as she thought best, for evafragating the sentences which she had hitherto entertained towards Henry Morton.

CHAPTER XXV.

Once more into the breach—dear friends, once more!

Henry V.

On the evening of this day, all the information which they could procure led them to expect, that the insurgents had placed the camp on the mountain, which they had occupied in the approach against Tillettudium. Lord Evandale's wounds had been examined by Piko, who reported them in a very promising state. They were numerous, but none of them was the least loss of blood, as much indeed as the so-called specialty of Lady Margaret, had prevented any tendency to fever; so that, notwithstanding he felt some pain and great weakness, the patient maintained that he was able to creep about with the assistance of a stick. In these circumstances he refused to be confined to his apartment, both that he might encourage the soldiers by his presence, and in order to be called to the place of defence, which the Major might be supposed to have arranged upon something of an antiquated fashion of warfare. Lord Evandale was well qualified to give advice on such subjects, having served during his early youth, both in France and in the Low Countries. There was little or no occasion, however, for altering the preparations already made; and, excepting on the article of provisions, there seemed no reason to fear for the defence of so strong a place against such assailants as those by whom it was threatened.

The next day, Lord Evandale and Major Belfenden were on the battlements again, viewing and reviewing the state of their preparations, and anxiously expecting the approach of the enemy. I own that I expected them to be in a much more advanced state than they were, and that I was very pleasantly surprised when they were found to be regularly made and received; but the Major treated the report that Morton was in arms against the government with the most scornful incredulity.

I know the lad better," was the only reply he designed to make; "the fellows have not dared to venture near enough, and have been deceived by some fanciful resemblance, or have picked up some story.

I think you, Major," answered Lord Evandale, "I think you will see that young gentleman at the head of the insurgents; and, though I shall be heartily sorry for it, I shall not be greatly surprised.

"You are as bold as the Devil," the Major, who contended yesterday morning down my way, that this young fellow, who so high-spirited and gentleman-like a boy as I have ever known, wanted but an opportunity to place himself at the head of the rebels."

"And considering the usage which he has received, and the suspicions under which he lives," said Lord Evandale, "considering the eight phases do have? For my own part, I should hardly know whether he deserved most blame or pity.

"Blame, my lord?—Pity," echoed the Major, "you are hearing such sentiments; he would deserve to be hanged, that's all; and, were he my own son, I should see him strung up with pleasure—Blime, indeed! But your lordship cannot think as you are pleased to speak."

I gave an account, Major Belfenden, that I have been for some time of opinion, that our politicians, and prefetts have driven matters to a painful extremity in this country, and have alarmed, by violence, the minds of the better sort, but all those in the upper ranks, whom strong party-feeling, or a desire of court-interest, does not attach to their standard."

"I am a statistician," answered the Major, "and I do not understand niceties.

"I trust," replied the young lord, "you will not find me more backward than yourself, though I heartily wish that the enemy were foreigners. It is, however, no time to debate that matter, for sooner they come, and we must defend ourselves as well as we can."

As Lord Evandale spoke, the van of the insurgents began to make their appearance on the road which crossed the top of the hill, and through a declivity opposite to the Tower. They did not, however, move downwards, as if aware that, in doing so, their columns would be exposed to the fire of the artillery of the fort. By the number, which at first seemed few, it appeared to them to be able to defend themselves that, judging of the masses which occupied the road behind the hill from the closeness of the front line of their files, their force appeared very considerable. There was a sense of anxiety on both sides; and, while the unsteady ranks of the Coventrians were agitated, as if by pressure, behind, and uncertain to their friends at the foot, a picturesque view from their vantage, glanced in the morning sun, whose beams were reflected from a grove of pikes, muskets, halberds, and battle-axes. The armed mass occupied, for a few minutes, this fluctuating position, until three or four horsemen, who seemed to be leaders, advanced from the front, and occupied the height a little nearer to the Castle. John Gudyll, who was not wont to crawl beneath his man, brought a gun to bear on this detached group.

"I'll fire the falcon,"—(so the small cannon was called,)—"I'll fire the falcon where'er your honour gives command; my corks, she'll ruffle their feathers for them!"

The Major looked at Lord Evandale.

"Stay a moment," said the young nobleman, "they send us a flag of truce."

In fact, one of the horsemen at that moment dismounted, and, displaying a white cloth on a pike, moved towards the Tower, while the Major and Lord Evandale descending the hill, and the officers of the main fortress, advanced to meet him as far as the barricade, judging it wise to admit him within the precincts which they designed to defend. At the same time the principal horsemen had made the same movement, and, in a few minutes, the remnant of the horsemen, as if they had anticipated the preparations of John Gudyll for their annoyance, withdrew from the advanced station which they had occupied, and fell back to the main body.

The envoy of the Coventrians, to judge by his men and manner, seemed fully imbued with that spiritual pride which distinguished his sect. His features were drawn up to a contemptuous prissiness, and his half-lid eyes seemed to scorn to look upon the terrestrial objects around, while, at every solemn stride, his toes were pointed outward with an air that appeared to them as if they were the form of the tablet. Lord Evandale could not suppress a smile at this singular figure.

"Did you ever," said he to Major Belfenden, "see such an un-accustomed one? One would think it moves upon springs—Can it speak, think you?"

"O, say," said the Major; "that seems to be one of my old acquaintance, a genuine puritan of the eight phases do have."

Blame, my lord?—Pity," echoed the Major, "you are hearing such sentiments; he would deserve to be hanged, that's all; and, were he my own son, I should see him strung up with pleasure—
and Lord Evandale?" answered the Major.

"Are you the parties?" said the Laird of Langdale, in the same sharp, conceited, disrespectful tone of voice.

"Even so, for fault of better," said the Major.

"Then there is the public summons," said the envoy, putting a paper into Lord Evandale's hand, and there is a private letter for Miles Bellenden from a godly youth, who is honoured with leading a part of our host. Read them quickly, and God give you grace to frustrify the contents, though it is much to be doubted."

The summons ran thus: "We, the named and constituted leaders of the gentlemen, ministers, and others, presently in arms for the cause of liberty and true religion, do warn and summon William Lord Evandale and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, and others presently in arms, and keeping garrison in the Tower of Tillietudlem, to surrend the said Tower upon fair conditions of quarter, and license to depart with bag and baggage, otherwise to suffer such extremity of fire and sword as belong by the laws of war to those who hold out an untenable post. And so may God defend his own good cause!"

This summons was signed by John Ballif of Burley, as quarter-master-general of the army of the Covenant, for himself, and in name of the other leaders.

The letter to Major Bellenden was from Henry Morton. It was couched in the following language:

"I have taken a step, my venerable friend, which, among many painful consequences, will, I am afraid, incur your very decided disapprobation. But I have taken my resolution in honour and good faith, and with the full approval of my own conscience. I can no longer submit to have my own rights and those of my fellow-subjects trampled upon, our freedom violated, our persons insulted, and our blood spilt, without just cause or legal trial. Providence, through the violence of the oppressors themselves, seems now to have opened a way of deliverance from this intolerable tyranny, and I do not hold him deserving of the name and rights of a freeman, who, thinking as I do, shall withhold his arm from the cause of his coun-

arguments would lose their influen from an unwelcome quarter. I will off with assuring you, that whatever may be hereafter towards me, my to you can never be diminished, would be the happiest moment of a give me more effectionate means the assurance of you. Therefore, until the moment of resentment you may my make to you, let not that prevent the topic, if future events should reme able; for whenever, or however, vice to you, it will always afford the tion to"

Having read this long letter with indignation, Major Bellenden put it to Lord Evandale:

"I would not have believed th Henry Morton, if half mankind ha ungrateful, rebellious traitor! rebel and without even the pretext of warn the liver of such a crack-friend the envoy there. But I shou be, he was a presbyterian—1 or aware that I was nursing a wolf bical nature would make him it at me on the first opportunity, on earth again, and a presbyterian rebel of three months—it is in the ve."

"Well," said Lord Evandale, "I to recommend surrender; but, if it, and we receive no relief from Edin I think we ought to avail ourselves get the ladies, at least, safe out of th."

"They will endure all, ere they protection of such a smooth-tongued avowed the Major indignantly; "I ther for relatives were it other dismiss the worthy ambassador," said, turning to Langdale, "tell y the mob they have gathered you have not a particular opinion of the own skulls. I would advise them to knock them against those old wall send no more flares of truce, or we
son's a bit over hard for them—it's no for naught that the hawk whistles.

Above these words, the ridge was once more crowded with the ranks of the enemy. A general discharge of their fire-arms was directed against the defenders upon the battlements. Under cover of this, the march of the command down the road with determined courage, and, sustaining with firmness a heavy fire from the garrison, they forced their way, in spite of opposition, to the first barricade by which the avenue was defended. They were led on by Balfour in person, who displayed courage equal to his enthusiasm; and, in spite of every opposition, forced the barricade, killing and wounding several of the defenders, and making a breach in it to their second position. The precautions, however, of Major Bellenden rendered this success unnerving; for no sooner were the Covenanters in possession of the post, than a close and destructive fire was poured into it from the Castle, and from those stations which commanded it in the rear. Having no means of protecting themselves from this fire, or of returning it with effect against men who were under cover of their barricades and defences, the Covenanters were obliged to retreat; but not until they had, with their axes, destroyed the stockade, so as to render it impregnable, and the companions of their fallen comrades in arms fell upon them as to fire upon the enemy without endangering their friends. The sharp-shooters, dispersed around, were firing incessantly on each object that was exposed upon the barricade, and again against Balfour. The retreat of the party he commanded was not effected without heavy loss, and served as a severe lesson concerning the local advantages possessed by the garrison.

The next attack of the Covenanters was made with more caution. A strong party of marksmen, (many of them competitors at the game of the pop-nail,) advanced in company with Balfour through the woods where they afforded them the best shelter, and, avoiding the open road, endeavoured, by forcing their way through the bushes and trees, and up upon the ridge, which bounded it on either side, to gain a position, from which, without being exposed in an intolerable degree, they might annoy the flank of the second barricade, while it was menaced in front by a second attack from Balfour. The leaders saw the danger of this movement, and endeavoured to impede the approach of the marksmen, by firing upon them at every point where they showed themselves. They succeeded, for a time, in persuading, by dint of good coolness, spirit, and judgment, in the manner in which they approached the defences. This was, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the steady and adroit manner in which the young leader, who showed as much skill in protecting his own followers as spirit in annoying the enemy, repeatedly enjoined his marksmen to direct their aim chiefly upon the redcoats, and to save the others engaged in the defence of the Castle; and, above all, to spare the life of the old Major, whose anxiety made him more than once expose himself in a manner, that, without such generosity on the part of the enemy, might have proved fatal. A dropping fire of musketry now glanced from every part of the precipitous mount on which the Castle was founded. From a bush, or hedge— from a clump of trees, the marksmen continued to advance, availing themselves of branches and roots to assist their ascent, and contending at once with the disadvantages of the ground and the fire of the enemy. At length they got so high on the ascent, that several of them possessed an opportunity of firing into the barricade against the defenders, who then lay exposed to their aim. But this moment, the onset of moment, moved forward to the attack in front. His onset was made with the same desperation and fury as before, and met with less resistance, the defenders being scattered about, and the sharp-shooters had made in turning the flank of their position. Determined to improve his advantage, Balfour, with his axe in his hand, pursued the party whom he had disabled, and, in the interval of the forward and last barricade, entered it along with them.
TALES OF MY LANDLORD. [CHAP. X.

ingy; for, unless that he was something apprehen-
sive of the reception he might meet with in the inside,
his conscience insisted that he was making but a
slight chance of Major Bellenden's favours and
protection. He got up, however, into the yew-
trees, followed by his companions, one after another.
The window was small, and had been secured by
stanchions of iron, but these had been long worn
away by time, or forced out by the domestics to pos-
sess a free passage for their occasional conven-
ience. Entrance was therefore easy, providing there
was one in the party, a passage so vast as to en-
devour to discover before he made the final and
perilous step. While his companions, therefore, were
urging and threatening him behind, and he was hesi-
tating and hesitating, he took his key, and entered the apart-
ment, his head became visible to Jenny Dennison,
who had ensconced herself in said pantry as the
safer place in which to wait the issue of the assault.
So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she
set up a hysteric scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen,and,
in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of
kail-brose which she herself had hung on the fire
before the combat began, having previously caused to be
sent by Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus bur-
denred, she returned to the window of the pantry, and
still exclaiming, "Murder! murder! we are a har-
ny rascal's crew!" and as if the Church's Com-
mander were the only person in the place, she disch-
arged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a dismal yell, upon the
person of the unfortunate Cuddie. However welcome the</p>
him, as far as the interest of the cause I have said will permit. I never made a secret of my love for him."

"And of that," said Burley; "but, if thou conceale it, I should, nevertheless, have found thy riddle. Now hearken to my words. This Belkenneth hath means to subdue his garrison to himself."

"This is not the case," answered Morton; "we know those are hardly equal to a week’s consumption."

"No, but," continued Burley; "I have since had other stronger nature, that such a garrison is in the garrison by that witty and gray-headed saint, partly to prevail on the soldiers to submit a ministration of their daily food, partly to detain us till the walls of the fort until the sword is set to smile and destroy us."

"And why was not the evidence of this laid before the council of war?" said Morton.

"What purpose?" said Balfour. "Why need selective Kettledrumme, Macbrair, Pontedrex, tunzeil, upon such a point? Thyself must own, whatever is told to them escapes to the lost unit and is not noticed by the preachers at their next meeting. They are already discouraged by the thoughts of being before the fort a week. What would be the use were they ordered to prepare for the worst?"

"I never doubt it, than, from me? or why tell now? I, and above, all proofs have you got fact!" continued Morton.

"And that is the reason," replied Burley; and he to his hands a number of requisitions sent forth to major Belkenneth, with receipts on the back to as propitiate, for cattle, corn, meal, &c., to an amount, that he of his will seemed to ex
tingle the possibility of the garrison being soon dec
d for provisions. But Burley did not inform
of a fact which he himself knew full well, y, that the garrison, owing to the rapacity of the droogons to collect them, who readily sold to one man they took from another, and abused the Major’s for stores, pretty much as Sir John Pultalil did of the King for men.

and now," continued Balfour, observing that he made the desired impression, "I have only to say that I concealed this from thee no longer than it concealed from myself, for I have only received papers this morning; and I tell it unto thee now, thou mayest go on thy way rejoicing, and work through all this together."

"The king’s commission of Kilbride, I mean; no evil can befall thy friends in the maligna
, since their fort is abundantly victualled, and I see not numbers sufficient to do more against it than to strengthen it."

"And why," continued Morton, who felt an inex
sible reluctance to acquiesce in Balfour’s reason
"why not permit me to remain in the command as smaller party, and march forward yourself to gow? It is the more honourable charge."

And therefore, young man," answered Burley, ye I laboured that it should be committed to the of Silas Morton. I am waging old, and this war has a thousand of honour where it could be ered by danger. I speak not of the frothy bubble that men call earthly fame, but the honour belonging to him who has the chance to return with his career is yet to run. Thou hast to bestow the trust which has been bestowed on thee through assurance that it was fairly well-merited. At Mon-bill thou went a captive, and at the last ult it was thy part to fight under cover, whilst I
the more open and dangerous attack; and, last thou now remain before these walls when I at worst knew, it was advisable to the party gained by the repulse, he had still the mortification to hear many of those in his ranks muttering to each other, that "this came of trusting to intruders from a bail of boys; and the last renewal of their attack, as he did that of the barbier of Tillicoultry, the issue would have been as different as might be."

"It was with burning resentment that Morton burst..."
these reflections thrown out by the very men who had
soonest exhibited signs of disaffection. The utmost
prospect, however, had the effect of firing his emula-
tion, and making him as Agile as he was active, it was
absolutely necessary that he should conquer or die.
"I have no retreat," he said to himself. "All shall
allow—even Major Bellenden—even Edith—that in
courage, at least, the rebel Morton was not inferior to
his father.
The condition of the army after the repulse was so
undisciplined, and in such disorganization, that the
least thought of trying to draw them together from
the city to gain time for reducing them once more
into such order as they were capable of adopt-
ing. Recruits, in the mean while, came fast in, more
numerous by the extreme hardships of their own con-
dition, and encouraged by the advantage obtained
at London-hill, than defeated by the last unfortunate
enterprise. Many of these attacked themselves par-
ticularly to Morton's division. He had, however,
the mortification to see that his unpopularity among
the more intolerant part of the Covenanters increased
rapidly. The prudence beyond his years, which he
exhibited in the conduct and arrangement of his
followers, they termed a trusting in the arm of flesh,
and his avowed tolerance for those of religious sentiments and observances different from his
own, they misconstrued to the makeshift of Gallo!,
who cared for none of those things.
What was worse than these misconceptions, the
mob of the insurgents, always loudest in applause of those who
preached rebellion and open sedition, in public,
disputed with such as endeavoured to reduce them to
the yoke of discipline preferred assembly the most
zealous leaders, in whose ranks enthusiasm in the ex-
citement of general hatred and good-natured
subjection, to the restraints which Morton endeav-
oured to bring them under. In short, while bearing
the principal burden of command, for his colleagues
were as long as they could, but any thing favourable
to the arms of the army was troublesome and obnoxious in the office of gene-
ral,) Morton found himself without that authority,
which alone could render his regulations effectual.
Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, he had,
during the course of a few days, laboured so hard to
introduce some degree of discipline into the army,
that he thought he might hazard a second attack
upon Claverhouse, with a better prospect of success.
It cannot be doubted that Morton's anxiety to
measure himself with Colonel Grahame of Claver-
house, at whose hands he had sustained such injury, had
its share in giving the motive to his unsuccessful
exactions. But Claverhouse disappointed his hopes;
for, satisfied with having the advantage in repulsing
the first attack upon Glasgow, he determined that he
would not, until the handful of men under his com-
dand, avert a second assault from the insurgents,
with more numerous and better disciplined forces
than had supported their first enterprise. He there-
fore evacuated the place, and marched at the head of
his troops towards Edinburgh. The insurgents of
Glasgow without resistance, and with-
out Morton having the opportunity, which he so
demanded, of giving manner to his unceasing
attempts. But, although he had not an opportunity
of saving away the disgrace which had befallen his
division of the army of the Covenant, the retreat of
Claverhouse, and the possession of Glasgow, tended
greatly to animate the insurgent army, and to increase
its numbers. The necessity of appointing new
officers of organizing new regiments and squads to
making them acquainted with at least the most
necessary points of military discipline, were things
which, however, he could not so easily arrange upon
Henry Morton, and which he the more readily
undertook, because his father had made his ac-
quainted with the theory of the military art, and
because, he plainly saw, that, unless he succeeded
in a display not unbractic, but absolutely necessary labour, it was
vain to expect any other to engage in it.
In the mean while, fortune appeared to favour
the enterprise of the Covenant, as the metc®
game durst have expected. The Privy Council of
Scotland, astonished at the extent of resistance with
their arbitrary measures had provoked, sent sup-
plied with an offer, and incapable of taking steps to
subdute the resentment which these measures had
excited. There were but very few troops in Scotland
and these they drew towards Edinburgh, as if men
an army for the protection of the metropolis.
In feudal array of the crown vessels in the various
ports, was ordered to take the field, and reappear to
King the military service due for their hire. This
is monum, excessive and general, as well as
not generally popular among the gentry; and the
men who were not unwilling themselves to have
been taken arms, were deterred by the remuneration of the
kings, are, mothers, and subjects, to their engaging in
the cause.
Mean while, the inadequacy of the Scotish arm
ment to provide for their own defence, or to put
up to a rebellion, was sufficiently evident in the
dithering, excited at the English court doubt at all
their capacity, and of the prudence of the revo-
cy they had exerted against the oppressed presbyteri-
ans. It was proved, as it was said, the reason of the
demand of the army of Scotland, the unfortunate
bold of Monmouth, who had by marriage a great
piece of land, and a numerous following as a
result, in the absence of his master. The military
skill which he had displayed on different
circumstances abroad, was supposed more than ade-
as a substitute in the insurrection in the field, and was
esteemed that his mild temper, and the favorable
position which he showed to presbyterian in spirit
might soften men's minds, and tend to reconcile
him to the government. The Duke was, therefore,
more than ever, disposed of getting the distracted affairs of Scotland, and disperse
from London with strong succours to take the
presbyterian military command in that country.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I am bound to Bothwellhill,
Where I muse either do or die.

Old Ballad

There was now a pause in the military move-
nen on both sides. The government seemed con-
scious of not preventing the rebels advancing towards the Cape
while the insurgents were intent upon augmenting
and strengthening their forces. For the pres-
tant they established a sort of encampment in the
region belonging to the ducal residence at Hamilton, the
critical situation for receiving their recruits, and who
were secured from any sudden attack, by the
clyde, a deep and rapid river, in front of which
was a bridge, near the castle and village of Both-
wel. Morton remained here for about a month
on the attack on Glasgow, actively engaged in
the duties of the day, in the gathering of recruits
from Berwick, but they only stated, in no
that the Castle of Tullietdileum continued to be
owned by it, and that the Bishop of Stirling, in
charge of the castle, imposed upon the soldiers a
command his desire, or rather his intention,—for
by no means apprehensive, for the military council
insurgents were evidently making steps to

These funds which tore to pieces the little army of insurgents,
turned mainly on the point whether the king's interest or royal
authority was to be owned or not, and whether the party in
arms were to be contented with a free exercise of their own
religion, or insist in the re-establishment of Presbyterianity in
its supreme power, and the establishment of all other forms of worship. The few country gentlemen who
were inclined to take any part of the clergy, thought it best to limit their demands to what it might
be possible to attain. But the party who urged these measures
were comparatively a very small proportion of the whole,
now was the more eager. At the first gathering of the
party, men, namely, who were willing to follow the
members of the church of England, the clergy, and the
people, and accentuated them "a more upon Mirrath, and a more upon
Erachs," See the Life of Sir Robert Hamilton in the Work of
his account of the Battle of Bothwell bridge.

* * *
es to fear to lose them, and felt somewhat of their own inability to supply his place. He had become rigid than they submitted to themselves, is suffered to depart on his journey without objection being stated. The Reverend Mr. to take up his residence in the neighbourhood of Millwood, with his company on the jour- the country was chiefly friendly to their in possession of the fashion parties, here and there the stronghold of some old g Baron, they travelled without any other than the faithful Cuddie.

near sunset when they reached Millwood. unext bid adieu to his companions, and forward alone to his own manses, which was half a mile’s march beyond Tilletudlem. Morton was left alone to his own reflections, a complication of feelings did he review his banks, and fields, that had been familiar his character, as well as his habits, thoughts, passions, had been entirely changed within of little more than a fortnight, and twenty led to have done upon him the work of as. A mild, romantic, gentle-tempered ed up in stopper, generally sty of a sobered and tyrannical relation, had by the rod of oppression and the spur of his, been compelled to stand forth as a leader man, and in that capacity, he, having a ture, had friends to animate and enemies to wish, and felt his individual fate bound up in national insurrection and revolution. It is the universal one that animates a romantic dreams of youth to the labours and active manhood. All that had formerly inte- nated was obliterated from his memory, except his attachment to Cuddie; and even his love have assumed a character more manly and refined, as it had become mellowed and contrast- ther duties and feelings. As he revolved the of this sudden change, the circumstances it originated, and the possible consequences

If fall young,” he said, “if fall I must, my unconstrued, and my actions condemned, whose reputation is supposed to bear the liberty and patriotism in is in my hand, and I ever fall merely nor unavenged. They may y body: and gibe my head; but other days, when the charge of infamy is thrown on me who may pronounce it. And that Hea- name is so often profused during this war, will bear witness to the purity of the y which I have been guided.”

approaching Millwood, Henry’s knock upon the window intimated the consciousness timidity of a man who has been out of bounds, but the confi- man in full possession of his own rights, ter of his own actions—bold, free, and de- the door was cautiously opened by his old man, Mrs. Alison Wilson, who started back seeing the staid face and nodding plume of the sister.  

“Is my uncle, Alison?” said Morton, smiling amiably.

“Ah, Mr. Harry! is this you?” returned the

“In truth, ye’r garr’d my heart lump to my th-th-It canna be your ainself, for ye look near manly-like than ye used to do.”

beastly, friend—eh, right, smiling at the same time: “I believe this y make you look taller, and these times, Aliee, ’n out of boy’s time—ah!” echoed the old woman; “and if ye said be endanger’d wi’ them, but wha if ye—ye were ill enough guided, and, as I tell ye, if ye trend on a worm it will turn. I said be, housekeeper no longer resented the familiar


citaphet, “and would let no one blame me but yourself. I am aware of that!—Where is my uncle?”

“In Edinburgh,” replied Aliee: “I think it was best to gang and sit by the chimney when the rock rase—a vex’d man he’s been and a feard—but ye ken the Laird as well as I do.”

“Thou hope he has suffered nothing in health?” said Henry.

“Nothing to speak of,” answered the housekeeper, “nor in gudes neither—we fenced as well as we could; and, though the troopers of the Thistle muck’d the red cow and said Hackie, ye’ll mind them well, yet they stuck us a guile bargain o’ four they were driving to the Castle.”

“Sold ye a bargain?” said Morton; “how do you mean?”

“Oh, ou cam out to gather marts for the garn- son,” answered the housekeeper; “but they just fell to their auld trade, and rade through the country copper and selling a’ that they got, like the many west-country drovers. My currie, Major Bellenden was laid o’ the least share o’ what they lifted, though it was tae’n in his name.”

“Then,” said Morton, hastily, “the garnison must be straitened for provisions?”

“Stressed enough,” replied Aliee—“there’s little doubt o’ that.”

A light instantly glanced on Morton’s mind. “Burley must have deceived me—craft as well as cruelty is permitted by his creed.” Such was his inward thought; he said aloud, “I cannot stay, Mrs. Wilson, I must go forward directly.”

“But, oh! hide to eat a mouthful,” entreated the affectionate housekeeper, “and I’ll make it ready for you. I used to do them in the days of my youth.”

“It is impossible,” answered Morton. “Cuddie, get our horses ready.”

They’re just eating their corn,” answered the attendant.

“Cuddie!” exclaimed Aliee: “what garr’d ye bring that ill-faun’d, unlucky loon along wi’ ye? It was him and his randie mother began a’ the mischief in this house.”

“Tut, tut,” replied Cuddie, “ye should forget and forge, mistress. Mother’s in Glasgow wi’ her tute, and saul plaque ye mair; and I’m the Captain’s wattle now, and I keep him tighter in thick and rare than ever ye did—saw ye him ever see weel put on as he is now?”

“In truth and that’s true,” said the old house- keeper, looking with a countenance of great respect at her young master, whose mouth she thought much improved by his dress. “I’m sure ye ne’er had a faced countenance like that when ye were at Millwood; that’s name o’ my seeing.”

“No, na, mistress,” replied Cuddie, “that’s a rest o’ my head—and that’s a rest o’ Lord Ednam’s brains.”

“Lord Ednam?” answered the old lady, “that’s him that the whigs are gaun to hamp the young, as I hear say.”

“The whigs about to hang Lord Ednam? I said Morton, in the greatest surprise.

“Ay, truth en thee,” said the housekeeper. “Yesterday night he made a jelly, so they exit, (his mother’s name was Sally—I wonder they ye Christian folk’s names to see much in these days,) but he made an outbreak to get everything, and his men were out back and he was ta’en, an the young Captain Bell- four garr’d set up a flag, and swore, for revenge upon his conscience, for they wanna swear, if the garrison was not get over the moor by daylight, he would bring up the young lord, put thing as light as Hamman. These are fair times!”—but folk canna help them—see ye do ye sit down and tak bread and cherries and better trade ready. Ye whisken hues toed a word about it, and I hae thought it was to spoil your dinner, laddie.”

“Fed, or unfed,” exclaimed Morton, “wee’l the horses instantly, Cuddie. We must not let us go before the Castle.”

And, as saying all Aliee’s entreaties, they mounted on their steeds.

Morton and Cuddie rode off with all haste to the castle of Ormond.
That honest man had just resumed for an instant his pacific habits, and was pursuing an ancient theological treatise, with a pipe in his mouth, and a small fire in a hearth in the corner of his room. Perhaps the poor man, while engaged in the performance of this latter task, had not observed the approach of the stranger, for in the interval he had been in the street. He had just returned, being, as he said, on business of importance. He was a tall, thin, and rather ill-looking man, with a beard and a mustache, and was clad in a black coat and a black hat, with a white skin upon it. He looked very wretched, and his eyes were red and sunken. He was a man of middle age, and had a look of great astonishment upon his face when he saw young Mr. Holmes.
OLD MORTALITY.

