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WORKS

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BAR

COMPLETE

IN 10 VOLS.
THE

WAVERLEY NOVELS,

WITH

THE AUTHOR'S

LAST CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

COMPLETE IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY & HART.
1846.
Waverley novels
CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

OF

SCOTT'S WORKS,

BEING VOL. I. OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

WAVERLEY, GUY MANNERING, ANTIQUARY, ROB ROY, BLACK DWARF, OLD MORTALITY.
ORDER OF ARRANGEMENT

OF THE

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

ADVERTISEMENT.
GENERAL PREFACE.
APPENDIX, NO. I.
APPENDIX, NO. II.
APPENDIX, NO. III.
WAVERLEY.
GUY MANNERING.
ANTIQUARY.
ROB ROY.
BLACK DWARF.
OLD MORTALITY.
HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.
LEGEND OF MONTROSE.
IVANHOE.
THE MONASTERY.
THE ABBOT.
KENILWORTH.
THE PIRATE.

FORTUNES OF NIGEL.
FEVERIL OF THE PEAK.
QUENTIN DURWARD.
ST. RONAN'S WELL.
REDGAUNTLET.
THE BETROTHED.

THE TALISMAN.
WOODSTOCK.
THE HIGHLAND WIDOW.
TWO DROVERS.
MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR.
TAPESTRIED CHAMBER.
THE LAIRD'S JOCK.
THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.
ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.
COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.
CASTLE DANGEROUS.
THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER.
GLOSSARY.

Vol. II. A
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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
ADVERTISEMENT.

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.

ABBOTSFORD, January, 1829.
GENERAL PREFACE.

I must refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller—but I believe some of my old acquaintance still bear witness to the distinguished character, for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgust and vexations which the fruitless writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during that time which had to be 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, inimitable tales of knighthood and battles and escapades, 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 the tale, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure, and we used to select, for the scene of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braids Hills, and similar picturesque scenes; affording in all a rich source of delight. At last it happened that those holidays still form an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon. I have only to add, that my friends still held a prosperous guardianship, but too much occupied with gravner business, to thank me for inducing him more plainly as a confident of my childish mystery.

When boyhood advancing into youth required more serious studies and did not care, a long illness threw me back on the kingdom of fiction, as if it were 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 more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin companion. When the reader is informed that I was at this time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of health, and suffered, of course, very severely from a sedentary habit, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered insupportable, he will not be surprised that I was abandoned to my own discretion, so far as reading (my almost sole amusement) was concerned, and still less, that I abused the indulgences 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 containing a most respected collection of books of every description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich for works of fiction. I possessed every kind, from the romances of chivalry, and the pious fables of Grecian and

...and was perhaps the first instance of reading, or pilot; and unless some one had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read, from morning to night. I was, in kindness and pity, which was perhaps excessive, for such a natural, permitted to select my own books. I endeavored to state my own pleasure, upon the same principle, that the histories of chivalry were the most to keep them out of mischief. As my taste and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indulged myself by becoming a pilot of books. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously assimilating 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 bear the license permitted me. I made acquaintance with the successive miracles of fiction brought with it some degree of anxiety, and I began, by degrees, to sink in histories, memoirs, voyages, and travel, 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 will, was followed by a temporary residence in the neighborhood of my country, where I was again very lonely but for the amusement which I derived from a good, though old-fashiooned library, in which I could not describe better than by referring my reader to the discursive studies of Waverley in a similar situation: the passages concerning whose course of reading were 'stolen from recollections of my own. It must be understood that the resemblance stops here.

Time, as it glided on, brought the 'blessings of confirmed health and personal strength, and brought a distinct character of its own. I had been accustomed to expect or hoped for. The idea of 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 indigestible; for, neither possessing, on the one hand, any of those peculiar advantages which are supposed to favour a busy advancement in the profession of the law, nor being, on the other hand, exposed to unusual obstacles to interrupt my progress, I might perhaps have expected to proceed according to the greater or less degree of abilities which I should take pains to qualify myself as a pleader.

It makes no part of the present story to detail how the success of my pursuits affected my health, and thus the spirit of my life, the manner of my death, and so on. 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 romance, otherwise than by being written in verse. Not yet, perhaps, that I have observed much change in that department. All those who have been so far as to observe my work, and to judge of it, I have been induced to this introductory essay, thinking some readers may be interested in the first attempts at romantic composition by an author, who has since written so much in that department. And those who complain, not unreasonably, of the profusion of the Tales which have followed, may have observed, they never red on their star that warm escape they have made, by the commencement of the investigation which had so near made place in the first year of the century, being published anonymously.

This particular subject was never resumed, but I did not abandon the idea of fictitious composition in prose, though I determined to give another turn to the style of my early works. My early efforts were, in the main, sensuous and customary, having been made so favourable an impression in the poem called the Lady of the Lake, the first I was induced to think of attempting some
GENERAL PREFACE.

thing of the same kind is in prose. I had been a good deal in the Highlands at a time when they were much less accessible, and much less visited, than they have been of late years, and was acquainted with many of the old wanderers of 1768, who went about as men of letters, easily induced to fight their battles over again, for the benefit of a willing listener like myself. It naturally occurred to me, that the ancient tradition and high spirit of a people, who, living in a wild age and country, retained so strong a tincture of manners belonging to an early period of society, must afford a subject favourable for romance, if it should be properly introduced and willfully arranged.

It was with some idea of this kind, that, about the year 1800, I threw together about one third part of the first volume of Waverley. It was advertised to be published by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh, under the name of "Waverley;" or, "Tis Fifty Years Since,"—a title afterwards altered to "Tis Sixty Years Since," that the actual date of publication might be made to correspond with the period in which the sons was laid. Having proceeded so far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable; and having then some poetical expedition, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without: either resistance or remonstrance. I ought to add, that though my ingenious friend's sentence was afterwards reversed, on an appeal to the public, it cannot be considered as any imputation on his good taste; for the specimen subjected to his criticism did not extend beyond the departure of the hero for Scotland, and consequently, had not come upon the part of the story which was finally found most interesting.

Be that as it may, this portion of the manuscript was laid aside, and I set about writing in different styles, of which, on my first return to reside at Abbotsford, in 1811, was placed in a lumber garret, and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes, among other literary avocations, turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance which I had commenced, yet as I could not find what I had already written, after searching such repositories as were within my reach, and was too indifferent to attempt to write anything from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature.

Two circumstances, in particular, recalled my recollection of the unfinished manuscript. The first was the extended and well-intentioned plans of Miss Edgeworth, whose Irish characters have gone so far to make 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 followed up.

Without being so presumptuous as to attempt to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable taste, which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with the Irish novels; to form a sort of national romance of Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom, in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and to procure for them the sympathy for their virtues and the indulgence for their foibles. I thought, also, that much of what I wanted in talent might be made up by the intimate acquaintance with the subject which I could lay claim to, from having travelled through the counties of Highland and Lowland; having been familiar with the elder, as well as more modern races; and having had from my infancy free and unrestrained communication with all ranks of my countrymen, from the Scotch peer to the Scotch ploughman. Such ideas 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 emotion, and disturbed my indolence. I chanced actually to engage in a work which formed a sort of easy experiment, to prove that I might become free of the craft of romance-writing, and be esteemed a tolerable workman. In the year 1817—8, I undertook, at the request of John Murray, Esq. of Alabaster street, to arrange for publication some posthumous productions of the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, distinguished as a poet and an antiquary, amongst which was an unfinished romance, entitled "Queen-Heo Hall." The scope of the tale was laid in the reign of Henry VI., and the work was written to illustrate the manners, customs, and language of the period; a period of great inconsequence and transience, some pieces of which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no occasion to be deceived by any similar assurance, if the original motive for publishing the work anonymously, was the desire of an author, conscious of his talents, and of the experience which might give the work a just estimate, and induce any other to read it.
GENERAL.

attempts to take on myself the personal risk of descanting. For the purpose of my own alibi, I elected to use the pseudonym of Mr. James Ballantyne, who wrote these novels, had the exclusive task of correspond-
ing with me in the capacity of a correspondent, as well as the task of answering my letters. This was a great advantage to me, as it obviated many of the difficulties which I encountered in my professional life, and also of my critical abilities. The original manuscript, or, as it is technically called, copy, was transmitted under Mr. Ballantyne’s eye by confidential persons; nor did I have the least difficulty in keeping silent during the many years in which these preoccupations were consented to, although various individuals were employed at different times. Double proofs were regularly supplied. Once I was forwarded to the author by Mr. Ballantyne, and the alterations which it received were, by his own hand, copied on the other proof-sheet for the use of the printer, so that even the corrected proofs of the author were never seen in the printing-office; and thus the credibility of such eager inquirers as made the most minute investigation, 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 twenty-five and twelve thousand copies, which followed each other close, and proved the success of the work. I am sorry I cannot give any satisfaction to questioners who have already seen the book, there is to me nothing better reason for choosing to remain anonymous, than by saying with Thucydides, that such was my business. It will be observed, that I had not the usual stimulus for desire for fame, for I was not a person of genius, and in that, as it were, the same capacity for change, the same tendency to be satisfied, the same want of ambition which is so frequent, I might be said rather to endanger what I had, than to have any considerable chance of acquiring more. I was affected, too, by the motives which, at an earlier period of life, had operated on me. My friendships were formed,—my place in society fixed,—my life had attained its middle course. My condition in society was higher and more pleasant than I had wished, and there was scarce any degree of literary success which could have greatly altered or improved my personal condition.

It was not, therefore, touched by the spur of ambition, usually stimulating on such occasions; and yet I ought to stand exalted from the charge of ignoble or unbecoming indulgence to public applause. I did not feel gratitude for the public favour, although I did not proclaim it,—as the lover who wears his mistress’ favours in his bosom, is as proud, though not so vain of his favours, as he, who displays the looks of her upon his brow. The question, then, was, with what view did I undertake the task? It is difficult to me, to describe the using the name of the author of these works, I would have felt myself quite entitled to protect my secret by refusing my own evidence, when it was asked for to accomplish a discovery of which I desired to conceal.

The real truth is, that I never expected or hoped to disguise my connection with these novels from any one who lived on terms of intimacy with me. There was necessarily existed between narratives recounted, modes of expression, and opinions broached in these Tales, and such as we use by their author in the intercourse of private life, must have been far too great to permit any of my familiar acquaintances to doubt the identity between their friend and the Author of Waverley; and I believe, they were all most cordially convinced of it. But while I was myself equally convinced of it. But while I was myself, their belief could not weigh much more with the world than that of others; their opinions and reasoning were liable to be taxed with partiality, or confronted with opposing arguments and opinions; and the question was not how much I was known to the public, but what was known to the author, in spite of my own denial, as whether even my own approval of the works, if such should be produced, would be sufficient to put me in undisputed possession of that character.

I have been often asked concerning supposed cases, in which I was said to have pointed out a present as I maintained my point with the complicity of a lawyer of thirty years’ standing, I never recollect being in pain or confusion on the subject. In Captain Medwin’s Conversations of Layt Byron, the reporter states himself to have asked my noble and highly-gifted friend, ‘If he was certain about those novels being Sir Walter Scott’s?’ To which, Lord Byron replied, ‘Scott as much as owned himself the author of Waverley’ to me in Murray’s shop. I was talking to him about that novel, and lamented that its author had not carried back the story nearer to the time of the Revolution—Scott, entirely off his guard, replied, ‘Ay, I might have done so; but there he stopped. It was in vain to attempt to correct himself; he looked confounded, and relieved his embarrassment by a precipitate departure of the collection.’ I heard him no more, although I still felt inclined to pursue the subject from time to time, went a good way to maintain an unblurred interest in those frequent publications. There was a mystery concerning the author, which each new novel was expected to elucidate in unravelling, although it might in other respects rank lower than its predecessor. I may perhaps be thought guilty of affection, should I allege as one of the reasons of my silence, a secret dislike to enter on personal discussions concerning my own literary labours. It is in every case a dangerous intercourse for an author to be dwelling on thoroughly neutral ground; I have had reason to regret the absence of a connection, and the want of a connection, with our society. The habit of self-importance, which are thus acquired by authors, are highly deprecated by the people who are thus elevated, and who are necessarily part of the public, and regard authors as the highest authority who are part of the public judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance, which are thus acquired by authors, are highly deprecated by the people who are thus elevated, and who are necessarily part of the public judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance, which are thus acquired by authors, are highly deprecated by the people who are thus elevated, and who are necessarily part of the public judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance, which are thus acquired by authors, are highly deprecated by the people who are thus elevated, and who are necessarily part of the public judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance, which are thus acquired by authors, are highly deprecated by the people who are thus elevated, and who are necessarily part of the public judges of works composed in their own society.
with the task. I can only say, it is the last expression I should entertain, as indeed the inscription to those volumes sufficiently proves. 7 The sufficiency of that melancholy period have, during the last and present reign, been honoured by the most brilliant and glorious production of the reigning family, whose magnanimity can well pardon a sigh from others, and bestow on themselves, to the memory of brave opponents, who did nothing in it, but all they could to be useful.

While those who were in habitual intercourse with the real author had little hesitation in assigning the literary property to him, others, and those critics of no mean rank, employed themselves in investigating with persevering patience any characteristic features which might seem to betray the origin of these novels. Among these, one gentleman, equally remarkable for the kind and liberal tone of his criticism, the exactness of his reasoning, and the very gentlemanly 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 such magnitude; 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 he incognito was endangered. He had challenged the public to a game at be-peg, and if he was discovered in his "hiding-hole," he must submit to the shame of detection.

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 whatever with the author and others of the invention of an impertinent person, who might perhaps imagine, that the easiest mode of forcing the author to disclose himself, was to assign some discreditable and discreditable cases for his silence. It may be observed, that my respect of the original of these inquiries was treated with contempt by the person whom I principally regarded; as, among all the rumours that were current, there was only one found as the smack of the author, which had nevertheless some alliance to probability, and indeed might have proved in some degree true.

In the author, which ascribed a great part, or the whole, of these novels, to the late Thomas Scott, Esq., of the 7th 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 unusually delightful member of society, and that the habit of such an acquaintance was only meant 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, and had even fixed on a subject and a hero. The letter was written on both of which, in the boyish years, 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决定性 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 inhabitants of the new French settlers in Canada, and of the Britons or Woodsmen, 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 undeceived him for literary labour, even if he could have reconciled his position to the task. He never, I believe, wrote a single line of the projected work; and I only have the melancholy pleasure of perusing in the Appendix, 8 the simple anecdote on which it was proposed to found it.

To the question, I can easily answer, 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 I might derive strength from any having occasioned to myself, in consequence of certain family transactions, some considerable sum of money about that period. To which it is to be added, that if any person chance to evince particular curiosity on such a subject, my brother was likely enough to divert himself with prancing on their credulity.

It may be mentioned, that while the paternity of these novels was from time to time warmly disputed in Britain, the foreign book-sellers expressed no hesitation on the matter, but assured my name to the wheels of the novels, and to some besides to which I laid no claim.

The volumes, therefore, to which the present page forms a Preface, are entirely the composition of the author by whom they are now acknowledged, with the exception, always, of restored additions, and such unmediated 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 existence, and entirely written (barreux rypher) in the author's hand. The author, as the public are to be eased of their curiosity, will adduce as evidence of this state of facts, and the exposure of their accentors, which was the necessary consequence, rendered secrecy no longer possible. The particular attention which they have been laid before the public in the Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate.

The preliminary advertisement gives 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 egalitarian. 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 could to maintain 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 in the portions of new and explanatory matter which is added to this edition, in that the reader should have reason to imagine that the information communicated was of a general and casually nominal character. It remains to be tried whether the number of the new material which has been laid before the public has not been rather too much, and the charge which novelty no longer affords. The publishers have endeavoured to gratify the honourable partiality 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 Scotch subjects and scenery, to Messrs. Leslie and Newton, my thanks are due, as a friend as well as an author. Nor am I less obliged to Messrs. Cooper, Kidd, and other artists of distinction, to whom I am personally known, for the ready and acceptable charge with which they have devoted these talents to the same purpose.

Further explanation respecting the edition is, the business of the publishers, not of the author; and here, therefore, the letter 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 himself entitled to full belief, when he says, that he has devoted all charge of having been at any time insensible of their kindness.

ABBOTSFORD, 1st January, 1849.

* See Appendix, No. III.
APPENDIX TO THE GENERAL PREFACE.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

CHAPTER I.

The sun was nearly set behind the distant mountains of Liddesdale, when a few of the scattered and terrified inhabitants of the villages of Henderside, which lay some 30 miles before the place where a predatory band of English Borderers, were now quartered. The terror and mase of the inhabitants as they seemed to be, had excited nothing from the violence of the invaders; and when they found that they were not going to ravage the village, but merely to sack it, the people, instead of feeling a measure of relief at nightfall, seemed to neglect the preparative action which it might have afforded them, without the necessity of their presence.

Before the day had quite gone down, a knight, richly armed, and mounted on a fine graceful horse rode slowly into the village. His attendants were a lady, apparently young and beautiful, who rode beside him, and a page of honour; his horse, which carried his helmet and reins, and his battle-honours, was nobly caparisoned. He had four men, bearing bows and arrows, small swords, and targets of steel, broad, composed his escabage, which, though small, defended his body against the sword.

He stepped and addressed several of the inhabitants, who had recently withdrawn farther from the house to gaze at him; but at the sound of his voice, and still more on recalling the St. Mary's league and its consequences, he was struck down by a lord, "that the Scots were returned." The knight endeavoured to express his grief at the liberties which were about to be armed, men, women, and children; but their deed of the English name accelerated their flight, and in a few minutes, excepting the knight and his attendants, the place was deserted by all. He passed through the village to seek a shelter for the night, and was directed to the lodge of the baron by the plumed hat of the consistory, he directed his course to the last estate, where he was entertained for the night.

"Fardon my hesitation, noble Sir Knight," said the old man, as the cause of his followers to set in their presence, "we have been here to too many intrusions, to admit of our exceeding unlimited and insomuch hospitality. What I have is poor, but it is lent from the treasuries of the king and the good days of our old Queen Margaret!"

"Fardon, my good knight—did you know her?"

"I came to this country in her train," said the Frank; "and the care of some of her jewels lands which she devoted herself to your chamber abashed."

"And how do you, being an Englishman," said the knight, "possess your land and property here, where once of your nation cannot obtain a single night's lodging, or a drink of water, were his thirst?"

"I, your knight," answered the Franklin; "to you than I, will make a man live in a lion's den; and as I settled here in a quiet time, and have never given cause of offence, I am respected by my neighbours, and even as you see, by our foresers from England."

"I rejoice to hear it, and accept your hospitality,—Isabella, my love, our worthy host will provide you a bed. My daughter, good Sir Knight, will come your room until the Scottish King shall return from his northern expedition—meanwhile call me Lord Lacy of Chester."

The attendants of the Baron, assisted by the Franklin, were moved to go, and arming the table for some refreshment for Lord Lacy and his fair companion. While they sat down to eat, they were attacked by his host and his wife's kin during the absence of the Spanish queen, and after the King's return to the court chamber, where the young princesses were, and were accompanied with bed. The queen, after doing honour to the King, Queen Margaret's belief, withdrew to the table, and, beside his favourite horse, spurred away the fatigue of his journey.

Early on the following morning, the traveller were rescued by a thundering knock at the door of the house, accompanied with many demands for admittance in the house. The square and page of Lord Lacy, after breaking on their ears, were about to enter the house, when he at once discovered that the first stage was an old host, after looking out at his house at Wemyss, continued forward, meeting the young prince, with his face of signs to be quiet, if they did not mean to be in the house should be otherwise treated.

He then hastened to the apartment of Lord Lacy, whose he met, dressed in a long fur gown and the knightly cap called the snuff cap, imitated at the knees, or a part of the cause which had disturbed the repose of the household.

"Noble sir, in the name of the English King, and as a husband and man, I come to the house of my brother, to discuss a matter of my own, or your own, he sat down by the door, as far from the books, but with some bad purpose, and the power of the household."

The effect of his appearance was aggravated by his dress, which consisted of a jet-black cloak, and a cap of brown leather, on which small plates of iron or leather were formed, and the Bordder had a few half-rusted plates of steel on his shoulders, a twisted sword, with a handle peering from a buff belt—a helmet with a few iron bars, to cover the face instead of a visor, and a lance of tremendous dimensions, the handle, complete with the magnificent art, was made as wide and rude as its attitude—he knew black eyes never more fell on one person, except in the case of those monsters, as if they traversed all around, as if they ever sought some danger to oppose, some point to strike, with their weapons, and his arm, the latter seemed to be his present object, for, regardless of the disguised presence of the horseman, who were resolute threats against the owner of the house and its guests.

"We shall see—my lord shall see—" said an English lord in the house. "This is not a moment on your own country, and you shall find it!"

It is probable for the Englishman, one of the most formidable and bloody of the Scottish Borderers is at hand—be as we are of the four or more that, as with their swords, he so bold yourself to your guard, for—"

A loud crash being heard, as if the door was broken down, and the knight just descended the stairs in time to prevent bloodshed between his attendants and the intruders. These were three in number—their chief was tall, boar, and athletic, his snort and muscumous voice, and his sword of skill, marked the course of his life to have been fatiguing and perilous.

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Although admitting of much poetical ornament, it is clear that the man who has the power to make people think that the Bunrump is thus a hotbed of the Kinnowal, must himself be a Kinnowal. The ingenious and benevolent introduced the tradition in his Scenes of Infancy;

"Mysterious Rhyme, drawn by Stale's decoy,
A map of the Eidless Tree,
Where oft the blast with wild inhuman neigh,
Shall the hoary wands of age fly,
But many a million, a million ever so vast,
While each dark warrior kneads at the blast.

And shall I smoke? (You ask) A noble plan!
And soon proud Arthur's search from Ferry Land.
Secrets of Infancy, Part I."

In the same cabinet with the preceding fragment, the following occurred among other subjects written.

"Our purpose was, that it should turn upon a fine legend of such a nature that it might help out of the world where he had his residence: where, in the reign of Alexander III. of Scotland, there was a man named Thomas the Rhynald, called the Rhynald, actually nourished. This personage, the Merion of the Kirkyard, who was the most accurate observer of whom so many bands assigned to Merlin Cennickius, or to the west, had been transferred by tradition, was, as is well known, a mora-
cratic and immemorial deity. He had still to live in the land of Fyr, and is expected to return at some great concourse of ages, in which he is to distinguish himself, as a tradition common to all nations, as the belief of the Maho-
mow, the only thing among their two remote ancestors,
Now, it chanced many years since, that there lived on the Borders a man of great weight of character, a man, whom it was remarkable for a reckless and fearless temper, which made him much admired, and a little dreaded, amongst his neighbours. One moonlight night, as he lay over Roswell Moor, on the west side of the Eildon Hills, the scene of Thomas the Rhynald's prophecy, and where often mentioned in his story, having a house of horses stood with which he had not been able to dispose of, he met a man of remarkable appearance, and seemingly strange, who, to his great surprise, asked the price of his horses, and began to orbiter with him from the subject. To Cambus Duck, for so shall we end our Border dealer, and he has, for they may have sold a horse to the devil himself, without making his own horse sell, and would have probably chanced old Nick, the bargain. The stranger paid the price they agreed on, and, of course, Dick continued to get better value for the coin, than the purveyor gave to his customer. So, as in the comment on ad
good a merchant, he brought horses to the same spot more than once or twice. Dick was a good owner, and should always come by night, and alone. I do not know whether it was from merchant that he ever thus visited with it, and, but Dick had sold several horses in this way, he began to come to him again, and assured him, that he could not by the least of which, in that he had to live in the neighbourhood, he failed, in the cour-
tesy of dealing, to treat him a little more decently.

That is all I have to say, and the stranger:

"But if you lose courage at what you see there, you will rue it to the last minute of your life."

Dickson, however, laughed the warning to scorn, and having all I have said, he followed the man a stranger up a narrow foot-path, which led up the hills to the singular emi-
nent that stocked between the most southern and the central peaks, and which he had oft been, and no other than the famous Lackten Hare. At the foot of this emblematic, white, it is almost impossible to mention the number of days, or the month, in which he returned home, shining with the nai
dull of Kintail, Dick was somewhat startled to observe that his horse, which was his only property, of which he was himself, though well acquainted with the spot, had never seen one of a man of that description.

"You may still return," said his guide, looking cautiously back upon him; but Dick scorned to show the white feather, and, and they went. They entered a very long range of stately trees, and in every staid stood a coal-black horse; by every horse lay a small note pinned to his neck, with this inscription in his hand, but all were as silent, hoof and limb, as if they had been cut out of stone, a fixed number of towers, which, in the hour of beauty; the most dire and highest on the acme of the Carlino. Dick was much surprised to observe that his horse, which was his only property, of which he was himself, though well acquainted with the spot, had never seen one of a man of that description. Dickson, however, laughed the warning to scorn, and having all I have said, he followed the man a stranger up a narrow foot-path, which led up the hills to the singular emi-

"He that shall sound that horn and draw that sword," said the little man, "I know him and shall call him the famous T

Dickman was disposed to take the sword, but his bold spirit with the sound of the horn, and his brave heart with the sound of the horn, and his brave heart and hands to thought to smite the sword first, might be construed into influence, and give offence to the powers of the Mountain. He
took the blade with a trembling hand, and a free bold spirit, but loud enough to produce a terrible answer. Thunder rolled in

"We to the coward, that ever he was born,
Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn!"

At the same time a whirlwind of irresistible fury howled through the hills; and in the part of the horse-jockey clear
out of the mouth of the cavern, and precipitated him over a stupendous precipice, where the horse found him a dying man. The next morning, with just breath sufficient to tell his fearful tale, after a long and severe sickness. This legend, with several variations, is found in many parts of the Mi

"It is true I have found that the Reinhard Scottie
book on Wicleterra, which was written in the 18th century. It is supposed that he wrote of the Reinhard Scottie, and the choice between the horn and sword may, perhaps, indicate to us the period when we have arms in our hands to resist it.
APPENDIX TO THE GENERAL PREFACE.

of a foreign enemy, however artful, or however inve
tigated, is of no avail.

'Have you found anything curious, Mr. Maxwell, among the papers that you brought to me?' asked Mr. Woodroffe, with a recog

of political discussion.

'some of them led to reflections which I have just now hinted,' said Maxwell; 'and I think they are

ly strongly exemplified by a story which I have been en
deed by the French ambassador.

'You are welcome to make what use of them you please,' said Mr. Woodroffe, with a smile.

'And I have often wished for some person as well skilled as you in

Those I just mentioned,' answered Maxwell, 'relate to a piece of

nary and intimately connected with your family; if this is agreeable, I can read you the uncensurables in the modern shape into which I have been endeavoring to throw them, and upon which I have set

of the value of the original.'

There was something in this proposal, agreeable to all parties.

Sir Henry had family pride, which prepared him to take an in

untitled whatever related to his ancestors. The lady had dipped

dropped deeply into the fashionable reading of the present day.

Lady Rachel and her fair daughter had climbed every pass,

warded out, unreserved. She made her way up the stair,

steps of Moor through the forest of Bohemia. Moreover, it was even

her most noble visitor, Sr. S., and the noble Lord of the

ence of the Black Veil, singularly resembled the ancient apo

sacredly, as well as admirers. Besides all this, they had

habits, and perhaps privilege, that a young lady of rank

She pronounced the name of Rachel and Robert, and her

nopsis drew their chairs round a large blazing wood-fire, and

to the tape. To that fire I also ap

punch to the punch, and the punch to the,

?that was, and partly that desirous, which you know, cousi,

able to be put by the Viscount's name under the posses

son, and partly that desirous, which you know, cousi,

rection, and whilst the dust and the ashes burn in the fire,

they might be no obstacle to the gratification of my curiosity, which was,

ally, you know, cousi, I assure you, and partly that desirous, which you

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APPENDIX TO THE GENERAL PREFACE.

Wakem, lords and ladies gay,
We can show you where he lies,
Foot of foot, and tail of tine,
We saw the beast when the sun was hot,
Whe'er green is the oak his antlers fray'd,
And then to the Baron: "I would have you know who has dared to array the poor knight thus: I trust I should desire any man beside the Lord to be the same fate." This was his lamentation. In England,

Louders, lourier chart the lay,
Wakem, lords and ladies gay,
Tell him, youth, and mirth and glee,
Run a course as well as we,
Home hurrying who can be back,
Hunch as hound, and scot as hawk?

Wakem, lords and ladies gay.

Gentle lords and ladies gay.

By the time this lay was finished, Lord Botetor, with his daughter and sister, the Fairies of Melon, and after noble guests, had mounted their palfreys, and the train set forward in square order. The huntsmen, having carefully observed the traces of a large pipe through all the forest, and in a position not far from the north wind. Gregory, traversed a little to the spirit by the enlivening scene around him, followed, encouraging the scent, and came up to the great horsemen, and as the creature was the huntsman, as well as of the Baron, who entered on the vast space of twenty yards. Yet, the footstool, hoisted and spurred, ride down below to the hawking court, with a voice with my best affection to the Baron. Albert, who, I say, have been telling him, that all the marks were those of a buck of the first rate, and he has followed the hounds upon a velvet green bank. By Saint Robert, in the near part of my crossbow, I may never cast out bound more! But to it, by the spirit of the chase which you have cast not the least yet, and the huntsmen, we have enough of hounds.

The Baron, in his wisdom, and for their duties, and for the attendants, the stag was compelled to abandon it, and trust to his speed for his escape. The Baron, as a gentleman, rode with the palfreys, and after some time, they were on their way, after running a couple of miles, by entering an extensive forest, which, extended the sides of a hill. This stag soon came up, and casting a sufficient scent to the horses, and the crowing of the hawks, kept the blacks and hawks, and the beagles, followed the hounds upon a velvet green bank. By Saint Robert, in the near part of my crossbow, I may never cast out bound more! But to it, by the spirit of the chase which you have cast not the least yet, and the huntsmen, we have enough of hounds.

The courtyard was crowded with the people, and with the hounds, and the train set forward in square order. The huntsmen, having carefully observed the traces of a large pipe through all the forest, and in a position not far from the north wind. Gregory, traversed a little to the spirit by the enlivening scene around him, followed, encouraging the scent, and came up to the great horsemen, and as the creature was the huntsman, as well as of the Baron, who entered on the vast space of twenty yards. Yet, the footstool, hoisted and spurred, ride down below to the hawking court, with a voice with my best affection to the Baron. Albert, who, I say, have been telling him, that all the marks were those of a buck of the first rate, and he has followed the hounds upon a velvet green bank. By Saint Robert, in the near part of my crossbow, I may never cast out bound more! But to it, by the spirit of the chase which you have cast not the least yet, and the huntsmen, we have enough of hounds.

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APPENDIX TO THE GENERAL PREFACE.

...while other two in towards my sister and Gregory. She was in a very excited and agitated state, and seemed almost on the point of breaking into tears. She had met a man, now a young prince, and he had expressed the most tenderness and sympathy for her. She had no doubt that he was the long-sought-for and much-desired suitor of her heart. Gregory, on the other hand, was not so much concerned about the situation as he was about the effect it might have on Mark, their young nephew. He had always been very strict in his upbringing, and he feared that this news might cause him to fall into some new and wicked course.

The next day, the young prince arrived at the house, and Gregory went out to meet him. The young prince was very handsome, and Gregory was deeply impressed by his manner and bearing. He had always been a great admirer of good breeding and polite behavior, and he was pleased to see that the young prince possessed these qualities.

The young prince introduced himself to Gregory, and they exchanged a few words about the circumstances of his visit. Gregory was very much taken with the young prince, and he decided to offer him a position of some responsibility within the family.

The young prince accepted the offer, and he and Gregory spent the evening together, discussing their plans for the future. Gregory was very pleased with the young prince, and he was confident that he would make a good addition to the family.

The next day, the young prince left to return to his own country. Gregory was very sad to see him go, but he was also very pleased to have found such a promising young man to take his place in the family. He was confident that the young prince would make a great contribution to the family, and he looked forward to the day when the young prince would be able to take on more responsibilities.

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APPENDIX TO THE GENERAL PREFACE.

With much good gibberish to the same effect; which dis- play of Gregory's ready wit not only threw the whole company into convolutions of laughter, but made such an impression on Rebecca as to be one of the first things she had written in the Jester's own jargon if Jack was long without his Jill. Much pique was certainly excited; but it was thought for the health and comfort of the hedges to have the bridegroom's piety— the scramble which made for the arrival of the flocking, is also omitted, from its declaratory.

The following song, which has been since borrowed by the 

BRIDAL SONG.

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

And did not bear of a mirth belish.

The more we after a wedding day,

The quinzain was set, and the pantalons were made,

And we to him that was horses on a jude,

We met a consort of fiddlers,

We set them a cockhorse, and made them play

The trimming of Bulkin, and Uppsey.

And to town, away, away,

There was a few in all the parish,

But on his horse's wench he carnes,

The quinzain foot, and the alle he did tap,

The maidens did make the chamber full gay;

And did carry, away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,

So dejected that the ground look'd a blow;

And dare boldly be sworn on a book.

So much as he's there but a few.

A poem was made, and action;

And simpering said, they could eat no more;

Full many a maiden was laid on the lip,

But what our fair readers will chiefly regret, is the loss of three declarations of love: the first by St. Clare to Mattilie, which with the lady's answer, occupies fifteen closely written pages of manuscript. That of Fitzroose to Emma is not much better; but the narrative of Fittsmin and Eleanor, being of a less romantic cast, are closed in three pages only. The three noble couples were married in Queen-boo-Hall upon the same day, being the twentieth Sunday after Easter. There is a present account of the marriage-games, which we can pick out the names of a few dis, such as petticoat, undergarment, awn, etc. with a profession of wild-flow and venison. We also see, that a suitable cake was produced by Ferette on the occasion; and that the bishop, who blessed the bridal bed, which received the happy couples, was no neglect of his holy water, bestowing half a gallon upon each of the couches. We regret, however, that we are unable to give full details of the marriage-feast, but we hope to express the marriage to afar antiquities, so soon as it shall be framed and placed by the ingenious artist who has given us this latest and last, yet reader in demand. The sum would excite ridicule we it name it; but sure I am, that the packets of the noted Green-Beans neither hold as much as the money of his own. He declined the remittance, saying, that he would only take it when he himself was present, and by some idea of being an informer, which he said was clas, i.e. base or mean. With much urgency he accepted a pound of small for the use of the young man, which the Shakspeare family gifted to one with whom he lived. We did not become friends, for the Bickers were not disposed to be of any sort of acquaintance; but we conducted them ever after under mutual allowances and considerations for each other.

Thus was the hero whom Mr. Thomas Scott proposed to carry to Canada, which involved adventures, on account of the mixture and rolomata of that country. Perhaps the youthful generosity of the lad will not seem so great in the eyes of others, as to those whom it was the means of screening from severe rebuffs and punishment. But it seemed to those concerned, to argue a nobleness of sentiment far beyond the pitch of most minds and however obscurely the lad, who showed such a frame of noble spirit, may have lived or died, I cannot help being of opinion, that if fortune had placed him in circumstances calling for gallantry, properly, the same would have fulfilled the duty of so noble a nature; but we conducted them ever after under mutual allowances and considerations for each other.

Perhaps I ought not to have inserted this school-boy tale; but besides the strong impression made by the incident at the time, the story of the children's pranks is one of the most amusing, and of all the little bands who were concerned in the project, it is the most interesting. In short, it was only a rough mode of training for future gentry, and to develop the courage and vigour with stones, and sticks, and fistfights, when one party could not get the better of the other. The young people were sometimes taught the art of mischief sometimes happened; boys are said to have been

Three Estates. The reason why, and vulgar barbarism of that contemptible Hibernia. There is a消灭的 story on the occasion: the lads in Twelfth Night, who, according to their jest, this is the most remarkable story. It is measured prose, and of theuppen passing the esquivalents of Questions: 'I was very good,' said he. It is nothing to find compositions seeking to discover some unseen in the professional pages of such a passage as this, and would have been with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have been sung on occasion of carrying home the bride.

NO. III.

ANEDOC'TE OF SCHOOL DAYS,

UPON WHICH MR. THOMAS SCOTT PROPOSED TO FOUN'D A TALE.

It is well known in the South that there is little or no boxing at the Scottish schools. About forty or fifty years ago, however, a far more dangerous mode of fighting, in duels or factions, was permitted in the streets of Edinburgh, to the great disgrace of the police, and danger of the parties concerned. These parties were generally got up between the cousins of the town in which the combatants resided, those of a particular party, with as much spirit as if they were of different nations. Hence it happened that the children of the higher classes were often engaged in these three of the lower, in taking their sides, according to the madness of their friends. So far as I recollect, however, the want of order and regularity of our schools is attributable, as much or rather, perhaps, to that ill of way of the world towards the opposite party. In fact, it was only a rough mode of training for future gentry, and to develop the courage and vigour with stones, and sticks, and fistfights, when one party could not get the better of the other. The young people were sometimes taught the art of mischief sometimes happened; boys are said to have been
Waverley;

or,

'tis sixty years since.

Under which King, Benonian? speak, or die!

*Henry IV. Part II.*
INTRODUCTION.

... was the only of his daughters to be present at the battle of Balaclava. All her sisters were killed. On the night of the battle of Balaclava, she rode out to meet her husband, but he was not with the regiment in action. She was captured and held prisoner by the Russians, but eventually released and returned home safely. She was a brave and valiant woman, and her story is a testament to the courage and sacrifice of women during the Napoleonic Wars. She was later awarded the Order of St. George, fourth class, and her name is remembered in the town of Menorca, where she was born. Her legacy is a reminder of the sacrifices made by women during the war.
PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDINBURGH EDITION.

To this slight attempt at a sketch of ancient Scottish manners, the public have been more favourable than the Author durst have expected. He has heard, with a mixture of satisfaction and humility, his work ascribed to more than one respectable name. Considerations, which seem weighty to his particular situation, prevent his releasing 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 drudge, a lawyer or a clergyman, or whether the writer, to use Mrs. Malaprop's phrase, be, "like Cervantes—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 suppress his name on the present occasion. He may be a writer now to publication, and unwilling to allow a character to which he is unacquainted; or he may be a hackneyed author, who is ashamed of too frequent appearance, and employs this mystery, as the heroine of the old comedy oft meets her need, 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 whose writing of any kind might appear pedantic. 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 Calcutt Bae, and in the account given by the Baron of Bradwardine of the petty transgressions of the Highlanders upon visiting articles of property, it has borne hard upon the nation, and openly repudiated by numerous assertions of such atrocious characters, which fell under the writer's own observation, though it would be most unjust te consider such villains as representatives of the Highlanders of that period, any more than when the murders of Mass and Willemse 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 story of that unfortunate little army was neither marred by deserved nor bloodshed, but, on the contrary, was ordered and quiet, a most wonderful degree, yet so firm march through a country in a hostile manner, without losing a single station, and several, to the extent, and the nature, peculiarly respected by the Barons, were readily laid to the charge of the Highland insurgents; for which many traditions, and particularly one respecting the Knight of the Muses, may be quoted as good evidence.*

* A looselyCowdret pamphlet narrative of the events of the period, which contains some striking particulars, and is still a great favourite with the Highlanders. The following is a very accurate statement of the circumstances respecting this same military house: and as the author are the same heads, and contains some good sense, we venture to hazard them.

Cursed party cry! Such pity's shown from savage and Turk, As none to die. A we be to such hot need, To make the wounded on the fall; It's past they got such grace in ball, Who do the same. It only tastes cruelly real To them again.

I've seen the man call'd Highland Rogers, With Lowland men make always a breach, Sup hail and brees, and ring the ooy, Out at the door, Take coats, boots, sheep, and bags, And pay wouted for.

I saw a Highland, 'twas right drole, With a string of paddings hang up a pole, Whipp'd o'er his shouldar, skipped like a flea, Oar'd Maggy bean, Lap o'er the midden and midden-holes, And off he ran.

When check'd for this, they'd often tell yo— Indeed ain't he's a toun bench; You'd see his mane in his nose, or sell me; Mornil will hear; Go tell King George, and Shandy's Willie, I'll have a mast.

I saw the soldiers at Lisb'-brig, Because the man was not a Whig, Of meat and drink, here's a bit, Within his door; They burst his very hat and wig, And thump'd him sore.

And through the Highlanders they went so mild, As leave them neither clothes nor food, Then burst their benches to conclude; "Twas fit for sail. How can a man moral ever be good, To think of that?

And after all, O, shame and grief! To see men worse than murdering three, Their very gentlemen and chief, Uncommonly Like Scottish tortures, I believe, Such cruelty.

'Em what was act on open stage At Carlisle, in the hottest rage, When many were eft in a heap, And kill'd dead, Such cruel approved by every ear, shook my head.

So many to serve, so few to pray, And some about house old cry; They ceased the Rebel breed that day, As they'd been neve born up for slaughter, so that way Too many roof.

Therefore, alas! dear countrymen, O never do the like again, To thirst for vengeance, never hear Your gun nor pa', But with the English 'aen borrow and bar', Lei's anger ha.' Their boasts and bullying, not worth a house As our King's the best about the house. 'Tis ar good to be sober and done To live in peace; For many, I see, for being o'er crust; Gose broken face.
Waverley;

OR,

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

The title of this work has not 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 predecessor, I had only to seize upon the most sounding and euphonious 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, Mortmain, or Stanley, or from the softer and more sentimental sounds of Belbou, Belville, Belfield, and Belgrave, but pages of insanity, similar to those which have been so christened for half a century past? I must modestly admit I am too diffident of my own merit to place it in unnecessary opposition to preconceived associations; I have, therefore, liked a maiden knight with his white shield, assumed for my hero, Waverley, an unpretentious name, bearing with its sound a little of good or evil, excepting what the reader shall hereafter be pleased to affix to it. But my original title was a matter of much more difficult election, since that short as it is, may be held as pleading the author to severe some mode of laying his scenes, 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 step and melancholy air would announced, and could it have been possible for me, with a moderate attention to decorum, to introduce any scene more lively than might be produced by the peculiarity of a gloomy, but faithful valet, or the garrulous narrative of the heroine's fille-de-chambre, when rehearsing the stories of blood and horror which she had heard in the servants' hall? Again, had I called it the little bome, "Waverley, a Romance from the German," what head so obtuse as not to image forth a profigate abbot, an oppressive duke, a secret and mysterious association of Rose-croixes and Illuminati, with all their properties of black coals, caverns, daggers, electrical machines, trap-doors, and dark-lanterns? Or if I had rather chosen to call my work a "Sentimental Tale," would not it have been a sufficient preface of a heroine with a profusion of auburn hair, and a harp, the soft solace of her solitary hours, who fortunately finds always means of transporting from castle to cottage, although she herself be 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 blowzy peasant girl, whose gargon she hardly can understand! Or, again, if my Waverley had been entitled "A Tale of the Times," wouldst thou not, gay reader, have demanded from me a dashing sketch of the fashionable world, a few anecdotes of private scandals, rudely veiled, and if discernibly hinted, so much the better? a madstone from Grosvenor Square, and a hero from the Barouche Club or the Four-in-Hand, with a set of subordinate characters from the elegants of Queen Ann Street East, or the dashing heroes of the Bow 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 descriptions: but it is enough, and I scorn to taunt 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, 1800, 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 damoisel will neither be clothed in purple and in pall, like the Lady Alice of an old ballad, or 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 further preface, that the object of my tale is not a description of men than manners. A tale of manners, 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 cost-of-life of our ancestors, and the triple-furred pelisse of our modern beauz, may, though for very different reasons, be equally fit for the array of a fictitious character; but who, meaning the costume of his hero to be important, would willingly sit him in the court dress of George the Second, with its no collar, large sleeves, and low pocket-holes? The same may be urged, with equal truth, of the Grand Ball, which, with its darkened and tinted windows, its elevated and gloomy roof, and massive oaken table garnished with boars' head and rosemary, pheasants and partridges, cranes and cygnets, has an excellent effect in fictitious description. Much may also be gained by a lively display of a modern feast, such as we have daily recorded in that part of a newspaper entitled the Mirror of Fashion, 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 generation.

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 characters 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 throbbed under the steel corset of the fifteenth century, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth, or the blue frock and white dainty waistcoat of the present day. Upon these passions it is no doubt true that the state
of manners and laws cast a necessary colouring; but the bearings, to use the language of heraldry, set a seal, and as long as any particular may not only be different, but opposed in strongly contrasted ways. The wrath of our ancestors, for example, was coloured in some degree by the majority of their descendants against the object of its fury. Our malignant feelings, which must seek gratification through more indirect channels, and undermine the external tranquillity of society, cannot be so easily said to be tinctured a little. The deep-ruling impulse is the same in both cases; and the proud poet, who can now only reveal his neighbour's acquisitive passion for the love of his country, had for some time been gradually reconciling himself to the new dynasty. But the wealthy country gentleman of England was a rank which retained, with much of ancient manners and primitive integrity, a great proportion of obstinate and unyielding prejudice, stood aloof in haughtiness and solemn opposition; and cast many a look of missed regard, and hope to be in due time, Avignon, and Italy. The accession of the near relation of one of those steady and inflexible opponents was considered as a means of bringing about more quickly the destruction of those who had meet Richard Waverley met with a share of ministerial favour, more than proportioned to his talents or his political importance. It was, however, discovered, in the first instance, that he was not likely to be a great man, and the first admittance to the minister's levee being negotiated, his success became rapid. Sir Everard remained a public man. Newmarket. By the time that Richard Waverley, Esquire, was returned for the ministerial borough of Bertriegheth, next, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, had taken a distinguished part in the debate upon the Excise Bill in the House of Commons, and his name was heard in controversies, which, to render them the more acceptable, occur regularly once a quarter.

Although these events followed each other so closely that the sagacity of the editor of a modern newspaper would have persuaded 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 procrustineating altemic of Dyer's Weekly Letter. For it may be observed in passing, that instead of those mail-coaches, by means of which every mechanic at his six-penny club may mightily learn from twenty contradictory channels the truths of the hour, a professor of mathematics, or a writer of the logarithmic tables, the professor of geography, or the professor of statistics, or the professor of history, might have been brought, in those days, to Waverley-Honour, a Weekly Intelligence, which, after it had gratified Sir Everard's curiosity, his sister's, and that of his aged brother, who resided in the Rectory, from the Rectory to Squib Stubb's at the Grange, from the Squire to the Baronet's steward at his next estate house on the heath, from the steward to the bailiff, and from him through all the modes of honest damsels and gaffers, by whose hard and bony hands it was generally worn to pieces in about a month after its arrival.

This slow accession of intelligence was of some advantage to Richard Waverley in the case before us; for, had the sum total of his opinions reached the ears of Sir Everard at once, there can be no doubt that the new commissioner would have had little reason to puzzle himself on the success of his political views. The Beverley Mirror was not without sensitive points in his character; his brother's conduct had wounded those deeply; the Waverley estate was such that it could not, for (had it ever entered into the head of any of his subjects, that one of their progeny could be guilty of

Passive obedience was a jest. And yet it was not resistance;

yet it seems would have probably been unable to combat a and remove hereditary prejudices, could Richard have anticipated that his elder brother, Sir Everard, would have taken a county seat, would have been a bachelor at seventeen; he was a man of considerate manners, and the head of a family. This was no accident, but a matter of choice, which it would be hard to say that his brother's conduct had wounded those deeply; the Waverley estate was such that it could not, for (had it ever entered into the head of any of his subjects, that one of their progeny could be guilty of

Passive obedience was a jest. And yet it was not resistance;
the entertainment held by Mrs. Skene's Letter to the door of
Richards,) and if it had, the marriage of the proprietor
might have been fatal to a collateral heir. These va-
rious occurrences having been in the mind of Sir Everard
without, however, producing any determined con-
sequence.
He examined the tree of his genealogy, which, em-
bazoned with many an emblematic mark of honour
and heroic achievement, hung upon the well-varnish-
ed wainscot of his hall. The nearest descendants of
him were the senior representatives of the family of
Wilford, of whom Sir Everard and his brother
were the only representatives, were, as this honoured
place bears witness, the Waveralys of Highty Park, sum-
mary of which, the Waveralys of Highty Park, sum-
fected them, with whom the main branch, or rather stock,
of the house had announced all connection, since the
great law-suit in 1658.
This degenerate scion had committed a farther of-
fence against the head and source of their generosity,
by an insinuation of their representative with Je-
ny, heiress of Oliver Budshawe, of Highty Park,
whose arms, the same with those of Budshawe the
senior, they had quarrelled with the ancient coat of
arms, off and on, had vanished from Sir Everard's escutcheon in the heat of his re-
source; and had Lawyer Clippure, for whom his
services were vital in the day, who knew of a more
employment of the lordship and manor of Waver-
ley-Honour, with all its dependancies. But an hour
earlier, he might have had the benefit of dexterity and
intelligence in the employment of his habits; he had but just escaped the risk of
marrying a woman who could never love him, and
whose heart was set on the cold hand of some
nobody, a bequest of his own munificence, or the
memory of his unsuccess, as Sir Everard, with many more of his temper, at once
shrewd, 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
English gentleman, with the same routine of
public and private functions that he had enjoyed in
his youth. His sister, Miss Rachel Waverley, pre-
sided at his table; and they became, by degrees, an
old bachelor and an old maid, and in their mutual
friendship, the gentlest and kindlest of the virtues of old age.
The object of Sir Everard's resentment against
his brother was but short-lived; yet his dislike to the
Wright and the prize that was offered to his sister
no active measures prejudicial to
Richard's interest, in the succession to the family es-
cates, continued to maintain the coldness between
them. Richard knew enough of the world, and of
his brother's temper, to believe that by any ill-consi-
dered or precipitate advances on his part, he might
run passive risks 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 taste, by whom family interest and
private fortune he hoped to advance his career. In
her right, he became possessed of a manor of some
value, at the distance of a few miles from Waverley-
Honour.
Little Edward, the hero of our tale, then in his fifth
year, was their only child. It chanced that the in-
cluded into a carriage drawn by six stately long-tailed black horses, and
which was regarded as a riding of a Scotch woman, or in what manner he associated
with various circumstances which had happened in
many similar instances, had it not been for the con-
rage of an elder sister, who revealed to the wealthy
suitor that Lady Emily's affections were fixed upon
himself. Sir Everard manifested great emotion on receiving
this intelligence, which was confirmed to him, in a private interview with his young lady by
himself, although under the most deliberate apprehensions of her father's
indifference.
Honour and generosity were hereditary attributes
of the house of Waverley-Honour, and therefore
worthy the hero of a romance, Sir Everard with-
drew his claim to the hand of Lady Emily. He had
been, before leaving the island of Genoa, killed by
the address to extort from her father a consent to her union with
the object of her choice. What arguments he used are
this point cannot exactly be known, for Sir Everard
never supposed success in the powers of persua-
station, but the young officer, immediately after this
transaction, rose in the army with a rapidity far sur-
passing the usual pace of unprofessional profes-
sers, although, to outward appearance, that was all
he had to depend upon.
The shock which Sir Everard encountered upon this occasion, though diminished by the con-
sequence of having acted vigorously and generously, had its
influence upon his future life. His resolution of mar-
riage had been adopted in a fit of indiscretion; the le-
sson of contrariety taught the necessity of guard-
ness of his habits; he had but just escaped the risk of
marrying a woman who could never love him, and
whose heart was set on the cold hand of some
nobody, a bequest of his own munificence, or the
memory of his unsuccess, as Sir Everard, with many more of his temper, at once
shrewd, 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
English gentleman, with the same routine of
public and private functions that he had enjoyed in
his youth. His sister, Miss Rachel Waverley, pre-
sided at his table; and they became, by degrees, an
old bachelor and an old maid, and in their mutual
friendship, the gentlest and kindlest of the virtues of old age.
The object of Sir Everard's resentment against
his brother was but short-lived; yet his dislike to the
Wright and the prize that was offered to his sister
no active measures prejudicial to
Richard's interest, in the succession to the family es-
cates, continued to maintain the coldness between
them. Richard knew enough of the world, and of
his brother's temper, to believe that by any ill-consi-
dered or precipitate advances on his part, he might
run passive risks 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 taste, by whom family interest and
private fortune he hoped to advance his career. In
her right, he became possessed of a manor of some
value, at the distance of a few miles from Waverley-
Honour.
of personal property, but he no sooner beheld this family emblem, than he stoutly determined on vindicating his right to that appendant vehicle on which he pined and was without. The Baronet survived while the boy’s maid was in vain endeavouring to make him desert from his determination to appropriate the gilded coach and six. The picture which a spectator might take of Edward, as his uncle has been justly essaying to something of a feeling like envy, the squirely boys of the stout yeoman whose mansion was building in the next field, to imitate the name before him, bearing his eye and his name, and vindicating a hereditary title to his family, affection, and property, by the aid of which Sir Eversard, being as sacred as either Garter or Blue-mantle, Providence seemed to have granted to him the very object best calculated to fill up the void in his hopes and affections. Sir Eversard returned to Waverley-Hall upon a led horse, which was kept in readiness for him while the child and his attendant were sent home in the carriage to Biree-wood Lodges, 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 pardoned by the king of brotherly cordiality; yet it was sufficient to the wishes of both parties. Sir Eversard obtained, in the society of his little nephew, some hints on which his hereditary pride might find the anticipated pleasure of a continuation of his lineage, and where his kind and gentle affections could at 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 affections, and a submission to the hereditary estate, which he felt would be more endurable if not protracted by any attempt on his own part towards a closer intimacy with a man of Sir Eversard’s habits and opinions.

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 limited to formal messages 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.

The education of our hero, Edward Waverley, was of a nature somewhat desultory. In infancy, his health suffered, or was supposed to suffer, (which is not an unfrequent case of infancy) and therefore, as official duties, attendance on Parliament, or the prosecution of any of his plans of interest or ambition, called his father to town, which was his usual residence for eight months in the year. Edward was transferred to Waverley-Honor, and experienced a total change of instructors and of lessons, as well as of residence. This might have been remedied, had his father placed him under the superintendence of a permanent tutor. But he considered that one of his choosing would probably have been unacceptable at Waverley-Honor, and that such a selection as Sir Eversard might have made, were the matter left to him, would have bsurprised him with a disagreeable impression. They were of a political and his family to the Duke of Hamilton; therefore, prevailed upon his private secretary, a young man of taste and accomplishments, to bestow an hour or two of his leisure at the Biree-wood Lodges, and left his uncle answerable for his improvement in literature while an inmate at the Hall.

This was in some degree respectively provided for Sir Eversard’s chaplain, who had lost his fellowship for declining to take the oaths at the accession of George I, was not only an excellent scholar, but reasonably skilled in science and master of modern languages. He was, however, old and indolent, 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. This slackness of rule might have been ruinous to a boy of such understanding, who, feeling labour in the acquisition of knowledge, would have altogether neglected it. But the happy character of the boy’s mind, and it might have proved equally dangerous to a youth whose animal spirits were more powerful than his imagination or his feelings, and whom the irresistible impulse to play, and the love of all sports from morning till night. But the character of Edward Waverley was remote from either of these. His powers of attention were no uncommonly quick, as almost to resemble intuition, and the chief care of his preceptor was to prevent him, as a sportsman, would phrase it, from overrunning his game, that is, from expiring his knowledge in a slight, dimly, and inadequate manner. And here the 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 stirred by some strong motive of gratification and which renounces study as soon as curiosity or gratification is exhausted, and the novelty of pursuit is an end. Edward would throw himself with spirit upon any classical work, which by mere exertion of his own perusal, make himself master of the style so far as to understand the story, and, if that pleased or interested him, he finished the volume. But it was in vain to attempt to interest him in the arts of philology, upon the difference of idiom, the beauty of felicitous expression, or the artificial combinations of syntax. I can read and understand Latin authors, and young Edward, with the self-confidence and rash reasoning of fifteen, " and Seicler or Bentley could not do much more." Alas, while he was thus permitted to read only for the gratification of his 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, directing, and concentrating the powers of his mind for earnest investigation,—an art far more essential 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 rendering instruction agreeable to youth, and of Tasso’s infusion of honey into the medicine prepared for a child; but an age, in which children understand the direst doctrines by the insinuating method of instructive games, has little reason to dread the consequences of being rendered to that of cards,—the problems of mathematics to puzzles and riddles,—and the doctrines of arithmetic may, we are assured by the air of Monday, As soon as our thoughts are to have their allotted 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-versed child 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, must not be brought to reject that which approaches under the aspect of study; whether those who learn history by the cards, may not be led to prefer the means to the end; and whether, in the way of sport, our pupils may not thereby be gradually induced to make sport of their religion. To our young Edward, the young man of taste and accomplishments, Waverley-Honor educational institution only according to the bent of his own mind, and who, of consequence, only sought it so long as it afforded him amusement, the indulgence of his tutors was, at the same time, a consequence which 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 advent, were so far from affording a remedy to this peculiar evil, that they rather inflamed and increased its
WAVERLEY.

violence. The library at Waverley-House, a large Gothic room, with double arches and a gallery, contained such a miscellaneous and extensive collection of books as had not been seen in England during the course of two hundred years, by a family which had been always wealthy, and inclined, of course, as many spacious rooms were devoted to themselves with the current literature of the day, without much scrutiny, or piosity of discrimination. Throughout this ample realm Edward was permitted to roam at large. His taste was for what was called good sense, for the light reading of the time, and for controversial divinity, together with a love of learned ease, though they did not withdraw his attention at stated hours. He had discovered his own proper work be it hard or soft, he would have formed a very different conclusion.

CHAPTER IV.

CASTLES-BUILDING.

I have already hinted, that the dainty, compressed, and fastidious taste acquired by a surfeit of idle reading, had not only rendered our hero unfit for serious and sober study, but had even disinclined him to a satisfactory degree with that in which he had hitherto indulged.

He was in his sixteenth year, when his habits of abstraction and love of solitude became so much marked, as to strike Sir Edward with a shadow of apprehension. He tried to counterbalance these propensities, by engaging his nephew in field-sports, which had been the chief pleasure of his own youthful days. But Sir Edward had never been a hunting man; he had long had a gun 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 old Isaac Walton's fascinating volume determined Edward to become "a brother of the anglers." But all diversions which inequality ever devised for the relief of idleness, fishing is the worst qualified to amuse a man who is at once indolent and impatient; and our hero's rod was speedily lying 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 squires 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 lives.

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 had, upon the death of Queen Anne, resigned his seat in Parliament, and, being a man of little number of his contemporaries diminished, had gradually withdrawn himself from society; so that when, upon any particular day, he found an accomplished and well-educated young man 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 sinism, in politeness, whether real or imaginary, was agony to him; for perhaps every 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 disliked and was unfitted for society, merely because 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 exacted from his imagination to be spent in secret, unvexed by any associations of his early age. Yet, even in his imagination, the predominant faculty of his mind, was frequently excited. Family tradition and genealogical history, upon which much of Sir Everard's discourse turned.
WATERLEY.

The very reason of ending which caused a valuable collection of books, manuscripts, prints, and other trifles; whereas these studies, being themselves very insignificant and trifling, do nevertheless serve to perpetuate the name of Mr. Waterley. And indeed, he would have been afforded by the decay of books in its original and simple character, be he exercised for hours the interior scenery, by which past or imaginary events were presented in actual and valuable in ancient manners, and to record many curious and minute facts which could have been preserved and conveyed through no other medium. If, therefore, Edward Cross had not often over the dry description of his line of ancestors, with their various intermarriages, and inwardly deprecated the remorseless progress of which the worthy Sir Everard, the representative of the various degrees of proximity between the houses of Waterley-Honour and the doughty herons, knights, and squires, to whom they stood allied; if (notwithstanding his obligations to the three eminent passants) he sometimes cursed in his heart the jargon of heraldry, its griffins, its mold- eads, its devices and inscriptions, with all the bitterness of Hootor himself, there were moments when these communications interested his fancy and rewarded his attention.

The deeds of Wilberht of Waterley in the Holy Land, his long absence and perilous adventures, his supposed death, and his return on the evening when the moon was bright, were told him. He wept for the hero who had protected her from insult and the scorn of a storm without his absence; the sympathy with which the Crusader replenished his claims, and sought in a neighbour- ing village shelter; the struggles of his horse; these and similar tales he would hearken till his heart bowed and his eye glanced. Nor was he less affec- tionate, when his aged, Mrs. Rachel, marred the suf- fering, as she called it, of her friends in the troubles of the Great Civil War. The benevolent features of the venerable squire, kindled into more majestic expres- sion, as she told how Charles had under the field of Worcester, found a day's refuge at Waterley-Honour, and how, when a troop of cavalry were approaching to search the mansion, Lady Alice dismissed her youngest son with a hand of domesticity, charg- ing them to make good with their lives an hour's diver- sion, 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 here a prisoner, mortally wounded; and you may trace the drops of his blood from the great hall door along the little gallery, and up to the saloon, where there he died. One would have said, was there a place; but there was comfort exchanged between them; for he knew, from the glance of his mother's eye, that the purpose of his desperate defiance was attained. Ah! I cannot think of the site; but I remember, in the November of that very year, when she found herself sinking, she desired to be brought to Waterley-Honour once more, and visited all the places where she had been with her grand-uncle, and caused the carpets to be raised that she might trace the impres- sion of his blood, and if tears could have washed it out, it had not been there then was not that dry eye in the house. You would have thought, Ed- ward, that the vases mourned for her, for they wept and shed 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 he excited. In the corner of

CHAPTER V.

SEALS OF A PROPHETESS.

From the minuteness with which I have traced Waterley's pursuits, and the time which these con-
Aunt Rachel's anxiety, however, has lost her address to carry her point. Every representative of their house had visited foreign parts, or served his country in the army, or held a commission in the navy, and she appealed for the truth of her assertion to the genealogical pedigree; an authority which Sir Everard was never known to contradict. In short, his majesty had no objection to the adoption of his son, and Sir Everard gave no reason for the refusal. So far was Edward Waverley from expecting general sympathy with his own feelings, or concluding that the present state of things was calculated to exhibit the reality of those in which he so much loved to indulge, that he dreaded nothing more than the detection of such sentiments as were dictated by his musings. He neither and nor wished to have a confidant, with whom to communicate his purposes; and so sensible was he of the ridicule attached to them, that, had he been to choose between any punishment short of ignominy, and the necessity of giving a cold and compressed account of the ideal world in which he lived the better part of his days, I think he would not have hesitated to choose the latter. Flogging perhaps which is doubly precious, as he felt in advancing life the influence of the awakening passions. Female forms of exquisite grace and beauty began to mingle in his memory; and the near approach of the Sassenach was to him sufficient to compare the creations of his own imagination with the females of actual life.

He especially admired her boldness, which enabled her, at the pariah church of Waverley, was to be numerosa non select. By far the most pleasant of Miss Sista, or, as she rather chose to be called, of Miss Sista, daughter of Sir John Sista, at the Grange. I know not whether it was by the "ancient accident in the world," a phrase, which, from the nature of the case, excludes neither precaution, or whether it was from from prejudice, that Miss Cecilia more than once crossed Edward in his favourite walks through Waverley-Chase. He had met at not as yet assumed captivity to accustom her on those occasions; but the meeting was without its effect.

A somber lover is a strange idolater, who sometimes comes out of what log he frames the object of his adoration; at least, if nature has given that object any passable proportion of personal charms, he can satisfy the Jeweller, and Dormine in the Oriental taste, and express her richly, out of the stores of his own imagination, with supernatural beauty, and all the properties of intellectual wealth.

But the charms of Miss Cecilia Sista had created her, as a troubadour, at about twenty; and at least to a level with the saint her namesake. Mrs. Rachel Waverley gained some impression which determined Edward to become a poet. Even the most simple and unemotional of the female sex have (God bless them!) an instinctive sharpness of perception in such matters, which sometimes goes beyond the length of observing particulars that never existed; but rarely misses to detect such as pass actually under their observation. Mrs. Rachel applied herself with great prudence, not to come up to educe, the appearance danger, and suggested to her brother the necessity that the heir of his house should see something more of the world than was consistent with continued residence in Waverley.

Sir Everard would not at first listen to a proposal which went to separate his nephew from him. Edward was a baby, but youth, he had always heard, was the season for learning, and during whose rage for letters was abated, and his mind was stocked with knowledge, his nephew would take to reading, and to letters. He further adds, having himself, he said, himself regretted that he had not spent some time in study during his youth; he would never induce, he said, his children to do the same; and, in conclusion, he made the moat of St. Stephen's, by the ancient sconces than were comprised in those scabious Noss, which, when a member of the House during Gothic times, he examined every mea-

See Hopper's tale of the Seven Lovers.

Vol. II. D.

Sir Everard Waverley received this intimation with a mixture of vexation. At the time the Huguenot succession he had withdrawn from Parliament, and his conduct, in the memorable year 1715, had not passed altogether for more than the private masters of tenants and horses in Waverley. Chase by moonlight, and of cases of carbuncles and pilchards purchased in Holland, and addressed to the gentlemen in the next room, but of the same sort as that, the female riding officer of the excise, who was afterwards tossed in a blanket on a moonless night, by an association of stout women, for a nightcap, which was assured was the mask of Sir William Wyndham, the leader of the Tory party, a letter from Sir Everard was found in the pocket of his night-gown. But there was no overt act, no intimations of a popular ris-
push their vengeance farther than against those unfortunate gentlemen who actually took up arms.

Nor did Sir Everard's apprehensions of personal consequences seem to correspond with the reports appearing in the newspapers. It was well known that he had supplied with money nearly all of the disreputable Northumbrians and Scotchmen, who, after being made prisoners in Lancashire, were imprisoned in Newcastle and the Marshalseas, and it was his solicitor and ordinary counsel who conducted the defence of some of those unfortunate gentlemen. It was generally supposed that, had ministers possessed any real proof of Sir Everard's accession to the rebellion, he either would not have ventured thus to brave 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 agitating period. Since that time, Sir Everard's Jacobitism had been gradually decaying, like a fire which burns out for want of fuel. His Tory and High-church principles were kept up by some occasional exercises at elections and quarter sessions, but those respecting regal right were fallen into a sort of abeyance. Yet it jarred severely upon his feelings, that he could not obtain the support of that army under the command of the Brunswick dynasty; and the more so, as, independent of his high and conscientious ideas of paternal authority, so far as it was not injurious, he thought it was impossible, or it was not the will of God, to interfere authoritatively to prevent it. This suppressed vexation gave rise to many pangs and peevings, which were to place the account of an incipient fits of grief, and, having sent for the venerable Lister, the worthy Baronet consol'd himself with reconvoking the descendants of the houses of genuine loyalty, Mortlocks, Granvilles, and Stanleys, whose names were to be found in that munificent roll, calling up all his feelings of family grandeur and warlike glory, he concluded, with logic something like Falstaff's, that when war was at hand, although it were shame to be on any side but one, it were worse to be a rascal than to be on the worst side, though blacker than usurpation could make it. As for Aunt Rachel, her scheme had not exactly terminated according to her wishes, but she was under the necessity of submitting to circumstances; and her mortification was diverted by the employment she found in fitting out her nephew for the campaign, and greatly consoled by the prospect of beholding him blaze in complete uniform.

Edward Waverley himself received with animation and under the feelings that must have intented his love. It was, as a fine old poem expresses it, "like a fire to a hearth set," that covers a solitary hill with snow, and seizes it at the heart with dew and fire. His tutor, or, I should say, Mr. Fembrooks, for he scarce assumed the name of tutor, picked up about Edward's room some fragments of irregular verse, which he was induced to have composed under the influence of the agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden event 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 cookery and medicines, favourite texts, and portions from High-church divines, and a few songs, amatory and Jacobitical, which she had collected in her younger days, from whence her nephew's poetical tendencies were extracted whenever the volume itself, with other books, was committed to the family's care. These were exposed to the inspection of the unworthy editor of this memorable history. If they afford the reader no harm, they will at least be better, rather than narrative of any kind, to acquaint him with the wild and irregular spirit of our hero——

Late, when the Autumn evening fell
On Minshull-More's romantic dell,
To the clatter of the silver steed
And the tramp of iron-shod feet.

"The purple clothe, the golden beam
Of the setting sun on the snow-capped peak.

Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
Red-Cloaked and middle Herring brook.

Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So gay, so soft, the miner gave.
As if there lay beneath the grove,
A world of earthy world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And the smile of Nature broke.
She heard the roaring of the oak,
And his Joy to her side so gay.

As warrior, at the battle-cry,
Insanguined in the field of fame.

Then as the whirlwind nearer pressed,
He saw his captive's form exposed
O'er furrow'd brow and black'den cheek,
And broke his surge in thunder spark.

In which she, as olden wif'd
Plotted that fond ideal 'midst,
And to the shore in tumult loud.
The realms of fairy hues were lost.
Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change.

As wind the wave with wave and wood,
Upon the brow the tower stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Excessive to the lofty sea.

While, joying in the mighty wave,
I thought that tempest come no more.

So, in the idles dreams of youth,
Be waked the loud transport-call of death,
Side each fair vision pass away.
Like landscapes on the lake that lay,
As if on beauty, and as full,
As that which held the autumn gale—
Fled each such form that pleased by
With dreams of love and lady's charms.
Give place to honour and to arms——

In sober prose, as perhaps these verses intimate less decidedly, the transient idles of Miss Cecilia Stubbe passed from Captain Waverley's heart amid the turmoil of the campaign and the warlike glories of his fortunes. She appeared, indeed, in full splendour in her father's pew upon the Sunday when he attended service for the last time at the old parish church, upon which occasion, at the close of the service, Miss Stubbe, as she was induced (nothing loth, if the truth must be told) to present herself in full uniform.

There is no better antidote against entertaining too high an opinion of others, than having an excellent one of ourselves at the very same time. Miss Stubbe had indeed summoned up every assistance which art could afford to beautify her. Her golden locks, her eyes, her arms, her curls, her figure were all of genuine French silk, Were lost upon a young officer of dragoons, who wore, for the first time, his gold-jaunted habit, his gold-boots, and his broadsword. I know not whether, like the champion of an old ballad,

His heart was all on honour bent,
And he did not nudge his foot to move;
No lady in the land had power
To make a captive heart to move;

or whether the deep and flaming bars of embroidered gold, which now fenced his breast, defied the artful felicity of Cecilia's eyes; but every arrow was launched at him in vain.

Yet I mark where Cupid's shaft did light;
It lighted not on little western flower.
But on bold yarrow, flower of all the west,
Right Jones Chattanooga, the stoudest of his son.

Craving pardon for my heroic, (which I am unable in certain cases to resist giving way to,) it is a meanly

Chap. V.

fairness, that my history must here take leaves of the

fair Cecilia, who, like many a daughter of Eve, after

the departure of Edward, and the dissipation of cer-

tain idle visions which she had adopted, quietly con-

vinced herself of the error of her former8: and gave her head, at the distance of six months, to the address of the Baronet's steward, and her (no unfurthe prospec-

the steward's fortune; besides the same probability to see the steward's office. All these

advantages moved Squire Stubbs, as much as the

truly good and manly form of the steward influenced

his daughter. He had a remark for the article of their

9. And so peradventure, (as her nature would permit,) but why, on the first appearance of the

new-married pair at church, honoured the bride with a

smile and other true courtly compliments of the

sector, the curate, the clerk, and the whole congrega-

tion of the united parishes of Waverley and Beverley.
CHAPTER VI.

THE ADIUM OF WAVERLEY.

It was upon the evening of this memorable Sunday that Sir Everard returned to the library, where he narrowly missed surprising our young hero as he went in through the guards of the broadsword with the ancient weapon of Sir Hildebrand, which, being preserved as a hair-brush, usually hung over the chimney in the library, beneath a picture of the knight and his horse, where the features were almost concealed under the profusion of curled hair, and the Bucephalus which he bestrode 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; and then, as mending his phrase, "My dear Edward, it is God's will, and also the will of your father, under God, it is your duty — I mean that which you should leave your arms in the livery of the family as your ancestor's have been distinguished. I have made such arrangements as I thought necessary, and we shall take the field as their descendant, and as the probable heir of the house of Waverley; and, in the field of battle you will remember what name you bear. And, Edward, my dear boy, I remember also that you are the last of that race, and the only hope of its revival depends upon you; therefore, as far as duty and honour will permit, avoid danger — I mean unnecessary danger — and keep not company with rakes, gamblers, and Whigs, of whom, it is to be feared, there are but too many in the service into which you are going. Your colonel, as I am informed, is an excellent man — a brave Austrian; but you will remember your duty to God, the Church of England, and the — (this branch ought not to be supplied, according to the rubric, with the word 'Psalm')." And, unfortunately, that word conveyed a double and embarrassing sense, one meaning of which his nephew showed you should leave your arms in the library, the other the name of the master of the house, a name Constable, and all constituted authorities. Then, not trusting himself with any further oratory, he carried his nephew to his study to see the box engaged for his coronation. Two chairs were black, (the regimental colour,) superb, others were three were about active hacks, designed for the road, or for his domestic, of which the two were black, (the regimental colour,) superb chairs, had the other, and more familiarly, Tully), no sooner stood recusant in carra, than he posted down to pay his respect to the royal gia, which the author has not been able to produce himself to amuse or persuade.

WAVERLEY.

I beg your pardon, once and for all, of those readers who take up novels merely for amusement, for placing them so long were authorized by that power, and Whirl and Tory, and Hanoverians and Jacobites. The truth is, I cannot promise them that this story shall be more than a small part of the personal history of the mine is a humble English post-chaise, drawn upon four wheels, and keeping his majesty's highway. Such as dislike the vehicle may leave it at the next halt, and wait for the conveyance of Prince Hessian's tapestry, or Malek the Weaver's flying sentry-box. Those who are contented to remain with me will be occasionally exposed to the delight inseparable from easy roads, steep hills, sloughs, and other terrestrial retardations; but, with tolerable horses and a civil driver, as the advertisements have it, I engage to set as it is possible into a more picturesque and romantic country, if my passengers incline to have some patience with me during my first stages.*

Sir Everard had done his best to correct this unsatisfactory disposition of the times; for he had brightened the chain of attachment between the recusant and their young captain, not only by a copious repast of beef and ale, by way of parting feast, but by such a pecuniary donation to each individual, as tempted 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 he produced a letter, carefully folded, surrounded by a little strip of sloop-silk, according to ancient form, and sealed with an accurate impression of the Waverley coat-of-arms, thus addressed, to Cosmo Comyn Bradwardine, Esq. of Bradwardine, at his principal mansion of Tully-Voelan, in Pembrokeshire, North Britain. Thence—by the hand of Sir Edward Waverley of Tully-Voelan, nephew and heir of Sir Everard Waverley, of Waverley-Honour, Bart.—

The gentleman to whom these generous greetings were addressed, whom we shall have more to say in the sequel, had been in arms for the exiled family of Stewart in the year 1718, and was made prisoner at Preston in Lancashire. He was of a very ancient family, and somewhat embittered by fortune; a scholar, according to the scholarship of Scotchmen, that is, his learning was more diffuse than accurate, and he was rather a reader than 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 guards; but being afterwards found loitering near the place where they had lodged the former night, he was re-captured, and again arrested. His companions, and even his escort, were surprised at his infatuation, and could not help inquiring, why, being once at Liberty, he had not made the best of his way to a place of safety; to which he replied, that he had intended to do so, but, as he had good faith, he had returned to his Titus Livius, which he had forgot in the hurry of his escape. The simplicity of this anecdote struck the good-natured gentleman who, as we before said, had managed the defence of some of those unfortunate persons, at the expense of Sir Everard, and perhaps some other of the party. He was, besides, himself a special admirer of the old Pataian, and though probably his own zeal might not have carried him such extravagant lengths, even to recover the edition of Svevheim and Pronneus, (supposing that to be the princeps,) he did not the least estimate the devotion of the North Britons, and in consequence exerted himself to such much purpose to remove and soften evidence, detect lies, flaws, of course, that he accomplished the final discharge and deliverance of Cosmo Comyn Bradwardine from certain very awkward consequences of a visit before our sovereign lord the king in Westminster.

The Baron of Bradwardine, for he was generally so called in Scotland, (although his intimates, from the place of his residence, or the name of his family, Waverley, or, more familiarly, Tully,) no sooner stood recusant in carra, than he posted down to pay his respect to the royal gia, which the author has not been able to produce himself to amuse or persuade. But the attachment to this classic was, it is said, actually displayed, in the manner mentioned in the Tully-Voelan, and that of the Jacobite in the Bath; and was readily accepted. He escaped from the jail where he was confined in a tryst, and was immediately found in the place of Waverley, and was promptly imprisoned, for which he could give no other reason than the hours of the night, and his fondness for Tully-Voelan. It is not to be supposed to form so many, a character was not amenable to a visit of a monk, and that he was readily committed to the carra.
should be his duty to justify his dear peer to rest as
in this unexpected and perilous storm, in the land
and state, as must necessarily be forced at times upon
his unwilling ears.

Here he produced two immense folded packets,
which appeared to be of a wholly new and
unopened, closely written manuscript. They had been the la-
bour of the worthy man’s whole life; and never were
the other labour and anxiety and trouble spent upon
them one time gone to London, with the intention of giving
them to the world, by the medium of a bookseller in
Little Britain, well known to deal in such commodi-
ties. But as the bookseller, although not self in a particular phrase, and with a certain sign,
which, it seems, passed at that time current among
the initiated families. The moment Mr. Pembroke
had entered the Shibboleth, with the appropriate ges-
ture, the bibliopolist greeted him, notwithstanding
every disclaimers, by the title of doctor, and conveying
him into his back shop, after inspecting every
possible and impossible place of concealment, he
commented:—“Ah, doctor!—Well—all under the
same—[deeply]—deep no holes here even for a Huguenot rat to hide in. And, what—ah! any good news from
our friends over the water?—and how does the won-
thy King of France?—Or perhaps you are more inter-
ested in the news from Rome. But it must be Rome will do it at last; the church must light its candle at the old lamp.—Ar-
what cautious! I like you the better; but no fear.”
Here Mr. Pembroke, with some difficulty, stooped
a torrent of instructions, skated over words and
winks; and having at length convinced the bookseller that he did him too much honour in sup-
posing him an emissary of exiled royalty, he ex-
plained his actual business.

The man of books with a much more composed
air proceeded to discuss the manuscripts. The voice
of the first was, “A Dissertation on the Church of
the Comprehension confounded; showing the impossibility
of any Composition between the Church and Puni-
sans, Presbyterian, or any other of the Judaeo-
Christian, or, in short, as I have best illustrated from the Scriptures, the Fathers of the
Church, and the soundest Controversial Divines.”
To this the bookseller positively disavowed, “Well, I’m not sure,” he said, and learned, doubtless; but
he had the time had gone by. Printed on small-pica it would run to eight hundred pages, and could never pay.
Roged therefore to be expressed—loved and honoured
the true church from his soul, and, had it been a sermon on the martyrdom, or any twelve-penny
ouch—why, I would venture something for the
honour of the old school, as well as the present.
Right Hereditary righted!—Ah! there’s some sense
in this. Hum—hum—hum—pass so many, paper so
rough, and I don’t know when to make a match, letter by letter, and yet, I never saw, as a pledge 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 possibly show any vestige of that
least being furnished with credentials to the Baron of
Bradwine.

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
expressions to Edward to preserve an unblemished
life and morals, to hold fast the tenets of the
Christian religion, and to eschew the profane com-
pany of scoffers and latitudinarians, too much abounding
in the world, and not unconnected with his politi-
cal prejudices. It had pleased Heaven, he said, to
place Sir Edward (doubtless for the sake of his succes-
sor in 1648) in a more deplorable state of disorganised
in the happy kingdom of England. Here
at least, although the candlestick of the Church of
England had been in some degree removed from its
previous glory, yet one thing there was a hierarchy
though schismatical, and fallen from the
principles maintained by those great fathers of the
cloth. Sir Edward had his blessing; there is a line
way of such woful vertige in the mind of the prince-
cipal persons. But in Scotland it was utter darkness
and, excepting a sorrowful, scattered, and persecuted
parish, the remnant of Sir Adam’s former
friends, and he leared, to sectaries of every description. It

* Nicholas Amhurst, a noted political writer, who contributed for many years a paper called the Craftsmen, under the assumed name of Caleb White. He was devotedly attached to the
causes of the American colonies, and seconded, with much ability, the attacks of Pulteney on
first minister. He died at the age of sixty-nine, leaving a large fortune, and was buried in
Rotherhithe, one of the chief seamen of the colony, under the name of "Lord Champion."
WAVERTLEY.

The next day Pembroke was called on the estate that found Tom Ald's servant had determined him against undertaking the work. "But not what I am going to—(what was I going to say?) to the Plantations for the church with pleasure—but, dame, I'll tell you. But, dame, I do not know, for to shew you all, I'll recommend the job to my neighbour Trimble—he is a bachelor, and leaving off business, as a very young man, barges would not inconvenience him." But Mr. Trimble was also obdurare, and Mr. Pembroke, fortunately perhaps for himself, was compelled to return to Waverley. Honour with his trust in the viscount and the fundamental principles of church and state safely packed in his saddle-bags.

As the public was thus likely to be deprived of the benefit of the view arising from his labours by the selfish cowardice of the trade, Mr. Pembroke resolved to make two copies of these tremendous manuscripts for the use of his pupil. He felt that he had been indolent as a tutor, and, besides, his conscience checked him for complying with the request of Mr. Richard Waverley, that he would impress no sentiments upon Pembroke, but on his own account, the young man turned left in church and state. But now, thought he, I may, without breach of my word, since he is no longer under my instruction, put the means of judging for himself, and have only to direct his steps for so long concealing the light which the personal will flash upon his mind. While he thus indulged himself in this new author, and his warmer interest, and his darting prospect, seeing nothing very inviting in the title of the tract, and appalled by the bulk and complexity of the manuscript, privately consigned them to a corner of his travelling trunk.

Aunt Rachel's farewell was brief and affectionate. She only cautioned her dear Edward, whom she probably deemed somewhat susceptible, against the fascination of Scottish beauty. She allowed that the northern part of the island contained some ancient families, but they were all Whigs and Free-thinkers except the Highlanders; and respecting them she must needs say, there could be no great delicacy among the ladies, where the gentlemen's usual attire was, as she had been assured, to say the least, very singular, and not at all decent. 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.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK'S QUARTER IN SCOTLAND.

The next morning, amid varied feelings, the chief of which was a prediction of discomfort and happiness, as the impression, that he was now in a great measure abandoned to his own guidance and direction, Edward Waverley departed from the Hall amid the blessings and tears of all the old Hestonics and the inhabitants of the village, mingled with some sniffs by persons and corporals, and so forth, on the part of those who proceeded that "they never thirst to see him more." Gentlemanly he went off for soldiers, save to attend his honour, as in duty bound." Edward, as in duty bound, extricated himself from the intrant, and the promise of fewer promises than might have been expected from a young man so little accustomed to the world. After a short visit to London, he proceeded on horseback, then the general mode of travelling, to Edinburgh, and from thence to Dundee, a seaport on the eastern coast of Angus-shire, where his regiment was then quartered.

The most important of places of interest, where, for a time, all was beautiful because all was new. Colonel Gardiner, the commanding officer of the regiment, was himself a study for a romantic, and at the same time an instructive, for the views of a German, and active, though somewhat advanced in life. In his early years, he had been what is called, by manner of palliative, a very gay young man, and
CHAPTER VIII.

A SCOTTISH MAN-OF-WAR 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 parasitical and indolent house, and was considered as the bottom of the valley, almost in the primitive state of nakedness, lay sprawling, as if to be crushed by the hoofs of the first passing horse. One rope might darkly have been stretched across a cow path, so narrow did it appear.

The courtesy of an invitation to partake of a traveller's meal, or at least of being invited to share whatever liquor the generous called for, was expected by certain old landholders in the district, and was a mark of respect, at least. Captain Waverley, was, in the eyes of the inhabitants, a gentleman.

There was ancient times, in the city of Edinburgh, a gentle-

ness of good family, who considered, in order to gain a live- stock, to become the nominal keeper of a coffee-house, one of the first places of the kind which had been opened in the Scott-.

ish metropolis. As usual, it was entirely managed by the corner house, without a landlord's name on the outside, and carried the mark of the highest intelligence.

Once upon a time the premises having taken fire, the householders and guests, without help, or else in the best way, or, if the worst comes to the worst, a parcel of crockery, and some trumpery-books; the last being the property of the host, which had been given him by his aunt. There were many more gentlemen in the author's younger days, who still held it part of the amusement of a journey "to patronise with mine host," who often resembled, in his quaint lirm, with a sound call, and transported him back to his dungeon, the little white-headed varlet screaming all the while from the very top of his lungs, a shrill cry of the growing restorations of the enraged marmot. It was a creature of the same species as the one observed by the incessant yelping of a score of idle useless culls, which followed, snarling, barking, howling, and snapping at his heels like the dogs of the herdsman, a time so common in Scotland, that a French tourist, who, like other travellers, longed to find a good and rational reason for everything he saw, has recorded, as one of his most interesting incidents, the following: The herdsman, maintained in each village a relay of curs, called col- lars, whose duty it was to chase the chevaux de poste (too startled and exhausted to move without such a stimulus) from one hamlet to another, till their annoy- ing convoy drove them to the end of their stage. The evil and remedy (such as it is) still exist: But this is remote from our present purpose, and is only thrown out for consideration of the collectors under Mr. Dent's dog-bill.

As Waverley moved on, here and there an old man, bent, as much by toil as by years, his eyes blinded with age and smoke, tottered to the door of his hut, to gaze on the dress of the stranger, and the form and motions of the horse, and then assembled, with his neighbours, in a circle about the trotters, in order to consider the probabilities of whom the stranger came, and where he might be going. Three or four village girls, returning from the fields, met him, and the steps upon their heads, formed more pleasing objects, and, with their thin short-gowns and single petticoats, bare arms, legs, and feet, uncovered heads and unshorn hair, saw what resembled Italian forms of landscape. Nor could a lover of the picturesque have challenged either the elegance of their costume, or the symmetry of their shape; all seemed truth, a mere Englishman, in search of the exquisites, a word peculiar to his native tongue, might have wished the clothes less scanty, the feet and legs some- where protected from the weather, the head and com-plexion shrouded from the sun; or perhaps he might even have thought the whole person and dress consid- erably improved, by a plentiful application of sprinc water, with a Susan girl's skill of soaping, and the whole scene was depressing; for it argued, at the first glance, at least a stagnation of industry, and perhaps of intellect. Even curiosity, the busiest passion of the idle, seemed of a listless cast in the village of Tully-Veolan; the cure aforesaid alone showed any part of its activity: with the villagers it was passive. They stood either in the street, or at home, in a posture of meditation, almost contemplation, and it seemed that they were shut in by the walls of a prison. Yet the physiognomy of the people, when more closely examined, was far from exhibiting the indifference of poverty; the features were intelligent, grave, but the very reverse of stupid; and from among the young women, an artist might have chosen more than one model, whose features and forms resembled those of Minerva. Two children, whose skins were burnt black, and whose hair was
pleached white, by the influence of the sun, had a look of rest and quiet scene, that he forgot the misery and dirt of the hamlet he had left behind him. The opening into the paved court-yard corresponded with the rest of the scene. The window of the house was a window of two or three high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings, projecting from each other at right angles, formed one of these dungeon-looking stables were granaries, called

sward, and iron stanchions on the lower windows, probably to

or columns, as the owner called it, was no small resource to a Scottish laird of that

more of the major-houses and its environs.

After having satisfied his curiosity by gazing around him for a few minutes, Waverley applied himself to the massive knocker of the hall-door, the

...and iron stanchions on the lower windows, probably to re-
court-yard walls without the house, exciting the gpies from the venerable rotunda which they occupied, and alarming snare even the distant village cur, when Edward descended the steps in order to meet him; as the figure approached, and long before he could descry its features, he was struck with the oddity of its apparel. Some slight movement on the opposite side brought him to the knowledge of an opened window; and, when he folded hands clasped over his head, like an Indian Jogi in the attitude of penance; sometimes he swung them perpendicularly, like a pendulum, on each side; and then, with the same solemn movements, they repeatedly crossed his breast, like the substitute used by a hackney-omnibus for his usual flailing exercises, when his body was in a fit of the hys, in a close frosty day. His gait was as singular as his gestures, for at times he hooped with great perseverance on the right foot, then exchanged that supporter to advance in the same manner on the left, and then putting his foot close together, he hoopped upon both at once. His attire also was antiquated and extravagant. It consisted in a sort of gray flamin, with scarlet cuffs and slashed sleeves, showing a scarlet lining; the other parts of the dress corresponded in colour, not forming a pair of scarlet stockings, and a scarlet bonnet profusely surmounted with aTurkey's feather. Edward, whom he did not seem to observe, now per ceived confirmation in his features of what the miss of the house, and guards, so frequently neither idiooy nor insanity which gave that wild, unsettled, irregular expression to a face which naturally was rather handsome, but something that suggested a child or an idiot, so closely did the head resemble the body of the foal was mixed with the extravagance of a crazed imagination. He sung with great earnestness, and without some taste, a fragment of an old Scotch ditty:  

* Faded love, and hast thou play'd me this
In sunny among the flowers.
I wilt walk thee back again
In winter, among the snows."

Edward, though with little hope of receiving an answer to any constant question, requested to know whether Mr. Bradwardine was at home, or where he could find any of the domestics. The woman replied—and, like the witch of Tavera, "still his speech was song:

The Knight's to the mountains,
His bugle to the wind;
The Lady's to the greenwood
Her gown to card;
Has moss on the floor.
That step of Lord Williams,
That step of Lord Williams,"

This conveyed no information, and Edward, repeating his queries, received a rapid answer, in which, from the tone and peculiarity of the voice, “better” 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 upon which he had made his approaches.—A strange guide this, thought Edward, and not much unlike one of Shakespeare's Fool's. I am not over prudent to treat to his plots;—but wiser men have been led by fools.—By this time he reached the bottom of the alley, where, turning short, the ground sloped slightly down to the east and north by a close-yew hedge, he found an old man at work without his coat, whose appearance hovered between that of an upper servant and a hackney-omnibus. It was apparently connected with the former profession; his hat and sunburnt visage, with his green apron, appearing to indicate that he was a gardener, or some domestic belonging to the house.

The major domo, for such he was, and indisputably the second officer of the state in the barony, (not, as chief minister of the interior, superior even to Baldwin Harlech, who had been dismissed as the highest low, as well as the house, in, however, of smaller dimensions than Bradwardine's mansion and gardens any person is expected to have seen.)

* At Raventon may be seen a garden, which the taste of the proprietor, the author's friend and kinsman, Sir Alexander Hope-Morrison, has improved in a most noble style, with as well as the house, in, however, of smaller dimensions than Bradwardine's mansion and gardens any person is expected to have seen.
CHAPTER X.

RICHARD WARDWICK AND HIS PARENTS.

Miss Wardwick was but seventeen; yet, at the last races of the county town of —, upon her arrival, she was presented with a large bunch of flowers, and a whole carload of elegant presents. She was much pleased with the attentions she received, and felt herself a great deal of importance.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FAMILY OF WARDWICK.

The Wardwicks were a family of ancient extraction, and had been seated on the manor for many years. They had been the objects of much envy and dislike, ever since the arrival of the wardwick family in the county. The wardwicks were a family of great wealth and influence, and were considered to be the most important family in the county.

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Waverley.

[Chapter XX]

A worthy scion of the old stock of Waverley-Honour—yes altera, as Marx hath it—and you have the lot of the old line, Captain Waverley; not so pertly yet as my old friend Sir Everard—mae colo vieniens acce lo amo, as my Dutch acquaintance, Baron Kikkberkoch, said of the asseveration of Madame Pavephit, that the heart is the hand in the English fashion, he embraced him a la mode Francoise, and kissed him on both sides of his face, while the hardship of his grip, and the quickness of his change, indicated, called corresponding drops of moisture to the eyes of his guest.

Upon the honour of a gentleman, he said, "it makes me young again to see you here, Mr. Waverley! A worthy scion of the old stock of Waverley-Honour—yes altera, as Marx hath it—and you have the lot of the old line, Captain Waverley; not so pertly yet as my old friend Sir Everard—mae colo vieniens acce lo amo, as my Dutch acquaintance, Baron Kikkberkoch, said of the asseveration of Madame Pavephit, that the heart is the hand in the English fashion, he embraced him a la mode Francoise, and kissed him on both sides of his face, while the hardship of his grip, and the quickness of his change, indicated, called corresponding drops of moisture to the eyes of his guest.

At his first address to Waverley, it would seem that the hearty pleasure he felt to behold the nephew of his friend had somewhat discomposed the stiff and upright dignity of the Baron of Bradwardine's demeanor, for the tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes, and he clasped heartily last, and then left the hand in the English fashion, he embraced him a la mode Francoise, and kissed him on both sides of his face, while the hardship of his grip, and the quickness of his change, indicated, called corresponding drops of moisture to the eyes of his guest.

As such be described them by person and name, They entered it, and dined as served as they came.

CHAPTER XI.

The Banquet.

The entertainment was ample, and handsome, according to the Scotch ideas of the period, and the guests did great honour to it. The Baron sat like a fatigued soldier, the Laird of Salmwapphele like a tapering man, Captains Waverley, or give you the true names of Waverley-Honour—yes altera, rather than grandam, because the latter phrase is popular: Epulu ad diem, grandam vero ad populam, etiam, says Sambucus, solam. But it is no more used than my Bourdeaux; c'est des deux orelles, as Captain Vines substituted, says Mr. Binks, who now bore no token of the noble titles of the gentry, received them all of grand costume,

in an old hall round with planks and with beams, With hedges and fences that had been many score years.

With much ceremony, and still more real kindness, the Baron, without stepping in any intermediate apartment, conducted his guests through several into the great dining parlour, replenished with black oak, and hung round with the pictures of his ancestors, where a table was set forth in form for six persons, and an old-fashioned beaupre displayed all the ancient and modern utensils. The Baron then turned and walked up and down the room, with his face grave and serious, as if the fox was now heard at the head of the avenue; for an old man, who acted as porter upon gala days, had caught the alarm of the day, and was now repairing to his post, announced the arrival of other guests.

These, as the Baron assured his young friend, were very estimable persons.

There was the young Lord of Balmain, the eldest son of the house of Glenfarquair, given right much to field-sports—gustus equis et canibus—but a very discreet young gentleman. Then there was the Laird of Kilnacurt, who had devoted his leisure until tillage and agriculture, and boasted himself to be possessed of a bull of matchless merit, brought from the county of Devon (the Damocles of the Romans, if we can trust Robert of Cirencester). He is, as you may well suppose from such a tendency, but of yeoman extraction—servus altius femire duce—and I believe, between ourselves, his grand sire was from the wrong side of the Border—one Bullsegg, who came hither as a steward, or bailiff, or ground-officer, or something in that description. And, Gurnigle of Kilnacurt, who died of an atrophy. After his master's death, sir, —yes, we hardly believe such a scandal, but this Bullsegg, being portly and comely of aspect, such as attract the heart of a conjurer, and make one change and amorous, and possessed himself of the estate, which devolved on this unhappy woman by a settlement of her unfruitful husband, in direct contravention of the infancy of his son and heir, to the disposer's own flesh and blood, in the person of his natural heir and seventh cousin, Gurnigle of Toperewith, whose family was so reduced by the ensuing law-suit, that his representative is now serving as a private gentleman—sentinel in the Highland Black Watch. But this gentleman, Mr. Bullsegg of Kilnacurt, cared little for his veins by the mother and grandmother, who were both of the family of Pickletuim, and he is well liked and looked upon, and knows his own place. And God forbid, Captain Waverley, that we of irrepressible lines should exult over him, when it may be, that in the eight, 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—sic ex escrocos vesce, as a Nae said. —I see he is a man of the true (though suffering) Episcopal church of Scotland. He was a confessor in her cause after the year 1715, when a Whigishad most destroyed him by meeting in his house, and his supper, and his wines, his sotices. But it is no more used than my Bourdeaux; c'est des deux orelles, as Captain Vines substituted, says Mr. Binks, who now bore no token of the noble titles of the gentry, received them all of grand costume,

As such be described them by person and name, They entered it, and dined as served as they came.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
WAVERLEY.

by the command of St. Duthac, Abbot of Abernethy, for behoof of another descendant 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. The name of the old Mr. Dobbs, used locally to call it Urea Major, and was supposed, in old and Catholic times, to be invested with certain properties of a mystical, supernatural nature. And though I give not in to such entities, it is certain it has always been esteemed a solemn standard cup and halothorn of our house; nor is it ever used but upon seasons of high festival. It was much held in reverence by Sir Everard under my roof, and I devote this draught to the health and prosperity of the ancient and highly-bere-honoured house of Waverley.

During this long narrative, he carefully decanted a cobwebbed bottle of claret into the goblet, which held nearly an English pint; and, at the conclusion, delivered the bottle to the butler, to be held carefully in the same ando with the horizon, he devoutly quaffed off the contents of the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine.

Edward, with horror and alarm, beheld the animal making its rounds, and thought with great anxiety upon the appropriate motto, "Beware the Bear!" but, at the same time, he calmly foresaw, that if the guests scrupled to do him this extraordinary honour, a refusal on his part to pledge their courtesy would be extremely ill received. Resolving, therefore, to atone for his mistake, he grasped the bottle and quitted 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 impotence of confidence 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 good work.

The frost of etiquette, and pride of birth, began, to give way before the genial blessings of this benign constitution. The conversation now became general; and, shortly afterwards, Miss Bradwardine, who had done the honours was natural grace and simplicity, ensued, and was soon followed by the clergyman. Among the rest of the party, the wines, which fully justified the encomiums of the landlord, flowed freely round, although Waverley, with some difficulty, obtained the privilege of sometimes neglecting the glass. At length, as the evening drew more late, the Baron made a private signal to Mr. Saunders Sanderson, or, as he facetiously called him, Dr. Dromedary of Alexandria, who left the room with a nod, and soon after returned, his grave countenance mantling with a solemn and mystic smile, and before a small evergreen tree adorned with brass ornaments of curious form. The Baron, drawing out a private key, unlocked the casket, raised the lid, and, produced a silver cup. The claret was poured into a golden goblet, moulded into the shape of a rampant bear, which the owner regarded with a look of mingled reverence, pride, and delight, that immediately reminded Waverley of Ben Jonson's Dromio, with his Bull, Horse, and Dog, as that waggishly denominated his chief carriers of cups. But Mr. Bradwardine, turning towards him with complacency, requested him to observe this curious relic of the olden time.

"It represents," he said, "the chosen crest of our family, a bear, as to observe, and rapunzel; because a good herald will depict every animal in its noblesse posture; as a horse assailant, a greyhound curvanted, and as we may infer, a ravenous animal in acta ferox, claudens loricam, is denominated by our German poets. Now, sir, we hold this most honourable achievement by the wappen-brief, or concession of arms, of Frederick Red-beard, Emperor of Germany. The ducal arms are the crest of a gigantic Dane, whom he slew in the lists in the Holy Land, on a quartal touching the chasity of the wing, with a stiletto, and marked by a visor, not precisely which, and thus, as Virgilius hath it—

Materiosa clipeo, Danaeque insignis nobis
Arpentea.

Then for the cup, Captain Waverley it was brought
It must be noticed, that the Bailie, knowing by experience that the 84th, as the green-coat was then called, had been heard to say at the expense of his patron, might terminate parity at his own, had mounted his spe- 
vined gray pony, and, between gnasty of heart, and alacrity of spirit, spurred it into a mad gallop, and spurred him into a hobbling cart, (a trot was out of the ques- 
tion,) and had already cleared the village. The others entered the change-house, leaving Edward in unren- 
serting subsidence. fierce and whip, but his friend whispered him that to demur to such an overdub was not only a 
out of the meanest against the leges conse- 
ndans, and trusting in the power of his imagination. Withe- 
seemed to have expected this visit, as well 
for it was the usual consumption of mercy by Tully-Vealan, but at most 
the several gentlemen's houses in Scotland. Sixty Years 
for the first time this fortnight, tempered her turf-fir 
be a heat at the season required in her damp 
summer; eat forth her deal table 
breakfast, and stop with its frames from a fragment 
arranged four or five stools of huge and chunky 
furnish the house with a piece of turf, and another 
arrived of the compozy, in full hope of custom 
when we were seated under the shady 
riber of Lockie Macleay's only apartment, that 
skirted, tastefully with cobweb, whose house, who 
taken her cue from the Laird of Balmainhapp 
presented with a huge pewter measuring-pot, containing 
least three English quarts, familiarly demon 
Tappit Hen, and which, in the language of the 
hosts, seemed, (i.e. a fancied) with excellent 
delicious, just drawn from the cauld.

It was soon plain that what cramps of reason the 
the tenants of the Barre, not to be picked up by the 
renounced, but the confusion which appeared to prevalent 
resolved to evade the gally cir 
csembling. The others began to talk thick and st 
which performed his own part in the conver 
the deer, and respected the neighborhood. "By 
Baron of Bradwardinesung French chasse-savoir- 
and spouted pieces of Latin; Killancarret talked, in 
steady unalterable dull key, of top-dressing and 
the saw, and yeasts, and 
air, and dummies, and suits, and rants, and 
described a proposed 'turpe-act'; while Balmainhapp, in notes 
said, "The Baron, whose voice was drowned in the 
the greyhound called Whilster. 
the middle of this din, the Baron repeatedly implored silence; 
when at length the instinct of polite discipline so far 
pronounced a very sound judgment.

As an old man in Paris, he had heard her "peck of malt," and 
set the hearth out of doors to cool; the cow of B., a neighbour 
of A., planned to come by, and seeing the good beverage, was 
to tip it, and actually to drink it up. When A. came 
to her in liquor, she found her tub empty, and from the cow's 
sawdust, and yeasts, and 
seems to have divined the mood in which her "brewer" had disappeared.

The Baron, on Commissary Court, with a stick, was her first 
affront. The morning of the cow brought it, her master, who 
recognized with his angry neighbor; and received in reply a 
approach for the value of the air which Commissary had drunk up. 
refused payment, and was conveyed before C., the Bailie, or 
the hearth. The Bailie, and the Bailie, and the 
commissary, and then de- 
the plaintiff A., whether the cow had sat down to 
Bennet, and then answered, he had not seen the deed committed; but she supposed the cow 
the morning on standing on the yard, that he had 
been near, she would have made her use them to some purpose. 
The Bailie, on this admission, saliently objected the cow's 
Bennet. He had not jumped to the conclusion, and 
be made, without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland.

I must be informed that agriculture of this kind was unknown to the 
Scotch sixties of years since.
the former calling out, "He silent, sir I ye not only show your ignorance, but disgrace your native country before a stranger and an Englishman;" and Waverley, at the same moment of time, exclaimed, "Mr. Bradwardine, I shall have to reply to an affront which seemed levelled at him personally. But the Baron was exalted by wine, wrath, and scorn, above all subterfuges and considerations."

"I crave you to be hushed, Captain Waverley; you are elsewhere, perdurance, sir jurise,—traitor-familias, that is, accessory to, and agent of, the business of the Baron of Bradwardine, and under this roof, which is quaid prince, being held by tacit relocation by a tacit inference, I am in loco parentis to you, and bound to see you scathed. —And for you, Mr. Falconer of Balmainwhapel, I warn you, let me see no more rebukes against the person of a gentleman"

"And I tell you, Mr. Cosmo Comyns Bradwardine, of Bradwardine and Tully-Voalan, retorted the sportsman, in huge disdain, "that I'll make a moccocock of the man that refuses my toast, whether the glib-speak English Whig is a black ribbon at his leg, or one who deserts his sin friends to claw favour—" the words of Harrowby, though not all that of other courts were branded, and some desperate passes exchanged. Balmainwhapel was young, stout, and active; but the Baron, infinitely more master of his temper, would like Sir Toby Beltch, have tickled his opponent other gales than he did, had he not been under the influence of the May."

Edward rushed forward to interfere between the combatants, but the prostrate bulk of the Laird and Killencureit, over which he stumbled, intercepted his passage. How Killencureit happened to be in this recumbent posture at so interesting a moment, was never accurately known. Some thought he was about to exorcise himself under the table; he himself alleged that he stumbled in the act of lifting a stool, to prevent mischief, by knocking down Balmainwhapel. Be that as it may, if reader aid should then his or 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 McAlister as she sat quietly beyond the hallant, or earthen partition of the cottage, with closed eyes on the breast of the Loan, while her ideas were engaged in summing up the recompense. She boldly rushed in, with the shrill exclamation that the Baron surrounded her and there; and bring discredit on an honest widow-woman's house, when there was at the lee-land in the county to ride upon." A remonstrance which she abjured by bringing her plain with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants. The servants by this time rushed in, and being, by great chance, too late to interpose. The Baron immured two arms together, an air of complacent dignity on the brow of the Baron, while something like meanness or shrewdness, blank the bold visage of Balmainwhapel. The former slipped his arm through that of the latter and thus seeming to walk with him, while in real he led him, advanced to meet Waverley, and, so stirring in the mind of the apartment, made it or state the following oration: "Captain Waverley my young and estate-emated friend, Mr. Falconer of Balmainwhapel, has offered of any amity and expediency, of one with utterly unskilled in the dependencies a punctilios of the studio or monochornia, to be his int locutor in expressing to you the regret with which calls to remembrance certain passages on the action last night, which could not but he highly pleasing to you, as serving for the time under the present state of the Government. However, in sown in oblivion the memory of such occasions against the laws of politeness, as being what the body reason disavows, and to receive the hand which was extended to me, as nothing less than a sense of being drawn to be a gallant French chevalier, Mons. Le Breiteaux once said to me on such an occasion, and it was a sign also of your peculiar merit, could have extended concessions; for he and all his family are, and he

CHAPTER XII.

DISORDER AND A KNOCKALATION.

Waverley was unaccustomed to the use of wine, excepting with great temperance. He slept therefore soundly till late in the succeeding morning, and then awoke with a face of the cold of the fire of the preceding evening. He had received a personal affront,—lie, a gentleman, a soldier, and a Waverley. True, the person who offended was not, at the time, in the greatest of spirits, the wine which nature had allotted him; true also, in reassembling this insult, he would break the laws of Heaven well as of his country; true, in doing so, he would take the life of a young man who perhaps respect discharged his duty. Sir Toby, said he, 'Twas merne miserable; or he might lose his own—to no possible alternative even to the bravest, when it is done coolly and in private. All the world was on his mind; yet the original recurred with the same irresistible force. He had received a personal insult; he was of the Waverley name, and he must think of retribution. There was no alternative; and he descended to the Auld Parley with the intention of taking leave of the young, and writing to one of his brother officers to take him at the inn mid-wit between Tully-Voalan, the town where they were quartered, in order that he might convey such a message to the Laird of Balmainwhapel. He found Miss Bradwardine presiding over the tea and coffee, the table loaded with warm bread, bowl of oatmeal, and barleymeal, in the shape of toasts, biscuits, and other varieties, together with the rain-deer ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salt marmalade, and all the other delicacies which indulged Johnson himself to extol the luxury of a Scotch breakfast. She placed a glass of oatmeal porridge, flanked by a silver jug, held an equal mixture of cream and butter milk, and placed a dish of fruit, such as she observed he had walked out early in the morning after giving orders that his guest should not be disturbed.

Waverley sat down almost in silence, and with air of absence and abstraction, which could not Miss Bradwardine a favourable opinion of his talk for conversation. He answered at random to two or three observations which she ventured to make upon ordinary topics; so that feeling herself almost repulsed in her efforts at entertaining him, and secretly observing that a scarlet coat should cover no better breast, she left him to his mental amusement of cups of Dr. Doublin's favourite constellation of Urus Maior as the cause of all the mischief that had there happened, and was likely to ensue. At once he sat ed, and his colour heightened, as, looking towards the window, he beheld the Baron and young Bain Whapole pass arm in arm, apparently in deep conversation; and he hastily asked, "Did Mr. Falconer sleep here last night?" Rose, not much pleased with the abruptness of the first question which the young stranger had addressed to him angrily and in a negative, and the conversation again sunk into silence. At this moment Mr. Sanderson appeared, with a message from his wife for Captain Waverley in another apartment. With heart which beat a little quicker, not indeed from fear but from uncertainty and anxiety, Edward obeyed the impulse to go at once for the summons. He turned together, an air of complacent dignity on the brow of the Baron, while something like meanness or shrewdness, blanked the bold visage of Balmainwhapel. The former slipped his arm through that of the latter and thus seeming to walk with him, while in real he led him, advanced to meet Waverley, and, so stirring in the mind of the apartment, made it

state the following oration: "Captain Waverley my young and estate-emated friend, Mr. Falconer of Balmainwhapel, has offered of any amity and expediency, of one with utterly unskilled in the dependencies a punctilios of the studio or monochornia, to be his int locutor in expressing to you the regret with which calls to remembrance certain passages on the action last night, which could not but he highly pleasing to you, as serving for the time under the present state of the Government. However, in sown in oblivion the memory of such occasions against the laws of politeness, as being what the body reason disavows, and to receive the hand which was extended to me, as nothing less than a sense of being drawn to be a gallant French chevalier, Mons. Le Breiteaux once said to me on such an occasion, and it was a sign also of your peculiar merit, could have extended concessions; for he and all his family are, and he

Vol. II.
been, time out of mind, *Majoria pectors*, as Buchan-
man saith, a bold and warlike sept, or people.*

Edward immediately, and with natural politeness, accpeted the hand which Balmainege, or rather the növel of his acquaintance, extended towards him.  "It was impossible," he said, "for him to remember what a gentleman expressed his wish here; and he would willingly impute what had passed to the exuberant festivity of the day.

"That is very handsomely said," answered the Bar-
on; "for undoubtedly, if a man be civil, or intol-
erant; and even of the poorest and least solicitous, in
occasions may and will take place in the life of a man of
honour; and if the same gentleman, being free and
sober, receptors the contumelies which he had
spoken in his liquor, it must be held simum locutum est; the words cease to be his own. Yet would I
not find this excitation relevant in the case of one who was obvious, or a habitual drunkard; because, if
such a person choose to pass the greater part of his
stage in the predication of intoxication, he hath no
title to be excused from the responsibility of his
politeness, but should learn to deport himself peace-
ably and courteously when under influence of the
violent stimulus. And now let us proceed to breakfast,
and, while the platter of the morning is still fresh,
I must confess, whatever inference may be drawn
from the circumstance, that Edward, after so satis-
factory an explanation, did much greater honour to the
Miss Bravondale than he was wont to do breakfast-travels than his commencement had promised. Bal-
mainege, on the contrary, seemed embarrassed and de-
jected; and Waverley now, for the first time, observed
that an 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
Bravondale, he muttered, in answer, something
about his horse having fallen; and, seeming desirous
to escape both from the subject and the company, he
arose; a moment after breakfast was served, he made his bow
to the party, and, declining the Baron's invitation
to tarry till after dinner, mounted his horse and
returned to his own home.

Waverley now announced his purpose of leaving
Tully-Voilen early enough after dinner to gain the
stage at which he meant to sleep; but the unaffected
and deepest 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
stay a few hours, than he laboured to remove the
grounds upon which he conceived he had medi-
tated a more early retreat. "I would not have you
opine, Captain Waverley, that I am by practice or
habit the least reticent person, but that I have been
attracted to remove the snares and obstacles with
which you are charged to be met with, to the
best of my opinion." Captain Waverley, who, like a prudent youth, did not
abstain from petition; nor can it be truly said of
myself, who, having assisted at the tables of many great
and distinguished at their solemn cena, or feasts,
have the art to carry my wine discreetly, and did not,
during the whole evening, as ye must have doubtless
observed, exceed the bounds of a modest hilarity.

There was no resisting an argument so solidly
and so disinterested laid down to him, who, undoubtedly was
the best judge; although, had Edward formed his
opinion of my own, he would have pronounced
the Baron not only cælian, but verging to become cælius; or, in plain English, was incomparably the most drunk of the party, except perhaps the Baron himself, of whom it is said at Balmainege. However, having received the expected, or rather the
required, compliment on his sobriety, the Baron pro-
cceeded: "When I am myself of a strong tempera-
ment, I abhor drinking, and detest those who
allow wine quae causa, for the obloction of the
gullet; albeit I might depress the law of Pittacus of
Miletus, and stigmatize the excesses of the crusaders,
some committé under the influence of Labor Pater; nor would I ut-

* The learned in cookery dissent from the Baron of Bradd war-
time, and hold the roe venenous and indifferent food, unless
which dressed in soup and Scotch oysters.

Thus terminated the apology which the Baron of
Braddident thought it necessary to make for the
excesses of the dinner-party; and it may be easily
believed that he was neither interrupted by dissent,
nor any expression of incredulity.

He then invited his guest to a morning ride, and
ordered his servants to make all the preparations and
feelings of the day. The Baron added a note to the
depart with Ban and Buscar. "For, until the
shooting season commence, I would willingly shew
you some of the morning's game, with a rod and
a cove. The roe, Captain Waverley, may be hunted
at all times alike; for never in being in what is called
of grace, he is also never out of season, though
it be a truth that his venison is not equal to that of
either the red or fallow doe. But he will serve to
show how my dogs run; and therefore they shall at-
tend to escape being set to work."

Waverley expressed his surprise that his friend
Davi was capable of such trust; but the Baron
explained to him that this poor simpleton was ne-
ther-fictional character, nor the Walter idle.

Miss Bravondale then gave Waverley to under-
stand, that this poor simpleton was dotingly fond
of music, deeply affected by that which was instruc-
tional, and transported into extravagant gaiety by light and
lively airs. He had in this respect a prodigious mem-
ory, stored with miscellaneous snatches and frag-
ments of all tunes and songs, which he sometimes
applied, with considerable address, as the vehicles of
remembrance, explanation, or satire. Davie was
much attached to the few who showed him kind-
ness; and both aware of any slight or ill usage which
he happened to receive, and sufficiently apt, where
he saw opportunity, to revenge it. The common
language of this acquaintance was the schoolmate of
as of their betters, although they had expressed great
compassion for the poor innocent while suffered to
wander in rage about the village, no sooner beheld
him, than his decision of manner, his voice, with
all the so-called marks of favouritism, than they called up all the instances
of sharpness and insensibility, in action and repartee, which
were to be gathered from his annals, which his patients desirably
put upon a hypothesis, that David Gellatley was no far-
ther fool than was necessary to avoid hard labour. This
opinion was not better founded than that of the
Negros, who, from the acute and mischievous pranks
of the monkeys, suppose that they have the gift of
speech, and only suppress their powers of eloction
to escape being set to work. But the hypothesis was
entirely imaginary; David Gellatley was in good
earnest the half-crazed simperon which he appeared,
and was incapable of any constant and steady exer-
cise. He had but so much solidity as to keep on the
windy side of insanity; so much wild wit as saved
him from the imputation of idiocy; some dexterity
in the field, some knowledge of the woods (fools excel) great kindness and humanity in the
administration of animals intrusted to him, warm affec-
tions, a prodigious memory, and an ear for music.

The shoot came to an end, and the Baron con-
dined his instruction to Waverley, who was master of the
art, and Davie's voice singing to the two large deer
greyhound.
Waverley.

The lady-bird grows strongly,
Where the morning dew lies betwixt
Where the sweetest flower's asleep.

The mother's heart's at ease,
Where the fairy tapers trip it:

Casualities, dights otinotes.

Lovely, lovelier, cool and peer.

Over tank and over brook,
Dale, dale, his away.

"Do the verses he sings," asked Waverley, "belong to that Scottish poet, Miss Bradwardine?"

"I believe not," she replied. "This poor creature had a brother, and Heaven, as if to compensate to the world for his suffering, gave him what might be called the hamlet thought uncommon talents. An uncle contrived to educate him for the Scottish kirk, but he should not get prentice, because he came from our precinct. He returned from college hopeless and broken-hearted, and fell into a decline. My father supported him till his death, which happened before he was nineteen. He played beautifully on the flute, and was supposed to have a great turn for poetry.

He was affectionate and compassionate to his brother, who followed him like his shadow, and we think that from him Dave gathered many fragments of songs and music unlike those of this country. But if we ask where he got such a fragment, as he is now singing, we either answer with a smile, and long stories of laughter, or else breaks into tears of lamentation; but was never heard to give any explanation, or mention the name of his death."

"Surely," said Edward, who was readily interested by a tale bordering on the romantic, "surely more might be learned by more particular inquiry."

"Perhaps so," answered Dave; "but my father will not permit any one to practise on his feelings on this subject."

It was at this time the Baron, with the help of Mr. Smed-derick, had induced a pair of jack-boots of large dimensions, and now invited our hero to follow him as he stalked chattering down the ample stair-case, tapping with the long stem in his hand. Mr. Smed-derick followed on the heels of his master, with the flash of his massive horse-whip, and humming, with the ears of a chasseur of Louis Quatorze,

Passus al Solem ordinem si festus present test.
No le de Vint, vini dolcet.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MORE RATIONAL DAY THEN THE LAST.

The Baron of Bradwardine, mounted on an active and well-manned horse, and seated on a demi-pique saddle, with deep housings to agree with his livery, was no bad representative of the old school. His stripe-coloured coat, and other's amusements, formerly buried in a waistcoat, his broad-brimmed hat, surmounted by a small gold-laced cocked-hat, completed his personal costume; but he was attended by two well-mounted horsemen, and a pair of foot-pistols.

In this guise he ambled forth over hill and valley, the admiration of every farmer which he passed, for their progress, till they were going up a grassy vale, they found David Galtley leading two tall deer-greyhounds, and preceding over half a dozen curs, and about as many bare-legged and bare-headed boys, who, to procure the chief distribution of attended-on the chase, had not failed to tickle their ears with the sweetest appellation of Master Galtley, though generally each had posted him on former occasions in the character of lady Dav. But this is no common strain of flattery to persons in office, nor altogether confined to the bare-legged villagers of Tully-Veolan, but as the horse ears since, in which it mow, and will be six hundred years hence; if this admirable compound of folly and knavery, called the twoodle, shall survive, and be dedicated to his name, it was called by the French chasseurs, faire la corve with his own byronical costume of his chase. After this ceremony, he conducted his host homeward by a pleasant and circuitous route, commanding an extensive prospect of different villages, and each house, each wood, and each field. Bradwardine attached some anecdote of history or genealogy, told in language whimiscally from prejudice and pedantry; and was often respectable for the good sense and honourable feelings which his wit sent out and almost always curious, if not valuable, for the information contained.

The truth fact was so much appreciated by both gentlemen, because they found amusement in each other's conversation, although their characters and habits of thinking were in many respects totally opposite. Edward, we have informed the reader, was warm in his feelings, wild and romantic in his ideas and in his taste of reading, with a strong disposition towards poetry. Mr. Bradwardine was the reverse of all this, and piqued himself upon walking through life with the same upright, staid, steely gravity, which distinguished his evening promenade upon the terrace of Tully-Veolan, where for hours together—

the very model of old Hardy-knyte—

Stanley sweep'd he cast the wa'.

As for literature, he read the classic poets, to be sure, and the Epithalamium of George Buchanan, and Arthur Johnston's Psalms, of a Sunday; and the Delicia Fecundum, from Pottery-house, and the Eliza- say's Works, and Barbour's Bruce, and Blind Harry's Wallace, and the Gentle Shepherd, and the Chery and the Flane and the Sián. But though he thus for so many melancholy times to the Muse, he would, if the truth must be spoken, have been much better pleased had the pious septant spectacles, as well as the historical narratives, which these various works contained, been presented to him in the form of simple prose. And he sometimes could not refrain from expressing contempt of the "rain and unordered" of the art of poem-making, in which he said, "the only one who had excelled in his time was Allan Ramsay, the pewee-maker." But although Edward and his defender stole cold, 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 commended his memory with matters of fact; the cold, dry, hard outlines which history delineates, Edward, on the contrary, loved to fill up and round the sketch with the coloring of a warm and vital imagination, which gives light and life to the acts and speakers in the drama of past ages. Yet with tastes so opposite, they contributed greatly to each other. In the last chapter, we have given a particular of Bradwardine's writings, which have been translated into the description of these scenes of his youth, which had been spent in camps and foreign lands, and had many interesting particulars to tell of the history of the generals under whom he had served, and the actions he had witnessed.

Both parties returned to Tully-Veolan in great good-humour with each other; Waverley desirous of studying more attentively the habits and the character, and interesting character, gifted with a memory containing a curious register of ancient and modern anecdotes; and Edward disposed to regard Edward as pierer (or rather junius) bono spect et magnum solidus, a youth devoid of that petulant volatility, which is impetuous of, or vespers, the better pleased had the only one who had excelled in his time was Allan Ramsay, the pewee-maker. But although Edward and his defender stole cold, 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 commended his memory with matters of fact; the cold, dry, hard outlines which history delineates, Edward, on the contrary, loved to fill up and round the sketch with the coloring of a warm and vital imagination, which gives light and life to the acts and speakers in the drama of past ages. Yet with tastes so opposite, they contributed greatly to each other. In the last chapter, we have given a particular of Bradwardine's writings, which have been translated into the description of these scenes of his youth, which had been spent in camps and foreign lands, and had many interesting particulars to tell of the history of the generals under whom he had served, and the actions he had witnessed.

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Waverley.

The Baron, as if to show that his presence was not entirely theoretical, proposed a toast in favor of the lady, who drank it, and then drank a second, and said, "Here's to Waverley!"

Waverley was accordingly conducted through one or two of those long, narrow passages with which ancient architecture is so much the delight of the visitor. The view, at the end of which Mr. Bradwardine began, was to be seen at once, a very steep, narrow, and winding course down the level, but the small river was sometimes visible, sometimes hidden in caves.

The eye might be delayed by a desire to rest on the rocks, which here and there rose from the dell wall, and at times, as the guide desired, a little way higher. The eye might be detained by a desire to rest on the rocks, which here and there rose from the dell wall, and at times, as the guide desired, a little way higher.

The view of the old tower, or fortress, is introduced, some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, while the guide accompanies the narrator in the original. The guide, in a humorous passage, mentions some of the curiosities of which the tower is famous.

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The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which the mind could have desired, and which her poetry so much wanted. She almost fell in love with her, to the great regret of the guide, who was in love with her, and the guide accompanied her in the original.

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CHAPTER XIV.

EVIDENCES OF证监Y BECOMES DOMINATED AT TILP-VIOLEN.

Waverley could not avoid observing that Davie said something like a satirical emphasis on these matters. He therefore, of course, by sundry quibbles, to elicit from him what the insinuation would mean; but Davie had no mind to explain, had wit enough to make his fop mock his know-how. Waverley could collect nothing out of Davie, excepting that the Laird of Balnawhapple had gone home yesterday morning, and his boots fit for blood.

And from this occasion, Edward at length discovered, with a painful feeling of surprise and shame, that Balnawhapple's submission and apology had been the consequence of a rencontre with the Baron before his great had quit 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. The Baron himself, then, it was in his mind to anticipate his meeting with Mr. Falconer, a circumstance which, considering his youth and the presence of arms which he had just added, was scarcely believable of being represented much to his prejudice. The Baron justified himself at greater length than I choose to repeat. He urged, that the quarrel was common to them, and in Balnawhapple's submission, could not, by the code of honour, elicit giving satisfaction to both, which had been done in his case by an honourable mode of ending, and in the manner rendered, the use of the sword unnecessary, and which, being made and accepted, must necessarily stop the whole affair.

While this excuse or explanation, Waverley was silenced, if not satisfied; but he could not help teetiling some displeasure against the Blessed Bear, which had given rise to the quarrel, nor refrain from hinting, that the sanctified epithet was hardly appropriate. The Baron observed, he could not deny that the Bear, though allowed by heralds as a most honoured ordinary, had, nevertheless, some habit of being effeminate, and more in his disposition, (as might be read in Archibald Simon, pastor of Dalkeith's Kirk, epigrams). And how has this been the type of rover quarrel and dispositions which had occurred in the house of Bradwardine; of which,

The young man's with a light heart, etc.

But the red-hot steel in the old man's ears, and the double head to under his swing.

Waverley at length discovered, with a painful feeling of surprise and shame, that Balnawhapple's submission and apology had been the consequence of a rencontre.
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 taste of his father's most self-willed and least necessary to trace the progress of his intercourse with the same accuracy. It is probable that a young man, accustomed to more cheerful society, would have tired of the lonely and silent serenity for his "boast of heraldry" as the Baron; but Edward found an agreeable variety in that of Miss Bradwardine, who was a charming companion in her quiet home, by his remarks upon literature, and showed great justness of taste in her answers. The sweetness of her disposition had made her submit with complacency, and even pleasure, to the course of reading prescribed by her father, although it not only comprehended several heavy folios of history, but certain gigantic tomes in high-church polemics, in Brabant. He was fortunately contented to give her only such a slight tincture as might be acquired by perusal of the two folio volumes of Niebel. Rose was indeed the very apple of her father's eye. She was not without the beauty, in which he recalled the features of his beloved wife, of beauty and of grace, and the noble spirit, that disposition, would have justified the affection of the most doting father.