"What is the matter, Jenny?" said Morton, kindly.
"You know how much I owe you in many respects, and can hardly make a request that I will not grant, if in my power."
Many thanks, Milnwood," said the weeping damsel; "but ye were aye a kind gentleman, though folk say ye be a strange bairn changeable."
"What do they say of me?" answered Morton.
"A body says," replied Jenny, "that you and the whigs hae made a vow to dinge King Charles off the throne, and that no friends of the present posteriors from generation to generation, shall sit upon it any mair; and John Gudly thince ye're to gie a' the church organs to the papers, and burn the Book o' Common-prayer by a' the common' man, in revenge of the Covenant that was burnt when the king cam' hame."
My friends at Tiltietiel'd judge too hastily and too ill of me," answered Morton. "I wish to have free exercise of my own religion, without insulting any other; and as to your family, I only desire an opportunity to show them I have the same friendship and kindness as ever."
"Bless your kind heart for saying so," said Jenny, bursting into a flood of tears; "and they never needed kindness or friendship mair, for they are famish'd for last."
"Good God!" replied Morton, "I have heard of scarcity, but not of famine! Is it possible?—Have the ladies and the Major—"
"They hae been sic near like the lave o' us," replied Jenny; "for they shared every bit and sup wi' the whole folk in the Castle—I'm sure my poor een see fifty colours wi' fairness, and my head's se dizzel wi' the myrtices that they canna stand my head agin it—Cuddy, fetch refreshments—food—wine, if possible—whatever you can find."
"Whisky is gude enough for her," muttered Cuddy; "ane wadna na thought that gude meal was sic scant among them, while the open thrae muckle guad Kail-house scalding hot about my lugs."
Faint and the said Jenny as the Major nae tae be, she could not hear the allusion to her plight during the storm of the Castle, without bursting into a laugh which was soon converted into a hysteric giggling. Concerned, he stated the distress and horror on the distress which must have been in the Castle, Morton repeated his command to Headigins in a peremptory manner; and when he had departed, endeavoured to soothe his visitor.
"You come, I suppose, by the orders of your mistress, to visit Lord Evandale?—Tell me what she desires; her orders shall be my law."
Jenny appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, "Your honour is sac auld a friend, I must needs trust to you, and tell the truth."
"Be assured, Jenny," said Morton, observing that she hesitated, "that you will best serve your mistress by dealing sincerely with me."
"Well, then, ye maun ken we're starving, as I said before, and have been mair days than one; and the Major has sworn that he expects relief daily, and that he will not gie owre the house to the enemy til we have eaten up his auld borts,—and they are unc.—he'll stick to the soles, as ye may gel mad, furt being tough in the leather. The Major says they think they will be forced to gie up at last, and they canna bide hunger, after the life they led at the Castle for quit four quarters. He's aye by-mast; and since Lord Evandale's taen, there's nae gude in the place, and gin Ils says he'll gie up the garrison to the whigs, and the Major and the leddies into the bargain, they'll be glad to hang themselve.""Scoundrels!" said Morton; "why do they not make terms for all in the Castle?"
"They are fear'd for denial o' quarter to themsell's, having dish a sue muckle mischeif through the coun-
try; Burley hae hanged a' or twa o' them already—say they want to draw their ain necks out o' the collar at hazard o' honest folk's." "And now we're sent," continued Morton, "to carry to Lord Evandale the unpleasent news of the men's mutiny?" "Just'en sae," said Jenny; "Tam Halliday took the run, and tould me a' about it, and gat me out o' the Castle to tell Lord Evandale, if possibly I could win at him." "But how can he help you?" said Morton; "he is grumling and grumbling." "Well-an, ay," answered the afflicted damsel; "but maybe he could mak fair terms for us—or, may-
be, he could gie us some good advice—or, maybe, he might send his orders to the dragons to be civil-
or." "Or, maybe," said Morton, "you were to try if it were possible to set him at liberty?" "If it were sae," answered Jenny with spirit, "it wadna be the first time I hae done my best to serve a friend in captivity." "True, Jenny," replied Morton, "I wad be most un-
grateful to forget it. But here comes Cuddie with Peter, and I will go and speak to Lord Evandale, while you take some food and wine." "It wadna be aines ye should ken," said Cuddie to his master, that this Jenny, his Mrs. Denison, was here. "This is the reeler's man, to win into Lord Evandale's room without any body kennin. She was na thinking the, grasps, that I wadna hae had about me, and an unco fright yoke me when ye caam ahint and took a grip o' me," said Jenny, giving him a sly twitch with her finger and her thumb—"if ye hadn'a been a suck acquaintance, ye daft gommen!" Cuddie would not see that relenting grinned a smile on his artful mistress, while Morton wrapped himself up in his cloak, took his sword under his arm, and wen'- straight to the place of the young nobleman's con-
finement, asked the sentinels if anything extraordin-
ary had occurred. "Nothing worth notice," they said, "excepting the loss that Cuddie took up, and two couriers that Captain Balfour had dispatched, one to the Reverend Ephraim Macbrier, another to Kettledrummle," both of whom were being kept from the drum ecclesiastic in dif-
terent towns between the position of Burley and the head of Dumgoyne. The other courier went to meet the Duke of Monmouth. "The purpose, I presume," said Morton, with an affection of indifference, "was to call them hither." "So I understand," answered the sentinel, who understood nothing; "but the Duke of Monmouth is a virtual concealing that we had no right to take them up; and that, for one, I will never agree to." "Perhaps it is hardly to be expected you should," said Lord Evandale; "yet on that point, and I am cer-
tain the negotiations will be wrecked. I am wil-
ing, however, having frankly told you my opinion, to do all in my power to bring about a reconciliation." "It is all we can wish or expect," replied Morton; "the issue is in God's hands, who disposes the hearts of princes. You accept, then, the safe conduct?" "Certainly," answered Lord Evandale; "and if I do not deserve upon the oblique, however—I have saved my life a second time, believe that I do not feel it the least." "And the garrison of Tillicoultry?" said Morton. "Shall be withdrawn as you propose," answered the young nobleman. "I am sensible the Major will be unable to bring the mutineers to reason; and I tremble to think of the consequences, should the ladies and the men be delivered up to this blood-thirsty ruffian, Burley." "You are in that case free," said Morton. "Pre-
pare to mount on horseback; a few men whom I can trust shall attend you till you are in safety from our parties." Leaving Lord Evandale in great surprise and joy at this unexpected deliverance, Morton hastened to get two horses along the tender arms of a rider holding the rein of a spare horse. Jenny, who...
while she partook of her refreshment, had contrived to make up her break with Cuddie, rode on the left hand of that valiant cavalier. The tramp of their horses and the Jacobite claims of Lord Edvandale's prisoner. Two men, whom he did not know, entered the apartment, disconcerted him of his letters, and conducting him down stairs, mounted him on the horse that had been tied up. They set out at a round trot towards Tillsudtem. The moonlight was giving way to the dawn when they approached that ancient fortress, and its dark massive tower, which had just received the first pale colouring of the morning. The party halted at the Tower barrier, not venturing to approach nearer for fear of the fire of the place. Lord Edvandale alone rode up to the front of it, a distance by Jenny Densmore. As they approached the gate, there was heard to sing in the court-yard a tumult, which accorded ill with the quiet serenity of a summer dawn. Cries and oaths were heard, a pistol-shot or two were discharged, and every thing announced that the mutiny had broken out. At this crisis Lord Edvandale arrived at the gate where Halliday was sentinel. On hearing Lord Edvandale's voice, he drew his sword, and that nobleman arrived among the mutinous troopers like a man dropped from the clouds. They were in the act of putting their design into execution, or, as it may be called, in the very act of insurrection; and we can but sit down to discern and overpower Major Bellenden, and Harrison, and others of the Castle, who were offering the best resistance in their power.

The presence of Edvandale changed the scene. He seized Inglis by the collar, and, abrasing him with his villany, ordered two of his comrades to seize and bind him, assuring the others, that their only chance of impunity would be in instant compliance. He then ordered the men into their ranks. They obeyed. He commanded them to ground their arms. They hesitated; but the instinct of discipline joined in the persuasion that they must yield to the superior officer, so the men of those arms must be supported by some forces without the gate, induced them to submit.

"Take away those arms," said Lord Edvandale to the people of the Castle; "they shall not be restored until these men know better the use for which they are intrusted with them. And now," he continued, addressing the mutineers, "begone!—Make the best use of a truce of an hour, which the enemy are contented to allow you. Take the road to Edinburgh, and meet me at the House-of-Muir. I need not bid you beware of committing violence by the order of any person, nor yet of any condition; but let me remind you of my own ancient name. Let your good name show that you mean to atone for this morning's baseness. Then, and when the disheartened soldiers shrank in silence from the presence of their officer, and, leaving the Castle, took the road to the place of rendezvous, making such haste as was inspired by the fear of meeting with some detached party of the insurgents, whom their present defenceless condition, and their former violence, might inspire with thoughts of revenge. Inglis, whom Edvandale destined for punishment, remained in custody. Halliday was praised for his conduct, and assured of succeeding to the rank of the cutpurse. These arrangements being hastily made, Lord Edvandale accosted the Major, before whose earnest scene had seemed to pass like the change of a dream.

"My dear Major, we must give up the place."

"Is it even so?" said Major Bellenden. "I was in hopes of you had brought reconciliation and supplication."

"Not a man—not a pound of meal," answered Lord Edvandale.

"Yet I am blest to see you," returned the honest Major; and it was informed yesterday that those psalm-singing rascals had a plot on your life, and I had matured the scoundrily dragoons ten months ago in order to beat up Burley's quarters and get you out of their mischief. And then, after all, you came in open mutiny. But what is to be done now?"

"I have, myself, no choice," said Lord Edvandale;
weal of his country sincerely at heart, and conceiving himself in the discharge of a patriotic duty.

"It might be imprudent, perhaps, to indulge in such a project, without your consent, certainly in your presence," replied Miss Bellenden, "is an answer to that question.

"Not in the present instance, I plought you the word of a sailor, replied the horseman; "I have been taught to dread from my birth," said Edith; "and, if I am to speak at all, I must utter my real sentiments. God only can judge the heart—men must deliberate by intentions. Treason, murder by the sword and by gibbet, the oppression of a private family such as ours, who were only in arms for the defence of the established government, and of our property and possessions, which gives us a peculiar claim to that leave of vengeance to them, by whatever specious terms they may be gilded over.

"The guilt of civil war, rejoined the horseman—"the miseries which it brings in its train, lie as do the doors of those who provoked it by illegal oppression, rather than of such as are driven to arms in order to assert their natural rights as freemen.

"That is assuming the question," replied Edith, "which ought to be proved. Each party contends that they are in right of point of principle, and therefore the guilt must lie with them who first drew the sword; as, in any case, it is impossible that those animals who are the first to have recourse to violence.

"Alas!" said the horseman, "were our vindication to rest there, how easy would it be to show that we have no part in such an event! Would it not be to cast ourselves beyond the power of humanity itself, were we driven by oppression into open resistance?—But I perceive," he continued, sighing deeply, "that it is vain to plead before a House which has already prejudged, perhaps as much from preconceived ideas of the persons as to the principles of those engaged in it."

"Pardon me," answered Edith; "I have stated with sufficient exactness of the principles of the insurgents; of their person, I know nothing—not expecting to find in one solitary instance:"nand that instance," said the horseman, "has influenced your opinion; the whole body of the people in this nation is prejudiced, perhaps as much from preconceived ideas of the persons as to the principles of those engaged in it."

"Far from it," said Edith; "he is—at least I once thought him—one in whose scale few are fit to be weighed—he is—or he seemed—one of very talent, high faith, pure morality, and warm affections. Can I approve of a rebellion which has made such a man, formed to ornament, to enlighten, and to defend his country, the companion of gloomy and ignorant beings, or consort with brutes?—the brother-in-arms to banditti and highwaymen?—Surely, you meet such a one in your camp, tell him that Edith Bellenden has been a prey of anxiety, of irritation, and the delight of her honourable name, than the distress of her own house, and that she has better endured that famine which has wasted her cheek and dimmed her eye, than the pang of heart which attended the reflection by and through whom these calamities were inflicted."

As she thus spoke, she turned upon her companion a countenance, whose sad look attested the reality of her sufferings, even while it glowed with the temporary animation which accompanied her language. The horseman was not insensible to the appeal; he raised his hand to his brow with the motion of one who feels a pang shoot along his brain, passed it hastily over his face, and then pulled the shadowing hat still deeper on his forehead. The movement, and the feeling which it excited, did not escape Edith, nor did she remark them without surprise and regret.

"And yet," she said, "should the person of whom I speak seem to you too deeply affected by the hard opinion of your friend, say to him, that sincere repentance is next to suffering itself; that he has been, or rather fallen from a height not easily recovered, and the author of much mischief, because gilded by his ex- clamation, he may still be in some measure for the evil he has done.

"And in what manner?" asked the cavalier, in the same suppressed, and almost choked voice.

By lending his efforts to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted countrymen, and to induce the deduced rebels to lay down their arms. By saving their blood, he may avenge for that which has been already spilt, and that shall not be the most in accomplishing this great end, will best deserve the thanks of this age, and an honoured remembrance in the next."

"And in such a peace," said her companion, with a firm voice. "Miss Bellenden would not wish, I think, that the interests of the people were sacrificed unreservedly to those of the crown?

"I am but a girl," was the young lady's reply; "and I scarce can speak on the subject without presumption. But, since I have gone so far, I will fairly add, I would wish to see a peace which should give the people a voice in the disposition of their own military rapine, which I detest as much as I do the means now adopted to resist it."

"Miss Bellenden," answered Henry Morton raising his face, and inclining in his saddle, "the person who has lost such a highly-valued place in your esteem, has yet too much spirit to plead his cause as a criminal; and, conscious that he can no longer claim a friend's interest in your bosom, he would be silent under your hard censure, were it not that he can refer to the honoured testimony of Lord Evandale, that his earnest wishes and most active exertions are, even now, directed to the accomplishment of such a peace as the most loyal cannot condemn."

He bowed with dignity to Miss Bellenden, who, though her language intimated that she well knew of whom he spake, probably had not expected that he would justify himself with such unusual animation. She returned his salute, confused and in silence. Morton then rode forward to the head of the party.

"Henry Morton! exclaimed Major Bellenden, surprised at the sudden apparition.

"The same," answered Morton; "who is sorry that he could not harmonize the hard construction of Major Bellenden and his family. He comes to you, Lord Evandale," he continued, turning towards the young nobleman, and bowing to him, "the charge of understanding his friends, both regarding the particulars of his conduct and the purity of his motives. Farewell, Major Bellenden—all happiness attend you and yours—May we meet again in happier and better times!"

"Believe me," said Lord Evandale, "your confidence, Mr. Morton, is not misplaced, I will endeavours to repay the great services I have received from you by doing my best to place your character on its proper footing. Mr. Major Bellenden, and all whose esteem you may have.""

"I expected no less from your generosity, my lord," said Morton.

He then called his followers, and rode off along the heath in the direction of Hamilton, their feathers waving and their steel caps glancing in the beams of the setting sun. Cuddie Headring alone remained an instant behind his companions to take an affectionate farewell of Jenny Dennison, who had contrived, during this short morning's ride, to re-establish her influence over his susceptible bosom. A straggling tree or two obscured, rather than concealed, their tête-à-tête, as they halted their horses to bid adieu.

"Fare ye well, Jenny," said Cuddie, with a loud exertion of his lungs, intended perhaps to be a sigh, but rather resembling the intonation of a groan—"I'll think of you, dear Cuddie, and time and time again, will you be kind to me, Jenny? Jenny? Jenny? Jenny? Jenny!"

"Whiles—at breaze-time," answered the malicious damsel, unable either to suppress the repartee, or the arch smile which attended it.

Cuddie took his revenge as rustic lovers are wont; and as Jenny probably expected,—caught his mien round the neck of Jenny—he bent the neck of Jenny—then the horse and horseman turned, and then turned his horse and trotted off to his master.

"Deil's in the fellow," said Jenny, wiping her lips and adjusting her head-dress. "He's twice the spunk o' Tam Halliday, after a. —Coming, my laddy, coming—Lord have a care o' us, I trust the old lad didn't see us!"

"Jenny," said Lady Margaret, as the damsel came..."
OLD MORTALITY.

up," was not that young man who commanded the party the same that was captain of the popinjay, and who was afterwards prisoner at Tillicoultry on the morning Claverhouse came there on. He had no hand in the matter, but no reference to her own little matters, looked at her young mistress, to discover, if possible, whether it was her cue to speak truth or not. Not being able to catch any hint to avert it, she followed her instinct as a lady's maid, and lied.

"I dinna believe it was him, my leddy," said Jenny, as confidently as if she had been saying her catechism. "She's a little lassie that," said she.

"You must have been blind, Jenny," said the Major: "Henry Morton is tall and fair, and that youth is the very man.

"I had the thing ad to be looking at him," said Jenny, tossing her head; "he may be as fair as a farding candle, for me.

"Is it not," said Lady Margaret, "a blessed escape which we have made, out of the hands of so desperate and bloodthirsty a fanatic?"

"You are deceived, madam," said Lord Evandale: "Mr. Morton merits such a title from no one, but least of all from you. I am told that you are now on your safe retreat to your friends, instead of being prisoners to a real fanatical homicide, is solely and entirely owing to the prompt, active, and ener-
ging presence of this young gentleman.

He then went into a particular narrative of the events which the reader is acquainted, dwelling upon the merits of Morton, and expatiating on the rancor with which he had rendered them these important services, as if he had been a brother instead of a rival.

"I was worse than ungrateful," he said, "were I silent in the merits of the man who has twice saved my life.

"I would willingly think well of Henry Morton, my lord," replied Major Bellenden; "and I own he had never offended me to purpose. But I cannot have the same allowances which it pleases your lordship to entertain for his present conduct.

"You are to consider," replied Lord Evandale, "that he has been partly forced upon them by necessity; and I must add, that his principles, though differing in some degree from my own, are such as our countrymen regard with respect. I have some knowledge of men is not to be disputed, spoke justly of him as to his extraordinary qualities, but with prejudice, and harshly, concerning his principles and maxims.

"You have not been long in learning all your extraordinary qualities, my lord," answered Major Bellen-
den, "I who have known him from boyhood, could, with less space, have stated, with equal surety, some of his great principles and good-nature; but as to his high talents-"

"They were, probably hidden, Major," replied the generous Lord Evandale, "even from himself, until circumstances called them forth; and, if I have detected them, was only because our intercourse and conversation turned on momentous and important subjects. He is now labouring to bring this rebellion to an end, and the terms he has proposed are so moderate, that they shall not want my hearty recommendation.

"And have you hopes," said Lady Margaret, "to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive?"

"I should have, madam, were every whig as moderate as Morton, and every loyalist as disinterested as Major Bellenden. But such is the fanaticism and violent irritation of both parties, that I fear nothing will end this civil war save the edge of the sword." It may be readily supposed that Edith listened with the deepest interest to this conversation. While she regretted that she had expressed herself harshly and hastily to her lover, she felt a conscious and proud satisfaction that his character was, even in the judgment of others, so high. She had a rival, such as her own attachment had once spoilt.

"Civil feuds and domestic prejudices," she said, "may render it necessary for me to hear his remem-

brance from my heart; but it is no small rebuke to know assuredly, that it is worthy of the place it has so long retained there."

While Edith was thus retracting her unjust remon-

santions, her eyes rested at the camp of the insurgents, near Hamilton, which she found in considerable confusion. Certain advices had arrived that the royal army, having been recruited from England by a large detachment of the King's Guards, were about to take the field. Fame magnified their numbers and their high state of equipment and discipline, and spread abroad other circumstances, which dismayed the pride of the brave and courage of the weak. Wherever they might have expected from Monmouth, was likely to be inter-
cepted by the influence of those associated with him in command. His lieutenant-general was the cele-

brated General Thomas D'Alton, who, having prac-
tised the art of war in the then barbarous country of

Russia, was as much feared for his cruelty and indif-
ference to human life and human sufferings, as res-
pected for his steady loyalty and undaunted valour.

This man was second in command to Monmouth, and the horse were commanded by Cleverhouse, burning with desire to revenge the death of his nephew, whom they regarded as a friend. To these acc-
counts was added the most formidable and terrific description of the train of artillery and the cavalry force with which the royal army took the field.*

Large quantities of treasure, having in language, religion, and manners, no con-

nection with the insurgents, had been summoned to join the royal army under their various chieftains; and these Americans, afterwards the insurgents, deemed them, came like eagles to the slaughter. In fact, every person who could ride or run at the King's command, was summoned to arms, apparently with the purpose of fighting and finding. The English and the Scots, men of property whom their principles might deter from joining the royal standard, though prudence prevented them from joining that of the insurgent Presbyterians. In that short time they had with speed encouraged, no apprehen-

sion among the insurgents, that the King's vengeance had only been delayed in order that it might fall more certain and more heavy.

Morton endeavoured to fortify the minds of the common people by pointing out the probable exaggera-
tion of these reports, and by reminding them of the strength of their own situation, with an undoubted river in front, only passing by a long and narrow bridge. He called to their remembrance their victory over Claverhouse when their numbers were few, and then much worse disciplined and appointed for battle than now. Hence to them that the provo on which they lay afforded, by its undulation, and the thickness which intersected it, considerable protection against artillery, and even against cavalry, if stently defended; and that these advantages, in fact, depended on their own spirit and resolution.

* A Cameronian muse was awakened from slumber on this delightful occasion, and gave the following account of the muster of the royal forces, in poetry nearly as melodiously as the subject:

They marched east through Lithgow-town
For to enslave their forces.
And went for all the north-country
And took the view, both foot and horse.
Montrose did come and Athole both,
And with them many more;
And all the Highland Amours
That had been there before.
The Lowden Malise they
With their great coat of blew;
Five hundred men from London came,
Cld in a redress hue.
When they were assembled one and all,
What were they? Like to a pack of jollish hounds,
I like to their prey.
When they were all provided well,
In armour and ammunition,
Then they consider did they come,
Most cruel of intentions.

The royalists celebrated their victory in strains of epic

music. Recent events may be found in the following:


* Lesbian William.
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

[CHAP. XXX.

But while Morton thus endeavoured to keep up the courage of the army at large, he availed himself of the firmness of the service on the hands of the leaders the necessity of proposing to the government moderate terms of accommodation, while they were still formidable as commanding an undisciplined and unruly army. He pointed out to them, that, in the present humour of their followers, it could hardly be expected that they would engage, with advantage, the well-appointed and regular forces of the king, and that, in all probability, they would, as was most likely, be defeated and dispersed, the assassination in which they had engaged, so far from being useful to the country, would be rendered the apology for several secessions.

Pressed by these arguments, and feeling it equally dangerous to remain together, or to dismiss their forces, most of the leaders readily agreed, that if such terms could be obtained as had been transmitted to the Duke of Monmouth by the hands of Lord Vendale, the purpose for which they had taken up arms would be, in a great measure, accomplished. They then entered into similar resolutions, and agreed to guarantee the petition and remonstrance which had been drawn up by Morton. On the contrary, there were still a veritable faithfuls, and those men whose influence was so much less than that of other members of the multitude, who, without foresight, and nothing to lose, and persuaded many that the time councilors, who recommended peace, were, it was thought, on the point of disbanding the army, and the declaration independence of the church with respect to the state, were cowardly labourers, who were about to withdraw their hands from the plough, and surmise trimmers, who sought only a specious pretext for deserting their brethren in arms. These contradictory opinions were fiercely argued in each tent of the insurgen army, or rather in the huts and cabins which served in the place of tents. Violence in language often led to open quarrels and blows, and the divisions into which the army of suffrages was rent served as too plain a presage of their future fate.

CHAPTER XXX.

The curse of growing faction and divisions

Still vary your counsels. Venial Preserved.

The prudence of Morton found sufficient occupation in stemming the furious current of these contesting parties, when, two days after his return to Hamilton, he was called by his friends and the clergy, to hear a gentleman by Mr. Pountz, a man, as he presently found, from the face of John Balfour of Burley, whom he left not a little ill-content at the share he had taken in the liberation of Lord Vendale. When the worthy divine had somewhat recited his prayers, after the hurry and fatigue of his journey, he proceeded to give Morton an account of what had passed in the vicinity of Tilletudrum after the memorable morning of his departure.

The night march of Morton had been accomplished with such dexterity, and the men were so faithful to their master, that he was enabled to find the report of what had happened until the morning was far advanced. His first inquiry was, whether Macbrair and Kedderumlie had arrived, agreeably to the summons Morton had given the evil. Macbrair came, and Kedderumlie, though a heavy traveller, might, he was informed, be expected by morning. Burley then dispatched a messenger to Morton to inform him of these events. At this time, however, the messenger returned with news that he had left the place. Pountz was next summoned; but he hearing, as he said himself, that it was ill described, he returned, with what was described of a quair mane, preferring a dark ride, though he had been on horseback the whole preceding day, to a renewal in the morning of a controversy with Burley, whose ferocity overawed him when unsupported by Morton. Burley's rage received a different turn upon the intelligence directed after Lord Vendale; and great was his rage when he learned that he had been conveyed away over night by a party of the marksmen of Mun- \n
"The villain!" exclaimed Burley, addressing himself to Macbrair; "the base, mean-spirited traitor, the base, mean-spirited traitor!" to set liberty the prisoner taken by my own right hand, through means of whom, I have little doubt, the possession of the place of strength which had brought us such troubles, might now have been in our hands!

"But is it not in our hands?" said Macbrair, looking up towards the Keep of the Castle; "and are not those the colours of the Covenant that float over its walls?"

"A straucter—a more trick," said Burley, "an insult over our disappointment, intended to aggravate and embitter our spirits."

He was interrupted by the arrival of one of Morton's followers, sent to report to him the evacuation of the place, and its occupation by the insurgen forces. By this time the news of Burley's attack had spread far, and his fury was so far braced by the reproof of higher command and of higher honour—have narrowed their outgoings, and cut off the springs, and broken the store of bread within their walls; and when the men were about to yield themselves to my hand, that their sons might be bondsmen, and their daughters a laughing-stock to our whole camp, confound this youth, without a word on his shield, and takes it on him to thrust his sickle into the harvest, and to rend the prey from the spoiler! Surely the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the city, with its captives, should be given to him that wins it!"

"Nay," said Macbrair, who was surprised at the degree of agitation which Balfour displayed, "chafe not thyself because of the ungodly. Heaven will use its own instruments; and who knows but this youth?"

"Hush! hush!" said Burley; "do not discredit thine own better judgment. It was thou that first badest me beware of this painter, with his laquered piece of copper, that passed current with me for gold. It fars ill, even with the elect, when they neglect the assistance of such young pastors as thou. But our carnal affections should not blind us; this ungrateful boy's father was mine ancient friend. They must be as earnest in their struggles as thou, Ephraim Macbrair; that would make us the more prepared for the work of God, and give us a clear view of the cloaks and chains of human nature."

This compliment touched the preacher in the most sensible part; and Burley deemed, therefore, he should find little difficulty in moulding his opinions to the support of his own views, more especially as they agreed exactly in their high-strained opinions of church government.

"Let us ascertain," he said, "go up to the Tower; there is that among the records in yonder fortress, which, well used as I can use it, shall be worth to us a valiant leader and a hundred horsemen."

"But will the evil not grow in strength the more we are despooled of her inheritance, and neither the malignant Evandale, nor the erastian Morton, shall possess yonder castle and lands, though they may seek marriage the while, and yet have the privilege!"

So saying, he led the way to Tilletudrum, where he seized upon the plate and other valuables for the use
communication with them on the subject of the public affairs, otherwise than by sending a dry invitation to them to attend a meeting of the general council for that evening.

On the arrival of Morton and Poudtext at the place of assembly they found their brethren already seated. Slight greetings passed between them, and it was soon evident that the assembly was entirely intended by those who convoked the council. The first question was put by Macbrair, the sharp eager-ness of whose real unkind to the van on all occasions; a vindictor, or rather his adherents, to attend a council at Tullibedum. He remembered, however, that the door had an iron gate, and the key a dungeon, and resolved not to trust himself to a place in which he had been before, rather than to Hamilton, with the tidings, and Macbrair, and Kettle-drummele, were coming to Hamilton as soon as they could collect a body of Cameronians sufficient to overawe the rest of the army.

"And ye see," concluded Poudtext, with a deep sigh, "that they will then possess a majority in the general council for Langale, though he has always paid for one of the honest and rational party, cannot be suitably or properly termed either fish, or flesh, or food red-herring—whenever the stronger party has Landale.