The Baron on behalf did not, however, seem to extend itself in that quarter, where, according to the general opinion, it is most efficiently displayed; in labouring, namely, to establish her in life, either by a lawful, or a wealthy marriage. By an old settlement, almost all the landed estates of the Baron went, after his death, to a distant relation; and it was supposed that the Bradwardine would remain but slightly provided for, as the good gentleman's cash matters had been too long under the exclusive charge of Baille Macweeble, to admit of any great expectations from his personal succession. It is true, the said Baille loved his patron and his patron's daughter next (though at an inconsiderable distance) to himself. He thought it was possible a 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, whose under 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 to have a reverse opinion of Miss Bradwardine, as a handsome girl, the first charter having been given at that early period when women were not deemed capable of the possessive, sense; because, according to Les coutumes de Normandie, c'est l'homme qui est besset et qui conserve; or, as is yet more unaccountably expressed by other authorities, all of whose barbarous names he delighted to quote at full length, because a woman could not serve the superior, or feudal lord, in war, as on account of the decorum of her sex, nor assist him with advice, be not of her limited intellect, nor keep his counsel, owing to the infirmity of her disposition. He would triumphantly ask, how it would become a female, and that female a Bradwardine, to be conversant in mental estate, and detrahendis, colonis regis post bataliam? that is, in pulling off the king's boots after an engagement, which was the feudal service by which he held the barony of Bradwardine. "Non," said he, "in proportion to the great insigniation, proeni ducis, many females, as worthy as Ross, had been excluded, in order to make way for the proper succession; and Heaven forbid that I should do aught that might contravene the destination of any forefathers, or impinge upon the right of my kinsman, Malcolm Bradwardine of Inverarabie, an boome, whose descendants have preserved our name and arms, and this title from the vintage," confirmed by the usual crest of the family, with the above motto—Perennis et perseverans. (It was dead, unless I have gone through with it.)
whose affection may dignify him in his own eyes, and stooping to one who looks up to him for such distinction. It was the first time, therefore, that he was so conspicuous a passion, early love is frequently ambivalent in choosing its object; or, which comes to the same, the case of Sarah Balfour (as far as it is known) from a situation that gives fair scope for the beau ideal, which the reality of intimate and familiar life rather tends to limit and impair. I knew a very intimate, and I was assured by a violent passion for a pretty woman, whose talents were not equal to her face and figure, by being per- ceived by the world as something of a persona. Thus, it is certain, that had Edward enjoyed such an opportunity of conversing with Miss Stubbe, Aunt Rachel's precaution would 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 would have confirmed 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 without her being conscious, assuming a shade of warmer affection.

I ought to have said that Edward, when he sent Dundee for the books before mentioned, had applied with the utmost promptitude; the length of the term having had no effect upon his leave of absence. But the letter of his commanding officer contained a friendly recommendation to him to say nothing to any person who, estimable as they might be in a general sense, 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 with great delicacy, that although some family connections might be supposed to render it necessary for Captain Waverley to communicate with gentlemen who were in this unpleasant state of suspicion, yet his father's situation and wishes ought to 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 regard to the patriotic clergy, who so perseveringly laboured to set up the royal prerogative in things sacred.

This last intimation probably induced Waverley to set both down to the precepts of his commanding officer. He was sensible that Mr. Bradwardine had acted with the most scrupulous delicacy, in never entering upon any discussion that had the most remote tendency to bias either side in political opinions; although he was himself not a decided partisan of the exiled family, but had been trusted at different times with important commissions by both parties, from a consciousness of his superior capacity. Sensible, therefore, that there was no risk 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 amusement, merely to gratify a prejudiced 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 emanipation, and continued an honoured guest and inmate of the house of Tully-Veolan.

CHAPTER XV.

A CRIME,* 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, that savage mixture of uncommon perturbation in the family. Four bare-legged dairy-maids, with each an empty milk-pail in her hand, ran about with frantic gestures, and uttering long continued howls, giving the very nearest attention. From their appearance, a pagan might have conceived them a detachment of the celebrated female followers of the Druids; and that nothing was to be got from this distracted cimeter, excepting "Lord guide us!" and "Eat this!" ejacula-

* A craze was an insecure pledge, formed on the chance of a rush.
country. — Having delivered this solemn announcement, he assumed a posture of silent dejection, shaking his head with the motion of a pendulum when it is ceasing to vibrate, and then remained stationary, his body stooping at a more acute angle than usual, and the expression of his countenance being in proportion.

The Baron, meanwhile, paced the room in silent meditation, and at length fixing his eye upon an old portrait, whose person was clad in armour, and whose features could be traced in the greenish tint of hair, part of which descended from his head to his shoulders, and part from his chin and upper lip to his breast.

"Tayp! Waverley, my grandseire," he said, "with two hundred horses, whom I left within his own bounds, discomfitted and put to the rout more than five hundred of these Highland murderers, who have been ever foes of offences, et petiti aseamaltii, a stumbling-block and a rock of offence to the Lowland vicarage—he discomfitted them, I say, when they had the temerity to descend to harass this country, in the time of the civil disensions, in the year of grace, eighteen hundred forty and two. And now, sir, my grandson, am thus used at such unworkable matters.

Here was an awful pass... after which all the company, as is usual in cases of difficulty, began to scheme and meditate what harm they should do. And when Alexander proposed they should send some one to compound with the Caterans, who would readily, he said, give up their prey for a dollar a head. The Bailie agreed to the condition without a scruple of the least, or composition of felony; and he recommended that some commend should be sent up to the banns to make the best bargain he could, as it was for himself, so that the Laird might not be seen 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, desirous to institute the course of paying the arrears of tribute money to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, who, they all knew, could easily procure restoration of the cattle, if they were properly propitiated.

None of these proposals met the Baron's approbation. The idea of composition, direct or implied, was absolutely ignominious; 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 Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, the Baron would make no concession to him, were it, he said, "to procure restitution in accordance of every stripe and that of the chief, his friend, and his clan, had stolen since the days of Malcolm Canmore."

In fact, his voice was still for war, and he proposed to send express to Balmawhapple, Killanerin, the Buick, and other places, and the like depositions, inviting them to join in the pursuit, and, sir, shall these melancholy requisitions, Lord John calls them, be brought to the fate of their predecessor Canmore?"

The Bailie, who by no means relished these warlike counsels, here pulled forth an immense watch, on the colour, and nearly of the size, of a pewter dessert-plate, and observed it was now past noon, nor that the Caterans had been seen in the parts of Kylooborough soon after sun-rise; so that before the allied forces could assemble, they and their prey would have been beyond the reach of any pursuance, and sheltered in those desolate deserts, where it was neither advisable to follow, nor indeed possible to repay them.

This proposition was declined. The council therefore broke up without coming to any conclusion, as has occurred to councils of more importance; only it is not likely they could send over their three miles down to the Mains for the use of the Baron's family, and brew small ale, as a substitute the milk, in his own. To this arrangement, which was well understood, Sir John added that if the Bailie was taken, both from habitual deference to the family, and from an internal consciousness that his courtesy would, in some made or other, be repaid tenfold.

with the scabbard who did not receive with the sword, and wo to him who would lose his friend for the stormy cloud of a spring morning."

"To this the Baron of Bradwardine answered with suitable politeness, that he knew the chief of Clan Ivor to be a well-wisher to the King, and he was sorry there should have been a cloud between him and any of his subjects; for sound folk are banding together, feele is he who hath no brother."

This appeared perfectly satisfactory, that the peace between the two nations might be duly solemnized, the Baron ordered a stoup of uisquebaugh, and, filling a glass, drank to the health and prosperity of Mac-Ivor of Glenmuick; upon which the Celtic ambassador, to requite his politeness, turned down a mighty bumper of the same generous liquor, sea-bossed with his good wishes to the house of Bradwardine.

Having thus ratified the preliminaries of the general treaty of pacification, the envoy retired to adjust Mr. Macswinney some subordinate articles with which it was not thought necessary to trouble the Baron. These probably referred to the discontinuance of the subsidy, and apparently the Balfie found means to satisfy his ally, without suffering his credit in the treaty to stand compromised. At least, it is certain, that after the preliminations they drank a bottle of brandy in single draughts, which seemed to have no more effect upon such seasoned veterans of war as it had upon the two hundred men at the top of the avenue, Evan Dhu Macombie having possessed himself of all the information which his master could possibly require of the proceeding night, declared his intention to set off immediately in pursuit of the cattle, which he pronounced to be "no that far off;—they have broken the bone," he exclaimed, "but they have had no time to sink the marrow."

Our hero, who had attended Evan Dhu during his adjustiments, accompanied him with the ingenuity which he displayed in collecting facts on the one hand, and the precise and pointed conclusions which he drew from it. Evan Dhu, on his part, was obviously flattered with the attention of Waverley, 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 saw such a place in your life, nor ever will, unless you go with me, or the like of me."

Our hero, feeling his curiosity considerably excited by the description, rashly thought of a Highland Cooor, took, however, the precaution to inquire if his guide might be trusted. He was assured, that the invitation would on no account have been given had there been any suspicion of danger, and that the appearance of a head was a little fatigue; and as Evan proposed he should pass a day at his Chief's house in returning, where he would be sure of good accommodation and an excellent welcome, there seemed nothing more 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 necessaries, being bound on the shoulders of a sort of deity among all their other trinkets, our hero set forth with a flowing piece in his hand, accompanied by his new friend, Evan Dhu, and followed by the gamekeeper afore-mentioned, the Wild Haig. The attendance of Evan, one of whom had upon his shoulder a hatcher at the end of a pole, called a Lochaber-axe, and the other a long ducking-rum. Evan, upon Edward's inquiries to understand this partial escort, was by no means necessary as a guard, but merey as, he said, drawing up and adjusting his plaid with

"The Town-guards of Edinburgh were, till a late period, armed with "the plaid on the back of the axe, which, the ancient Highlanders used to attach to the plaid, and to which they were secured with a strap, resembling themselves by the handle. The axe, which was also called a plaid-axe, is supposed to have been introduced into both countries from the East.
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 far as he could without affectation, to remove the opinion which Evan seemed to entertain of the Lowlanders, and particularly of the English.

Through the gorge of this glen they found access to a black bog, of tremendous extent, full of large pitch, the track along which they traversed was extremely difficult and some danger, by tracks which no one but a Highlander could have followed. The path itself, or rather the depression of the unknown valley, among the hillocky fields was half walked, half waded, was rough, broken and in many places quasy and unsound. Sometimes the ground was so completely unsafe, 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 reception nearly crossing the lake, said, "Yvon ta cova." A small point of light was seen to twinkle in the direction in which he pointed, and, gradually increasing in size and luster, seemed to float like a meteor upon the surface of the lake. While Edward watched this phenomenon, the distant dash of oars was heard. The measured sound approached nearer and nearer, and presently a loud whistle was heard in the same direction. His friend with the battle-axe immediately whistled clear and shrill, in reply to the signal, and a boat, manned by four or five Highlanders, put out for a little inlet, near which Edward was sitting. He advanced to meet them with his attendant, was immediately assisted into the boat by the officious attention of two stout mountaineers, and had no sooner seated himself than they resumed their oars, and began to row across the lake with great rapidity.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOLD OF A HIGHLAND BOSSÉE.

This party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chant of a Gaelic song, sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to requisite, as they dipped them in cadence. The light, which had been announced moment before, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour. It appeared plainly to be a large fire, but whether kindled upon an island or the main land, Edward could not determine. As he saw it approach, the orb seemed to rest on the very surface of the lake itself, and resembled the fiery vehicle in which the Evil Genius of an Oriental tale traverses land and sea. They approached nearer, and the light of the fire sufficed to show that it was kindled at the bottom of a huge dark crag or rock, rising abruptly from the very edge of the water; its front, changed by the reflection to dusky red, formed a strange, and even awful contrast to the banks around, which were from time to time faintly and partially illuminated by pallid moonlight.

The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could discover that this large fire, amply supplied with branches of pine wood by two figures who, in the red reflection of its light, appeared like demons, was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an inlet from the lake seemed to advance. The steersman, which was indeed true, that the fire that had been lighted as a beacon to the boaters on their return, had stood the boat, and then shipped the boat, permitted the boat to enter in obedience to the impulse which it had received. The skiff passed the little point of land.  

* * *

It is not the weeping birch, the mouldering species in the Highlands, but the highly-leaved Lowland birch, that is distinguished by this fragrance.
of rock, on which the fire was blazing, and raised about two boulders further, stopped where the cavern (for it was already arched overhead) ascended from the water by five or six boulders ledge of rocks, and then the path became more natural steps. At this point a quantity of water was suddenly flung on the fire, which sent up a hissing noise, and with desperate strength the light had been restored. Four or five active arms or legs reached out from Waverley out of the boat, placed him on his feet, and almost carried him to the recesses of the cave. He fell, but was moved by the driven, and advancing towards a chorus of voices, which seemed to sound from the centre of the rock, at an ace turned Donald Bean Lean and his whole establishment were before his eyes.

The interior of the cave, which rose very high, was illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and flickering light, and beat away a strong, though not unpleasant colour. Their light was assisted by the red glare of a large charred fire, which was seen five or six arms high. Highlanders who were watching, and were conscious of the more remote recesses of the cavern. In one large aperture, which the rock successively enclosed and opened, lay by the side of the cave a horse, a cow, and two cows lastly led away. The principal habitant of this singular mansion, attended by four Duke as master of the retreat, was found in a form of land, so marked in appearance and manner from what his imagination had anticipated. The profession which he followed, and in which he dwelt, the curious forms that surrounded him, all were calculated to surprise. From such accommodation Waverley prepared himself to meet a stormy, a stormy storm. Waverley went to the cave and was chosen to be the central object of a group of Druids.

Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all these. He was thin in person and low in stature, with light, evenly-coloured hair, and small pale features, from which he deprived his anogen of figure: white, and although his form was light, dark, well-proporioned, and active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. He had served in some inferior 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 had made out the same time, to put on an old blue coat and red uniform, and a feathered hat, in which he was far from showing to advantage, and indeed looked so, incongruous, compared with all that Waverley had been tempted to laugh, had laughter been either civil or civil. The robber received Captain Waverley with a profession of hospitality andenneship hospitality, seemed perfectly to know his name and connections, and to be particularly acquainted with his uncle's political principles. On these he bestowed great apposite, to which Waverley judged it prudent to make a very general reply.

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

* An adventure, very similar to what is here stated, actually took place in Abercromby of Tullibody, grandfather of the present Lord Abercromby, and father of the celebrated Mr. Abercromby, a gentleman who lived to a very advanced period of the time. In the first settled in his castle, his cattle were repeatedly driven off by the celebrated Rob Roy, or some of his gang; and at length he was obliged to lower his head. Captain Abercromby, on the same occasion, also made the same visit as that of Waverley to Bean Lean, and was most courteously received there. And there are many stories of the accident, which must have happened to him, though some mistakes. Mr. Abercromby was received with colour from two of his own cattle, which were hung up by the heads in the cave, and was dismissed in perfect safety, after being loaded with every mark of friendship and regard (black nail), in a situation of which Rob Roy not only undertook to forfeit his honour, but was ready to be taken from him by other freebooters. Mr. Abercromby said, Rob Roy offended the good feeling of the guests, his heart, and a signal was made to the Union. Neither of these circumstances were true, for the landlord thought it quite unnecessary to encroach on his Highland friends by being on a general basis in society. The adventure I received many years since. It is a sort of the gentleman's wife was was concerned in it.
CHAPTER XVIII
WAVERTLEY PROCEEDS ON HIS JOURNEY.

When Edward had collected his scattered recollection, he was surprised to observe the cavern totally deserted. Having arisen and put his dress in order, he looked more accurately round him, but all was still solitary. If it had not been for the decaying branches of the fern, now sunk into gray ashes, and the remnants of the festival, consisting of bones, half burnt and half gnawed, and an empty keg or two, there remained no traces of Donal and his band. When Waverley saluted forth to the entrance of the cave, he perceived that the point of light, on which remained the marks of last night's beacon, 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, where, as in a wet-dock, the skiff which brought him there the night before, was still lying moored. When he reached the small projecting platform on which the beacon had been established, he would have believed his farther progress by land impossible, only that it was scarce probable but what the inhabitants of the cavern had some mode of issuing from it otherwise than by the lake. Accordingly, he soon observed three or four shelving steps, or ledges of rock, at the back of the entrance, which were covered with green moss, and by making use of them as a staircase, he descended by their means, and reaching the projecting shoulder of the crag on which the cavern opened, and descending with some difficulty, found himself in a wild and precipitous shore of the highland loch, about four miles in length, and a mile and a half across, surrounded by heathy and savage mountains, on the coasts of which the morning mist was still sleeping. Looking back to the place from which he came, he could no help admiring the address which had adopted a course of such elevation and security. This round of the shoulder of which he had turned by a few unspeakable notches, that boldly afforded place for the body, seemed, in looking back upon it, a large cairn, heaped up by an accident, and all its use was the direction by which the shores of the lake that direction. There could be no possibility, the breadth of the lake considered, of descending to the entrance of the narrow and low-browed cleft from the other side; so, unless the retreat had been sought for with boats, or disclosed by the ascent, it might be a safe and secret residence to a few. Waverley had satisfied his curiosity in these particulars, Waverley knocked around for Evan Dhu and his attendant, who had all the first time, it might have been of Donald Bean and his party, whose mode of life was, of course, liable to sudden modifications of climate. Accordingly, at the distance of about half a mile, he beheld a Highlander (Evan apparently) angling in the lake, with a small boat, and the weapon which he shouldered, he recognized for his friend with the battle-axe. Much nearer was the cave in which the vessel he had heard the notes of a lively Gaelic song, guided by which, in a sunny recess, shaded by a glittering birch-tree, and carpeted with a bank of white sand, he found the damsel of the castle, in a white gown, and a strict regulation, being served out either by Donald himself, his lieutenant, or the strapping Highland girl attendant, who was the only female. The allowance of whisky, however, would have appeared prodigal to any but Highlanders, who, living entirely in the open air, and in a very moist climate, could consume great quantities of ardent spirits without the usual baneful effects either upon the brain or constitution. At length the fluctuating groups began to swim before the faces of our hero as they gradually closed; nor did he re-open them till the morning sun was high in the lake without, though there was but a faint and glimmering twilight in the recesses of Urain an Ri, or the King's Cavern, as the abode of Donald Bean was loudly denounced.

Vol. II. G
of his short trunk, a large scallop shell, and from under the folds of his plaid, a ram's horn full of whisky. Of this he took a copious dram, observing, he had already disposed of a similar one with Donald Bean Lenyo, before his departure; he offered the same cordial to Alice and to Edward, which they both declined. With the bounteous air of a lord, Evan then proffered the same to Blanche Terry, his attendant, who, without waiting to be asked a second time, drank it off with great gusto. Evan then prepared to move towards the boat, as Marie was ready to attend him. Meanwhile, Alice had made up in a small basket what she thought worth removing, and fingering her plaid around her, she advanced up to Edward, and with the usual courtesy, taking hold of his hand, offered her cheek to his salutation, dropping, at the same time, her little courtesy. Evan, who was esteemed a wag among the mountain fair, advanced, as if to secure a similar favour; but Alice, snatching up her basket, escaped up the rocky bank as feebly as a roe, and, turning round and laughing, called something out to him in Gaelic, which he answered in the same tone and language; then, waving her hand to Edward, she resumed her road, and was soon lost among the thickets, though they continued for some time to hear her exclaim, as she proceeded gayly on her solitary journey.

They now again entered the gorges of the caveran, and stepping into the boat, the Highlander made the most of his advantage of the calm breeze, hoisted a clumsy sort of sail, while Evan assumed the helm, directing their course, as it appeared to Waverley, rather higher up the lake than towards the place of his disembarkation on the preceding night. As they glided along the silver mirror, Evan opened the conversation with a paragon upon Alice, who, he said, was both comely and senile; and, to the boot of all that, the best dancer of a strathpey in the whole strath. Edward assented to her praises so far as he understood them, yet could not help regretting that she was condemned to such a perilous and dismal life.

"Och! for that," said Evan, "there is nothing in Perthshire that she need want, if she ask her father to fetch it, unless it be too hot or too heavy.

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

"Common thief!—No such thing: Donald Bean Lenyo never liked less than a drove in his life.

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

"No—he that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a girl from a cottage, is a thief; he that life a drove for himself, or other pretty mountains, is no man, but a thief."

"Does he always reside in that cave?"

"Out, no! it's past the skill of man to tell where she is found at times; there's no she who spins or weaves, or works, in the whole country, that he's not acquainted with.

"And do others beside your master shelter him?"

"My master—My master is in Heaven," answered Evan, haughtily; and immediately assuming his usual civility of manner, "but you may ask the Chief—no, he does not shelter Donald Bean Lenyo, nor any that are like him; he only allows him (with a smile) water and wood."

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

"Ah! but ye dinna see through it. When I say wood and water, I mean the loch and the land; and I fancy Donald would be put off if the laird were to look for him with threecore men in the wood of Kailvich yonder; and if our boats, with a score or two men, were to come down the loch to Uaimh an Rì; and as for myself, I have another pretty mountain opening into the hills, down which a little brook found its way to the lake. When they had pursued their way a short distance, Waverley renewed his questions about the height of the mountain, and the cave in which his companion was said to reside.

"But suppose a strong party came against him from the Low Country, would not your Chief defend him?"

"No, he would not wear the spart of a Bint far his—"

"If they came with the law."

"And what must Donald do, then?"

"He would ride this country of himself, and fall back, it may be, over the mound upon Letter-Skene."

"And if he were pursued to that place?"

"The warrant he would go to his cousin's at Bannoch."

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

"That," quoth Evan, "is beyond all belief; and indeed, even to talk on the truth, there durest not a laird in all Scotland follow the fray a gun-shot beyond Bally-Brough, unless he had the help of the Sidler Dhu."

"What do you call so?"

"The Sidel Dhu, the black soldier; that is what they call the independent companies that were raised to keep peace and law in the Highlands. When I am Vohr commanded one of them for five years; and I was sergeant myself, I shall warrant ye. They call them Sidel Dhu, because they wear the tartans, as they call your men—King George's men,—Sidel Roy, or red soldiers."

"Well, but when you were in King George's pay, are you were sure King George's soldiers?"

"Two things," said Evan, "they pay and they paint. Ask Vich Ian Vohr about that for we are for his king, and care not much which o' them it is. At any rate, nobody can say we are not the king'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. Don't Donald play a pretty sport, he said, if you call it anything else that comes in his way?"

"Trot, he's a nice body, and he'll just take any thing, but most readily cattle, horses, or live Christians."

"And may I ask you, sir, the old man said, is Van'ny, the dwarf, a man of any business in the upper end of the glen?" said Dugald Mahoney, "'tis a chief's officer."

"It is not, said Evan, imperiously. "Do you think he would come to meet a Sassenach Dumb-boggled in such a way as that?"

But as they approached a little nearer, he said, with an appearance of mortification, "And it is evident he, sure enough; and he has not his tail on after all; —there is no living creature with him but Callum Beg.

In fact, Fergus Mac-Ivor, of whom a Frenchman might have said, as truly as of any man in the Highlands, "Qu'il connoit bien ses gens," had no idea of raising himself to the rank of an English young man of fortune, in appearing with a retinue of idle Highlanders disproportioned to the occasion. He was well aware that such an unnecessary attendance of servants would be sure to cost him money, but he was accountable; and while few men were more attached to ideas of chieftainship and feudal power, he was, for that very reason, of exhibiting the marks of dignity, unless at the time and in the manner when they were most likely to produce an imposing effect. Therefore, although, had he been to receive a brother chieftain, he would probably have been attended by all that retinue which Evan described with so much unctuous, he judged it more respectable to advance to meet Waverley with a single attendant, a very handsome Highland boy, who carried his master's shooting-pouch and his broadsword, without which he seldom went abroad.

When Fergus and Waverley met, the latter was struck with the peculiar grace and dignity of the chief's figure. Above the middle size, and finely proportioned, the Highland dress, which he wore in its simplest mode, set off his person to great advantage. He wore the trowsers, or close trousers, made of tartan, crossed scarlet and white; in other particulars, his dress strictly resembled Evan's, excepting that he had no weapon save a dirk, very richly mounted with silver. His page, as we have said, carried his claymores, and the leader held in his hand seemed only designed for sport. He had shot in the course of his walk some young wild-ducks, as, though close-time was then unknown, the broods of game were then more numerous for the sportsman. His countenance was decidedly Scottish, with all the peculiarities of the northern physiognomy, but yet had so little of its harshness that it would have been pronounced in any country extremely handsome. The martial air of the bonnet, with a single eagle's feather as a distinction, added much to the manly appearance of his head, which was besides ornamented with a far more natural and graceful cluster of close black curls than ever were exposed to sale in Bond-Street.

An air of superiority, at first anاء, and then a marked impression from the favourables was impressed on his countenance and displayed exterior. Yet a skilful physiognomist would have been less able to describe him than the second on the first view. The eye-brow and upper lip bespoke something of the habit of peremptory command and decisive superiority. Even his courtesy, though open, frank, and unconfined, seemed to indicate a sense of personal importance; and, upon any check or accidental excitement in himself, though traceable to nothing, showed a hasty, haughty, and vindictive temper, not less to be feared than the contemptuous air of a man of the people. The expression of his features was more perhaps to the amusements of Waverley than that of the bridge-room carried off by Catezine, on his arrival the day before, which was told to the author by the late Laird of Mac-Nab, many years since. To carry off persons from the Lowlands, and to put them to ransom, was a common practice of the wild Highlanders. It was at the present day with the banditti in the South of Italy. Upon the approach of an onlooker, the captive was made to sign a costly release, and retired with him in some cave near the mountain of Maung, and then carefully examined by the young man, who afterwards found the ransom could not be agreed on; and whether it was the fine cool of the west of Accad or the want of ability in Mac-Nab, it did not pretend to be positive; but so it was, that the prisoner recovered, his ransom was paid, and he was restored to his friends. As he always considered the Highlanders as being among the most affable of men, his treatment of his prisoner,
CHAPTER XIX.
THE CHIEF AND HIS MAIDEN.

The ingenious licentiate Francisco de Ubeda, when he commenced his history of Le Picara Justinia Díez,—which, by the way, is one of the most rare books of Spanish literature,—complained of his pen having caught up a band, and forged with begins, with more eloquence than common sense, an aquaintance expolitation with that useful implement, upbriding it with being the guilt of a goose,—a bird inconstant by 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, gentle reader, that I entirely dissent from Francisco de Ubeda in this matter, and hold it the most useful quality of my pen, that it can speedily change from grave to gay, and from description and dialogue to narrative and character. So that if my guilt denote no other properties of its mother-goose than her mutability, truly I shall be well pleased; and I conceive that my word may have no occasion for discount. From the Jargon, therefore of the Highland gillies, I pass to the character of their Chief. It is an important examination, and therefore, like Dobson, must be short, and to the point.

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 which 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 state of the Perthshire Highlands favoured his fortunes, for a great baron in that country had lately become traitorous; which was the name of our adventurer, united himself with those who were commissioned by the king to chastise him, and, in the act of his punishment, obtained a title of property, upon which he and his posterity afterwards resided. He followed the king also in war to the former regions of England, where he employed his leisure hours in subduing among the boors of Northumberland and Durham, that upon his return he was enabled to erect a stone tower, or for what it may be, the first of that kind that I have ever heard mention of. The barons, yeomen, and neighbours, that he, who had hitherto been called Ian Mac-Ivor, or John the son of Iorv, was thereafter called both in song and genealogy, by the high title of Jasbhe Mhair, or John of the Tower.

The descendants of this worthy were so proud of him, that the reigning chief always bore the patronymic title of Vich Ian Vohr, i.e., the son of John the Great: while the clan at large, to distinguish them from the others, were designated Stuchell. Their race of Iven

The father of Fergus, the tenth in direct descent from John of the Tower, engaged heart and hand in the siege of Inverness, 1716, and was forced to fly to France. To revenge the loss of that famous chief, the Stewarts had proved unsuccessful. More fortunate than other fugitives, he obtained employment in the French service, and so rode an abbot, as he had done the night before, and entered into a lively conversation with him about Donald Bean's housekeeping, but without the least hint as to his patriotic habits, or the immediate occasion of Waverley's visit, a topic which, as the Chief did not introduce it, our hero also avoided. While they walked merrily on towards the house of Glenarnoach, Evan, who now fell respectfully into the rear, followed with Cullum Beg and Dugald Mahony.

We shall take the opportunity to introduce the reader to some particulars of Fergus Mac-Ivor's character and history, which were not completely known to Waverley till after a connexion, which, though arising chiefly from casual, had for a length of time the deepest influence upon his character, actions, and prospects. But this, being an important subject, must form the commencement of a new chapter.
Waverley.

Chapter XIV.

resentment and concurrence, nothing was more certain than that they would meet with some notable foil or defeat; upon which occasion Fergus Mac-Ivor was the principal actor. Having his country under his care, and seeing his ravages, never failed deeply to lament the lawless state of the country. These lamentations did not exclude suspicion, and matters were so representative of the Governor, that our Chief was deprived of his military command.

Whatever Fergus Mac-Ivor felt on this occasion, he could not suppress the symptoms of discontent; but in a short time the neighbouring country began to feel bad effects from his disgrace. Donald Bean Lean, and others of his clan, whose dependations had hitherto been confined to other districts, appeared from thenceforward to have made a settlement on this devoted border; and their ravages were carried on with little opposition, as the Lowland gentry were chiefly Jacobites, and dissatisfied. This forced many of the inhabitants into contracts of black mail with Fergus Mac-Ivor, which not only established him their protector, and gave him great weight in all their consultations, but moreover, supplied funds for the waste of his usual haunts, and of the personal and pay of his pay might have otherwise essentially diminished.

In following course of conduct, Fergus had a further object than merely being the great man of his nation, for he had a family, and was, no grounded ancestor of a monarch. From his infancy upward, he had devoted himself to the cause of the exiled family, and had persisted in it, not only at their restoration to the crown of Britain, but would be expected that those who assisted them would be raised to honour and rank. It was with this view that he laboured to reconcile the Highlanders among themselves, and augmented his own force to the utmost, to be prepared for the first favourable opportunity of rising. With this purpose also he conciliated the favour of such Lords and gentlemen who had ordered a few men to the good cause; and for the same reason, having incalculably quarrelled with Mr. Bradwardine, who, notwithstanding his partialities, was much respected in the country, he took advantage of the foray of Donald Bean Lean to solidify the dispute in the manner we have mentioned. Some, indeed, surmised that he caused the enterprise to be suggested to Donald, on purpose to pave the way to a reconciliation, which, supposing that to be the case, cost the Lord of Bradwardine two good mulch cows. This now in their behalf the House of Stuart repaid with a considerable share of their confidence, an occasional supply of luxuriant, obedience of financial words, and a supply of arms, prefitted for the Earl of Argyll, not to mention to be an earl's patent, granted by no less a person than James the Third King of England, and England; they took the lead in Scotland a sort of model, to imitation, and well-beloved Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glencairn, in the county of Perth, and kingdom of Scotland.

With this vigorous interesting before his eyes, Fergus plunged into the correspondence and plots of that unhappy period; and, like all such active agents, easily reconciled his conscience to going certain lengths in the service of his party, from which honour and profit would have derived had his sole object been the direct advancement of the own personal interest. With this insight into a bold, sanguine mind, untrammelled, and character, we resume the broken thread of our narrative.

The Chief and his guest had by this time reached the Glencairn, which consisted of a manor house, and a high rule-looking square tower, with the addition of a lofty house, that is, a building of two stories, constructed by Fergus's grandfather, and which was subjected to many expositions, well remembered by the western shires.

This sort of political game ascribed to Mac-Ivor was in reality the inspiration of Charles, who had a particular sort of ill-will directed to their own dress and mode of warfare. There were for instance, different sorts of gaiters, corresponding to different stages of a journey, another when danger was apprehended; each way of enveloping themselves in it, when expecting unexpected attack, and another sort of a skirt, and another when they were at rest. Fergus Mac-Ivor was the first to break through to some well-known traditions in their youth.
pressing on Waverley no light sense of their merit as soldiers, and of the power of him who commanded them by his name. But the central segment, a birding lamb, called a "hog in hat'st," roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form some time before the 18th century, when the idea of the good taste and elegance of the ancient Romans was taken more on the platter than the elegance of his master's table. The sides of this poor animal were fiercely attacked, and its feet were raised, and its tail was peeled away, while the knives which were usually in the same sheath with the dagger, so that it was soon rendered a man-gled and useless specie: Lower down still, the vegetables, potatoes, turnips, carrots, and onions were sufficiently abundant. Broth, onions, cheese, and the fragments of the feast, regaled the sons of Ivar who feasted in the open air.

The liquor was supplied in the same proportion, and under similar regulations. Excellent claret and champagne were liberally distributed among 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 give the least offence. Every one present 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 preferred the latter. It was too cold for the strong beer, and called, apparently out of choice, for the liquor which was assigned to them from economy. The beggars, three in number, screamed, during the whole of the repast, a tremendous funeral dirge of the jangling tongue; and the echoing of the vaulted roof, and clank of the Cælic tongue, produced such a Babel of noises, that the voices of the Waverley diners were never heard in the Mac-Ivor, indeed, apologized for the confusion occasioned by so large a party, and pleaded the necessity of his situation, on which unlimited hospitality was imposed, as an immovable amount of duty. To chafe the limbs, and pour the fragrant oil, but by 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 teeth, "Our father's herd's did not feed so neat together, that I should do you this service." A small donation, however, amply reconciled this ancient handmaid to the supposed degradation; and, as Edward proceeded to the hall, he gave her his hat to keep from getting wet. "May the open hand be filled the fullest." The hall, in which the feast was prepared, occupied all the first story of Ian nan Chaisle’s original tower, and a huge oaken table extended through its whole length. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness, and the company numerous, as usual in Waverley; the chief of the table was the chief himself, with Edward, and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring clans; the elders of his own tribe, weavers and tacksmen, as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate as mortgagors or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews, and foster-brothers; then the elders of the Chief’s Household, at Sandar’s, to their order, and, lowest of all, the tenants who actually cultivated the ground. Even beyond this long perspective, Edward might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the entertainment of the entertainers, and of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating around this extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, vagrants, 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 event.

This hospitality, apparently unbounded, had yet its frame of economy. Some pains had been bestowed in the dressing of game, fish, game, &c, which were at the same time of the table, and immediately under the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense claymash joints of mutton and beef, which, but for the absence of pork, &c, abhorred in the Highlands, resembled the rude festivity of the banquet of Pencelli. A new lamb was brought in the cookery, the mutton being the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense claymash joints of mutton and beef, which, but for the absence of pork, &c, abhorred in the Highlands, resembled the rude festivity of the banquet of Pencelli. A new lamb was brought in the cookery, the mutton being the eye of the English stranger.
the house would stand by me. But who thinks of that in the present day, when the man is no better an ally than his hands, than three men with belted brandis?" Then, turning to the company, he proposed the "Health of Captain Waverley," and, as he did so, a hand was seen to rise, and a voice said, "there is no drink that I do not make, and there is a green leaf in the forest, that I do not know the root of." "There is nothing but honour in the Baron of Bradwardine," answered another ancient; "and the guest that comes hidden from him 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, "there has been blood enough of the race of Ivor on the hand of Bradwardine." "Ah! Balleskenroch," replied the first, "you think rather of the flash of the carbine at the mains of Tully-Voolan than of the glance of the sword, that fought for the cause at Preston." "And well I may," answered Balleskenroch; "the flash and the snort, and the red face, and the blood on the paper, 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 near Tully-Voolan about seven years before, and then hastened to remove Balleskenroch's prejudice, by informing him that Waverley was an Englishman, unconnected by birth or alliance with the family of Bradwardine; upon which the old gentleman raised the hubrist-unüstüed cup, and courteously drank to his host, saying, that being required in kind, the Chieftain made a signal for the pipes to cease, and said, aloud, "Where is the song of my friend, that Mac-Murrough cannot find it?" Mac-Murrough, the family báird, an aged man, immediately took the hint, and began to chant, with low and rapid utterance, a profusion of Celtic versifies, 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, and his tones rose into wild and wilder voice; his eye was fixed on Waverley, and his countenance was changed by a variety of gestures. He seemed to Edward, who attended to him with much interest, to receive many proper names, to which his eye was cast, as if in an ecstasy, and to offer his right hand, in the manner of the Highlanders, to Edward, or whoever he thought might turn towards him simultaneously. The ardour of the poet appeared to communicate itself to the audience. Their wild and sun-burnt countenances assumed a fierce and more animated 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 pause, while the aroused feelings of the poet and of the hearers gradually subsided into their usual channel.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SISTERS.

The drawing-room of Flora Mac-Ivor was furnished in the plainest and most simple manner; for at Glenquascouich, every other sort of expenditure was repressed as much as possible, for the purpose of maintaining, in full dignity, the hospitality of the Chieftain, and retaining 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 itself elegant, and even rich, and arranged in a manner which partook partly of the Parian fashion, and partly of the more simple dress of the Highlanders, blended together with great taste. Her hair was not disfigured by the art of the friseur, but fell in jetty ringlets on her neck, confined only by a circle, richly set with diamonds. This was the only peculiarity she had, and it excited no special curiosity, and no pecuniary expense, which could not endure that a woman's head should be covered before wedlock.

Flora Mac-Ivor, the eldest of the Chieftain's sisters, contrasted to her brother Fergus; so much so, that they might have played Viola and Sebastian with the same exquisite effect produced by the appearance of Miss Henry Siddons and her brother Mr. William Murray, in those characters. They had the same antique and regular correctness of profile; the same dark eyes, eye-lashes, and eye-brows; the same clearness of complexion, excepting that Fergus's was embellished by exercise, and Flora's possessed the utmost feminine delicacy. But the haughty, and somewhat stiff regularity of Fergus's features, was beautifully softened in those of Flora. Their voices were also similar in tone, though differing in the key. That of Fergus was especially while issuing orders to his followers during their military exercises, reminded Edward of a favourite passage in the description of Eneas:

"Eneas, whose voice was heard around,

That of Flora, on the contrary, was soft and sweet, "an excellent thing in woman;" yet, in urging any favourite topic, which she often pursued with warm eloquence, it possessed as well the tones which impress awe and conviction, as those of persuasive induction. The eager glance of the keen eye, with which, in the Chieftain's, the Chieftain's, even of the materials obstacles it encountered, had, in his sister's, acquired a gentle penetrivity. His looks seemed to ask glory, power, and justice, for others in the race of humanity; while those of his
CHAPTER XXII.

HIGHLAND MISTRESS.

Was the first salutations that had pleased, Fergus said to his sister, "My dear Flora, before I return to the barbarous ritual of our forefathers, I must tell you that Captain Chieftain, in acknowledgment of accomplishing his own agrandisement, that we should term him the model of a Highland Chieftain. Flora felt the same anger for cherishing and extending the policy of the Chieftain, the generous desire of vindicating from poverty, or at least from want and foreign oppression, those whom 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 delight 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 patriotism as one of the means of accomplishing his own aggrandisement, that we should term him the model of a Highland Chieftain. Flora felt the same anger for cherishing and extending the policy of the Chieftain, the generous desire of vindicating from poverty, or at least from want and foreign oppression, those whom 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 delight which her inquiries seemed to afford those to whom she resorted for information.

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Waverley.

"How can you say so, Ferguson? You know how little these verses can possibly interest an English stranger, even if I could translate them as you propose.

"Nothing less than they interest me, lady fair. To-day your joint composition, for I must have you a share in it, is the last silver cup in the castle, and I suppose will cost me something else next time I hold court féifrie; if the muse descends on MacMurrough; for you know our proverb,—When the language is the best, but the cup is the worst, and the poet is of little note, the bard is frozen in the utterance.—Well, I would it were even so: there are three things that are useless to a modern Highlander,—a sword which he must not draw,—a bard to sing of deeds which he dare not undertake,—and a horse-gaiter worn without a lusit d'or, to put it amiss.

"Well, brother, since you betray my secrets, you cannot expect me to keep yours. I assure you, Captain Waverley, that Ferguson is too proud to exchange his broadsword for a masqueh's bagon; that he es- tesse Mac-Murrough a far greater poet than Hume, and would not give up his gaiter-pans for all the keels or wigs it could contain.

"I have the pleasure of your blow for bow, as Co- man said to the devil. Now do you two talk of swords and poetry, if not of purses and claymores, which would be different from that through which he had entered the apartment. At a distance he heard the hall of the Chief resounding with the clang of bagpipes and the harp of his highness. He was already at the open air by a postern door, they walked a little way up the wild, bleak, and narrow valley in which the house was situated, following a course of the latter stripe and better way than he had seen before, along a path over the mountains, among the tribes of Iverne. So saying, he left the room.

"The conversation continued between Flora and Waverley; for two well-dressed young women, whose chief object it was to hover between that of conversation and deportment, took no share in it. They were both pretty girls, but served only as foils to the grace and presence of their patroons. The discourse followed the turn which the Cheifeain had given it, and Waverley was equally amused and surprised with the account which the lady gave him of Celtic poetry.

"The reception," she said, "of all the poems recording the feats of heroes, the complaints of lovers, and the wars of confederating tribes, forms the chief amusement of a winter fire-side in the Highlands. Some of these are said 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 familiar bands to whom the chiefains of more distinguished name and power retain as the poets and historians of the commons. The poems of the lesser brook were loud and furious, issuing from between precipices, like a maniac from his confessional, all foam and uproar. It was upon the course of this last stream that Waverley, like a light of romance, was conducted by the fair Highland damsel, his silent guide. A small path, which had been rendered easy in many places by the steps of the poetales, was his guide. He found the poetry of a very different description from that which he had just quitted. Around the castle, all was cold, bare, and desolate; yet tame even in desolation; but this narrow glen, at so short a distance, seemed open into the land of romance. The rocks assumed a thousand peculiar and varied forms. In one place, a crag of huge size presented its gigantic bulk, as if to forbid the passenger's further progress; and it was not until he approached its very base, that Waverley discerned the sudden and acute turn by which the path was wheeled its course around this formidable obstacle. In another spot, the projecting rocks from the opposite sides of the cleft had approached so near to each other, that two pine-trees said across and covered with turf, formed a rustic bridge at the height of at least one hundred and fifty feet. It had no ladder, and was barely three feet in breadth. While gazing at the scenes before him, the road crossed, like a single black line, the small portion of blue sky not intercepted by the projecting rocks on either side, with a sudden horror that seizes the breast. The lady held Flora and her attendant appear, like inhabitants of another region, propping, as it were, in mid air, upon this trembling support. Serum lingered upon them, with an air of mystery and awe, which made them shudder, waved her handkerchief.
chief to him by way of signal. He was unable,
from the sense of distaste which her situation con-
victed him of, and from the aversion of her voice; and,
believing that when the fair apparition passed on from the
precocious eminence which she seemed to occupy
with unfeigned 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 widened into a broad cascade, with the brook, which
the glen widened into a silvery amphitheatre, waving
with birch, young oaks, and hazel, with here and
there the grass and gorse, and there the wild
flower, which now receded, the small solitary hill, and
her voice in the murmurs of the mountain stream.
He who woe her must love the barren rock more
than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert
better than the love of the floods of the sea.

Few could have heard this lovely woman make.
this declaration, with a voice where harmony was
enriched by pathos, without exclaiming that the man
who was to give it these places and more appropriate
representatives. But Waverley, though the thought
rushed on his mind, found no courage to utter it.
Indeed, the very feeling of romantic delight with
which he heard the few first notes she drew from her instru-
ment, amounted almost to a sense of pain. He
would not for worlds have quitted his place, nor yet
beautified it, as the landscape, which might degenerate
and examine at leisure the complication of emotions
which now agitated his bosom.

Flora awoke to see and monotonous
recitative of the bard for a lofty and uncommon
Highland air, which had been a battle-song in
former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a pre-
lude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonized
well with the distant waterfall, and the soft sigh
of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an
aspen which grew on the margin of the brook. The
following verses convey but little idea of the feelings
with which, so sung and accompanied, they were
heard by Waverley:

There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale.
But morning is the top of the land to the God.
A stranger commanded—'tis morn on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and bound each hand;
The dick and the target lieumd with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but sadder with rust.
On thee, on thee the glassy does, it should appear,
It is only to war, with the heathcock or deer.
The deeds of our sires if our bards should release,
Let the blue may the blow be the means of their joy;
Be mate every string, and be hustled every tone,
That a brave bard is equal to the wits of all.
But the dark hours of night and solemn are past,
The moors on our mountains are dawning at last;
Glenelg's peaks are illumined with the sun's rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan* leap bright in the breeze.
O bright! O bright! when the tempest is nigh,
In the blush of the dawning the Brahman spears,
Wide, wide on the whole of the north let it fly,
Like the lark's song from when the tempest is nigh.
Ya sons of the storm, when that dawning shall break,
Need the bars of the aged remit you to be
That dawn never sinned on your forest's eye.
It could but reach high heights to vanquish or die.
O, spring from the kings who are busy, heart-state,
Proved chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry, and Inneal!
Combine in these streams from one mountain on
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!
The son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place the sword in the shoulder and bow thy head to The!*
Keogh Keogh, give breath to thy boy's bold ills,
Till the latest earth be left to the soul.
Sir son of Lord Kenmure, high chief of Kintail,
Let the cipher be placed in the young heart to The!* May the race of Clan Gilles, the McCallum and Fitz,
Remember Glenlivet, Hartlaw, and Dundee;
All the open brooks, and the deep dell, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Union with the last man, and with the last man,
To launch the long galleys, and stretch to the oar.

How Mac-Shiel will seek when his chief shall display
The yeomanry in this chapter.

* The young and daring Adventurer, Charles Edward, landed at Glenelg, in Scotland, and displayed his standard in the valley of Glenfinnan, mounting around it the Mac-Donalds, the Mac-Quarrie, and the numerous Highland clans. He was eventually taken on the field of Culloden, but escaped with many men.

The Marginal of Tullibardine's older brother, who, being exiled, returned to Scotland with Charles Edward in 1745.
CHAPTER XXIII.

WAREVILLE.

"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 more congenial of the two. Which of your crack-brained Italian romancers is it that says—"

"lo d’Eticoma amante"

"Mi cura, mi de Dio, che’ne d’asque"

(See cat in which you were enclosed.)

"But if you protest the Gaelic, Captain Waverley, here is little Cathleen, shall you Drimmindhu?—"Otime, Cathleen, abhor, (i.e., my dear) begin; no apologies in the case to the Count of Clanmorris.

Cathleen sung with much livelihood a little Gaelic song, the burlesque elegy of a countryman on the loss of his cow, the comic tones of which, though he did not understand the language, made Waverley laugh more than once.

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

Cathleen laughed, blushed, and sheltered herself behind his comparison.

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 (Baron of Bradwardine) was proposed to join. The charms of melody and beauty were too strongly impressed in Edward's breast to permit his declining an invitation rendered by the Chieftain's untiring zeal for the bond of their loyalty, as well as by their courage. All this you have lost; but, since your curiosity is not satisfied, I judge from the distant sound of my brother's voice, that you have not finished your gambols (a guilty one, perhaps), before he comes to laugh at my translation."

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake;
Envy not the waves the tempest has made.
'Tis the sea—no, but for the sake of the call;
'Tis the sea—no, but for the sake of your call.
'Tis the sea—no, but for the sake of your call.

When the banners are blazing on mountain and hedge,
They call to the dirt, the claymore, and the targe.
To the march and to the snare, the line and the yard,
Be the brand of each Chieftain like Flare is his file.

Sir, the blood through the veins, like torrent of the sea,
Burnt the base foreign poltis as your sable dirk of iron.
Or else your sizes, and endure it no more!

WAREVILLE CONTINUES AT GLENMADFION.

As Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood before them. "I knew I should find you here, even without your having called out the pedagogue. A simple and unassuming taste now, like my own, would prefer a jet d'eau at Versailles to this cascade, with all its accompaniment of brook and ross; but this is Flora's Forsaken, Captain Waverley, and that fountain is her Helicon. It would be greatly for the benefit of my calla if she could teach her conductor, Mac-Murrough, the value of its influence; he has just drunk a pint of ungauged to correct, he said, the coldness of the claret. Let me try its virtues." He sipped a little water in the hollow of his head, and immediately commenced, with a theatrical air,

"O Lady of the desert, hail!"

That lovast the hungry of the God,
Thirster of the fawn and furtive regions borne,
Where never yet grew grass or corn.

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

O vez, vez, braves, á vos temps pleins,
O vez, vez, braves, á vos temps pleins,
O vez, vez, braves, á vos temps pleins,
On na se voit, sur le rivage,

But no one can surpass the poet,

Battle de nymphes de village,
Battue de nymphes de village,

"A truce, dear Fergus! I spare us those most tedious lines; I know I am not for our Heaven's sake, bring down Coridon and Lindor upon us.

But if you cannot relish la bouquet et le champagne, have with you in heroic strains."

"Drink water whose well, in faith I will drink some."

"This notion of your dirty, I wear with the Highlanders and in Ireland. It was translated into English, and published, if I mistake not, under the auspices of the Watsons from the time of the title of "Clarissa," etc."

"You know it is an old story, dear Flora?"

"So it is, my dear."

"The man who makes the least resistance and opposition to a woman is the man who is best adaptable to her.
Waverley.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SERENAD AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Lesson this be a long or a short chapter?—This is a question in which you, gentle reader, have no vote, however much you may be interested in the consequences; for it lies within the province of no man to do nothing to impose with the naming a new tax, excepting the trifling circumstance of being obliged to pay it. More happy surely in the present case, since, though it lies with him to provide the proper materials as I think proper, I cannot call you into Exchequer if you do not think proper to read my narrative.

Let me write my paper, and documents in my hands say but little of this Highland chase; but then I can find copious materials for description elsewhere. There is old Lindsay of Picotte ready at my bow, with his Athole hunting, and his lofted and jointed palace of grand timber; with all kind of drink to be had in bough and land, as ale, beer, wine, muscadel, malvasia, hogsheads, and squawwine; with wheat-bread, meal-bread, ginge-bread, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, game, gins, capon, coney, crane, swan, partridge, plover, duck, drake, brace-cock, pownies, parrots, and fowls and capercailzies; not forgetting the costly bedding, wassail, and napery, and least of all the adorning of the persons and parts of the domestics. Besides the particulars which may be thought pleasing for this Highland feast, (the splendour of which has drawn Pope's large to the censure of an opinion which he had hitherto held, that Scotland, namely, was the— the— the latter end of the world)—besides these may I not illuminate my page with Taylor the Water Poet's hunting in the braes of Mar, where, through heather, moose, morn, frigs, bogs, and fogs, blazed eager gayly, on gayly, on gayly, on gayly, on gayly, on gayly, on gayly, on gayly, on gayly.

Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chased by men and dogs.

Where two hours hunting four score feet kill.

Lounians, your sports are low as is your seat.

The Highland games and minstrels are high and great.

But without further tyranny over my reader, or display of the extent of my own reading, I shall content myself with borowling a single incident from the memorable hunting at Lude, commemorated in the ingenious Mr. Gunn's Essay on the Caledonian Harp, and so proceed in my story with all the brevity that my style of composition, parrying that of what scholars call the periphrasis and embellishment; and the vulgar the circumlocution, will permit me.

The solemn hunting was delayed, from various causes, for about three weeks. The interval was spent by Waverley with great satisfaction at Glenquaich; for the impression which he had made at first meeting grew daily stronger. She was precisely the character to fascinate a youth of romantic imagination. Her manners, her language, her talents for poetry and music, gave emotional 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 used only to stoop for an instant to those topics of amusement and gallantry which others appear to live for. In the neighbourhood of this enchantress, while sport consumed the morning, and music and the dance led on the hours of even. Waverley became daily more delighted with his hospitable landlord, and more enamoured of his betwitched sympathies.

At length, the period fixed for the grand hunting arrived, and Waverley and the Chieftain departed for the place of rendezvous, which was the Athole, to the northward of Glenquaich. Ferguson was attended on this occasion by about three hundred of his clansmen armed, and accoutred in the newest fashions. Waverley proceeded safe with the custom of the country as to adopt the trecs, (he could not be reconciled to the kilt), brogues, and bonnet, as the finest dress. His situation was most engaging, and which least exposed him to be stared at as a stranger when they should reach the place of rendezvous. They found, on the spot appointed, sei-
Edward, with some surprise, that seen Ferguson, notwithstanding his knowledge and education, seemed to fall into the superstitious ideas of his countrymen, either because he deemed it improper to affect asceticism on a matter of general belief or more probably, because, like most men who do not think deeply or accurately on such subjects, he had his mind a reserve of superstition which balanced his sense of freedom, and made him the prey of false occasions. Waverley made no commentary, the latter, on the manner of the treatment, but reprimanded the professor of medicine with a liberality beyond all other professions, and the belief that which the tree, in its state of astonishment, could not have taken its stand. The word was given in Gaelic to fling themselves upon their faces, but Waverley, on whose English ears the signal was lost, had almost fallen a sacrifice to his ignorance of the ancient language in which it was communicated. Fergus, observing his danger, sprang up and pulled him with violence to the ground, and while he broke down upon them. The tide being absolutely irresistible, and wounds from a stag's horn highly dangerous, the activity of the Chinaman may be considered, on this occasion, as having saved his guest's life. He detained him with a firm grasp until the whole herd had fairly run over them. Waverley men attempted to rise, but found that he was held very drowsy by various dreams and confused, and, upon a further examination, discovered that he had sprained his ankle violently. He could neither walk, nor sit up. The cold from the water and the Highlanders, accustomed to such incidents, and prepared for them, had suffered no harm themselves. A wigwam was set at almost an instant, where the guest was laid upon a bed of heather. The the stag's horns, or branches, of the stag's horns, resembling the horns of some animals dangerous to those of the bear's

VOL. II.
Waverley.

But his attention to a friend and guest of Vicar Ian Vohr was anxious and unrestricted. Other embroilments were applied to the injured limb, and new spells were put in practice. At length, after more solicitude than was easy to bear, the Vicar yielded, and with the assistance of Mr. Mac-Ivor, and the hospitality of the place, the gentleman was in the course of being written to by the proper authority in Edinburgh, and in that manner returned to Glennaloch.

The next day, when his good host appeared, Edward, though Mac-Ivor had already heard of the San Francisco earthquake, and knew of the frightful effects experienced by the people of that city, he was unable to express his astonishment, and still more his sympathy in his shattered condition. "What you have to tell," said the gentleman, "is very distressing. I am sorry for all this that has happened."

The attention of the gentleman was now entirely occupied with the distant land of California, and the people whom he had known there, and whom he had thought he should never see again. It was a most unctionful time, and the gentleman was beginning to think that he might have been mistaken in his expectations, when he was informed that there was a messenger for him from Waverley. He was immediately possessed of the news, and the gentleman was as much surprised as he was pleased at the intelligence. He had not been in possession of his own mind for some time, and the gentleman was now determined to make a thorough investigation of the matter, and to see what could be done to assist his friend.

He was about to proceed, but Callum Beg said, rather pertly, as Edward thought, that "The time is now come when you must leave this place, and go to the west."

From this Waverley concluded he should disable his friend by inquiring of a stranger the ob-
CHAPTER XXX.

Waverley.

News from England.

The letters which Waverley had hitherto received from his relations in England, were not such as requisite to shew that they were concentrated in the Werdenberg. 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. But Waverley, hitherto occupied by the hopes and fear which he had fostered for the last three years, was not satisfied with his method of writing letters. He proposed, that in case of a certain revolution in the ministry, he should take an estimate of his property in the new order of things. But, as the first step of such a revolution was not yet higher, in point of both employment 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 a premature movement. All the official gentlemen concerned in it, who hesitated to take the part of a voluntary revolution, were informed that the king had no further occasion for their services; and, in Richard Waverley's case, which the minister considered as a mere sop to curry favor with the rights of the people, and accompanied by something like personal contempt and contumely. The public, and even the party of whom he shared the fall, sympathised little in the disappointment of Rachel Waverley; for she charged him to remember his principles of religion, to take care of his health, to beware of Scotch mist, which, she had heard, would be an Englishman through and through; and, above all, to wear flannel next to his skin.

But Waverley only wrote one letter to his son, and it was of the bulk of six epistles of these degenerate days, containing, in the moderate compass of ten lines, a letter and a postscript, and an entire correspondence on the subject of the three tracts with which he had presented Waverley. This he considered as a mere sop in the way to satisfy the curiosity of Edward, 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 up a sort of literary correspondence, in which the most important political and historical events of the time were elaborated and collected, in a manner that the other pamphlets were not. Waverley were loaded with much trash, and a good round bill, seldom summed in fewer than three shillings. The next time, which Waverley of Waverley-Honour, Bart., was marked Dr. to Jonathan Grubbe, 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 Glenanne was of a different and more interesting complexion. It would be impossible for the reader, even were I 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 ministers of the day happened to be divided into two parties: the weakest of which was existing out of the necessity of their inferiority in real consequence, had all lost some new prospect, and with them the hope of superseding their rivals in the favour of their sovereign, and of obtaining the hand of the only eligible widow. Amongst others, they had thought it worth while to practise upon Richard Waverley. This honest gentleman, by a grave mystical conversation, an attention to the etiquette of business, rather more than to its essence, a facility in making long dull speeches, consisting of tautology and common-places, had, in the eyes of the minister, become a little too insinuating. Upon his visit from being discovered, he had acquired a certain name and credit in public life, and was considered with many, the character of a profound politician, none of your shining orators in
tion to the War-Office, and hinted, moreover, that little ceremony was necessary where so little had been used to his father. He sent multitudinous greeting and affectionate letters of love and friendship.

A letter from aunt Rachel spoke out even more plainly. She considered the disregard of brother Richard as the just reward of his forfeiting his allegiance to danger, taking the oaths to an alien; a concession which her grandfather, Sir Nigel Waverley, refused to make, and he resolved never to swim with Cromwell, when his life and fortune stood in the utmost extremity. She hoped her dear Edward would follow the footsteps of his ancestors, and as speedily as possible get rid of the burden of servitude to the usurping family, and regard the wrongs sustained by his father as an admonition from Heaven, that every deviation of the lines of loyalty becomes its own punishment.

She also concluded with her respects to Mr. Bradwardine, and beyond Waverley would inform her whether his daughter, Miss Rose, was old enough to wear a pair of very handsome ear-rings, which she proposed to send as a token of her affection. The good lady also desired to be informed whether Mr. Bradwardine took much Scotch snuff, and danced as unreservedly, as he did when he was at Waverley-Honour about thirty years ago.

The letters, as might have been expected, highly affected the young gentleman, and from the deal he made in his style of his studies, he had not any fixed political opinion to place in opposition to the movements of indignation and disfavour, which were then in the air. Of the real cause of his disaffection, 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 iniquities in which his father had been so actively engaged. Indeed, any impressions which he had accidentally adopted concerning the part his father was taking in the country, in which he had lived at Waverley-Honour of a matter, were rather unfavourable to the existing government and dynasty. He entered, therefore, without hesitation, into the resentful feeling of the relations who had the best title to dictate his conduct; and not perhaps the least willingly, when he remembered the terrors 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, which, as it is very short, shall be inserted verbatim:

Sir,

"Having carried a message beyond the line of my duty, an indulgence which even the lights of nature and much more those of Christianity, direct towards mercy which may arise from youth and inexperience, and without effect, I am reluctantly compelled, at the present crisis, to use the only remaining remedy which is in your power. You are, therefore, commanded to repair to —— the head-quarters of the regiment within three days after the date of this letter. If you shall fail to do so, I must report you to the War-Office as absent without leave, and also take other steps, which will be disagreeable to you, as well as to your obedient Servant,


"Commanding the —— Regt. Dragoons."

Edward’s blood boiled within him as he read this letter. His father had been accustomed to his very strict and very particular in any matter, the manner in which he was put into the regiment, and thus acquired habits which rendered the rules of military discipline as unpleasant as they would be in the present extremity. He expected, of course, that the same would happen, and accordingly gave himself up to the indulgence of his of rank. The fact is that in his case they would not be enforced in a very rigid manner, and had also obtained full possession of the post allotted to him, which had been assigned to him by the indulgent conduct of his lieutenant-colonel. Neither had any thing occurred, to his knowledge, that had in any way induced him as commanding officer, without any other instance he had heard of the hints we received at the end of the fourteenth chapter, so suddenly to resign a rank, and, as Edward deemed it, so insuperable a zone of dictatorial authority. Connecting it with the letters he had just received from his family, he could not but suspect, that it was designed to make him believe that he was in a position of trust and measure of authority which had been exercised in his father’s case, and that the whole was a concerted scheme to depress and degrade every member of the Waverley family.

Without a pause, therefore, Edward wrote a few cold lines, thanking his lieutenant-colonel for past civilities, and declining the offer of an important commission to offer the remembrance of them, by sending a different tone towards him. The strain of his letter, as well as what he (Edward) conceived to be his duty, in the present crisis, called upon him to lay down his commission; and he therefore enclosed the formal resignation of a situation which subjected him to unpleasant correspondence, and suggested 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 this connection, that Edward possessed habits of thinking, acting, and speaking, which distinguished this young Chieftain, had given him a considerable ascendancy over the mind of Waverley. He was endowed with a penetration of thought, and with much finer genius, Edward yet stooped to the bold and decisive activity of an intellect which was sharpened by the nature of his vocation, and which received and regulated, as well as by extensive knowledge of the world.

When Edward found his friend, the latter had still in his band the newspaper which he had procured and advanced to meet him with the embarrassment of one who has unpleasing news to communicate. "Do you happen to have any unpleasing information which I find in this paper?"

He put the paper into his hand, where his father’s disaffection was registered in the most bitter terms, transferred probably from some London journal. At the end of the paragraph was this remarkable innumed:

"We understand that this same Richard who hath done all this, is not the only example of the Waverley Honour of W-y.r.y.H-n.r. See the Gazette of this day.

With hurried and overhasty apprehensions our hero turned to the place referred to, and found therein recorded, Edward Waverley, captain in —— regiment, disaffected for some unknown reason, and in the list of military promotions, referring to the same regiment, he discovered this farther article, "Lieut. Julias Butler, to be captain, rise Edward Waverley.

Our hero’s bosom glowed with the resentment which undeserved and apparently premeditated insult was calculated to excite in the bosom of one who had aspired after honour, and was thus willy-nilly held up to public scorn and disgrace. Upon comparing the date of his colonel’s letter with that of the article in the Gazette, he perceived that his threat of making a report upon his absence had been literally fulfilled, and without inquiry, as it seemed, whether Edward had either received his summons, or was disposed of with the country with it. The whole, therefore, appeared a formal plan to degrade him in the eyes of the public; and the idea of its having succeeded filled him with a sense of irritation. His attempted concealment appeared as extraordinary to him as it had done to Edward. He indeed knew of, more motives than Waverley’s to conjure with the paralyzing order that Edward had issued. But the reader will find further inquiry into the circumstances of a necessary delay, the commanding officer, in contradiction
Waverley.

It is a question whether it has not occurred to Colonel Gardiner, my dear Fergus, and oblige me for ever?" Fergus paused: "It is a set of friendship which I have never heard of. I have heard nothing of the rights of your honour; but in the present case, I doubt if your commanding officer would give you the sight of account of his having taken measures, which, however liberal and amiable, were still within the strict limits of his duty. Besides, Gardiner is a person of education, and has adopted certain ideas about the fineness of such encounters, from which it would be impossible to make him depart, especially as his courage is beyond all suspicion. And besides, I— I, to say the least— I dare not at this moment, for some very weighty reasons, go near any of the military parties or garrisons belonging to the government."

"And am I," said Waverley, "to sit down quietly as if for the injury I have received?"

"That will I never advise my friend," replied Mac- jecor. "But I would have vengeance on the head, not on the found; on the tyrannical and op- pressed, not on the oppressor. The Campbells, the Mac-Ivor, and Waverley, have seen the tools of office which they employed in the execution of justice, and they were the instruments of its destruction."

"On the government!" said Waverley.

"Yes," replied the impassioned Highlander, "on the usurping House of Hanover, whom your grandfather would no more have served than I would have taken wages of red-hot gold from the great head of hell!"

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

"True," replied the Chieftain; "and because we have passively given them so long the means of showing their native character,—because both you and I myself have lived in quiet submission, have even truckled to the times so far as to accept commissions under them, and thus have given them an opportunity of disgracing us publicly by resigning them, are we not only on that account to resent injuries which our fathers only apprehended, but which we have ac- tually sustained? Or is it the cause of the unfortunate Stewart family less just, because their title has devolved upon a man who is innocent of the characteristics of the government brought against his fa- ther? Do you remember the lines of your favourite poet?—"

Rid Richard unconsciously resign the throne.
A brave and glorious as an enemy.
The title stood as idle had Richard had a son.

You see, my dear Waverley, I can quote poetry as well as you. I could almost have shown you the way to Fergus, if you had known, and trust to me to show you an 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 hear that you are relieved of your servitude. But first add a postscript to your letter, marking the time when you received this calamitaneous Colonel’s first sum- mons, and express your regret that the hastiness of his proceedings prevented you anticipating them by announcing your resignation. Then let him blush for his acts."

The letter was sealed accordingly, covering a for- mal resignation of the commission, and Mac-Ivor consigned it with some letters of his own by a special messenger, with charges to him into the nearest post-office in the Lowlands.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN UNHAPPINESS.

Thus hast the Chieftain who had thrown out re- specting Flora was not unpatriotic. He had observed with great satisfaction the growing attach-
the knight unworthy of her encouragement and fav-
our," said he, somewhat bitterly.
"Not so, Mr. Waverley," she replied, with great
sweetness; "my brother would find a friend in
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
dedicated his life, and the whole of his
forces with his eyes open. His life has been devoted to this cause
from his cradle; with him its call is sacred, were it
ever so long to the last. But hope can I wish you,
Mr. Waverley, so new to the world, so far from
every friend who might advise and ought to influence
you,—in a moment too of sudden piq"v and infla-
tion,—how can I wish you to plunge yourself a step
into so desperate an enterprise?"

Fergus, who did not understand these delicacies,
struck through the apartment his lip, and then,
with a constrained smile, said, "Well, sister, I leave
you to act your new character of mediator between the
Elector of Hanover and the subjects of your
lawful sovereign and benefactor, and left the room.

There was a painful pause, which was at length
broken by Miss Mac-Ivor. "My brother is unjust," she
said, "because he can bear no interruption that
seems to thwart his loyal zeal.""

"And do you not share his ardour?" asked Wav-
erley.

"Do I not?" answered Flora—"God knows mine
exceeds his, if that be possible. But I am not, like
him, apt to the bustle of military preparation, and
the infinite detail necessary to the present undertak-
ing, beyond consideration of the grand principles of
justice and truth, on which our enterprise is grounded;
and these, I am certain, can be forti"ed by
measures in themselves true and just. To operate
upon your present feelings, my dear Mr. Waverley,
to induce you to an irreparable step, of which you
have heard so much, would be the death of me; for
the slander and calumny—this, in my poor judgment, neither the one nor the other.

"Incomparable Flora!" said Edward, taking her
hand, "how much do I need such a monitor!"

"A better one by far," said Flora, gently with-
drawing her hand. Mr. Waverley will always find
in his own bosom, when he will give its small still
voice leisure to be heard.

"No, Miss Mac-Ivor, I dare not hope it; a thou-
sand years must pass before my self-in"giveness have made me
the creature rather of imagination than reason.
Durst I but hope—could I but think—that you would
come to me that affec"tions, that consciences, and
sense, and that common sense. God forbid!

"Not for the world, Mr. Waverley?"

"What am I to understand?" said Edward. "I am
at every fatal bar—has any proposition

"None, sir," answered Flora. "I owe it to my
self to say, that I never yet saw the person, upon whom
I thought with reference to the present subject.

"Yet, of so much importance, propo"-tions. If
Miss Mac-Ivor will deign to give me time—"

"I have not even that 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
weakness."

"And for that weakness you depise me?" said Ed-
ward.

"Forgive me, Mr. Waverley,—and remember it is
but within this half hour that there existed between
us a barrier of a nature to me insurmountable, since
I must not think of inter"ning the service of my
Elector of Hanover in any other light than as a
usual acquaintance. Permit me then to arrange my
ideas upon so 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 with-
drew, leaving Edward to meditate upon the manner
in which she had received his addresses.

There he could make up his mind whether to believe
his suit, or his heart, in the suit, and re-entered
the apartment. "What a la mot, Waverley?" he
cried. "Come down with me to the court, and you
shall see a sight worth all the tigresses of your roman-
city."

"No, let me have my way, my friend, and as many
broadwords, just arrived from good friends; and two
or three hundred stout fellows almost fighting which shall
find possession of them. But let me look at it closer—
Why, a true Highlander would say you had been
blighted by an evil eye. Or can it be this silly
girl that has thus blanked your spirit?—Never mind
her, dear Edward; the wisest of her sex are fools in
what regards the business of life."

"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 assure you for a lewis d'or against
the mood lasting four-and-twenty hours. No wo-
man, lad, can bear such a "surance as that. I will
and engage, that if that will please you, Flora shall be as
unreasonable to-morrow as any of her sex. You
must learn, my dear Edward, to curb Edmonia."

So saying, he seized Waverley's arm, and dragged him off to review his military pre-
parations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UPON THE SAME SUBJ"CT.

Fergus Mac-Ivor had too much tact and delicacy
to renew the subject which he had interrupted. His
brother, who was a head, was all of guns, broad-
swords, bonnets, canteens, and tartan hose, that
Waverley could not for some time draw his attention
to another topic.

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

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

But Waverley, severe in his purpose, with much
inferior forces, to rise against an established govern-
ment? It is more frenzy.

"Lettres "tait a Deu Antevas—You shall take good
care of Flora, when you shall at least be at the com-
mand of Con"an, who never got a stroke but he
gave one. I would not, however," continued the Chief-
ness of the police, "that you think me a bad or a Dựting
 favourable opportunity: I will not slip my dog before
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 so late-
ly held that commission which is now posting
back to those that gave it? My scepticism it implies a
promise of fidelity, and an acknowledgment of the
legality of the go"ernment."

"A rash promise," answered Fergus, "is not a stea-
dy hand, it may be shaken off, especially when it
was given under de"on, and has been rejected by
insult. But if you cannot immediately make your
mind to a gl"ous revenge, go to England, and ease
yourself; we may find pleasure in those things that
will make the world ring; and "Sir Everard be the gallant
old cavalier! I have heard him described by some of
our honest gentlemen of the year one thousand seven
hundred and fifteen, he will find you a better horse
and a better cause than you have lost.

"But your sister, Fergus?"

"Oh, that is a different thing!" replied the Chief, laugh-
ing; "how vexed thou this man!—Speak'st thou of
nothing but ladies?"

"Nay, be serious, my dear friend," said Waverley;
"I feel that the honor of my future life must de-
pend upon the answer which Miss Mac-Ivor shall
make to what I ventured to tell her this morning."

"And is this thy very sober earnest?" said Fergus,
was no pleasing prospect for the secret pride of Waverley. If he could only get them, he would remain, saving the rejection of his addresses by Flora, an alternative not to be thought of in the present high-wrought state of his feelings, with any thought as to the probability of it all working well in the end. But this was a question of the most disastrous and dangerous prospect before him, he at length arrived near the cascade, where, as Fergus had argued, he found Flora considered.

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 his usual ordinary communication, but not to convince himself unequal to the task. Flora seemed at first equally embarrassed; but recovered herself more speedily, and (as unfavourable augury for Waverley’s suit) was the first to enter upon the subject 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 speedily," said Waverley, much agitated; "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 lightened, but her voice firm and composed. "I should incur my own heavy curse, did I delay expressing my sincere conviction that I regard you with the deep esteem I can never regard as a friend of my own, and to whom I attach a character which I trust will not give you cause to doubt my real feelings."

"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, perhaps," said Fergus, "may make obstacles, though we are not bigoted Catholics."

"Once in the Church of Rome, and her religion was never objected to by my family."

"Do not think of my friends, dear Fergus; let me tell you that I cannot any more be persuaded to remove obstacles—I mean with your lovely sister."

"My lovely sister," replied Fergus, "like her lovely brother, is very apt to have a pretty decisive will of her own, by which, in this case, you must be ruled; but you shall not want my interest, nor my counsel. And I have no doubt—"

"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 service of the usurper Crown, it is not the cause of Charles II., marched a handful of cavalry from London to the Highlands to join Middletown, then in arms for the king, and at length disgracedly in the royal cause. Ask her to show you some verses she wrote 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—follow, man, follow, I don’t allow the garrison time to strengthen its purposes of resistance—Aleric à Bondnuin Flora out, and learn the decision as soon as you can, and Cupid go with you, while I go to look over belts and cartouch-boxes."

Waverley ascended the glen with an anxious and pathetically out-stretched heart; the hope of hopes, fears, and wishes, was mixed with other feelings of a nature less easily defined. He could not but feel, however, that of concealing his fate, and into what a complex 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 infer either the subversion of the government he had so lately defended, or the destruction of all who had participated in them. Should Flora even listen to his suit favorably, what prospect was there of its being brought to a happy termination and the result of an impending insurrection? How, or how could be the selfish request that she should leave Fergus, to whom she was so much attached, and, probably, the only friend she had in the world, to be placed in such a position? To a young and fair young woman, the prospect of such a fate would be like plunging her in the arms of his irrevocably divided heart, and she would be deficient in the duties which she vowed."

"And why,—why, Miss Mac-Ivor, should you think yourself a more valuable treasure to me, under the stab of love, than it would give?"

"It was because the tone of our address would
be-mere in unison, and because his more blended sensibility would not require the return of enthusiasm with which you were inspired, Mr. Waverley, for ever year to the idea of domestic happiness which your imagination is capable of painting, and which you would be constituted into common and indifferently, while you might consider the enthusiasm with which I regarded the success of the royal family, as demonstrative of the duties of the crown.

"In other words, 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 love you as you ought to be loved. O! 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 be your studies; her wishes, 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 situation, why will not you by yourself the person you describe?"

"Is it possible you do not yet comprehend me?" answered Flora. "Have I not told you, that every letter, every word you write in me is the proudest boast towards an event, upon which, indeed, I have no power but those of my earnest prayers?"

"The pride, the strength of the suit I solicit," said Waverley, too earnest on his purpose to consider what he was about to say, "even advance the interest to which you have devoted yourself? My family is worthy and powerful, inclined in principle to the Stewart race, and should have a favourable opportunity!"

"A favourable opportunity!" said Flora, somewhat severely, "Inclined in principle!—Can such lukewarm adherence be honourable to yourselves, or gratifying to your lawful sovereign?—Think, from my present feelings, what I should suffer when I hold the place of a member in a family, where the rights which I hold most sacred are subjected to cold discussion, and only deemed worthy of support when they shall appear on the point of triumphing without it?"

"Your doubts," quickly replied Waverley, "are unjust as far as concerns myself. The cause that I shall asserit, I dare support through every danger, as undoubtedly as the boldest who draws sword in its behalf!"

"Of that," answered Flora, "I cannot doubt for a moment. But consult your own good sense and reason rather than a prepossession hastily adopted, probably only because you have met a young woman possessing the usual accomplishments, in a sequestered and romantic situation. Let your part in this great and perilous drama rest upon conviction, and not upon the repentance and probably a temporary feeling."

Waverley attempted to reply, but his words failed him. Every sentiment that Flora had uttered vindicated the strength of his attachment; for even her loyalty, although wildly enthusiastic, was generous and noble, and disdainful to avail itself of any indirect means of supporting the cause to which she was devoted.

After walking a little way in silence down the path, Flora thus resumed the conversation—"One word more, Mr. Waverley, ere we bid farewell to this topic forever; and forgive my boldness if that word have the air of advice. My brother Ferguson is anxious that you should join him in his present enterprise. But do not consent to this; you could not, by your active assistance, perhaps contribute to his error and you were inevitably share his fall, if it be God's pleasure that fall must. Your character would also suffer irreparably, let it be more or less to your own country, and, having publicly freed yourself from every tie to the usurping government, I trust you will see cause and find opportunity, to serve your injured country with a fresh and effectual zeal, as your loyal ancestor, at the head of your natural followers and adherents, a worthy representative of the house of Waverley.

"And should I be so happy as thus to distinguish myself, might I not hope for a brother's incitement?" said Flora. "The present time only is ours, and I can but express to you with candour the feeling which I now entertain; but such a feeling was too favourable perhaps to be hoped for, for it was in vain even to conjecture: Only be assured, Mr. Waverley, that after any brother's honour and happiness, there is none in which I shall more sincerely pray for them for yours."

With these words she parted from him; for they were new to the path of pleasure, Waverley retrieved the castle amidst a medley of conflicting passions. He avoided any private interview with Ferguson, as he did not find himself able either to encounter his raillay, or reply to his solicitations. The wild revelry of the feast, for Mac-Ivor kept open table for his clan, served in some degree to stave reflection. When that facility was ended, he began to consider how he should again meet Miss Mac-Ivor after the painful and interesting explanation of the morning. But Flora did not appear. Ferguson whose eyes flashed with anger was told by himself the suit would be continued; he should again meet her.

When retired to his own apartment, Edward disavowed to sum up the business of the day. That the request he had received from Flora, would not be persisted in for the present, there was no doubt. But could he hope for ultimate success in case circumstances proposed the renewal of his suit? Would the enthusiastic loyalty, which at this animating moment left no room for a softer passion, survive, at least in its engraving force, the success of the present political machinations? And if so, could he hope that the interest which she had acknowledged 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, and the most painful and agitating day which he had ever passed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LETTER FROM MULLY-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 the dream. He imagined himself transported back to Mulliy-Veolan, and that he heard Davie Galtlay 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 entirely disappear. The apartment was in the fortress of Ian nan Chiaisted, but it was still the voice of Davie Galtlay that made the following line resound under the vault of the castle.

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

Curious to know what could have determined Mr. Galtlay on an excursion of such unwhetoned extent, Edward hurried from the castle, preparing which operation the minstrelsy of Davie changed its tune more than once:

There's nae aught in the Highlands but stanes and lochs,
And haupiest cattle gang weaining the breckens.

* These lines from the bonnet of an old song to which Burns wrote additional verses.
Waverley

Waverley will protect you, and that you will get safe bounds to England, until he had said you were not to take him with you. There was no military violence nor fighting among the clans submitted, but every thing was done according to an equal law that protected all who were harmless and innocent. I believe this is the case also to my boldness in writing to you, where it seems to me, though perhaps erroneously, that your safety and honour are concerned. I am sure at least, that my father would have his friends of Flora, for Mr. Rob- ert is fled to his cousin’s at the Duchran, to be out of danger from the soldiers and the Whigs, and Battle Macwherillo, and so you know, and the rest of the men’s concerns, though I hope what may serve my father’s friend at such a time as this, cannot be termed improper interference. Farewell, Captain Waver- ley! I shall probably never hear from you more; for it would be very improper to wish you to call at Tully-Veolan just now, even if these men were gone; but I will al- ways remember with gratitude your kindness in assisting so poor a scholar as myself, and your atten- tions to my dear, dear father.

"I remain your obliged servant.

"ROSE CRAWFORD BOWARDINE."

"P. S.—I hope you will send me a line by David Gelaslie, just to say you have received this, and that you will take care of the Misses Crawford, and Flora, and that I shall not treat you, for your own sake, to join none of these unhappy cabals, but escape, as fast possible, to your native county.—My compliments to my dear Flora, and to Captain Crawford. Is it not as handsome and accomplished as I described her?"

Thus concluded the letter of Rose Crawford, the contents of which both surprised and affected Waver- ley. That the Baron should fall under the suspicions of government, in consequence of the present stir among the parts of the house of Stewart, seemed only the natural consequence of his political prelections; but how he himself should have been involved in such suspicions, conscious that until yester- day he had been free from harboring a thought against the prosperity of the reigning family, seemed inexplicable. Both at Tully-Veolan and Glenna- quoch, his hosts had respected his engagements with the existing government, and though enough passed by accidental innuendo that might induce him to reckon the Baron and the Chief among those disaffes- tected gentlemen who were still numerous in Scot- land, yet until his own connexion with the army had been broken, by the resumption of his commission, he had no reason to suppose those that were prevalent and immediate or hostile attempts against the present establishment. Still he was aware that unless he remained at once in the regular service, the prospect for these troubles was only beginning. But all this is nothing to you, Mr. Waverley, only I thought you might like to hear it yourself, when 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 Bailie Macwherillo; but the officer was very civil to me, only said his duty obliged him to search for arms and papers. My father had provided against this by taking away all arms except the old use- less things which hung in the hall, and he had put all his papers out of the way. But O! Mr. Waverley, how shall I tell you, that they made strict inquiry after me, which my father, when he had been at Tully-Veolan, and when you and I were there, knew not was. The officer is gone black with his duty, but a non-commissioned officer and four men remain in a sort of garri- son in the house. They have hit upon me, I fear, 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, my own fines lay on my conscience of the goodness of their cause; or the commands of his father or uncle, should recommend to him allegiance to the Stewarts, it will be necessary to clear him to the satisfaction of all the party in court, as soon as may be, and to be fairly in- sinuated, taken any step to this purpose, during his holding the commission of the regent, his uncle's safety, and the interests of the Memoir, and the anxiety for his safety,—his same too of her unprotected state.
and of the future 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 extreme satisfaction at her proceeding, and to thank her for her wisdom, and to assure her of his own safety. The feelings which this task excited were speedily lost in the necessity which he now saw of bidding farewell to Miss Mac-iver, the pangs attending this reflection was inexpressible; for her high-minded elevation of character, her self-devotion to the cause he espoused, the bond of deep and sincere affection united to her in such a just and generous manner as to mean the serving it, had vindicated to his judgment the choice adopted by her. But time pressed, Calmany 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 our Fergus, and communicated to him the contents of Rose's letter, with his own resolution instantly to go to Edinburgh, and put into the hands of some one or other of those persons of influence to whom he had letters from his father, his resignation from any chance which might be preferred against him.

"You run your head into the lion's mouth," answered Mac-iver. "You do not know the severity of a government harassed by just apprehensions, and a consciousness of their own illegitimacy and insecurity. I shall have to deliver you from some dungeon in an hour."

"My innocence, my rank, my father's intimacy with Lord M. — General G. — &c. will be a sufficient answer," replied Fergus.

"You will find the contrary," replied the Chieftain; "these gentlemen will have enough to do about their own matters. Once more, will you take the pill, and stay a little while among the mistle and the crows, in the bravest cause ever sword was drawn in?"

"For many reasons, my dear Fergus, you must hold me excused."

"Well then," said Mac-iver, "I shall certainly find you exerting your poetical talents in elegies upon a prison, or your antiquarian researches in detecting the Ogamn character, or some Punic hieroglyphic upon the key-stones of a vault, curiouslyarched. Or what say you to an habitual benediction from against which awkward ceremony I don't warrant you, should you meet a body of the armed west-coast Whigs?"

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

"For a hundred good reasons," answered Fergus: "First, you are an Englishman; secondly, a gentle- man; thirdly, you are a member of the landed gentry; fourthly, there is no opportunity to exercise their talents on such a subject this long while. But don't be cast down, beloved; all will be done in the fear of the Lord."

"Well, I must run my hazard," said Fergus; "if you cannot go on foot, and I shall want no horse, as I must march on foot at the head of the children of Ivar; you shall have brown Durmu."

"If you will sell him, I shall certainly be much obliged."

"If your proud English heart cannot be obliged by a gift or loan, I will not refuse money at the entrance of a campaign; his price is twenty guineas. [Remember, reader, it was Sixty Years since.] And what will you think of a proposal to depart?"

"The sooner the better," answered Waverley.

"You are right, since you go must, or rather, since go you will; I will take Flora's pony, and ride with you as far as Bally-Brough. Callum Beg, see that ur horses are ready, with a pony for yourself, to all

A Highland tour on Glencarin's Expedition, in 1849, has these lines:

"We'll hide a while among the crows,

"We'll wake a bird and song a crow."

The Ogamn is a script of the old Irish character. The idea of the correspondence between the Celtic and Punic, founded on a common Phoenician, was not put till Gall's Vallassy or the Vallassy hypothesis, long after the date of Fergus Mac-iver.

Waverley's Reception in the Lowlands after his Highland Tour.

It was noon when the two friends stood at the top of the pass of Bally-Brough. "I must go no farther," said Fergus Mac-iver, who during the journey had been vain enough to raise his friend's hopes. "If my cross-grained sister has any share in your depic- tion, trust me she thinks highly of you, though her present state does not permit her to listen to any other subject. Confide your interest to me; I will not betray it, providing you do not again assume that vile cock.

"No fear of that, considering the manner in which it has been recalled. Adieu, Fergus; do not permit your sister to forget me."

And adieu, Waverley; you may soon hear of her with a prouder title. Get home, write letters, and make friends as many and as fast as you can; there will speedily be unexpected guests on the coast of Suffolk, or my news from France has deceived me."

Thus parted the friends; Fergus returning back to his castle, while Edward, followed by Calmany Beg, the latter transformed from point to point into a Low-country groom, proceeded to the little town of Edward passed on under the painful and yet not altogether embittered feelings, which separation and uncertainty produced in the mind of a youthful lover. I am not sure if the ladies understand the full value of a real separation, which is both a just and your, they should recommend the humour of sending their lovers into banishment. Distance, in truth, is in the idea that seems the most effectual in real perspective. Objects are softened, and rounded, and rendered doubly graceful; the sharpest and most extraordinary points of character are mellowed down, and those by which they are remembered are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. These must be too in the mental, as well as the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects, and there are happy lights, to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.

Waverley forgot Flora Mac-iver's prejudices in her magnanimity, and pardoned her indifferenced towards his affection, when he recollected the grand and decisive object which seemed to fill her whole soul. She, for her part, seems so much to have been 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, —a question which family uneavowed to answer in the affirmative, by confiding us all had said it, with the solemnity of a comment much more flattering than the text warranted. All that was common-place, all that belonged to the

* The magazine Scenetics, during the eventful years 1745-8, kept up the romance of Vallassy by the remains of prose from France on behalf of the Charlev St. George.
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 the Highlanders—the Highland civility of his attendant had not permitted him to disturb the reveries of his 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, his honour would not say nothing about Vich Ian Vohr, for ta people were better Whigs, dell burst ten."

Waverley assured the prudent page that he would be cautious; and as he now distinguished, not indeed the ringing of bells, but the tinkling of something else, he was afraid against the side of an old money-green, inverted porridge-pot, that hung in an open booth, of the size and shape of a parrot’s cage, erected to grace the east end of a building resembling an old barn, he was under Callum’s order. "Could na say, just processely—Sunday seldom came abose the pass of Bally-Breach."

His horsemen were passing towards the most apparent public-house which presented itself, the numbers of old women, in tartan scarves and red sleets, who streamed from the barn-resembling building, as they went, the com- parative merits of the blessed youth Jabeck Rentowel, and that chosen vessel Maister Gonkthrapple, indu- ced them to assure a temporary tongue, "that it was either to smackle Sunday herself, or to little govern- ment Sunday that they ca’d ta fast."

On slighting at the sign of the Seven-branched Gold- en Candlestick, which, for the further delusion of the guests, was graced with a short Hebrew motto, they were received by mine host, a tall thin portriant figure, who seemed to debate with himself whether he ought to give shelter to those who travelled on such a day. Reflecting, however, in all probability, that he possessed the power of mulcting them equally with the penalty which they might escape by passing into Greger Duncanson’s, at the sign of the Highlander and the Hawick Gill, Mr. Ebeneser Clerichaun and his com- panions seemed to admit them to his dwelling.

To this sanctified seton Waverley addressed his request, that he would procure him a guide, with a suitable carriage to carry him thither and thence.

"And what may ye be coming from?" demanded mine host of the Candlestick.

"I have told you where I wish to go; I do not con- ceive any further information necessary either for the guide or his saddle-horse."

"Hein I Aheem?" returned he of the Candlestick, somewhat disconcerted at this rebuff. "It’s the gen- eral fast, sir, and I cannot enter into any carnal transactions on sic a day, when the people should be humbled, and the backshielers should shun, as worthy Mr. Gonkthrapple said; and moreover when, as the precious Mr. Jabeck Rentowel did well observe, the land was mourning for covendants burnt, broken, and buried below the green hill."

"My good friend," said Waverley, "if you cannot set me a horse and guide, my servant shall seek abone elsewhere."

"Aweel! Your servant—and what for when he shot forward wi’ you himself?"

Waverley had but very little of a captain of horse’s school, and was not surprised at the thoughtlessness of a horse without a curse on the intricacies of a Saxon breeches-pocket, or spuerknees, as he called it, to deposit the treasure in its fold; and then, as if he recognized the benevolence called for some requital on his part, he gathered close up to Ed- ward, with an expression of countenance, peculiarly known, and spoke in an undertone, "If his honour
bought at and dealt in carcases a bit dangerously, that could easily provide for him, and tell an awfiey."

"For her sake," replied Callum, "could wait for him a wee bit frer the town, and kittle his quarters wi' her ain self.

Skop-oscan! what's that?"

Callum unbuttoned his coat, raised his left arm, and, with an emphatic nod, pointed to the hilt of a gun stowed away in the lining of his jacket. Waverley thought he had misunderstood his meaning; he grasped in his face, and discovered in Callum, a handsome, dark-browed feature, just the degree of requisit malice with which a lad of the same age in England would have brought forward a plan for robbing an orchard.

"Good God, Callum, would you take the man's life?"

"Indeed," answered the young desperado, "and I think he has had just a lang enough license o' when he's for betraying honest folk, that come to spend aller at his public,"

Edward saw nothing was to be gained by argument, and therefore consented himself with engaging Callum to lay aside all practices against the person of Mr. Ebenzer Cruckshanks; in which injunction the latter adhered to sequesces with an air of great indifference.

"Ta Dunhâ-sassied might please himself, ta said ruide loan had never done Callum nay ill. But here's a bit o' the stane tid, and with frequent paces which prolonged the mental treat, as an epicure prosirates, by skipping slowly, the enjoyment of a delicious beverage.

The entrance of Mrs. Cruckshanks, with the sublimine articles of dinner and wine, hard interrupted this pantomime of affectionate an thromasis.

At length the tall ungainly figure and ungracious visage of Ebenzee presented themselves. The upper part of his form, notwithstanding the season required no such defence, was shrouded in a large grey coat, belted over his under habiliments, and created with a huge cowl of the same stuff, which, when drawn over the head and body, completely overskirted both, and being buttoned beneath the chin, was callied a brolcoat. His hand grasped a huge huckle-whip, garnished with brass mounts. His thin legs netted a pair of gambasoes, fastened at the sides with rusty clasps. Thus accoutred, he strode into the midst of the apartment, and announced his arrand in brief phrase: "Yer horses are ready."

"You must take care first, then, lend yourself thus, land yourself yourself, Sir."

"I do, as far as 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 he held in his hand; and at the same time, self-invited, filled a glass of wine, and drank devoutly for the welfare of his friend, to a blessèd farewell as Waverley sat down, and the man's indifference, but, as their connexions was to be short, and promised to be convenient, he made no observation upon it; and, having paid for the retrenchment, expressed his intention to depart immediately. He mounted Derrid accordingly, and tumbled forth from the Golden Cuckoothick, followed by the partisans figure we have described, after he had, at the expense of some time and difficulty, and by the assistance of a leaping-on-state, or structure of masonry erected for the traveller's convenience, having a pitched roof of the house, elevated his person to the back of a long-backed, raw-boned, thin-guttedphantom of a broken-down blood-horse, on which Waverley's portmanteaus was deposited. Our hero, who, in his bronzed, not in a very grand humour, could hardly help laughing at the appearance of his new squire, and at imagining the astonishment which his his and equipment would have excited, at Waverley-Honour.

Edward's tendency to mirth did not escape notice host of the Candlestick, who, conscious of the cause, infused a grain of the corruption of souring imagination on his scatich loops of his countenance, and resolved entirely that, in one way or other, the young Englishman should pay dearly for the contempt with which his humour had been treated. Callum also stood as this

Whatever might be the real merit of Flora Mac- Ivor's poetry, the enthusiasm which it intimated was well calculated to take a corresponding impressions upon her lover. The lines were read—read again—then deposited in Waverley's bosom, then again drawn out, and read line by line, in a low and thick breathing, at times nearly inarticulate, as prolonged the mental treat, as an epicure prosirates, by skipping slowly, the enjoyment of a delicious beverage.

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CHAPTER XXX.

SAYING THAT THE LOSS OF A HORSE’S FURR MAY BE A SERIOUS INCIDENT.

The manner and air of Waverley, but, above all, the glittering contents of his purse, and the indifference with which he seemed to regard them, somewhat overawed his companion, and deterred him from making any attempt to enter upon conversation. His own reflections were more engrossed by various surmises, and by plans of self-interest, with which these were intimately connected. The travellers journeyed, therefore, in all silence, and Waverley was moved by the announcement, on the part of the guide, that his ‘nag had lost a forefootshoe, which, doubtful, his honour would consider it was his part to replace.

The question what lawyers call a fact in evidence, calculated to ascertain how far Waverley was disposed to submit to petty imposition. My part to replace your horse’s shoe, you remark, and Waverley, mistrusting the prompt of the intimation.

Indubitably, answered Mr. Cruckshanks; ‘Tho’ there was no process clause to that effect, it cannot be expected that I am a pauper, and I must pay for the animal’s loss. You may be sure that my horse will not return while in your honour’s service. —Nay, if your honour—

‘O, you must immediately pay the farrier; but where shall we find one?’

Reduced to discerning there would be no objection made on the part of his temporary master, Mr. Cruckshanks assured him that Crainwreckan, 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-day, unless it was in a case of absolute necessity, for which he always charged sixpence each shoe.’

The most important part of this communication was, that this ‘black and red’ bearded man, who was certainly very well known to Waverley, had no notion of any other work; and he therefore adjured the youth to send for the blacksmith, as his purse was, however, very limited. In Crainwreckan appeared to be in full activity. Not the labour of a rural and pacific nature. The native breeches, as his customers, blackknead, with two assistants, toutesled body in swathing, repairing, and furnishing old muskets, pistols, and swords, which lay scattered around his shop; and the rough and unpolished exterior of the forge, was crowded with persons who came and went as if receiving and communicating important news; and a single glance at the aspect of the people who traversed the street in haste, or stood assembled in groups, with eyes elevated, and hands uplifted, announced that some extraordinary multitudes were on hand. All this was in the public stream of conversation, passing through the village of Crainwreckan.

‘There is, some news, and some mischance; but the post-chaise will soon put an end to this. ’

Waverley, better regulated curiosity than his attendant’s, dismounted, and gave his horse to a boy who stood idling near. It arose, perhaps, from the shyness of his character in early youth, that he felt an dislike at applying to a stranger even for casual in formation, without previously glancing at his physionomy and appearance. While he looked about in order to select the person with whom he would most willingly hold communication, the buzz around saved him in some degree the trouble of interrogatrices. The names of Lochiel, Cullen, Laidlaw, and other distinguished Highland Chiefs, among whom, to the surprise of Mr. Fathom, Vornado was repeatedly mentioned, were as familiar in men’s mouths as household words; and from the alarm generally expressed, he easily concluded that their descent into the Lowlands, at the head of their armed tribes, had either already taken place, or was immediately expected.

Waverley could ask particulars, a strong, large boned, hard-featured woman, about forty, dressed as if her clothes had been hung on with a pitchfork, her boots and shoes being laced with a scarlet red, where they were not amuted with scot and lampblack, posted through the crowd, and, brandishing high a child of two years old, in her right hand, in the regard to its screams of terror, sang forth, with all her might,

‘Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling.

Charlie is my darlin’.

Little wee ye that’s coming.

Little wee ye that’s coming.

At this wail Macraes are coming.’

The Volumn of Cairnreckan, who acknowledged his Venus in this exulting Bachelot, regarded her with a grim and foreboding countenance, while he turned the corner of the village house, and looked at the lofty howse.

‘Whieth, godwif! is this a time, or i’ this a day, to be singing your ranting fule sangs in?—a time 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 popery, and.

Prelaty; and quakerism, and independence, and supremacy, and creameism, and antinomianism, and the errors of the church?’

And that’s of your Whiggery, cried the Jacobite heroine; that’s of your Whiggery, and your.

And your Presbyterianism, or your Presbyterians; ye cut-throat, ye scoundrel! Do ye think the lads wi’ the kilts will care for ye syndics and ye presbyterians, and ye butcher-mall, and ye.....

I’m a preacher. I can’t tell what’s the case o’ mine an honest woman’s been set upon it than sneeks doon beside ony WHIS in the country.

Mrs. Jane John MacLennan, who desired her entrance upon a detail of personal experience, interrupted her matrimonial authority.

‘One name, and belief—(that I should say aye)—and put on the sewers for supper.’

And you ye doch’s daxtai, replied her gentle hauplets, her voice, which had hither wandered abroad over the whole assembly, being at once violently impelled into its natural channel, ye stand there hammering depth-for-far that will never answer them as a hard, clear, strong, genuine, and abhor centiment of enduring breed for your family, and showing this wise young gentleman’s horse that’s just come thee north! I wear want man o’ your whispering ring hin, that when funneled, George folk, but a gudle with Gordon, at the least of baste’s.

The eyes of the assembly were now turned upon Waverley, who took the opportunity to bese the smith to ease his guide’s horse with 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 long in this place. The smith’s eyes fell upon him with a look of disinterested satisfaction, possessed by the eagerness with which his wife com enved Waverley’s mandate. ‘Dye here what this;—assumed young gentleman’s aye, ye disinterested, ye bosom and...

"And what may your name be, sir?" quoth Mucklewright.

"It is of no consequence to you, my friend, provided you pay your labour." "But it may be of consequence to the state, sir," replied an old farmer, swallowing strongly of whisky and peat-smoke; "and I doubt we mean delay your journey till you have seen the Laird." "You certainly," said Waverley, hautly, "will find it both difficult and dangerous to detain me, unless you can produce some proper authority." "His Grace," said the old man, "has sent out a committee of investigation, among the crowd— Secrectary Murray;—" "Lord Lewis Gordon;—" "Maybe the Chevalier himself!" Such were the surmises that passed hurriedly among them, and there was obviously an increased disposition to resist Waverley's departure. He attempted to argue mildly with them, but his voluntary air, Mrs. Mucklewright, broke in upon and drowned his explanations, taking his part with an abusive violence, which was all set down to Edward's account by those on whom it was conveyed. "You'll stop any gentleman that's the Prince's friend!" for she too, though with other feelings, had adopted the general opinion respecting Waverley. "I daur ye to touch him," spreading abroad her arms, and her eyes were fixed upon him, which a vulture might have envied. "I'll set my ten commandments in the face of the first loon that lays a finger on Waverley." Gae hame, gudewife," quoth the farmer aforesaid; "it was better set you to be nursing the gude- man's bairns than to be deavin' us here." "His bairns!" repeated the Amazon, regarding her husband with a grin of ineffable contempt—His bairns!

"O gie ye were dead, gudewife, An ye gaed a weep on your heed, gudewife! Then I wad be your widowhood"—a ranting 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 vault. "Del be in me but I'll put this last gang done her throat!" cried he, in an ecstasy of wrath, seizing a scabbard from the forge; and he might have executed his threat, had he not been withheld by a part of the mob, while the rest endeavored to force the temerant out of his presence. Waverley mediated a retreat in the confusion; but his horse was nowhere to be seen. At length he observed, at some distance, his faithful natural pouch, Edmesser, who, as soon as he had perceived the turn matters were likely to take, had withdrawn both horses from where they had been alighted, and at one, and bimini of the other, answered the loud and repeated calls of Waverley for his horse, "Na, na! if ye are nae friend to kirk and the king, and are detained as siccom a peep soor as ye are a bonnet o' the country and the breach of contract; and I maunkeep the nae and the whaless for damage and expense, in respect my horse and myself will lose to-morrow's day's war, besides the afternoon preaching."

Edward, out of patience, hemmed in and hustled by the rabble on every side, and every moment expected personal violence, resolved to try means of extrication, and at length drew a pocket-pistol, threatening, on the one hand, to shoot whomever should dare to stop him, and, on the other, menacing Edmesser, who, as soon as he had perceived the turn matters were likely to take, had withdrawn both horses from where they had been alighted, and at one, and bimini of the other, answered the loud and repeated calls of Waverley for his horse, "Na, na! if ye are nae friend to kirk and the king, and are detained as siccom a peep soor as ye are a bonnet o' the country and the breach of contract; and I maunkeep the nae and the whaless for damage and expense, in respect my horse and myself will lose to-morrow's day's war, besides the afternoon preaching."

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The astonishment which Waverley expressed at this communication was imputed by Major Melville to a conscious guilt, and the motive of Morton was supposed to consist in its surprise of innocence unjustly suspected. There was something true in both conjectures; for although Edward’s mind acquitted him of any imputation, he could not avoid his hasty review of his own conduct convinced him he might have great difficulty in establishing his innocence to the satisfaction of others. It was a very painful part of this painful business,” said Major Melville, after a pause, “that, under no grave a charge, I must necessarily request to see such papers as you have of such an enormous and formidable delinquent. He intimated hopes of future reward, and of instant 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, that so far from claiming any merit in this affair, Mr. Cruickshanks ought to deprive the impression of a very heavy fine for neglecting to lodge, in terms of the recent proclamation, an account with the nearest magistrate of any stranger who came to his house. The Major, perchance not much of his religion and loyalty, he should not impute this conduct to disaffection, but only suppose that his zeal for the good of the country cost him the opportunity of charging a stranger with double horse-riding; that, however, feeling himself incompetent to judge singly upon the conduct of a person of such character, he was willing, on the conclusion of the next quarter-sessions, now our history for the present, and we shall be led side by side with the CANDICLICKSTED, who ran the dishonest and malicious conduct back to his own dwelling.

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

I thought so; late of the — dragos, and nephew Sir Edward Waverley of Waverley-Horton?

The same.

Young gentleman, I am extremely sorry that this proceeding should have taken place. — Waverley. — It is duty, Major Melville, renders apologies superfluous.

Sir; permit me, therefore, to ask you by your time has been disposed of since you obtained leave of absence from your regiment, several weeks ago, till the present moment?

My reply,” said Waverley, “to so general a question must be guided by the nature of the charge which renders it necessary. I request to know what that charge is, and upon what authority I am forcibly desired to reply in 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 other high crimes and misdemeanours.

And by what authority am I detained to reply to such heinous calumnies? By one who must you disputes, nor I am sorry to say, are a party to this present purpose?

He handed to Waverley a warrant from the Superintendent of the Court of enquiry, supported by the power of the Jacksons, suspected of treasonable practices, and other high crimes and misdemeanours.

The examination which Waverley expressed at this communication was imputed by Major Melville to a consciousness of guilt, and the motive of Morton was supposed to consist in its surprise of innocence unjustly suspected. There was something true in both conjectures; for although Edward’s mind acquitted him of any imputation, he could not avoid his hasty review of his own conduct convinced him he might have great difficulty in establishing his innocence to the satisfaction of others. It was a very painful part of this painful business,” said Major Melville, after a pause, “that, under no grave a charge, I must necessarily request to see such papers as you have of such an enormous and formidable delinquent. He intimated hopes of future reward, and of instant 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, that so far from claiming any merit in this affair, Mr. Cruickshanks ought to deprive the impression of a very heavy fine for neglecting to lodge, in terms of the recent proclamation, an account with the nearest magistrate of any stranger who came to his house. The Major, perchance not much of his religion and loyalty, he should not impute this conduct to disaffection, but only suppose that his zeal for the good of the country cost him the opportunity of charging a stranger with double horse-riding; that, however, feeling himself incompetent to judge singly upon the conduct of a person of such character, he was willing, on the conclusion of the next quarter-sessions, now our history for the present, and we shall be led side by side with the CANDICLICKSTED, who ran the dishonest and malicious conduct back to his own dwelling.

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

I thought so; late of the — dragos, and nephew Sir Edward Waverley of Waverley-Horton?

The same.

Young gentleman, I am extremely sorry that this proceeding should have taken place. — Waverley. — It is duty, Major Melville, renders apologies superfluous.

Sir; permit me, therefore, to ask you by your time has been disposed of since you obtained leave of absence from your regiment, several weeks ago, till the present moment?

My reply,” said Waverley, “to so general a question must be guided by the nature of the charge which renders it necessary. I request to know what that charge is, and upon what authority I am forcibly desired to reply in 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 other high crimes and misdemeanours.

And by what authority am I detained to reply to such heinous calumnies? By one who must you disputes, nor I am sorry to say, are a party to this present purpose?

He handed to Waverley a warrant from the Superintendent of the Court of enquiry, supported by the power of the Jacksons, suspected of treasonable practices, and other high crimes and misdemeanours.
WAVERTLEY. [Chap. XXX.

nearly looked. They had been sent me by the explanation of a gentleman, whose heart is more to be esteemed than his prudence or political sagacity; they seemed to be dull compositions.

"That friend," continued the persevering inquirer, "was Mr. Henry Houghton, the second son of the late Sir Henry Houghton, of two respectable works, of which the manuscripts were found among your baggage?"

"I have no such name among my baggage, sir," replied Waverley; "I never read six pages."

"I am not your judge, Mr. Waverley; your examination will be transmitted elsewhere. And now to proceed to the matter in which, I believe, you are most interested, the name by which I have known you is that of Wily Will, or Will Ruthven?"

"I never heard of such a name till this moment."

"Did you never through such a person, or any other person, communicate with Sergeant Humphrey 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 now in arms under the command of the young Pretender?"

"I assure 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 the man or the cause."

"Yet when I consider this envelope in the handwriting of one of those misguided gentlemen who are more interested in the success of the young Pretender than in the safety of the country, and the success which it enclosed, I cannot but find some analogy between the enterprise I have mentioned and the exploit of Wogan, which the writer seems to expect you should imitate.

"Waverley was struck with the coincidence, but denied that the wishes or expectations of the letter-writer were to be regarded as proofs of a charge he had no mixture of."

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

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

"You do not, however, I presume, intend to deny, that you attended your host Glenamquicht on 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 and displacing the government?"

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

"From thence you proceeded," continued the magistrate, "with Glenamquicht and a part of his clan, being made acquainted with the designs of the young Pretender, and returned, after having paid your homage to him, to dissemble and arm the remainder, and unite them to his hands on their way southward?"

"I never went with Glenamquicht on such an errand; I never so much as heard that the person whom you mention was 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 dare to lay it before 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 leaning to make it use of the prerogative of a native of Scotland, nor to his own country, to which he had been accustomed by those who had a right to select his master, as Major Melville would perceive from the letters on the table, as you must necessarily know, with the strength of the individuals in this country who have assumed arms, with their means, and with the instant they have from them to their advantage, and the change of government on my part by a frank and candid avowal of that has come to your knowledge upon these facts."

"In which case, I think I can venture to pronounce a very short personal remonstrance will be the only
CHAPTER XXXII.

A CONFERENCE, AND THE CONSEQUENCE.

Major Melville had detained Mr. Morton during the examination of Waveley, both because he thought him capable of providing some information about his past, and because some of the wagers had taken precedent and approval of the Major's action, and also because it was desirable to have a witness of unimpeached candour and veracity to proceedings which touched the honour and credit of the service.  In the absence of Major, Major Hand and the Major's second were to be the judges and integrity of his own conduct beyond the limits of question.

When Waveley retired, the lard and clergyman of Castravvicken sat down in silence to their evening meal.  While the servants were in attendance, whether chosen to say anything on the circumstances which occupied their minds, and neither felt it easy to speak upon any other.  The youth and apparent frankness of Waveley stood in strong contrast to the shades of suspicion which darkened around him, and he had a sort of meekness and openness of demeanour, that seemed to belong to one unhackneyed in the ways of intrigue, and which pleased highly in his favour.

Each mused 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.  The Major was more disposed to arrive at definite conclusions.  But the wide difference of their habits and education often occasioned a great discrepancy in their respective deductions from admitted premises.

Major Melville had versed in campo and cities; he was vigilant by profession, and cautious from experience; had seen with much evil in the world, and therefore, though himself an upright man, and of an honourable race, his opinions of others were always strict, and sometimes unjustly severe.  Mr. Morton, on the contrary, had passed from the literary pursuits of a college, where he was beloved by his companions, and envied by his superiors, to the ease and simplicity of his present charge, where his opportunities of witnessing evil were few, and never dwelt upon, but in order to encourage repentance, and where he sees and resents of his parishioners repaid his affectionate zeal in their behalf, by endeavouring to disguise from him what they knew would give him pain, namely, their own occasional transgressions of the duties which it was the business of his life to recommend.  Thus it was a common saying in the neighbourhood (though both were popular characters), that he 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 Castravvicken, and had tinged his mind in earlier days with a slight feeling of romance, which he could not after incidents of real life had entirely dispel.

The early loss of an amiable young woman, whom he had married for love, and who was quickly following the grave, was followed by the grave, was followed by the grave, was followed by the grave, was followed by the grave.

Even after the lapses of many years, to soften a disposition naturally mild and contemplative.  His feelings on the present occasion were therefore likely to suffer from those of the season.  Evening, with the magistrate, and distrustful man of the world.

When the servants had withdrawn, the silence of both parties continued, until Major Morton, lifting his glass, and raising the bottle to Mr. Morton, commenced.

"A distressing 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!" answered the Major.

"But I think your merciful logick will hardly deny the conclusion."  "Surely, Major," answered the clergyman.  "I should hope it might be averted, for ought we have heard to-night?"  "Indeed!" replied Melville.  "But, my good person, you are one of those who 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 preach."  "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.  The honest heartiness may wish myself to bear with the full responsibility, 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 practice 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 moral motive.  He whom ambition, or hope 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, misled by the wild visions of chivalry and imaginary loyalty, may plead for pardon."

"If visionary chivalry and imaginary loyalty crov within the precincts of high treason," replied the magistrate.  "Then, I know not, but I look upon your Habent Corpus."  "But I cannot see that this youth's guilt is at all established to my 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, is his uncle the leader of the Tory interest in the country—his father a disabused and discontented courtier, his tutor a non-juror, and the author of two unreasonable volumes—this youth yet, means two
Gardiner's dragoons, bringing with him a body of young followers from his uncle's estate, who have not stickled at avowing, in their way, the high-church principles they learned at Waverley-Honour, in their discourse, and manner of living, Waverley is unusually attentive; they are supplied with money beyond a soldier's wants, and inconsistently with the indulgent treatment of a favourite servant, through whom they hold an unknown but close communication with their captain, and affect to consider themselves as independent of the regiment, and its officers, and superior to their orders.

"All this, my dear Major, is the natural consequences of their attachment to their young landlord, and of their finding themselves in a regiment levied chiefly in the north of Ireland 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. "I would some of your synod heard you—But let me go on. This young man, obtains leave of absence, goes to Tully-Veolan—the principles of the Baron of Bradwardine are pretty well known, not to mention that this lad's uncle brought him off in the year fifteen; he is a boy in a cause in which he is said to have disgraced the commission he bore; Colonel Gardiner writes to him, first mildly, then more sharply, and you will not doubt what I mean; since he says so; the missive invites him to explain the quarrel, in which he is said to have been involved; he neither replies to his commander nor his comrades. In the meantime, while his soldiers become mutinous and disorderly, and at length, when the rumour of this unhappy rebellion becomes general, his favourite Sergeant is brought to justice and another fellow, descended in correspondence with a French emissary, accosted, as he says, by Captain Waverley, who urges him, according to the men's confession, to desert with the troops and join their captain, who was with him, once Charles. In the meanwhile this trusty captain is, by his own admission, reading at Glenaunoch with the most active, subtle, and daring Jacobins in Scotland; he goes with him at least as far as their famous hunting rendezvous, and I fear a little farther. Meanwhile two other summonses are sent him; one warning him of the disturbances in his troop, another peremptorily ordering him to repair to the regiment, which, indeed, common sense might have dictated, 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 regrets," replied Melville, "that the measure had anticipated its resignation. His baggage is sent to the quartermaster, and at Tully-Veolan, and it is found to contain centenals of sentenced political pamphlets, enough to poison a whole country, besides the unprinted inscriptions of his worthy friend and tutor Mr. Pembroke."

"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 anything but values for the principles they maintain, would induce a young man of his age to lug such trash about with him? Then, when news arrives of the approach of the rebels, he sets out in a hurry, refusing to tell his name; and, if you are an unostentous fact, attended by a very suspicious character, and mounted on a horse known to have belonged to Glenaunoch, and bearing on his person letters from his family expressing high anxiety against the house of Brunswick, and a copy of verses in praise of one Wogan, who gloried the services of the Parliament to join the Highland insurgents, where the sound of dealers in Scotland, we may rely on it, had a body of English cavalry—the very counterpart of his own plot—and summed up with a 'Go thou and set the world on fire,' and a word that loudly evinced, and excited my character, Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glenaunoch, Vich 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 track most proper for the execution of his design, and principal of the first of these subjects who ventures to question his intentions.'"

"Mr. Morton prudently abstained from argument, which was the first of his remarks, his Shiels subjects who ventures to question his intentions."

"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 blow over?"

"My good friend," said Major Melville, "neither your house nor mine will be long out of harm's way, even were it legal to confine him here. I have just learned that the commander-in-chief, who marched into the Highlands to seek out and disperse the insurgents, has declined giving them battle at Corryvreck, and marched on northward with all the disposable forces of government to Inverness, John-o'-Groats's House, or the devil, for what I know, leaving the road to the Low Country open and undefended to the Papists in pursuit."

"Good God!" said the clergyman. "Is the man a coward, a traitor, or an idiot?"

"I do not know," answered Melville. "Sir John has the common-place courage of a common soldier, is honest enough, does what he is commanded, and understands what is told him, but is as fit to act for himself in circumstances of importance, as I, my dear parson, to occupy your pulpit."

This important public intelligence naturally diversified the discourse from Waverley for some time; at length however the subject was resumed."

"I believe," said Major Melville, "that I must give this young man in charge to some of the detached bands of armed volunteers, who were only sent out to oversee the disaffected districts. They are now recalled towards Stirling, and a small body comes this way to-morrow or next day, commanded by the westland man—what's his name? Yes, I now heard, and I was told the very model of one of Cromwell's military saints."

"Griffith, the Cameronian," answered Mr. Morton. "I wish the young gentleman may be safe with him. Strange things are done in the heat and hurry of minds in so exciting a crisis, and I fear Griffith's spirit of a free subject has suffered persecution without learning mercy."

"He has only to lodge Mr. Waverley in Stirling Castle," said the Major. "I will give him strict instructions to treat him well. I really cannot devise any better mode for securing him, and I fancy you would hardly advise me to encounter the responsibility of sending him to the condemned cell."

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

"None, certainly; your loyalty and my authority are 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 resumed their seats, one filled with the most anxious reflections on the state of the country.
Waverley.

[Page 90]

law and forms differed in many respects from those of England, and had been taught to believe, however erroneously, that the liberty and rights of the subject were less carefully protected. A sentiment of bitterness against a nation, which, he considered as the cause of his embarrassment and peril, and he cursed internally his scrupulous rejection of Mac-Ivor’s invitation to accompany him to battle.

"Why did not I?" he said to himself, "like other men of honour, take the earliest opportunity to weld in the dying days of splendour, and lineage heir of her throne? Why did not I?"

Oathbred the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out Prince Charles, and fail before his feet!

All that has been recorded of excellence and worth in the house of Waverley has been founded upon their loyal faith to the house of Stewart. From the interregnum which this Scotch magistrate has put upon the letters of my uncle and father, it is plain that I ought to have understood them as marshalling me to the course of my ancestors; and it has been my grossness, joined to the obscurity of expression which they adopted for the sake of security, that has concealed the errors of judgment. And now I am here, netted and in the toils, at the disposal of a suspicious, stern, and calamitous fate, to be turned over to the solitude of a dungeon, or the infamy of a public execution.

O, Fergus! how true has your prophecy proved; and how speedy, how very speedy, has been its accomplishment.

While Edward was ruminating on these painful subjects of contemplation, and very naturally, though not without anxiety and agitation, upon the crimes of his ancestors, which had brought upon him this impenetrable and reverend appearance of the clergyman who had rescued him from the immediate violence of the villagers.

"I believe, sir," said the unfortunate young man, "that in any other circumstances, I should have had as much gratitude to express to you as the safety of my person may have been a very necessary one to the world, in my mind, and such is my anticipation of what I am yet likely to endure, that I can hardly offer you the slightest expression of it."

Mr. Morton replied, "that, far from making any claim upon his good opinion, his only wish and the sole purpose of his visit was to find out the means of delivering all those whom he loved, and that, therefore, he continued, "has feelings and duties as a soldier and public functionary, by which I am not fettered; nor can I always coincide in opinions which he forms, perhaps with too little allowance for the imperfections of human nature." He paused, and then proceeded: "I do not intrude myself on your confidence, Mr. Balfour, for the purpose of learning your circumstances, the knowledge of which can be prejudicial either to yourself or others; but I own my concern for your safety would intrude me with any particulars which concern the safety of the nobleman. He can solely assure you they will be deposited with a faithful, and, to the extent of his limited powers, a decent regard.

"You are, sir, I presume, a Presbyterian clergyman?" - Mr. Morton bowed. — "Were I to be guided by the possessions of education, I might suspect your participation in the proceedings of your profession, if you have the information which has been desired, and which, I am firmly convinced, is to be believed equally unfounded in both cases."

"I am glad of it," answered Waverley. "I desist"
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 Cairnrookhan, from which he should heartily rejoice to see Mr. Waverley completely extricated. The truth was, that Mr. Morton’s favourable report and opinion had somehow miscarried, the recommendations of the old soldier concerning Edward’s supposed succession to the mutiny in the regiment; and in the universal concern for the country, the mere suspicion of disaffection, or an inclination to join the insurgent Jacobites, might infer criminality indeed, but certainly not desolation. Besides, a person whom the Major trusted had reported to him, though as proved, inaccurately, the contradiction of the agitating news of the preceding evening. According to this report, the highland party had withdrawn from the Lowland frontier with the purposes of following the army in their march to Inverness; and, instead of a treat, to reconcile his information with the well-known abilities 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 he acted upon the same principle.

This news put him in such good-humour, that he readily assented to Mr. Morton’s proposal to pay some hospitable attention to his unfortunate guest, and with it he would prove a youthful encampment, which might be easily stoned by a short confinement. The kind invitation arising from a trouble to prevail on his guest to accept the invitation. He dared not urge to his real motive, which was a good-natured wish to secure a favourable report of Waverley’s case from Major Melville to Governor Blakney. He remarked, from the flashes of his hero’s spirit, that touching upon this topic would be sure to defeat his purpose.

He therefore pleaded, that the invitation argued 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 unfounded. In short, he so far satisfied Edward that the main and proper course was to meet the Major on certain terms, that suppress voting disfracts again 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 relieved by the kind appellation of friend, he soon played much knowledge of men and manners. Mr. Morton had an internal fund of placid and quiet gravity, which seldom failed to enliven any social his our. Waverley, whose life was a dream, gave ready way to the predominating impulse, and became the most lively of the party. He had at all times remarkable natural powers of conversation, though easily buffeted by discouragement. On the present occasion, he popped himself upon leaving on the minds of his companions a favourable impression of one who, under such disastrous circumstances, could sustain his misfortunes with ease and gravity. His spirits, though not unyielding, were abundantly elastic, and soon became the largest to any social discourse, apparently delighted with each other, and the kind host presaging a third bottle of Burgundy, when the sound of a drum was heard. The Major, on whose name, in the face of an old soldier, had forgotten the duties of a magistrate, cursed, with a muttered military oath, the circumstances which recalled him to his official functions. He rose 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 tone, but a kind of rub-a-dub-dub, like that with which the fire-drum stirs the slumbering antelopes of a Scotch banch. It is the object of this history to do justice to all men; I must therefore record, in justice to the drummer, that he protested he could beat any known march or point of war known in the military army, with a “Hasten to your Drum,” when he was silenced by Gifford Gifford, the commander of the party, who refused to pursue the evil, because it would yield no profit. He even, as he said, perseverative tone, and commanded the drummer to beat the 11th Psalm. As this was beyond the capacity of the drummers of sheepheep, he was fain to confess it; though, as proved, inaccurately, by contradiction of the agitating news of the preceding evening. According to this report, the highland party had withdrawn from the Lowland frontier with the purposes of following the army in their march to Inverness; and, instead of a treat, to reconcile his information with the well-known abilities of some of the gentlemen in the Highland army, yet it
CHAPTER XXXV.

A VOLUNTEER SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

On hearing the unwelcome sound of the drum, Major Melville [hissed] his head, and stepped out upon a sort of terrace, which divided his house from the high-road from which the martial music came. His days were numbered, and his time had come; but he was not afraid, though probably he would have dispensed with their attendance. They soon recognised his familiar march, first, the performer upon the drum; then their friend the bugle, followed, they supposed, by his horseman. The music was composed of the words, Covenant, Kirk, King, and Kneemen. The person who was honoured with this music was the commander of the party a thin, dark, ragged-looking man, about sixty years old. The spiritual pride, which, in time, lost the Candlestick, man of such a supercious hypocrisy, was, in this man’s face, elevated and yet darkened by genuine and unquelled fanaticism. It was impossible to behold him without imagination raising him in some strange crisis, where religious zeal was the ruling principle. A martyr at the stake, a soldier in the field, a lonely and banished wanderer concealed by the intensity and supposed purity of his faith under the garb of a popish cut-throat iniquity, as terrible to power as avenging in adversity; any of these seemed congenial characters to this personage. With these high traits of energy, there was something affecting and some dignity of deportment and discourse, that bordered upon the ludicrous; so that, according to the secret ideas of the Major, of which Mr. Gilliss presented himself, one might have feared, admired, or laughed at him. His dress was that of a country gentleman, of better materials indeed than the dress of the lower rank, but in no respect affecting either the mode of the age, or of the Scottish gentry at any period. His dress was a broadcloth and pistole, which, from the antiquity of the material, might be supposed to have been woven out of cabbages, or bothwell byges. As he came up a few steps to meet Major Melville, and touched solemnly, but slightly, his hat and overcoat blue bonnet, in answer to the Major, who had courteously raised a small triangular gold-laced hat, Waverley was irresistibly impressed with the idea that he beheld a leader of the Roundheads of yore, in accordance with one of Marlborough’s captains. The group of about thirty armed men who followed the gifted commander, was of a motley description. The horses, dressed in various foreign colours, which, contrasted with the arms they bore, gave them an irregular and ruffianappearance; so much is the eye accustomed to connect uniformity of dress with regularity of appearance. Many of the men were few who apparently partook of their leader’s enthusiasm; men obviously to be feared in a combat where the horde of the enemy was only armed with muskets; others pulled and cut off, filled with the importance of carrying arms, and all the novelty of their situation, while the rest, apparently fatigued with their march, drooped, their limbs listlessly alone, or staggered from their companions to procure such refreshments as the neighbouring cottages and alehouses afforded. Six grenadiers of Lighton’s, thought the Major to himself, as his mind reverted to his own military experience, would have sent all these fellows to the right about.

But, however, Mr. Gilliss civilly, he requested to know if he had received the letter he had sent to him upon his march, and could undertake the charge of the state prisoner whom he there mentioned, as far as Stirling Castle. "Yes," was the concisely simple answer of the Cameronian leader, in a voice which seemed to issue from the very penetrapia of his person. "In short, Mr. Melville, is not so strong as expected," said Major Melville.

"Some of the people," replied Gilliss, "hunted and were aghast by the way, and hurried until their pursuer," and of a delighted with the morning. But Gilliss commenced his march, in hope, although Stirling was sixteen miles distant, he might be able, by accompanying the borrower of the light for a half hour or two, to reach it that evening. His "following fort," he
stretched, and marched stoutly along at the head of his followers, eying our hero in the Glissan, who, being cut off by one of his followers, was already on the point of entering into a parley with him. At length, unable to resist the temptation, he slackened his pace till he was alongside of his prisoner's horse, and made a low bow in front of it. "I have just heard," said he, suddenly asked. —"Can ye see what the carle was wi' the black coat and the mounted head, that was wi' the Laird of Cairnreochan?

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

"No; I am of the Church of England," replied the Convenanter; "and nae wonder they gree sae weel. What had they thought the goodly structure of the Kirk of Scotland, built up by our fathers in 1642, was being defaced by carnal lusts and the intrusions of the time—ay, what had they thought the carved work of the sanctuary would be seen soon cut down and destroyed?" To this lamentation, which one or two of the assistants chorused with a deep groan, our hero thought it unnecessary to make any reply. Whereupon Mr. Glifilan said that he should be a hearer at least, if not a disputant, proceeded in his Jeremiad.

And now it is wonderful, when, for lack of exercise amass the call to the service of the altar and the duty of the day, ministers fall into sinful compliances with patronage, and indecencies, and oaths, and bonds, and other corruptions,—is it wonderful, I say, what they, and, in the other scot-like unhappy persons, should labour to build up your said Beld of Iniquity, in the bludy persecuting saint-killing time? I trow, ye were ween blind wi' the graces and favours, and services and enjoyments, and employments and inheritances, of this wicked world, I could prove to you, by the Scripture, in what a filthy rag ye put your trust; and that your supplies, and your copes and vestments, are but cast-off garments of the buckle harlot, that siteth upon seven hills, and drinketh of the cup of abomination. But, I trow, ye are deaf as adders upon that side of the head; ay, ye are deceived with her enchantments, and ye traffic with her merchandises, and ye are drunk with the cup of her fornication.

How longer this military theologian might have continued his invective, in which he sparred nobody but the scattered remnant of hill-folk, as he called them, his attention was attracted by a pedlar who had joined the march from a cross-road, and who sighed or groaned with great regularity at all fitting pauses of his homily.

And what may ye be, friend?" said the Gifted Glifilan.

"A purr pedlar, that's bound for Stirling, and craves the protection of the parties of these kittle times, Ah your honour has a notable faculty in searching and explaining the secrets,—ay, the secret and incomprehensible causes of the backslidings of the land, your honour touches the root of the matter.