Thus concluded the heavy narrative of honest Poudtext, who sighed deeply, as he considered the danger in which he was placed between the unreasoning, impetuous, and clamorous enemy from without. Morton exhorted him to patience, temper, and composure; informed him of the good hope he had of negotiating for peace and indemnity through means of Lord Evanlade, and made out to him a very fair prospect that he should again return to his own punishment-bound Calvin, his enemies, and the country of instruments, feeling always he would offer his legal support and concurrence to the measures which he, Morton, had taken for a general pacification. Thus buffetted and comforted, Poudtext resolutely mustered his courage to await the coming of the Cameronians to the general rendezvous.

Burley and his confederates had drawn together a considerable body of these secours, amounting to a hundred horse and about fifteen hundred foot, clad and armed as a foot guard, and six hundred foot, clad and armed as a horse guard, and sixty men-only to take precautions for their personal safety, and, being thus equipped, they drove off, and then, herding together the raiders, they went on to the place of assembly, to the great rejoicing of the Cameronians and others, as they had been taken in their sleep, and were in a state of almost complete surprise. They were, indeed, a small party, and, as such, they were not to be expected. The Cameronians were, therefore, not only surprised, but frightened, and they were on the point of retiring when they saw the Cameronians. They then began to think of their safety, and, being thus prepared, they made a considerable number of them, and held no communication with them on the subject of the public affairs, otherwise than by sending a dry invitation to them to attend a meeting of the general council for that evening.

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TALES OF MY LANDLORD.  

"Let that be no obstacle," said Morton, "I will with pleasure enter any risk attached to the bearer of your errand."

"Let him go," said Balfour, apart to MacBriar; "our councils will be well rid of his presence."

Morton had now a considerable pretension, even from those who were expected to have been most active in opposing it; and it was agreed that Henry Morton should go to the camp of the Duke of Monmouth, in order to discover what terms the insurgents would be admitted to treat with him. As soon as his errand was made known, several of the more moderate party joined in requesting him to make terms between the great body of cavalry who had arrived on the Evandale's hands; for the approach of the King's army spread a general trepidation, by no means allayed by the high tone assumed by the Cameronians, which had so little support it, excepting their own headlong zeal. With these instructions, and with Cuddie as his attendant, Morton set forth towards the royal camp, at all the risks which attend those who assume the office of mediator during the heat of civil discord.

Morton had not proceeded six or seven miles before he perceived that he was on the point of falling in with a small body of armed men marching in great order towards Bothwell-muir, an open common, on which they intended to stop, with which he met, at the distance of scarcely two miles from the Clyde, on the farther side of which river the army of the insurgents was encamped. He gave himself up to the first advancing cavalry, which was by no means a flag of truce, and communicated his desire to obtain access to the Duke of Monmouth. The non-commissioned officer who commanded the party made his respects to Mr. Morton, and being again in such higher command, and both immediately rode to the spot where Morton was detained.

"You are but losing your time, my friend, and risking the lives of all of them," said the Duke of Monmouth, "the Duke of Monmouth will receive no terms from traitors with arms in their hands, and your cruelties have been such as to authorize retaliation of every kind. Better trot your nag back and save his mettle to-day, that he may save your life to-morrow."

"I cannot think," said Morton, "that even if the Duke of Monmouth should consider us as criminals, he will have the coldness to surveying only his fellow-subjects without even hearing what they have to plead for themselves. On my part I fear nothing. I am conscious of having consented to, or authorized, no murder, no massacre, and therefore let those who have been the authors of other crimes shall not deter me from executing my commission.

The two officers looked at each other; and the first said, "This is the young man of whom Lord Evandale spoke."

"Is my Lord Evandale in the army?" said Morton.

"He is not," replied the officer; "we left him at Edinburgh, too much indisposed to take the field. Your name, sir, I presume, is Henry Morton?"

"It is, sir," answered Morton.

"Do you purposely avoid seeing the Duke, sir," said the officer, with more civility of manner, "but you may assure yourself it will be to no purpose; for, were his Grace disposed to favour your people, others are joined in commission with him who will hardly consent to his doing so."

"I shall be sorry to find it thus," said Morton; "but my duty requires that I should persevere in my desire to have an interview with him."

"Lumley," said the superior officer, "let the Duke know of Mr. Morton's arrival, and remind his Grace that this is the person of whom Lord Evandale spoke so highly."

The officer returned with a message that the General could not see Mr. Morton that evening, but would receive him by the times in the ensuing morning. He was to be cherished with civility, and every thing provided for his accommodation. Early on the next morning the officer he had first seen came to conduct him to his audience.

The army was drawn out, and in the act of forming column for march, or attack. The Duke was in the centre, nearly a mile from the place where Morton was to meet him; but the General, in command of the advanced guard, which was well armed and officered, consisting partly of gentlemen-volunteers, partly of the tenants of the crown who did military duty for their fees. Morton also observed several strong parties of Highlanders drawn from the points nearest to the Lowland frontiers, a people, as already mentioned, particularly obnoxious to the western whigs, and who hated and despised them in the same proportion. These were assembled under their chiefs, and made part of this formidable array. A complete train of field-artillery accompanied these troops; and the whole had an air so imposing that it seemed nothing short of an actual army would have been sufficient to prevent it. The line of cavalry was long and tumultuous, and the arm of the insurgents from being utterly destroyed. The officer who accompanied Morton endeavoured to gather from his looks the feelings of the Duke of Monmouth, which were not favourable to any public entreaty. The Duke in the midst of the horde of cavalry, consisting of men of different ages, left his carriage and walked among them, like a king, as a sight which he expected, and to which he was indifferent.

"You see the entertainment prepared for you," said the officer.

"If I had no appetite for it," replied Morton, "I should not have been accompanying you at this moment. But I shall be better pleased with a more peaceful mode of treating Morton." As they spoke thus, they approached the commander-in-chief, who, surrounded by several officers, was seated upon a knoll commanding an extensive prospect of the distant country, and from which could easily discovered the windings of the majestic Clyde, and the distant camp of the insurgents on the opposite bank. The officers of the royal army appeared to be surveying generally, and looking on their friends with satisfaction, and the general officers of distinction. While they spoke together in whispers for a few minutes before Morton was permitted to advance, he had time to study the appearance and expressions of men with whom he had been for a long time.

It was impossible for any one to look upon the Duke of Monmouth without being captivated by his personal graces and accomplishments, of which the great High-Priest of all the Nine afterwards recorded:

"What ever he did was done with such ease, In him alone 'twas natural to please; His motions all accompanied with grace, And Paradise was opened in his face."

Yet to a strict observer, the manly beauty of Monmouth's face was occasionally rendered less striking by an air of vaccination and uncertainty, which seemed to imply hesitation and doubt at moments when decisive resolution was most necessary.

Beside him stood Claverhouse, whom we have already fully described, and another general officer whose appearance was singularly striking. His dress was of the antique fashion of Charles the First's time, and composed of shaggy leather, curiously slashed, and fastened with antique clasps and buckles. His boots and spurs might be referred to the same distant period. He wore a breast-plate, over which descended a grey beard of venerable length, which he cherished with a scrupulous attention. His head was, first, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold. His head was uncovered,
and almost perfectly bald. His high and wrinkled forehead, piercing gray eyes, and marked features, evince eye unbroken by infirmity, and stern revolution, His face however freely expressed, of the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, a man more feared and hated by the Whig than even Claverhouse himself, and as / executed the same treasons, and that they seem out of the deploration of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Graham only retorted on his accounts, as the best means of intimidating the followers of the presbytery, and of destroying that sect entirely.

The presence of these two generals, one of whom was a knowing person, and the other, on the contrary, seemed to me to shew the futility of the fate of his eminence. But, notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, and the unfavourable reception which his proposals seemed likely to meet with, he advanced boldly towards them upon receiving a signal to that purpose, determined that the cause of his country, and of those with whom he had taken up arms, should suffer nothing from being insulted to him. Monmouth continued the speech with a new addition, and declared even his slightest actions; Dalzell regarded him with a stern, gloomy, and impatient frown; and Claverhouse, with a sarcastic smile and inclination of his head, seemed to claim him as an old acquaintance.

"You come, sir, from those unfortunate people, now assembled in arms," said the Duke of Monmouth, "I believe Merton, will you favour us with the purport of your errand?"

"It is contained, my lord," answered Morton, "in a paper, termed a Remonstrance and Supplication, which my Lord Evendale has placed, I presume, in your Grace's hands?"

"He has done so, sir," answered the Duke; "and I understand, from Lord Evendale, that Mr. Morton has a letter with him, contrary to my temperance and generosity, for which I have to request his acceptance of my thanks."

Here Morton observed Dalzell shake his head indignantly, and whisper something into Claverhouse's ear, who smiled in return, and elevated his eyebrows, but in a degree so slight as scarcely to be perceptible.

The Duke, taking the petition from his pocket, proceeded, evidently struggling between the native gentleness of his own disposition, and perhaps his conviction that the petitioner demanded no more than their rights, and the desire, on the other hand, of enacting a law or two. He concluded the speech with the sternest of opinions of the colleagues in office, who had been assigned for the purpose of controlling as well as advising him.

"The Duke, Mr. Morton, in this paper, proposals, as to the abstract propriety of which I must now waive delivering any opinion. Some of them appear to me reasonable and just; and, although I have no express instructions from the King upon the subject, yet I assure you, Mr. Morton, and I pledge my honour, that I will interpose in your behalf, and use my utmost influence to procure your satisfaction from his Majesty. But you must distinctly understand that I can only treat with suppliants, not with rebels; and, as a preliminary to every act of favour on my side, I must insist upon your followers laying down their arms and disappearing themselves."

In Chrichton's Memoirs, edited by Swift, where a particular account of the proceedings of the army is given, a passage is added which it is said never to have written words. The following account of his encounter with John Paton of Meadowhead, showed, that in all actions he wore pretty stout men, unless the reader be inclined to believe in the tenth of his having a charm, which never failed.

"Dalzell," says Paton's biographer, "advanced the whole force of the army of Claverhouse. Here Valiant Captain Paton beheld with great courage and panility. Dalzell, knowing him to be in the front, advanced with his whole body, the Duke of Monmouth knew there was no retreat, and, advancing a step, sprang on his pistol. On their first discharge, Captain Paton, perceiving that what was the cause (the having proof) put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a ball of shot, and others for the piece, and put one of them into his other pistol. But Dalzell, having his eye upon him in the mean while, retired behind his own men, who by that means was slain."

"To do so, my Lord Duke," replied Morton, undaunted, "were to acknowledge ourselves the rebels that our enemies term us. Our swords are drawn for revenge of our wrongs, which we cannot, therefore, and dare not, lay down our arms, even on your Grace's assurance of indemnity, unless it were accompanied with some reasonable prospect of the removal of the wrongs, which we complain of."

"Mr. Morton," replied the Duke, "you are young, but you must have been enough of the world to perceive, that requests, by no means dangerous or unwise, are always presented to the way in which they are pressed and supported."

"We may reply, my lord," answered Morton, that this disagreeable mode has not been resorted to until all others have failed."

"Mr. Morton," said the Duke, "I must break this conference short. We are in readiness to commence the attack; yet I will suspend it for an hour, until you can communicate your answer to the insurgents, that they may disperse their followers, lay down their arms, and send a peaceable delegation to me. I will consider myself bound in honour to do all I can to procure their safety, so far as their conduct may stand on their guard and expect the consequences."

"I think, gentlemen," he added, turning to his two colleagues, "this is the utmost length to which I can stretch in instructions in favour of these misguided persons?"

"By my faith," answered Dalzell, suddenly, "and it is a length with which my poor judgment dare not have interfered, because I find both the King and my conscience to answer to! But, doubtless, your Grace knows more of the King's private mind than I who have only the letter of our instructions to look to."

Monmouth blushed deeply. "You hex," he said, addressing Morton, "General Dalzell blames me for the length which I am disposed to go in your favour."

"General Dalzell's sentiments, my lord," replied Morton, "are such as we expected from him; your Grace's such as we were prepared to hope you might please to entertain. Indeed I cannot help adding, that, in the case of the absolute submission upon which you are pleased to insist, it might still remain something less than doubtful how far, with such consent to the council of the King, your cessation might procure us effective relief. But I will communicate to our leaders your Grace's answer to this effect, and, since we do not obtain peace, we must, in bad war, welcome us to the other."

"Good morning, sir," said the Duke; "I suspend the movements of attack for one hour, and for one hour only. If you have an answer to return within that space of time, I will receive it here, and earnestly insist it may be such as to save the effusion of blood."

At this moment another smile of deep meaning passed between Dalzell and Claverhouse. The Duke observed it, and repeated his words with great dignity.

"Yes, gentlemen," I said, "the answer might be such as would save the effusion of blood. I hope the sentiment neither needs your scorn, nor inures your displeasure."

Dalzell returned the Duke's frown with a stern countenance, but made no answer. Claverhouse, his lip just curling with an ironical smile, bowed, and said, "It was not for me to judge the propriety of his Grace's sentiments."

The Duke made a signal to Morton to withdraw. He obeyed, and, accompanied by his former escort, rode slowly through the army to return to the camp, the non-conformists. As he passed the fine corps of Life Guards, he found Claverhouse was already among them, but he took no notice of him, except that he advanced and addressed him with peculiar politeness of manner.

"I think this is not the first time I have seen Morton of Minnow."

CHAP. XXX.] OLD MORTALITY.
Morton, therefore, viewed the pass carefully, and formed his line of battle at a point that would be occupied by the houses on the left bank of the river, with the caps and thickets of alders and hazels that lined its side, and by blocking the passage itself, and shutting the enemy off from the porticoes of Bothwell Bridge, which was built on the central arch of the bridge of Bothwell, it might be easily defended against a very superior force. He issued directions accordingly, and surmounted all the apprehensions of his mind, and his apprehensions, was not put in jeopardy. In the name, a manner, required to approve of the sentence under which he had so nearly suffered. Nay, but stay an instant," said Claverhouse; "For I thought the Lord would work himself in my instance. I trust I shall always make some difference between a high-minded gentleman, who, though misguided, acts upon generous prin-, and the crazy fantastic clowns under, with the bloodthirsty assassins who head them. Therefore, if they do not disperse upon your return, let me pray you instantly come over to our army and surrender yourself; for, as assured, they cannot stand as our assailants for half an hour. If you shall be willing to do this, he is sure to inquire for Mr. Monmouth, strange as it may seem, cannot protect you—Dalzell will not throw a rope and wait; and I have promised to Evandale to make it by a different species of satisfaction, it is probable, that, at an hour's time, you will find me at the west end of Bothwell Bridge with my sword in my hand, ready to receive any opportunity to do. I shall be happy to meet you there," said Claverhouse, "but still more so should you think better on my first proposal. The Lord bless and preserve you.

That is a pretty jest, Lunlay," said Claverhouse, addressing himself to the other officer; "but he is a lost man—his blood be upon his head! So saying, he addressed himself to the task of preparation for instant battle.

CHAPTER XXXI.

But, hark! the blast has changed its voice.

There's peace and rest now.

The Laidies' Mill in the air.

Came with their coats of blew.

Five hundred men from London came.

Caid in a ribald hue.

Bothwell Lads.

When Morton had left the well-ordered outposts of the regular army, and arrived at those which were maintained by his own party, he could not but be peculiarly sensible of the difference of discipline, and entertain a proportionate degree of fear for the consequence. The same discord which agitated the consorts of the insurgents, raged even among their nearest followers; and their passions and passions were more interested and occupied in disputing the true occasion and causes of wrath, and defining the limits of Ernstion here, than in looking out for and observing the movements of the enemy agitating within the hearing of the royal drums and trumpets.

There was a gaurd, however, of the insurgent army, posted at the long and narrow bridge of Bothwell, over which the enemy must necessarily advance to the attack; but, like the others, they were divided and disheartened; and, entertaining the idea that they were posted on a de-sperate service, they even meditating the trampling of their comrades to the main body. This would have been utter ruin; for, on the defence or loss of this pass the fortune of the day was most likely to depend. All beyond the bridge was a plain open for a few thicket of forest trees, and, consequently, was ground on which the undisciplined forces of the insurgents, deficient as they were in cavalry, and totally unprowed with artillery, was rather unlikely to withstand the shock of regular troops.
Of applause on the one side, and of impatience on the other.

"What means this ominous disorder at such a moment?" he inquired. Burley, who, except for his vain exertions to restore order, was now leaning on his sword, and regarding the confusion with an eye of resolute despair,

"It means," he replied, "that God has delivered us into the hands of our enemies."

"Not so," answered Morton, with a voice and gesture which compelled many to listen; "it is not God who desires us to suffer, but we desire to suffer, and disgrace ourselves by disgracing and betraying the cause of freedom and religion."—Hear me," he exclaimed, summing to the pulpit which Mucklewath had been compelled to vacate by actual exhaustion. "I brag from the ear to the other to tell you, if you incline to lay down your arms. I can assure you the means of making an honourable defence, if you are of more humane spirit than we possess; but I shall not argue the question farther with you. I will not再说 for peace or war; and let it not be said of us in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither courage to stand their ground and fight it out, nor prudence to treat for peace, nor even the cowardice to make a neat retreat to our own safety. What signifies quarrelling on minute points of church-discipline, when the whole edifice is threatened with demolition, and the remnants of the brethren, that latter and worst punishment of their blindness and hardness of heart, the bloody discursions which rent sundry pieces of this city, even when the enemy were thundering at its gates!"

Some of the audience testified their feeling of this exhortation, by loud exclamations of applause; others by hissing, and exclamating:—"To your tents, O Israel! Morton, who held the columns of the enemy already beginning to appear on the right wing, and directing the fire of the Scotch behind them to its utmost pitch, and pointing at the same time with his hand, exclaimed,—"Silence your senseless clamours, yonder is the enemy! On maintaining the bridge against him depend our lives, as well as our hope to reclaim our laws and liberties. There shall at least one Scottishman die in their defence.—Let any one who loves his country, follow me! The multitude, already arms in their hands, in the direction to which he pointed. The sight of the glittering files of the English Foot-Guards, supported by several squadrons of horse, of the King's guards, and the frigate armed in the bay, each man with his musket, and with three guns, as if they were a second bridge, seemed to subdue the Scottish clansmen to search for a ford, and of the long succession of troops which were destined to support the attack, silenced at once their clamour, and made them tremble with consternation as if it were an unexpected apparition, and not the very thing which they ought to have been looking out for. They speeded on each other, and on their leaders, with looks and words that told into the weakness of a patient when exhausted by a fit of frenzy. Yet when Morton, springing from the parapet, directed his steps towards the bridge, he was followed by about a hundred of the young men who were particularly attached to his command. Burley turned to Macbride,—"Parlaim," he said, "it is Providence points us the way, through the worldly wisdom of this judicious man. His that loves the light, let him follow Burley!"

"Tarry," replied Macbride; "it is not by Henry Morton, or such as he, that our cause is out and our cause is out to be decided; and his men, you will find, are not to be won with the offer of a few men and ammunition; and accursed be he who turneth back from the work on this great day!"
Having thus spoken, he hastily marched towards the bridge, and was followed by about two hundred of the most valiant and zealous of his party. There were with Mompox, apart from the Foot-Guards, 270 mounted pursuivants.

But Burley directed. The commanders avoided themselves of it to display their lines in some sort of order, and exhibited those who were most exposed, to throw themselves in the face of the enemy as cannonading which they might presently expect. The insurgents ceased to resist or to demonstrate; but the two who had silenced their discords had dismayed their courage. They scattered themselves to be formed into ranks with the docility of a flock of sheep, but without possessing, for the time more resolution or energy; for they experienced a sinking of the heart, imposed by the sudden and extraordinary approach of the party which had neglected to provide against while it was yet distant. They were, however, drawn out with some regularity; and as they still possessed the appearance of an army, their leaders had only to hope that some favourable circumstance would restore their spirits and courage.

Kettledrumme, Poudtext, Maetrar, and other pursuivants, hurried themselves in their ranks, and prevailed on them to raise the psalm. But the superstitious among them observed, as an ill omen, that their song of praise, and triumph sunk into "a quaver of concern," and received a stinging stab on the scaffold of a condemned criminal, than the bold strain which had resounded along the wild heath of London-bill, in anticipation of that day of hesitation and mediocrity which the nobility in a rough accompaniment; the royal soldiers shouted, the Highlanders yelled, the cannon began to fire on one side, and the musketry on both, and the bridge of boats, which three banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke.

CHAPTER XXXII.

As o'er ye saw the rain dawn o'er,
Or yet the arrow from the bow,
Some Scotsmen last fell even now.
And they lay slain on every knee.

Old Ballad.

For Morton or Burley had reached the post to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of Foot-Guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one corps, deploying along the right bank, gave a shout, and the defenders fired the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number were in the fire of the bridge, the rest maintained a discharge of musketry upon the further end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavoured to approach it. The latter suffered severely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene; and his marksmen commencing upon the pass a fire as well aimed as it was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burley had now brought up his party into action continuation with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very doubtful.

Mompox, mounted on a superb white charger, might be seen and on the top of either right bank of the river, urging, entreat, and animating the exertions of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant inns of the presbyterians, were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these tremendous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying the bridge, with all its defences, before the few men in possession of the enemy, Burley and his remaining followers were driven back upon the main body, whom the spectacle of their hurried and harassed retreat was for some time restoring the confidence which they so much wanted.

In the mean while, the forces of the King crossed the bridge at their leisure, and, securing the passes, formed up with the greatest precipitation. Sir John Cuddie perched on a rock, and eyeing the time to

* This was the slogan or war-cry of the Mar Farquhar, taken from a lake near the head of Loch Lomond, in the centre of the ancient possessions on the western banks of that beautiful inland sea.
OLD MORTALITY

May the hand be withered that shot the shot! he exclaimed, as the sword which he was warring over his head fell powerless to his side. "I can fight no longer."

Then turning his horse's head, he retreated out of the confinements. Morton also saw that the continuing an unsavory efforts to rally the flyers could only end in his own death or captivity, and, following by the faithfull Cudde, he extricated himself from the press, and, being well mounted, leaped his horse over one or two enclosures, and got into the open country.

From the first hill which they gained in their flight, they looked down upon the whole country covered with their fugitive companions, and with the pursuing dragoons, whose wild shouts and hollars, as they did execution on the groups whom they overtook, mingled with the groans and screaming of their victims, rose shrilly up the hill.

"It is impossible they can ever make head again," said Morton.

"The head's 'en off them, as clean as I wad bite it aff a sybo!" rejoined Cudde. "Eh, Lord! say how the broadswords are flashing! war's a fearsome thing. They'll be cunning that catches me at this work again— But, for God's sake, let us mak for some strength."

Morton saw the necessity of following the advice of his trusty squire. They resumed a rapid pace, and continued to do so until they came near the country, directing their course towards the wild and mountainous country, where they thought it likely some part of the fugitives might draw together, for the sake either of making defence, or of obtaining terms.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

They require

Of Heaven the hearts of lions, breath of tigers,
Yes and the fiercevet too.

FLETCHER.

Evening had fallen; and, for the last two hours, they had seen none of their ill-fated companions, when Morton and his faithful attendant gained the moorland, and approached a large and solitary farm-house, situated in the entrance of a wild glen, far remote from any other habitation.

"Our horses," said Morton, "will carry us no farther without rest or food, and we must try to obtain them here, if possible."

So speaking, he led the way to the house. The place had every appearance of being inhabited. There was smoke issuing from the chimney, the windows were open, and several gentlemen and men of substance in the west, and is in the set of marching to join them?"

"Basil Olafion!" said the Duke; "who or what is he?"

"The next male heir to the last Earl of Torwood. He is dissatisfied to government from his claim to the estate being set aside in favour of Lady Margaret Bellenden; and I suppose the hope of getting the inheritance has set him in motion."

"He has motives what they will," replied Monmouth, "he must soon disperse his followers, for this group of men to rally round. Thenceforward, once more, I command that the pursuit be stopped."

"It is your Grace's province to command, and to be responsible for your commands," answered Dalzell, "he gave reluctant orders for checking the pursuit.

But the fiery and vindicative Grahame was already a bar' of hearing the signal of retreat, and commenced the pursuit, breaking, dispersing, and cutting to pieces all the insurgents whom they could come up with.

Burley and Morton were both hurled off the saddle by their horses, and were only saved from being pursued, breaking, dispersing, and cutting to pieces all the insurgents whom they could come up with.

"Whoever ye be," answered a stern voice from the window, "after a long and obstinate silence."

"With those who find the devastation and captivity of the land, and search out the causes of wrath and of defection, that the stumbling-blocks may be removed over which we have stumbled."

"They are wild western whales," said Cudde, "in a whisper to his master, 'I ken by their language."

Fielde he me, ill like to venture on them."

"This eldest, and Burley's exclamation, were taken from"
Morton, however, again called to the party within, and insisted on admittance; but, finding his entreaties still disregarded, he opened one of the lower windows, and pushing asunder the shutters, which were bound with a strip of strong linen kitted from which the voice had issued, Cuddie followed him, muttering between his teeth, as he put his head within the window, "That he hoped there was none within to make fire and master and servant both found themselves in company of ten or twelve armed men, seated around the fire, on which refreshments were preparing, and busied apparently in their consultations.

In the gloomy countenances, illuminated by the fire-light, Morton had no difficulty in recognising several of those zealots who had most distinguished themselves by their determined opposition to all moderate measures, together with their noted pastor, the fanatical Elderbraun Macbriar, and the maniac, Habakkuk Muckleworth. The Cameronsians neither stirred tongue nor hand to welcome their brethren in misfortune, but continued to listen to the low mumured exercise of Macbriar, as he prayed that the Almighty would lift up his hand from his people, and not make an end in the day of his visitation. That belief was not, however, the only thing which appeared from the sullen and indignant glances which they shot at them, from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what unhospitable society he had unwittingly intruded, began to think of retreating; but, on turning his head, observed with some alarm, that several of them had stationed themselves beside the window, through which they had entered. One of these ominous sentences whispered to Cudude, "Son of that precious woman, Mause Healing, do not cast thy lot further with this child of treachery and perfidy—Pass on thy way, and tarry not, for the avenger of blood is behind thee."

With this pointed to the window, out of which Cuddie jumped, and looked about, for the intimation he had received plainly implied the personal danger he would otherwise incur.

"Winnoches are no lucky wi' me," was his first reflection when he was in the open air; his next was upon the probable fate of his master. "They'll kill him, the murdering loons, and think they're doing a good turn! but I've taken the back road for Hamilton, and see if I can't get some of our kin folk to bring help in time of neediness." So saying, Cudude hastened to the stable, and taking a horse he could find instead of his own, his steed, he galloped off in the direction he proposed.

The noise of his horse's tread alarmed for an instant the fanatic company; Macbriar brought his exercise to a conclusion, and his audience raised themselves from the stooping posture, and loitering downward look, with which they had listened to it, and all fixed their eyes sternly on Henry Morton.

"You bend strange countenances on me, gentleman," said he, addressing them. "I am totally ignorant in what manner I can have deserved them." "Out upon thee! out upon thee!" exclaimed Muckleworth, starting up; "the word that thou hast spurned shall become a rock to crush and to bruise them, or which thou wouldst have broken shall pierce thy side; we have prayed, and wrestled, and petitioned for an offering to atone the sins of the congregation, and lo! the very head of the offence is delivered up to a sword and the shed blood in the midst of the congregation for all that the people have done. The offering shall proceed from your hands, and I call God to witness who has spared the lives of such as you."

"I am proud to say, that you have spoken the truth in both instances," replied Morton.

"Lo! you see," said Macbriar, "again has the mouth spoken it. And didst thou not do this for the sake of a Midianitish woman, one of the spawns of perjury, a toy with which the arch-enemy's trap has baited? Didst thou not do all this for the sake of Edith Bellenden?"

"You are incapable," answered Morton, bold and undaunted, "of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady, but I believe all that we done I would have done had I never existed."

"Thou art a hardy rebel to the truth," said another dark-browed man; and didst thou not act so, that we, being convinced by divine Wisdom, Margaret Bellenden, and her grand-daughter, thou mightst wear the wise and godly project of John Balfour of Earl to bring forth into battle Basil Olifant, who is agreed to by both of us, the heavens were inspired with these women's wordly endowments?"

"I never heard of such a scheme," said Morton; "and therefore I could not thwart it. But does not your Coalition admit you to take such incredible immoral means of recruiting?"

"Peace," said Macbriar, somewhat hesitatingly, "is not that what we are to maintain by constent Covenant obligations, or for the use of the"
have acknowledged enough of sin and sorrowful defection, to draw down defeat on a host, were it amenable to their judgment. And in our judgment, that we are not free to let you pass from us safe and in life, since Providence hath given you into our hands at the moment that we prayed with such a fervent and earnest desire to see you suffer?—Then cannot thou, delivered to us as it were by lot, that thou mightest sustain the punishment of one that had so often stood before thee and mark the words? This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day; but, when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time is run. Wherefore improve thy span, for it lieth fast away.—Seize on the prisoner, brethren, and take his weapon.

The command was so unexpectedly given, and so suddenly executed by those of the party who had gradually closed behind and around Morton, that he was overpowered, disarmed, and a horse-girth passed round his arms, before he could offer any effectual resistance. When this was accomplished, a dead and stern silence took place. The footmen ranged themselves around a large oak table, placing Morton amongst them bound and helpless, in such a manner that the gas-lamp which was to strike his knell. Food was placed before them, of which they offered their intended victim a share; but, it will readily be believed, he had little appetite. When the scene was finished, the myrmidons of devotion who accompanied Macbrair, whose fierce zeal did not perhaps exclude some feelings of doubt and compunction, began to exult in prayer, as if to wring from the Deity a single tear for an angry and dark lot. They were turned on the dial-plate of the time-piece, to watch its progress towards the moment of execution. Morton's eye frequently took the same course, with the soul reflection, that there appeared no possibility of his life being expanded beyond the narrow segment which the index had yet to travel on the circle until it arrived at the fatal hour. Faith in his religion, with a constant unyielding principle of honour, and the sense of conscious innocence, enabled him to pass through this dreadful interval with less agitation than he himself could have expected, had the situation been so strange as to keep his faculties always on the alert that eager and animating sense of right which supported him in similar circumstances, when in the power of Clavhome. Then he was conscious, that, as he stood there in the crowd of men, he had to consider his condition, and some who unclouded his conduct. But now, among these pale-eyed and foreboding souls, he was to be sent to his doom, not merely with indulgence, but with triumph, upon his execution.—without a trial; to speak a kindly word, or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement,—awaiting till the word should call to lay him out of the scabbard gradually, and as it were by straggled, and condemned to drink the bitter mess of death drop by drop,—it is no wonder that his feelings were so soon overpowered than they had been from some occasion of danger. His destined executioner, as he taxied around them, seemed to alter their forms and features, like spectres in a feverish dream; their faces changed, and their eyes more distinct and, as an excited imagination predominated over the realities which his eyes received, he could have thought himself surrounded rather by a band of decoying demons, then by any human person. He dropped with blood, and the light grew of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each sound were the peal of a bell struck on the moray.

It was with pain that he felt his mind wandering, while on the brink between this and the future world. He made a strong effort to compose himself to determine his imperial destiny. It seemed as if nature, to array her own thoughts into suitable expressions he had, instantly, recourse to the pity for deliverance and for composition of spirit which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. Macbrair, whose family were of that persuasion, instantly recognised the words, which the unfortunate prisoner pronounced half aloud. 'There lacked but this,' he said, his pale cheek kindling with a sudden and strange expression of reluctance to see his blood spill. He is a prelate, who has sought the camp under the disguise of an Erastian, and all, and more than all, that has been said of him is true. His blood be on his head, the deceiver!—I think to go down to Tophet, with the ill-muffled mass which he calls a prayer-book, in his right hand!'

"I take upon me a song against him!" explained the maniac. "As the sun went back on the dial ten degrees for intimating the recovery of holy Bezzea, so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be taken away from among the people, and the Covenant established in its purity."

He sprang to a chair with an attitude of frenzy, in order to anticipate the fatal moment by putting the index forward; and several of the party began to make ready their slaughter-weapons for immediate execution, when Muckleworth's hand was arrested by one of his companions.

"Hush!" said he. "I hear a distant noise."

"It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles," said one.

"It is the sound of the wind among the branches," said another.

"It is the galloping of horses," said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood; "God grant they may come and carry me away."

The noise approached rapidly, and became more and more distinct.

"It is a horse," cried Macbrair. "Look out and desy who they are."

"The enemy are upon us!" cried one who had opened the window, in obedience to his order.

A thick trampling and loud voices were heard immediately round the house. Some rose to rise, and some to scone; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red coats of the troopers appeared in the aprtment.

"Have at the bloody rebels!—Remember Cernut Grahame!" was shouted on every side.

The lights were struck down, but the glorious glare of the fire enabled him to continue the fight. Several of the troopers, with pistols and swords, were inspired by a yell, which next to Morton received a shot as he was rising, stumbled against the prisoner, whom he hurled with his weight, and by a stroke above him a shout went up. The noise was repeated; the troopers gathered, and as he might afterwards have needed in the close struggle, where arms were discharged and swords given for stones, he was beheaded.

"Is the prisoner safe?" exclaimed the well-known voice of Clavbroth. "Look about for him, and dispatch the wretched dog who is growing there."

Both orders were executed. The troops of the wounded men were selector by a thrust with a rapier, and Morton, as remembered of his weight, was speedily rawed and in the arms of the fatal Viato, who blubbered for joy when he feared that the head, which his master was covered had not flowed from his own veins. A whisper in Morton's ear, while his trusty follower related him from his hands, explained the secret of the very tardy approach of the soldiers.

"I fell into Clavbroth's party when I was seeking for some of our men to help me out of the hands of the English, whose eyes were upon the deep sea; I even thought I beheld him on the wave, he was so near me. For he could hear me and I heard him, and the sun shone on the day. Lord, what woe doth we have day and night, and what woe doth we have day and night, and in what woe doth we have day and night."

"Note.—The principal incident of the scene was considerably altered in the author's manuscript; the original is as follows: The man, now deceased, was held an aristocrat and dragoons by some in the party, and was killed, but the writer has afterwards purchased the manuscript and altered the scene to conform to the former position, which was more to his satisfaction."
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the life!
The chosen few, the human race;
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Unknown.

When the desperate affair had ceased, Claverhouse commanded his soldiers to remove the dead bodies, to refresh themselves and their horses, and prepare for passing the night at the farm-house, and in the village, the inhabitants of which he had either killed or taken prisoners. He then turned his attention to Morton, and there was politeness, and even kindness, in the manner in which he addressed him.

"You would have saved yourself risk from both sides, Mr. Morton, if you had honoured my counsel yesterday morning with some attention; but I respect your motives. You are a prisoner-of-war at the disposal of the king and council; but you shall be treated with no incivility; and I will be satisfied with your parole that you will not attempt an escape."

When he had paused a moment to consider Claverhouse bowed civilly, and, turning away from him, called for his sergeant-major.

How many prisoners, Hallidie, and how many killed, or wounded, as you have heard.

"Three killed in the house, sir, two cut down in the court, and one in the garden—six in all; four prisoners;"

"Armed or unarmed?" said Claverhouse.

"Three of them armed to the teeth," answered Hallidie; "one without arms—he seems to be a preacher."

The trumpeter to the long-corded rout, I suppose, replied Claverhouse, glancing slightly round upon his victims, "I will talk with him to-morrow."

Take the other three down to the yard, draw out two fingers from them, and, if they wear a sword, make a memorandum in the orderly book of three rebels taken.

Excise, to which he had been raised by active and resolute exertions in an inferior department. When employed as a small official, he had been one of the quartermasters of Lallybroch, and on the instructions of the Isle of Man, he demanded supplies almost universally in that district, this gentleman had the fortune to offend highly several of the leaders in the contraband trade, by his zeal in serving the revenue.

This rendered his situation a dangerous one, and, on more than one occasion, placed his life in jeopardy. At one time in particular, while he was riding after some contraband goods, a sudden sally of the people, and perhaps excitement of the time, caused the driver of the goods to make off, and Claverhouse in his pursuit was separated from his horse, and without sixpence or anything else. He and his wife had been left quite destitute.

And the second time, when, as he was on his way home, he was attacked by a band of robbers, and his horse was stolen.

These two events, each of them, Claverhouse considered as a signal of his safety, and he was right, in so far as the first shewed that he had escaped the notice of his enemies, and the second left him nothing to fear but the possibility of being attacked again; and this he considered as so remote, that he never thought of returning to the house of his friends.

The reason for this was not that he was afraid of the house of his friends, but that he had resolved never to return to it, and that he was determined to make his way to the borders, where he had business, and where he intended to take up his residence.

And so, upon this last occasion, he was taken in the act of leaving the house of his friends, and was thus captured by the Galaxy, as they called the Scotch borderers, and was carried off to Edinburgh, where he was tried, and found guilty of high treason, and was executed.

The name of the man who was thus sentenced to death was Robert Grey, but it is not certain whether he was the same person who had been tried in the Court of Law of Scotland, or whether he was a different person.

The sentence was executed by hanging, and the body was buried in the churchyard of the village, where it remained until the last year of the Commonwealth, when it was dug up and buried under the same circumstances as the body of the gentleman who had been tried in the Court of Law of Scotland.
OLD MORTALITY.

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Deeming him from danger, even through the instrumentality of those, who seemed to be his dangerous enemies, with the propriety for the Divine assistance in guiding his course through times which held out so many dangers and so many errors. And having thus poured out his spirit in prayer before the Great Being, he resolved for the repose which he so much required.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met; The judges all ranged—a terrible show.

So deep was the slumber which succeeded the agitation and embarrassment of the preceding day, that Morton hardly knew where he was when it was broken by the tramp of horses, the hoarse voice of men, and the wild sound of the trumpets blowing the reveillé. The sergeant-major immediately afterwards came to summon him, which he did in a very respectful manner, saying the General (for Claverhouse now held that rank) hoped for the pleasure of his company upon the road. In some situations an intimation is a command, and Morton considered that the present occasion was one of these. He waited upon Claverhouse as ordered, and received the parole he was to keep, and Cuddie in attendance. Both were deprived of their fire-arms, though they seemed, otherwise, rather to make part of the troop than of the officers. He afterwards learned that the bearing his sword, the wearing which was, in those days, the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Claverhouse seemed also to take pleasure in ruling beside him, in conversing with him, and in confiding his ideas when he attempted to apprise his real character. The gentleness and urbane manners of that officer's general manners, the high and chivalrous sentiments of military and political duty, and yet occasionally expressed the deep and accurate insight into the human bosom, demanded at once the approbation and the wonder of those who conversed with him; while, on the other hand, his cold indifference to military violence and cruelty seemed altogether inconsistent with the social, and even admirable qualities which he displayed. Morton could not help, in his heart, contrasting him with Balfour of Burley; and so deeply did the idea impress him, that he dropped a hint of it as they rode together at some distance from the troop.

"You are right," said Claverhouse with a smile: "you are right—very right, but there is some distinction between the femininity of honour and that of dark and sullen superstition. Yet you both shed blood without mercy or remorse," said Morton, who could not suppress his feelings.

"Surely," said Claverhouse, with the same composure; "but of what kind? There is a difference, I trust, between the blood of learned and refined priests and prelates, and gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red pudgel that stigmatizes the veins of psalm-singing mechanics, crack-brained demagogues, and sullen hoors; some distinction, in short, between spilling a flag of generous wine, and dashed down a can full of base muddy ale?"

"Your distinction is too nice for my comprehension," said Morton. "God gives every spark of life—that of the peasant as well as of the prince; and those who destroy his work recklessly or carelessly must answer. And, for example, have I to General Grahame's protection now, more than when I first met him?"

"And narrowly escaped the consequences, you would say," and Morton added; "will you answer you frankly. Then I thought I had to do with the son of an old roundheaded rebel, and the nephew of a sound presbyterian lord; now I know you are a man of honor, and to you which I respect in an enemy as much as I like in a friend. I have learned a good deal concerning you since our first meeting, and I trust that you have found that my conclusion of the information was not unfavourable to you."

"But yet," said Morton—
"But yet," interrupted Grahame, taking up the word, "you would say you were the same when I first met you that you are now? True; but then, how could I know that? though, by the by, even my reluctance to suspend your execution may show but little on your part, in order to gain admission into heaven."

"Do you expect, General," said Morton, "that I ought to be particularly grateful for such a mark of your esteem?"

"Poh! no! you are critical," returned Claverhouse. "I tell you I thought you a different sort of person. Did you ever read Frobson?"

"No, your Morton's all about me," said Claverhouse. "It is very easy," said Morton, "to contrive you should have six months' imprisonment in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetic itself. And the noble canon, with what true Christian feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, whom it was a pity to see the fall; such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love!—Ah, benevolence! how he will mourn over the fall of his noble son, and how he will weep on the side that happens to favour, or on the other. But, truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth so few hundreds of villain cullums, who are born but to plough it, the man who has the historian has merited your little sympathy,—as little, or less, perhaps, than John Grahame of Claverhouse!"

"There is one ploughman in your possession, General," said Morton, "in despite of the contempt in which you hold a profession which some philosophers have considered as useful as that of a soldier, I would humbly request your favour."

You must know, Mr. Claverhouse, at a manuscript book, one Hatherick—Hodder—k—or—or—Headrigg. Ay, Cuthbert, or Cudie Headrig—here I have him. O, never fear him, if he will be but tractable. Come, Morton, I shall make intercession with me on his account some time ago. He is to marry his waiting-maid, I think. He will be allowed to slip off easy, unless his obstinacy spoils his good fortune."

"He has no ambition to be a marty"—I believe," said Morton. "Tis the better for him," said Claverhouse. "But, besides, although the fellow had more to answer for, I should stand his friend, for the sake of the blundering gallantry which threw him into the midst of our ranks last night, when seeking assistance for you. I shall oppose all reasons and misgivings with such unqualified confidence. But, to deal sincerely with you, he has been long in our eye.—Here, Halliday; bring me up the black book.

"I have been committed to his commander this ominous record of the disaffection, which was arranged in alphabetical order, Claverhouse, turning over the leaves as he rode on, began to read names as they occurred.

Gumblecumber, a minister, aged to, indulged, close, sly, and so forth—pooh! pooh! He—he have him here.—Hethercat, outlawed—a preacher—a-—unrecorded—Cameronian—keeps a convocation among the Campfire hills.—Shus!—O, here is Headrigg—Cuthbert; his mother a bitter partisan—himself a simple fellow—like to be forward in action, but of no general to the hand than the head, and might be drawn to the right side but for his attachment to".—(Here Claverhouse looked at Morton, and then shut the book and changed his tone.)

"Indeed?" replied Morton. "Will you favour me by imparting it?"

"Willingly," said Claverhouse; 'it can signify little for you cannot avenge yourself on the curate, as you will probably leave Scotland for some time.'

"This is but a piece of news, Mr. Morton," Morton felt an involuntary shudder at hearing words which implied a banishment from his native land; but he answered, Claverhouse proceeded to read, 'Henry Morton, Sibbe Morton, the Scottish Parliament, nephew and apparent heir of Morton of Milnwood—imperfectly educated, but with some beyond his years—excellent at all exercises—indifferently as to the study of religion, but not unacquainted with it; has given himself to the presbyterian—has high-flown and dangerous notions about liberty of thought and speech, and hears between a latitudinarian and an enthusiast. Much admired and followed by the bough of his own age—modest, quiet, and unsuspecting in manner, but in his heart peculiarly bold and intractable. He is—Here follows three red crosses, Mr. Morton, which signify truly dangerous. You see how important a person you are—but what does this fellow want?"

"A horseman rode up as he spoke, and gave a letter. Claverhouse glanced it over, laughed scornfully, bade him tell his master to send his prisoners to Edinburgh, for there was no answer; and, as the man turned back, spoke contemptuously to Morton:—"Here is an ally of yours deserted from you, rather I say, an ally of your good friend Burley—hear how he sets forth—'Dear Sir,' (I wonder when we were such intimate friends) 'It is my duty and my conscientious duty to accept your humble congratulations on the victory—hum—blessed the Majesty's army. I pray you to understand I have my people under arms to take and interdict all fugitives, and have already several prisoners, and so forth.' Subscribed Randal O'drane—You know the fellow by name, I suppose?"

"A relative of Lady Margaret Bellendine," replied Morton.

"Ay," replied Grahame, "and heir-male of her father's family, though a distant one, and moreover a suitor to the fair Edith, though discarded as an unworthy one; but, above all, a devoted admirer of the estate of Tilletudint, and all thereto belonging."

"He takes an ill mode of recommending himself," said Morton, suppressing his feelings, "to the family at Tilletudint, by corresponding with our unhappy party."

"O, this precious Basil will turn cat in pan with any man, particularly when he is employed on business with the government, because they would not over turn in his favour a settlement of the late Earl of Torwood, by which his lordship gave his own estate to his own son; he was disposed of to the second Margaret, because she avowed no desire for his alliance, and with the pretty Edith, because she did not like his tall uncanny person. So he held a close correspondence with Burley, and raised his followers with the purpose of helping him, providing always he needed no help, that is, if you had beards yesterday. And now the race begins he was all the while proposing the King's service, and, knowing as you know, the council will receive his pretext for current coin, for he knows how to make friends among them—and a dozen scores of poor vagabond fanatics will be shot, or hang, without a sound, and the double cloak of loyalty, well-lined with the towel of hypocrisy."

With conversation on this and other matters they bemoaned the way, Claverhouse, again, with great frankness to Morton, and treating his rather as a friend and companion than as a prisoner; so that, however uncertain of his fate, the hours, he would pass in some sort, and those without so much lightened by the varied play of his imagination, and the depth of his knowledge of human nature, that since the period of his becoming a prisoner of war, which the content for these days to have his own regulation in each parish; they know best the black sheep of the flock. I have had your picture for three years?"
time since his having commenced actor in public life. He seems, indeed, to have been a man of much temper, who has flung his reins on the horse's neck, and, while he abandoned himself to circumstances, was at least relieved from the task of attempting to direct the horse. His horse, in turn, was in no better case, his companions being continually augmented by detached parties of horse who came in from every quarter of the country, bringing with them, for the most part, the unfortunate person who had fallen into their power. At length they approached Edinburgh.

"Our council," said Claverhouse, "being resolved, I should now, by his leave, entertain you, as an intimation, that his parole confined him to it for the present.

After about a quarter of an hour spent in military musings on the glories of his late life, the attention of Morton was summoned to the window by a great noise in the street beneath. Trumpets, drums, and kettle-drums, contended in noise with the shouts of the rabble, and appeared not that the royal cavalry were passing in the triumphal attitude Claverhouse had mentioned. The magnates of the city, attended by their guard of hallwardens, had met the victors with their welcome at the gates of the city, and now preceded them as a part of the procession. The next object was two heads borne upon pikes; and before each bloody head were carried the instruments of torture, the wheels of the rack, the ax, the birch rod, the branding iron, and other instruments of the brutal mockery of those who bore them, often approached towards each other as if in the attitude of extortion or prayer. These bloody trophies belonged to two preachers who had fallen at Bothwell Bridge. After them came a cart led by the executioner's assistant, in which were placed Macbrair, and another two prisoners, who seemed of the same persuasion. They were accompanied by a strong guard, yet looked around them with an air of triumph than dismay, and appeared in no respect moved either by the fate of their companions, or by the noise and tumult of the street, which was increased by the brutality of those who bore them, often approached towards each other as if in the attitude of extortion or prayer.

Behind these prisoners, thus held up to public infamy, rode a body of men bringing brandish their broadswords, and filling the wide street with acclamations, which were answered by the tumultuous outcry and shouts of the rabble, who, in every considerable town, are too hasty in being permitted to buzz for any thing whatever which calls them together. In the rear of these troops came the main body of the prisoners, at the head of whom were some other hares, who were treated with every circumstance of inventive mockery and insult. Several were placed on horseback with their faces to the animal's tail; others were thronged to long bars of iron, which they were obliged to support in their hands, like the galley-slaves in Spain when travelling to the port where they are to be put on shipboard. The hares were then led in triumph before the survivors, some on pikes and halberds, some in sacks, bearing the names of the slaughtered persons labelled on the outside. Such were the method and order in which we are to visit and hear the sufferings of the condemned heretics in an auto-da-fé.

*David Hackston of Ruthwell, who was wounded and made prisoner. The celebrated Cameron fell, was, on entering Edinburgh, by order of the Council, recovered by the Magistrates at the Watergate, and set

Behind them came on the nameless crowd to the number of thousands, some retaining under their misfortunes a sense of confidence in the cause for which they suffered captivity, and were about to give a still more bloody testimony; others seemed, indeed, dispersed, having in their own minds their prudence in concealing the cause of which Providence seemed to have disowned, and looking about for some avenue through which they might escape from the consequences of their rashness. Others there were who seemed incapable of forming an opinion on the subject, or of entertaining either hope, confidence, or fear, but who, frowning with thirst and fatigue, stammered inarticulate words at every thing but their present sense of wretchedness, and without having any distinct idea whether they were led to the shambles or to the pasture. These unfortunate men were guarded on each hand by troopers, and behind them came the main body of the cavalry, whose military music resounded back from the high houses on each side of the street, mingled with their own songs of jubilee and triumph, and the wild shouts of the rabble.

Morton felt himself half-sick while he gazed on the dismal spectacle, and recognised in the bloody heads, and still more miserable and groveling features of the living sufferers, faces which had been familiar to him during the brief insurrection. He sunk down in a chair in a bewildered and stupified state, from which he was wakened by the voice of his servant, saying, "Lord forgive us, sir!" the purloin, his teeth chattering like a pair of nut-crackers, his hair erect like bent briers, and his face as pale as that of a corpse."—Lord forgive us, said the man instantly.

"You must immediately attend the Council," said Claverhouse, who entered while Cuddie spoke, and your servant must go with you. You must be under no apprehension for the consequences to yourself personally. But I warn you that you will see something that will give you much pain, and from which I would willingly have saved you, if I had possessed the power. My carriage waits us—shall we go?

It will be readily supposed that Morton did not venture to dispute this invitation, however unpleasant. He rose and accompanied Claverhouse, or by dextr of their own approaching execution, which these preliminaries so plainly indicated.

Behind these prisoners, thus held up to public infamy, rode a body of men bringing their broadswords, and filling the wide street with acclamations, which were answered by the tumultuous outcry and shouts of the rabble, who, in every considerable town, are too hasty in being permitted to buzz for any thing whatever which calls them together. In the rear of these troops came the main body of the prisoners, at the head of whom were some other hares, who were treated with every circumstance of inventive mockery and insult. Several were placed on horseback with their faces to the animal's tail; others were thronged to long bars of iron, which they were obliged to support in their hands, like the galley-slaves in Spain when travelling to the port where they are to be put on shipboard. The hares were then led in triumph before the survivors, some on pikes and halberds, some in sacks, bearing the names of the slaughtered persons labelled on the outside. Such were the method and order in which we are to visit and hear the sufferings of the condemned heretics in an auto-da-fé.

"O, himmy, himmy!" said she to Cuddie, hanging upon his neck, "glad and proud, and sorry and dum am I, a' in one and the same instant, to see my dear Cuddy gang to his death to suffer for his religion and his master. I see the ax cut off his head, and his mouth in council, as he did with his weapon in the field!"

"Wha'ist, wisth, mither?" cried Cuddie impatiently. "Hast you, mither, no' time to speak o' these things? I tell ye I'll testify neither against you nor against the other. I have spoken to Mr. Pounddew, and I'll take the declaration, or whate'er they ca' it, and I'll write my life for it, and my soul for it, for him and a' his folk, and that's a minister for my siller; I like nan o' your sermons that end in a psalm at the Grassmarket."
"O, Cuddie, man, think was I be they suld hurt ye," said the old man humorously, divided grace; for the safety of her son's soul and that of his body; but mind, my bonny bairn, ye hae batted for the faith, and dinna let the dree o' losing creature-comforts withdraw ye frae the gude fight.

"Hout tout, mother," replied Cuddie, "I hae fought e'en overer muscle already, and, to speak plain, I'm worried o' the trade. I hae swaggered wi' that arra and muskets, and pistols, busskeats, and buckled, long enough, and I like the pleu-pleudie a hantle better. I ken naething sild gar a man fight, (that's to say, when he's no' agaist,) by and by taken the auld arra bare-handed and let it turn back.

"But, my dear Cuddie," continued the persevering Mause, "your bridal garment—Oh, hinny, dinna say the marriage garment!"

"Awa, a' richt," replied Cuddie; "dinna ye see the folks waiting for me?—Never fear me—I ken how to turn this far better than ye do—for ye're bleeding awa about marriage, and the job is how we are to win by hanging."

So saying, he extricated himself out of his mother's embraces, and requested the soldiers who took him in charge to conduct him to the place of examination without delay. He had been already preceded by Cleaverhouse and Morton.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

My native land, good night!—LORD BYRON.

The Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the practice since the union of the crowns vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient dark Gothic room, adjoining the House of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Graham entered and took his place amongst the members at the council table.

"You have brought us a leash of game to-day, General," said a nobleman of high place amongst them.

"Here is a craven to confess—a cock of the game to stand at bay—and what shall I call the third, General?"

"Without further metaphor, I will entreat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am especially interested," replied Cleaverhouse.

"And a whiz into the bargain?" said the nobleman, folding out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a snare, to which they seemed to be familiar.

"Yes, please your Grace, a whiz; as your Grace was in 1641," replied Cleaverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.

"He has you there, I think, my Lord Duke," said one of the Privy Councillors.

"Ay, ay," returned the Duke, laughing: "there's no speaking to him since Drumalog—but come, bring in the prisoners—and do you, Mr. Clerk, read the record."

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Graham of Cleaverhouse and Lord Erskine entered themselves securities, that Henry Morton, younger of Miltonwood, should go abroad and remain in foreign parts, until his Majesty's pleasure was further known, in the event of the said Henry Morton's accession to the late rebellion, and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton, and of ten thousand marks to each of his securities.

"Do you accept of the King's mercy upon these terms, Mr. Morton?" said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the Council.

"I have no other choice, my lord," replied Morton.

"You may subscribe your name in the record."

Morton did so without reply, conscious that, in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Macbrair, who was at the same interview, turned his face to the foot of the counciltable, bound upon a chair, for his weakness prevented him from standing, held Morton in the act of what he accounted apostasy.

"He hath summed his defection by owning the carnal power of the tyrant," he exclaimed, with a deep gravity: "a fallen star!—a fallen star!"

"Hold your peace, sir," said the Duke, "and keep your ain breath to cool your ain porridge—you'll find them scalding hot, I promise you.—Call in the other fellow, who looks as common as these. One sheep will leap the ditch when another goes first."

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macbrair at the foot of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled sweats for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the perilous consequences which were impending on himself. He made his clownish obeisances with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?" was the first question which was thundered in his ear.

Cuddie meditated a denial, but had sense enough, upon reflection, to discover that the truth would be too strong for him; so he replied, with true Caledonian indirectness of response, "I'll say no but it may be possible that I might have been there."

"Answer clearly, sir; you know—yes, or no?—You know you were there."

"It's no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's honour," said Cuddie.

"Once more, sir, were you there?—yes, or no?—You know you were there."

"Speak out, you scoundrel," said General Dalzell, "or I'll dash your teeth out with your mudgework!—Do you think we can stand here all day to be turning and dashing with you, like greyhounds after a hare?"

"Awed, then," said Cuddie, "since naething else will please you, write down that I cannot deny but I was there."

"Well, sir," said the Duke, "and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?"

"I'm no just free to give my opinion, sir," said the cautious captive, "on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better."

"Better than what?"

"Just than rebellion, as your honour ca's it," replied Cuddie.

"Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose," replied the Duke. "You condescend to accept of the King's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the church, and pray for the King?"

"Blithely, sir," answered the unscrupulous Cuddie; "and in his health into the bargain, when the ale's gone."

"Egad," said the Duke, "this is a hearty cock.—What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?"

"Just ill example, sir," replied the prisoner, "and a duft sild jact of a ruther, wi' reverence to your Grace's honour."

"Why, Gosh, mercy, my friend," replied the Duke, "take care of bad advice another time; I think you are not likely to commit treason on your own score.— Make out his free pardon, and bring forward the ropes in the chair."

Macbrair was then moved forward to the post of examination.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?" was the like manly, demanded of him.

"I was," answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

"Were you armed?"

"I was not—but in my calling as a preacher of

* The General is said to have struck one of the captive whites, when he spoke again, with the butt of his sabre, saying that the blood rushed out. The provocation for this unjust violence was, that the prisoner had called the fierce veteran "a Mercenary heart, who used to roam free." Damrell had been long in the Russian service, which in those days was to school of humanity.
OLD MORTALITY.

God's word, to encourage them that drew the sword in his cause."

"Other words, to aid and abet the rebels?" said the Duke.