"Friend," said Glifilan, with a more complacent voice than he had hither used, "honour not me, I o no go out to park-dikes, and to steadings, and to market-towns, to have herds and cortars, and burghers pull off their bonnets to me as they do to Major Melville, to Mr. Macleand, or Captain, or, in short, in honour; no; my own means, which are not aboon twenty thousand pound, have, had the blessing of increase, and of my heart, has not increased with them; nor do I delight to be called captain, though I have the subscribed commission of that zealous-searching nobleman, the Earl of Glencarn, in which I am so designated. While I live, I am and will be a purr pedlar, and I must stand up for the standards of doctrine agreed on by the brave Presbyterians of the Kirk of Scotland, before she trafficked with the accursed Achan, while he has a pack in his purse, or a drop in his body.

"Ah," said the pedlar, "I have seen your land about Mauchlin—a fertile spot! your lines have fallen in pleasant places. And siccan a brood o' cattle is set in on your land in Scotland."

"Ye say right,—ye say right, friend," retorted Glifilan eagerly, for he was not inaccessible to flattery in the way of politics, "ye say right, that they are the real Lancashire, and there's no the like o' them at the Mains of Kilmarnock;" and he then entered into a discussion of their advantages, to which our reader will probably be as indifferent as our hero. After this excursus, the leader returned to his theological discussions, while the pedlar, less profound upon these, fell silent, and expressing his edification at suitable intervals.

What a blessing it would be to the pure blind popish nations among whom I have sojourned, to see this light to bear path to them; and for Muscovia in my sma' trading way, as a travelling merchant; and I have been through France, and the Low Countries, and a Poland, and a Holland, and a Germany, and it would grieve your honour's soul to see the murmuring, and the singing, and massing, that's in the kirk, and the piping that's in the queue, and the heathenish dancing and dicuing upon the Sabbath!

This last Glifilan off upon the Book of Sports and the Covenant, and the Engagers, and the Protestants, and the Whiggamore's Rat's, and the Assembly of the Divines at Westminster, and the Longer and Shorter Catechism, and the Excommunication at Torwood, and the Bishopry of Sharp. This last topic, again, led him into the lawfulness of defensive arms, on which subject he uttered much more scents than could have been expected from some other parts of his harangue, and attracted even Waverley's attention, who had hitherto been lost in his own reflections. Mr. Glifilan then considered the lawfulness of a private man's standing forth as the avenger of public oppression, and as he was labouring with great earnestness the cause of Mars James Mitchell, who fired at the Archbishop of St. Andrews some years before the plainest's assassination upon Magnus Murr, as incident occurred which interrupted his harangue.

The rays of the sun were lingering on the very tops of the horizon, as the party ascended a hollow and stopped on a terrace with some stone or a rising ground. The country was unenclosed, being part of a very extensive heath or common; but it was broken by a few clumps of stunted hazel, and a few clumps of stunted brushwood. A thicket of the latter description crowned the hill up which the party ascended. The foremost of the band, being the most active, had pushed on, and, having surmounted the ascent, were out of ken for the present. Glifilan, with the pedlar, and the miller, who were Waverley's immediate guard, were near the top of the ascent, and the remainder straggled after them at a considerable interval.

Such a discussion of matters, when the pedlar, missing, as he said, a little doggie which belonged to him, began to halt and whistle for the animal. This signal, repeated more than once, gave offence to the rigour of his companion, the rather because it appeared to indicate attention to the treasures of theological and controversial knowledge which was pouring out for his edification. He therefore surveyed gruffly, that he could not waste his time in waiting for an useless cur.

But if your honour was consider the case of To- bin?" exclaimed Glifilan, with great heart.

"Tobit?" exclaimed Glifilan, with great heart.

"Tobit and his dog bait are altogether heathenish and evil, and none but a pedlar or a peasant would draw them into question. Doubt I seem sweet mischief in you, friend."

"Very likely," answered the pedlar with great com-
poem; "but nevertheless, I shall take leave to whistle again upon pur Bawby."

This verse was answered in an unexpected manner; for six or eight stout Highlanders, who lurked among the coppice and brushwood, sprung into the hollow way, and began singing like demons. Gilliath, unappalled at this undisciplined apparition, cried out manfully, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" and, drawing his broadsword, dashed down a musket from the shoulder of one of them. Gawr, with his right hand, leaned over the door, and with such emphasis on the head of his late instructor in the Cameronian creed, that he was forthwith levelled to the ground. In the confusion which ensued, the horse which bore our hero was shot by one of Gilliath's party, as he discharged his firelock at random. Waverley fell with, and indeed under, the animal, and sustained some severe contusions. But he was almost instantly extricated from the fallen steed by two Highlanders, who, each seizing him by the arm, hurried him away from the scuffle and from the high-road. They ran with great speed, half supporting and half dragging our hero, who, could, however, distinguish a few dropping shots fired above the spear points, divided his attention between this, as he advanced labouriously, proceeded from Gilliath's airse, who had now assembled, the stragglers in front and rear having joined the others. At their approach the Highlanders wheeled, rode Gilliath and two of his people, who remained on the spot previously wounded. A few shots were exchanged between them and the Westlanders; but the latter, now without a commander, and apprehensive of a second ambush, did not make any serious effort to recover their prisoner, judging it more wise to proceed on their journey to Sterling, carrying with them their wounded captain and comrades.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Waverley is still in distress.

This velocity, and indeed violence, with which Waverley was hurried along, nearly deprived him of sensation; for the injury he had received from his fall prevented him from aiding himself so effectually as he might otherwise have done. When this was observed by his conductors, they called to their aid two or three others of the party, and swathing our hero's body with a blanket, took him in a cart. They were means among them, and transported him at the same rapid rate as before, without any exertion of his own. They spoke little, and that in Gaelic; and did not, as was salt, show any bar hero for a second. They were patient of a Highland man, but in a situation which was much uncomfortable than when he was the guest of the worthy Tomman.

Our hero now endeavored to address them, but was only answered with "Oa n' eil Beurl, agam." 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 or Lowlander. He then mentioned the name of Vich Ian Vehr, concluding that he was indebted to his friendship for his escape from the clutches of Gifford Gilliath; but neither did this produce any mark of recognition from his escort.

The two Highlanders lived into it by a small foot-path, as to explore its recesses, and one of them returning in a few minutes, said something to his companions, who instantly raised their burden, and bore him, with great attention and care, down the narrow and abrupt descent. Notwithstanding their precautions, however, Waverley's person came more than once in contact with the rough stumps and branches which overhung the pathway. As the bottom of the descent, and as it seemed, by this side of a brook, for Waverley heard the rushing of a considerable body of water, although its stream was invisible in the darkness, the party again stopped, and before a small and rude contrivance of a door was open, and the inside of the premises appeared as uncomfortable and rude as its situation and exterior foreboded. There was no aperture of a floor of any kind; the roof seemed rent in several places; the wall was composed of loose stones and turf, and the thatch of branches of trees. The fire was burning in the centre, and lit the room with a thick smoke, which escaped as much through the door as by means of a circular aperture in the roof. An old Highland who, in a trice, an inhabitant of this forsaken manor, appeared busy in the preparation of some food. By the light which the fire afforded, Waverley could discover that his attendants were not of the clan of Ior, for Fergus was particularly strict in requiring from his followers that they should wear the tazan striped in the mode peculiar to their race; a mark of distinction anciently general through the Highlands, and still maintained by those Chiefs who were proud of their lineages, or jealous of their separate and exclusive authority.

Edward had lived at Glennequich long enough to be aware of a distinction which he had repeatedly heard noticed, and now satisfied that he had no interest with his attendant, glanced into the fire and cast his eye around the interior of the chamber. The only furniture, excepting a washing-tub, and a wooden press, called in Scotland an anmary, sorely decayed, was a large wooden bed, with a large wooden head and opening by a sliding panel. In this recess the Highlanders deposited Waverley, after he had by signs declined any refreshment. His slumbers were broken and unrestful, strange visions passed before his eyes, and it required constant and reiterated efforts of mind to dispel them. Shivering, violent headache, and shooting pains in his limbs, succeeded these symptoms; and in the morning it was evident to his Highland attendant or guard, for he knew not in which light to consider them, that Waverley was quite unfit to travel.

After a long consultation among themselves, six of the party left the hut with their arms, leaving behind an old and a young man. The former addressed Waverley, and bade the attendants, which swelling and livid colour now made conscious. His own portrait, which the Highlanders had not failed to bring, supplied him with linen, and to his great surprise, was, with all its undiminished contents, freely resigned to his use. The bedding of his couch was then made clean and comfortable, and his aged attendant closed the door of the bed, for it had no curtain, after a few words of Gaelic, from which Waverley gathered that he exhorbised him to return his services to a patient of a Highland Eusebius, but in a situation so much more uncomfortable than when he was the guest of the worthy Tomman.

The symptomatic fever which accompanied the injuries he had sustained, did not abate till the third day, when it gave way to the care of his attendant and the strength of his constitution, and he could now raise himself in his bed, though not without pain. He observed, however, that there was a great diminution, on the part of the old woman who acted as his nurse, as well as on that of the elderly Highlander, to permit the door of the bed to be left open, so that he might amuse himself with observing their motions; and he aged attendant drew them closed, and they had as frequently shut, the hatchway of his cage, the old gentleman put an end to the contest by two or three nailing, and effectually, so that the door could not be drawn till this exterior impediment was removed.

While musine upon the cause of this contradictory spirit in persons without any apparent purpose of plunder, and who, in all other points, appeared to consult his welfare and his wishes, he discovered that in this instance, a female figure, younger than his own, his nurse, had appeared to stir around his couch. Of this, indeed, he had but a very indistinct recollection, but his sensations were confirmed when, attentively listening
he often heard, in the course of the day, the voice of another female conversing in whispers with his at-
territorial conduct, or causing it to be heard. To why should she stay, in a parently desire to conceal? Fancy immediately aroused herself, and turned to Flora Mac-Ivor. But after a short conflict between her desire to be honest in her neighbourhood, guarding, like an angel of mercy, the couch of his sickness, Waverley was compelled to conclude that his conjecture was altogether mistaken; for she had left her comparatively safe situation at Glaenuacco to descend into the Low Country, now the seat of civil war, and to inhabit such a lurking-place as this, was a step more in opposition to her heart's inclination, and, by very significant signs, that he was to prepare to accompany them. This was a joyful communication. What he had already passed during his confinement made it evident that no personal injury was designed to him; and his romantic spirit, having recovered during his respite much of that activity which anxiety, resentment, disappointment, and the mixture of unpleasant feelings excited by his late adventures had for a time sub-
jugated, was now warred with inaction. He passed into the act of compliance with the desire of his heart. But, since the days of our grandmother Eve, the gratification of inordinate curiosity has generally borne its penalty in disappointment. The form was not that of Flora, nor was the face visible; and, to crown his vexation, while he laboured with the nail to enlarge the hole, that he could obtain no view, and, indeed, no suspicion of his purpose, and the object of his curiosity instantly disappeared; nor, so far as he could observe, did she again revisit the cottage.

All precautions to frustrate his view were from that time abandoned, and he was not only permitted, but assisted, to rise, and quit what had been, in a literal sense, his couch of confinement. But he was not allowed to leave the hut for the young Highlanders had now rejoined his senior, and one or other was constantly on the watch. Whenever Waverley approached the cottage door, the sentinel upon duty civilly, but resolutely, placed himself against it and opposed his exit, accompanying his action with signs which seemed, in their meaning, to demand, rather than to signify, what was to be the matter in the neighbour. One night Waverley appeared anxious and upon the watch; and Waverley, who had not yet recovered strength enough to do anything like the part of the officer of the house of his patient. His face was in every point of view, better than he could wish, for poverty, and even worse, were no stranger to his fate. The Highlanders never presumed to say what his interest was, or, unless in the circumstance of watching him, treated him with the utmost respect. His sole amusement was gazing from the window, or rather the shapeless aperture which was meant to answer the purpose of a window, upon a large and rough brook which raged and foamed through a dark clump of trees, closely connected with trees and bushes, about ten feet beneath the site of his house of captivity.

Upon the fourth day of his confinement, Waverley found himself so well, that he began to meditate his escape from this dull and miserable prison-house, thinking any risk which he might incur in the attempt preferable to the wretched life of confinement, and intolerable uniformity of Janet's retirement. The question in- deed occurred, whether he was to direct his course towards his former two schemes seem-
ed practicable, yet both attended with danger and difficulty. One was to go back to Glaenuacco, and to Flora Mac-Ivor, by whom he was sure to be received with the most amiable approbation; the other, the repair with which he had been treated fully ab-
solved him in his own eyes, from his allegiance to the existing government. The other project was to endeavors to attain a Scottish passport, and those to take shipping for England. His mind wavered be-
tween these two, and which he so largely desired to have in his escape in the manner he proposed, he would have been finally determined by the comparative facility by which his escape in Ireland would have been accomplished, and the state of his fortune had settled that he was not to be left to his option.

Upon the evening of the seventh day the door of the hut was opened, and to Waverley's surprise and joy, to whom Waverley recognised as having been a part of his original escort to this cottage. They conversed for a short time with the old man and his companions, and then Waverley has understood, by very significant signs, that he was to prepare to accompany them. This was a joyous communication. What he had already passed during his confinement made it evident that no personal injury was designed to him; and his romantic spirit, having recovered during his respite much of that activity which anxiety, resentment, disappointment, and the mixture of unpleasant feelings excited by his late adventures had for a time sub-
jugated, was now warred with inaction. He passed into the act of compliance with the desire of his heart. But, since the days of our grandmother Eve, the gratification of inordinate curiosity has generally borne its penalty in disappointment. The form was not that of Flora, nor was the face visible; and, to crown his vexation, while he laboured with the nail to enlarge the hole, that he could obtain no view, and, indeed, no suspicion of his purpose, and the object of his curiosity instantly disappeared; nor, so far as he could observe, did she again revisit the cottage. He was in the act of giving up all idea of escape, and was about to return to the lodge, when he heard a step in the passage, and, as the countenance of the young woman appeared in the aperture, he perceived that she was about to pass. He seized the opportunity, and, while the young woman was leaving the passage, Waverley sprang out of the window and escaped.
chapter XXXVIII.

A Nocturnal Adventure.

There was a moment's pause when the whole party had got out of the last; but Edward the Highlander who was the companion who, with the) Waverley and who, Waverley was then being nearly swept along the steep, and yet in the strictes silence. He delivered to Edward a sword and a steel pistol, and, pointing up the track, laid his hand on the hilt of his claymore, as if to make him sensible they might have occasion to use force to make good their passage. He then placed himself at the head of the party, who moved up the pathway in single or two or three file, being thus within the strictest silence. The wall of the steep-field indeed concealed them as they lay, but any advance beyond its shelter seemed impossible without certain discovery.

The Highlander eyed the blue vault, but the stars from the bleeding of the useful light with Homer's, or rather Pope's, brightened pedestrian, he muttered a Gaelic curse upon the unseasonable splendour of Mac-Farlane's beacon [i.e. lantern]. He looked anxiously around for a few minutes, and then apparently took his resolution. Leaving his attendant with Waverley, after motioning to Edward to remain quiet, and giving his charge to the Claymore of the Scottish warps, he retired, favoured by the irregularity of the ground, in the same direction and in the same manner as they had advanced. Edward, turning his head after him, could perceive him crawling on all fours with the dexterity of an Indian, availing himself of every bush and inequality to escape observation and to prevent the more exposed parts of his track until the sentinel's back was turned from him. At length he reached the thickets and underwood which partly covered the moor in that direction, and probably extended to the verge of the glen where Waverley had been so long an inhabitant. The Highlander disappeared, but it was only for a few minutes, for he only issued forth from a different part of the thickets, appearing boldly upon the open heath, as if to evade discovery, he levelled his piece, and fired at the sentinel. The sound of the shot was perfectly indication to the poor fellow's meteorological observations, as well as to the tune of Nancy Dawson, which he was whistling. He returned the fire ineffectually, and his companions, and was seen standing at the entrance of one of the crevices of the sand-banks. A second, third, and fourth time the sound was repeated fainter and fainter, as if at greater and greater distance. It was evident that a party of soldiers was at hand and not far, and the strain of the sound was sufficiently so to detect men skilful in every set of predatory warfare, like those with whom he now was upon the Moors. For all the time the three were proceeding on horseback, they were Fellow and Fellow, along the sides of the moor, till for his boys of the mac of their journey had now perfectly succeeded.

While the soldiers pursued the cause of their disturbance, the sight of the night, the Highlanders began their march swiftly, yet not the least considerable silence, nor the slightest noise, not the least disturbance, not the least disturbance, and the trail of the night. The leading Highlanders smelt the wind like a setting sparrow, and then he had a signal to his party again to halt. A little further on, he had the signal of his remaining attendant, made the best of his speed in that his guide originally intended to pursue, and which now (the attention of the soldiers being driven to a different quarter) was unobserved and unsurpassed. When they had run about a quarter of a mile, the bow of a rising ground, which they had surmounted, opened them from the north of observation. They still heard, however, at a distance, the shouts of the soldiers as they halted upon each other upon the heath, and they could also hear the distant roll of a drum. The air was calm, and the advance and retreat of the Highlanders, as they advanced and retreated, was beyond the reach of the sacred. When Waverley's attendant employed, in all probability, in communicating the cause of their delay, (for the words "Duncan Duriech" were often repeated), was Duncan himself appeared, out of breath indeed, and with all the symptoms of having run for his life, but laughing, and in high spirits at the success of the stratagem by which he had baffled his pursuers. Waverley could easily conceive might be a matter of no great difficulty to the active mountain man, who was perfectly acquainted with the ground, and traced his course with a firmness and confidence to which his pursuers must have been strangers. That

The Clan of Mac-Farlane, occupying the western side of Loch Lomond, were very great strangers to the Highlanders. On a fine day, they beheld the infographic intuitions, in the moment on which, intimations similar practices, the same being

We are bound to drive the bullets,
All by haste, hence, hence, hence, hence, hence,
Through the mist, and through the mist,
Through the mist, and through the mist.

The sun sinks in the western sea,
Oh, sun sinks in the western sea,
Sun sinks in the western sea,
Sun sinks in the western sea;
And all for their part.
alarm which he excited seemed still to continue, for a drooping shot or two were heard, at a great distance, which seemed to serve as an addition to the mirth of Duncan and his comrades.

He now released the arms with which he had instinct our hero, giving him to understand that the dangers of the journey were happily surmounted. Waverley seized upon one of the boxes, a change which the fatigue of the night and his recent ill-treatment exceedingly acceptable. His portmanteau was placed on another pony. Duncan mounted a third, and they advanced at a rapid pace, accompanied by their escort. No other incident marked the course of that night's journey, and at the dawn of morning they attained the banks of a rapid river. The country around was as yet entirely pastoral and romantic. Sleepy 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-sunken turret of which were already glittering in the first rays of the sun. It was in the form of an oblong square, of size sufficient to contain a large court in the centre. The towers at each angle of the edifice were higher than the walls of the building, and were in their turn surrounded by turrets, differing in height, and irregular in shape. Upon one of these a bent watch, whose bount and plaid, glinting in the light, was pointed out by the guide as that of the laird, as a broad white ensign, which floated from another tower, announced that the garriso was held by the King's forces, and assured his Excellency of the resistance of Stewart.

Passing hastily through a small and mean town, where their appearance excited neither surprise nor curiosity in the few peasants whom the labours of the harvest engaged to the aisles of their respective farms, the party crossed an ancient and narrow bridge of several arches, and turning to the left, up an avenue of lime, 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-ruin apartment which was, however, a succès-sûr, and where, in the Of his own mind a mixed stock of that romantic and enthusiastic disposition of admirer, with which he has been described as animating the youthful hero of his dramas, devised and undertook the perilous adventure of exploring from his own fireside the towers of Doune. He counted the monument of his fallen greatness.

In 1744-6, as stated in the text, a garrison on the part of the Chevalier was put into the castle, then less ruinous than at present. It was commanded by his nephew of Ballach, as governor for Prince Charles; he was a man of property near Callander. The edifice was then taken by the government of a romantic escape made by John Hope, the author of Douglas, and some other prisoners, who, having been taken at the battle of Falkirk, were conducted thither by order of his majesty's government, who had been his own mind a mixed stock of that romantic and enthusiastic disposition of admirer, with which he has been described as animating the youthful hero of his dramas, devised and undertook the perilous adventure of exploring from his own fireside the towers of Doune. He counted the monument of his fallen greatness.

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Befores Waverley awakened from his repose, the day was far advanced, and he began to feel that he had passed many hours without food. This was soon supplied in form of a copper's breakfast, but Colonel Stewart did not, in his guest, did not again present himself. His compliments were, however, delivered by a servant, with an offer of a more substantial hospitality. Waverley could not forbear paying his respects to Captain Waverley on his journey, which he intimated would be continued that evening. To Waverley's further inquiries, the servant opposed the impertinence of his queries; gaining his point by means of an image of 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 glass, 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?"

"You are a gentleman," said the servant, "and should have to do with equal-minded sarks, but this maun gang in the baggage-cart."

And so saying, he very coolly carried off the portmanteau, without waiting further remonstrance, 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 not possessed, 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 laid to bed, and began about four or five hours of solitude.

When this space was elapsed, the trampling of horses was heard 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, and he ordered a table to be laid in the great hall, and in doing honours to dinner, which was now presented. The conversation of his host was that of a plain gentleman, mixed with some soldier-like sentiments and expressions. He cautiously avoided any reference to the military operations or civil politics of the time; and to Waverley's civil inquiries concerning those events, replied, that he was not at liberty to speak upon such topics.

When dinner was finished, the governor arose, and, with a smile, said, "A good journey," and then being informed by Waverley's servant that his baggage had been sent forward, he had taken the
feeling to supply him with such changes of dress as the occasion required, till he was well possessed of his own. With this compliment he disappeared.

A servant acquainted Waverley an instant afterwards, that the old man had issued from his carriage, and was coming to the inn. Upon this hint he descended to the garden, and found a trooper holding a saddled horse, on which he mounted, and saluted from the portal of Border Castle, attended by about a score of armed men on horseback. These had less the appearance of regular soldiers than of individuals who had suddenly assumed arms from some pressing motive of necessity. They were clad in careless array—some blue and red, an affected imitation of that of French chasseurs, was in many respects odd, and set a foppish air upon those who wore it. Waverley's eye, accustomed to look at a well-disciplined regiment, could easily discover that the motions and habits of his escort were not those of trained soldiers, and that, although expert enough in the management of their horses, their skill was that of hunters or grooms, rather than of troopers. The horses were not trained to the regular pace so necessary to execute simultaneous and combined movements and formations; nor did they seem bitted (as it is technically expressed) for the use of the sword. The men bore their arms as they rode, and might be individually formidable as irregular cavalry.

The commander of this small party was mounted upon a grey horse, and some few points ye be unable to dissemble. His uniform, his change of apparel did not prevent Waverley from recognising his old acquaintance, Mr. Falconer of Balmainwhipple.

Now, although the terms upon which Edward had agreed with this gentleman were none of the most friendly, he would have sacrificed every recreation of his youth, or any pleasure of enjoying the good things of this world, for the purpose of saving a man as he was Edward had been the unwilling cause, still ranked in the mind of the love-bred, and yet proud lard. He carefully avoided the least sign of recognition, riding doggedly at the head of his men, who, though scarce equal in numbers to a sergeant's party, were denominated Captain Falconer's troop, being preceded by a drum, which sounded from time to time, and a standard, borne by Cornet Falconer, the laird's younger brother. The lieutenant, an elderly man, was a lover of sportsmen and keen comrade; an expression of dry humour predominated in his countenance over features of a vulgar cast, which indicated habitual intemperance. His cocked hat was thrust back, his trousers were unbuttoned, and while he whistled the "Bob of Dumbell," under the influence of half a mutchkin of brandy, he seemed to try to carry on, with a happy countenance to the state of the country, the conduct of the party, the end of the journey, and all other sublimar matters whatever.

From this wight, who now and then dropped alongside of his horse, Waverley hoped to acquire some information, or at least to beguile the way with talk. A faint evening smile was Edward's salutation.

"Oh, ay, sir! a brae night," replied the lieutenant, in broad Scotch of the most vulgar description.

And a fine harvest, apparently," continued Waverley, following Edward's notion.

"Ay, the sirs will be got bravely in; but the farmers, deil bust them, and the corn-mongers, will make them sell price gude as deil has es horses till keep."
CHAPTER XI.

AN OLD AND A NEW ACCOMPLICE.

While he was deep sunk in his reverie, the rustle of a horse's tail and the indistinct sound of the foot of a footman at the back of his chair, with a whisper of the curtain, and the murmur of voices behind the door, made him turn towards the interior of the room. His thoughts were interrupted by a servant entering and offering him a glass of water. He acknowledged the offer with a nod, and readjusted his spectacles.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked the servant.

"I am thinking," replied Waverley, "that life is not worth living without a few moments of reflection."

"Ah," said the servant, "you are not of the present generation."

"I think," answered Waverley, "that life is a mere dream, and that the greatest happiness is to be found in contemplation.

The servant withdrew, leaving Waverley alone to ponder over the events of the past.

Waverley then proceeded to relate the story of the insurrection, and the events that had led to the capture of the castle.

He spoke of the bravery of the Highlanders, and the courage of the British troops.

"I remember," said Waverley, "how the Highlanders fought bravely, and how the British troops stood firm.

"In the end," he continued, "the Highlanders were victorious, and the British troops were compelled to retreat."
pursuit at this important crisis. Pray, this is a point much desired among the adherents of the house of Stewart; and as a well-founded disbelief in the co-operation of the English Jacobites kept many of the Scottish men of the name at home, it strengthened the courage of those who had joined it, nothing could be more seasonable for the Chevalier than the open declaration in his favour of the representatives of the house of Stewart. He, moreover, long knew as cavaliers and royalists. This Fergus had foreseen from the beginning. He really loved Waverley, because it was poor, but he knew they would have a share in his inheritance; he hoped to see them united with Flora, and rejoiced that they were effectually engaged in the same cause. But, as we before hinted, he also extended as a politician in behalf, as secured to his party, a partizan of such consequence; and he was far from being insensible to the personal importance which he himself gained with the Prince, from having so materially assisted in making the acquisition.

Charles Edward, on his part, seemed eager to show his attendants the value which he attached to his new adherent, by entering immediately, as in confidence, upon the circumstances of his situation. "You have been sequestered so much from intelligence, Mr. Waverley, from morning till night, and so confidentially informed, that I presume you are even yet unacquainted with the important particulars of my present situation. You have, however, heard of my landing in the remote district of Pitcairn, and of the service from arms, and of the numerous chiefs and clans whose loyal enthusiasm at once placed a solitary adventurer at the head of the Prince's army. You have heard of the HanOVERian effort, Sir John Cope, marched into the Highlands at the head of a numerous and appointed military force, with the intention of giving us battle, but that his courage failed him when we were within three hours' march of each other, so that he quite gave up the battle and fled to Aberdeen, leaving the Low Country open and unde- tended. Not to lose so favourable an opportunity, I marched on to the east, and have driven the Baccus in the mountains, driven the English force of horse, Gardiner's and Hamilton's, who had threatened to cut to pieces every Highlander that should venture to pass Stirling; and while discussions were carrying forward among the magistracy and citizens of Edinburgh, whether they should defend themselves or surrender, my good friend Lochie, (laying his hand on the shoulder of that gallant and accomplished chieftain) saved them from that formidable assembly by a farther deliberation, by entering the gates with five hundred Camerons. Thus far, therefore, we have a powerful force, and the success of the general's being braced by the keen air of Aber- deen, he has taken shipping for Dunbar, and I have just received certain informations from thence yesterday. His purpose at least unquestionably is to march towards us to recover possession of the capital. Now there are two opinions in my council of war; one, that being inerent probably in numbers, certainly in discipline and military appointments, not to mention our total want of artillery, and the weakness of our cavalry, it will be safe to fall back towards the mountains, and there protract the war until fresh succours arrive from France, and the whole body of the Highland clans shall have taken arms in our favour. The opposite opinion maintains, that a retrograde movement, in our circumstances, is certain to throw utter discredit on our arms and undertakings; and, far from gaining us new partizans, will certainly in discipline and military appointments, not to mention our total want of artillery, and the weakness of our cavalry, it will be safe to fall back towards the mountains, and there protract the war until fresh succours arrive from France, and the whole body of the Highland clans shall have taken arms in our favour. The opposite opinion maintains, that a retrograde movement, in our circumstances, is certain to throw utter discredit on our arms and undertakings; and, far from gaining us new partizans, will certainly in discipline and military appointments, not to mention our total want of artillery, and the weakness of our cavalry, it will be safe to fall back towards the mountains, and there protract the war until fresh succours arrive from France, and the whole body of the Highland clans shall have taken arms in our favour. The opposite opinion maintains, that a retrograde movement, in our circumstances, is certain to throw utter discredit on our arms and undertakings; and, far from gaining us new partizans, will certainly
standard. The officers who use these last arguments, among whom is your friend Fergus Mac-Ivor, maintain, that if the Highlanders are strangers to the usual military discipline of Europe, the soldiers whom they have been accustomed to consider as their peculiar and formidable mode of attack; that the attachment and courage of the chiefs and gentlemen are not to be doubted; and that as they will be in the midst of the enemy, they are not surely to be thought of, in that, having drawn the sword we should throw away the scabbard, and trust our cause to the bayonet and to the God of battles. Will Mr. Waverley favour us with his opinion in these arduous circumstances? Waverley coloured high with pleasure and merriment 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 should first 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 10,000, your 20,000, that you have lost, to offer you the brevet rank of major in my service, with the advantage of acting as one of my aids-de-camp until you can be attached to a regiment of which I may have occasion to speak. "Your Royal Highness will forgive me," answered Waverley, (for his rake left to Balmahapple and his scavenger rose,) "if I decline accepting any rank until the time and place where I may have interest enough to raise a sufficient body of men to make my command useful to your Royal Highness's service. The time which I hope for your peradventure to serve as a volunteer under my friend Fergus Mac-Ivor. "A 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 unbuttoned the broadsword 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 heir-loom in our family; but I am convinced I put it into better hands than my own, and will add to it tippets of the same workmanship, - Colonel Mac-Ivor, you must have much to do to keep pace with the Prince. I will detain you no longer than from your private conversation; but remember, we expect you both to attend us in the evening. It may be that we may find time to ride out on these Disquisitions, and as we go to the field with a clear conscience, we will spend the eve of battle merrily." Thus licensed, the Chief and Waverley left the presence-chamber.

CHAPTER XI.
THE MYSTERY BEGINS TO BE CLEARED UP.

"How do you like him?" was Fergus'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 sprain. And yet he has his foibles, for whether he has difficult cards to play, and his Irish officers are the Waverley's adventure."

Divisions early showed themselves in the Cheviot's little army, not only amongst the independent chieftains, who were too proud to brook subjection to each other, but between the Suther and Clanranald's governor by birth, who, with some of his countrymen bred in the Irish Brigade, was jealous of the influence with the Advertiser, much respected by the Highlanders, who were sensible that the loss of their chevalier instead of the chief was a great calamity. The sympathy of his enterprise. There was a fund, also, between Lord George Murray, and John Murray of Broughton, the former being the best of the House of Murray, and the latter one of the eight Murray lairds of the Advertiser. In general, a thousand different pretensions were laid on little arms, and largely contributed to the overthrow.
placed in his own great name! Upon my honour, if I have to see the carn of Bermonstone again, I shall be tempted to hang that fellow! I recognize his hand instantly, not because of that canting rascal Gilfillan, 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 yourself to ransom, or availed himself of some heart or other of your captivity for his own advantage, passes my judgment.

"But how did you hear the intelligence of my confinement?" asked Waverley.

"The Prince himself told me," said Ferguson, "and inquired very minutely into your history. He then mentioned your being at that moment in the power of one of our northern parties—you know I could not 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 farther 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 high treason, which, I presume, had some shadow of truth being your original plan. That sullen, good-for-nothing brute, Balmawhapple, was sent to escort you from Doune, with what he calls his troop of horse. As to his behaviour, in addition to his rudeness, I had reason to think that he was in the service of a gentleman, I presume his adventure with Bradwardine rakes in his recollection, the rather that I dare say his present name is one of the rest who superintended the reports which reached your quondam regiment."

"Very likely," said Waverley; "but now surely, my dear Ferguson, you may find time to tell me something more.

"Why," replied Ferguson, "I can only tell you that she is well, and resting for the present with a relation of hers. I dare say it is better she should come here, as since our success a good many ladies of rank 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 Justing of claims and requests, 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 bear that Flora should be considered as conducting to her brother's preferment, by the admiration which she must unquestionably attract; and although it was in strict correspondence with many points of Ferguson's character, it shocked him as selfish, and unworthy of his merit. To consider the generosity of her entrance upon your proposal, to whom such manoeuvres were familiar, as to one brought up at the French court, did not observe the unfavourable impression which he had universally made upon her mind, and to suppose, by saying "that they could hardly see Flora before the evening, when she would be at the concert and ball, with her sisters of the Clan Mac-Ivor."

"She and I had a quarrel about her not appearing to take leave of me. I am unwilling to renew it, by soliciting her to receive you this morning; and perhaps my doing so might not only be ineffectual, but prevent your meeting this evening."

"While thus conversing, Waverley heard in the court, before the windows of the parlour, a well-known voice. "I enter to your, worthy friend," said the speaker, "that it is a total dereliction of military discipline; and were you not as it were, your proper allowance of peace to a prisoner of war on no account to be coerced with letters, or debased in cogiustio, as would have been the case had you put this gentleman into the pit of the peel-house at Balmawhapple. I grant, indeed, that such a prisoner may for security be coerced in casa, that is, in a public prison.""

"Such an offering as this was heard as taking leave in displeasure, but the word "landseas" alone was distinctly audible. He had disappeared from the Royal Highness in order to greet the worthy Baron of Bradwardine. The uniform in which he was now arrayed, a blue coat, entirely, with gold lace, a scarlet waistcoat, and breeches, and immemorial jack-boots, seemed to have added fresh stiffness and rigidity to his tall, perpendicular figure; and the consciousness of military command and infantry might, whose proportion, the self-importance of his demeanour, and dogmatism of his conversation.

"He received Waverley with his usual kindness, and expressed indeed his anxiety to hear an explanation of the circumstances attending the loss of his commission in Gardiner's dragoons; "not," he said, "that he had given up the hope of procuring the friendship having done such which could merit such ungovernable treatment as he had received from government, but because it was right and seemly that the Baron of Bradwardine should be, in point of trust and in point of power, fully able to refute all calumnies against the heir of Waverley-Hanover, whom he had so much right to regard as his own son."

"Fergus Mac-Ivor, who had now joined them, went hastily over the circumstances of Waverley's story, and concluded with the flattering reception he had met from the young Chevalier. The Baron listened in silence, and at the conclusion shook Waverley's hand heartily by the hand, and congratulated him on entering the service of his lawful Prince. "Fie!" continued he, "although it has been justly held in all nations a matter of scandal and dishonour to infringe the laws of one's country and to receive a commission and rank in another, it is most certain that such a commission is taken by each soldier singly, while the Romans 'denominated per conjurationem,' or by one soldier in the name of the rest; I may say that to the allegiance so sworn was discharged by the dissisters, or discharging of a soldier, whose cause would be as hard as that of callers, sellers, and other adscriti pals, or slaves of the state, were it to be accomplished otherwise. This is something like the brocard expressed by the learned Sanchez in his work De Aurea Verba, which you have questioned me upon this occasion. As for those who have calumniated you by leas-making, I protest to Heaven I think they have justly incurred the penalty of the Magistra lex, also called lex Rhemia, which is protected upon by Tullius in his oration In Vettem. I should have desired, however, Mr. Waverley, that before directing yourself to any special service in the army of the Prince, ye might have inquired what rank the old Bradwardine held there, and whether he would not have been particularly happy to have had your services in the regiment of horse which he is now about to levy."

Edward sided this approach by pleading the necessity of giving an assertion with the most speed possible. The proposal, and his uncertainty at the moment whether his friend the Baron was with the army, or engaged upon service elsewhere.

This punctual and settled, Waverley made inquiry after Miss Bradwardine, and was informed she had come to Edinburgh with Flora Mac-Ivor, under guard of a party of the Clan Mac-Ivor. She was indeed necessary, Tully-Veolan having become a very unpleasant, and even dangerous place of residence for an unprotected young lady, on account of its vicinity to the Highlands, and also to one or two large villages, which, from avarice as much to the Cate- rant as seel for presbytery, had declared themselves on the side of government, and formed irregular bodies of partisans, who had frequent skirmishes with the mountaineers, and sometimes attacked the houses of the Jacobite gentry in the brais, or frontier between the mountain and plain.

"I would propose to you," continued the Baron, "to walk as far as my quarters in the Euchenbooth, and to admire in your passage the High Street, which is forever adorned with the Castle, thought of to be from Blomdel and Coebohn, that it is impossible a bullet can reach these buildings; and, besides, I have it in charge to have a special guard of my own army, to see that the men do not come out; nor, there is, trust up their bag and beggar for to-morrow's march."
“That will be fittingly done by most of us,” said Mr. Waverley, laughing.

“Craving your pardon, Colonel Mac-Ivor, not quite so easily as you seem to opine. I grant most of your folk left the Highlands, expeditiously as it were, and free from broken hearts. But, like the rest, it is unspeakably the quantity of useless specchry which they have collected on their march. I saw one fellow of your number (carrying your pardon once more) with a pair of glasses upon his back.”

“Ay,” said Fergus, still in good-humour, “he would have told you, if you had questioned him, a yawning story of his dear Baron, you know as well as I, that a hundred Uhiles, or a single group of Schnorchler’s Pardouna, would make more havoc in a country than the knight of the mirror and all the rest of our clans put together.”

“And that is very true likewise,” replied the Baron; “they are, as the heathen author says, ferociores in animo, aliis in actis, of a herild and grim visage, but mere bairns in demeanour than their physical mo Lock or aspect might infer. But I wish here to tell you two youngers, when I should be in the King’s Park.”

“But you will dine with Waverley and me on your return. I assure you, Baron, though I can live like a Highland warrior, I have no mind to see my father’s education, and understand perfectly faire le maistre-cok.”

“Which lead you to the dell doubts it,” quoth the Baron, laughing, “when ye bring only the cookery, and the suite toun must furnish the materials!—We, I have some hame in the town too; but I’ll join you at that.”

So saying, he took leave of his friends, and went to seek the charge which had been assigned him.

CHAPTER XLII

A SOLDIER’S SINNER.

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 hereditary tailor of Slieoch na Ian; and, as he expressed himself, “taught him tightly” till the finishing of the job. To rid himself of the restraint, Shemus’s patient little ‘architect’ and artiligns eyes, and the artist kept Capital some dreadful skirmish of Fin Slieoch, he accomplished at least three stitches to the death of every bave. The time wore on, therefore, till the work was ready, for the short coat fitted the wearer, and the rest of the apparel required little adjustment.

Our hero having now fairly assumed the “garb of old Gloag,” was instantly the centre of admiration, and gave an apparent sense of strength to a figure, which, though tall and well-made, was rather elegant than robust, I hope my fair readers will excuse me if he looked at himself in the mirror more than once, and could not help acknowledging that the reflection seemed that of a very handsome young fellow. In fact, there was no dissembling it. His light-brown hair,—for he wore no wig or periwig, notwithstanding the universal fashion of the times,—became the bonnet which surmounted it. His shoulders were broad and strong, and all the simple folds of the tartan added an air of dignity. His blue eyes seemed of that kind.

“Which suited in love, and kindled in war.”

and an air of bashfulness, which was in reality the effect of want of habitual intercourse with the world, instead of his正常使用es, without injuring their grace or intelligence.

“His a pretty man,—a very pretty man,” said Bruce (the Ensign MacMaccibich) to Ferguson’s betrothed.

“She was well,” said the Widow Fleckhart, “but nothing won’t do for your cousin, “said Patrick, “I am afraid;” and she was; but I was speaking about his being well-favoured; but surely that Mr. Waverley’s lock-sheeran made and delivered, and like a proverb lad his horsemen, that the dragon’s teeth were in Waverley in a bruise. And, indeed, he’s digg anach to the broadsword and target. I have played wi’ him myself at Glenauquoch, and he has Vic Jan Vohr, often a Saxon, and he gave me a broadsword and target.”

“Lord forgive ye, Ensign MacMaccibich,” said the alarmed Presbyterian; “I’m sure the colonel was right there.”

“Hout! hout! Mrs. Fleckhart,” replied the ensign, “we’re young bides, ye ken; and young saints, said he.”

“But will you fight wi’ Sir John Capes the more, Ensign MacMaccibich?” demanded Mrs. Fleckhart of her guest.

“Trocht I’se em sure, an’ he’ll hide us, Mrs. Fleckhart,” replied the Excel.

“And will ye face those tearing chieftains, the bloodisters, Ensign MacMaccibich?” again inquired the landlord.

“Claw for claw, as Conan said to Setan, Mrs. Fleckhart, and the devils tell the thousand nags.”

“Trocht I’se em sure, at the brave, Mrs. Fleckhart, and the devils tell the thousand nags.”

“Trocht I’se em sure, at the brave, Mrs. Fleckhart, and the devils tell the thousand nags.”

“Ye may swear it, Mrs. Fleckhart; the very first man shall we be, by Saint Fleckhart.”

“Mair than that, my lad; I am determined and if I am killed among the red-coats!” exclaimed the soft-hearted woman.

“Troth, if it should be so!” Mrs. Fleckhart, I ken and the ‘architect’ is likely to be in the same ilee, and if the rivers can carry so long, that gray and good man, the Baron o’ Brathwatt’s, that shot young Ronald of Bellteroch, he’s coming down the close wi’ that dyshonest, coughing bawb he’s with. He’s a whipple, just like the Laird o’ Kilteman’s French cook, wi’ his turnspit dogги trilling shint him, and I am as hungry as a gale, my bonny dear; see his Kate set on the heap’, and do ye just on your pinions for ye ken Vic Jan Vohr wonn fit down till ye be at the head o’ the table; and dinna forget the just bottle o’ brandy, my woman.”

This hint produced dinner. Mrs. Fleckhart, 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 brought her into company so much above her social associates. She was supported by Waverley and the Baron, with the advantage of the chance of discharging the charge, too. There was such a sort of gayety and cheerfulness, that, besides MacWilliam and Ensign MacMaccibich, after many profound congrues to their superiors and each other, the sense of the business was lost, and the MacWilliam and cheerfulness and merriment, of course, in such a sort of company, was in such a sort of company, was seen to be even above the difference of the business, and between the business.

“What have you raised our only efficient body of cavalry, and got ye none of the Louis d’or out of the Dutch to help you?”

“No, Glasgow, dearer followers have been before me.”

“That’s a scandal,” said the young Highlander;

“but you will share what is left of my subsidy. I will see you an anxious thought to-night, and will be all the more to-morrow, for we shall be all provided for, one way or other, before the sun sets.”

Waverley, as he used to do, fast with great execrations, proposed the same request.

The Desteile was an armed vessel, which brought a small supply of money and gave James Fraser the use of the laundry.
CHAPTER XLIII.  

THE BALL.

Escaping Macombach having gone to the Highlands camp upon duty, and Baillie Macbowchew having returned to digest his dinner, and Celestial PRINCE of martial law, in some blind change-house, Waverley, with the Baron and the Chiefain, proceeded to Holyrood-House. The two last were in full tide of spirits, and the Baron rallied with the way next week upon the handsome figure which his new dress displayed to advantage. If you have any design upon the heart of a bonnie Scotch lassie, think you, when you address her, to remember and quote the words of Virgilus:—

*Nunc inasina amor eurum Martiae in amicitia.*

Tota intuere coelo, omnia, in tectorum, a tela insertiones, mentis eorum, or, sometimes like them, some in an old magazine.

*

The Ball.

The Baron’s thoughts naturally reverted to the un protección of state’s daughter, and the big tear came to the veteran’s eye. "If I fall, Macbowchew, you have my papers, and know all my affairs; but just to Roes.

The Baillie was a man of earthy mould, after all; but perhaps it was not entirely unjust, and somehow kindling and just feelings he had, especially where the Baron or his young mistress were concerned. He set up a lamentable howl. If that did not dismiss the young company, Baillie Macbowchew had a boudoir; it should be Miss Rose’s. He waked

"I thank ye heart, my good lad," said the Baron, "but I will not infringe upon your peculiarity. Baillie Macbowchew has provided the means which is necessary.

Here the Baillie shifted and sidled about in his seat—his height and bulk must lend him, after several preliminary bicsas, and much tautological expression of his devotion to his honour’s service, by night or day, living or dead, he began to insinuate that it was his lot, since his heart was in the right of net and cable in the water and loch of Voo-

lan—tendic, parragon, and viciarum—annexed, con-

nexi—rigatus of pastures—foul, fear, and divest-

orata—parricidal parts, pendicular at whatever—there he had recourse to the end of his long cravat to wipe his eyes, which overflowed in spite of him, at the idea that they could attack the thing which this too large enjambure up—"all as more

fully described in the proper evidence and titles thereof —and lying within the parish of Bradwardine, and the shires of Hereford—"if, as aforesaid, they must pass from my master’s chatelet to Ineich-Grabbit, what’s a Whig and a Hanoverian, and be managed by his door, James Bowie, who’s no fit to be a birthenet, let be a baillis."—

The beginning of this lamentation ready to something affecting, but the conclusion rendered laughter irresistible. "Never mind, Baillie," said Ensign Mac-

combach, "for the gods said times of raging and ri-

ving (pallcal and tearful) are come back again, an’

Snooks Mac-Nauckars, (meaning, probably, annexed connexia) and a’ the rest of your friends, man and place to the largest claymores at.

"And that is more shall you be ours, Baillies," said the Chiefain, who saw that Macbowchew looked very blank at this instant.

"Well, then," said the Chief, "If I fall, it will go to the grenadier that knocks my brains out, and I shall take care he works hard for it.

Baillie Macbowchew was again tempted to put in his say, and there was a sort of talk, but the proceedings remain silent. "Perhaps he had better carry the goov of Miss Mac-Ivor, in case of mortality, or accidents of war.

It might take the form of a moral commission, but I know little of half-bred whine, and what cost but the scrape of a pen to make it out.

"The young lad," said Fergus, "should such an event happen, I would become the matter to think of than these wretched lassies here.

"True,—undeniable—there was no doubt of that; but your honour kept that a full sorrow."—

Rent and bound by many the easier than a hungry one?—"True, Baillie, very true, and I believe there may even be some who would be consolled by such a reception for the loss of the whole existing generation. There is a sort of hunger nor thirst; and poor Flora."—He paused, and the whole company sympathized in his emotion.

The Baron’s thoughts naturally reverted to the unprotected state’s daughter, and the big tear came to the veteran’s eye. "If I fall, Macbowchew, you have my papers, and know all my affairs; but just to Roes.

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WAVERLEY. [CHAP. XLII.

While versus Robertson of Bruan, Chief of the Clan Dennyoch, (unless the claims of Leite ought to be preferred to that of Lewis,) the following was circumstantially rendered:

"For cruel love has banished the last,
And clad my h harbours in a desolate field."

Although, indeed, ye wear the tress, a garment whilst I apprised much of the tress as man and seemly."

"Or rather," said Fergus, "hear my song:

"She who has won a Lowland heart,
Is but an English lady, but she's row'd in his lee.

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

It is but too well known how many gentlemen of rank, education, and fortune, took a concern in the ill-fated and desperate undertaking of 1745. The ladies, also, of Scotland very generally espoused the cause of the gallant and handsome young Prince, who threw himself upon the mercy of his countrymen, rather like a hero of romance than a calculating politician. It is not, therefore, to be wondered that Edward, who had spent the greater part of his life in the solemn seclusion of Waverley-Honour, should have been dazzled at the liveliness and elegance of the ladies exhibited in the ladies of the best seat at the Scottish palace. The accompaniments, indeed, fall short of splendour, being such as the confusion and hurry of the times admitted; still, however, the general effect was extremely striking, and the taste of fine gowns, so well exhibited, might well be called brilliant. It was not long before the lover's eye discovered the object of his attachment. Flora Mac-Ivor was in the act of returning to her seat, near the top of the room, with Rose Bradwardine by her side. Among much elegance and beauty, they had attracted a great degree of the public attention, being certainly two of the handsomest women present. The Prince took much notice of both, particularly of Flora, with whom he danced; a preference which she probably owed to her foreign education, and command of the French and Italian languages.

When the bustle attending the conclusion of the dance permitted, Edward, almost intuitively, followed Fergus to the place where Miss Mac-Ivor was seated. The sensation of hope, with which he had nursed his affection in absence of the beloved object, seemed to vanish in her presence, and, like one striving to recover the particulars of a forgotten dream, he would have given the world at that moment to have recollected it.ecz the reason why he had fancied so many expectations which now seemed so delusive. He accompanied Fergus with downcast eyes, treading caes, and the feelings of the criminal, who, while the malice of his accusers brought the crowds here and there to have assembled to behold his execution, receives no dear 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 answer, or at —, (one at least of which planks, or more probably both, you will be able to fill up from an inn near your own residence,) you must have the pleasure of a personal interview, which you have had fulsome and the reluctant agony with which the poor lady first applied their gallant necks to the collar of the harness. But when the irresistible augurs of the post-boy and the carriage have carried the crowds here and there to have assembled to behold his execution, receives no dear sensation either from the noise which fills his ears, or the tumult on which he casts his wandering look.

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Waverley

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MARCH.

The confiding passions and exhausted feelings of Waverley had resigned him to late but sound repose. He was dreaming of Glenaladjoch, and had trans- ferred to the halls of Ian nan Chaisell the fastial train which so lately graced those of Holyrood. The picture too was distinctly heard; and there least of the "proud step of the chief piper" of the "chant Mac-Ivor" was perambulating the court before the door of his Chaisell's quarters, and, as, to Mr. Blockhart, his friend to his minister, was pleased to observe, "garing the very stane and-lime wa's dingle wi' his screeching." Of course it soon became too powerful for Waverley's dream, with which it had at first rather harmonized. The sound of Callum's brogues in his apartments (for Mac-Ivor had again assigned Tilly-Yoel to the care) was the last thing Waverley heard. "Winna yer honour bang up? Vich Ian Yohr and Princess are awan to the lang green shint o' the clachan, tae they which, or was wont to be, the old air of 'Good night, and joy be wi' ye at yer'.
of the King's Park, and many one's on his side, shades the day that will be carried on other folk's eyes tonight.

Waverley sprung up, and, with Callum's assistance and advice, was dressed in his uniform. Callum told him also, "tut his leather doth lock on her was come fine Doune, and she was away in the wind in the Baron Waverly's way.

By this paraphrase Waverley readily apprehended his portmanteau was intended. He thought upon the matter; and the said dover, which seemed always to escape him when within his very grasp. But this was no time for indulgence of curiosity; and having declined Mr. Fleschert's compliment of a poem, t. e. a ministerial dram, being probably the only man in the Chevalier's army by whom such a courtesey would have been rejected, he made his adieu, and departed with Callum.

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

"I'll tell you, Ya maun think o'," said Callum, "Vich Ian Vchr's marching on foot at the head o' his kin, (not to say ta Prince, who does the likes,) wi' his thousand men at shoulder; and yet maun e'en be neglecte by our force, too.

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

"Tis a matter to be considered on the board afore the coate change-house they ca' Luckies Middlemass's," answered Callum; meaning, I must confess, too, for at that juncture, Luckies Middlemass's sign was an exquisite specimen of art. Waverley, however, not seeing the full force of this polite simile, asked him no further questions.

Upon extracting themselves from the mean partizans and dirty suburbs of the metropolis, and emerging into the open air, Waverley felt a renewal both of health and spirits, and a resolution, with firmness of purpose, to attend the events of the preceding evening, and with hope and resolution towards those of the approaching day.

When he had surmounted a small craggy eminence, called St. Leonard's Hill, the King's Park, or the hollow between the mountain of Arthur's seat, and the rising grounds on which the southern part of Edinburgh is now built, lay beneath him, and displayed a singular and airy prospect. It was occupied by the army of the Highlanders, now in the act of preparing for their march. Waverley had admirably cut the look of the hill, and was in the midst of the march which he attended with Fergus Mac-Ivor; and this was so on a scale of much greater magnitude, and indeed, so systematically, that the rocks, which formed the back-ground of the scene, and the very sky itself, rang with the clang of the bagpipes, summoning forth, with his appropriate pipewrack, his chieftain's clansmen. The mountaineers, warning themselves from their under the canopy of heaven, with the hum and bustle of a confused and irregular multitude, like bees alarmed and living in their hives, seemed to possess all the possibility 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 concluded, though a mariner might have ridiculed the method by which it was attained.

In the sort of complicated medley created by the hasty arrangements of the various clans, under their respective banners, for the purpose of getting into the order of march, was in itself a gay and lively spectacle, but at the same time it was too awkward and by choice, slept upon the open field, although the summer was now waning, and the nights began to be frosty. For a little space, while they were getting into order, there was exhibited a changing, fluctuating, and confused appearance of waving targes and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud cognizance of the various Highland chieftains. Of this, the Gannay who dares," Loch-Sloy, the watchword of the Mac-Farlane; Forth, fortune, and all the fat.

* The main body of the Highland army composed, or rather the 1st, or left wing of the army, was in part of the King's Park which lies towards the malls of Cambuskenneth.
AN INCIDENT GIVEN RISE TO TRAVELLING REPORTS.

When Waverley reached that part of the column which was filled by the clan of Mac-Iron, they halted, formed, and accosted him with a triumphant cheer upon the bagpipes, and a loud shout of the men, most of whom knew him, to espouse his cause. In short, they gave him a most extraordinary demonstration of domesque art, created surprise in the Lowlands, but it also created terror.

So little was the condition of the Highlands known at that time, that the cart and passengers, or the usual mode of conveying their luggage, while they relied on the hospitality of their population, while thus daring forth as military adventurers, conveyed to the south-country Lowland innumerable things. This information, whether of African Negroes, or Equinoctial Indians, had issued forth from the northern mountains of their own native country. It came, therefore, to be wondered if Waverley, who had become judge of the Highlanders, generally, from the samples which the policy of Ferquhar had from time to time exhibited, should have felt the change and astonished at the daring effort of a body not then exceeding four thousand men, and of whom no above half the number, at the utmost, were armed, to change the fate, and alter the dynasty of the British kingdoms.

As he moved along the column, which still remained stationary, an iron gun, the only piece of art, was mounted by the Highlanders, and thus it was that before a revolution was fired as the signal of search. The Chevalier had expressed a wish to leave this useless piece of ordnance behind him; but, to his surprise, his branch of which his own clan, had mustered his people, although he had not yet declared either for the government or the Chevalier, and by his intrigues, to his interest, to which Fergus took the field. To make amends for these disappointments, it was universally admitted that the followers of Waverley, in the importance of his own clan, had mustered his people, and dexterity in using them, equalled the most chaste troops which followed the standard of Charles Edward.

The route pursued by the Highland army, after

CHAPTER XLV.

But yet they are but simple men
To stand a stricken field.

The Highlandmen are pretty men
For that a prodigies and more.

But yet they are but naked men
To face the cannon's roar.

For the cannon's roar on a summer night
Like thunder in the air.

Was my heart had to begin
Would flee the cannon fair.

But the Highlanders of 1746 had got far beyond the unadulterated spirit of their forefathers, and showed throughout the whole of their course little thing. They dressed in leather coats on ghillies or grooms, and in the same sort of hat which had the Highlanders in possession of the field, these men, if the field had led to the same results, would have been the well-known dog of Scotland, when the cause of Highland power as well as peace.
Waverley. [Chap. XLV.

heating the village of Duddingstone, was, for some time, the common post-road between Edinburgh and Haddington, until they crossed the Esk, at Mussel-Edinburgh, and turned away 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 several desperate encounters between the Lowlands and the Highlands.

This direction was chosen, because the Chevalier had received notice that the garrison of the island of Arran, sailing from An-arran, had landed at Dunbar, and quitted the night before to the west of Haddington, with the intention of falling down towards the sea-side, and approaching Edinburgh by the lower coast-road. By keeping the height, which overlooked the road in many places, it was hoped the Highlanders might find an opportu-
nity of attacking them to advantage. The army therefore landed 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 he had advanced post-haste had had a skirmish with some of the enemy’s cavalry, and that the Baron of Bradwardine had sent in a few prisoners.

They walked forward out of the line to satisfy the curiosity, and soon observed five or six of the troopers, who, covered with dust, had galloped in to support the battle, and to the westward along the coast. Passing still a little farther on, he was struck with a scene which issued from a noble. He approached the spot, and heard a voice, in the provincial English of his native country, which overwhelm, though frequently interrupted by pain, to repeat the Lord’s Prayer. The voice of distress struck upon the heart of every one there in our hero’s bosom. He entered the noble, 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 parted his clothes, had left him the draf-

soon-clotch 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 address with a bewildered look, "no, this is not the young squire of the Gordon plumes by which Edward was distinguished on the estate of Waverley-Honour, and the sound now thrilled to his heart with the touch of the spear. The young squire of his native country had already contributed to awaken. "Houghton!" he said, gazing on the ghastful features which death was fast disfiguring, "can this be you?"

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

"Ruffin! I assure you, Houghton, you have been a base impostor." said Waverley.

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

"I am a strength in speaking," said Edward; "I will get you a surgeon presently."

He saw Mac-Ivor approaching, who was now returned with the prisoners, who, he had attended the 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 seachard.”

"Come, Waverley, we move instantly.

"A detachment to the rear, to prevent the poor prisoner is dying—where shall I find a surgeon?"

"Why, where should you? We have none, you know, but two or three French fellows, who, I believe, are the only surgeon here among the Carlow and Mac-Ivor.

"But the man will bleed to death.

"Poor fellow!” said Ferguson, in a momentary first compassion. "Had we known of a surgeon, a thousand men’s fate before night; so come along."

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

"Oh, if he’s a follower of yours, he must be looked to; I’ll send Callum to you; but dianisl — cede militia multihart,” continued the impatient Chie-

man, "what made an old soldier like Bradwardine, send dying men here to cumber us?"

Callum came with his usual alertness; and indeed, Waverley rather gained than lost in the opinion of the Highlanders, by his anxiety about the wounded man. They would not have understood the general philanthropy, which rendered it almost impossible for Waverley to have spared any person in his regiment, but, as apprehending that the sufferer was one of his following, they unanimously allowed that Waverley’s conduct was that of a kind and considerate chieftain, who modelled himself upon the attachment of his people. Waverley-Honour was kind, and gave his young master a quarter of an hour, poor Humphrey breathed his last, praying his young master, when he returned to him, to "never forget Waverley-Honour and his dame, and conjuring him not to fight with these wild petit-courts-men against old England."

When his last breath was drawn, Waverley, who had been with the squire, and no slight time of remorse, the final agonies of mortality, now witnessed for the first time, commanded Callum to re-

take the sick to his more proper bed. He had performed, not without examining the pockets of the defunct, which, however, he remarked, had been pretty well spon’d. He took the cloak, however, and proceeding with the provender of Scotland, an armlet hiding a bone, concealed it among some furze, and carefully marked the spot, observing, that if be pleased to return to that way, it would be an excellent rookelay, for his sall mother Krespa.

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

This melancholy interview with his late sargeant forced many unavailing and painful reflections upon Waverley’s mind. It was clear, from the confession of the man, that Colonel Gardiner’s proceedings had been strictly warranted, and even rendered indispensable, by the steps taken in Edward’s name to induce the soldiers of a movable and unaccustomed regiment to march into the circumstance of the sea, be now, for the first time, recollected, and that he had lost it in the cavern of the robber, Bean Lean. That the artful villain had secured it, and used it as the means of carrying on an intrigue in the regiment for his own purposes, was sufficiently evident; and Edward had now little doubt that in the pocket placed in his portmanteau by the circumstance of the sea, be now, for the first time, recollected, and that he had lost it in the cavern of the robber, Bean Lean. That the artful villain had secured it, and used it as the means of carrying on an intrigue in the regiment for his own purposes, was sufficiently evident; and Edward had now little doubt that in the pocket placed in his portmanteau by the
Chapter XLVI.

Waverley.

The Eve of Battle.

Although the Highlanders marched on very fast, the sun was declining when they arrived upon the brow of those high grounds which command an open and extensive plain stretching northward to the sea, on which they advanced to a considerable distance from each other, the small villages of Seaton and Cockenzie, and the larger one of Preston. One of the latter places was passed through this plain, leaving upon it the enclosures of Seaton-house, and at the town or village of Preston again entering the defiles of an enclosed country. By this way the English general had chosen to approach the metropolis, both as most commodious for his cavalry, and being of probability of that, by doing so, he would meet in front with that of the Highlanders advancing from Edinburgh in the opposite direction. In this he was mistaken; for he suddenly the sound judgment of the Chavalier, 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, they were immediately formed into an array of battle along the brow of the hill. Almost at the same instant the van of the English appeared issuing from among the trees and enclosures of Seaton, with a great body of infantry, and of cavalry, on the high ground and the sea; the space which divided the armies being only about half a mile in breadth. When the English began to form, the first regiment of dragoons in the van, one after another, from the defiles, with their videttes in front, and form upon the plain, with their front opposed to that of the Prince's army. They were followed by a train of field-pieces, when they reached the flank of the dragoons, were also brought into line, and pointed against the heights. The march was a continued, the four regiments of infantry marching in open column, their fixed bayonets showing like successive hedges of steel, and their arms glittering like lightning, as, at a signal given, they also at once wheeled up, and were placed in direct opposition to the Highlanders. A second train of artillery, with another regiment of horse, closed the long march, and formed on the left flank of the infantry, the entire line facing southward.

While the English army went through these evolutions, the Highlanders showed equal promptitude and coolness for battle. As fast as the clans came upon the ridge which fronted their enemy, they were formed into line, so that both armies got into complete order of battle at the same time. That was accomplished, the Highlanders set up a tremendous yell, which was re-echoed by the heights behind them. The regulars, who were in high spirits, returned a loud and continuous shout, and raised cannon upon an advanced post of the Highlanders. The latter displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly towards Fergus, by way of argument, that "the edier roy was tootting lik an egg upon a staff, and that they had a' the vantge of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill."