"Thou hast spoken it," replied the prisoner.

"Well, then," continued the interrogator, "let us know. How came it, Sir Robert Bruce, that you were among the party?—I presume you know me.

"I bless God that I do know him," replied Macbrair; "he is a zealous and a sincere Christian."

"And with what face did you last see this valiant personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"Come here to answer for myself," said Macbrair, in the same daintless manner, "and not to endanger others."

"We shall know," said Dalzell, "how to make you find your tongue.

"If you can make him fancy himself in a conven
ticle," answered Lauderdale, "he will find it without you. Come, ladde, speak, while the play is good— you're too young to bear the burden will be laid on you else.

"I defy you," retorted Macbrair. "This has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings. I am, perhaps, I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to die when I am cut down.

"Ay, but there are some things which must go before an easy death, if you continue obstinate," said Lord Burley, "the fine-looking silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche, or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and disclosed the path of death, a tall,grim, and hideous man, having an oaken table before him, on which lay thumb-screws, and an iron case, called the Scottish boot, used in those tyrannical days to torture accursed persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtain arose, but Macbrair's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much compo
tion, and then placed his hand upon the moon, while he whispered, "For God's sake, think of me!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the councillors, whose attention was engaged with the fine-looking silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

"Do you know who that man is?" said Lauderdale, in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

"He is, I suppose," replied Macbrair, "the in
mous executor of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of God's people. He and you are executors of each other's will. God, I am more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and poor frail nature may be forced to confess we have sinned against that our souls are anchored firmly on the rock of ages."

"Do your duty," said the Duke to the executioner.

"The follow advanced, and asked, with a harsh and shrill voice, if the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine.

"Let him choose for himself," said the Duke; "I should like to oblige him in any thing that is reason
able."

"Since you leave it to me," said the prisoner, "stretching forth his right leg, "take it best—I will favor it, I believe, in the cause for which I suffer."

The executioner, with the help of his assistants, enclosed the leg and knee within the tight iron boot, or case, and then placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for further orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bared the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the President of the Council repeated with the same stern voice the question.

"When and where did you last see John Bruce?"

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to heaven as if imploring Divine strength, and muttered a few words, of which the last were distinctly audible. "Thou hast said thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."

The Duke of Lauderdale glanced his eye round the council as if to collect their suffrages, and, judging from their mute signs, gave on his own part a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wretched man, pressing it limb by limb. The iron boot, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flush which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The following words ring'd his ears, and stood prepared to give a second blow.

"Will you yet say," repeated the Duke of Lau
derdale; "where and when you last parted from Balfour of Burley?"

"You have my answer," said the sufferer resolutely, and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded; but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner set up a scream of agony.

Morton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer, and, although unarmed and himself in great danger, was springing forward, when Claverhouse, who observed his emotion withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered, "For God's sake, think of me!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the councillors, whose attention was engrossed with the fine-looking silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

"He is gone," said the surgeon— "he has fainted, my Lords, and human nature can endure no more."

"Release him," said the Duke; and added, turning to Dalzell, "we will make an exception in his case, for he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him?"

"Ay, dispatch his sentence, and have done with him; we have plenty of dragoons behind us."

Strong waters and essences were hastily employed to recall the senses of the unfortunate captive; and, when his first faint gasps intimated a return of sensation, the Duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried from the bar to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck; his head and hands to be stricken off after death, and disposed of according to the pleasure of the Council,* and all and sundry his movable goods and gear eschat and inbrought to his Majesty's use.

"Doommster!" he continued, "repeat the sentence to the prisoner!"

The office of Doommster was in those days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner in common, who, according to the binary custom, was consistent in reciting to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which acquired an additional and horrid emphasis from the recollection, perhaps of a grateful personage, who was suffered to be the agent of the cruelties he denounced. Macbrair had scarce understood the pur
port of the words as first pronounced by the Lord Presi
dent of the Council; but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and odious voice of the ruffian who was to execute it, and at the last awful words, "And this pronounces for death," he answered boldly: "My Lords, I thank you for the only favour I looked for, or would accept at your hands, namely, that you have sent the crushed and maimed carcass, which has this day sustained your cruelty, to this nasty end. It was indeed little to me whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house; but if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness, I should have been as content as any right sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good

* The pleasure of the Council respecting the relics of their victims was often as savage as the rest of their conduct. The heads of the prisoners were frequently exposed on pikes between their two hands, sometimes displayed at the end of a chain of prayer. When the celebrated Richard Cameron's head was exposed in this manner, a democratical spectator broke into the mouth of one who had lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting.

I saw a note on the subject of this office in the Heart of Mid

Lothian.
CAUSE. For the rest, I forgive you, my Lords, for what you have pronounced and I have sustained—and with delight. I must—Ye send me from darkness into light—from humility to immortality—and in a word, from the ruin of the thrones, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can you do good, take them at their hand, and may your last moment be as happy as mine?

And of late the countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and executed within half an hour, doing with the same ease and composure that he had done in the whole life he had evinced.

The count broke up, and Morton found himself again in the carriage with General Graham.

"My honour, sirrah, and gallantry," said Morton, as he reflected upon Mortimer's conduct; "what a pity it is that with such self-devotion and heroism should have been mingled the fierce furies of his best}

"You mean," said Claverhouse, "his resolution to condemn you to death? To that he would have renounced himself by a single text; for example, And Phineas, iniquity, or something to the same purpose. But what ye where you are now bound, Mr. Morton?"

"We are on the road to Leith, I observe," answered Morton; "I trust to meet my friends ere I leave my native land."

"Your much," replied Graham, "has been spoken to, and declars you visiting. The good gentleman is terrified, and not without some reason, that the crime of your treason may extend itself over his lands and territories—he sends you, however, his blessing, and a small sum of money. Lord Evandale continues extremely indisposed. Major Bellenden is at Tillytuton putting matters in order. The soundings have made great havoc there with Lady Margaret's muniments of antiquity, and have decreted and destroyed lad hills called the Throne of his most Sacred Majesty. Is there any one else whom you would wish to see?"

Morton replied as he answered, "No. It would avail nothing. But my preparations, small as they are, some must be necessary."

"They are all ready for you," said the General. "Lord Evandale has anticipated all you wish. Here is a receipt from him with letters of recommendation for the court of the Steward of the Prince of Orange, to which I have added one or two. I made my first campaign under him, and first saw fire at the battle of Wittenberg. He billets for you for some immediate wants, and more will be sent when you require it."

Morton heard all this and received the parcel with an assured look. The sentence of Tillytuton was the execution of the sentence of banishment.

"And my servant?" he said. "He shall be taken care of, and replaced, if it he practicable, in the service of Lord Margaret Bellenden; I think he will hardly neglect the parade of the feudal retainers, or go a-wandering a second time. But here we are upon the quay, and the boat waits you."

It was even as Claverhouse said. A boat waited for Captain Morton, with the trunks and baggage belonging to his rank. Claverhouse shook him by the hand, and wished him good fortune, and a happy return to Scotland in quieter times.

"I shall never forget," he said, "the gallantry of your behaviour to my friend Evandale, in circumstances when many men would have sought to rid him out of their way."

Another friendly pressure, and they parted. As Morton descended the pier to get into the boat, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a letter folded in an evasive manner was thrust into his Chin. He looked round. The person who gave it seemed much muffled up; he pressed his fingers upon his lip, and then disappeared among the crowd. The incident struck Morton by its novelty; and when it reached his bivouac he was much surprised.

*August 1674. Claverhouse greatly distinguished himself in this action, and was made Captain.*
and Morton was separated for several years from the land of his nativity.

CHAPTER XXXVII.  

WHO does time tallow within LI. 

It is fortunate for tale-tellers that the unities of time and place, and may conduct their personas to Athens and Rome, and to the more distant places, without any break and to their convenience. Time, to use Rosalind’s simile, has not been paced with the hero of our tale; for, between Morton’s first appearance as a competitor for the Crown and his separation from it, barely two months elapsed. Years, however, gladly away ere we find it possible to resume the thread of our narrative, and Time must be held to have galled over the interval. Graving, therefore, the privilege of my cast, I entreat the reader’s attention to the continuation of the narrative, as it starts from a new era, being the year immediately subsequent to the British Revolution.

Scotland had just begun to repose from the convulsion occasioned by a change of dynasty, and, through the prudent tolerance of King William, had narrowly escaped the horrors of a protracted civil war. Agriculture began to revive; and men, whose minds had been disturbed by the violent political concussions, and the general change of government in church and state, lived beneath them, separate and busy, and to give the usual attention to their own private affairs in lieu of discussing those of the public. The Highlanders alone resisted the newly-established order of the day, and were a considerable body, under the Viscount of Dunbar, whom our readers have hitherto known by the name of Grahame of Claverhouse. But the near state of the Highlands was so ominous, that their being more or less at a distance was not supposed greatly to affect the general tranquility of the country, so long as their disorders were confined within their own borders. The Lowlands, the Jacobites, now the undermost party, had ceased to expect any immediate advantage by open resistance, and were, in their turn, driven to hold private meetings, and form associations for mutual defense, under the government termed treason, while they cried out persecution.

The triumphant whigs, while they re-established peace and quietness in the nation, in the General Assemblies of the Kirk their natural influence, were very far from going the lengths which the Cameronians and more extravagant portion of the party carried them. But the books were demanded. They would listen to no proposal for reestablishing the Solemn League and Covenant; and those who had expected to find in King William a less cordial Covenant Monarch, were grievously disappointed when he intimated, with the phlegm peculiar to his country, his intention to tolerate all forms of religion which were consistent with the safety of the state. The principles of indulgence thus espoused and gored in by the government, gave great offence to the more violent party, who condemned them as diametrically contrary to Scripture; for which narrow-mindedness, general they were deeply contemned, and again hated by the religious people, and they also much injured against the influence assumed by secular persons in exercising the rights to patronage, which they termed a rape upon the chastity of the Church. They censured and condemned as Erastian many of the measures, by which government after the Revolution showed an inclination to interfere with the management of the Church, and they positively refused to pay taxes for the support of Bishop Burnet and Queen Mary, until they should, on their part, have sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant, the Magna Charta, as they termed it, of the Presbyterian Church.

This party, therefore, remained grumbling and dissatisfied, and made repeated declarations against de-
"I wish to know the way to Fairy-Knowe."

"Mammie, mammie," exclaimed the little rustics running towards the door of the hut, "come out and speak to the gentleman."

The stranger appeared—a handsome young countrywoman, to whose features, originally sly and espionage in expression, maturity had given that decent matronly air which peculiarly marks the peasant's wife of the land. She shook her head, and went into the other she smoothed down her apron, to which hung a chubby child of two years old. The elder girl, whom the traveller had first seen, fell back behind her as soon as she was smoothed, and kept at that station, occasionally peeping out to look at the stranger.

"What was your pleasure, sir?" said the woman, with all the respect of breeding, not quite common in her rank of life, but without any thing resembling forwardness.

The stranger looked at her with great earnestness for a moment, and then replied, "I am seeking a place called Fairy-Knowe, and a man called Cuthbert Headrig. You can probably direct me to him?"

"It's my gudeman, sir," said the young woman with a smile, "he's got a boat and a loonie at this right, sir, and come into our puir dwelling?—Cuddie, Cuddie,—" (a white-headed rogue of four years appeared at the door of the hut)—"Rin awa, my bonny man, and tell your father to come out and see the strangers."

"Nae doubt," said Cuddie, after a moment's hesitation, "but I first like to ken what sort of questions they are. I have had many questions sperced on me in my day, and in sic queer ways, that if ye kend a', ye wadna wonder at me jologing 'a thing or twa."

"Single Carrich, which was a great vex; then I bo-hoved to learn about my godfathers and godmothers to please the nedd lyel; and whiles I jumbled them thegther and pleased nane o' them; and when I cam to man's yestate, cam another kind o' questioning in fashion, that I liked waur than Effectual Calling; and the 'did promise and vow' of the tane were yoko to the kind o' the tother. Sae ye see, sir, I syre like to hear questions asked before I answer them;"

"You have nothing to apprehend from mine, my good friend; they only relate to the state of the country."

"No, Cuddie," replied Cuddie; "ou, the country's wheel enough, an it werena that douro duvili, Claverse, (they ca' him Dundee now,) that's stirrin' about yet in the Highlands, they say, wi' a' the Donalds, and Dunbars, and Angusals, that over there bottomless breaks, driving about wi' him, to get things agether again, now we ha' gotten them a' reasonably well setled. But Mackay will pit him down, there's little doun o' that; he'll gie him his fairing, I'll be caution for it."

"What makes you so positive of that, my friend?" asked the stranger.

"I heard it from my ain lugs," answered Cuddie, "foretaught hame by a man that had been three hours stane dead, and came back to this earth again just to tell him his mind. It was at a place ca'd Drumshill."
CROPP. XXXVIII.] OLD MORTALITY.

"The devil's in this man," said Cuddie to himself; "I wish he would either light off or ride on, that he may quarter himself in Hamilton or the shower begin!"

But the rider sat motionless on his horse for two or three moments after his last question, like one exhausted with his exertions. At length he suddenly recovered himself, as if with a sudden and painful effort, he asked Cuddie, "if Lady Margaret Bellenden still lived."

"She lives," replied Cuddie, "but in a very sma' way. They have been a sad changed family since those rough times began; they have suffered enough first and last—and to lose the mid Tower and a' the bonny barony and the farms that I have ploughed same, and the Mans, and my kail-yard, that I said I'd gotten back again, and a' for naething, no a body may say, but just the want o' some bit of sheep-skin that were lost in the confusion of the taking of Tilitudledum."

"I have heard something of this," said the stranger, deepening his voice, and averting his head. I have some interest in the family, and would willingly help them if I could. Can you give me a bed in your house to-night, my friend?"

"It's but a corner of a place, aye," said Cuddie, "but it will do. You can ride on in the rain and thundher; for, to be free wi' ye, sir, I think ye seem no o' that weel sort."

"I am liable to a dizziness," said the stranger, "but it was a very weary sort o' ride we had."

"I ken we can give ye a decent supper, sir," said Cuddie; "and we'll see about a bed as weel as we can. We wad be lathie a stranger said lack what we have, though we are no gienly provided for in beds rather; for Jenny has many many bairns, God bless them and her, that thocht I maun speak to Lord Evandale to gie us a bit eek, or onthoth o' some sort, to the onthochrome."

"I shall be easily accommodated," said the stranger, "as he entered the house."

"And ye may rely on your head being weel sorted," said Cuddie; "for Jenny yon wig belongs to suppering a horse, and this is a very gude ane."

Cuddie took the horse to the little cow-house, and called to his wife to attend in the mean while to the stranger's accommodation. The officer entered, and threw himself on a settle at some distance from the fire, carefully turning his back to the little lattice window. Jenny, or Mrs. Hendrie, when the reader please, inspiration to women and flower-gardeners, what he worked upon his journey, but he excused himself under pretence of feeling cold; and, to divert the time till Cuddie's return, he entered into some what with the children, carefully avoiding the interval, the inquisitive glances of his landlady.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

What trade tears bedim the eye
What deaths we suffer ere we die
Our broken friendships we deplore
And lives of youth that are no more. LOGAN.

Cuddie soon returned, assuring the stranger, with a cheerful voice, "that the horse was properly supped, and that he had a bed for him at the house, mere purpose-like and comfortable than the like o' them could gie him."

Are the family at the house? said the stranger, with an interrupted and broken voice.

"No, sir; they're awa' wi' the servants—they keep only twa now-a-days, and my godwife has the keys and the charge, though she's no a fied servent. She has been born and bred in the family, and has a trust and management. If they were there, we behovedna to take sic freedom without their order; but when they are awa, they will be weel pleased we're the children, careful in turnin' it man. Miss Bellenden will help a' the hall ward, an her power were as gude as her will; and her grandmother, Ledy Margaret, has an unco respect for the gentry, and she's no ill to the poor body wi' a' that, or what for are ye no getting forrit wi' the sovens?"
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"Hout tart, lad," replied Jenny, "ye ken them little to think o' yer rank, wid set up house wid said Ailie Wilson, when they're maist ower proud to take favours frae Lord Evandale himself. Na, na, they mae na dune the camp, if she tak Morton."

"That's the only way to make her see ye're the sure," said Cuddie; "she wad hardly win over a lang day in the baggage-wain."

Then see a flying as there wad be between them, 'about for yer life, ye kent,' contended Jenny.

"To be sure," said Cuddie, "the auld leddy's unco kittle in three points."

And then, Cuddie, continued his housemate, who had newly been convinced that the strongest argy at the last, 'if this marriage wi' Lord Evandale is broken off, what comes o' our ain bit free house, and the kail-yard, and the cow's grass-I trow that baith us and the bonny heimis will be turned on the wide world.'

Here Jenny began to whisper—Cuddie wrote himself this way and that way, the very picture of indecision. At length he broke out, "Well, woman, can ye tell us what we auld do, without a' this din about it?"

"Just do naething at a'," said Jenny. "Never seem to ken onything about this gentleman, and for your life wi' let me kent that he auld mind is as young as a baby at the house—An I haud kent, I wad hae gane him my ain bed, and slept in the byre or he had gane up by; but it canna be helpful now. The neast things to get, an', wi' this, we'll just gane and have a talk in the morn."

"Ay, but, Cuddie lad," replied Jenny, "though ye are nae blind, ye are nae noce, no more takin' as I am."

"Well, what for nae ye cast that up to me now? for what did ye see about the man that was like our Master Harry?"

"I'll tell ye," said Jenny, "I jistified his keep-

ing his face free at us, and speaking wi' a maude-like voice, and I might ha' put a piece o' lang-

syne, and when I spake o' the brose, ye ken, he didn't jist laugh—he's ower grave for that now-a-days, but he gave a tingle wi' his eye that I kent he took up what I said. I disavow any knowledge about Miss Edith's marriage, and I never saw a man name down wi' true love in my days—I might say man or woman—only I mind how ill Miss Edith was when she first got word that him and you (muckle carelesse loon) were coming against Tillettudle wi' the n'abs. But what's the matter wi' the man now?"

"What's the matter wi' me, indeed?" said Cuddie, who was again busily cutting on the corner of the gen-

erous cake, "I had stumped myself of, 'an' I no gau gane up this instant to see my master!"

"Awel, Cuddie, ye are nae nae se e gate," said Jenny.

"The devil in the wife!" said Cuddie; "'d ye think I am to be John Tamson's man, and mastered by what maids say?"

"And whase maids wad ye be? And wha wad ye be to master ye but me, Cuddie, lad?" answered Jenny."

"I'll jist ye comprehend in the making of a hay-band. Naebody kents that this young gentleman is living but ourselves, and frae that he keeps him up e'er clasie. I am justly that he's purposin', if he fand Miss Edith either married, or just gau to be married, he wad just wade awa easy, and gie them up a mine trouble. But if Miss Edith kend that he was living, and if she wad been standing before the very minister wi' Lord Evandale when it was tauid to her, I'd warrant she wad say that ye're right."

"Well," replied Cuddie, "and what's my business wi' that? if Miss Edith like her auld ude better than her new ude, what for suld she no be free to change hoo she likes to other folk?—Ye ken, Jenny, Halliday aye throes he had a promising face yourself."

"Halliday's a liar, and ye're naething but a goner in to hoarken till him, Cuddie. And then for this liddle's chay—ye may be sure at the gowd Mr. Morton has on the outside o' his coat, and how can he keep Liddy Margaret and the young leddy?"

"Tams there Milnwood?" said Cuddie. "Nae doubt, that wis the housekeeper's coif-rent, as he heard naught o' his nephew; but it's but speaking the auld wife fair, and they ma' a live braying the-

gher, Liddy Margaret and a'."
OLD MORTALITY.

"Not I, not I," said the young lady, making her escape; "the third person makes a silly figure on such occasions. When you want me for breakfast, I will be found in the kitchen-wench's time.

As she tripped out of the room, Lord Evandale entered—"Good-morrow, brother, and good-by till breakfast-time, and I trust the lively young lady; "I trust you will give Miss Bellenden some occasions for disturbing her rest so early in the morning." And so saying, she left them together, without waiting a reply.

"And now, my lord," said Edith, "may I desire to know the meaning of your singular request to meet you here at so early an hour?"

She was too anxious to ask what she hardly felt herself excusable in having complied with it; but, upon looking at the person whom she addressed, she was struck dumb by the singular and agræed expression of his countenance, and interrupted herself to exclaim—"For God's sake, what is the matter?"

"His Majesty's faithful subjects have gained a great and most decisive victory near Blair Athole; but, alas! my gallant friend, Lord Dundee—"

"Has fallen?" said Edith, anticipating the rest of his tidings.

"True—true—he has fallen in the arms of victory, and is unable, remains in consequence sufficient to fill up his loss in King James's service. This, Edith, is no time for temporising with our duty. I have given directions to raise my followers, and I hope you will do just out of which you was desirous of excluding them on account of its contiguity to the room in which Morton slept, was not only unlocked, but absolutely ajar. Miss Bellenden, too, has, through engagement with her own immediate subjects of reflection to take much notice of the circumstance, but, desiring the servant to open the window-shutters, walked into the room along with her sister.

"He is not yet come," she said. "What can your brother possibly mean?—Why express so anxious a wish that we should meet him here! And why not come to Castle-Unna, as he proposed? I own, my dear Emily, that, even engaged as we are to each other, and with the sanction of your presence I do not feel that I have done quite right in indulging him."

"Evandale was never capricious," answered her sister; "I am sure he will satisfy us with his reasons, and if he does not, I will help you to scold him."

"All my hopes," said Edith, "are here; I have been engaged in some of the plots of this fluctuating and unhappy time. I know his heart is with that dreadful Cleverhouse and his army, and I believe he would do anything to prevent any united effort of death, which gave him so much additional trouble on our account. How singular that one so rational and so deeply sensible of the errors of the exiled family, should be ready to risk all for their restoration!"

"What can I say?" answered Lady Emily; "it is a point of honour with Evandale. Our family have always been here—he served long in the Guaranis; the Viscount of Dundee was his commander and his friend for years—he is looked on with an evil eye by many of his own relations, who set down his inactive mode of life to want of spirit. You must be aware, my dear Edith, how often family connexions, and early predilections, influence our actions more than abstract arguments. But I trust Evandale will continue quiet, though, to tell you truth, I believe you are the only one who can keep him so."

"And how is it in my power?" said Miss Bellenden.

"You can furnish him with the Scriptural apology for not going forth with the host," said he married a wife, and therefore cannot come."

"I have promised," said Edith, in a faint voice; "but I trust I shall not be urged on the score of time."

"Nay," said Lady Emily, "I will leave Evandale (and here he comes) to plead his own cause."
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

Edith was struck dumb by an arrow had not expected, and was compelled to tell Lord Evandale's suit was urged as well as with consideration.

"And yet," she said, "Such is the with which my heart reverts to form."

"I am your own kind of a girl," he said, as he drove away, "I am your own kind of a girl."
that he will seek no woman's hand against her inclination; and, though his sister, I may boldly say, that he does not need, or want any lady farther than her inclinations carry her. You will forgive me, Miss Bellenden; but your present distress augurs ill for my brother's future happiness, and I must needs say, that he does not merit all those expressions of dislike and unmitigated regret which he has manifested so long, and in so many ways.

"You are right, Lady Emily," said Edith, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to resume her natural manner, though still betrayed by her faltering voice and the pallor of her cheeks—"You are quite right—parsimony has no one, least of all of her whom he has honoured with his regard. But if I have given way, for the last time, to a sudden and irresistible burst of feeling, it is my consolation, Lady Emily, that your brother knows the cause; that I have had nothing from him, and that he at least is not unremorseful of finding in Edith Bellenden a wife unmeriting of his affection. But still you are right, and I merit your censure for indulging for a moment fruitless regret and painful remembrances. It shall be no longer; my lot is cast with Evan- dale, and with him I am resolved to bear it. Nothing shall absolve me from the duty, or the remembrance of his relations; no idle recollections of other days shall intervene to prevent the zealous and affectionate discharge of my duty; no vain illusions render me other than a woman.

As she spoke these words, she slowly raised her eyes, which had before been hidden by her hand, to the latticed window of her apartment, which was partly open, uttered a sigh, and turned to her sister. Lady Emily turned her eyes in the same direction, but saw only the shadow of a man, which seemed to disappear from the window, and, terrified more by the state of her mind than by the appearance of her lover, had herself without. She uttered shriek upon shriek for assistance. Her brother soon arrived with the chaplain and Jenny Davenport, but strong and vigorous remedy were necessary ere they could recall Miss Bellenden to sense and motion. Even then her language was wild and incoherent.

"Presume no further," she said to Lord Evan- dale; "it cannot be—Heaven and earth, the living and the dead, have legged themselves against this ill-starred union. Take all I can give—my sisterly regard—my devoted friendship. I will love you as a sister, and regard you as a woman, but never speak to me more of marriage.

The astonishment of Lord Evandale may easily be conceived.

"Oh, Lady Emily," he said to his sister, "this is your doing, I was accursed when I thought of bringing you here—some of your fuddled folly has driven her mad.

"On my word, brother," answered Lady Emily, you are sufficient to drive all the women in Scotland mad. Because your mistress seems much disposed to quit you, the quarrel with your sister who has been arguing in your cause, and who brought her to a quiet hearing, when, all of a sudden, a man looked in at the window, whom her crazed sensitibility took for either for you or some other, and has treated us gratis with her peculiar scene.

"What man? What window?" asked Lord Evan- dale, in impatient displeasure. Miss Bellenden is incapable of trifling with me;—and yet what else could have?

"Hush! hush!" said Jenny, whose interest lay particularly in stirring further inquiry: "for Hen- ven's sake, my lord, speak low, for my lady begins to recover.

Edith was no sooner somewhat restored to herself than she burst into a feeble voice, to be left alone with Lord Evan- dale. All retreated, Jenny with Lady Emily and the chaplain with that of awakened curiosity. No sooner had they left the apartment than Edith beckoned Lord Evan- dale to sit beside her on the couch. Her face was the last to sink from her seat and to clasp his knees.

"Forgive me, my Lord!" she exclaimed—"Forgive me! I must deal most unjustly by you, and break a solemn engagement. You have my friend- ship, my highest regard, my most sincere gratitude. You have more; you have my word and my faith. But, O, forgive me, the circumstances have not my love, and I cannot marry you without a sin!

"You dream, my dearest Edith," said Evan- dale, perplexed in the utmost despair—"you let your imagina- tion beguile you; this is but some delusion of an over-sensitive mind; the person whom you preferred to me is a woman who has vowed an unalterable, unavailing regret cannot follow him, or, if it could, would only diminish his happiness.

"You are mistaken, Lord Evan- dale," said Edith, solemnly, "I am not a way-flyer, or a mendicant. No—I could not have believed from any one what I have seen. But, having seen him, I must believe mine own eyes.

"Seen whom?—seen whom?" asked Lord Evan- dale, in great anxiety.

"Henry Morton," replied Edith, uttering these two words as if they were her last, and very faintly nut- ters when spoken in whispers, or in the most remote parts of his relations; no idle recollections of other days shall intervene to prevent the zealous and affectionate discharge of my duty; no vain illusions render me other than a woman.

As she spoke these words, she slowly raised her eyes, which had before been hidden by her hand, to the latticed window of her apartment, which was partly open, uttered a sigh, and turned to her sister. Lady Emily turned her eyes in the same direction, but saw only the shadow of a man, which seemed to disappear from the window, and, terrified more by the state of her mind than by the appearance of her lover, had herself without. She uttered shriek upon shriek for assistance. Her brother soon arrived with the chaplain and Jenny Davenport, but strong and vigorous remedy were necessary ere they could recall Miss Bellenden to sense and motion. Even then her language was wild and incoherent.

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The astonishment of Lord Evandal
one having slept in the apartment adorning to the parlour, and even to transact the business of the day beneath the window, through which she conjectured Mr. Morton's eye might have rested. When he had left the garden, to turn one look at her whom he had so long adored, and who was now on the point of leaving her forever. That he had passed Halliday in the garden, and that his horse, a brown gelding, had ridden away. The young woman had employed to have the stranger's horse saddled and ready for his departure, that he had rushed into the stable, thrown the child on her back, and mounted his horse, had ridden away. And the secret was, in their own family, and Jenny was resolved it should remain so.

For, in his first visit, although her lady's servant, and in her lady's household, Mr. Morton by broad daylight, that was the reason I told you to keep him in the gloom and by candlelight, and him keeping his face from Cuddie and the others.

So she stood resolutely upon the negative when examined by Lord Evanola. For as Halliday, he could only say, that as he entered the garden-door, the supposed appearance of an agent upon his premises, and with a visage on which anger and grief appeared to be contending.

He knew him well, he said, "having been repeatedly intrusted with matters of importance. And his marks of stature and visage in case of escape. And there were few faces like Mr. Morton's.

But what should make him haunt the country where he was not known?" So he, "the said Halliday, did not pretend to conceive.

Lady Emily confessed she had seen the face of a man at the window, but her evidence went no further. John Golbag, the sexton, was asked to the witness stand; he had left his gardening to get his morning dress and was at the time when the apparition had taken place. Lady Emily's servant was waiting orders in the kitchen, and there was another person being within a quarter of a mile of the house.

Lord Evanola returned perplexed and dissatisfied in the highest degree, at beholding a plan which he thought necessary not less for the protection of Edith in contingent circumstances, than for the assurance of his own happiness, and which he had brought so very near perfection, thus broken off with but any apparent or rational cause. His knowledge of Edith's character seemed to be in covering any capricious change of determination by a pretended vision. But he would have set the apparition down to the influence of an overstrained imagina-
tion, and attributed the angry countenance to the young woman's imagination, and then vanished in a moment.

In the confusion, the apparition had appar- ently made up her own purposes, as the sexton said that the appearance of his servant and the young woman's, she made affidavit that he had not seen or heard any such person. She knew no more of Mr. Halliday's appearance, and so promulgated his own. On the other hand, it seems in the highest degree improbable that Morton, so long and so vainly sought after, and who was, until that good reason, supposed to be lost when the Viscount of Rotterdam went down with crew and passengers, should be alive and lurking in this country, where there was no longer any reason why he should not openly show himself, and the present government favoured his party in politics. When Lord Evanola reluctantly brought himself to communicate these doubts to the chaplain, in order to obtain his opinion, he could only say, that he learned gentlemen expressed his definite and determined opinion to be, either that there had been an actual apparition of the deceased Henry Morton's spirit, the possibility of which he was, and that Mr. Golbag had, in a Farmleigh, seen no more of Mr. Halliday's appearance, and Then, that the said Henry Morton being still in rerum natura, had appeared in his present person that morning; or, finally, that some strange, unexplained occurrence had taken place, had deceived the eyes of Miss Bellenden and of Thomas Halliday. Which of these was the most probable hypothesis, the Doctor declined to pronounce, but-
pressed himself ready to die in the opinion that one or two of them had occasioned that morning’s disturbance.

Lord Evandale soon had additional cause for distressing anxiety. Miss Bellenden was declared to be dangerously ill.

"I will not leave this place," he exclaimed, "till she is pronounced to be in safety. I neither can nor ought to do so; for whatever may have been the immediate occasion of her illness, I gave the first cause for it by my unhappy solicitation.

He established himself, therefore, as a guest in the family, which the presence of his sister as well as of Lady Margaret Bellenden, (who, in despite of her blenchings, had caused herself to be transported thither when she heard of her grand-daughter’s illness,) rendered a step equally natural and delicate. And thus he anxiously waited, until, without injury to her health, Edith could sustain a final explanation of his departure on his expedition.

"She shall never," said the generous young man, "look on her engagement with me as the means of fettering her to a union, the idea of which seems almost to unhinge her understanding."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shades!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A strange world now lies before me!
Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.

It is not by corporal wants and infirmities only that men of the most distinguished talents are jeopardized, during their lifetime, with the common mass of mankind. There are periods of mental agitation when the firmest of mortals must be ranked with the weakest of his brethren; and when, in paying the general tribute of humanity, his interests are even aggravated by feeling that he transgresses, in the indulgence of his grief, the rules of religion and philosophy, by which he endeavours in general to regulate his passions. It was such a period as this, the unfortunates of Edith were transgressors, in a manner, to their own self-denying request. All that he had heard of their mutual relations since his return to Scotland, prepared him to expect that he could only look upon Miss Bellenden as the betrothed bride of Lord Evandale; and, even if freed from the burden of obligation to the latter, it would still have been inconsistent with Morton’s generosity of disposition to disturb their arrangements, by attempting the assertion of his claim, without the consent of friends, and barred by a thousand circumstances of difficulty. Why then did he seek the cottage which their broken fortunes had rendered the residence of Lord Bellenden and her grand-daughter? He yielded, we are under the necessity of acknowledging, to the impulse of an inconsistent wish, which many might have felt in his situation.

Accident apprised him, while travelling towards his native district, that the ladies, whose manner he must necessarily pass, were absent; and learning from the servants, that all the principal domestics, he could not resist pausing at their cottage, to learn, if possible, the real progress which Lord Evandale had made in the affections of Miss Bellenden;—a task not longer his Edith. This rash enterprise ended as we have related, and he parted from the house of Fairy-Knowe, conscious that he was still held by Edith, yet compelled, by faith and honor, to relinquish her for ever. With what feelings he must have listened to the dialogue between Lord Evandale and Edith, the greater part of which he involuntarily overheard, the reader will easily conceive, for we dare not attempt to describe them. A hundred times he was tempted to burst upon their interview, or to exclaim aloud,—"Edith, I yet live,—as often as the recollection of her plight, and of the debt of gratitude which he owed Lord Evandale, (to whose influence with Clavichower he justly ascribed his escape from torture and from death,) with much more emotion, and with a still greater indignation, than he had hitherto shown, Edith, I yet live,—as often as the recollection of her plight, and of the debt of gratitude which he owed Lord Evandale, (to whose influence with Clavichower he justly ascribed his escape from torture and from death,) with much more emotion, and with a still greater indignation, than he had hitherto shown, involved all in further distress, but gave little prospect of forwarding his own happiness. He repressed forcibly, these selfish emotions, though with an agony which thrilled his every nerve.

"No, Edith!" was his internal oath, "never will I add a thorn to thy pillow—That which Heaven has ordained, let it be; and let me not add, by my selfish sorrows, one atom’s weight to the burden thou hast to bear. I was dead to thee when thy resolution was adopted; and never—never shalt thou know that Henry Morton still lives!"

As he formed this resolution, diffident of his own power to keep it, and seeking that firmness in flight which was every moment shaken by his continuance within hearing of Edith’s voice, he hastily rushed from his abode to the little closet and the screened door which led to the garden.

But firmly as he thought his resolution was fixed, he could not leave the spot where the last tones of a voice so beloved still vibrated on his ear, without endeavouring to avail himself of the opportunity which the parlor window afforded, to steal one last glance at the lovely speaker. It was in this attempt, that he fell athwart the little beam which had been bent upon the ground, that Morton’s presence was detected by her raising them suddenly. So soon as her wild scream made this known to the unfortunate object of a design so ill-advised, she fainted, and fell ill-fatigued, he hurried from the place as if pursued by the furies. He passed Halliday in the garden without recognizing, or even being sensible that he had seen him, threw himself on his horse, and, by a sort of instinct rather than recollection, took the first by-road in preference to the public route to Hamilton.

In all probability this prevented Lord Evandale from hearing the news that the Highlanders had obtained a decisive victory at Kilsperraikie, had occasioned an accurate look-out to be kept, by order of the Government, on all the borderers for any penetration among the Lowland Jacobites. They did not omit to post sentinels on Ballinlough Brake, and, as these men had not seen any traveler pass westward in that direction, none of the Highlanders who had been busy in the village of Ballinlough were equally positive that none had gone eastward, the appearance, in the existence of which Edith and Halliday were equally positive, became yet more mysterious in the judgment of Lord Evandale, who was finally inclined to settle in the belief, that the heated and disturbed imagination of Edith had summoned up the phantom she stated herself to have seen, that the Highlanders had, in some unaccountable manner, been infected by the same superstition.

Meanwhile, the by-path which Morton pursued, with all the speed which his vigorous horse could exert, brought him, in a very few seconds to the brink of the Clyde, at a spot marked with the foot of horses, who were conducted to it as a watering-place. The steed, urged as he was to the gallop, did not pause a single instant, growing no less imperious as the rapidity of the motion increased. His movements had been hitherto mechanical, to the necessity of taking measures for preserving himself and the noble animal which he bedizened. A vertiginous master of all manners excesses, his movements K.

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norse in water was as familiar to him as when upon
a meadow. He directed the animal's course some-
what down the stream, towards the mouth, or haven,
which he expected to promisc a easy crossing from
the river. In the first and second attempt to get on
shore, the horse was frightened by the nature of the
ground, and nearly fell backwards off the rider. The
incident of the first occasion was a failure, even in
the most desperate circumstances, to recall the human
mind to some degree of equipoise, unless when alto-
gether distracted by terror, and Morton was obliged
to mount the danger in which he was placed for comple-
tion recovery of his self-possession. A third attempt,
at a spot more carefully and judiciously selected, suc-
cceeded better than the former, and placed the horse
steadily on his legs, and safety upon the farther and left-hand
bank of the Clyde.

"But whither," said Morton, in the bitterness of
his heart. "Am I now to direct my course? or rather,
what does it signify to which point of the compass a
wretch so forlorn betakes himself? I would to God,
could the wish be without a sin, that these dark
waters had flowed over me, and drowned my recol-
lection of that which was, and that which is!"

The sense of impotence, which the disturbed state
of his feelings had occasioned, scarcely had vented
itself in these violent expressions, ere he was struck
with a violent paroxysm, and a paroxysm so violent
as to astonish him. He remembered how signal was
the life which he now held so lightly in the bitterness
of his disappointment, had it been preserved through the
almost incessant perils which had beset him since he entered upon his public
career.

"I am a fool!" he said, "and worse than a fool, to
set light by that existence which Heaven has so
often preserved only to the most powerful men. If
something there yet remains for me in this world,
were it only to bear my sorrows like a man, and to
aid those who need my assistance. What have I
acquired, and what is my life for, if it is only to
chasten and depress me with a truth which I knew to be
happened? They—(the dear, the ever dear) not utter
their names even in soliloquy)—they are embittered
and in difficulties. She is stripped of her inheritances,
and he seems rushing on some dangerous career,
with which, but for the low voice in which he spoke,
I might have become acquainted.

Are there no means to aid or to warn them?"

As he pondered upon this topic, forcibly withdraw-
ing his mind from his own disappointment, and com-
pelling his attention to the affairs of Edith and her
beloved husband, the letter of Burley, long forgotten,
was brought to his memory, like a ray of light
darting through a mist.

"Thine aid must have been his work," was his
mental conclusion. If it can be repaired, it must
be by a provision-made, or by an agency obtained
from him. I will seek him out, at least, and who knows
what influence the information I may acquire from
him may have on the fortunes of those, whom I shall
never see more, and who will probably never learn
that I am now suppressing my own grief, to add, if
possible, to their happiness.

Animated by these hopes, though the foundation
was but slight, he sought the nearest way to the
high-road, and, though the tracks known to him
since he hunted through them in youth, he had no other
difficulty than that of sur-
mounting or two or three enclosures, ere he found him-
self on the road to the small burgh where the feast
of the promay had been celebrated. He journeyed
in a state of mind sad and indeed dejected, yet ref-
lected from its earlier and more intolerable state of
anguish, he was doubtless of opinion, seldom becalmed
by the thought of misfortune, but drifting along into
happiness. He turned his thoughts with strong effort upon the means of
discovering the unsought, the unknown, by the means
from him any knowledge which he might
obtain; and in his course he noticed
himself and at length formed the resolution of
Susan himself by the circumstances in which he
might discover the object of his quest, trusting that,
from Colbe's account of a schism betwixt Burley
and his brethren of the presbyterial persuasion, he
might find a means of advancing his cause in the same
position against Miss Bellenden, and inclined to exert the power
which he asserted himself to possess over her for-
tunes, not feebly as hitherto,

"Nothing to carry with me, when our traveller
found himself in the neighbourhood of his deceased
uncle's habitation of Milnwood. It rose among
lodges and groves that were chequered with a theo-
ristic and easy access. Morton, impressed with a
feeling upon Morton that unfruitful impression, said and
feeling, yet, withal, soothing, which the sensitive
mind usually receives from a return to the haunts of
childhood, and, after youthful, after having experienced
the vicissitudes and tempests of public life. A strong
desire came upon him to visit the house itself.

Old Alison, he thought, will not know me, more
than the honest couple whom I saw yesterday.
I may indulge my curiosity, and proceed on my
journey, without her having any knowledge of my exis-
tence. I think she said my uncle had bequeathed
her on my marriage to her son—well—this is not
enough to sorrow for, to enable me to dispense with
lamenting such a disappointment as this; and yet
methinks he has chosen an odd successor in her
grandchildren. He is an umbilical connexion of the
most distinguished, ancestry. Let it be as it may, I
will visit the old mansion at least once more.

The house of Milnwood, even in its best days had
nothing of the sort. It was not a ruin, but
was to be doubled under the auspices of the old housekeeper. Every
thing, indeed, was in repair; there were no
slates deficient upon the steep gray roof, and no panes
of glass broken in the narrow window. The great
court-yard looked as if the foot of man had not been
there for years; the doors were carefully locked, and
that which admitted to the hall seemed to have been
but shut for years. The draught was light; the
drawers and doors were still open in the room. In the
study several windows were open with much caution.
The face of Alison, pecked
stered with some score of wrinkles, in addition to those
which it was marred when Morton left Scotland,
now presented itself, enveloped in a ray, from
under the protection of which some of her gray
tresses had escaped in a manner more picturesque
than beautiful, while her shrill, truculent voice de-
mended, even at the sound of the knock on the
window.

"I wish to speak an instant with one Alison Wil-
son who resides here," said Henry.

"She's no at home the day," answered Mrs. Wil-
son, "but she can be here in a few minutes; does she
not usu-
ally drest, perhaps inspire her with this direct mode
of denying herself; "and ye are but a miserable dumb
person to spreach for her in sic a manner. Ye might ha'
ha' a door under your belt for Mistress Wilson in
Milnwood."

"I beg pardon," said Morton, internally smiling
at finding in old Alison the same jealousy of disreput-
which she used to exhibit upon his own occasions,
"I beg pardon; I am but a stranger in this country,
and have been so long abroad, that I have almost
forgotten my own language."

"I say, are ye in foreign parts?" said Alison:
"then maybe ye may ha' heard of a young gentle-
man of this country that ye ca' Henry Morton?"

"I have heard," said Morton, "of such a name
in Germany."

"Then bide a wee bit where ye are, friend—or star—
gang round by the back o' the house, and ye'll fin'
a high door; it's on the lathe, for it's never barred
o' nights, but ye can by hudding straight for
ward, and then ye'll turn to the right again, and ye'll
hunt the cellar stairs, and then ye'll be at the
door o' the little kitchen—it's a' the kitchen's that's
at Milnwood now—and I'll come down t'ye, and whate-
t'er ye wad say to Mistress Wilson ye micht
vouch sae tell it to me."

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.
A stranger might have had some difficulty, notwithstanding the minuteness of the directions supplied by Ailie, in finding his way through the dark labyrinth of passages that led from the backdoor to the little kitchen, but Henry was too accustomed with the navigation of these straits to encounter any difficulty from them. Strula, which lurked on one side in shape of a bucking-tub, or the Charybdis which yawned on the other in the profundity of a winding cellar-stair. His only impediment arose from the snarling and vehement barking of a small cocking spaniel, once his own property, but which, unless to the faithful Argus, saw his master return from his wanderings without any symptom of welcome or hostility.

"The little dogs and all!" said Morton to himself, on being disowned by his former favourite. "I am so changed, that no breathing creature that I have known and loved will now acknowledge me!"

At this moment he had reached the kitchen, and soon after the tread of Alison's high heels, and the pat of the crutch-handled cane, which served at once to propel and guide her steps, were heard on the stairs, an announcement which continued for some time ere she fairly reached the kitchen.

Morton had, therefore, time to survey the slender preparations which had been made for the evening, and to prepare for the dinner of the old woman and her maid-of-all-work, a girl of twelve years old, intimated by its thin and watery vapour, that Ailie had not mended himself, or improved fast.

When she entered, the head which nodded with self-importance—the features in which an irritable peevishness, acquired by habit and indulgence, strove with a semiprivate affability which was natural—this face—her apron—the blue-checked gown, were all those of old Ailie; but laid pinners, hastily put on to meet the stranger, with some other trifling mark of-decoration, marked the difference between Mrs. Wilson, wife of the late Morton, and the housekeeper of the late proprietor.

"What were ye pleased to want wi' Mrs. Wilson, sir?" asked Mrs. Wilson, was her first address, for the five minutes' talk which she had gained for the business of the toilette, entitled her, she conceived, to assume the full merit of her illustrious name, and set forth her guest in unachaste splendour. Now he was so accustomed to the way the old woman had it, the present, fairly confused him so much, that he would have had difficulty in answering her, even if he had known well what to say. But he had become so used to adopt while concealing that which was properly his own, he had an additional reason for remaining silent. Mrs. Wilson, in perplexity, and with some apprehension, repeated her question.

"What were ye pleased to want wi' me, sir? Ye said ye kend Mr. Harry Morton?"

"Pardon me, madam," answered Henry; "it was of course Mrs. Morton I meant, the old woman's countenance fell.

"It was his father then ye ken o', the brother o' the late Morton!—Ye canna mind him abroad, I wad think he was come hame afore ye were born. I ken na what ye thought ye had brought me news of poor Master Harry!"

"It was from my father I learned to know Colonel Morton," said Henry; "of the son I know little or nothing; rumor says he died abroad on his passage to Holland."

"That's oor like to be true," said the old woman and many a tear it cost my auld servant. His uncle, poor gentleman, just sough dawa wi' it in his mouth. He had been giving me preceeces directions about the bread, and the wine, and the brandy, at the matted room; the very same which she had accustomed the housekeeper, and which she continued to retain. "It was," she said, "better secured against spilling within than the hall, which she had found dangerous to her rheumatisms, and it was more fitting for her use than the late Morton's apartment, honest man, which gave her sad thoughts;" and as for the great oak parlour, it was never opened but to be aired, wasted, and dusted, and locked to the room of the company, (for, dead or alive, he was a prudent, frugal, pain-taking man,) and then he said, said he, "Ailie, the aye and o' me, Ailie, we were anl acquaintance, Ailie, take ye care and hand the gear well the other; for the name of Morton o' Milwood's gone out like the last sough of an auld song." And see he fell out o' breath, or was thought to, and all at once, he began to speak a word mair, unless it was something we couldna make out, about a dippled candle being gude enough to see to de wi'.—He cou'd ne'er bide to see a moulded one, and there was one, by ill luck, on the table."

While Mrs. Wilson was thus detailing the last moments of the old miser, Morton was presumably engaged in diverting the anxious curiosity of the dog, which, recovered from his first surprise, and combining former recollections, had, after much sniffing and examination, begun a course of cowering and jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length, in the urgency of his impatience, Morton could not forbear exclaiming, in a tone of hasty impatience, "Down, Elphin, Down, sir!"

"Ye ken our dog's name," said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise; "ye ken our dog's name, and it's na a common one. And the creature know you too," she continued, in a more earnest and shriller tone—"God guide us! it's a sin burn!"

So saying, the poor old woman threw herself around Morton's neck, clung to him, kissed him as if it was to her last good-by. There was no purrying the discovery, if he could have had the heart to attempt any further disguise. He returned the embrace with the most grateful warmth, and answered,

"I do indeed live, dear Ailie, to thank you for all your kindness, past and present, and to rejoice that there is at least one friend to welcome me to my native country."

"Friends!" exclaimed Ailie, "ye'll hae many friends—ye'll hae many friends; for ye will have gae, hinn—ye will hae gear. Heaven guide you a gude guide o' it!" And, as he turned and was about to push back from her with her trembling hand and her veiled arm, and gazing in his face as if to read, a more convenient distance, the ravages which sorrow rather than time had made on his face, Eh, aye: ye're scar aften, hinn; your face is turn't pale, and your eye are sunk, and your bonny red-and-white cheeks are turn'd a dark and sun-burnt. Oh, weary on the wars! my mother's the comedy fave they describe. And when can ye be hinn, hinn? And when ha' ye been? And what ha' ye been doing?—And what for did ye na write to us?—And how can ye pass yourself for nae?—And what for did ye come hame?—And what for is this a' a'—because a relic—because a body, to gie your nauld Ailie something?" she asked, concluding, smiling through her tears.

It was sufficient grief to overcome his own emotion so as to give the kind old woman the information which we shall communicate to our readers in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER XL
sion of his auditor, informed her briefly of the wreck of the vessel and the loss of all hands, except two or three of his crew who had saved the ship, and were just putting off from the vessel when he heard from the deck into their boat, and unexpected-
y, as well as contrary to his inclination, made him-
self known. It was a night of extreme anxiety. Let-
ed at Elshing, he was fortunate enough to meet with an old officer who had been in service with his father. On his advice, he hurried over immediately to the High Court, and forwarded his letters to the court of the Stadtholder.

“Our Prince,” said the veteran, “must as yet keep out of the little war, and with your King Charles; and to no man is the character of a Scottish protein not to be held imprudent for him to distinguish by his favour. Wait, therefore, for letters, without foreboding evil if on his notice, observe the strictest precaution and retirement; assume the present a different name, shun the company of the British exiles; and depend upon it, you will not repent your prudent conduct.”

The old friend of Sir William Morton argued justly. After a considerable time had elapsed, the Prince of Orange, in a progress through the United States, came to the town of Dunfermline, where he was informed of the misfortune which he was obliged to observe, still continued, nevertheless, to be a resident. He had an hour of private interview assigned, in which the Prince, at first, highly commended him with his intelligence, his prudence, and the liberal view which he seemed to take of the factions of his native country, their motives and their purposes.

Here is a commission in a Swiss regiment at present in garrison in a distant province, where you may be able to do some good. Continue to be cautious, and let the name of Morton sleep till better days.”

“Thus began my fortune,” continued Morton; “and my services have, on various occasions, been distinguished by your Royal Highness, until the moment that brought him to Britain as our political deliverer. His commands must excuse my silence to my few friends in Scotland; and I wonder not at the reverse. And when I take up the list of the arms of the nation, and that I found no occasion to use the letters of exchange with which I was furnished by the liberality of some of them, a circumstance which must have appeared to you that I have neglected my duty. But, dear lady, asked Mrs. Wilson, “did you find nae Scotch body at the Prince of Oranger’s court that lend ye? I wae hae thought Morton o’ Melville a’ through the country.”

“I was purposely engaged in distant service,” said Morton, “during a period when few, without as deep and kind a motive of interest as yours, Alie, would have known the smiling Morton in Major-General Melville.”

“Malville was your mother’s name,” said Mrs. Wilson; “but Morton sounds far bonnier in my ear than the name, and ye maun tak the sound and designation again.”

“I am like to be in no haste to do either the one or the other, Alie, for I have some reasons for the present to remain in the country. My uncle’s affairs are of importance to you; and as for the larders of Milwood, it is as good as gold.”

“Aguide hands, hinny!” re-echoed Alie; “I hope ye are no meaning me? The rents and the lands are but a sair featherto me. And I’m ower failed to tak a helphim, though Wylie Macaister the writer was very pressing, and spak very civilly; but I’m ower glad that I couldna gie him. I camna whillimawe ma as he’s done mony a time. And then I thought aye ye wad come back, and I wad get my pickelnal and my soop milk, and keep a’ things retten till ye, and wait till ye come. And it wad be just pleasure enough for me to see ye thrive and guide the ear canny—Ye’Il ha’ learned that in Holland, I’ve warrant, for they’re thrifty folk there, as I hear tell. But ye’ll spend too much at your mother’s place, milady; all that Wood is gone; and, indeed, I would approve o’ your eating butcher-meat myself as often as three times a week—it keeps the wind sall and the stomach o’ me.”

“We will talk of all this another time,” said Morton, surprised at the generosity upon a large scale, which mingled in Alie’s thoughts and actions with habitual and solemn parturition, and at the odd contrast between her love of saving and indifference to self-acquisition. “You must know,” he continued, “that I am in this country only for a few days on some very important business of personal concernment, and therefore, Alie, not a word of having seen me. At some other time I will acquaint you fully with my motives and intentions.”

“Even so it is, my lady, replied Alie. “I can keep a secret like my neighbours; and woel said Milwood kend it honest man, for he tauld me where he kept his gear, and that what must likle to have as private as possibly be. But come awa wi’ me, linn, till I show ye the oak-barbour how grandly it’s kept, just as ye had been expected home every day—I lost nobody sort it but my ain hands. It was a kist of my father’s, and it’s a heavy bur-then war into me, and I said to myself, what needs I fae wi’ grats, and carpets, and cushions, and the mussel brass candlesticks, an’ maun for, for they’ll never come again.”

With these words she hauled him away to this scatt island ornament, the scrubbing and cleaning whereof was her daily employment, as its high state of good order constituted the very pride of her heart. As she followed her into the room, undergone a rebuke for not「dightin his shune,」which showed that Alie had not relinquished her habits of authority. On entering the oak-barbour, he could not but perceive the feelings of solemn awe with which, when a boy, he had been affected at his occasional and rare admission to an apartment, which he then supposed had been kept entirely to the hands of the great. He was readily supposed, that the worked-worsted chairs, with their short ebony legs and long upright backs, had lost much of their influence over his mind; that the large brass andirons seemed diminished in splen-
dour; that the green-wursed tapestry appeared no masterpiece of the Arras loom; and that the room looked, on the whole, dark, gloomy, and desolate.

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of his purpose again to return and spend his life upon
the Continent.
Mr. Morton was to lay aside his military dress, which he considered likely to render more difficult his researches after Burley. He exchanged it for a gray doublet and cloak, formerly his usual attire at Milnwood, but worn out; it was made from the chest of a walnut-tree, wherein she had laid them aside, without forgetting carefully to brush and air them from time to time. Morton retained his sword and fire-arms, without which few persons travelled in those unsettled times. When he appeared in his new attire, Mrs. Wilson was first thankful "that they fitted him so decently, since, though he was now a fat, elderly man, he was as fair manly than when he was a thin, free Milnwood."

Next she enlarged on the advantage of saving old clothes to him what she called "beef-masters to the new," and was far advanced in the history of a velvet cloak belonging to the late Milnwood, which had first been converted to a velvet doublet, and then into a pair of breeches, and appeared each time as good as new, when Morton interrupted her account of its transmission to bid her good-by.

He gave, indeed, a sufficient shock to her feelings, by expressing the necessity he was under of proceeding on his journey; and, without further delay, left her alone in the night.

"And where are ye gaun?—And what wad ye do for that?—And what wad ye sleep but in your ain house, after ye hae been sae many years free home?" said Aliie. "I feel all the unkindness of it, Aliie, but it must be so; and that was the reason that I attempted to conceal myself from you, as I suspected you would not let me part from you so easily."

"You are ye gaun," said Aliie, once more. "Saw e'er mortal een the like o' you, just to come again to me, and flit aea like an arrow out of a bow the next mornin'." "Aye, aye," replied Morton, "to Neil Bliane the Piper's Howf; he can give me a bed, I suppose?"

"A bed?—I'm warrant can he," replied Aliie, "and gar ye pay weel for't into the bargain. Laddie, I darroo no how he can, no how he can, no how he can."

"I assure you, Aliie," said Morton, desirous to silence her remonstrances, "that this is a business of great importance, in which I may be a great gainer, and cannot possibly be a loser."

"I dounna see how that can be, if ye begin by giving maybe the feck o' twall shillings Scots for your supper; but young folks areaye venturesome, and think to get eather that way. My pair auld master took a supercilious and never parted wi' it when he had anes gotten't."

Persisting in his desperate resolution, Morton took leave of Aliie, and mounted his horse to proceed to the little town, after exacting a solemn promise that she would conceal his return until she again saw or heard from him.

I am not very extravagant, was his natural reflection, as he trotted slowly towards the town; but were Aliie and I to set up house together, as she proposes, I think my profusion would break the good old creature's heart before a week were out.

CHAPTER XLII.

Where's the jolly host
You told me of? I had been my custom ever
To partay with mine host.

Morton reached the borough town without meeting with a single person, whom Groom and Crookfield, at a little inn. It had occurred to him more than once, while upon his journey, that his resumption of the dress which he had worn while a youth, although favourable to his views in all respects, might render it more difficult for him to remain incognito. But a few years of campaigns and wandering had so changed his appearance, that he had great confidence in the traces of resolution and considerate thought, none would recognise the raw and bashful stripling who won the game of the poppinjay. The only chance was, that he should some where come amongst men, who led to battle, might remember the Captain of the Milnwood Marksmen; but the risk, if there was any, could not be guarded against.