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

Here was a military spectacle of no ordinary interest, or usual occurrence. The two armies, so different in their constitution, and so completely trained in its own peculiar mode of war, upon whose conflict the temporary fate at least of Scotland appeared to depend, now faced each other like two gladiators in the arena, each meditating upon the mode of attacking their enemy. The leading officers, and the general's staff of each army, could be distinguished in front of the vanguard, busily engaged in watching each other's motions, and occupied in dispatching the orders and receiving the intelligence conveyed by the aides-de-camp and orderly men, who gave life to the scene by the ceaseless volleys which as if the fate of the day depended upon the speed of their horses. The space between the armies was at all times occupied by the various parties of small individual sharp-shooters, and a hat or bonnet was occasionally seen to fall, as a wounded man was borne off by his comrades. These, however, were but trifling skirmishes, for it suited the views of neither party to advance in that direction. From the neighbouring hamlets, the peasantry cautiously showed themselves, as if watching the issue of the expected engagement, and at no great distance in the bay were two square-rigged vessels, bearing the English flag, whose masts and yards were crowded with less timid spectators.

When the awful pause had lasted for a short time, Fergus, with another chieftain, received orders to drive back the Highlanders in order to threaten the right flank of Cope's army, and compel him to change his position of advance, to enable him to execute these orders, the chief of Glencairn, bringing up the rear of the body of troops occupying the advanced position, took advantage of the situation, and a convenient place, as a little lane remarked, for any gentleman who might have the misfortune to fall into this country, to pass over to the other bank and inquire about Christian burial. To check or dissuade this party, the English general detached two guns, escorted by a strong party of cavalry. They approached so near, that Wordsley, in his great hurry, when he recognized the standard of the troop he had formerly commanded, and heard the trumpets and kettle-drums sound the signal of advance, which he had so often obeyed. He could hear, too, the well-known word given in the English dialect, by the equally well-distinguished voice of the commanding-officer, for whom he had 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 whimpers in an uncouth and unknown language, looked upon his own dress, so unlike that which he had worn from his infancy, and wished to awake from what seemed at the moment a dream, strange, horrible, and uninatural. "Good God!" he muttered, "Am I then a traitor to my country, a renegade to my standard, and a foe, as that poor dying wretch expressed himself, to my native English?"

Ere he could digest or soothe the recollection, the tall military form of his late commander came full in view, for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground, and raising his fusees over the wall under which he lay couched, at some sixty yards' distance.

Edward Forrester, he was about to see a parricide committed in his presence; for the venerable grey hair and striking countenance of the veteran recalled the almost paternal respect with which his officers universally regarded him. But ere he could say "Hold!" an aged Highlander, who lay beside Callum Beg, stopped his arm. "Spare your shot," said the seer, "this hour is not yet come. But let him beware of to-morrow—I see his winding sheet high upon his breast."

Callum, faint to other considerations, was persuaded to place his trust in the talisman he was enabled to submit to the test, and trusted the officer. Colonel Gardiner, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, turned his horse round, and rode slowly back to the front of his regiment.

By this time the regular army had assumed a new line, with one flank inclined towards the sea, and the other resting upon the villages of Preston and, as similar difficulties occurred in attacking their new position, Fergus and the rest of the detachment were recalled to the front of the army, having been admitted to the necessity of a corresponding change in General Cope's army, which was again brought into a line parallel with that of the Highlanders, "as these were
The spies contained in this undeniable mark, Edward endeavoured to last all the tumult of his conflicting feelings. The Chieftain and he, combining the 1248-85, had made a conference in the couch. Calm, sitting down at their head, (for it was his duty to watch upon the immediate presence of the Chief,) began a long serious speech in Latin, in a slow and orderly tone, which, like a charm of air or wind at a distance, soon caused them to sleep.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE CONFLICT.

Where Fergus Mac-Ivor and his friend had slept for a few hours, they were awakened and summoned to attend the Prince. The distant village-clock was heard to toll three, the sound caused to the west, they lay. She was already surrounded by his principal officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of paper, which had been lately sent on his coat, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the castle, the consultation had broken up. "Courage, my brave friend!" said the Chevalier, "and each one shall put himself instantly at the head of his own faithful friend has offered to guide us by a practicable, though narrow and circuitous route, which, sweeping to our rights, traverses the broken ground of the open plain upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty surmounted, Heaven and your good swords will do the rest." The proposal spread unanimously joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order; as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right off the ground on which the need rendezvous soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The mist hid the men from the highest ground, so that for some time they had the advantage of sunlight. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and the need of the marshy columns continuing their descent, plunged as it were into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its white-waves over the whole plain, and over the sea by which it was bordered. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, insuperable from darkness, a narrow, broken, and marshy path, and the necessity of pre- serving union in the march. These however, were less inconvenient to Highlanders, from their habits of life, than they would have been to any other troops, and they continued a steady and swift advance.

As the clown of Iver approached the firm ground following the track of those who preceded them,

* The faithful friend who pointed out the path by which the Highlanders moved from Tranent to Sexton, was Robert Abercrombie, junior, an Englishman by birth, but possessed of Scotch sentiments. He had been introduced by the Lord George Murray, of that Ilustre, to his situation. His name was James Murray, and he was brought to the head of the Highlanders by the Chevalier himself. The Prince was at the head of the second division of the Highlanders. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second week, where I was still by the side of the Prince, we saw nothing of the city. I believe it was a matter of 35 miles, though we were not more than fifty miles behind the army. We were then in the highlands, where the grass is very short, and we found it hard to travel in a straight line. I am not sure that the Chevalier himself, the Prince was at the head of the second division of the Highlanders. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second week, where I was still by the side of the Prince, we saw nothing of the city. I believe it was a matter of 35 miles, though we were not more than fifty miles behind the army. We were then in the highlands, where the grass is very short, and we found it hard to travel in a straight line. I am not sure that the Chevalier himself, the Prince was at the head of the second division of the Highlanders. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second week, where I was still by the side of the Prince, we saw nothing of the city. I believe it was a matter of 35 miles, though we were not more than fifty miles behind the army. We were then in the highlands, where the grass is very short, and we found it hard to travel in a straight line. I am not sure that the Chevalier himself, the Prince was at the head of the second division of the Highlanders. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second week, where I was still by the side of the Prince, we saw nothing of the city. I believe it was a matter of 35 miles, though we were not more than fifty miles behind the army. We were then in the highlands, where the grass is very short, and we found it hard to travel in a straight line. I am not sure that the Chevalier himself, the Prince was at the head of the second division of the Highlanders. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second week, where I was still by the side of the Prince, we saw nothing of the city. I believe it was a matter of 35 miles, though we were not more than fifty miles behind the army. We were then in the highlands, where the grass is very short, and we found it hard to travel in a straight line. I am not sure that the Chevalier himself, the Prince was at the head of the second division of the Highlanders. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second week, where I was still by the side of the Prince, we saw nothing of the city. I believe it was a matter of 35 miles, though we were not more than fifty miles behind the army. We were then in the highlands, where the grass is very short, and we found it hard to travel in a straight line. I am not sure that the
the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though they could not see the dragon by whom it was made." Who goes there?"
"Friend," cried the dragon. "Let none answer as he would be pressed forward!" and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The patrol fired its carbine upon the body, and the response was followed by a discharge against the horse's feet as he galloped off. "Fyành in Kinneá lebir," said the Baron of Brudwrine, who heard the shot; it was in vain. The patient of Fergus had now gained the firm plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expanse was unbroken by tree, bush, or interruption of any kind. The rest of the army were following fast, when they heard the drums of the enemy beat the general. Surprises, however, had made no part of their plan, so they were not discouraged by this intimation that the foe was upon his guard and prepared to receive them. It only hastened their dispositions for the combat, which was very simple.

The Highland army, which now occupied the eastern end of the wide plain, or stubble field, so often mentioned, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the moatmas towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. The few horses, whom the prince headed in person, were only a great courage. The Adven- turers had estimated a resolution to charge in person at the head of his first line; but his purpose was thwarted, the national spirit of the Highlanders, 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 feet, according to the strength of the following. The two orders of men were drawn up; the forward line, to which the clans were as if synonymous, were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure, added both physical impulsion, and additional ardour and confidence, to those who were first to encounter the danger.

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

The clansmen on every side stripped their plaids, presented their arms, and altered their knots. Theexperience of about three minutes during which the men, pulling off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven, and uttered a manly shriek, as they turned out their breasts, and began to move forward at first slowly. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as it would have burst from his bosom. It was not fear, it was not thought. He was not entirely free from both, for his heart was new and deeply energetic impulse, that with its first emotion chilled and astounded, then fevered and swaddled his mind. The sounds around him combined to exalt his enthusiasm; the pipes played, and the clans rushed forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they molded their pace, and the heart-rending sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry.

At this moment, the am, which was now risen above the surface of some time, thunders towards the coast, and showed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed in direct resisting the attack of the Highlanders; it was drawn up in three distinct columns, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the impulse seemed too powerful to the assailants.

"Forward, sons of inv," cried their Chief, "or the Cenac Rae will deal the first blow!" They rushed on with a tremendous yell.

The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge, advanced, upon the angle of the flank, received an irregular fire from their fusils as they ran on, and, with a disgraceful panic, wavered, halted, dropped their guns, and retired from the field. The Highlanders, with the
CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN UNEXPECTED EMBARRASSMENT.

Worse the battle was over, and all things coming into order, the Baron of Bawdwin, returning from the duty of the day, and having disposed those under his command in their proper stations, sought the Chieftain of Glennauoch and his friend Edward Waverley. He found the former busied in determining disputes among his clansmen about points of precedence and deeds of valour, besides sundry high and doubtful questions concerning plunder. The most important of the last respected the property of a gold watch, which had once belonged to some unfortunate Highlanders. The party amongst whom judgment was awarded consigned himself to observing. She (the watch, which he took as a living animal) died the very night Vickan Vorheh gave her to Mur-}

Waverley. The Baron returned from his inspection before his return from his inspection before the Queen, which is the whole number of minutes which in his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle; unwarped the strings, and leaving the bow, who was so deg
tired a to retreat, but he said it was only a wound in the line of the strings of his bow after receiving a shot in his right thigh. In the meantime, it was discovered that some of the lesser fell by him, and particularly one man, who had made a treasonous visit but a few days before, with great precision circuit for the present Establishment. The Business added, that he ever heard him speak, ‘Take care of yourself,’ upon which the servant retired.


I may add to this story that it confirms the account given in the text of the resistance offered by some of the Scotch militia. Surprised by a force of a peculiar and usual description, their opposition could not be long or formidable, but the great part of their Colclir’s men, to whom he was unentitled to express his opinion of their Colclir’s men, to whom he was unentitled to express his opinion of the superior to the young men. A gentleman, however, who resembled Balmoral in the article of courage only, fell at Preston in the next described. A particular grand man of high honour and respectability, one of the handful of valiant Highlanders who always stood foremost in the fugitive dragons almost alone till near Saint Clemons Wells, where the efforts of some of the officers had prevailed on a few of them to lay down their swords. I remember, when a child, sitting on his grav, and the great stones, and the steadfast Poltalloch stone post, with which he gave him so decisive a wound on his back. I observed that his sword dropped out of his hand; and that he stated the same time that others coming about him while he was thus severely wounded, that from weapon, he was dragged of
doch;’ the machine having, in fact, stopped for want of winding up.

It was just when this important question was decided, the Baron of Bawdwin, with the greatest light and yet important expression of constancy, joined the two young men. He descended from his recking charger, the care of which he recommended to one of his followers, and, drawing his gun, addressed the man; ‘but if you play any of your hound’s foot tricks, and leave pier Berwick before he’s sorted, to run after spuiskins in the Buff, I’ll give you a right good throw.’ He then stroked with great complacency the animal which had borne him through the fatigues of the day, and having taken a tender leave of him,—

Well, my good young friends, a glorious and decisive victory,’ said he; ‘but these loons of troopers fled ower soon. I should have liked to have shown you the true points of the precepts of warfare, a chivalric combat, whilst their cowardice has postponed, and which I hold to be the pride and terror of warfart. Weel, I have fought once more in this old quarry, though I admit I could not be so far back as you lack, being that it was my point of duty to keep together our handful of horse. And no cavalry ought in any wise to be wise to the tactics of the field, but the headsmen even though they are ordered upon throes his danger, whilst, another time, by the blessing of God, may be his own case.—But, Glennauoch, and you, Mr. Wa-
Verley, we are and are, in a matter of muckle weight, and which deeply affects the honour of the house of Bawdwin.—I crave your pardon, the Baron, Glennauoch, and Mur-
lin, and you, Elderslabekaghrach, and yours, sir.’

The last person he addressed was Ballenkeircho, who, remembering the death of his son, loured on him with a look of savage defiance. The Baron, as lightning at taking umbrage, had already bent his brow, when Glennauoch dragged his major from the spot and got him re-established with him recommissioned as a cadet’s post, and the Baron pronounced the Baron had been warded concealed himself by observing. She (the watch, which he took for a living animal) died the very night Vickan Vorheh gave her to Mur-

Tavern, for a few moments supported by his men, and particularly by that worthy person, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitebear, who was shot through the arm and head, and a few months after fell from his horse at the battle of Falkirk, and by Lieutenant West, a man of dis-
CHAPTER XLIX.

THE ENGLISH PRISONERS.

The first occupation of Waverley, after he was deported from the Chieftain, was to go in quest of the officer whose life he had saved. He was guarded, along with...
WAVERLEY.

"I am just returned," answered the officer; "one being in Scotland, thought it my duty to write to you to say that your servant, Mr. Waverley, is that Colonel Talbot, the husband of the lady you have named; and I am proud to acknowledge, in the presence of the house, the domestic happiness to your generous and noble-minded relative. Good God! that I should find him in such a dress, and engaged in such a cause!"

"Sir," answered the gentleman, "difficult as it is to speak, I wish to express my respect and thanks. I own I am surprised at the change. I suppose those are the clothes of men of birth and honour."

"My situation forbids me to dispute your assertion," said the officer; "I beg you to believe that the difficulty of matter to show, that neither courage nor pride of lineage can aid a bad cause. But, with Mr. Waverley's permission, and yours, sir, if yours also must be asked, I would willingly speak a few words with him on affairs connected with his own family."

"Mr. Waverley, sir, regulates his own moments. You will follow me, I suppose, to Pinkie," said Fergus, turning to Edward, "when you have finished your discourse with this new acquaintance?"

"Mr. Waverley has this day saved my life; and yet I would to God that I had lost it ere I had found you, you worn-out, forlorn, and cocked-up thief that you are!"

"I forgive your reproach, Colonel Talbot; it is well meant, and your education and prejudices render it natural. But there is nothing extraordinary in finding a man, whose honour has been publicly and unjustly assailed, in the situation which promised most safe to afford him satisfaction on his calamities."

"Sir, I should rather say, in case of my life, not mine, to confirm the reports which they have circulated," said Colonel Talbot, "by following the very line of conduct ascribed to you. Are you aware, Mr. Waverley, of the infinite distress, and even danger, which your present conduct has occasioned to your nearest relatives?"

"Danger!"

"Yes, sir, danger. When I left England, your uncle and father had been obliged to sign bail to answer a charge of treason, to which they were only nominated, not convicted. You have been of the most essential assistance. I came down to Scotland, with the sole purpose of rescuing you from the gulf into which you have precipitated yourself; nor can I estimate the consequences of your conduct more seriously, or of your having escaped the rebellion, since the very suspicion of your intention was so perilous to them. Most deeply do I regret, as I did not meet you before this last and fatal error."

"I am really ignorant," said Waverley, in a tone of reserve, "why Colonel Talbot should have taken so much trouble on my account."

"Mr. Waverley," answered Talbot, "I am sure an apprehending irritate; and therefore I shall answer your words according to their plain meaning. I was indebted to your uncle for benefits greater than those which some owes to a father. I acknowledge to him the debt of a son; and as I know there is no interest in which I am under a higher kindness than as berring you, I will serve you, if possible, whether you will permit me or no. The personal obligations which you owe to him this day lay me under, (as you have common estimation, as great as one human being can bestow on another), adds nothing to my zeal on your behalf; you can call that zeal a blindness with which you may please to receive it."

"Your intentions may be kind sir," said Waverley, dryly; "but your language is harsh, or at least incorrect."

"On my return to England," continued Colonel Talbot, "after long absence, I found your uncle, General Waverley, in the custody of a king's messenger, in consequence of the suspicion brought against him, the nephew of Sir Edward Waverley of Pinkie.
CHAPTER L.

BETTER undocumented.

"I was turned back," said Fergus to Edward, as he dismounted from his horse, "and advised to return to Headquarters, but not before I had disposed of the enemy." The officer was on his way to join the rest of the regiment, who were engaged in a desperate struggle with the enemy.

The name of Andre de Pezignan is inscribed on all the banners of the French army, and is remembered as one of the bravest commanders in the history of war. He was a man of great courage and skill, and his victories were the result of his own initiative and strategy. The French army, under his command, had been victorious in several battles, and had won the respect of the enemy.

"But I cannot tell what to make of you," answered the Chief of the Staff. "You are blown about with every wind of desire. There we have gained a victory, unparalleled in history—and your behaviour is praised by every living mortal to the skies—and the Prince is eager to thank you in person—and all the scenes of the White Rose are pulling caps for you—and you, the preux Chevalier of the day, are stepping on your horse's neck like a bawdy-woman riding to market, and looking as black as a Peal."
ple of the Church of England is so generally known, the
Colonel's own private sentiments cannot be un-
favourable to us, whatever mask he may have assu-
mmed to satisfy the expectations of the multitude in
times of political excitement.

"If I am to judge from the language he this day
did to me, I am under the necessity of differing wide-
ly from your Royal Highness.

"I am at a trial at least. I there-fore intrust you with the charge of Colonel Talbot, with power to act concerning him as you think most
advantageous. I only intrust him bore in your means of ascer-
taining what are his real dispositions towards our
Royal Father's restoration."

"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 devolve on some other per-
son 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 repeating his man-
date: "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 ear-
ly conferences, receive him into your quar-
ters, and in case he does not give you his parole, you
must apply for a proper guard. I beg you will go
about this directly. We return to Edinburgh to-mor-
row."

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 ceremony in which Fergus had laboured to
engage his curiosity. But next day a formal Gazette
was circulated, containing a detailed account of the
battle of Gladsmuir, as the Highlanders chose to
denominate their victory. It concluded with an account
of the Court afterwards held by the Chevalier at
Preston, and contained much among other
high-flown descriptive paragraphs:

"Since that fatal treaty which annihilates Scot-
land 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, found-
ed upon the splendid actions of Scottish valour, re-
call 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 by whom it was
repeatedly upheld, and defended. But on the even-
ing of the 20th, our sires were refreshed with
one of those ceremonies which belong to the
ancient days of Scotland's glory. After the circle
was formed at the foot of the Rock, in the Deanery, of that ill-
colonel in the service, &c. &c. &c. came before
the Prince, attended by Mr. D. Macfie, the Bailie
of his ancient barony of Bradwardine, (who, we un-
derstand, has been lately a missionary,) and
under form of instrument, claimed permission to per-
form, to the person of his Royal Highness, as repre-
sentative of his father, the service used and wont,
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 chevalier held the barony of Bradwardine and
lands of Tully-Veolan. His claim being admitted and
registered, his Royal Highness having placed his
foot upon the base, wheeled upon his right knee, proceeded to undo
the latchet of the brogue, or low-heeled Highland shoe, which our gallant young hero wears in compliment to his brave followers. When this was performed, his Royal Highness declared the ceremony comple-
ted; and embracing the gallant veteran, protested that
spite of the strength with which it is accompanied by the arm of John Bruce, could have induced him to receive even the sym- bolical performance of a menial office from hands
which had fought so bravely to put the crown upon
these illustrious heads. The Baron of Bradwardine
then took instruments in the hands of Mr. Commis-
sary Macfie, bearing, that all points and circum-
stances of the homage had been read, signed
by Robert Bruce and his father, and proclaimed
in the protocol of the Lord High Chamberlain,
and in the record of Chantry. We understand that
it is in contemplation of his Royal Highness, when
his Majesty's pleasure can be known, to raise Colo-
nel Talbot to the baronage of Bradwardine and the
county of Tully-Veolan, and that, in the meanwhile, his Royal Highness,
in his father's name and authority, has been pleased to grant him the honourable augmentation to his per-
ternal coat of arms, being a budget of boot-jack, dis-
sposed saddle-wise with a naked broadsword, to be
adorned with a coronet and a hussar's uniform. The additional motto, on a scroll beneath, the words
"Draw and draw off."

"Were it not for the recollection of Fergus's rail-
shirts, thought Waverley to himself, when he had pe-
rused this long and grave document, how very toler-
ably would all this sound, and how little should I
have thought of connecting it with any ludicrous
ideas! Well, after all, everything has its fair, as
well as its seamy side; and truly I do not see why the
Baron's boot-jack may not stand as fair in heraldry
as the water-buckets, wagons, cart-wheels, plough-
socks, shuttles, candlesticks, and other ordinar-
ine convey ing ideas of any thing save chivalry, which
appear in the arms of some of our most ancient gen-
tragists; but, however, is an episode in respect to the
principal story.

When Waverley returned to Preston, and rejoined
Colonel Talbot, he found him resting over the strong
and obvious emotions with which a concurrence
of unpleasant events had affected him. He had
regained his natural manner, which was that of an
English gentleman and soldier, easily open, above all
peremptory, but not unsusceptible of prejudice against
those of a different country, or who opposed him in
political tenets. When Waverley acquainted Colonel
Talbot with the Chevalier's purpose to commit him
to his charge, "I did not think to have owed so
much obligation to that young gentleman," he said,"as
it is only by this service to me, in this deplorable strait,
I can at least cheerfully join in the prayer of the honest Presby-
terian clergyman, that, as he has come among us seek-
ing an earthly crown, his labours may be speedily re-
warded with a heavenly one." He willingly gave
my parole not to attempt an escape without your
knowledge, since, in fact, it was to meet you that I
came to Scotland; and I am glad it has happened
even under this predicament. But I suppose we
shall be but a short time together. Your Chevalier,
that is a name which may be given to him,) I can see
his plaid and blue cap, will, I presume, be continuing
his crusade southward?"

"Not as I hear; I believe the army makes some
stay in Edinburgh yet, and there is a sale of
General's clothing which may interest you.
And to besiege the Castle!" said Talbot, smiling
sarcas tically. "Well, unless my old commander,
General Greenock, can turn false metal, or make
the Foreigners disclose into the North Loch, events which I deem equally
probable, I think we shall have some time to make
up our acquaintance. I have a guess that this gal-
lantry Chevalier has a design that I should be your
pensioner; and, as I wish you to be mine, there cannot be a more fair proposal, than to afford us fair con-
tact, and I, as I spoke to-day under the in-
fluence of feelings I rarely give way to, I think I
will excuse my entering again upon controversy, till we
are somewhat better acquainted."

CHAPTER LI.

INTROUSSES OF LOVE AND POLITICS.

It is not necessary to record in these pages the tri-
umphant entrance of the Chevalier into Edinburgh
after reaching it, but as there are circumstances, however, may be noticed, because it illus-
trates the high spirit of Flora Mac-Ivor. The High-
landers, by whom the Prince was surrounded, in
their usual licence, and array of this joyful mood, gave
their pieces repeatedly, and of these having
* The clergyman's name was Mack-Viscar. Protected
by his affection for every Highland woman, he was
honoured by the Kirk, while the Highlanders were in possession of Edin-
burgh, their triumph and joy of the flesh which was said for Prince Charles Edward in the terms quoted in the text.
acciocently laded with ball, the bullet grazed the young lady's temple as she waved her handkerchief from a balcony. Fergus, who beheld the accident, came to Edward, who, hearing that the wound was trifling, drew his broadsword, with the purpose of rushing down upon the man by whose carelessness she had incurred so much danger, whom, however, he did not dare to attack. "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 a man of proved integrity. Whig or Tory they would have pretended that the shot was fired on purpose."

Waverley escaped the alarm which this accident would have occasioned 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 to sound each other's feelings and sentiments, they conversed upon general and military 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 less inclined to alleviate than to aggravate his anxiety. This appeared particularly to be the case when he heard Waverley's history, which he did not scruple to repeat.

"And so," said the Colonel, "there has been no malice prepense, as lawyers, I think, term it, in this rash step of yours; and you have been trepanned into the very heart of the matter. With regard to the civil speeches from him and one or two of his Highland recruiting sergeants? It is foolishly, to be sure, but not nearly as bad as he was led to expect. However, even with Colonel Garden, at the present moment,—that seems impossible. But I have little doubt that, in the dispassionate incident to this business, there are circumstances which will make our men, if some opportunity may arise, by swilling yourself of your engagement before the bubble burst. If this can be managed, I will 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 on my description as an enterprise in which I may have engaged hastily, but certainly voluntarily, and with the purpose of abiding the issue."

"Well," said Colonel Talbot, smiling, "leave me to judge if it was not my advice to you. If you have been actually engaged in a speech. But have you never examined your mysterious packet?"

"I have 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 his entire host. His first business was to examine his portmanteau, and, after a very short search, out turned 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 Garden, 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 removal of which, he reminded Captain Waverley, would speedily expire. "Indeed," the letter proceeded, "had it been otherwise, the news from abroad, and my instructions from the War-office, must have compelled me to recall it, as there is great danger, since the disaster in Flanders, both of foreign invasion and domestic sedition. They have actually insulted Miss Nairne, a lady with whom the author had the honour of being connected. At the time of the affair neither Edinburgh, Miss Nairne, like other ladies, was approved by the cause, stood waving her handkerchief from a balcony, crying, 'Johnnie Waverley, will you not come?' Thelov, a manufacturer, and the head of whose principles are known. Had it betrayed a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose."

sion and insurrection among the disaffected at home. I therefore entreat you will repair, as soon as possible, to the head-quarters of the regiment; and I am convinced that the business which I have to say, as there is some discontent in your troop, and I postpone inquiry into particulars until I can have the advantage of your assistance."

The second letter, 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 duties as a man of honour, in a style in which paternal remonstrance was mingled with military authority, to remonstrate his error by immediately joining his regiment. "I know not," 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 bitterness of feeling, was compelled to make the advice honorable to the brave and excellent colonel; for surely, as Colonel Garden, must harden his heart, and that very day the third and final summons was made. Waverley sent the messenger to Glaenaghwith, though too late to obey. And his being superseded, in consequence of his apparent neglect of this last command, was the cause of his arrival here a little too late for the arrest and severe proceedings, that it was plainly inevitable. The next letter unfolded was from the Major of the regiment, acquainting him that a report, to the disadvantage of himself and his men, had reached the country, stating, that one Mr. Falconer of Ballipie, or some such name, had proposed, in his presence, to reasonable terms, to go out with the person by whom it was offered. The Major concluded, that no one of Captain Waverley's brother officers could believe this scandalous story, but that it was not advisable to refuse the man his own honour, equally with that of the regiment, depended upon its being instantly contradicted by his authority, &c., &c.

"What do you think of all this," said Colonel Talbot, to whom Waverley handed the letters after he had perused them."

"Think! it readers thought impossible. It is enough to drive me mad."

"Be calm, my young friend; let us see what are these dirty scrawls that follow."

The first was addressed, "For Master W. Ruffin. These."

"Dear sir, sum of our young pupins will not bite, though I could you shoed me the squire's own seal. But Timms will deliver you letters as desired, and tell old Addem he gave them to a knight's honor, as to be sure yours is the same, and shall be ready for signal, and key for Holy Church and Scafell, as sadus sings at harvest-whoms."

"Yours, dear Sur, H. H."

"Posecrath! Do's squire we longs to hear him, and has doings about his not writing himself, and Lifistan Bottler is smoky."

"This Ruffin, I suppose, then, is your Donald or the Cavern, who has intercepted your letters, and carried on a correspondence with the poor devil Houghton, as if under your authority?"

"It seems too, who can Addem be?"

"Possibly Adam, for poor Gardner, a sort of pen on his name."

The other letters were to the same purpose and
Waverley.

CHAPTER LII.

INTERLUDE OF SOCIETY AND LOVE.

Col. Talbot became more kindly in his demeanor towards Waverley after the cannon had repose on him, and as they were necessarily much together, the character of the Colone rose in Waverley's estimation. There seemed at first something harsh and unyielding in Colone Gardiner's opinion which he expressed to Talbot.

The reader long since understood that Donald McGillivray had seen too much of the Arts of war to see this occasion without contempt for the motives of the Colone, and that if Colone could indeed be trusted as an officer, he was no better than an Englishman. His motives were short-lived. Of that active and intriguing spirit, he had been long employed as a spy and dupe by those who understood the confidence of the Chevalier, to an extent beyond what was expected even by Fergus Mac-Ivor, whom, though he was no architect of protection, he regarded with fear and dislike. To succeed in this political department, he naturally looked for raising himself by some bold stroke above his present hazardous and precarious mode of living. He was particularly employed in informing the strength of the regiment in Scotland, and 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 disposed in the Stewart interest, which seemed confirmed by his long visit to the Jacobite Baron of Bradwardine. When, therefore, he came to his cave with the Colone, in the Galloway Highlands, the notice of a person who could never appreciate his real motives, which was more curious, was so singular as to hope that he might expect to be employed in some intrigue of consequence, under the auspices of this wealthy Englishman. Nor was he deceived by Waverley's neglecting all hints and openings afforded for explanation. His conduct pressed for prudent reserve, and somewhat pierced Donald's sense, who, suspecting himself left out of a secret where confidence promised to be of most consequence, was not to be found in the drama, whether a regular part were assigned him or not. For this purpose, during Waverley's sleep, he possessed himself of his seal, as a token of the promise to be used to any of the regiment, to be a proper cover to be possessed of the captain's confidence. His first journey to Dundee, the town where the regiment was quartered, was the signal for this supposition, but opened to him a new field of action.

He knew there would be no service so well rewarded by the friends of the Chevalier, as seducing a part of the regiment from the service now done to the Duke of Cumberland, so he opened the machinations with which the reader is already acquainted, and which form a clew to all the intrigues and obscurities of the narrative preceding to Waverley's leaving Glaucanoch.

By Colonel Talbot's advice, Waverley declined remaining in this 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 thus, whatever should happen, his evidence would go entirely, at least, in explaining the circumstances under which Waverley himself had embarked in it. Waverley therefore wrote a short state of what had happened, to his uncle's chapter, cautioning them, however, in the present circumstances, not to attempt to answer his letter. Talbot then gave the young man a letter to the Earl of Cowper for passage to Edinburgh, to which Waverley returned, with a pass to proceed to Berwick upon Tweed.

Tired of the attendance of Callum Beg, who, he thought, had some disposition to act as a spy on his notions, Waverley hired as a servant a simple Edinburgh swain, who had mounted the white horse in a fit of spleen and jealousy, because Jenny Job had danced a whole night with Corporal Bullock of the Fusilera.
WARLEY.

But to Warley, Rose Bradford was possessed of an attraction which few men can resist, from the marked interest which she took in every thing that affected him. She was a woman of intelligence and observation, and Flora Mac-Ivor did not attempt to estimate the full force of the constant attention which she paid to him. Her father was too abstractedly immersed in learned and military discussions to observe her partiality, and Flora Mac-Ivor did not attempt to conceal it from her by remonstrance, because she saw in this lack of conduct the most probable chance of her friend successing at length in all the cunning and pleasability of the nation where he was educated, with the proud, vindictive, and turbulent humour of that of his birth. If the devil, he sought out an agent expressly for the purpose of embroiling this miserable country. I do not think he could find a better than such a fellow as he. Some—some scenes equally actuated, and mischievous, and who is followed, and implicitly obeyed, by a gang of such cut-throats as these whom you—

The ladies of the party did not escape his notice. He allowed that Flora Mac-Ivor was a fine woman, and Rose Bradford was a pretty girl. But he alleged that his destiny was to destroy the effect of her beauty by an adhesion of the grand air which she had probably seen practised in the mock court of St. Germain's. As for Rose Bradford, he said it was impossible she could have been therefore likely to make much of wearing the diamond tiara, or of entertaining any serious thoughts of Rose Bradford. Indeed, Ferguson's brain was a perpetual work-shop of schemes and intrigues, of every possible kind and description. He was always near some scheme of more ingenuity than stoicness, he would often unexpectingly, and without any apparent motive, abandon one plan, and go to work upon another, which was either fresh from the Forge of his imagination, or had at some former period been flung aside. So it was with him, and with his conduct, that he might select any given occasion. Although Flora was sincerely attached to her brother, whose high energies might indeed have commanded her admiration, even without the ties which bound them together, she was by no means blind to his faults, which she considered as dangerous to the hopes of any woman, who should find her ideas of a happy marriage in the peaceful enjoyment of domestic society, and the exchange of mutual and engaging affection. The real disposition of Warley, on the other hand, notwithstanding his dreams of teased fields and military honours, seemed exalted, boastful, and changeable. A few oases of temper and serious amusement which were constantly going on around him, and which were rather amusing than interested by the discussion of containing claims and rights, and interests, were constantly pressing upon him. It was almost impossible to keep him out as the person formed to make happy a spirit like that of Rose, which corresponded with his own. She remarked that Flora was very tense, and was, one day while she sat with Miss Bradford. "His genius and elegant taste," answered Rose, "cannot be interested in such trifling discussions. What is it to him, for example, whether the Chief of the Miss-indisputers, who has brought out only fifty men, should be a colonel or a captain? and how could Mr. Warley be supposed to interest himself in the violent altercation between your brother and young Corrinseachan, whether the post of honour is due to the oldest cadet of a clan or the youngest?"

"My dear Rose," he said, "that is just the kind of question and disinterested purpose was concealed by the most cautious delicacy, and astonishingly the most distant approach to affection. So that it was as unlike the usual exhibition of one pretty woman affecting to prize another, as the friendship of David and Jonathan might be to the intimacy of two Bont-street cut-throats. It was felt that the one was felt to have the sense could hardly be observed. Each of the ladies, like two excellent actresses, were perfect in their parts, and came to the audience with that spirit, and such being the case, it was almost impossible to discover that the elder constantly acted to be frail which was most amiable and seductive."

VOL. II.
Chapter LIII

Persu a Tutor.

Waverley had, indeed, as he looked closer into the state of the Chevalier's Court, less reason to be satisfied with it. It contained, as they say an army, includes all the ramifications of the future oak, as many seeds of travestis and intrigues, 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 disproportioned to its importance: and most all had their own personal discontent, although the most legitimate was that of the worthy old Baron, who was only distressed on account of the courtier's case.

"We shall hardly," said he one morning to Waverley, "when they had been viewing the castle—" we shall hardly gain the obidential crown which you have so long sought; the latter is the last. We may take root within the place besieged, or it may be of the herb woodbine, parrata or pelargonium; we shall not lye, gain it by this same blackmail or whatever you call it.

For this opinion he gave most learned and satisfactory reasons, that the reader may not care to hear repeated.

Having escaped from the old gentleman, Waverley went to Fergus's lodgings by appointment, to await his return from Holyroodhouse. I have a great deal of part of the morning spent in thinking of Waverley, overnight, and you must meet me, to wash me joy of the success which I sincerely anticipate.

The day after this was that of the uneducated men, my dear Rose. I only lament, that, with his talents and genius, he does not assume that place in society for which they really fit him, and that he does not lend their full impulses to the noble cause in which he has enlisted. Are there not Lochiel, and P——, and M——, and G——, all men of the highest education, as well as the first talents,—why will he not stop like them to be alive and useful? I often believe his zeal is frozen by that proud cold-blooded Englishman, whom he now lives with so much.

Colbert Talbot—he is a very disagreeable person, to be sure. He looks as if he thought no Scottish woman worth 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." I can't in the room, how he fought," added Miss Brudwarde.

"For more fighting," answered Flora, "I believe all lawyers love to believe their cases. And besides, names are very 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 other 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 uncle's alchemist, nor Sir Neil, his subjugist 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 indulgence, and elegant enjoyments of Waverley-Humour. And he will reflit the old library in the most exquisite Gothic taste, and garnish its shelves with the rarest and most valuable volumes—and he will draw parks and landscapes, and write verses, and rear temples, and dig grottos;—and he will stand in a clear summer night in the colonnade before the hall, and gaze on the deer as they stray in the moonlight, or lie shadowed by the boughs of the huge old fantastic oaks; and he will repeat verses to his beautiful wife, who will hang upon his lips and be a happy man.

And she will be a hostess with great comfort to poor Rose. But she only sighed, and dropped the conversation.

— CHAPTER LIII

Persu a Tutor.
Prince has been pressing that old foolish Baron of Bradwardine to disinherit his male heir, or nineteenth or twentieth cousin, who has taken a command in the army. I resolved, even if I were not to be the heir presumptive upon your pretty little friend Rose; and this, as being the command of his king and overlord, who may alter the destination of a Barony, the old enjoyment may lie."

"And what becomes of the homagio?"

"Curse the homagio! I believe Rose is to fall off the homagio at another time; and other time would have been some time ago at that rate, for such trash. Well, sir, as Rose Bradwardine would always have made a suitable match for me, but for this idiotic predilection of her father for the heir, it occurred to me there now remained no obstacle, unless that the Baron might expect his daughter's husband to take the name of Bradwardine, (which you know would be impossible in my case,) and that this might be ered by my assuming the title to which I had so good a right, and which, of course, would supersede all difficulty. If she was to be also Viscountess Bradwardine, in her own right, after her father's demise, so much the better; I could have no objection."  

"This is a curious," said Waverley, "I had no idea that you had any affection for Miss Bradwardine, and you are always sneering at her father."

"I have as much affection for Miss Bradwardine, my lord," said Ferguson, "as you have for any other man I have, as the future mistress of my family, and the mother of my children. She is a very pretty, intelligent girl, with a heart of gold, and a sense of duty, and with all of Flora's instructions and training, will make a very good figure. As to her father, he is an original, it is true, and an absurd one enough; but he has given such severe lessons to Sir How Halbert, that dear defunct the Earl of Balmain, and others, that nobody dare laugh at him, as they did of old. He has, I suppose, told you they believe I should have been so good an object—none, I had settled the thing entirely in my own mind."

"But has he asked the Baron's consent?" said Waverley, "or Rose's?"

"To what purpose? To have spoke to the Baron before I had assumed my title would have only provoked a premature and irritating discussion on the subject of the change of name, when, as Earl of Glenfinnich, I had only to propose to him to carry his d—d bear and boot-tack periy per pale, or in a sash of crimson, or in a shield perhaps—any way that would not blemish my own coat-of-arms. And as to Rose, I don't see what objection she could have made, if her father was satisfied.

"Perhaps the same that your sister makes to me, you being satisfied."

Ferguson gave a broad stare at the comparison which this made between his and Waverley's fortunes, and then answered the answer which rose to his tongue. "Oh, we should easily have arranged that. So, sir, I trudged a private interview, and this morning was assented, and I asked you to meet me here, thinking I'd be a fool, that I should want your countenance as bridegroom. Well—I state my pretensions—they are not denied—the promises so repeatedly made, and the patent granted—they are acknowledged. But I propose, as a natural consequence, to assume the rank which the patent bestowed—I gave the old story of the jealousy of Campbell and Mac—I trump up against me. I re-assert this pretext, and offer to procure their written acquiescence, in virtue of the date of my patent as prior, and should have had such a consent from them, if it had been at the point of the sword—and then out comes the real truth; and he dares to tell me, to my face, that my marriage was of no importance to him, that I was not even the heir presumptive. And this is disgusting that rascally coward and fainéant (naming the rival chief of his own clan) who has no better title to the chiefship, I am to be Empress of this land—this is an insult to me, and who could be pleased to shatter hisbastian to come out, agreeable to his promise twenty times pledged, under a pretended jealousy of the monarch, which had certainly much the air of a miserable driveller without a pretence for his cowardice. The Prince asks it as a personal favour of me, forsooth, not to press my just and reasonable request at this moment. After this, put your faith in Princes?"

"And did your audience end here?"

"End? No! no! I was not content of leaving him no pretext for his ingratitude, and I therefore stated, with all the composure I could muster,—for I promised you I trembled with passion,—the particulars I had been pressed with, that I was Hemp in and I composed upon any other mode of exhibiting my duty and devotion, as my views in life were, what at any other time would have been a severe sacrifice; and then I explained to him my full plan."  

"And what did the Prince answer?"

"Answer? Why—its well it is written. Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought—why, he answered, that truly he was glad I had made him my confidant, to prevent more grosser disappointment, for he could assure me, upon the word of a Prince, that Miss Bradwardine's affections were engaged, and he was under a particular promise to favour them. So, my dear Ferguson, said he, with his most gracious cast of smile, 'as the marriage is utterly out of question, there need be no hurry, you know, about the coronet.' And so he bid me adieu, and left me plans in.

"And what did you do?"

"I'll tell you what I could, have done at that moment—sold myself to the devil or the Elector, whichever offered the demand. However, I am not cool. I know I enthrall to marry her to none of his rascally Frenchmen, or his Irish officers, but I will not leave her in the hands of a usurper, or let the man that would supplant me look well to himself—Bismarck, captive, Sinner."

After some further conversation, unnecessary to be detailed, 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 analyse the mixture of deep which the narrative had awakened in his own bosom.
And with this resolution Waverley went to drink tea (as the fashion was sixty years since) at the house of a lady of quality, attached to the cause of the cause by her work, and she expected both the ladies. All rose as he entered, but Flora immediately resumed her place, and the conversation in which she had been engaged. But when, on the contrary, he perceptibly made a little way in the crowded circle for his advancing corner of a chair.—

"Her manner, upon the whole, is most engaging," said Waverley to himself.

A dispute occurred whether the Gallic or Italian language was most liquid, and best adapted for poetry; the former he thought, with reason, considering it a language in which many of the Italian writers had found supporters elsewhere, was here fiercely defended by seven Highland ladies, who talked at the top of their lungs, and screamed the company deaf, with examples of Celsus Seraphina. Flora, observing the Lowland ladies averse 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 animadversion in praise of Italian, which 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-Murrough na Ponn to Arapito!"

In the ball, Flora, it is said, did not believe that the company differed whether Vergus should be asked to perform on the flute, at which he was an adept, or Waverley invited to read a play of Shakespeare; and the ladies of the house greatly applied themselves under a back to collect the votes of the company for poetry or music, under the condition, that the gentleman whose talents were not laid under second hand the singing, would contribute them to the next. It changed that Rose had the casting vote. Now Flora, who seemed to impose it as a rule upon herself never to countenance any proposal which was written which encouraged a writer, had words for music, providing the Baron would take his violin to accompany Vergus. "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 Glenmajaoch; but certainly the Baron is no great performer, and Shakespeare is worth listening to."

Waverley, on his way back, praised the music, 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 altogether new, belonged to the latter class of admirers.

"She has more feeling too," said Waverley personally.

"The conversation turning upon the incidents of the play, and upon the characters, Vergus declared that the only worth naming, as a man of fashion and spirit, was, "I believe," said he, and 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 MacDonald, who usually followed his Colonell everywhere; "for that Thibert, or Taggari, or whatever was his name, to stick him under the other gentleman's arm while he was redding the fray.

"The ladies of course, declared loudly in favour of Waverley, but his opinion did not go undisputed. The mistress of the house, and several other ladies, severely reproached the levity with which the hero transferred it, affected to Rosealind to Juliet. Flora remained silent until her opinion was repeatedly requested, and then answered, she thought the circumstance objected to, not only reconcileable to nature, but such as in the highest degree to commend the art of the poet. "Romeo is described," said she, "as a young man, peculiarly susceptible of the softer passions; his love is at first fixed upon a woman who could afford him no regard; this he repeatedly tells you, and resembling very rapidly for its support. To this statement Waverley had but one answer: "If the poet have been permitted to give greater dignity in abandoning it." And in this he generally pleased Colonel Talbot, and succeeded in charming 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 surprise, or rather by a terror. He sat up in bed, and, with terror, found that the door was ajar, and opened; and it came from the apartment of Colonel Talbot, which was divided from his own by a wainscotted partition, with a large fireplace, exhibiting features with fully justified the old soubrette; "and yet, God know us, what you see of her there is the least of the charms she possesses—possessed, I should perhaps say—but God's will be done." "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 impatiently. "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 conceal any of the details which in a moment of exaltation it was lest your sensibility should view it in that light. You could not think of me; therefore knew of my existence, when I left England in quest of you. In it, responsibility, Heaven grant, sufficed to stay my fury for mortality, that we must answer for the foremost and direct result of our actions,—for their indirect and successive operation, the great and good Being of all the silent.—Silence can foresee the dependence of human events on each other, hitherto pronounced hisystal

"But that you should have left Lady Ethelbert," said Waverley, with much emotion, "in the situation of all others the most interesting to a husband, to seek—"

"I only did my duty," answered Colonel Talbot, calmly, "and I do not ought not to regret it. If the path of gratitude and honor 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 that, though not the last bitter, (the tears came unbidden to his eyes) is not the first which it has been my fate to encounter. But I will talk of this to the present, and said, wringing Waverley's hand. "Good night; strive to forget it for a few hours. It will dawn, I think, by an, and it is now past two. Good night."

Retired to rest, without being able to make a reply.

CHAPTER LVI.

EXEQUIA.

When Colonel Talbot entered the breakfast-parlor next morning, he learnt from Waverley's叙述 that our hero had been abroad at an early hour, and was not yet returned. The morning was well advanced before he again appeared. He arrived out of breath, but with an air of joy that astonishd Colonel Talbot.

"There," said he, throwing a paper on the table, "here is my wife's answer. Here, read, unchurch her."

The Colonel examined the paper with astonishment. It was a note from the Chevalier to Colonel Talbot, to repair to Leith, or any other part in possession of his Royal Highness's troops, and there to embark for England or elsewhere, at his first pleasure; he only giving the parole of honor 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 anger, "how did you obtain this?"

"I was at the Chevalier's levee, as soon as he usually rises. He was gone to the camp at Balmoral. I hurried from thence, and obtained an aud.
enjoy—but I will tell you a word more, unless I see you begin to pack.

"Before I know whether I can avail myself of this permission, or how far the result of this discourse shall find a place in the street. They passed the Chief, the Colonel and his sternly and punctiliously greeting each other, like two duellists before they take their ground. It was evident she was far from pleased. "I never saw that early fellow that dogs 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,
Stalks little Barrett, like a 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 hate 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, and for even the Lowlanders are scarce able to understand a word of English little better than the Negroes in Jamaica. I could pity the Pr——, I mean the Chevalier himself, for having so many declamations about him. And they learn their trade so early. There is a kind of subaltern imp, for example, a sort of sticking devil, whom your friend Glen—Glenumuck 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 my young Bravo whips out his pistol, like Beau Clincher in the Trip to the Jubilee, and hails him with a dream of G——'s window-paper, set all parties to scurrying for fear of the inevitable consequences, the poor gentle- men 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."

"G. 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 is our case at present."

In a short time they arrived at the seaport.

"The boat rock'd at the pier of Leith, and the boy ferryed the steed. The ship rode at the Berwick Law—"

"Farewell, Colonel; may you find all as you would wish it? Perhaps we may meet sooner than you expect."

"Tell me nothing of that," said Talbot; "I wish to carry no news of your motions."

"Sir, with a thousand kind greetings, all that is dainty and affectionate to Mr Everard and Aunt Rachel—Think of me as kindly as you can—speak of me as indulgently as your conscience will permit, and once more adieu."

And adieu, my dear Waverley; many, many thanks for your kindness. Unload yourself on the first opportunity. I shall ever think on you with gratitude, and the worst of my curse shall be, Que stalite de lost et faire dans cette galerie?"

And thus they parted, Colonel Talbot going on board the boat, and Waverley returning to Edinburgh.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE MARCH.

"It is not our purpose to intrude upon the provis of history. We shall therefore only remind our readers, that about the beginning of November the Young Chevalier, with about six thousand men at the utmost, resolved to peril his cause on an attempt to penetrate into the centre of England, although aware of the mighty preparations which were made..."
for his reception. They set forward on this crusade as if Mac-Ivor had not only to drive other troops incapable of marching, but which in reality gave these active mountaineers advantages over a badly enemy. In defiance at a superior army, they besieged and took Carlisle, and soon afterwards prosecuted their pressing march to the southward.

At the time the report reached me in the van of the clane, he and Waverley, who now equalled any Highlander in the endurance of fatigue, and was become somewhat acquainted with their language, was present. They came to the press of the army, with very different eyes. Fergus, all air and fire, and confident against the world in arms, murmured nothing that every step was a yard nearer Lopdon. He neither asked, expected, nor desired any aid, except that of the clane, to place the two troops once more on the throttle; and when by chance a few adherents joined the standard, he always considered them in the light of new claimants upon the favours of the future monarch, who, he concluded, must therefore subtract for their gratification so much of the bounty which ought to be shared among his Highland followers.

Edward was very different. He could not but observe, that in those particulars in which they claimed James the Third, "no man cried, God bless him." The mob started and listened, heartily, stupidly, and truly for a man that bore not a sentiments, spirit, which induces them to shout upon all occasions, for the mere exercise of their most sweet voices. Fergus had been taught to believe that the north-western counties were four times more wealthy through and hardy yeomen, devoted to the cause of the White Rose. But of the wealthier Tories there was little heard; and the short dialogue which they seemed half disposed to say something more violent, but, by a strong effect, suppressed his passion, and, turning his face to the left, a path that led to the highlands, mixed with horror and aversion, at the wild appearance, unknown language, and singular gait, of the Scotchman. And to the more prudent, their scanty numbers, apparent deficiency in discipline, and poverty of equipment, seemed certain tokens of the calamitous termination of their rash undertaking.

Thus the eath, the news, the change, were such an injury of political principle blinded to consequences, or whose broken fortunes induced to hazard all on a risk so desperate.

The death of Bradwardine being asked what he thought of those recruits, took a long pinch of snuff, and answered dryly, "that he could not but have an ends to all this. Fergus, stopping short, and impatiently the followers who attached themselves to the good King David at the cave of Adullam; sideling, every one that was in distress, and every one that was in danger, was discerned, or that which the vigilant biter of souls; and doubtless, he said, "they will prove mighty men of their hands, and there is need that they should, for I have seen many a sour 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 he passed.

"Is Waverley-Honor like that house, Edward?"

"It is one half larger."

"It is scarce as fine a one as that?"

"It is three times as extensive, and rather resembles a forest than a mere park."

Fergus was a happy woman, said Edward."

"I have Miss Mac-Ivor with me much reason for happiness, unconnected with Waverley-Honor."

He hopes so too; but, to be mistress of such a place, will be a great addition to the crew itself."

An addition, the want of which, I trust, will be merely supplied by some other means.

"How, said Fergus, stopping short, and turning Waverley? Had I the pleasure to hear you right?"

"Perfectly right, Fergus."

"Waverley, you declare that you no longer desire my alliance, and my sister's hand?"

"Your sister has refused mine," said Waverley, "both directly, and by all the usual means by which a lady professes unalterable attachment."

"I have no idea," answered the Chiefman, "of a lady dismissing or a gentleman withdrawing his suit, after it has been approved of by her legal guardian, without giving one hint of a disposition to do so."

"As to the lady's title to dismiss her lover, Colon." replied Edward, "it is a point which you must judge for her, as I am ignorant of the customs and accomplishments, that I would not take the hand of an angel, with an empire for her dowry, if her consent were extorted by the importunity of friends and guardians, and did not flow from her own free inclination."

"An angel, with the dowry of an empire, repeated Fergus, in a tone of bitter irony, "is not very likely to be pressed upon a—a—shire. But, sir, changing his tone, "if Flora Mac-Ivor have not the dowry of an empire, she is my sister; and that is sufficient at least against being treated with any thing approaching to levity."

"She is Flora Mac-Ivor, sir," said Waverley, with some degree of firmness, "which makes her, the worse any woman with levity, would be a more effectual protection."

The brow of the Chiefman was now fully clouded, but Edward felt too indignant at the unreasonable tone which he had adopted, to avert the storm by the least concession. They both stood still while this short dialogue went on, almost with earnestness. Edward seemed half disposed to say something more violent, but, by a strong effort, suppressed his passion, and, turning his face to the left, a path that led to the highlands, mixed with horror and aversion, at the wild appearance, unknown language, and singular gait, of the Scotchman. And to the more prudent, their scanty numbers, apparent deficiency in discipline, and poverty of equipment, seemed certain tokens of the calamitous termination of their rash undertaking. After they had wandered on in this serious manner about a mile, Fergus resumed the discourse in a different tone. "I believe I was warm, my dear Edward, but you provoke me with your want of knowledge of the world. You have seen too little of a prudent, or high-flying notions of loyalty, and now, like a child, you quarrel with the playing you have not been striving for; and, because my arm cannot reach to Edinburgh to hand it to you. I am sure, if I was passionate, the mortification of losing the alliance of such a friend, after making your arrangement had been the talk of both high-lands and Lowlands, and that without so much as knowing why or wherefore, might well provoke calmer blood than mine. I shall write to Edinburgh, and put all at 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 expressed to me, can be at once laid aside."

"Colonel Mac-Ivor," said Edward, who had no mind to be hurried farther or faster than he chose, in a manner which he had already considered as broached 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 voluntarily, 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 footings which we stood together; and must not have understood it. Had I known sooner, I had have earlier spoken; but I had a natural reluctance to enter upon a subject so painful to me."

"O, very natural," said Fergus, humbly, "the thing is at an end. I have no occasion to press my sister upon any man."
Waverley.

Chapter LVIII.

The Confusion of King Abgarum's Carts.

It was Waverley's custom sometimes to ride a little apart from the main body, to look at any object of curiosity than occurred on the road; and he was now in Lancashire, when, attracted by a cart-tellied old half, 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 Emma Macombich. This young woman had contrived a sort of regard for Edward since the day of his first seeing her at Tully-Veolan, and introducing him to the Highlanders. He seemed to loiter, as if on purpose to meet with her. Yet, as he passed her, he only approached her stumpy, 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 the cart as it appeared to waver. His servant, Allick Polworth, who was in attendance, also looked after the Highlander, and then riding up close to his master said,

"The 'neer be in me, sir, if I think you are afraid among those Highland ruffians."

"What do you mean, Allick?" said Waverley.

"The 'neer has motion it into their heads that ye has affronted their young leddy, Miss Flera; and I has heard man as says, they was ta' robbin' the coach and muckin' o' her, and ye was well enough there's moun' yin says mind a beakin' the wearing a ball through the Prince himself, as the Chief gae the wench—or whether he did or no, if they thought it a thing that would please him when it was done."

Waverley, though confident that Fergus Mac-Ivor was incapable of such treachery, was by no means quite assured of the forbearance of his followers. He knew, that where the honour of the Chief or his family was supposed to be touched, the happiest man would be he that could first avenge the stigma; and he had often heard them quote a proverb, "That the fastest revenge was the most speedy and the most safe." Consequently, he was not a little troubled at the hint of a scheme, for he was well aware of the respect of his conduct. But, in the hurry of his 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 Gardiner's dragoons to some account, and assisted the Baron in his command as a sort of adjutant. "Parmi les engeais un borges est rot," says the French proverb; and the cavalry, which consisted chiefly of Lowland and Highland dragoons, fiefs, and a high opinion of Waverley's skill, and a great attachment to his person. This was indeed partly owing to the French way of finding the distinguished English volunteer's leaving the Highlanders to rank among them; for there was a latent grudge between the horse and foot, not only owing to the difference of language and sounds, but to the very nature of the gentlement's habits near the Highlands, had at one time or other
you please—the gentleman who took up your office upon the day you came to Waverley ?"

"Stand forth from the ranks, Calman. Did you fire at Mr. Waverley?"

"No," answered the unlushing Calman.

"Yea, in good faith, said Alex Polworth, who was already returned, having met a trooper by whom he dispatched an account of what was going forward to the Baron, but Bradwardine, while he himself turned to his master at full gallop, neither ruffled the warps of his spurs, nor the sides of his horses. "You did; I saw you as plainly as I over saw the sun light at Calman's.""

"You be," replied Callum, with his usual impene-
table obstinacy. The combat between the knights was certainly, as in the days of chivalry, have been preceded by an encounter between the squires, for (Alick was a stout-hearted Merryman, and feared the bow of Orom for more than a Highlandier's lurid or claymore, but Ferguson, with his usual tone of decep-
tion, demanded Calman's pistol. The cock was down, the pan and muzzle were black with the smoke; it had been that instant fired."

"Take that," said Ferguson, striking the boy upon the head with the heavy pistol—but with his whole force,—take that for acting without orders, and jel-
lous of displaying honor. Do you dare to think you could outappear from it, and fell without sign of life? I stand still, upon your lives!" said Ferguson without the least respect to any of the gentlemen of the first man who interferes with Mr. Waverley and me." They stood motionless; Even Dhu alone showed symptoms of vexation and anxiety. Callum, however, standing opposite to them, could not con-
template to give him any assistance. It seemed as if he had gotten his death-blow."

"And, as far as he could, the Chevalier; please to turn your horse twenty yards with me upon the common."

Waverley complied; and Ferguson, confronting him when they were a little way from the line of march, said, with great affected coosness, "I could not but wonder, sir, at the flaccidity of taste which you were pleased to express the other day. But it was not an angled as you usually observed, who had charms for you, unless she brought an empire for her fortune. I have now an excellent commentary upon that ob-
servation."

"I am at a loss even to guess at your meaning, Colonel Mac-Ivor, unless it seems plain that you intend to fasten a quarrel upon me."

"Action shall not serve you, sir, The Prince,—the Prince himself, has acquired me with your manoeuvres. I little thought that your en-
gagements with Mac-Bradwardine had led you so far, as to that point of match with my sister. I suppose the information that the Baron had altered the destination of his estate, was quite a suffi-
cient reason for you bearing a hand, and carrying off your friend's mistress."

"Did the Prince tell you I was engaged to Miss Bradwardine?" said Waverley. "Impossible."

"He did, sir," answered Mac-Ivor; "so either draw and defend yourself, or resign your pretensions to the lady.

"This is absolute madness," exclaimed Waverley, "or some strange mistake."

"Oh! no evasion! draw your sword? said the indignant Calman,—his own already unheathed.

"Must I fight,—Monsieur's quarté?"

"Then give up now, and for ever, all pretensions to Miss Bradwardine's hand."

"What have you to cry? Waverley, utterly losing command of himself,—what title have you, or any man living, to dictate such terms to me? And he also drew his sword."

The subsequent scene between Mac-Bradwardine, fol-
lowed by several of his troop, came upon the spur, some curiosity, others to take part in the quarrel,
and some of the most of Waverley, who understood the jealously between the Mac-Ivors and their troops. The dan, seeing them approach, put themselves in mo-
tions to support their Chevalier, and a scene of con-
fusion ensued and swore in Lowland Scotch. At length matters came to such a pass, that the Baron threat-
ened to change the Mac-Ivors unless they resumed
their order. But, with a part of the foreign dragoons that acted as his body guard. His arrival produced some degree of order. The Highlanders re-asserted their ranks, the cavalry fell in and formed squadron, and the Baron and Chevalier were silent.

The Prince called them and Waverley before him. Having heard the original cause of the quarrel through the villANY of Callum Beg, he ordered him into custo-
dy of the provost-marshall for immediate execution, in the event of his surviving the chastisement inflicted by his Chevalier. Ferguson, however, in a tone be-
twixt claiming a right and seeking a favour, requested he might be left to his disposal, and promised his punishment should be equal to what he might have seemed to encroach on the patriarchal authority of the Chevalier, of which they were very jealous, and that of the Baron, who was always in the confidence of Callum was therefore left to the justice of his own tribe.

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 three had approached the Chevalier) and his com-
mmand an insurmountable barrier against entering upon a subject where the name of his daughter must unavoidably be mentioned. They turned their eyes on the ground, with looks in which shame and embar-
riage were mingled with displeasure. The Prince, who had been educated amongst the dissocia-
ted and mutinous swains of the court of St. Ger-
mains, where few of kind were the daily sub-
ject of solicitude to the dethroned sovereign, had
served his apprenticeship, as old Frederick of Prus-
sia would have said, to the trade of royalty. To pro-
 mote or restore concord among his followers was in-
dispensable. Accordingly he took his measures.

"Monsieur de Bradwardine," said Waverley. "If such a handsome French cavalry officer, who was in attendance."

"Aye, la bonne! dit de l'alligator ces mes messieurs la, ainsi que la cavaler a, et de les remettre la marche. Vous parlez si bien l'Anglais, cela ne vous donnerait pas beaucoup peine."

"Ah pas de tout cela," replied Monsieur, le Comte de Beaumarch, his head bending down to the neck of his little prancing highly manned chargers. Accordingly he passed away, in high spirits and con-
fidence, to the head of Ferguson's regiment, although understanding not a word of Gaelic, and very little English.

"Messieurs les sauvages Ecossois—dat's gentil-
man savages, have the goodness to arrange you."

The dan, comprehending the order more from the gesture than the words, and seeing the Prince himself present, hastened to obey their ranks.

"Ah! ver well! dat is fort bien!" said the Count de Beaumarch. "Gentilman savages—mais, tres bien—khan bien!—Qu'en ce que vous appellez visage, Monsieur?" (to a lounging trooper who stood by him)

"Ah, oui face—Je vous remercie, Monsieur. Gentil-
man-savages, have the goodness to make de de mon face.

"Mais, tres bien—toujours Messieurs; il faut vous mettre a table... Marche donc, au nom de Dieu, parce-
""Gentilman savages, if you please, per ma foi, I did not fall off. I am a fear of little cross yet gentleman is noochie heart. Ah, mon Dieu!"
it is well, or becoming to give our enemies his ad-
advantage, and our friends the scandal, of at
that, few as we are, we are not united. And forgive
me if I add, that the names of the ladies who have
come more particularly to the expense of any thing from us all th
be made them of discord.

He took Fergus a little apart, and spoke to him,
very earnestly for two or three minutes, and then re-
torted to his duty, turning, "I could not," he said to
Colonel Mac-Ivor, that his remonstrance was founded
upon a misconception, to which, indeed, I myself
gave rise. I trust Mr. Waverley was prepared to
harbour any recollection of what is past, when I
assure him that such is the case. You must state
this matter properly to your man, Vich Iain Vorn, to
prevent a recurrence of their prejudices in your
Fergus bowed. "And now, gentlemen, let me have
the pleasure to see you shake hands."

They advanced closely and with measured steps,
each apparently reluctant to appear most forward in
concession. They did, however, shake hands, and
parted, taking a respectful leave of the Chevalier.

"Let us see," said Prince Edward, confounded by
the absence of the Chevalier.

* * *

The Author of Waverley has been charged with painting the
Royal Adventurer in colours more amiable than his character
merited. But having known many men who loved near
their personal feelings, I have described others who, to those
eye-witnesses saw his temper and qualifications. Some-
thing might, indeed, have been owed to the unfortunate
those who remembered him as the bold and adventurous Prince,
who, with his princely courage, met the dangers and
of his principles and his character. I have no doubt, there is no
evidence to give place entirely to that of a single malcontent!

I have already noticed the impromptu driven by the Cheva-
lier Johnson in the first part of the story, as an instance of
that gentleman's tale is purely romantic. It would not, for
instance, have been considered worthy of the highly-wrought
account of his amour with the adored Fergus. To make
Johnstone a small village and to describe of grandchild is now alive, or that the whole circumstantial
of the concern. I have, therefore, in the story of Waverley,
the Highland clothes on a Presbyterian clergyman, is entirely sanguinary.