The Howf-na-land frequented as it possessed of all its old celebrity. The person and demeanour of Neil Bliane, more fat and less civil than of yore, intimated that he had increased as well in years as in corpulence; for in Scotland landlady's complaisance for his guests declines in exact proportion to his rise in the world. His daughter had acquired the air of a dexterous bar-maid, undisturbed by the circumstances of love which complicated her in the exercise of her vocation. Both showed Morton the degree of attention which could have been expected by a stranger travelling without attendants, at a time when they were particularly the badges of distinction. He took upon himself exactly the character his appearance presented,—went to the stable and saw his horse accommodated,—then returned to the house, and, seating himself in the public room, (for to request one to himself, would, in those days, have been thought an overweening degree of conceit,) he found himself in the very apartment in which some years before he had his victory at the game of the poppinjay, aocular prehensile which led to so many serious consequences.

He felt himself, as may well be supposed, a much changed man since that festivity; and yet, to look around him, the groups assembled in the Howf seemed not dissimilar to those which the same scene had formerly produced. To three largely inebriated their "drubbles o' brandy;" two or three dragons lounged over their muddy ale, and cursed the inexciting times that allowed them no better cheer. Their Cornet did not, indeed, pay at least a passable compliment to the accurate in his cassock, but he drank a little modicum of aqua mirabilis with the gray-clad presbyterian minister. The scene was another, and yet the same, differing only in persons, but corresponding in general character.

Let the tide of the world wax or wane as it will, Morton thought, as he looked around him, enough will be found to fill the places which chance renders vacant; and, in the usual occupations and amusements of life, human beings will succeed each other, as leaves upon the same tree, with the same individual differences, with the same grand unity. After pausing a few minutes, Morton, whose experience had taught him the readiest mode of securing attention, ordered a pint of claret, and, as the smiling landlady left the chamber, washed it down with a foaming fresh from the tap, (for bottle wine was not then in fashion,) he asked him to sit down and take a share of the good cheer. This invitation was peculiarly acceptable to Neil Bliane, who, if he did not positively expect it from every guest not provided with better company, yet received it from many, and was not a whit abashed or surprised at the summons. He sat down, along with his guest, in a subdued room near the chimney; and while he received encouragement to drink by far the greater share of the liquor before them, he entered at length, as a part of his expected functions, upon the news of the country—the births, deaths, and marriages,—the change of property,—the downfall of old families, and the rise of new.

But politics, now the fertile source of clannish mope, mine host did not care to mingle in his theme; and it was only in answer to a question of Morton, that he replied with an air of indifference, "Um'aye! we have no soldiers among us, nor less. There's a job or twa in the country, now, that rakes the folk's ba'ca' their commander Wittybody, or some sick name, though he's as grave and growsome an auld Dutchman as e'er I saw."

"Wittenham, perhaps?" said Morton; "an old man, with grey hair and short black moustaches—speaks seldom?"

"And smokes for ever," replied Neil Bliane. "I see your honour keeps the man. He may be a very guile man too, for though I see that he is, considering..."
is a Boer and a Dutchman; but if he were ten generals, and as many Wittybodies, he nae skill in the pipes; he said me stop in the middle of Toppho-but, ye ha' a-piece o' music that ever long gane to.

"But these fellows," said Morton, glancing his eye towards the soldiers that were in the apartment, "are not of your house?"

"Na, na, these are Scotch dragons," said mine host; "our ain mid eatables; these are Clever's lads a whilie sync, and wad be again, maybe, if the landlord be in his first flush.

"Is there not a report of his death?" inquired Morton.

"Truth is there," said the landlord; "your honour is right; there is a flitting rumour; but, in my poor opinion, it's lang o' the deed. I wad ha'e the folks here look to theirselves. If he makes an outbreak, he'll be down frae the hills; and I could drink this glass—and where are they then? A' these fell-rakers o' dragoons wad be at his whistle in a moment. No doubt they've Willie's men e'en now, as they were James's a while sinc—and reason say they'd fight for their pay; what else has they to fight for? They ha'e neither lands nor houses, I trow. There's a gude thing o' the change, or the Revolution, as they ca' it—folks may speak out afore this barracks now, and give them a gude shilling—guard-houses, or having the thumikins screwed on your finger-ends, just as I wad say: the screw through a corner.

There was a little pause, when Morton, feeling confused, he said one or two in that neighbourhood, called Elizabeth Maclellan?

"Whether I ken Bessie Maclellan?" answered the landlord, with a landlady's laugh. "How can I ken such a woman? I am the daughter o' the first gudeman's sister. Bessie Maclellan? an honest wife she is, but she's been tried in misfortunes—the loss o' two decent lads o' sons, in the time o' the persecution, as they ca' it now-a-days—and doonily and deely she has borne her burden, blamning none, and condemning none. If there's an honest woman in the world, it's Bessie Maclellan. And to lose her twa sons, as I was saying, and to be dragoons clinked down on her for a month's holiday for—be white or tarry stern, they aye quarter them loons on virtuals, to lose, as I was saying?—a woman keeps an inn, than?" interrupted Morton.

"A public, in a pair way," replied Blane, looking round at his own superior accommodations—or, a pair way, it sells to the poor that are over dooly wi' travel to be nice; but nothing to ca' a stirring trade or a thriving house.

"Can you get me a guide there?" said Morton.

"Your honour will rest here a' the night—ye'll hardly get accommodation at Bessie's," said Neil, whose r-eard for his deceased wife's relative by no means extended to sending company from his own house to hers.

"There is a friend," answered Morton, "whom I am to meet with there, and I only called here to take strike the way.

"Your honour had better," answered the landlord, with the presence of his calling, "send some ane to warn your friend to come on here.

"I'll tell you, landlord," answered Morton impatiently, "that will not serve my purpose; I must go straight to this woman Maclellan's house, and I desire you to find me a guide, ye', " whose she is, to be sure," said Neil Blane, somewhat discontented; "but deil a guide ye'll find, if ye gae down the water for twa miles or, as gin ye were bound for Milnwood—" another house or hauld is on the road for nine Scots miles, and that a worth twenty: English. I am sorry your honour would think o' paulg out o' the house that was left me. But my man is a decent woman, and it's no lost that a friend prised.

Morton accordingly paid his reckoning and departed. The sunset of the summer day placed her at the ash-tree, where the path led up towards the moors.

"Here," he said to himself, "my misfortunes commenced; for just here, when Burly and I were seduced, the first night we ever came a-thinking of, the intelligence, that the path was secured by soldiers lying in wait for him. Because that very ash tree the old woman who applied her deaths to her daughter, had never to become inseparably interwoven with that man's, without any thing more on my part, for the discharge of an ordinary duty of humanity. Would to Heaven it were possible I could find to humble quiet and tranquillity of mind, upon the spot where I lost them!"

Thus arranging his reflections both of speech and thought, he struck his horse's head up the path.

Evening lowered around him as he advanced towards the narrow dell which had once been a ravine devoted to trees, unless where a few, trees, near a branch of precipitous banks, or clinging among rocks at huge stones, defied the invasion of men and of estate like the scattered tribes of a conquered country, intent to take in the view and the landscape; and tains. These two, wasted and decayed, seemed rates to exist than to flourish, and only served to indicate what the landscape had once been. But the trees brawled with their last vigour along the ways, giving the life and animation which a mountain rivulet alone can confer on the harshest and most savage scenery, and the whole business of a quiet and tranquil winding of a majestic stream through pastures of fertility, and beside pines of splendour. To track the road followed the course of the high

"Murmur that thou art," said Morton, in its enthusiasm of his reverse, "why chase wis wi' rocks that stop thy course for a moment? There a sea to receive thee in its bosom, and then a eternity of space before thee in all its heathery and hasty connings.

"Thus mortal, our travellers journed on by the dell opened, and the banks, reveling from the head left a little green vale, exhibiting a crook o' skinner, on which some corn was growing and fresh, whose walls were not above three feet high, whose thatched roof, green with moss, are, hearken, and grass, had in some places suffered damage from the encroachment of two cows; whose this appearance of vegetation had divided from the more delicate pasture. An ill-will and written inscription intimating to the traveller he might here find refreshment for man and beast, no unacceptable invitation, made the hat be played to, considering the wild path he had in approaching it, and the high and waste moors which rose in a desolate dignity behind the house.
"Elizabeth Macleure, sir, a poor widow," was the reply.

"Can you lodge a stranger for a night?"

"No, sir," answered the old woman; "I dwell alone, like the widow of Zaraphath. Few guests come to this pair place; and I have none to lodge them."

"I have been a soldier, good dame," answered Morton, "and nothing can amuse me in the world so much as to manage a trusting soul."

"A sodger, sir?" said the old woman, with a sigh.

"God send ye a better trade!"

It is believed to be an honourable profession, my good dame. I hope you do not think the worse of me for having belonged to it?"

"I judge no one, sir," replied the woman, "and your voice sounds like that of a civil gentleman; but I have wit to see a sly log, ill will to read in him this pair land, that I am even enough that I can see nae mair o'th' wi' these sightless organs."

As she spoke thus, Morton observed that she was blind.

"Shall I not be troublesome to you, my good dame?" said he, compassionately; "your infirmity seems ill-calculated for your profession."

"No, sir," answered the old woman; "I can gang about the house readily enough; and I have a lass to help me, and the dragon lads will look after your horse when they come home frae their patrol, for a man's matter; they are civil now than lang syne."

Upon these assurances, Morton lighted.

Peggy, my bonny bairn," continued the hostess, additional service to my other duties, who had by this time appeared, tak the gentleman's horse to the stable, and slack his girths, and tak aff the bridles, and shake down a lock o' hay before him, till the dragons come back.—Come this way, sir," she continued;' ye'll find my house clean, though it's a purr ane."

Morton followed her into the cottage accordingly.

CHAPTER XLII.

Then out and spake the said mother, and that her tears did fall: "Ye wanting be warned, my son Johnie, will the hunting to bide awa!"

Old Ballad.

When he entered the cottage, Morton perceived that the old hostess had spoken truth. The inside of the hut belied its outward appearance, and was neat, and comfortably furnished the upper apartment, in which the hostess informed her guest that he was to sup and sleep. Refreshments were placed before him, such as the little man afforded; and, though he had no appetite, he could not be expected to turn it out and be an idle saucer: as the means of maintaining some discourse with the landlady. Notwithstanding her blindness, she was assiduous in her attendance, and seemed, by a sort of instinct, to find her way to what she wanted.

"Have you no one but this pretty little girl to assist you in waiting on your guests?" was the natural question.

"None, sir," replied his old hostess; "I dwell alone, like the widow of Zaraphath. Few guests come to this pair place; and I have none to lodge them."

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("It's a lang story, sir," answered his hostess, with a sigh."

"But at night, six weeks or then by aroon bothwell Brae, a young gentleman stopped at this place that is, the old man, and his horse weary he couldna drak, a foot aither of the other, and his shoes were close ait to him, and he was none o' our enemies that couldna help him."

"You couldna, sir?" said the old woman, "but some auld wife—"

"And who, said Morton, 'dars disapprove of your having done so?"

"I kenna, answered the blind woman,—"I got ill-will about it among some o' our ain folk. They said I should ha' been to win him if it was his wife but me a silly auld wife—"

"But weel I wot I had none divine command to shed blood, and to save it was buth like a woman and a Christian. And then they said I wanted natural affection, to relieve aye that belonged to the band that murdered my twa sons."

"They killed your two sons?

"Ay, sir; though maybe we'll gie their deaths another name. The tane fell, wi' sword in hand, fighting for a broken national Covenant; the other—O, they took him and shut him dead on the green before his mother's face!—My and even dazzled when the shot was fired, but all the while he was waxed weaker and weaker ever since that weedy day—and sorrow, and heart-break, and tears that would not be dried, might help on the disorder. But, alas! I am betraying Louisa Sibell, that was a good woman, and it was the miseries word we'er her brought my Ninian and Johnie alive again."

"Lord Evandale?" said Morton in surprise. "Was it Lord Evandale that killed your sons?"

"In truth, even his," she replied. "And kind he was to me after, and gane me a cow and calf, milk, meal, and eilier, and name durst steer me when he was in poverty. That's when we live out in the out of Tillettudel, land, and the estate was said pair'd between Laddly Margaret Bellenden and the present Lord, Basil Oliffant, and Lord Evandale hitched the said pairity for love of her daughter Msis Edith, as the country said, one of the best and bonniest lasses in Scotland. But they behuvled to give way, and Basil got the Castle and land, and on the back o' that came the Revolution, and wha to turn cost fatter than the laird? for he said he had been a true whip o' the time, and turn'st-past it only for fashion's sake."

"And then Petter, that was under water; for he was over proud and manful to bend to every blast o' wind, though many aSP member was as well as me, that he be his principles as they be, but he was a great man, and he could protect us, and far better than Basil Oliffant, that aye kept the cobble head down the stream. But he was set by and ill-looked on, and his word ne'er asked; and then Basil, who's a revenging man, set himself to vex him in a shape, and especially by opposing and despising the said blind widow, the Macleure, that saved Lord Evandale's life, and that he was so kind to. But he's modest, if that's his end; for it will be lang or Lord Evandale hears a word from me about the selling my kye for rent or e'er it was due, or the putting the draggers on me when the country was in any thing to ease them, he'll—I can hear my ain burden patienty, and world's loss is the least part o' it."

"Astonished and interested at this picture of patient, grateful, and humble submission to wrong, Morton could not help bestowing an exclamation upon the poor-spirited rascal who had taken such a dauntless course of vengeance."

"Diana eise me, sir," said the old woman; "I have heard a good man say, that a curse was like a stone hung up to the heavens, and maist like to return on the head that sent it. But if ye ken Lord Evandale, he'd help him himself, for he has need to pass a'ween the ragers that are lying here, and his name is often mentioned; and in the cause thereof has been twice up at Tillettudel, because he was in former time one o' the most cruel oppressors ever trade here.
country (out-taken Sergt Bothwell)—they ca' him Inglis.

"I have the deepest interest in Lord Evandale's safety," said Morton, "and you may depend on my finding some mode to apprise him of these suspicious circumstances: And, in return, my good friend, will you answer another question: Do you know any thing of Quintin Mackell of Ironrey?"

"Do I know whom?" echoed the blind woman, in a tone of great surprise and alarm.

"Quintin Mackell of Ironrey," repeated Morton; "is there anything so alarming in the sound of that name?"

"Na, na," answered the woman with hesitation, but not without an eager and inquiring air—"Gude protect us, what mischief is to come next?"

"None by my means, I assure you," said Morton; "the subject of my inquiry has nothing to fear from me, if, as I suppose, this Quintin Mackell is the same with John Bal—"

"Do not mention his name," said the widow, pressing his lips with her fingers. "I see you have his secret and his pass-word, and I'll be free wi' you. But, for God's sake, speak low and loud. In the name of Heaven, I trust ye seek him not to his hurt!"

"I said truly; but one he has nothing to fear from. I commanded a party at Bothwell Bridge."

"Indeed?" said the woman. "And verify there is something of which I can speak prompt and readily, and like an honest man."

"I trust I am so," said Morton.

But no disclosure to you, sir, in these wretched times, continued Miss Macleure. "The hand of brother is against brother, and he fears as mickle胂

The great work, has a dry clatter o' morality through his lungs, and—"

"In short," said Morton, desirous to stop a decision which he knew even the aged woman who was attached to her religious profession as to the word of the Covenant, that great service in the court and senate of the newly founded Kirk of Scotland, even into their very rank and young sons. Our faithful champions o' the testaments agree e'en after the open prayers and apostasy of the persecuting times, for which we had suffered and stood in the midst of our multitudes are criminals with fire-brain instead o' the sweet word in season; and many an honest, starved creature, when he sits down on a stone forenoon, finds more in the very thing that is good."

"In short," repeated Morton, "I have not arrived at that. But I am only just now returned from abroad."

"I'll tell ye," said the blind woman, first assuming an air of listening that showed how effectually her powers of collecting intelligence had been transferred from the eye to the ear; for, instead of casting a glance of circumstance against, she stopped her face, and turned her head slowly around, in such a manner as to ensure that there was not the slightest sound stirring in the neighbourhood, and then continued: "I'll tell ye. Ye ken how he has laboured to reach the Court, the Covenant, broken, ar broken, buried in the hard hearts and selfish devices of this stubborn people. Now, when he went to Holland, far from the courtesies and thanks of the great and powerful forbearers of God, whether he was in right to expect the Prince of Orange to show him no favour, and the ministers no godly communion. This was hard to bare for one that had suffered and done mickle—theretofolk it may be—but why should I be a judge? He came back to me and to the auld place o' refuge that had often received him in his distresses, nair especially before the great day of victory at Drumelzarg, for I shall never forget how he was bending hither o' nights in the year on that evening after the play when young M'In- 

Wan won the poet's lay; but I warned him off for that time."

"What?" exclaimed Morton, "it was you that sat in your red cloak by the high-road, and told him there was a lion in the path?"

"The descent of a man, or rather a monster, of this name, is renowned in the conclusions of one of our chroniclers while it was Old Mortality's delight to repair. I do not remember the name of the murdered person, but the circumstances of the case are fresh in my memory. It was to my childhood's delight, and I shall not forget the conference. The copy of the Epistle will be found nearly perfect, although I have not seen the original for forty years at least."

"This matter was by Peter Inglesion shot," By both, a lighter rather than a dot. When, that his helmet oftentimes might be seen, The head at the head, then kick'd o' the green; Thus was the head which was to wear the crown, A foot-ball made by a profane dragon. an Dundee letter, Captain Ingleson, or Inglis, is repeatedly vouched as a trooper of horse.

"In the name of Heaven! who are ye?" said the old woman, breaking off her narrative in astonishment.

"But what is the matter?" she continued, resuming it with tranquillity, "ye can ken naething waar o' me than that I have been willing to save the life o' friend and foe."

"I knew you, Mrs. Macure, and I mean no ill by you—I only wished to show you that I know so much of this person's affairs, that I might be set intrusted with the rest. Proceed, if you please, with your narrative, wha ye may," she continued, remarks and observations are here omitted, as they have no direct bearing on the main subject of the narrative."

"There is a strange command in your voice," said the blind woman, "though its tones are sweet. I have little man to say. The Stewarts have been cut off, and William's a stranger; and it saw and word of the Covenant than if it were a sad o'er. They have taken the indulged clergy, and an Ema- 

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Shant Kirk of Scotland, even into their very rank b'st, and bosoms. Our faithful champions o' the testaments agree e'en after the open prayers and apostasy of the persecuting times, for which we had suffered and stood in the midst of our multitudes are criminals with fire-brain instead of the sweet word in season; and many an honest, starved creature, when he sits down on a stone forenoon, finds more in the very thing that is good."

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OLD MORTALITY.

One day, as he walked along the drawbridge, the Bible was in his hand, and the drawn sword on his knee. Did he never sleep in the same room with him, and hear him strive in his dreams with the devils of Satan? Or, were his little o' him, if ye have seen him only in far distant places, for that his senses had so few delightful visits and strikes that he can do. I have seen, after a time of agony, tremble, that an infant might have held him, while the hair on his brow was dripping fast as ever my poor tethered roof did in a heavy rain.

As she spoke, Morton began to recall the appearance of Hurley during his sleep in the hay-loft at Morningside. The thought of that scene has left him come, and some whispers current among the Canebrakers, who boasted frequently of Hurley's soul's excessures, and his strikes with the foul fiend; which several circumstances led him to conclude that man himself was a victim to those devils, though his mind, naturally acute and forcible, not only disputed his superintendence from those in whose opinion he might have discredited his judgment, but by exerting such a force as is said to be proper to those afflicted with epilepsy, could postpone the fits which it occasioned until he was either freed from superintendence, or some one held him more rigid on account of those visitations. It was natural to suppose, and could easily be inferred from the narrative of Mrs. Macleure, that so pronounced an ambition, which had been so unfounded, that party which he had served with such desperate fidelity, were likely to narrow enthusiasm into temporary insanity. It was not unmonomalous circumstances in those singular, that the public knew of Mr. Harry M'Garr, Owyton, and others, themselves slaves to the wilder and most enthusiastic dreams, could, when mingling with the world, conduct themselves not only with good dispositions, but with the most acute sagacity and determined vapour. The subsequent part of Mrs. Macleure's information confirmed Morton in these impressions.

"The next day, the pool which was a place of action, of the dark mountains, the stream made a decided and rapid shoot over the precipice, and was swelled up by a deep, black, yawning gulf. The eye in vain strove to see the bottom of the fall, 250 feet, and in the midst of it, where the dark mountains, at the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile, the eye caught the winding of the stream as it emerged into a more open course. But, for that distance, they were lost to sight as much as if a cavern had been arched over them; and indeed the steep and projecting ledges of rock through which they wound their way in darkness, were very nearly closing and over-roofing their course."

While Morton gazed at this scene of tumult, which seemed, by the surrounding thickets and the cliffs into which the waters descended, to seek to hide itself from the view of man, he little thought that he stood beside him on the platform of rock which commanded the best view of the fall, pulled him by the sleeve, and said, in a tone which he could not hear without stopping short, "Farewell, near the speaker, "Hear till him! Heh! hear till him!"

Morton listened more attentively, and out of the very abyss into which the brook fell, and amidst the tumultuary sounds of the cataract, thought he could distinguish shouts, screams, and even articulate words, as if the tortured demon of the stream had been mingling his complaints with the roar of his broken waters.

"This is the way," said the little girl, "follow me, gin ye please, sir, but tak tent to your feet;" and, with the daring agility which custom had rendered easy, she vanished from the platform on which she stood, and, by noches and slight projections in the rock, scrambled down its face into the channel which it overhung. Ready, bold, and active, Morton hesitated not to follow her; but the necessary attention to secure his hold and footing in a descent where both foot and hand were needful for security, prevented him from looking through too carefully her ascent, which was a difficult and hazardous business. They were nearly opposite to the waterfalls, and in point of level situated at about one-quarter's depth from the point of the cliff over which it thundered.
and three-fourths of the height above the dark, deep, and rugged valley, he secured itself. But these tremendous points, the first almost, namely, of the unbroken stream, and the deep and sombre abyss into which it was emptied, were full before him, as well as all the other obstructions. Morten's eye could not discover where. From behind the same projection glimmered a strong red light, which, glancing in the waves of the falling water, and tingling them with crimson, had a strange preternatural and sinister effect when contrasted with the beams of the rising sun, which glanced on the broken waves of the fall, though even in its meanest, and not going deep, its mystic and mysterious effect could not be perceived by the eye. When he had looked around him for a moment, the girl again pulled her sleeve, and pointing to the oak and the projecting point beyond it, (for bearing out of the direction, indicated that there lay his farther passage.)

Morton gazed at her with surprise; for, although he well knew that the persecuted pro-Noblemen had it in their power to surround the mansion and thickets, copses and cataractas, in spots the most extraordinary and secluded—although he had heard of the champions of the Covenant, who had long and often ridden on the braes of the Jacobite; and, who others who had been concealed in the yet more terrific cavern called Creelhope-linn, in the parish of Closharn, yet his imagination had never captured the bosom of the recesses and secret places. He was surprised how the strange and romantic scene which he now saw had remained concealed from him, while a curious investigator of such natural phenomena. But he readily conceived, that, lying in a remote and wild district, and being destined as a place of concealment to the persecuted preachers and professors of non-conformity, the secret of its existence was carefully preserved by the few shepherds to whom it might be known. As, breaking from these meditations, he began to consider how he should traverse the doubtful and terrific bridge. The rock was split, and rendered slippery by the constant drizzle, traversed the chasm above sixty feet from the bottom of the fall, his guide, as if to give him courage, took one end, and went without the least hesitation. Evolving for a moment the little bare feet which caught a safer hold of the rugged side of the oak than he could pretend to with his heavy boots, Morton went in the same step and without thence time to be distracted by the flash, the foam, the torrent, rendering a steady and safe along the uncertain bridge, and reached the mouth of a small cavern on the farther side of the torrent. Here he paused; for a light, proceeding from a fire of red-hot charcoal, permitted him to see the interior of the cave, and enabled him to contemplate the appearance of its inhabitant, by whom he himself could not be so readily distinguished, being concealed by the shadow of the rock. What he observed would have by no means encouraged a less determined man to proceed with the task which he had undertaken.

Burley, struck by the fact that he had been formerly by the addition of a grisly heap, stood in the midst of the cave, with his clasped Bible in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other. His figure, further shrouded by the mist and obscurity of the place, is a figure of a madman in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium, and his gestures and words, as far as they could be heard, seemed equally violent and irregular. All his manner and carriage was such as could not seem possible in one who was so unruly and without reason, his demeanour was that of a man who strives for life and death with a mortal enemy. "Hai hai!—there—there!" he exclaimed, accompanying each word with a threat, urged with a whole voice against the impassible and empty air. "Did I not tell thee so? I have resisted, and thou shalt not—Coward as thou art—come in all thy terrors—come in with insult and reproach; in which case I am not afraid of all—there is enough between these bounds of this book to rescue me—What matter then of gray hairs?—It was well done to slay him—the more rape the corn the reader for the sack.—Art gone.—Art gone—art ever have known thee but a coward—hah! hah! hah!"

With these wild ejaculations he sunk the point of his sword, and stood in the same posture, like a man whose fit is over. "The dangerous time is now by," said the little girl who had followed; "it is now fast beyond the danger; hold thy tongue, let the man speak with him now. I will wait for you at the other side of the linn; he cannot abide to see two folk at an end." Slowly and cautiously, and keeping constantly upon his guard, Morton presented himself to the view of his old associate in command. "What consent thou again when thine hour is over?" was his first exclamation, and thrashing his sword aloft, his countenance assumed an expression in which ghastly terror seemed mingled with the rage of a demon. "I am come, Mr. Balfour," said Morton, in a steady and composed tone, "to renew an acquaintance which has been broken off since the fight of Bothwell Bridge."

As soon as Burley became aware that Morton was before him in person,—an idea which he caught with marvellous celerity,—he at once exerted that master spirit over his heated and enthusiastic imagination, the power of enticing which was a most striking part of his extraordinary character. He sunk his sword-point at once, and as he stole it comically into the scabbard, he muttered something of the man and of which he sent an old soldier to his funeral exercise, to prevent his blood from chilling. This done, he proceeded in the cold determined manner in which was peculiar to his ordinary discourse.

"Thou hast, Sir, brought life and death, and hast not come to the vintage before the twelfth hour has struck. Art thou yet willing to take the right hand
of fellowship, and be one with those who look not to
thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture, for
their directions?"

"I am surprised," said Morton, evading the direct
answer to his question, "that you should have known
such men." But while I have done my part, the de- 
prive him of them. Those lands are a bit between his
jaws and a hook in his nostrils, and the rain and
the sun are in his hands to guide them as he think meet;
and has they all therefore be, unless I had assurance
of bestowing them on a sure and sincere friend. But
Lord Evanvale is a malignant, of heart like flint, and
brow like adamant; the goods of the world fall on him
like leaves on a windless day; the plans that he will see
them whirled off by the first wind. The heathen virtue of
such as he are more dangerous to us than the sordid
cupidity of those, who, permitted by their interest, must
follow where it leads, and who, therefore, theirs lives the
slaves of avarice, may be compelled to work in the vineyard,
were it but to earn the wages of sin.

"Of such defenders," said Morton, "I should have
thought you would now have little need to

"Little need!" said Burley impatiently—"What little
need, when inanimate fiends are combined against
me on earth, and Satan himself—but it matters
not," added he, checking him—"that I
enjoy as much
my place of refuge—my case of Adullam, and
would not change its rude ribs of one-stone rock for
the fair chambers of the castle of the Earl's of Tor-
verhead, and my roof burnt and burned down, but
unless the foolish lover-fit be over, mayst think
differently.

"I am one of those very possessions I came to
speak," said Morton; "and I doubt not to find Mr.
Balfour the same rational and reflecting person which
I knew him to be in times when real diabolical
brethren.

"Ah!" said Burley; "indeed it is such truly your
home?—it will surprise me more plainly when I

"In a word then," said Morton, "you have exer-
cised, by means at which I can guess, a secret, but
most prejudicial influence over the fortunes of Lady
Margaret Hcllenden and her grand-daughter, and in
favour of that base, oppressive apostate, Basil Olifant,
whom, the law, deceived by his operations, has
placed in possession of their lawful property."

"What?" cried Burley

"I do say so," replied Morton; "and face to face
you will deny what you haveouched by your
handwriting.

"And suppose I deny it not?" said Balfour, "and
suppose that thy eloquence were found equal to per-
suade me to retrace the steps I have taken on matured
resolve, what will be thy need! Dost thou still hope
to possess the fair-haired girl, with her white and rich
inheritance?"

"I have no such hope," answered Morton calmly.
But the theme of that, for thou wouldest do this
great thing, to seek to rend the prey from the valiant,
to bring forth food from the den of the lion, and to
extract sweetness from the maw of the devourer—For
whence couldst thou expect to read this riddle, more
hard than Sampson's?

"For Lord Evanvale's and that of his bride," replied
Morton firmly. "Think better of mankind, Mr. Balf-
our, and believe there are some who are willing to
acquire their happiness to that of others."

"Then, as my soul liveth," replied Balfour, "thou
or art, to wear beard, and back a horse, and draw a
swooning flower out of the best and most gull-puppet that
ever sustained injury unwaged. What! thou wouldst
help that accurst Evanvale to the arms of the woman
that thou lov'st!—thou wouldst endow them
with wealth, wealth, wealth, and thou think'st
that there lives another man, offence ever more
deeply than thou, yet equally cold-bered and
mean-minded, crawling upon the face of the earth, and
heart would to suppose that one other to be John Balf-
our?"

"For my own feelings," said Morton complacently,"I
am answerable to none but Heaven—To you, Mr. Hot-
tings, nothing; to none is it of none; but thou
think'st that whether Basil Olifant or Lord Evanvale possess these
estates,

"Thou art deceived," said Burley; "both are indeed
my coth with this, but it is not to be revealed, with whose
eyes have never been opened to the day. But this Basil Olifant in a Nabal—a Demas—a base cur, whom
wealth and power are at the disposal of him
who can threaten to deprive him of them. He became
a professor because he was deprived of these lands of
Tillitendium—he turned a paper to obtain possession
of them—he called himself an Erastian, that he might
not again lose them, and he will become what I hat
me, while I have done my part. The de-

"You have neither men nor means, Mr. Balfour, to disturb the government as now settled," argued Morton; "the people are in general satisfied, excepting only the gentlemen of the Jacobite interest; and surely you would not join with those who would only use you for their own purposes." "It is they," answered Burley, "that should serve us. I went to the camp of the malignant Claverie, as the future King of Israel sought the land of the Pharaoh; I arranged for him a treaty and, being the villain Evandale, the Frantists are now here driven from the west—I could stay him," he added, with a vindictive scowl, "were he grasping the horns of it." "If you do not," said Morton, "I will." "If thou, son of mine ancient comrade, wert suitor for thyself to this Edith Bellendre, and wert willing to put thy hand to the great work with zeal equal to the courage, think not I would prefer the friendship of Basil Olifant to thine; thou shouldst then have the means that this document (he produced a parchment) affords, to place her in possession of the lands of her fathers. This have I longed to say to thee ever since I saw thee fight the good fight so strongly at the fatal Bridge. The maiden loved thee, and thou her;" Morton continued solemnly, "I will resemble with you, Mr. Balfour, even to gain a good end. I came in hopes to persuade you to do a deed of justice to others, not to gain any selfish end of my own. I have been for years seeking for a reward for the loss which others will sustain by your injustice." "You refuse my proffer, then?" said Burley, with kindling eyes. "I do," said Morton. "Would you be really, as you are desirous to be thought, a man of honour and conscience, you would, regardless of all other considerations, restore that parchment to Lord Evan- dale, to be used for the advantage of the lawful heir." "Sooner shall it perish!" said Balfour; "and, casting the deed into the heap of red charcoal beside him, pressed it down with the heel of his boot. While it smoked, shrivelled, and cracked in the flames, Morton sprang forward to snatch it, and Burley catching hold of him, a struggle ensued. Both were strong men, but although Morton was much the more active and yommer of the two, yet Balfour was the most powerful, and effectually prevented him from rescuing the deed until it was fairly reduced to a cinder. They then quitted hold of each other, and the enthusiasm, rendered fiercer by the contest, glared on Morton with an eye expressive of frantic rage. "But hush! a secret," he exclaimed; "thou must be mine, or die!" "I contemn your threats," said Morton; "I pity you, and leave you." "I am bursary to retire. Burley sprang before him, pushed the oak-trunk from its resting place, and, as it fell thunderting and crashing into the abyss beneath, drew his sword, and cried out, with a voice that raved the roar of the cataract and the thunder of the falling oak,—"Now thou art at bay!—fight—yield, or die!" and standing in the mouth of the cavern, he flourished his naked sword. "I will not fight with the man that preserved my father's life," said Morton,—"I have not yet learned to say the words, I yield; and my life I will rescue as I best can." So speaking, and ere Balfour was aware of his purpose, he sprung past him, and exerting that youthful agility of which he possessed an uncommon share, leaped clear across the fearful chasm which divided the two, with grave footing from the projecting rock of the opposite side, and stood there safe and free from his incensed enemy. He immediately ascended the ravine, and, as he turned, saw Burley stand for an instant as if he were going back. With a sudden turn then, with the frenzy of despatched rage, rush into the interior of his cavern. It was not difficult for him to perceive that this unhappy man had been long agitated by desperate scenes and sudden disappointments, that it had lost its equipoise, and that there was now in his conduct a shade of lunacy, not the less striking, from the vigour and craft with which he pursued his wild designs. Morton soon joined his guide, who had been terrified by the fall of the oak. This he repre- sented to his guide; and she assured him in return, that the inhabitant of the cave would experience no inconvenience from it, being always provided with materials to construct another bridge. The storm now broke, and the rain did not yet end. As they approached the hut, the little girl made an exclamatory of surprise at seeing her grandmother grooping her way towards them, at a greater distance from her than she could have been supposed capable of travelling. "Oh, sir!" said the old woman, when she heard them approach, "ain o’er ye loved Lord Evandale, help now, or never—God be praised that left my hearing when he took my poor eye-sight!—Come this way—this way!—And o’ tread lightly.—Pegg, hinny, zagz saddle the gentleman’s horses, and lead him softly out of the thorny shaw, and bide him there." She conducted him to a small window, through which, with faltering steps, he could see the dragoons seated at their morning draught of ale, and conversing earnestly together. "The more I think of it," said the one, "the less I like it. And you think we should have stood for him for the soldier’s friend; and though we were punished for the mutiny at Tullietludie, yet, by—Frank, you must own he deserved it." "I'll tell you what," said the other, "if I forgive him for it then," replied the other; "and I think I can sit in his skirts now." "Why, man, you should forget and forgive—Better take the start with him along with the rest, and see the ranting Highlanders. We have all eat King James’ bread." "Thou art an ass; the start, as you call it, will never happen; the day’s put off. Holiday’s seen a ghost, or Miss Bellendre’s fallen sick of the pipp, or some blasted nonsense or another; the thing will never keep two days longer, and the first bird that sings out won’t get the reward." "That’s true, too," answered his comrade; "and will this fellow—this Basil Olifant, pay handsomely?" "Like a prince, man," said Inglis; Evandale is the man on earth whom he hates worst, and he fears him, besides, about some law business, and be was once rubbed out of the way, all, he thinks, will be his own." "But shall we have warrants and force enough," said the other fellow. "Few people here will sit against my lord, and we may find him with some of our own fellows at his back." "Then I’ll go forward, Dick," returned Inglis; "he is living quietly down at Fairy-Knowe to avoid suspicion. Olifant is a magistrate, and will have some of his own people that he can trust along with him. There are two, and the Laird says he can get a desperate fighting white fellow, called Quinta Mackell, that has an old grudge at Evandale." "Well, well, you are my officer, you know," said the private, with true military consciousness, "and if any thing is wrong"— "I'll take the blame," said Inglis. "Come, another pot of ale, and let us to Tullietludie.—Here bind Basil why, where the devil has the old has crept to?" "Delay them as long as you can," whispered Morton, as he thrust his purse into the hostess’s hand; "all depends on the time and on how far we can go. We are horridly afoot, and we must give the man the support of a troop, and procure the conunption of the civil power. I must drop a caution as I pass.—Come, Blairkemp," he said, addressing the youth who had received him, "this day must try your breath and speed."
CHAPTER XLIV.

OLD MORTALITY.

Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,--

His fair, loving heart, his gentle soul,--

For, speechless for a little space he lay,

Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.

Heaven and Earth.

The indisposition of Edith confined her to bed during the eventful day on which she had received such an unexpected shock from the sudden appellation of Morton. Next morning, however, she was reported to be better, and Lord Evandale resumed his purpose of leaving Fairy-Knowe. At a late hour in the forenoon, Lady Emily entered the apartment of Edith with a peculiar gravity of manner. Having remarked that the invalid was comfortably lying in bed, she observed it would be a sad one for her, though it would relieve Miss Bellenden of an incumbrance.--

"My brother leaves us to-day, Miss Bellenden."--

"Leaves us!" exclaimed Edith in surprise; "for his own house, I trust?"

"I have reason to think he meditates a more distant journey," answered Lady Emily; "he has little to detain him in this country.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Edith, "why was I born to become the wreck of all that is manly and noble! What can be done to stop him from running away?"--Lord Evandale seemed in such instant, and entire consternation--So that I implore you not to delay several weeks before you depart from him.

"It will be in vain, Miss Bellenden; but I will execute your commission;" and she left the room as formally as she had entered, and informed her brother. Miss Bellenden was so much recovered as to procure some company by her way, when they were expected to friend and sister.

"I suppose," she added pettishly, "the prospect of being speedily released from our company has wrought a cure on his shattered nerves."

"Sister," said Lord Evandale, "you are unjust, if not untractable."

"Unjust I may be, Evandale, but I should not have dreamed," glancing her eye at a mirror, "of being thought as I am better without him. But let us go to the old lady; she is making a feast in the other room, which might have dined all your troop when you were here."

Lord Evandale accompanied her in silence to the parlour, for he knew it was in vain to contend with her prepossessions and offended pride. They found the table covered with refreshments, arranged under the careful inspection of Lady Margaret.

"You could hardly well," he said, "to breakfast this morning, my Lord Evandale, and ye mann o'en partake of a small collation before ye ride, such as this place has to offer; neither could I, without such an indigestion, you can provide in their present circumstances.

"For my part, I like to see young folk take some reflection before they ride out upon their sports or their sportsmanship;"--having had his lordship's breakfast at Tilletudum in the year of grace six hundred and fifty-one; and that most Sacred Majesty was pleased to reply, drinking to my health at the same time in a flagon of Rheinish wine; "Lady Margaret, ye speak like a Highland oracle."

These were his Majesty's words; so that your lordship may judge whether I have not good authority for what you talk to partake of their vintages.

It may be well supposed that much of the good lady's speech failed Lord Evandale's ears, which were then employed in listening for the step of Edith. He left the parlour for the sake of this pleasant invitation to dinner, however natural, cost him very dear. While Lady Margaret was playing the kind hostess, a part she delighted and excelled in, she was interrupted by John Gudgill, who, in an aside delivered to his master, whispered, "Miss Bellenden and Lord Evandale have been seen together.

"There was one waiting to speak to her lordship."

"And what was his name? Has he a name? Ye speak as if ye kept a shop, and was to come at every body's wish."

"Yes, he has a name," answered John, "but your lordship likes ill to hear it."

"It's a good one," said Lady Emily.

"It's Call-Gibbie, my legdy," said John, in a tone rather above the pitch of decorous respect, on which

"he occasionally trespassed, confiding in his merit as an ancient servant of the family, and a faithful follower of Lord Evandale's fortune.--I fear, Lord Evandale, your lordship will have it, that keeps Edie Henshaw's eye down yonder at the Briggs-end—that's him that was Guse-Gibbie at Tilletudum, and gave to the lass mirth of her."

"Hold your peace, John," said the old lady, rising in dignity; "you are very insolent to think I was speaking to a person like that. Let him tell his business to you in another place. He may

"He'll no hear o' that, my legdy; he says, them that sent him bade him gie the thing to your lordship's am hand direct, or to Lord Evandale, he was sorry, but it's an ill thing to be said, he's far from free, and he's but an idiot an he were."

"Then turn him out," said Lady Margaret, "and tell him to come back to-morrow when he is sober. I suppose he comes to crave some benevolence, as an ancient follower o' the house."

"Like enough, my legdy, for he's a' in rags, poor creature."

Gudgill made another attempt to get at Gibbie's commission, which was indeed of the last importance, being a few lines from Morton to Lord Evandale, acquainting him with the danger in which he stood from going to Tilletudum at present, and the necessity of instant flight, or else to come to Glasgow and surrender himself, where he could assure him of protection.

This bill, lastly written, he intrusted to Gibbie, who was to leave the house the next morning. He found the bridge, and backed with a couple of dollars his desire that it might instantly be delivered into the hand to which it would be addressed.

But it was deemed that Goose-Gibbie's intermediation, whether as an emissary or as a man-at-arms, should be unfortunate to the family of Tilletudum. He unluckily tarried so long at the ale-house, to prove if his employer's coin was good, that, when he appeared at Fairy-Knowe, the little sense which nature had given him was effectually drowned in ale and brandy, and instead of asking for Lord Evandale, he demanded to speak with Lady Margaret, whose name was more familiar to his ear. Being refused admittance to her presence, he staggered away with the letter undelivered, previously faithful to Morton's instructions in the only point in which it would have been well had he departed from them.

A few minutes after he was gone, Edith entered the apartment. Lord Evandale and she met with mutual embarrassment, which Lady Margaret, who only knew in general that their union had been postponed by her grand-daughter's indisposition, set down to the hand of her master, to whom she was ready to place them at ease, began to talk to Lady Emily on indifferent topics. At this moment, Edith, with a countenance as pale as death, muttered, rather than spoke, in her whispering tones to Lord Evandale.

"He offered his arm, and supported her into the small anteroom, which we as we noticed before, opened from the parlour. She placed her chair in a corner, and, taking one himself, awaited the opening of the conversation.

"I am distressed, my lord," were the first words she was able to articulate, and those with difficulty;

"I scarce know what I would say, nor how to speak it."

"If I have any share in occasioning your uneasiness," said Lord Evandale mildly, "you will soon, Edith, be assured to all that will be necessary.

"You are determined then, my lord," she replied, "to run this desperate course with desperate men, in spite of your own better reason—in spite of your friends' entreaties—in spite of the utmost unhappiness which your absence would bring to you."

"Forgive me, Miss Bellenden; even your solicitude on my account must not detain me when my honour calls. I must stand ready as long as I have breath and means are prepared, the signal for rising will be given so soon as I reach Kilsyth—if it is my fate to call me, I will not shun meeting it. It will be something," he said, "and to the hand, "it is to preserve your composure, since I cannot gain your love."
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

[CHAP. XLIV.]

went to his heart; "time may explain the strange circumstance which has shocked me so much; my agitated nerves may recover their tranquillity. O, do not rush on death and ruin to repair to be our protector and saviour, as you have been!"

"It is too late, Edith," answered Lord Evandale; "and were we not ungenerous could I persist on the warmest and kindliest of your feelings towards me. I have two enemies: one, a marauder, whose bowmen are not or never were backed by a regiment; tell Haliday and Hunter to get out the horses—And now, farewell, Edith?"

He dashed her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly; then, with parting words, ran, the tears running down his cheek, to the horse, where Edith, embowered to obtain him, rushed out and mounted his horse.

He was a noble man—the women shrieked and hurried in consternation to the front windows of the house, from which they could see a small party of horsemen, of whom two only seemed soldiers. They were on the green ground before Cuddy's cottage, at the bottom of the descent from the house, and showed caution in approaching it, as if uncertain of the strength within.

"Help, he may escape!" cried Edith, "O, would he but take the by-road!"

But Lord Evandale, determined to face a danger which his high spirit unrelaxed, commanded his men to follow him, and rode composingly down the avenue. Old Gudiff ran to arm himself, and Cuddy stretched down a gun which was kept for the protection of the house, and, although on foot, followed Lord Evandale. It was in vain his wife, who had hurried up to shield him by his skirts, throw him down with death by the sword or halter for meddling with other folk's matters.

"Why, you low-born!" said Cuddy, "and that's bard! Scuth, or I wotna what is; it is folk's matters to be Lord Evandale murdered before my doors?" and down the avenue he marched. But Cuddy was not the only one who thought of the wild infancy, as John Gudiff had not appeared, he took his vantage ground behind the hedge, hammered his flint, cocked his piece, and, taking a long aim at Laurd Black, as he was called, stood prompt for action.

As Lord Evandale appeared, Olait's party spread themselves a little as if preparing to enclose him. Their leader stood fast, supported by three men, two of whom were droopers, the third in arms and appearance a countryman, all well armed. But the strong figure, stern features, and resolute manner of the third attendant, made him seem the most formidable of the party, and whoever had before seen him could have no difficulty in recognizing Balfour of Balfour.

"Follow me," said Lord Evandale to his servants, "and we are likely or dead or alive."

He advanced at a double pace towards Olait's, and was in the act of demanding why he had thus been pressed, when Olait called out, "Shoot the traitor!" and the whole four fired their carbines upon the unfortunate. He reeled under the fire, and his gun fell from his hand, and the soldiers rushed forward. But Lord Evandale, for the ball took place in the very midst of Basil Olait's forehead, and stretched him lifeless on the ground. His followers, astonished at the extraordinary speed in which his horseman had disposed to stand inactive, when Burley, whose blood was up with the contest, exclaimed, "Down with the Mulciber!" and attacked Haliday sword in hand. At the sight of the letter of holiness, the head of the party and a party of horse, rapidly advancing on the road from Glasgow, appeared on the fatal field. They were foreign dragoons, led by the Dutch commandant Wittenboel, accompanied by Morton and a civil magistrate of a new case.

A hasty call to surrender, in the name of God and King William, was obeyed by all except Burley, who, raised his horse and attempted to engage in battle. Several soldiers were killed by command of their officer, but, being well mounted, only the two headmost seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately twice, discharging one of his pistols, and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuit by forcing wounding him, and of the other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Bothwell Bridge, where, for his misfortune, he found the gate shut and guarded. He then mounted a horse, which was in a place where the river seemed passable, and plunged into the stream. The bullets from the pistols and carbines of his pursuers whizzed around him, but two balls took effect which in the bottom of the stream, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He reined his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waving his hand, as if with the manner intimating his desire to be spared. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But precisely agreed that his purpose was to escape, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength, and discharged a blow on the head of one, which tumbled him from his horse, and enabled him to turn his horse's head, which had been turned to the west, and faced him on the east. The corpse might be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice rowed to the, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Balfour working such art that showed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were thrown out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Balfour's grasp could not have under the circumstances, he had thrown off his clothes, and Balfour's corpse was thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a rubbing epitaph.*

* Gentle reader, I did respect of mine honest friend Peter Preston, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his credit and judicious, as well as his notables and comforts as in good words, to procure me on his next progression to that country, a copy of the English edition allowed to. And, according to his report, which I saw no ground to discredit, I thus wrote to him:

How lies one saint to precipice early,
D多层次 Balfour, sometimes of Balfour,
Whose starved to vengeance take,
Both in the League and Covenant's sake.
Upon the main Moor in Fife,
Yet late James Sharpe the apothecary's lade:
By cattle's hand was well at Rest,
Then drowned in Clyde near this man spot.

The return of John Balfour of Kinloch, called Balfour, to Scotland, as well as his recent death in the English army, was the subject of entire satisfaction. He was wounded at Bothwell Bridge, where he received the elevation to the text, not much in use with his enemies, competitors. So afterwards escaped to Holland, where he shared with others of his distressed countrymen, and was buried without ceremony in the churchyard there. But he rose high in the Prince of Orange's esteem, and observes, "That brave still a desire to be over upon them and wept the brave, and Balfour's death in Holland. He then left the Prince for that purpose, set at sea once in the English Channel, and arrived in Scotland, where he was never accomplished, and so the hand was never enough of the blood of those who had shed innocent blood, according to the law of Moses, on the land of his fathers. His wife, the Queen of Scots, died, by way of..." —Savoy Kirtley, p. 62.

It was barely a few hours before Lord Evandale's hearing of King William, and his prudent anxiety to prevent that perpetuation of tumultuous quarters, which is called in mede..."
While the soul of this stern enthusiast flitted to its account, that of the brave and generous Lord Evan- daile was also released. Morton had turned himself from his horse upon perceiving his situation, to render his dying friend all the aid in his power. He knew him, for he pressed his hand, and, being unable to speak, he, in his last moment, gave chase to the幕 assistant to the story, and was conveyed to the house. This was done with all the care possible, and he was soon surrounded by his lamenting friends.

But the glorious grief of Lady Emily was far ex- ceedingly purchased. She nearly broke her heart.

Unconscious even of the presence of Morton, she hung over the dying man; nor was she aware that Patte, who was removing one faithful lover, had restored another, for Morton was the first to catch her glance\

taking their hands in his, pressed them both affectionately, united them together, raised his face, as if to pray for a blessing on them, and sunk back and expired in the next moment.

CONCLUSION.

I had determined to waive the task of a concluding chapter, leaving to the reader's imagination the apparent position of the place after Lord Evan daile's death. But as I was aware that precedents are wanting for a practice, which might be found convenient both to readers and compilers, I even have been in the devious design of inserting, when fortunately I was honoured with an invitation to drink tea with Miss Martha Bashboddy, a young lady who has carried on the profession of maintaining a fair carriage and is a most agreeable creature, with great success, for about forty years. Knowing her taste for narratives of this description, I requested her to look over the loose sheets the morning before I waited on her, and enlighten me by the experience which she must have acquired in reading through the whole stock of three circulating libraries, in Gander- caugh and the two next market-towns. When, with a handkerchief under her mouth in the evening, I found her much disposed to be complimentary.

"I have not been more affected," said she, "I am the glasses of her spectacles, by any novel, excepting the Tale of Jenny and Jenny Jessamy, which is indeed pathos itself; but your plan of omitting a formal conclusion will never do. You may be as harrowing to our nerves as you will in the course of your story, but, unless you had the genius of the author of "Julia de Roubigné, never let the end be altogether overclouded. Let us see a glimpse of sunshine in the last chapter; it is quite essential.""\n
"I am so much impressed for me, madam, then to comply with your injunctions; for, in truth, the parties in whom you have had the goodness to be interested, ol live long and happily, and begon some, but indeed believe, that it is unnecessary, sir," she said, with a slight nod of reprimand, "to be particular concerning the matrimonial comforts. But what is your objection to let us have, in a general way, a glimpse of their future felicity?"\n
"Really, madam," said I, "you must be aware, that every volume of a narrative turns less and less interesting as the author draws to a conclusion, just like your tea, which, though excellent hyson, is necessarily weaker and more insipid in the last cup. Now, as I think the one is by no means improved by the excessive lump of half-dissolved sugar usually found at the bottom of it, so I am of opinion that a history, growing already rapidly, is but dully crutched up by a detail of circumstances which every reader must have anticipated, even though the author exhusted them on every flowery epithet in the language;\n
"This will not do, Mr. Pattison," continued the time, Deveron, were only adapted in consequence of the death of the author.\n
The late Mr. Wemyss of Wemyss Hall, in Fife, adhered to the old practice, and was accustomed to address his legal subjects, propers, articles of draw, &c. which belonged to the old homeli- est.\n
"It has been said that old Mrs. Wemyss, who was there, was so kind to the King of the Netherlands in the West Indies.\n
Lady, "you have, as I may say, basted up your first story, very hardly and clumsily; with the conclusion, and, in my trade, I would have called the foreman, who had put such a horrid and bungled spot of work out of her hand. And if you do not
deem this gross error by telling us all about the mar- ried state of Mr. Edgeworth and the several other personages of the story, from Lady Margaret down to Goose-Gibbes, I apprise you, that you will not be held to have accomplished your task hand- some of your task hand-

"Well, madam," I replied, "my materials are so ample, that I think I can satisfy your curiosity, unless it descends to minute circumstances in the occupation of her original cottage. But, with the shrewd caution of his character, he was never heard to boast of having fired the lucky shot which repose these lady and himself in their original cottage. He, said he, had, as his only confidant, said Basiel Olifant was my little cousin, and a brand gentleman and though he was being again the law, as I understand it, for he had threatened Lord Evan daile to surrender, and though I mind killing him no more than I would do a pinafore, yet it's just as well to keep a calm sough about it. He not only did so, but with such a school, he seemed to name a report that old Gidyll had done the deed, which was worth many a gill of brandy to him from the old butcher, who, far different in disposition from Cudle, was becomes so inclined to exaggerate as to suspect his exploits of manhood. The blind widow was provided for in the most comfortable manner, as well as the little guide to the Linn; and—\n
"But what is all this to the marriage—the marriage of the principal personages?" interrupted Miss Bashboddy, impatiently tapping her snuff-box.\n
"The marriage of Morton and Miss Bellchend was delayed for several months; as both went into deep mourning on account of Lord Evan daile's death. They were then wedged.\n
"I hope, not without Lady Margaret's consent, sir," replied Miss Bashboddy. But proper deference in young persons to their parents. In a novel the young people may fail in love without their consent, because it is essential to the necessary interest of the story, but I have the benefit of their consent at last. Even old Delville received Cecilia, though the daughter of a man of low birth.\n
"And even so, madam," replied I. "Lady Margar- ret was prevailed on to countenance Morton, although the old Coventer, his father, stuck sore with her for some time. Edith was her only hope, and she wished to see her happy. Morton, or the dearest, as he was more generally called, stood so high in the reputation of the world, and was in every other re- spect such an eligible match, that she put her projec- tions aside, and consented herself with the recollection, that marriage went by destiny, as was observed to her, she said, by her most Sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, when she showed him the portrait of her Fergus, third Earl of Torwood, the handsomest man of his time, and that of Countess Jane, her second lady, who had a hump- back and only one eye. This was her Majesty's ob- servation, that one can't bring back a man when he designed to take his discharge.\n
"Nay," said Miss Bashboddy, again interrupting me, "if she brought such authority to countenance her frequenter, she would have been more than satisfied, she said. And what became of old Mrs. What's her name, the housekeeper?"
"Mrs. Wilson, madam?" answered I; "she was perhaps too happy of the party; for once a year, and not oftener, Mr. and Mrs. Melville Morton dined in the great wainscotted-chamber in solemn state, the hangings being all displayed, the carpet laid down, and the huge brass candlestick set on the table, stuck round with leaves of laurel. The preparing the room for this yearly festival employed her mind for six months before it came about, and the putting matters to rights occupied old Allison the other six, so that a single day of rejoicing found her business for all the year round."

"And Neil Blane?" said Miss Buskbody.

"Lived to a good old age, drank ale and brandy with guests of all persuasions, played wing or jabots to tunes as best pleased his customers, and died worth as much money as married Jenny to a cock Laird. I hope, ma'am, you have no other inducements to make, perfectly."—

"Goose-Gibbie, sir?" said my persevering friend; "Goose-Gibbie, whose ministry was fraught with such consequences to the personages of the narrative?"

"Consider, my dear Miss Buskbody,—(I beg pardon for the familiarity)—but pray consider, even the memory of the renowned Scheherazade, that Empress of Tale-tellers, could not preserve every circumstance. I am not quite positive as to the fate of Goose-Gibbie, but am inclined to think he was the same with one Gilbert Dudden, alias Calf-Gibbie, who was whipped through Hamilton for stealing poultry."

Miss Buskbody now placed her left foot on the fender, crossed her right leg over her knee, lay back on the chair, and looked towards the ceiling. When I observed her to assume this contemplative mood, I concluded she was studying some farther cross-examination, and therefore took my hat and wished her a hasty good-night, ere the Demon of Criticism had supplied her with any more queries. In like manner, gentle Reader, returning you my thanks for the patience which has conducted you thus far, I take the liberty to withdraw myself from you for the present.

PERORATION.

It was mine earnest wish, most courteous Reader, that the "Tales of my Landlord" should have reached thine hands in one entire succession of tomes, or volumes. But as I sent some few more manuscript queries, containing the continuation of these most pleasing narratives, I was apprised, somewhat unceremoniously, by my publisher, that he did not approve of novels in his inhumanly called these real histories, extending beyond four volumes, and, if I did not agree to the first four being published separately, he threatened to decline the article. (O, ignominy! as if the vernacular article of our mother English were capable of declension!) Whereupon, somewhat moved by his remonstrances, and more by heavy charges for print and paper, which he stated to have been already incurred, I have resolved that these four volumes shall be the heralds or avant-couriers of the Tales which are yet in my possession, nothing doubting that they will be eagerly devoured and the remainder anxiously demanded, by the unanimous voice of a discerning public. I rest, esteemed Reader, thine as thou shalt converse me.

JEDIDIAH CLEISHBROTHAM.

Ganderleigh, Nov. 15, 1816.

THE END OF OLD MORTALITY.