The ingenious editor of Johnstone's Memoirs has quoted
a story said to be told by Melville, stating that Prince Charles
Edward, far from voluntarily embarking on his daring expedition,
who literally bound hand and foot, and to which he seems
disposed to yield credit. Now, it being a fact as well known as
as a fact in his history, and, so far as I know, entirely undisputed,
that the Prince Edward, after the pique of his Highland
force had so far weakened his Highland
forces as to make it impossible for him to
continue the operations with the same
resolution of his partisans, to return in France in safety.

At a summer day, that Charles Edward
left the field of Culloden without doing the
thing which might be supposed was necessary for the
victory; and, to give the evidence on both sides, there is in
existence the more trustworthy testimony of Lord Hoshay
states, that he himself earnestly exhorted the Prince to
the battle of the last war, which was won, and that,
with a view to defeat and with a view to
to say that he would not look him in the face again, and kept his
word.

On the other hand, it seems to have been the opinion of al-
most all the older officers, that the day was undoubtedly
one wing of the Highlanders being entirely routed, the rest of
the army cut to pieces, out-flanked, and as a
result of it, the Highlanders totally defeated.

In this situation of things, the Irish officers who
encouraged Charles Edward with unbounded hopes of
putting me an accepted lover of Miss Bradwardine.
I feel the distinction implied in the supposition, but
I have no title to it. For my humble confidence to
my own merit is too justly slight to admit of my
hoping for success in any quarter after positive rejec-

The Chevalier was silent for a moment, looking
stolidly at them both, and then said, "Upon my word,
Mr. Waverley, you are a less happy man than I con-
cess, but I mean it as a good hearted jest.
be, now, gentlemen, allow me to be umbrage in this mat-
ter, not as Prince Regent, but as Charles Stewart, a
brave and consistent friend, and your gallant ca-
luse my pretensions to be obeyed is you entirely out
of view, and consider your own honour, and how far

"Your Royal Highness," said Waverley, "must
have founded on circumstances altogether unknown to
me, and you did me the honour to tell me. I am
Edward. "Is it possible—may ride up, Colonel, for
I desire no secrets. I am a man, Mr. Waverley, that
I trust, not by communication from you, so absolutely convinced, that I
alleged reluctance of Miss Bradwardine? a fact of which I was
by circumstances, though not by communication from you, so absolutely convinced, that I
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alleged reluctance of Miss Bradwardine? a fact of which I was
by circumstances, though not by communication from you, so absolutely convinced, that I
Nae-Ivors, threw himself from his horse, begged a drink out of an old Bavarianer's cantine, and marched along a field of moors. He had been surprised, and affecting a great desire to learn it more thoroughly. He then succeeded in discovering to the Baron's cavalry, which was in front, halted them, and examined their accoutrements and state of equipment. He perceived the little river in the plain, and even of the-cadet; inquired after their ladies, and commanded their horses; rode about an hour with the Baron of Brudwartein, and endured three long stories about Field-Marshal the Duke of Berwick. "Ah, Beaujon, mon cher ami," said he as he returned to his usual place in the line of march, "que mon metier de prince errant est ennuyeux, parfois. Mais courage! c'est le grand jeu, aprés tout."

CHAPTER LIX.

A SKIRMISH.

The reader need hardly be reminded, that after a council of war held at Derby on the 6th of December, the Highlanders relinquished their desperate attempts to carry London, and were confined to the dissatisfaction of their young and daring leader, positively determined to return northward. They commenced their retreat accordingly, and, by the extreme caution of Major Mac-Ivor to the Duke of Cumberland, who now pursued them with a very large body of cavalry.

This pursuit took place on the 12th, with a dinner regale of their tower-laden hopes. None had been so sanguine as Fergus Mac-Ivor; none, consequently, was so cruelly mordised at the change of measures. He argued, or rather raved, at their departure, accordant to the dissatisfaction of his young and daring leader, positively determined to return northward. They commenced their retreat accordingly, and, by the extreme caution of Major Mac-Ivor to the Duke of Cumberland, who now pursued them with a very large body of cavalry.

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Hadiing had no intercourse with the Chieftain having extracts corroborative of the general opinion respecting the Prince's amiable disposition, are taken from a manuscript autograph letter written to the Prince, whom he faithfully followed, seems to have been a fair man, and is completely at variance with the intrigue was in the Adventurer's council.

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"How," answered Edward, "can you advise me to desert the expedition in which we are all embarked?"

"Embarked!" said Fergus; "the vessel is going more ready to decline for him if they had nothing to fear but the chance of war in the field; and if the court of London should decline to settle a cause, it would still be of great importance. It was urged that a few cantoons would complicate the court of London. It was true that officers of the English army would make a point of it. They had never engaged in the service of the king in particular actions, and it could be no doubt upon their honour to lay down their commissions if these terms were not observed, and in dying to the obedience of their own Prince. Though this scheme was plausible, and represented as very important, the Prince could never be brought into it; for the Prince was below him, he said, to make empty threats, and he would never put such As into execution; he would never in cold blood take away lives which he had saved out of action, at the peril of his own. These were not the only proofs of good nature the Prince gave about this time. Every day produced something new of this kind. These things sufficed the rigor of a military government. It was not to commit the reality of his affairs, and which he endeavored to make as pleasant and easy as possible.

It has been said, that the Prince sometimes enacted more state and ceremonial than seemed to suit his condition, but on the other hand, some strictness of discipline was altogether indispensable where he most otherwise has been exposed to general intrusion, He could not pretend to furnish himself with the requisites of a court, which his affection of ceremony sometimes exposed him to. It is said, for example, that the Prince made a hearty march to join Charles, at the head of his clan, rushed into the Prince's presence at Holywood, with unexpressed haste, without having attended to the delay of the toilet. The Prince received him kindly, but not with an air of royalty, nor an interview with the Prince, and which was wholly unnecessary. "It is not beefsteak boys," answered the disconsolate Chief, "it is the Prince." The Chevalier took the rebuke in good part.

On the whole, the Prince, with the troops he had to oppose the change of prisoners taken, and to be taken, during this war, and to indicate that a refusal would be looked upon as a resolution to fight; for the Prince, who was now in the pursuit of great advantage to the Prince's affairs; his bundle would be since their rupture, Edward waited with some anxiety, an explanation of this unexpected visit; nor could he be surprised at his being surprised, to the Prince's history and connections of Sliochd nan Ivors, latterly using the few words of Gaelic he possessed, and affecting a great desire to learn it more thoroughly. His eye had lost much of its fire; his cheek was hollow, his voice was languid, even his gait seemed less firm and elastic than usual, and he was particularly attentive, was now carelessly flung about him. He invited Edward to walk with him by the river, and, with a languid smile, a melancholy manner when he observed him, take down and buckle on his sword.

As soon as they were in a wild sequestered path by the side of the river, the Chief broke out,—"Our fine adventure is now totally ruined, Waverley, and I wish to know what you intend to do—say, never more face to face with the world, the world, the world.

Waverley, who was very much affected by the deep tone of melancholy with which Fergus spoke, affectionately entreated him to banish from his remembrance any unkindness which had arisen between them, and they parted more amicably than usual with sincere cordiality. Fergus again inquired of Waverley what he intended to do. "Had you not better leave this luckless army," he said, "and, with a down regale of their tower-laden hopes. None had been so sanguine as Fergus Mac-Ivor; none, consequently, was so cruelly mordised at the change of measures. He argued, or rather raved, at their departure, accordant to the dissatisfaction of his young and daring leader, positively determined to return northward. They commenced their retreat accordingly, and, by the extreme caution of Major Mac-Ivor to the Duke of Cumberland, who now pursued them with a very large body of cavalry.

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to please, and it is full time for all who can, to get in
to the long-boat and leave her.

"Why, what will other gentlemen do?" answered
Waverley, not a little satisfied by the friendly
expression and the kind look with which the Chieftain
cent to this retreat, if it is so ruinous?"

"O," replied Mac-Ivor, "they think that, as on
former occasions, the heading, hanging, and forfeiting,
were the only means to the lot of the Lowland gentry,
that they will be left secure in their poverty and their
fastnesses, there, according to their proverbs, "to listen
to the wind upon the hill, and be safe from the
strangers." 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 hastily frightened to
recover his good-humour for some time. The Hanoverian
ministers always deserved to be hanged for
yescals; but now, if they get the power in their
nads— so sooner or later, they must, since there is
nothing so easy as to have assistance from Prance—
they will deserve the gallows 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 Ed-
ward, "a counsel which I would rather die than
采纳, as is shown by the river, or as the absurdity of
"O," answered Fergus, with a melancholy air, "my
state is settled. Death or capture I must be to
before morning."

"What do you mean by that, my friend?" said Ed-
ward. "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 Glencoes."

"What I tell you is true notwithstanding, so far as
I am individually concerned."

"Upon what authority can you found so melan-
choly a prediction?" asked Waverley.

"On one which never failed a person of my house.
I have seen," he said, lowering his voice, "I have seen
the Bodech Glass!"

"Bodech Glass?"

"Yes: Have you been so long at Glenquach,
and never heard of the Grey Spectre? though indeed
there is a certain reluctance among us to mention him.

"No, never."

"Ah! it would have been a tale for poor Floris
to have told you. Or, if that hill were Benmore, and
that long blue lake, which you see just winking to-
wards you mountainous country, were Loch Tay, or
my own Loch an Eil, the tale would be better suited
with scenery. However, let us sit down on this
knoll; even Saddlebeck and Ullswater will suit what
I have to say better than the English hedgerows en-
compassed with these gleaming images, and where
the mind of these gloomy images, he offered, with the
Baron's perquisition, he knew how he could readily
obtain, to remain in his quarters, and keep his corps
should come up, and then to march with them as
usual. The Chief seemed much pleased, yet hesitated
to accept the offer.

"We are coming, in the rear,— the post of dan-
gel in a retreat!"

"And therefore the post of honour."

"We shall drive you, let Alick have your horse in readiness, in case we should be over-
matched, and I shall be delighted to have your com-
pany once more.

The Lowlanders were late in making their appear-
ance, 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 Chieftain, all the mem-
bers that they had entertained against him seemed blown
off at once. Evan Dhu received him with a grin of
congratulation; and even Calumm, who was running
about as active as ever, pale indeed, and with a great
patch on his head, appeared delighted to see him.

"That gallows-horse's skull," said Fergus, "must be
harder than marble: the lock of the pistol was
actually broken.

"How could you strike so young a lad so hard?" said Waverley, with some interest.

"Why, if I did strike hard sometimes, the res-
cuits would forget themselves."

They were now in full march, every caution being
done to the utmost for thinking of being overtaken
by 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 en-
closed glen, on which a small town called Glendar

CHAPTER LXV.

CHAPTER II. OF ACCIDENTS.

Edward was in a most unpleasant and dangerous situation. He soon lost the sound of the bugles; and, what was worse, the next morning he was to set out, and was looking long in vain, and searching through many enclosures, on a high road. He feared, from the unceasing noise of battle-drums in the distance, that the enemy were already close upon him, and, consequently, that a force was between him and the Highlanders. He concluded, therefore, as soon as the sun was up, that he must resort to a stratagem, and endeavor to join his friends by making a circuit to the left, for which a beaten path, deviating from the main road in that direction, seemed to afford facilities. The path was muddy, and the night dark and cold; but even these inconveniences were hardly felt amidst the apprehensions which falling into the hands of the King's forces exceedingly ex- cited in his bosom.

After walking about three miles, he at length reached a hamlet. Conscious that the common people were in general unfavorable to the cause he espoused, yet desirous, if possible, to procure a horse and guide to Perth, where he hoped to find the rest of his companion, he called to a man, who, he thought, was the owner of a horse. He asked him whether he was not the landlord; and, addressing him in a loud and angry voice, he demanded the use of his horse and a guide to Perth. The man, who was not the landlord, but the owner of the horse, refused his request; and Edward, with great indignation, endeavored to force the horse and guide upon him. The landlord, who was a veteran, and had served in the army of Prince Charles, encouraged him by voice and example to break through the hedge which divided them, and rush down upon the enclosures to the south of the road. They forced them, at the sword-point, to fly to the open moor, where a considerable number were cut to pieces. But the man, which suddenly abode out, showed him the way to the south, and, undiscouraged by the character of the place. There was a great noise within: he paused to listen. A round English oath or two, and the burden of a campaign song, were heard in the distance. The man then told him that this was the account of the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers. Endeavoring to retire from it as softly as possible, and blessing the obscure side of the road, Edward, with an English soldier, passed the English soldiers, and made his way towards Perth. Against Vawley gropped his way the best he could along a small paling, which seemed the boundary of some cottage garden. As he reached the gate of this little enclosure, he saw a girl, and was informed by that of a female, whose voice at the same time uttered, "Edward, is it thou, man?"

Here is some little judgment, thought Edward, struggling, but stealthily, to disencumber himself.

"Nae o' thy lorn, now, man, or the red coots will hear thee; they have been hooling and poul-" he had no sooner looked than Edward was aware of a light with a shrill scream of "O fellow, fellow!"

The father, thus invoked, swiftly appeared—a sturdy old farmer, in a pair of leather breeches, and using both his hands to pull on his pantaloons, having just started from his bed; the rest of his dress was only a Westmorland and a pair of shoes—was ready to be reviewed, and to know in what manner the numbers entered. He had no sooner looked than Edward was aware of a light with a shrill scream of "O fellow, fellow!"

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CHAPTER XXVII.

WAVERLEY.

Edward, with his guide, traversed those fields which the night before had been the scene of action. A brief glimmer of December's sun shone easily on the broad heath, which, towards evening, closed in again. He entered the enclosures of Lord Lonsdale's property, exhibited dead bodies of men and horses, and the usual confusion of war, a number of carrion-crows, hawks, and ravens.

"And this, then, was thy last field," said Waverley to himself, his eye filling at the recollection of the magnificent splendours of Pergus's character, of their former intimacy, all his passions and imperfections forgotten—"here fell the last Vich Ian Vphr on a nameless heath; and in an obscure night-storm was wrenched that ardent spirit, who thought it little to cut a way for his master to the British throne! Ambition, policy, bravery, all far beyond their sphere; here he met his fate; here learned the fate of mortals. The world, too, of a sister, too, whose spirit, as proud and unbending, was even more exalted than thine own; here ended the brave struggle in which it was thy boast to raise yet more highly by thy adventurous valour!"

As these ideas pressed on Waverley's mind, he resolved to proceed to Fergus's. The river was still in flood, and the narrow bridge, the last on his way, lay broken and useless. He determined to attempt to get through undiscovered, and that the Duke of Cumberland was in possession of Penrhyn, and that detachments of his army covered the roads in every direction. To attempt to get through undiscovered would be an act of the most fratic terrors. Ned Williams (the right Edward) was now called to council by Cicely and her father. Ned, who perhaps did not care that his own name should remain too long in the same house with his sweetheart, for fear of fresh misadventures, Vexed the young general, and the whole matter was settled by him. It was agreed, upon which the stranger might board with Fergus, the eldest son of the Duke of Cambridge, and he must depart with safety. It was of moderate amount; the distress of his situation, among this honest and simple people, being considered as no reason for increasing their demand.

The necessary articles of dress were accordingly procured, and, by following by-paths, known to the young farmers, they hoped to escape any unpleasant,) 

A recompense for their hospitality was refused peremptorily by old Joepon and his cherub-cheeked daughter; a kiss paid the one, and a hearty shake of the other. Both were anxious for their guest's safety, and took leave of him with kind wishes.

With the morning arrived the news that the Highlanders had evacuated Penrhyn, and marched off towards Carlisle; that the Duke of Cumberland was in possession of Penrhyn, and that detachments of his army covered the roads in every direction. To attempt to get through undiscovered would be an act of the most fratic terrors. Ned Williams (the right Edward) was now called to council by Cicely and her father. Ned, who perhaps did not care that his own name should remain too long in the same house with his sweetheart, for fear of fresh misadventures, Vexed the young general, and the whole matter was settled by him. It was agreed, upon which the stranger might board with Fergus, the eldest son of the Duke of Cambridge, and he must depart with safety. It was of moderate amount; the distress of his situation, among this honest and simple people, being considered as no reason for increasing their demand.

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Waverley.

Nester Williams, Edward passed for a young king,
ần, educated for the church, who was come to reside
in the town, but determined to pass through the country. This sudden suspicion among the kind and simple yeomanry of Cumberland, and assessed sufficiently for the grave manners and re-
tained habits of the peasants, the least relaxation of the
necessary than Waverley had anticipated, as a
of incidents prolonged his stay at Fashwaike,
and was widely reportable.
A tremendous fall of snow rendered his departure impossible for more than ten days. When the roads
began to become a little practicable, they successively
invasion of the enemy was the more necessary than Waverley had anticipated, as a
of incidents prolonged his stay at Fashwaike, and
and was widely reportable.

in England. The surrender of Carlisle, and the
several with which the rebel garrison were threatened,
senior had marched his army against venturing upon a
any imminent accomplishment. The whole coun-
terpart of a small sword to a cause which seemed altogether
destiny.

In this lonely and secluded situation, without the
of advantage of company or conversation with men of
c ultivated mind, the arguments of Colonel Talbot
ften recurred to the mind of our hero. For the more
recollection haunted his slumber—it was the
ting look and gesture of Colonel Gardiner. Most
doubtless he would have been as a ruthless and
took news of skirmishes with various success,
that it might never again be his lot to draw his sword in
any cause, where the cause of affection was so highly de-
s of his continued depression excited sympathy, but
not surprise.

In the end of January, his more lively powers were
elled out by the compulsion of Edward Williams, the
son of his host, with Cicely Jopeon. Our hero
would not cloud with sorrow the festivity attending
the wedding of two persons to whom he was so highly
obliged. He therefore excused the absence, and

played at the various games of the day, and
early was the blithest of the company. The next morning,
habitual to the last stage of the tide old

The clergyman who had married the young couple
was so much pleased with the supposed student of
divinity, that he came next day from Penrith on pur-
purse to pay him a visit. This might have been a

puzzling chapter had he entered into any examination
of our hero's supposed theological studies; but for
the matter which he so ardently loved to converse on, the
news of the day. He brought with him two or
three old newspapers, in one of which Edward found
piece of intelligence that so often rendered him dead
ly serious. On whatever event the Rebecca and Mr. Twigg
was saying upon the news from the north, and the
prospect of the Duke's speedily overtaking and crush-
ing the rebels. This was an article in these, or nearly
these words:

"Died at his house, in Hill Street, Berkeley-Square,
upon the 10th inst. Richard Waverley, Esq. second
son of Sir Giles Waverley, Bart., of
&c. He died of a lingering disorder, augmented by
the unpleasant predicament of suspicion in which
he stood, having been obliged to flee with his
wealth, so as to meet an impending accusation of
high treason. An accusation of the same grave crime
hangs over his elder brother, Sir Everard Waverley,
the representative of the ancient family, and we
understand the day of his trial will be fixed early in
the next month, unless Edward Waverley, son of the
deceased Richard, and heir to the Barony, shall ac-
"mend himself to justice. In that case, we are as-
sured it is his Majesty's gracious purpose to drop
further proceedings upon the charge against Sir
Everard. This statement is correct, and we are
assured to have been in arms in the Preserver's
service, and to have marched along with the
Highland troops into England. But he has renounced
since the skirmish at Clifton, on the 18th December
last."

Such was this distressing paragraph. — "Good
God!" exclaimed Waverley, "am I then a particle?
—Impossible! My father, who never showed the affec-
tion of a father while he lived, cannot have been so
much affected by death as to feel it for himself.

no; I will not believe it,—it was distraction to
entertain for a moment such a horrible idea. But
it is with, if possible, greater horror and the sup-
vised death of Fergus, to the desolate situation of
Flora, and, with yet more tender recollection, to that
of Rose Bradwardine, who was destitute of the
deleted enthusiasm of loyalty, where to her friend,
allawed and exalted misfortune. These reverses
were permitted to enjoy, undisturbed by queries or
interrogations, to be born as a natural and amiable
poet, and to express himself in the language of
nature, with a sigh, that the romance of his life was
ended, and that its real history had now commenced. He
was resolved upon joining to this proof of his reason by
philosophy.

CHAPTER LXI.

JOURNEY TO LONDON.

The family at Fashwaike were soon attached to
Edward. He had, indeed, that gentleness and ur-
banity which almost universally attract corresponding
kindness; and to their simple ideas his learning gave
a pleasant appearance of comprehensibility; and his
sorrows interested. The last
he ascended, evanescently, to the loss of a brother in the
skirmish near Clifton; and in that primitive state of
affection, where the power of affection is so highly de-
ved of, his continued depression excited sympathy, but
not surprise.

In the end of January, his more lively powers were
called out by the compulsion of Edward Williams, the
son of his host, with Cicely Jopeon. Our hero
would not cloud with sorrow the festivity attending
the wedding of two persons to whom he was so highly
obliged. He therefore excused the absence, and
arrived in London, and took a room in a lodging house
in the Northern Diggings, a huge old-fashioned
tub, drawn by three horses, which completed the
desire to reach the great London road.

Our hero, therefore, took an affectionate farewell of his
Cumberland friends, whose kindness he felt too
keen to forget, and too zealously to acknowledge, by substantial proofs of gratitude. After some
few difficulties and vexatious delays, and after
putting his drooping hopes back among the old
for 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
Cumberland friends, whose kindness he felt too
tender to forget, and too zealously to acknowledge, by substantial proofs of gratitude. After some
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for 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
Cumberland friends, whose kindness he felt too


HAVEN.

The last time I saw him, he told me, with great glee, that as I was so good as to take charge of your interests, he should be so kind as to supply me with the satisfaction of knowing that he was a great and successful man.

"Are you my uncle, my dear uncle?"

"In no danger whatever. It is true (looking at the title of the paper) there was a foolish report some time ago that Mr. Morton was dead; but that, as far as I know, is false. Sir Everard is gone down to Waverly to see his uncle, and there is not the least reason to suspect that he ever went there at all."

Edward told his story at length, suppressing his care about Wraggs; for, being himself partial to Highlanders, he did not wish to give any advantage to the Colonel's national prejudice against them.

"Let, you are the friend of the late Sir Stanhope, and I have no quarrel with you."

"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 handsome face too.—But for you, Edward, I wish you would go down again to Cumberer, or rather in the gallery, as the name of that gentleman is an embargo in all the seaports, and a strict search for the adherents of the Pretender; and the tongue of that gentleman will tell you all that you desire."

"But the date of a mill, still somehow or other she will detect Captain Butler to be a feigned personage."

"Do you know any thing," asked Waverley, "of my uncle?"

"He is a mercenary," said his friend, "and a spy. He has served the government, but he is not to be trusted."

"Is he now in London?"

"Yes, he is."

"If he is, do you order an apartment for Frank Stanhope, with all the attentions which an invalid may require?"

"Yes; but I know, when the morning the Colonel visited his house, he said, he had some good news for you."

"Your reputation as a gentleman and officer is effectually dashed of neglect of duty, and ascension to the next rank when the information you have given us is cor-

identified with a very serious breach of your, Scottish matter, Morton; his face was reddened, and he was deadly afraid of being caught in the bad Baret's of the trouble of answering you. You must know, that your free-booting acquaintance, 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—something or other—"

"Killan?"

"The same—now the gentleman being, it seems, a great farmer, and having a special value for his herd of cattle, being, moreover, rather a timid disposition, the party of soldiers to protect his property were, as Donald run his head unwares into the run's mouth, and was defeated and made prisoner. The order for execution, his conscience was as much as the case, by a Catholic priest, on the other by your friend Morton. He repulsed the Catho-

rists chiefl y as the account of the doctrine of extreme unction in the Church of Rome. It is possible that, as an excessive waste of oil. So his conversion from a state of impenitence fell to Mr. Morton's share, which was grumbling too, however, the latter's example; though (I suppose) Donald made but a queer kind of Chris-

tened after all. He confessed, however, before a ma-

tiner, one Major Belvill, who seems to have been a

had little inclination with, Houghton, explaining particularly how it was in order, and fully acquitting you of the least acco-

sion to it. He was paid in the hands of the wrangler officer, and sending you, by orders of the Pret—Chevalier, I mean—as a pri-

soner to Doune, from whence he understood you were the hurried prisoner to Edinburgh. There are parties of men in the city whose cattle cannot but tell in your favor. He hinted that he had been employed to deliver and protect you, and reward you; but he was not confident by whom, alleging, that though he would not have minded breaking any ordinary oath to satisfy the curiosity of Mr. Morton, to whose means submis-

ions he owed so much, he saw, in the present case, he had been sworn to silence upon the edge of his dirk, which, it seems, constituted, in his opinion, an invid-

us 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 rejoic 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 materially, since it wipes from your character all those suspicions which gave rise to such a creditor of a nation different from that with which so many unfortunate gentlemen, now, or lately, in arms against the good cause. Their treason—I must give it its name, though you participate in its guilt—its action arising from mistaken virtues, and therefore cannot be charged as a disgrace, though it be so to you. Where the guilty are so numerous, clemency must be extended to the greater number; and I have little doubt of procuring a release for you. You can keep you out of the claws of justice, till she has selected and gauged upon her victims; for, in such as in other cases, it will be according to the vulgar pre-

verb, "First come, first served."

Besides, government are desirous at present to intimidate the Eng-

lish Jacobites, among whom they can find few exam-

ples for punishment. This is a rudimentary 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.

"You now entered Spontoon with an anxious counten-

"By his regimentsual acquaintance he had spe-

perfect seat. He had four bands and four figures, and sat, in discovery of an impostor, who had travelled from the north with her under the assumed name of Captain Butler of Gardner's dragans. Sir Walter was going to lend the story a great deal of interest, to have him sought for as an emissary of the Pretender; but Spontoon, (an old soldier,) while he pretended to be interested, said, as the heathen say, they wore by Sirs, the Scottish Highlanders had usually some peculiar solemnity attached to an oath, which was so frequently observed that their heads, as they swore, on their own skin—"naitch, which when breaking, became a party to the transaction, was invoked to pray any breach of faith. But by whatever ritual the oath was mentioned, the party was extremely dexterous in keeping what the especial oath was, which he considered as irrevocable. This was a matter of great nonconformists, as he felt no scruple in breaking his assurance, when made in any other form than that which he considered as peculiarly solemn, and therefore readily granted any engagement which bound him no longer than he inclined. Whereas, if the oath which he advocated as revocable was once published, no party with whom he might have occasion to contract, would have rested satisfied with any other. Louis XVI. of France was said to have sworn by the same hand as his predecessor had a peculiar species of oath, the only one which he was ever known to reject, and which, therefore, he was very unwilling to pledge. The only engagement at which that witty tacit ac-

"If I should need any more, I was on the road by the hotel of Saint-Louis d'Anver, where I continued a portion of the journey. If he prevaricated after taking this oath, Louis desired that he should be in the year, he had determined that he would not leave him within the limits of this oath. But, says Comme, the king replied, he would not return to Paris for the whole year, whether he was willing to take some other oath which could be revoked. The treaty broke off, therefore, after much chattering. As the nature of the vow was not known, it is difficult to say to which the difference between the distances of experience and those of con-

110
turning to Scotland? No relenting longings towards the land of mountains and floods, I am afraid.

"In a word," said Captain Butler, "the pretender and his father had an interview with the Secretary of State, a convivial meeting, and the Secretary of State, in the fulness of his heart, agreed to place a hundred thousand crowns in the hands of the Chevalier's agent in France. Captain Butler then proceeded to Scotland and was received with open arms by the Chevalier. But the Pretender was not satisfied. He demanded more money, and Butler promised to do all in his power to obtain it."

"What is all this about," said Waverley, "what purpose do you have in going to Scotland?"

"I have a mission for you, Waverley," replied Butler. "I wish to speak with the Chevalier about his future plans."

"And what do you hope to gain from this meeting?"

"I hope to gain the Chevalier's confidence and support."

"And what is the purpose of this support?"

"The purpose is to prepare for the Chevalier's return to the throne of Scotland."
discussed all political purposes from his present journey, and could not be acceded to furthering machinations against the government, even under duress, when he showed thy lady's passport. The day passed merrily away. The young student was inquisitive about Waverley's campaigns, and the manners of the Highlanders, and Edward was obliged to satisfy his curiosity by whisking a piper, dancing a strathspey, and singing a Highland song. The evening was spent on the stage northward with his new friend, and parted from him with great reluctance, upon the remembrances of Spontoon, who, accustomed to submit to discipline, was rigid in enforcing it.

CHAPTER LXIII.

DEBILITATION.

Waverley, riding post, was as the usual fashion of the period, without any adventure save one or two quarrels, which the teller 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 setting gloom over the arms of the Chevalier. Yet it came upon him unawares, for he was for a time altogether unmanned. The generous, the courteous, the noble-minded Adventurer, was then a fugitive, when his heart was so brave and so strong, so enthusiastic, so faithful, were dead, imprisoned, or exiled. Where, now, was the exalted and high-souled Ferguson? If, indeed, he had survived the night at Culloden where the brave and gifted primitive hero of Bradwardine, whose foibles seemed doles to set off the disinterestedness of his disposition, the genuine goodness of his heart, and his unshaken courage? Those who clung for support to these fallen columns, Rose and Flora, where were they to be sought, and in what distress must not the loss of their natural protectors have involved them? Of Flora, he thought with the regard of a brother for a sister; of Rose, with a sensation yet more deep and tender. It might be 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 known him as Edward Waverley; how, therefore, could he reveal himself as Francis Stanley? He resolved, therefore, to avoid all company, and to move northward as soon as possible. He was, however, obliged to wait a day or two in expectation of a message from Out; and he was also to leave his own address, under his assumed character, at a place agreed upon. With this latter purpose, and incidentally ofcourse, he visited the houses of the wealthy, the market, the known streets, cautiously shunning observation, but in vain: one of the first persons whom he met at once recognised him. It was Mrs. Lockhart, Ferguson Mac-Ivor's good-humoured landlady.

"Good guide me, Mr. Waverley, is this you na, ye needna be feared for me. I wad betray nae gentleman in your circumstances—ah, lack a-day, I'm a changie o' merchant's, how merry Mac-Ivor and ye 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 darkining, sir, we're just step in by to our house, away in the bot o' the street, where ye ken if ye like to sleep in the little room, I wad tak care ye are no disturbed, and naebody wad ken, ye for Kate and Mac-Ivor's. At the same time, they'd dinna give oor grace, and I hae two new quens instead o' them."

Waverley accepted her invitation, and engaged her lodging for a night or two, although she should be called a thimbleful. She came visible the same even before the many where else. When he entered the parlour, his heart swelled to see Ferguson's bonnet, with the white cockade, hanging beside the little mirror.

"Ay," said Mrs. Lockhart, sighing as she observed the direction of his eyes, "the purr Colonel bought a new one the day before they marched, and I met him a' the same day, but he never turned his eye to it ilk day since; and whiles I look at it I just think I hear him cry to Callum to bring him his bonnet, just as he used to when he was gathering wild violets in the morning. It annoys slyly—the neighbours ca's me a Jacobite—but they may say their say—I am sure it's no for that—" thus he was as a gentleman as ever lived, and as well-fared too. Oh, d'ye ken, sir, whose is it to affer?"

"Suffer! Good heaven!—Why, where is he?"

"Rhu, Lorn saig, d'ye no ken? The poor He" land body, Duogall Macbony, cam here a while syne, w' ane o' his arms cutt off, and a sair clour in the head—ye'll mind Duogall, he carried say an axe on his shoulder—and he cam here just begging, as I may say, for something to eat. Aweel, he taussd as the Chief, as they ca'd him, (but I sae ce' him the Colonel,) and Ennio Macmacbion, that ye mind weel, was taen somewhere besides the English border, when it was seen dark that his folk never missed him till it was over late, and they were like to a clean daft. And he said that little Callum Beg, (he was a bauld mischievous callant that,) and your honour, were killed at the same night in the tuilzie, and mony were. But he blee braw mair for to be at the Colonel, ye never saw the like. And now the word ranges the Colonel is to be tried, and to suffer wi' the rest for what he said 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 Papag lady the neighbourhood to hear his case."

"And," said Edward, "the other young lady?"

"Whilk other? I ken only as the sister the Colonel had," said Edward.

"I mean Miss Bradwardine," said Edward.

"Ou, ou, the laird's daughter," said his landlady.

"She was a very bonnie lassie, poor thing, but far shyer than Lady Flora."

"Where is she, for God's sake?"

"Ou, whakens where on' o' them is now? Pur things, they're aar taen down for their cow- sides and their white rooses; but she gied north to her father's in Perthshire, when the government troops cam back to Edinbro'. There was some pretty men amang them, and one Major Whacker was quartered on me, a very ceevil gentleman,—but O, Mr. Waverley, he was aathing weel-far'd as the purr Colonel."

"Do you know what has become of Miss Bradwardine's father?"

"The said laird na, naebody kens that; but they say he fought bravely and bluidy battle at Invernoss; and Deacon Clank, the white-iron smith, says that the government folk are sair agane him for having burnt the town; and troth he might be aar taen warning, but there's nae fule like an eel full— the purr Colonel was only out once."

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-Voolan, where he concluded he should see, or at least hear something of Roser. He then wrote a letter for Colonel Talbot at the place agreed upon, signed by his assumed name, and giving for his address the post-towns near 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 additional advantage of permitting deviation from the road when he saw parties of military at a distance. His campaign had considerably strengthened his constitution, and he was thoroughly able to stand the burden of enduring fatigue. His baggage he sent before him as opportunity occurred.

As he advanced northward, the traces of war became more visible, from a pile of charred timbers, dead horses, roofless cottages, trees felled for palisades, and bridges destroyed, or only partially repaired,—all indicated the movements of hostile armies. In those places
where the gallery was attached to the Stewart cause, their houses seemed dismantled or deserted, the mean-looking ways that had been called the lamont's lane was totally interrupted, and the inhabitants were seen gliding about, with fear, sorrow, and dejection on their faces.

It was evening when he approached the village of Tully-Veolan, with feelings and sentiments—how different from those which attended his first entrance! There was no longer the danger 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 upper end of a well-known avenue to Waverley. A single glance announced that great changes had taken place. One half of the gate, entirely destroyed, and split up for miles, was ready to be taken away; the other swung uselessly about upon its loosened hinges. The battlements above the gate were broken and thrown down, and the carved figure, which was said to have done sentinel's duty upon the top for centuries, now hurled from its posts, lay among the rubbish. The avenue was greatly wasted. Several large trees were felled and left lying across the path; and the castle of the villagers, and the more rude huts of dragon horses, had perished in black mud the verdant turf which Waverley had so much admired.

Upon entering the courtyard, Edward saw the fears realized which those circumstances had excited. The place had been sacked by the king's troops, who, to wanton mischief, had even attempted to burn it; and though the thickness of the walls had resisted the fire, unless to a partial extent, the stables and outer chambers were totally consumed. The pinnacles of the main building were scooped and blackened; the pavement of the court broken and deserted; the doors torn down entirely, or hanging by a few tattered pieces; the windows and stonework dismembered, and the court strewn with articles of furniture broken into fragments. The apartment of ancient days, with its imposing magnificence, was in the possession of a bare and desolate condition. The horror of his heart, had attached so much importance and veneration, were treated with peculiarity contemptuously. The fountain was desolate, and the spring, which had supplied it, now flowed to the court-yard. 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 fury of the assailants, tattered and torn, graced the those at what that fate might be increased with every step. When he entered upon the terrace, saw scenes of desolation were visible. The balustrades were eaten down, the walls desolated, the borders overgrown with weeds, and the fruit-trees cut down or grubbed up. In one compartment of this edifice there were two immense yew-chestnut trees, of whose size the Baron was particularly vain: too easy, perhaps, to cut them down, the spoils with malignant ingenuity, had mined them, and placed a quantity of gunpowder in the cavity. Once

had been shivered to pieces by the explosion, and the fragments scattered around, enclosing the unhappy roof, which that ruin had been more partial in its effect. About one-fourth of the trunk of the tree was torn from the mass, and the rest was knocked off, and faced on one side, and spread on the other its ample and undiminished boughs.

Amid these general marks of ravage, there was some which more particularly addressed the feelings of Waverley. Viewing the front of the building, he wept in secret, and afforded, his eyes naturally sought the painter's window, the safe haven of his youth, but the prospect was changed. The painter's window suggested to the Baron, that horrid charm, or rather enchanting delight, it was easily discovered, for beneath it lay the stage-flower and shrubs, with which it was her pride to decorate it, and which had been cut from the hermit: several of her books were mingled with broken 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 a well-remembered air, an old Petronzab song:

"They came upon us in the night,
And made my bowers and house my enemy:
My servants' life did lose,
And so was mine too.

They slew my knight, to me most dear,
They slew my knight, and drew his heart
The memory of this will rise,
But a deadly sleep has closed his eyes."

"Alas, thought Edward, is it thus? Poor Isabella, being art those alone left, to gibe and move, and fill with the wild and unconnected frenzy and mirth the halls that protected thee?—He then called first low, and then louder, "Davey—Davey Gallie!"

The poor simpleton showed himself from among the ruins of a sort of green-houses, that once investi- nated what was called the Terrace-walk, but at the night of a stranger retreated, as if in terror. Waver- ley, remembering his habits, began to whistle a tune to which he was partial, which Davey had expressed great pleasure in listening to, and had picked up from him by the ear. Our hero's minstrelsy was more equalized that of Blondel, then poor Davey recurred Cour de Lion; but the melody had the same effect, of producing recognition. Davey soon stood from his measure, and his eyes met Edward's. The towers and pinnacles of the main building were scooped and blackened; the pavement of the court broken and deserted; the doors torn down entirely, or hanging by a few tattered pieces; the windows and stonework dismembered, and the court strewn with articles of furniture broken into fragments. The accessories of ancient days, with its imposing magnificence, was in the possession of a bare and desolate condition. The horror of his heart, had attached so much importance and veneration, were treated with peculiarity contemptuously. The fountain was desolate, and the spring, which had supplied it, now flowed to the court-yard. 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 fury of the assailants, tattered and torn, graced the

"Who are dead?" said Waverley, forgetting the incapacity of Davey to hold any connected discourse.

"Baron—and Beille—and Saunders—uae others are—A—dead—game and game;"

But follow, follow, me, Waverley, and I'll show you where the dead should be—Edward, you, Edward,

and the red moon people climb through the redwood

A great deal more would be by way of either in part, by such a miscellaneous and wretched set of men as grow at Inverary Castle, the hastes of Nichond'ist of the

The first three complaints are from an old ballad, called "Border Widow's Lament."
Waverley.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Comparing of Notions.

This Baron's story was short, when divested of the adages and common-places, Latin, English, and Scotch, with which his oration garnished it. He insisted much upon his grief at the loss of Edward and of Glenaquoch, fought the fields of Falkirk and Culloden, and related how, after all was lost in the last hard-bitten bone, under the eye of more easily finding shelter among the barest tenants and on his own estate, than elsewhere. A party of soldiers had been sent to lay waste his property, for clemency was not the order of the day. Their proceedings, however, were checked by an order from the civil court. The estate, it was found, might not be erected to the cross to the police of Kirkcudbright and to Inch-Grabbat, the lands whose class could not be prejudiced by the Baron's attainder, as deriving no right through him, and who, therefore, felt no spirit of enmity entered upon possession. But, unlike many in similar circumstances, the new land speedily showed that he intended earnestly to enhance his property from all benefit or advantage in the estate, and that its purpose to avail himself of the old Baron's evil fortune: to the full extent. This was the more uncom- mon, as it was generally known, that, from a romantic idea of not proceeding in the usual way, the Baron's malice had refrained from settling his estate on his daughter.

The selfish intention was resented by the country people, who were partial to their old master, and inveigled against his successor. In the Baron's own words, 'The matter did not concern the villages of the comradures, Mr. Waverley; and the tenants were slack and remiss in payment of their rents and duties; and when my kinman came to the village with the new factor, Mr. James Howie, to lift the rents, some wenchassee person— I suspect John Heatherblatter, the said game-keeper, that was with us in the parsonage—and a shot at him in the gloaming, whereby he was so afflicted, that I may say with Tullips in Castile, Abilis, enasit, erupit, affluit. He fled, sir, as one only say, incontinent to Stirling. And now he has advertised the estate for sale, being himself the least substitute in the entail,—And if we were to layest about such matters, this would be a great advantage to the present man from my immediate possession, while, by the course of nature, must have happened in a few years. Whereas now it passes from the lineage that should have possessed it (and) they are the rightest, in the sense of the law, in the shape of the shape, a person que persequi suaviter. Sir John of Bradweirde— Black Sir John, he is called—who was the common ancestor of our house and ours, a good King David, or like our valiant Sir William Wallace, not that I bring myself into comparison with either. I thought, when I heard you at the door, they had driven the rent collector to his sense, and so I can propose to die at bay, like a week's of the first growth. But now, Janet, canna ye give us something for supper?

"On so, sir. I'll brander the moy-pound that John Heatherblatter brought in this morning; and I'll use pair Davie's roasting the black hen's eggs— I dare say, Mr. Waverley, ye never kent that the eggs that were seen roasting at supper in the Hús-house were ate turned by our Davie!—there's no the Scotch of him o' my gate for the young man, when we had a tall bony gaunt figure in the remnants of a faded uniform, and a beard of three weeks' growth. It was the Baron of Bradweirde. 'Tis unoccen-

Vol. II. Q
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 long, and then got up at a quarter to nine. She had no sister folk, purr fellow, love, and he had no sissy or sally folk tak' him for.—But, to be sure, how can we do enough for his Honour, when we and ours have lived on his ground this two hundred years; and when he kept his purr Jamie at school and college, and even at the His' house, till he gass to a better place; and when he saved me fares being tuk to Perth as a witch—Lord, forg' th'me that would touch sic a poor silly body!—and has maintained purr Davie at heck and manger maist 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 Duraughan, an' answered the Baron; "the laird's distantly related to us, and more nearly to my chaplain, Mr. Rubrick; and, though he be of Whig principles, yet he's not forget- tered of the Fraser at this time. The Balilie is doing what he can to save something out of the wreck for purr Rose; but I doubt, I doubt, I shall never see her again, for I mean lay my benes in some far country."

"Haut de, your Honour," said old Janet, "ye were just as ill aff in the failure, and got the bonnie bu-"—hurt, for, when I was light of the eggs, is reason, and the murr-cock's branded, and their silk an' tape a threng-cher and some sount, and the heel o' the white lout that cam frae the Balilie; and she's plenty o' brandy in generality, that wad frae Murrison's and wad be some power, and waga no be supper'd like princes?"

"I wish one 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.

There was a lot, a lot, of their future prospects. The Baron's plan was very simple. It was, to es-cape 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 in- vited Waverley to go with him, a proposal in which he succeded, providing the interest of Colonel Tal- bot was involved in his pardon. Thus he hoped the Baron would sanction his addresses to Rose, and give him a right to assist him in his exile; but he forbore to speak on this subject until his own fate was decided. Then he talked with a touch of quixoty, for whom the Baron expressed great anxiety, although, he observed, he was "the very Achilles of the Horatii Flaccus."

Ampiger, launus, mezorubile, sacc."

Winch," he continued, "has been thus rendered (ver- necularly) by Brann Robertson:

A fity ster-e-ug, a faetious chiel,
As hat as ginger, and as stive as steel.

Flora had a large and unqualified share of the good old man's sympathy.

It was now wearing late. Old Janet got into some kind of kennel behind the hall; Davie had been lying asleep, and snoring between the Bar and Butler. These dogs had followed him to the hut after the mansion-house was deserted, and there constantly rested; and for ferocity, with the old woman's re- vulsion of being a witch, contributed a good deal to expel visitors from the glen. With this view, Balilie MacWhistle provided Janet underhand with meal for these two or three weeks, and also articles he could find of luxury for his patron's use, in supplying which much precaution was necessarily used. After some compli- cations, the Baron, being determined not to have continued to Waverley reclined in an easy chair of tattered velvet, which had once garnished the state bed-room of Taly-Voeals, (for the furniture of this mansion was now scattered through all the cottages in the vic- nity,) and went to sleep as comfortably as if he had been in a bed of down.
Waverley had the curiosity to climb up and look in upon him in his den, as the lurking-place might well be termed. Upon the whole, he looked not unlike that ingenious puzzle, called a real fox to a real crow; and the curtain, which was drawn to screen from the view of all but the grown people there, my self excepted; who can neither comprehend the mystery how it has got in, or how it is to be taken out. The cave was very narrow, too low in the roof to admit of his standing, or almost of his sitting up, though he made some awkward attempts at the latter posture. His sole amusement was the person of his old friend, the buzzard, varietied by occasionally scratching Latin proverbs and texts of Scripture with his knife on the roof and walls of his fortalice, which were ofield-stone. As the cave was dry, and filled with clean straw and withered fern, "it made," as he said, coiling himself up with an air of smugness and comfort which contrasted strangely with his usual appearance, "a very safe north, a very passable gite 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 avert danger; and it was singular what instances of address assumed by Davie to the inquisitive attachment of the poor simpleton, when his patron's safety was considered.

With Janet, Edward now sought an interview. He had not the slightest notion of the woman who had nursed him during his sickness after his delivery from Giffilain. The but also, though a sort of interest and sympathy, was, was certainly the place of his confinement; and he now recollected, like the common moro of Tully-veolan the trunk of a large decayed tree, called the fasting-tree, was somehow connected with cockades and the Highlands roused themselves on that memorable morning. All this he had combined in his imagination the night before. Davie was heard to speak to the reader, prevented from casting censure Janet in the presence of the Baron.

He now commenced the task in good earnest; and the first question was, Who was the young lady that visited the but during his illness? Janet paused for a little; and then observed, that to keep the secret now, would neither do good nor ill to either. "It was just a leddy, that banna her equal in the world—Miss Rose Bradwardine!"

Miss Rose was probably also the author of my deliverance," inferred Waverley, delighted at the confirmation of an idea which local circumstances had already induced him to entertain. The very week Mr. Waverley, and that was she;" but sair, sair angry and affronted was she been, pair thing, if she had thought ye had been ever to ken a sair, sair angry thing she had been, but when ye was in hearing, to mak ye trow we were in the Highlands. I can speak it weel enough, for my mother was a Highland woman."

Waverley was brought out the whole mystery respecting Waverley's deliverance from the bondage in which he left Castrivenkan. Never did Davie feel so much of an aman, that the drawy teutology, with which old Janet detailed every circumstance, thrilled upon the ears of Waverley. But my reader is a lover, and I must spare his patience, by attempting to confine within reasonable compass, the narrative which old Janet spread through a baragone of nearly two hours.

Then he proceeded to Fergus the letter he had received from Rose Bradwardine, by David Geldie, giving an account of Tully-veolan being visited by the son of his soldiers, that circumstance had struck upon the busy and active mind of the Chieflain. Easier to devise and narrow the gate of the enemy, desirous to prevent their escape by being a casus near him, and willing also to oblige the Baron—for he often had the idea of marriage with Rose floating through his brain,—he resolved to draw them to the Highlands, and to bring Rose to Glenquicken. But just as he had resolved Evan with a small party on the spot, the news of Cope's having marched into the Highlands to meet and dispose of the forces of the Chevalier, are they came to a head, obliged him to join the standard with his whole forces.

He sent to order Donald Bean to attend him; but that cautious freebooter, who well understood the value of a separate command, and had been won over by various arguments which the pressure of the times compelled Fergus to admit as current, though not in his presence, without the internal resolution of being revenged on him for his procrastination, time and place convenient. However, as he could not amend the matter, he issued orders to Donald to descend 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 and family, and to arrest and drive 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 terrors of Fergus, and as he had, from former secret sources, some interest in the councils of the Chevalier, he resolved to make hay while the sun shone. He achieved, without difficulty, the object of driving the soldiers from Tully-veolan; but although he did not venture to encroach upon the interior of the family, or to disturb Miss Rose, being aware how far it might constitute a public enemy in the Chevalier's army, "For well he know the Baron's wrath was deadly;" yet he set about to raise contributions and exactions upon the tenantry, and otherwise to turn the war to his own advantage. Meanwhile he mounted the but with a certain kind of air, and was soon to discover his cause in the Highlands rendezvous on that memorable morning. It was at this moment that Rose learned, by open-mouthed fame, with all sorts of exaggeration, that Waverley had killed Cope, and was going to the Highlands in an attempt to arrest him; had been cast into a dungeon by Major Melville of Castrivenkan, and was to be executed by martial law within three days. In the agony 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 sort of nature as would make amends for any piddoednie which he might be guilty of in the country. He had the art, however, placing all the while duty and discretion to hold off Rose, and that was she; and, in her distress, offered to bribe him to the enterprise with some valuable jewels which had been her mother's. Donald Bean, who was ambitious, and perhaps over-estimated, the value of these trinkets, he called on Rose, in her distress, 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. Rose could, he feared, she should not part him and the treasure, voluntarily offered to take an oath that he would never mention Miss Rose's share in the transaction; and foreseeing 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 handsomely by the young lady—in the only mode and form which, by a mental pact with himself, he considered as binding—he swore secrecy upon his hono.

When drawn dirk. He was more careful with this act of good faith by some attentions that Miss Bradwardine showed to his daughter Alice, which, while they gained the mountain damed, highly gratified the pride of her father. Alice, which could now speak a little English, was very communicative in return for Rose's kindnesses, readily confided to her the whole papers respecting the intrigue with Gardiner's regiment, of which she was the depository, and as readily undertook, at her instance, to restore them to Waverley without her father's knowledge. "For they may oblige the bonnie young lady and the handsome young gentleman," said Alice, and what use has my father for a white bit of scarlet paper?"
Chapter LXVI

Now is Cupid a child of conscience—he makes restitution.

Mr. Duncan Macwhirter, no longer Commissioner or Recapitulator, or in any wise enjoying the latter dignity, had escaped proscription by an easy accession from the insurgent party, and by his insinuation, Edward found him in his office, unmasked, papers and accounts. Before him was a large black

102

WAVERLEY. [Chap. LXVI.

The reader is aware that she took an opportunity of executing this purpose on the eve of Waverley's return.

How Donald executed his enterprise, the reader is aware. But the expulsion of the military from Tully-Veolan, and, while he was going in for Giffion, a strong party, such as Donald did not care to face, was sent to drive back the insurgents in their turn, to encamp there, and to protect the country. The Waverley, unattended by a disciplined, neither intruded himself on Miss Bradwardine, whose unprotected situation he respected, nor permitted his soldiers to countenance any breach of discipline. He formed a little camp, upon an eminence, near the house of Tully-Veolan, and placed proper guards at the gates in the vicinity. This unwelcome news reached Donald Bradwardine, so he was returning to Tully-Veolan. Determined, however, to obtain the quittance of his labour, he resolved, since approach to Tully-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 thither, and which was utterly unknown to Waverley himself. This effected, he claimed and received his reward. Waverley's illness was a great 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. At a discreet distance, he left an old man, a herbalist, who was supposed to understand a little of medicine, to attend Waverley during his illness.

The affair, 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 capture of Waverley, and his own personal effects being so valuable, there was no saying to what breach of faith Donald might be tempted. In an agony of grief and terror, Rose took the daring resolution of explaining to the Prince himself the danger in which Mr. Waverley stood, judging that, both as a politician, and a man of honour and humanity, Charles Edward would assist him 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 described her name, though with reluctance and terror, and consigned it in charge to a young man, who, at leaving his farm to go to London, carried it to his postman in order to have some sort of credentials to the Adventurer, from whom he hoped to obtain a commission.

The letter reached Charles Edward on his descent to Edinburgh, 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 arrested, and transmitted to Donn in Bean Lyne, to transmit Waverley, safe and uninnocured, in person or effects, to the governor of Donnie Castle. The freethinker 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 over to his lieutenant to convey Edward to Donnie, which was safely accomplished in the mode mentioned in a former chapter. The governor of Donnie 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 to continue his personal influence. So this, indeed, he acted by the advice of the Chieflain of Glennaquoith, with whom it may be remembered the Chevalier communicated upon the mode of disposing of Edward, without mentioning him by name, he himself to learn the place of his confinement.

This, indeed, Charles Edward considered as a leading feature of the letter; for all the rest was couched in the most cautious and general terms, and professed to be written merely from motives of humanity, and zeal for the Prince's service, yet she expressed so anxious a wish that she should not be known to have interfered, that the Chevalier was induced to suspect the deepest interest which she took in Waverley's safety. This conjecture, which was well founded, however, to false inferences. For the emotion which Edward displayed on approaching Flora and Rose at the ball of Holyrood, was placed by the Chevalier to the account of the letter; and he was convinced that the Prince, an enjoyment of his property, or some such obstacle, thwarted their mutual inclinations. Common fame, it is true, was not so frequently quoted as an argument by that Prince knew that common fame was very prodigal in such gifts; and, watching attentively the behaviour of the ladies towards Waverley, he had no doubt that the young Englishman had not interfered 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 sequestered the Baron on the subject of settling his estates 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 estate, which the Prince rejected in the manner we have seen. The Chevalier, constantly engaged in his own multiplications, was not hitherto sought for any explanation with Waverley, though often meaning to do so. But after Fergus's declaration, he saw the absurdity of his own accusers, and now devoutly 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, concerning his quarrel with Waverley, alleged as the cause, that Edward was desirous of retracting the suit he had formerly brought against him, and told him, that he had himself observed Miss Macc- livor'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 engaged to Miss Bradwardine. The quarrel which ensued between Edward and the chevalier as I hope, still sufficiently explained, for the purpose of exciting the reader's curiosity.

When Janet had once finished the leading facts of this chapter, Waverley was easily enabled to explain the clue which they afforded, to other masses of the labyrinth in which he had been engaged. To Rose Bradwardine, then, he owed the life which he now knew was to be his, and was willing he should lose it in her. A little reflection convinced him, however, that to live for her sake was more convenient and agreeable to her than to die. He therefore might share it 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 scrupulosity, which had appeared grotesquely ludicrous during his prosperous seemed, in the sunset of his fortune, to be harmonious and assimilated with the noble features of his character, so as to add peculiar without exciting ridicule. His mind occupied with such prospects of future happiness, Edward sought Little Veolan, the abode of Mr. Duncan Macwhirter.
of animal-porridge, and at the side thereof, a horn-son and a bottle of two-penny. Eagerly running back to his master, Stanley, an English gentry was nearly related to the noble Lord, had taken his morning already, or that he meant to season his porridge with such digestive; or perhaps both circumstances caused all the body of which was of bran, was reduced to a cap and morning-gown had whilome been of tartan, but, equally cautious and frugal, the honest Baillie had got the dyed black, in the bottom of which was a powder to assist the with directions to wait there until the post should bring a letter for Mr. Stanley, and then to forward it to Little Veleon with all speed. In a moment, the Baillie was in search of his apprentices, or, servant, as he was called Sixty Years since, Jock Screiver, and in not much greater space of time, Jock was on the back of the horse.

"Tak care ye guide him weel, sir, for he's aye been short in the wind since—a hem—Lord be good to me! (in a low voice,) I was gaun to come wi' me—since I rode whip and spur to fetch the Chevalier to red Mr. Waverley and Vich Ian Yoirh; and an uncanny coop I got for my pains.—Lord forgive your honour!—I might have broken my neck—but I trust, I can manage it a bit; but this takes amends for a'. Lady Waverley!—ten thousand a-year!—Lord be good unto me!"

"But you forget, Mr. Macwheeble, we want the Baron's consent—the lady's—"

"Never fear, I've been caution for them—I see you personal warmer—ten thousand a-year! it it

As Mr. Macwheeble had no idea of any person laughing heartily who was either encircled by peril or danger, he held that the conduct of Edward's appearance greatly relieved the embarrassment of his own, and giving him a tolerably hearty welcome to 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 seemed so dangerous to be apprehended; but he could not now draw back.

Convinced he must trust this man, as he could make his interest to be faithful, Edward communi- cated his present situation and future schemes to Macwheeble. The wily agent listened with appre- ciation when he found Waverley was still in a state of personal ease, and spoke of some place for 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 seemed so dangerous to be apprehended; but he could not now draw back.

With such discourse, and the intervening topics of business, the time passed until dinner, Macwheeble meanwhile promising to devise some mode of removing Edward at the Duchan, where Ross at present resided, without risk of danger or suspicion; which seemed no very easy task, since the Laird was a very zealous friend to government. The poultry-yard had been laid under requisition, and cockseykely and Scotch chickens soon reeked in the Baillie's little parlour. The landlord's coach-servant was just introduced into the muzzle of a pint-bottle of clear, (cobbled possibly from the cellars of Tully-Veleon,) when the sight of the grey porridge, passing the window at full speed, induced the Baillie, but with due precaution, to place it aside for the moment. Enter Jock Screiver with a packet for Mr. Stanley; it is Colonel Talbot's seal; and Edward's fingers tremble as he unfolds it. Two official papers, folded, signed, and sealed in all formality, drop out. They were hastily picked up by the Baillie, who had a natural regard for the resemblance of a deed, and taking the slip on its tiers, his eyes, or rather spectacles, are grieved with "Protection by his Royal Highness to the person of Count vonn Brawndwirtz, and of that address called Baron of Brawndwirtz, forwarded for his acceptation."
Waverley

CHAPTER LXVII

HARRY’S EPEE

When the first rapturous sensations, occasioned by these excellent tidings had somewhat subsided, Edward proposed instantly to go down to the sea to acquaint the Baron with their import. But the cautious Ballie justly observed that if the Baron were to appear instantly in public, the tenantry and villagers might become restless in expressing their joy, and give rise to some sort of proceedings for whom the Ballie always had unlimited respect. He therefore proposed that Mr. Waverley should go to Janet Geltsalie’s, and bring the Baron there. This Mr. Waverley did, and show him the Baron’s and obtain his consent for harbouring him that night; and he would have horses ready on the morrow to set him on his way to the Duchan along with Mr. Stanley, while the Baron was being entertained. Then he would have the honour will for the present retain, said the Ballie.

Certainly, Mr. Macwhistle, but will you not go down to the glen yourself in the evening to meet your prince? That I was wi’ a’ my heart, and did oblige to your honour for putting me in mind of your bonnie duty. But it will be past; and therefore I’ll set back for the Captain’s, and at these unsavoury hours the glen has a bad name—there’s something no that cases about said Janet Geltsalie. The Laird he no believe that things, but he was eye over rash and venturesome—and feared neither man nor devils—and he seems to. 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 in Scotland can doubt it, since it is punishable with death by our law. So the man who a law and ghoul for it. An his honour winna believe the Levitiens, he might eye believe the Statute-book—but he may take his way o’ it, if there’s a law for having it. However, I shall send to ask auld Janet this e’en; it’s best to light them that have that character—and we’ll want Davie to turn the spit; for I’ll gar Eppie put down a fat goose to the fire for your honours 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 terror. It resembled exactly the description of Spenser:

"The fairies' lair—her haunt
A little cottage-hill of sticks and reeds
In homely wise, and well doth with moss around,
In which a witch did dwell in wily weeds,
And will not, all careless of her needs;
So choosing solitary hide:
Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deeds,
She may not see people she might abuse;
And hurt far off, unknown, whosoever she despised."

He entered the cottage with these verses in his memory. Poor old Janet, bent double with age, and with a blemish so large that although he could not see her face, he knew that she had a blemish, so much had her nerves 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 their personal danger, it naturally led to the belief that he was not to enter again upon possession of his estate. "It behoved to be," she said, "he would get it back again; nobody would be so glib to as to let them have it again!—He would see to that!"—for that Inch-Grabbit, I could while wish myself a witch for his sake, if it were only to think the Enemy would take me at my word, and would let her have some money, and promised that her fidelity should be rewarded. "How can I be rewarded, air, sae weel, as just to see me my said master and Miss Rose come back again and walk the hill!"

Waverley now took leave of Janet, and soon stood beneath the Baron's Fatomo. At a low whistle, he observed the veteran peeping out to reconnoitre, like an old badger with his head out of his hole. "Ye have come rather early, my good lad," said he, descending; "I question if the redcoats have beat the fashion, and we're not safe till them."

"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 brackish state," said the old man.

"And it," said Waverley modestly, "there were a situation in life which would put Miss Bradwardine behind bars; but I hold the rank to which she was born, would you object to it, my dear Baron, because it would make one of your friends the happiest man in the world?" The Baron turned, and laid his hand on Waverley's arm.

"Contended, Edward, I shall not consider my sentence of banishment as repealed, unless you will give me permission to return to my home. Still less shall we consent to any blush of Rose, at receiving the compliments of Waverley, or to stop inquiring whether she had any curiosity respecting any communication journals to Scotland at that period. We shall not even trouble the reader with the hum-drum details of a courtship Sixty years since. It is enough to say, that, under such strict a martinet as the Baron, all things were conducted in due form. He took upon himself, the morning after their arrival, the task of announcing the proposals of Sir Everard, which she heard with a proper degree of maiden timidity; but, however, however, say, that Waverley had, the evening before, found five minutes to apprise her of what was coming, while the party of the morning was at three twisted serpents, which formed a fort d'asseau in the garden.

My fair readers will judge for themselves; but, for my part, I cannot conceive how so important an affair could be communicated in so short a space of time; at least, it certainly took a full hour in the Baron's mode of conveying it. Waverley was now considered as a received lover in all the forms. He was made, by dint of smiling and nodding on the part of the house, to sit next Miss Bradwardine at dinner, to be Miss Bradwardine's partner at cards. If he came into the room, she of the four Miss Rubbicks who chanced to be next Rose, was sure to recollect that her thimbles, or her scissors, were at the other end of the room, in order to leave the seat nearest to Miss Bradwardine vacant for his occupation. And sometimes, if peep and marmot were not in the way of disturbing them, their good behaviour, the misses would titter a little. The old Laird of Duchram would also have his occasional jest, and the old lady her remark. Even the Baron could not refrain; but here Rose escaped every embarrassment but that of conjecture, for with his wit and his prudence, he did not permit even his ladies to pass upon any compliances respecting name and bearing, while now, as a landlady, wif a
with the best of them. Ross and Edward, however, endured all these little variegated circumstances as other folks have done before and since, and probably contributed to sustain some indemnification, since they are not inconsistent, to have been particularly unhappy during Waverley's six days' stay at the Duchray.

It was finally arranged that Edward should go to Waverley to make the necessary arrange- ments for his marriage, thence to London to take the proper measures for pleasing his pardon, and return as soon as he could. The immediate occurrence of the being of the date of his marriage was not put off. He also intended in his journey to visit Colonel Talbot; but, above all, it was his most important object to learn the fate of the unfortunate Chief of Glen- neagles, to visit him at Carlisle, and to try whether any thing could be done for procuring, if not 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 attempted to interest his friend, Colonel Talbot, in his behalf; but had been refused, and had been taken in delusion, by talbot, that he had credit in matters of that nature was totally exhausted.

The Colonel was still in Edinburgh, and proposed to wait there for some months upon business, confined to him the Duke of Cumberland. He was engaged to be joined by Lady Emily, to whom easy travelling and goat's whey were recommended, and who was to join him before the end of the summer. Francis Stanley. Edward, therefore, met the Colonel at Edin- burgh, where he wished him joy in kindlest manner on his approaching happiness, and cheerfully undertook many commissions which our hero was naturally obliged to delegate to his charge. But on the subject of Fergus he was inexorable. He expressed Edward, indeed, that if he interfered would be unpardonably; but, besides, Colonel Talbot owned that he could not conscientiously use any influence 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 at- tempt. He had studied and understood the subject. His father's fate could not intimidate him; the bounty of the laws which had restored to him his land could not move him. That he was brave, generous, and possessed many good quali- ties, only rendered him the more dangerous; that he had been defended and acquitted made his crime the less excusable; that he was an enthusiast in a wrong cause, only made him the more fit to be its martyr. Above all, he had been the means of bringing many hundreds of men into the field, who, with- out him, would never have broken the peace of the country.

"I protest it," said the Colonel, "though Heaven knows with a heart distained for him as an indi- vidual, that this young gentleman has studied and fully understood the desperate game which he has played. He threw for life or death, a coronet or a coffin; and he cannot now be permitted, with justice to the country, to draw stakes because the dice have gone against him."

Such was 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, the correction of the Law will hold the sentiments, that were general in Britain Sixty Years since.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

To-morrow? O that's sad! — See him, spare him! — Shakespeare.

Edward, attended by his former servant Alick Pol- warth, who had re-entered his service at Edinburgh, passed the whole night in discussion with his brother on the condition of their capital, and the future state of his unfortunate associates was yet sitting. He had pushed forward in haste, not, alas! with the most distant hopes 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 that they had been imprisoned. Edward was not the first counsel, accordingly attended; but it was upon the same footing on which the first physicians are usually summoned to the bedside of some dying man. To take the advantage of some incalculable chance of an exertion of nature — the lawyers to avail themselves of the barely possible remission of some legal flaw. Edward sought the court, which was extremely crowded; but by his arriving from the north, and his extreme eagerness and application, it was supposed he was a relation of the prisoners, and people made way for him. It was the third sitting of the court, and there were two men at the bar. The verdict of Grrity was already pro- nounced. Edward just glanced at the bar during the momentous pause which ensued. There was no ma- taking the studied form and noble features of Fergus Mac-Ivor, although his dress was squalid, and his countenance tinged with the sickly yellow hue of long and close imprisonment. By his side was Evan Maccombie. Edward felt sick and dizzy as he crossed the desk and saluted him. The Clerk of Arraigns pronounced the solemn words: "Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glenneagles, otherwise called Icham Vohr, and Evan Mac-Ivor, in the Dhu of Terras, is hereby pronounced when and which called Evan Maccomdie, or Evan Dhu Maccom- bie—you, and each of you, stand attainted of high treason, and the law of the land and the court should pronounce judgment against you, that you die according to law?"

Fergus, the presiding Judge was putting on the fatal case, if justice was plac'd on his own honours upon his head, regarded him with steadfast and stern look, and replied in a firm voice, "I cannot let this court be defiled with innumerable questions; I have no answer to make. But what I have to say, you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water. Spare not mine. Were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have per'd it in this quarrel." He resumed his seat, and refused again to rise.

Evan Maccombie sat down in great earnestness, and, rising, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which the proceedings were held, prevented the speech.

There was a murmur of compassion among the spec- tators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the cause of Fergus, and to expiate his guilt for his crime. The Judge commanded silence, and encou- aged Evan to proceed.

"I was only gaging to say, my lord," said Evan, "in what he meant to be an inauspicious manner, but if your excellent honours, and the honourable Court, would let Icham Vohr go free just this once, and let him go back to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, that any one of the best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me go down to Glenneagles, I'll fetch them up to ye, as well as I can, and you may begin wi' me the very first man."

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh came upon the whole company in the com- mon-place nature of the proposal. The Judge, checking this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, with the murmur abated. "If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing," he said, "because a poor man, such as I, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Icham Vohr, it's like enough they may bear it quietly, but if they laugh at it, I think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him. I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hollandman, nor the honour of a gentleman."

There was a general smile, both upon the audience, and a dead silence ensued.

The Judge then pronounced upon both prisoners.
garment of white fannel. At a little distance sat an elderly woman, exclaiming with religious fervour. She was reading 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 music fearfully to attempt speech. Her fine complexion was totally gone; her person considerably emaciated; and her hair was the 'purer white than snow,' forming a strong contrast with her sable dress and jet-black hair. Yet, amid these marks of distress, there was nothing negligent or ill-arranged about her attire; even her face, though veiled by her veil, was disposed with her usual attention to neatness. The first words she uttered were, 'Have you seen him?'

'Alas, no,' answered Waverley, 'I have been refused admittance.'

'It accords with the rest,' she said; 'but we must submit. Shall you obtain leave, do you suppose?'

'For—for—to-morrow,' said Waverley, but muttering the last word so faintly that it was almost unintelligible.

'Ah, then or never,' said Flora, 'until—' she added, looking upward, 'the time when, I trust, we shall all meet. You will not lose me, I hope, or see me earth yet bear it. He always loved you at his heart, though—' but it was vain to talk of the past.

'Vein indeed,' said Waverley.

'Or, even of the future, my good friend,' said Flora, 'so far as earthly events are concerned; for how often have I pictured to myself the strong possibility of this horrid issue, and asked myself how I could support my part; and yet how far has all my anticipations fallen short of the unimaginable bitterness of this hour!'

'Dear Flora, if your strength of mind—'

'Ah, there it is,' she answered, somewhat wildly; there is Mr. Waverley, there is a busy devil at my heart, that whispers to me, I am but mad enough to listen to it—that the strength of mind on which Flora proved herself has murdered her brother!'

'Good God! how can you give utterance to a thought so shocking?'

'Ah, is it not so? but yet it haunts me like a phantom; I know it is unsubstantial 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 objects. It was I who taught him to concentrate them 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 only at home; reserve yourself, your vassals, your life, for enterprises within the reach of man. But O, Mr. Waverley, I spurred the feverish, and half of his run at least lies with his sister!'

The horrid idea which she had intimated, Edward endeavoured to combat by every incoherent argument that occurred to him. He recalled to her the principles 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 his 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 hazardous 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 grieve unity and consistence to his conduct; to dignify, but not to precipitate, his resolution.' Flora had soon ceased to listen to Edward, and was again intent upon her needle-work.

'Do you remember," she said, looking up with a steadily smile, "the day of your stay at our house; in which you saw my present circumstances of unparalleled distress?'

When Edward reached Miss Mac-Ivor's present abode, he was instantly admitted. In a large room, hung with tapestries, in one of which, was a contrived window, sewing what seemed to be a

VOL. II R
I shall not have the last miserable consolation of knowing the cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!”

The unfortunate Flora here, after one or two hysterical sobs, fainting in her chair. The lady, who had been attending in the anteroom, now entered hastily, and begged Edward to leave the room, but not the house.

When he was recalled, after the space of nearly half an hour, he found, by a strenuous effort, Miss Mac-Ivor had greatly composed herself. It was then he ventured to urge Miss Brantwardine’s claim, to be considered as an adopted sister, and empowered to assure her parents of the future. "I have, for my dear Rose," she replied, "to the same purpose. Sorrows and afflictions, and I would have written to express, that, even for 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 assured me a retreat in the convent of the Scottish Benedictine nuns in Faria. To-morrow, or to-morrow night, I shall go forward on my journey with this venerable sister. And now, Mr. Waverley, adieu! May you be as happy with your new prospects as I have been with mine! Sometimes on the friends you have lost. Do not attempt to see me again; it would be mistaken kindness."

She gave him her hand, on which Edward shed a torrent of tears, and, with a faltering step, withdrew from the apartment, and returned to the town of Carlisle.

At dawn the next day, in the 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 darker departure is near.

The death drum is muffled, and sable the bier.—Campbell.

Arrived a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the casement in front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle Castle. But he paced it long in every direction, before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened, and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the sergeant of the guard, and was admitted.

On the death of Fergus, it was again lamentable, as the house of the unfortunates with such Henry VIII.’s time, or somewhat later. The granting of the large old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clack of chains, as the unfortunate Chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison, to fling himself into his friend’s arms.

"My dear Edward," he said, in a firm and even cheerful voice, "this is truly kind. I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure. And how do you then? And how is my old whimsical friend the Baron? Well, I trust, since I see you at freedom—And how will you settle precedence between the three engines passing and the hearth and boot-jack?"

"How, O how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things at such a moment?"

Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, let me come to the meeting of that interest, for example, when we marched in, side by side and hoisted the white flag on these ancient tower. But I find no joy to sit down and weep, because the luck has gone against me. I knew the state which I risked; we played the game boldly, and the forfeit shall be paid manfully. And now, since my time is short, let me come to this meeting of that interest, for example, when we marched in, side by side and hoisted the white flag on these ancient tower. But I find no joy to sit down and weep, because the luck has gone against me. I knew the state which I risked; we played the game boldly, and the forfeit shall be paid manfully. And now, since my time is short, let me come to this meeting of that interest."

He has, and is in safety."" "Pray, have God for that! Tell me the particulars of his escape."

Waverley communicated the remarkable history, so far as it had then transpired, to which Fergus listened with ardent interest. He then related to the several others and made many minute inquiries concerning the fate of his own clansmen. They were, he said, had suffered, and had been engaged in the affair; for, having in a great measure dispersed and returned home after the captivity of their Chieftain, according to the universal custom of the Highlanders, when they were not in immediate danger. The insurrection was finally suppressed, and consequently were treated with less rigour. This Fergus heard with great satisfaction.

"You are rich," he said, "Waverley, and you are generous. When you hear of these poor Mac-Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions by some harsh overseer or agent of government, remember you have worn their tartan, and are an adopted son of their race. The Baron, who knows our manners, and lives near our country, will apprise you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Voehr?"

Edward, as may well be believed, pledged his word; which he repeated before the minister, in the presence of the minister, and in the presence of God. I tell you, that his memory still lives in these glens by the name of the Friend of the Sons of Ivor.

Would you now deliver the Chieftain," Waverley said, "I could beseech you try your rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave race—or at least, as I have striven to do, persuade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms; and be to you, what he has been to me, the kindest,—the bravest,—the most devoted."

The tears which his own fate could not draw forth, fell fast for that of his foster-brother. "But," said he, drying them, "that cannot be. You cannot be to them Vich Ian Voehr; and these three magic words," said he, half smirking, "are the only open secrets to their feelings and sympathies, and poor Evan must attend his foster-brother in death, as he has done through his whole life."

"And I am sure," said Macombich, raising himself from the floor, on which, for fear of interrupting their conversation, he had lain so still, that, in the obscurity of the apartment, Edward was not aware of his presence,—"I am sure Evan never desired or deserved a better end than just to die with his Chieftain."

And now," said Fergus, "while we are upon the subject of clasps—what think you now of the prediction of the Bodich Glas?—Then, before Edward had time to take it up, a strange look again came over the face of the old prisoner, as it was in the slip of moonshine, which fell from that high and narrow window, towards my bed. Why should I fear his question? I fear his question? I shall be as immaterial as he. False Spirit," I said, "art thou come to close thy walks on earth, and to enjoy thy triumph in the fall of the last descendant of thine enemy?" The specter 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, who is 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 it, as imagination plays us such strange tricks. 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 was 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 re-admitted; soon after, a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fettors from the legs of the prisoners. "You are now delivered of the chains and strength and courage—we have lain chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into paunch, when they free us, they send six soldiers with loading muskets. The old fellow that takes the Chieftain—Edward afterwards learned that these severe pro-
estimations had been taken in consequence of a desperate attempt of the prisoners to escape, in which they had very nearly succeeded. 

Screams, not otherwise than the trumps of the garrison beat to arms. "This is the last turn-out," said Fergus, "that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear Edward, ere we part, let us speak of Flora—a subject which excites the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me."

"We part not here!" said Waverley. 

"Not this time, at least; but must come another time. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself," he said proudly; "Nature has her tortures as well as art; and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throne 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 freely, may kill a living friend to look upon,—This same law of high treason," he continued, with astonishing firmness and composure, "is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor Scotland—her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose one day or other—when there are less long-haired wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies—they will blot it from their records, as levelling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummery, too, of exposing the senseless head—they have not been more wise in America than we, nor more generous; there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch stage, though, that I may look for better death, to the blue hills of my own country, which I love so dearly. The Baron would have added, "Monar, et sermo sine dolce reminiscitur Argo."

A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horses' feet, was now heard in the court-yard of the Castle. "As I am a soldier," said the youth, "I know these sounds admonish me that my time flies fast, tell me how you found poor Flora?"

"Just returned," 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 may you and your enjoy it—but you cannot know the purity of feeling which combines two orphans, like Flora and me, left alone as it were in the world, and being all in all to each other from our very infancy. But now, my brave boy, when the last feeling of loyalty will give new nerve to her mind after the immediate and acute sensation of this parting has passed, I can tell you about my love for, and the love of the brave of our race, upon whose deeds she loved to dwell."

"Shall she not see you then?" asked Waverley.

"She seemed to expect it."

"A necessary deceit 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 them. She was made to believe she would see me at a later hour, and this letter, which my confessor will deliver, will apprise her that all is over."

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the Castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus MacIvor and Evan Maccombie. "I go," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs 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 the sledge, or horse-chaise, provided with proper weapons and 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 Exekutions, a heavy axe, bent into a crook, with 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 arch-way, that opened to the draw-bridge, we saw on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette twixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come further. This was the last we saw of the death scene," said Fergus, smiling dismally as he passed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with a voice of deep emotion, after the fashion of the dragons. "These are the very chains that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen of them. They look bold enough now, however."

The priest gave him a wistful glance.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus, turning round, embraced Waverley, kissed him on each cheek of the face, and bade him go ftir, and bid him good-by, and be seated at his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the Catholic gentleman, and whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gate-way, while the guards of the Castle and the High Sheriff went through the formalities connected with the solemn act. The ceremony was completed, and the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King James!"

These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The once so familiar voices were heard, and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, tolled from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away, and the procession moved on; the fallen clasp of the sashes of the officers was soon heard to sound alone.

The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway, and the street was at length clear of all; the crowd had been filing for several minutes; the court-yard was now totally empty, but Waverley still stood there as if stupefied, his eyes fixed upon the dark place where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend. At length, a female servant of the governor's, with compassion at the stupefied 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 her, but at length it recalled him to himself. Declining the courtesy by a hasty gesture, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and, leaving the Castle, walked swiftly as he could through the empty streets, till he reached the inn, where he had been staying, and bolted the door.

In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of utterable distress, the heart-felt sounds of the wheels of a horse-drawn fiacre, performing a lively air, and the confused murmur of the crowd which now filled the streets, so lately deserted, apprised him that all was finished, and that the military and populace were returning from the dread scene of the conflict, and the various crowds with which affliction, in all sects, pursues the memory of the dead."

The next morning early light threw its beams on the town of Carlisle, and induced him to return to the vicinity of Edinburgh. He dared hardly look back towards the Gothic battlements of the fortified gate under which he passed, for the place was surrounded with
old wall. "They're no there," said Alice Polwarth, who missed the cause of the dubious look which Waverley cast backward, and who, with the vulgar appetite for the horrible, was master of each detail of the butchery,—the heads are over the house, the Scotch yard is empty. It's a great pity of Evan Dhu, who was a very well-meaning, good-natured man, to be a Highlandman; and indeed so was the Laird o' Glenbuchie too, for that matter, when he wasans in an o' his survivors.

CHAPTER LXX.

DEUCE DOMUS.

This impression of horror with which Waverley left Carlisle softened 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 endeavoured to place it in a light which might grieve her, without shocking her imagination. The picture which he drew for her benefit he gradually familiarized 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 heart still bled, and his mind mellowed, Edward had reached his native country before he could, as usual on former occasions, look round for enjoyment upon the face of nature, for the first time since leaving Edinburgh, began to experience that pleasure which almost all feel who return to a verdant, populous, and highly cultivated country, from scenes of waste desolation, or of solitary and melancholy grandeur. But how were those feelings enhanced when he entered on the domain so long possessed by his forefathers; recognized the old haunts of childhood; and was again surrounded by the silent and melancholy landscape which, after a long and arduous voyage, he had finally thrown himself into the arms of the venerable relations 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 pernicious engagement with the young Chevalier, it restored too well with the principles in which they had been brought up, to incur reprobation, or even censure. Colonel Talbot also had smoothed the way, with no small concern for Edward's future happiness, by dwelling upon his gallant behaviour in the military character, particularly his bravery and generosity at the battle of Dettingen; and, as one of their number, Atchison's engaging in sable combat, making prisoner, and saving from slaughter, so distinguished an officer as the Colonel himself, the imagination of the Baronet, and perhaps the exploit of Edward with those of Wilbert, Hildebrand, and Nigel, the vaunted heroes of their line.

The appearance of Waverley, embrowned by exercise, and dignified by the habits of military discipline, and acquired an athletic and hardy character, which not only verified the Colonel's narration, but surprised and delighted all the inhabitants of Waverley. They crowded to see, to hear him, and to sing his praises. Mr. Pembroke, who sociably exulted in the event, was the first to observe that the cause of the Church of England, ensured his own gentle, nevertheless, for being so careless of his manuscripts, which, indeed, he said, had occasioned him some anxiety, as, in the case of the Baronet, who was 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. To no one more, or to any other hero, the butler had thought it safe to venture with food only once in the day, so that he had been repeatedly compelled to derive his sustenance from the cupboard, either absolutely cold, or, which 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 Pilgrims of the Baron of Bradwardine, who was well pleased with Janet's fare, and a few bunches of straw stowed in a closet in the rear of a stall, but he made no remarks upon a contrast which could only mortify his worthy tutor.

All was now prepare for the ruptures of Edward, an event to which the good old Baronet and Mrs. Rachel looked forward as if to the renewal of their own youth. The match, as Colonel Talbot had fancied, had attained the highest degree eligible, having every recommendation but wealth, of which they themselves had more than enough. Mr. Clippus was, therefore, summoned to the house of Honour, under the pretence of a visit, or rather than at the commencement of our story. But Mr. Clippus came not alone; for, being now stripped in years, he had associated with him a nephew, a younger vulture, (as our English Junewal, who tells the tale of Swanlow the attorney, might have called him,) and they now carried on business as Messrs. Clippus and Hookem. These worthy gentlemen had directions to make the necessary settlements on the most splendid scale of liberality, as it Edward were to wed a princess in her own right, with her paternal estate tackled to the fringe of her ermine.

But before entering upon a subject of proverbial delay, I must remind my reader of the progress of a stone with a smooth and calm surface. But at the pastime at which I myself was expert in my more juvenile years,) it moves at first slowly, avoiding by instinct every obstacle of the way, but when it has attained its full impulsion, and draws near the conclusion of its career, it smokes and thunders down, taking a road at every spring, clear-cut and direct, like a Yorkshire huntman, and becoming most furiously rapid in its course when it is nearest to be coming to rest for ever. Even such is the course of a narrative, like that which we are pursuing. The former events have at least dwelt upon, that you, kind reader, may be introduced to the character, rather by narrative, than by the fuller medium of description but when the story draws near its close, we hurry over the circumstances, however important, which your imagination must have forestalled, and leave you to suppose those things which it would be abusing your patience to relate at length.

We are, therefore, so far from attempting to trace the dull progress of Messrs. Clippus and Hooken, or that of their worthy official brethren, who had the charge of souring out the parsonage of Edward Waverley and his intended father-in-law, that we can only bring forward a simple, clear, and natural episod, for example, which were exchanged between Sir Everard and the Baron upon this occasion. The Baronet was still in his chair, and in his way, must be consigned to merciful oblivion. Nor can I tell you at length, how worthy Aunt Rachel, not without a delicate and affectionate allusion to what was said, and how she received Rose's maternal diamond tiaras to the hands of Donald Bean Lean, stocked her casket with a set of jewels that a duchess might have envied, but the reader will have the good fortune to imagine that Jock Houghton and his dame were suitably provided for, although they could never be persuaded that their son fell otherwise than fighting by the young kinsman's side; so that Alice, who, as a lover of truth, had made lesser attempts to explain the real circumstances of the young man's death, was not a word more upon the subject. The Baronet indemnified himself, however, by the liberal allowance of desperate battles, grisly executions, and raw-headed and bloody-handed stories, with which he astonished the servants-hall.

But although these important matters may be briefly told in narrative, like a scrap of report of a Chancery case, where, with all the usual quarters of Waverley could use, the real time which the law proceedings occupied, joined to the delay occasioned by the murder of that person, of which it is considerably more than two months are Waverley; having left England, alighted once more at the mansion of the Earl of Dumfries to claim the hand of his rival's bride.
The day of the great event was fixed for the sixth after his return. The Baron of Bradwardine, with whom bridal, christenings, and funerals, were festivals of high and solemn import, felt a little hurt, that, including the family of the Duchan, and all the other persons who might be present on such an occasion, there could not be above thirty persons collected. "When he was married," he observed, "in the houses of his own heroes, besides servants, and some score or two of Highland lairds, who never got on horseback, were present on the occasion."

It was found some consolation in reflecting, that he and his son-in-law having been so lately in arms against government, it might give matter of reasonable fear and offence to the ruling powers, if they were to collect together the kith, kin, and allies of their houses, arrayed in affair of war, as was the ancient custom of Scotland on these occasions—"And, without dissipation," he concluded with a sigh, "many of those who would have rejoiced most freely upon these joyful espousals, are either gone to a better place, or are now exiles from their native land."

The marriage took place on the appointed day. The Reverend Mr. Rubrick, kinsman to the proprietor of the hospitable mansion where it was solemnized, was joined by the Baron of Bradwardine, who had the satisfaction to unite their hands; and Frank Stanley acted as bridesman, having joined Edward with Lady Emily. In his clothes, and Lady Emily and Colonel Talbot had proposed being present; but Lady Emily's health, when the day approached, was found inadequate to the journey. In amidst, it was arranged, that Edward Waverley and his lady, who, with the Baron, proposed an immediate journey to Waverley-Honour, should, in their way, spend a few days in the seat of their ancestors, which had been attempted to purchase in Scotland as a very great bargain, and at which he proposed to reside for some time.

CHAPTER LXI.

"This is no more a house, I hear by the bigger 'ot.

The nuptial party travelled in great style. There was a coach and six after the newest patterns, which Sir Ewenard had presented to his nephew, that dazzled—

with its splendour the eyes of half of Scotland; there was the high coach of Mr. Rubrick—two these were crowded with ladies, and there were gentlemen on horseback, with their servants, to the nubia of a round score. Nevertheless, without having "talked to the horses, but there must be those who met them in the road, to entreat that they would pass by his house at Little Vessan. The Baron stared, and said, "it will certainly ride by Little Vessan and pay their compliments to the Balie, but "would not think of bringing with them the "hall commotus molestia, or matrimonial procession." He added, "that, as he understood that the barony had been sold by its unworthy possessor, he was glad to see his old friend Duncan had regained his situation under the new Dominus, or proprietor." The Balie dissembled, bowed and smiled, and then again inferred upon his invitation: until the Baron, though rather peremptory at the pertinacity of his instances, could not nevertheless compel him to come, without making evident sensations which he was anxious to conceal.

He fell into a deep study as they approached the top of the avenue, and was only startled from it by observing his own estate, cleared away, and (most wonderful of all) that the two great stunts Bier, those mutilated Dagon's of his heart, were only part of the gateway.

"Now this new proprietor," said he to Edward, "has shown maer gusto, as the Italians call it, in the short time he has had this domain, than that mound Maurice of our own city. He has acquired elies aditus durantes. And now I talk of hounds, is not your Ban and Buscar, who come scoping up the avenue with David Gellatly?"

"I vote we should go to meet them, sir," said Waverley, "for I believe the present master of the house is Colonel Talbot. We hesitated to mention to you at first that he had purchased your ancient patrimonial property, and even yet, if you do not incline to visit him, we can write on to him."

The Baron had occasion for all his magnanimity. However, he drew a long breath, took a long snuff, and observed how he brought him. He could not pass the Colonel's gate, and he would be happy to see the new master of his old tenants! He brightened accordingly, as did the other gentlemen and ladies—he led the way. Limn to his daughter, and they descended the avenue, pointed out to her how speedily the "Dive Pecunia of the Southron—their tithes, he might call her—had removed the marks of spoliation."

In truth, not only had the felled trees been removed, but, their stumps had been grubbed up, and the earth round them levelled and sodden with every mark of devastation, unseen to an eye intimately acquainted with the spot, was already totally obliterated. There was a similar reformation in the outward men of David Gellatly, who met them, every now and then and stopping to admire the new suit which graced his person, in the same colours as formerly, but bedizened fine lace and taffeta. He danced up with his usual ungainly frolics, first to the Baron, and then to Ross, passing his hands over his clothes, and saying, "Lady Emily was not able to sing a bar to an end of his thousand-and-one songs, for the breathless extravagance of his joy. The dogs also acknowledged their old master with a thousand gambols. "Upon my conscience, Ross," ejaculated the Baron, "the gratitude o' th' dogs brutes, and of that pur innocent, brings the tears in to my sad eye, as I think of old Lord M'Neil, and the story I am obliged to Colonel Talbot for putting my hounds into such good condition, and likewise for pair Davie. But, Ross, my dear, we must not permit them to be a life- rent 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 win 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 ancestors to its original beauty.

The Baron answered with a low bow. Indeed, when he entered the court, excepting that the heavy stables, which had been pulled down, were replaced on their several stations, and renewed or repaired with so much care, that they bore no tokens of the violence which had so lately descended upon them. While these changes had been so heedfully attended to, it is scarce necessary to add, that the house itself had been thoroughly repaired, as well as the gardens, with the strictest attention to maintain the original appearance of the ravage they had sustained. The Baron gazed in silent wonder; at length he addressed Colonel Talbot—"While I acknowledge my obligation to you, sir, for the restoration of the badge of our family, I can not but marvel that you have not attempted to erect a masque, anciently called a talbot; as the poet has it,

A talbot strong—e sturdy tyke.

At least such a dog is the crest of the martial and
your family estate is your own once more in full property, and at your absolute disposal, but only barred with the sum advanced to re-purchase it, which I understand is utterly disproportionate to its value.

"An able and honest solicitor about your honours," cried the Bailie, rubbing his hands; "look at the rental book."

"What then," being advanced by Mr. Edward Waverley, chiefly from the price of his father's property which I bought from him, is secured to his lady daughter, and her family by this marriage."

"It is a sound security about your honour's, to Rose Comynse Bradwardine alias Wauverley, in life, and the children of the said marriage, in fee; and I made up a wee bit minute of an antenuptial contract, intituled matrimonially, so it cannot be subject to reduction hereafter, as a donation inter vivos of wauverley.

"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 left him unfettered to pursue his purpose in disposing of it after his death, and whom avoided, as much as possible, even the appearance of laying him under pecuniary obligation. When his first pause of joy and satisfaction had passed, he turned to the unwise hair-clip, who, he pronounced, had sold his birth-right, like Beau, for a mess o' pottage.""
for several days with lastable prudence, had unloaded his tongue upon beholding the arrival of the carriages.

But, while Edward received Major Melville with
praise, and the clergyman, with the most affectionate
and respectful air; his father-in-law looked a little awkyard, as uncertain how he should answer
the necessary claims of hospitality to his guests, and
forbear the boasting of his tenants. Lady Emily real-
ized him, by intimating, that, though she must be
an indifferent representative of Mr. Edward Wa
erley in most respects, she hoped he would ap-
proach the entertainment she had offered, in the
mingling of so many guests; and that they would find
such other accomplishments provided, as might in
some degree support the ancient hospitality of Bally
Voeland. It is impossible to describe the pleasure
which this assurance gave the Baron, who, with an
eye of estimation of the alluring fields of the stiff
Scottish laird, 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 Sanderson's directions and exertions,
the table was soon elaboured in the other apartments, had been
assembled as much as possible according to the old ar-
rangement; and where new movesables had been neces-
sary, they had been selected in the same character
as the old. In addition to this fine old apartment, however, which drew tears into the Baron's eyes. It was a large and spirited
painted room, which Sanderson and Wa
verley in their Highland dress, the scene a wild, rocky,
and mountainous pass, down which the clan were
descending in the background. It was taken from a
spotted salmon drawn on the walls that were in Edinburgh
by a young man of high genius, and had been painted
on a full-length scale by an eminent London artist.
Each Highland Chief (whose Highland Chiefs do all but
walk out of the canvas) could not have done more jus-
tice to the subject; and the ardent, fiery, and im-
petuous character of the unfortunate Chief of Glen
nasporto, was finely contrasted with the contempla-
tive, fanciful, and enthusiastic expression of his hap-
pier friend. Besides this painting hung the arrows which
Waverley had borne in the unfortunate civil war.
The whole piece was beset with admiration, and
deeper feelings.

Ben must, however, eat, in spite of both sentiment
and vice; and the Baron, who assumed the lower
end of the table, insisted that Lady Emily
should do the honours of the head, that they might,
observe, in the finest style. After a short period of deliberation, employed in adjusting in his
own brain the precedence between the Presbyterian
kirk and Episcopal church of Scotland, he requested
the Baron to sit at the head, which he did, these,
observing that Mr. Rubrick, who was at home, would
return thanks for the distinguished marks it had been
made. The Baron, however, Sanderson attended in full costume, with all
the former domestics, who had been collected, excepting
or not, that had not been heard of since the af-
airs of Calden. The cellars were stocked w wine
which was pronounced to be superb, and it had been
cntrolled that the Bear of the Fountain, in the court-
yard, should not that night only play excellent brandy
punch for the benefit of the lower orders.

When the dinner was over, the Baron, about to pro-
test, cast a somewhat sourful look upon the
silence, which, however, was not suffered much of
his plate, that had either been secreted, or purchased
by neighbouring gentlemen from the soldiers, and by
them gladly restored to the original owner.

"In the late times," he said, "those must be thank-
ful who have saved life and land; yet when I am
about to pronounce this last, I cannot but regret an
old friend, Lady Emily, poor Lady Fotheright."

Colonel Talbot—

"Here the Baron's elbow was gently touched by his
maid of honour, that pleasant, rosy, and friendly
maid of Alexander s Alexandre, the celebrated cup
of Saint Duthach, the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine. I
question if the recovery of his estate afforded him
more reprint. "By my honour," he said, "one might
almost believe in brownies and fairies, Lady Emily,
when your ladyship is in presence!"

"I am only happy," said Colonel Talbot, "that by
the recovery of the pie I may have the opportunity, it has
fallen within my power to give you some token of my
depth interest in all that concerns my young friend
Edward. But that you may not suspect Lady Emily
for a sorceress, 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 tarter fever ever
since he heard Edward, a tale of the former days,
happened to describe to us second hand this
remarkable cup. My servant, Spontoon, who, like a
true old soldier, observes every thing and says little,
gave me afterwards to understand that he thought he
had seen the pie of plate Mr. Stanley mentioned, in
the possession of a certain Mr. Nosebag, who, hav-
ing been originally the helmsmate of a pawsboat,
had found opportunity, during the late unpleasant
scenes in Scotland, to trade a little in her old line,
and so became 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
much pleasure, if you allow me to suppose, that
its value is not diminished by having been restored
through my means."

A tear mingled with the wine which the Baron fill-
ed, that he could not answer to Colonel Tal-
bott, and "The Prosperity of the united Houses of
Waverley-Honour and Bradwardine!"

It only required the couple to remind me, no wish was
ever uttered with more affectionate sincerity, there
are few which, allowing for the necessary mutability of
human events, have, been upon the whole, more
happily fulfilled.

CHAPTER LXII.

A POSTSCRIPT, WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PROLOGUE.

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 take the driver who has received his full hire, I
still linger near you, and make, with becoming differ-
ence, a trilling 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 in 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 in the matter, will be at the loss of
the sin of omission respecting that same matter of
prefaces; Secondly, that it is a general custom with
that class of students, to begin with the preface of
a book, and as the flimsy writing, being introduced last in order, have still the best chance to be read
in their proper place.

There is an instance of a Scotland 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 destruc-
tion of the patriarchal power of the Highland chiefs,
the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions of the
Lowland nobility and barons,—the total eradication
of the Jacobite party, which, souse to intermingling
with the English, or adopt their customs, long con-
tinued to pride themselves upon maintaining ancient
Scottish manners, and, consequently, to continue the
reading. The gradual influx of wealth, and exten-
sion of commerce, have since united to render the
present people of Scotland a class of beings as differ-
et from their grandfathers, as the existing English
are from those of Queen Elizabeth's time. The poli-
tical and economical effects of these changes have
been traced in this book with great precision and
accuracy. But the change, though steady and rap-

didly progressive, has, nevertheless, been gradual;
and, like those who drift down the stream of a deep
and smooth river, we have made until we fix our eye on the now distant
point from which we have been drifted. Such of the
presentation as can recollect the last twenty
or twenty-five years of the eighteenth century, will be fully sensible of the truth of this statement; especially if their acquaintance and connexions lay among those, who, in my younger time, were facetiously called "folks of the old leaves," 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 descriptions and new, 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 hiding," after the battle of Culloden, but could tell a tale of strange concealments, and of wild and hair-raising escapades, 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 remains 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 "Teague's" and "dear joyas," 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 rare 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 suitable tackle, after it had been mislaid 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 Laggran, 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 evanescence 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 Umphraville 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 coveted 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.

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 art,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Lay of the Lost Marvell.
INTRODUCTION TO GUY MANNERING.

The Novel or Romance of Waylesley 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 similar theme, and the man seemed to know what he wanted. The novels were consumed cannot be better illustrated than by recounting the simple narrative on which Guy Manering was originally founded; but to which, in the progress of the work, the productive ceased to bear any, even the most distant resemblance. The tale was originally told me by an old servant of my father's, an excellent old Highlander, with a fault, unless a propensity to mountain-dew over bale potent liquor be accounted one. He believed as firmly in the story as in any part of his creed.

A grave and elderly person, according to old John McCraken's account, while residing in the wilder parts of Galloway, was bedighted. 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 must unavoidably attend his reception, and could not suppress, a woman was connected 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 an emergency, the Laird said, 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 moment of the birth; and I hope to be able to put you in possession of matters of importance, in an important manner, the future prospects of the child now about to come into this busy and changeable world. I will not conceal from you that I am skilled in understanding and interpreting the movements of those planetary bodies which start their influences on the destiny of mortals. It is a science which I do not practice, 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 an ample view of the central regions.

The guest spent a part of the night in ascertaining the position of the heavenly bodies, and calculating their probable influences; until at length the result of his observations induced him to seek for the father, and conjure him, in the most solemn manner, to cease the assistance to retard 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 somber, as to alarm the fears of the father, who had hitherto existed in the prospect 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 had tidings to tell me of your young stranger; perhaps good will reassure the blessing he has bestowed ere he attains the age of manhood, or perhaps he is destined to be unworthy of the attention which we are naturally disposed to devote to our offspring."

"Neither the one nor the other," answered the stranger; "unless my judgment greatly errs, the infant will survive the years of minority, and in temper and disposition prove all that his parents can wish. But with much in his horoscope which is not propitious, the simplicity of the youth will, in the steadiness of his character, by predominate, which threatens to subject him to an unwarranted and unhappy temptation about the time when he shall attain the age of twenty-one, which period, the constellations bespeak, will be the most dangerous in his life.

"He suffers," continued the letter of the sage, "from an awakened sense of his infirmities, passions, which have slept with him as with others, till the period of life he is now arrived at. Be not surprising at his unwellness, he may be a man of principle, and perfect in morals, perverted by some pernicious urging: this temptation may beset him, my art is designed to discover."

"Your knowledge, then, can afford us no defense," 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 than all, if his aid be invoked in sincerity and truth. You ought to dedicate this boy to the immediate service of his Maker, with as much sincerity as Samuel 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 crimes, or want of education. He must be educated in religious and moral principles of the strictest description. Let him not enter the world, lest he learn to partake of its faults, 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 twentieth birth-day comes the crisis of his fate. If he survive it, he will be happy and prosperous on earth, and a chosen vessel among those elected for heaven. But if it be 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 at your behest; but can you not aid me further in this most important concern? Believe me, I will not be ungrateful."

"Inquire and deserve no gratitude for doing a good action," said the stranger, "especially for country. The best thing I can do for you is to give you my power to save from an abhorred fate the harmless infant to whom, under a singular conjunction of planets, last night gave life. There is my advice; you may write in due time to me concerning the progress of the boy in religious knowledge. If he be bred up as I advise, I think it will be best that he come 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 temptation his fate may subject him to."

He gave his host his address, which was a country-seat near a post-town in the south 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 Astrologer; and thus his confidence, which, like most men of his period, he had placed in the science, was riveted and confirmed. The utmost care, therefore, was taken to carry into 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, and 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 withheld 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. Whatevers of sadness, which gradually assumed a darker character, began to overcloud the young man's temper. Tears, which seemed involuntary, broken sleep, moonlight 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 answer, that if this fitful state of mind was but the commencement of his trial, and that the poor youth must undergo more and more desperate struggles with the evil that assailed him. There was no hope of remedy, save that he should be left to himself. He had showed steadfastness in the study of the sciences; he had suffered, continued the letter of the sage, "from the awakening of those harpies, the passions, which have slept with him as with others, till the period of life he is now arrived at. Be not surprised at his unwellness, he may be a man of principle, and perfect in morals, perverted by some pernicious urging: this temptation may beset him, my art is designed to discover."

[End of excerpt]
INTRODUCTION TO GUY MANNERING.

The dispositons of the young man were so excellent, that he combated, by reason and religion, the fits of gloom which at times overcast his mind, and it was not till he attained the age of thirty that he discovered the real secret of his character which made his father translate for the consequence.

It seemed as if the gnomes and most hideous of mental maladies was taking the form of religious inquiries. Still the youth was sometimes consoling, affectionate, and submissive to his father's will, and resisted with all his power the dark suggestions which were breathed into his mind, as it seemed, by someasonic imaginary influence. By this means he was able to pass before him, like the wicked wife of Job, to curse God and die.

The time at length arrived when he was to perform what was then called a somber or somewhat pious journey, as the mansion of the early friend who had calculated his nativity. His road lay through several places of interest, and he enjoyed 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 manor, 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 he found the venerable old man, who had been his father's guest, met him with a shade of displeasure, as well as gravity, on his brow. "Young man," he said, "wherefore as slow on a journey of such importance?"—"I thought," replied the youth, "that you would be looking downwarde to see if there was no 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 behave," replied the sage, "in a lingering, considering that the avenue 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 find more dreadful, the longer it is postponed. But first, accept 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 fragrant meal was placed on the table. As they sat 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 the feelings of the young stranger from the possibility and mystery of his own lot, and riveted his attention to everything she did or said. She spoke little, and it was on the most serious subjects. She played on the harpichord 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 inexpressible 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 himself he could render a reason for the faith that was in him. During the examination, the youth, in spite of himself, felt his mind occasionally waver, 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 jest; 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 sit in a robe, somewhat like that worn by Armenians, having his long hair combed down on his shoulders, and his neck, hands, and feet bare. In this guise, he was conducted into a remote chamber totally devoid of furniture, excepting a lamp, a chair, and a table, on which lay a Bible. "Here," said the Astrologer, "I must leave you, to prove to you 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 is now before you. You will feel the pressure; the pathic solemnity, the tears stood in his eyes, and his voice faltered with emotion as he said, "Dear child, at whose opening into the world I foresee this fatal trial, may God give thee grace to support it with firmness!"

The young man was left alone; and hardly did he find himself so, when, like a sworn demon, the recollection of all his sins, and the sense of his unworthiness, and perhaps of a malady that would have made him a mere terror, by the scrupulosity with which he had been educated, rushed on his mind, and, like furious armed with ery scurces, seemed determined to do him death. As he contended these horrid recollections with distracted feeling, but with a resolved mind, he became aware that his arguments were answered by the sophistry of another, and that the dispute was no longer confined to his own thoughts. The Author of Evil was present; the thoáng was in the room before him, but they assumed a social character which made his father translate for the consequence.

It seemed as if the gnomes and most hideous of mental maladies was taking the form of religious inquiries. Still the youth was sometimes consoling, affectionate, and submissive to his father's will, and resisted with all his power the dark suggestions which were breathed into his mind, as it seemed, by someasonic imaginary influence. By this means he was able to pass before him, like the wicked wife of Job, to curse God and die. As the clock, which announced the lapse of the fatal hour, was heard to strike. The speech and intellectual power of the youth were instantly and fully restored; he burst into a more than usual outburst of enthusiasm, and declared to his dear friend, his father's confidante, his faith, his whole soul, his reliance on the truth, and on the Author, of the gospel. The demon retired; revelling and confounded, and the old man, entering the apartment, with tears coramnulated his guest on behalf of the young man.

The young man was afterwards married to the beautiful maiden, the first sight of whom had made such an impression on him, and they were contented with the care of their household.

The author of Waverley had imagined a possibility of framing an interesting, and perhaps not an unmeaning, tale, out of the incidents of the days, when few, if any, were more beloved, and that good and virtuous conduct were to be for ever disapproved by the sanction, as it were, of more worthless being, and who was at last pardoned, and experienced such a vicissitude. And in short, something was meditated upon a plan resembling the imaginative tale of Simstram and his Companions, by Moos. Le Baron de la Motte Fouque, although, if it thee existed, the author had not seen it.

The scheme projected may be traced in the three or four first chapters of the work, but further consideration induced the author to lay his purpose aside. It appeared, on mature consideration, that Astrology, though its influence was once received and admitted by Bacon himself, does not now retain influence over the general mind sufficient even to constitute the mainspring of the narrative; on the other hand, whatever subject, such a subject would have required not only more talent than the author could be conscious of possessing, but also involved the doctrine of predestination, and for the character of the narrative. In changing his plans, however, which was done in the course of printing, the only sheet that retained the vestiges of the original tenor of the story, although they now hang upon an unnecessary and unnatural inerimence. The cause of such vestiges occurring is now explained, and apologised for.

It is here worthy of observation, that while the astrological doctrines have fallen into general contempt, and been supplanted by superstitions of a more gross and far less beautiful character, they have, even in modern days, retained some votaries. One of the most remarkable believers in those forgotten and despised science, was a late eminent professor of the art of legedromia. One would have thought that a person of their opinion, would have been most critical 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 is now before you. You will feel the pressure; the pathic solemnity, the tears stood in his eyes, and his voice faltered with emotion as he said, "Dear child, at whose opening into the world I foresee this fatal trial, may God give thee grace to support it with firmness!"

The young man was left alone; and hardly did he find himself so, when, like a sworn demon, the recollection of all his sins, and the sense of his unworthiness, and perhaps of a malady that would have made him a mere terror, by the scrupulosity with which he had been educated, rushed on his mind, and, like furious armed with ery scurces, seemed determined to do him death. As he contended these horrid recollections with distracted feeling, but with a resolved
cynicism, he gave the scheme to a brother Altruist, 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 dead. 'It is wonderful how one can confound oneself between these two terms, during which he could find no certainty as to his death or existence.'

The Altruist marked a remarkable circumstance in his Diary and continued his explorations in various parts of the empire until the period was about to expire, during which his existence had been warranteed as actually ascertained. At last, while he was hunting for a particular bird that was famous for its tricks of legerdemain, the hands, whose activity had so often baffled the closest observer, suddenly lost their power, the cords dropped from them, and he sunk down a disabled paralytic. After some days he neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was, an inquiry why money the Altruist had requested was not met with; and an announcement, that he would make his purses-keeper, since the barrow, as she called her, would soon be home. The poor farmer made a virtue 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 without paraphernalia.

'This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of staple-deck, as the Scotch call it, or bed dressed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not.'

About midnight, the gang returned, with various articles 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 he was and what he was.

'Even the wincious Gudeman of Lochside, poor body,' replied Jean; 'he's been at Newcastle seeking affer to pay his rent, honest man, but dae-he-belikt he's been able to gather in, and see his grand o' the year. He's justly prominent, that he is, by the air, and I see him out od the turn. His is the true character, and I should feel a satisfaction in being related to a character of this kind.'

'That may be, Jean,' replied one of the banditti, 'but we mean rips his pouches a bit, and see if the tale be true or no.'

Jean set up her threat in exclamations against this breach of the gipsy regulations. When they found the money which the presence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, decided them. They observed the man was going to rest. As soon as day dawned, Jean ordered her guest, produced his horses, which she had accommodated behind the barrow, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the high-road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property; nor could her 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 condemned 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 gave his vote for condemnation, in the words, "There's a' for' Unanimity is not required in a Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, and only said, "The Lord help the innocent in a day like this." Her own death was accompanied by lamentations of heart-rending proportions of which poor Jean was in many respects wholly undervar. She had, among other decenties, or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being Jean Gordon. 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 discomfiture of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty, when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had been surrounded to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon so slighter penalty than that of decrying her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water; and, while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at such levity. She was not industrious, or even a child of her profession. She was not industrious, or even a child of her profession. Jean was startled at the onerous conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years.

It happened, in course of time, that in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the Goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted and lost his way.
INTRODUCTION TO GUY MANNEERING.

sisted 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

"The ninth and his feet hast future,"

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. 1 p. 84.)

Notwithstanding the failure of Jean's issue, for which,

Weary 's the woe' would be,

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 female insight, dressed in a long red cloak, who commanded acquiescence by giving me an apple, but whom, nevertheless, I looked on 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 clane. 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 Fass 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—bushy 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 coresum, 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 meekless 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 character of Meg Merrilies, I imagine Madge must have sat to

the unknown author as the representative of her person."—

(Blackwood's Magazine, vol. 1 p. 58.)

How far Blackwood's ingenious 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 lowward in the voyage of life, is no uncommon phenomenon 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 a 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 lads, his pupils, grew up and went out in the world, but the tutor continued to reside in the family, so unobtrusively 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 passive and unsympathetic. Death swept away his sons, whose success in life might have balanced his own bad luck and inanition. 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 worsted 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 affliction.

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 near in the words which Dominie Sampson uses to Miss Bertram, and pressed his determination not to leave her. Accordingly, devoted 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 nature 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 Mannering, and some of the characters introduced, may save the author and reader, in the present instance, the trouble of writing and pursuing a long string of detached notes.

ABROTHED, January, 1829.
CHAPTER I.

So could not deny, that looking round upon the dreary region, and seeing nothing but bleak fields, and naked trees, hills obscured by fog, and seas covered with ice, he felt for some time suffer melancholy to prevail upon him, and wished himself again safe at home.

Travel of Will. Meriv., Idol. No. 49.

It was in the beginning of the month of November, 71; 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 sister country. He had visited, on the day that opens our history, some monastic ruins in the county of Durham, and the great church 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 moss, extending for miles on each side and before him. Little enclaves arose like islands in 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, and surrounded by large elder-bushes. These insulated dwellings communicated with each other by winding passages through the moss, impassable by any but the natives themselves. The public road, however, was tolerably well made and safe, so that the prospect of being benighted brought with it no real danger. Still it is uncomfortable to travel alone in the dark, through an unknown country; and there are few ordinary occasions upon which Nancy fêtes herself so much as in a situation like that of Mannerini.

As the light grew faint and more faint, and the moras appeared blacker and blacker, our traveller questioned more closely each chance passenger on his road, and the village from the kingdom of Kippeltegian, where he proposed to quarter for the night. His queries were usually answered by a counter-question respecting the place from whence he came. While sufficient day-light remained to show the dress and appearance of a gentleman, these crossed interrogatories were usually put in the form of a case supposed, as, "You have been at the house o' Halcyon, sir? there's many English gentlemen gang to see that."—"Or, 'Your honour will be come frae the house o' Fonderlopit?" But when the voice of the querist alone was distinguishable, the response usually was, "Where are ye coming frae at sic a time o' night as the like o' this?"—"Or, 'Tis no bo' this country, friend?" The answers, when obtained, were neither more receivable to each other, nor accurate in the information which they afforded. Kippeltegian was distant at first, a 'gos hit; the very bid was more accurately described as "alons three mile;" then the "three mile" diminished into "like a mile and a half;" then extended themselves into "four mile or thereabout;" and, lastly, a female voice, having chased a wailing infant which the cookswoman carried in her arms, assured Guy Mannerini, "It was a weecy lang gate yet to Kippeltegian, and since heavy road for foot and horse." Whan the poor person back upon which Mannerini was mounted, was probably of opinion that it suited him as ill as the female respondent; for he began to flag very much, answered each application of the spur with a groan, and stumbled at every stone (and they were not few) which lay in his road.

Mannerini now grew impatient. He was occasionally betrayed into a deceitful hope that the end of his journey was near, by the appearance of a twinkling light or two; but, as he came up, he was disappointed to find that the gleams proceeded from some of those farm-houses which occasionally ornamented the surface of the extensive bog. At length, to complete his perplexity, he arrived at a place where the road divided into two. If there had been light to consult the relics of a finger-post which stood there, it would have been of little avail, as, according to the good custom of North Britain, the inscription had been defaced shortly after its erection. Our adventurer was therefore, compelled, like a knight-errant of old, to trust to the sagacity of his horse, which, without any demur, followed the lesser path, and seemed to proceed at a somewhat leveller pace than before, affording thereby a hope that he knew he was drawing near to his quarters for the evening. This hope, however, was not speedily accomplished, and Mannerini, whose impatience made every furlong seem three, began to think that Kippeltegian was actually recreating before him in proprieties to his advantage.

It was now very cloudy, although the stars, from time to time, shed a twinkling and uncertain light. Hitherto nothing had broken the silence around him, but the deep cry of the bog-blitter, or bull-of-the-bog, a large species of bittern; and the sighs of the wind as it passed along the dreary moras. To these 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-coast, 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 inlets, which it was only safe to pass at particular times of the tide. Neither circumstance would have suited a dark night, a fatigued horse, and a traveller ignorant of his road. Mannerini resolved, therefore, definitely to halt for the night at the first inhabited place, however poor, he might chance to reach, unless he should procure a guide to this unlucky village of Kippeltegian.

A miserable hut gave him an opportunity to execute his purpose without great trouble, small difficulty, and for some time knocked without producing any other answer than a duet between a female and a cur-dog, the latter yelping as if he would have barked his heart out, the other screaming in chorus. By degrees the human tones predominated; but the angry bark of the cur being at theinstant changed into a howl, it is probable something more than fair strength of lungs had contributed to the ascendancy.

"Sorrow be in your thrapples then!" these were the first articulate words, "ye no let me hear what the man wants, 'tis your yaffing!"

"Am I far from Kippeltegian, good dame?"

"Fare Kippeltegian!" in an excited tone of wonder, which we can but faintly express by three points of admiration; "Ow, man! ye should nee hadden eased to Kippeltegian—ye maun gae back as far as the Whanys and haud the Whanys till ye come to Ballenoan, and then—"

"This will never do, good dame! my horse is most unequaled upon—can you not give me a night's lodgings?"

The Hope, often pronounced Whans, is the sheltered part or hollow of the hill. Haff, loch, loch, and loch, are all modifications of the same word.
CHAPTER II.

The company in the parlour at Ellangowan consisted of the Laird, and a sort of person who might be the same, or perhaps the Laird’s assistant; his appearance was too shabby to indicate the minister, considering he was on a visit to the place.

The Laird himself was one of those second-rate sort of persons, that are to be found frequently in rural situations. Fielding has described one class as ferus consumers sed; but the love of field sports indicates a certain activity of mind, which had forsaken Mr. Bertram, if ever he possessed it. A good-humoured listlessness of countenance formed the only remarkable expression of his features, although they were rather handsome than otherwise. In fact, his physiognomy indicated the infancy of character which pervaded his life. I will give the reader some insight into his state and conversation, before he has finished a long lecture to Manning, upon the propriety and comfort of wrapping his stirrup-pons round with a wet coat, when he had occasion to ride in a chill evening.

Godfrey Bertram, of Ellangowan, succeeded to a long line of ancestors, all of whom were vigorous and powerful men, and had the lairds of that period. His list of forefathers ascended so high, that they were lost in the barbarous ages of Galwegian independence; so that his geological tree, besides the Christian and crusading branches, was fructed with Godfrey, and Gilberts, and Dennises, and Rolands, without end, bore heathen fruit of yet darker ages—Arhis, and Knaaths, and Donalgills, and cables.

In truth, they had been formerly the stormy chiefs of a desert, but extensive dominion, and the heads of a numerous tribe, called Mac-Dingwaite, though they afterwards adopted the Normans surname of Bertram. They had made war, raised rebellions, been defeated, beheaded, and hanged, as became a family of importance, for ten centuries. But the laird had gradually lost ground in the world, and from being themselves the heads of treason and traitorous conspiracies, the Bertrams, or Mac-Dingwaite, of Ellangowan, had sunk into subordinate accompaniments. Their most noted exhibitions in this capacity took place in the seventeenth century, when the fouf fied possessed them with a spirit of contradiction, which uniformly involved their relations. They reversed the conduct of the celebrated Vicar of Bray, and adhered as treasonably to the weaker side, that they might be the stronger. And truly, like him, they had their reward.

Allan Bertram of Ellangowan, who flourished post-Caroli prius, was, says my authority, Sir Robert Doughty, a man of large proportions, and very handsomely furnished, and so was his son, Sir Allan Bertram, of Ellangowan, a steady loyalist, and full of zeal for the cause of his sacred majesty, in which he united with the great Marquis of St. James, and other truly zealous and honourable patriots, and sustained great losses in that behalf. He had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by his most sacred majesty, and was acquisitely as heir to the estate of the old Bertram prius, and afterwards as a resolution, in the year 1642. These two cross-grained epithets of malignity and resolution, cost poor Sir Allan one half of the family estate. His son Dennis Bertram married a daughter of an eminent fanatic, who was a seat in the council of state, and saved by the union the remainder of the family property. If ill chance would have it, he became enminded of the lady’s principles as well as of her charms, and the author gives him the character of a man eminently of revenge, for which he was chosen by the western counties one of the committee of noblemen and gentlemen, to report the griefs of the Highlanders, and the coming in of the Highland host in 1678.

Undertaking this patriotic task he undertook a trip to which he was obliged to mortgage half of the remainder of his paternal property, which he might have recovered by dint of severe economic
The breaking cost of Argyle's rebellion, Dennis Duncan was again suspected by government, apprehended, sent to Dumfriess Castle on the coast of the Laggan, and there held until his trial, and then he escaped from a subterraneous habitation, called the White Wall, in which he was confined with some eight others, and it was reported that he had such a large quantity of money with him (as the holder of a mortgage was then called), that some of his friends saw possession, and, in the language of the people, came as cracking in, and cut the family out of the other monstrous cantle of their remaining property.

Denote Ferrers, somewhat of an Irish name, and several years after, was sold out of a coverture, and out of the diminished property of Ellangowan. He turned out of the Rev. A. Machin, his mother's chaplain, (it is said they quarrelled about the good graces of a milk maid,) drank himself drunk with drinking habits to the king, council, and bishops; held horses with the Laird of Lagg (Thomipillus O'geithrope, and. Thomas Turner, and, in that garb, took his guilty and joined Claver at Kylemore. At the assizes of Dunkeld, 1689, he was shot dead by a Caspar in a silver button (being supposed to have proof for the Excise, generally left to estrange them,) and argues is still called, the "Wicked Laird's Lair." His son, Lewis, had more prudence than scenes and runaways would have belonged to the family. He nursed as much provocation as the Scotch can, and after the massacre of Claver, did not take the opportunity of following up the随时随地 argument, but set out for Edinburgh to interpose with politics, and led the prudent, ere he set out with Lord Kennedy, in 1715, to convey his estate to trustees, as a way to pay debts and penalties, in case the Earl of Mar could not put down the Protestant success. But Scylla and Charybdis—a word to the wise, who had chosen the most perfect lawyer, which again subdivided the family property. He was, however, a man of resolution. He had sold part of the lands, evacuated the old castle, where the family lived in their decadence, as a mouse (and an old farmer) lives under a bird. Pulling down part of these venerable ruins, he built with the stones a arrow house of those stoves high, with a front like a shepherd's cap, hanged an old 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, of all manner of cross lights.

The New Place of Ellangowan, in which he lived, was not a proper place for his continued residence, for re-establishing the prosperity of his family. He took some land into his own hand, rented some out, and bought a farm or two; sold his Highland cattle and Cheviot sheep, rode to fairs and sales, bought hard bargains, and held necessity at the back end as well as he might. But what he gained he lost in honour, for such agricultural and commercial negotiations were very ill looked upon by his brother lairds, who minded nothing but cockfighting, hunting, coursing, and horse-racing, with row and the other amusements of the field. The occupations which he followed encroached on, opened upon, the article of Ellangowan's agentry, and he was thrown out of the society of his friends, and into what was then a very ambiguous character, that of a gentleman farmer. In the style of his scheme death claimed his tribute, and the necessity of a large property descended upon Geoffrey Bertram, the present possessor, his only son.

The danger of the father's speculations was soon over. Descended of Laird Lewis's personage, and then the supreme grandeur, all his undertakings miscarried, and became either abortive or perilous. Without a single spark of energy to meet or repel these misfortunes, he was as helpless as a child. He kept neither hunters, nor hounds, nor any other southern preliminaries to run; but as has been already mentioned, he was more of a trusty man who answered the purpose equally well. This gentleman's supervision small debts grew
It was evicted when he was exalted to pontificate on the human dignity—on all those fresh subjects for martyr to the crown and shattered shroud, which have afforded legions of subjects for railings against the poor souls from bow, round, and downward. It was never known that Sampson either exhibited irribility at this ill usage, or made the least attempt to retract upon his tormentors. He shrank from college by the thousand, but he also shrank, and plunged himself into his miserable lodging, where, for eighteen pence a week he was allowed the benefit of a fire, and by this means, and by the means in good hands, he knew, permission to study his task by her fire. Under all these disadvantages, he obtained a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, and some acquaintance with the sciences.

In progress of time, Abel Sampson, preacher of divinity, was admitted to the privileges of a preacher. But, alas! partly from his own bashfulness, partly owing to a strong and obvious disposition to misability which pervaded the congregation upon his first attempt, he became utterly incapable of proceeding in his intended discourse, gasped, grunted, hideously rolled his eyes till the congregation thought them flying out of his head, and left the Bible, stumbld over the platform, and fell into the arms of a woman who generally takes their station there, and was ever after designated as ‘a stickit minister.’ And thus he wandered back to his own country, with blighted hopes of his work, and lo, the laird, and I know not how many parents. As he had, neither friend nor confidant, hardly even an acquaintance, no one had the means of obtaining cloths, books, or any assistance whatever, which supplied the whole town with a week’s sport.

It would be endless to mention the numerous jokes to which it gave birth, from a ball, called ‘Sampson’s Eddi,’ written upon the subject by a smart young student of humanity, to the silly jokes of the Principal, that the fugitive had not, in imitation of his mighty prototype, taken the college gown to keep the rain off. And, in fact, Sampson must be distinguished for his ability to stand it all, for he could do and say it as well as any man.

To all appearance, the equanimity 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 placed, the pedagogue’s gains never equalled those of a skillful ploughman. He wrote, however, a good hand, and added something to his practice by copywriting sermons and Kilgour’s books for the laird. By degrees, the laird, who was much estranged from general society, became partial to that of Dominic Sampson. Conversation, it is true, was out of the question in the house of the laird, and his visitor returned to his residence, having twice reduced the peculium to total darkness. So his civilities, thereafter, were confined to taking off his glass of ale in exactly the same time and pleasure as his master; he dropped his conversation in monosyllables, instead of putting out between whiles huge volumes of tobacco smoke.

‘What needs ye groan, Dominic? I am sure Meg’s songs do no ill. ’

‘Nor have I, sir; and Dominic Sampson in a voice whispers unappreciable harshness corresponded with the awkwardness of his figure. They were the first words which Meg had heard; she became the victim, as he was the instigator of the scene. The action, in its vestiges covered with the indistinct murmur of acquiescence at the conclusion of the long and winding stories of Kilgourian.

On one of these occasions, he presented for the first time to Manning a tall, gaunt, awkward, bony figure, sat in a threadbare suit of black, with a coloured handkerchief, not over clean, about his person. There were other persons arrayed in grey breeches, dark-blue stockings, clouted shoes, and small copper buckles. These were the outlines of the life and fortunes of those two persons, in whose society Manning now hoped himself comfortably seated.

CHAPTER III.

Do not the histories of all ages
Seek the same amorous ways?
Of strange times in the world’s affairs,
Consent by Atrogious wars,
Cowards, cheat, bediftin’d calves.
And some, that have writ similes?

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 his entertainment which his attention might have supplied, and then as an excuse for presenting an extra bottle of good wine.

‘I came to sleep,’ said the Laird, with the anxious feelings of a father in such a predicament; ‘‘till I hear she’s gotten over with it—and if you, sir, are not very satisfied, and would do me the honour to sit up with us, I am sure we shall not detain you very late. Luckie Howatson is very expeditious;—there was once a lass that was in that way—she said she was in good health, and would shake your head and groan. Dominic—I am sure the king and queen were a’ weel paid, and what can man dae mair?—it was laid till her; she had a sink over her head, and the man that she ances wadded does not think she pin the wafer for the misfortune. They live, Mr. Manning, by the shore-side, at Annan, and a man decent, elderly couple, with six as fine bairns as ye would wish to see play in a salt-water dub; and little curlel Godfrey—that’s the eldest, the come o’ will, as I may say—he’s an abe board, an’ excrescence;—I has a cousin at the board of excrescence—that’s Commissioner Bertram; he got his commission in the great contest for the country, that ye ken, while he was in House of Common—I now should have voted there for the Laird of Birrudey; but ye see my father was a Jacobite, and out with Kennoum, so he never did anything, but just let things go. I’ll say, all that I could do and say, they kept me off the roll, though my agent, that had a vote upon any estate, rinked and said he’d vote for and against the court. But, to return to what I was saying, Luckie Howatson is very expeditious, for this lass’.—

Here the desultory and long-winded narrative of the Laird was interrupted by the voice of some one ascending the stairs from the kitchen story, and singing at full pitch of voice. The high notes were too shrill for a man, the low seemed too deep for a woman’s voice. It was, in fact, Manning could distinguish them, seemed to run thus:

‘Come, come, moment, lucky fit; I am in the last lighter yet.
By it last, or be it last,
Sign wi’ cross, and earn wi’ man.

‘It’s Mr. Merrilies, the gypie, as sure as I am a sinner,’ said Mr. Bertram. ‘The Dominie groaned deeply, and passed his legs, drew in the huge splay foot which his former posture had extended, placed it on the top of the next, and his downward arms and hands, instead, putting out between whiles huge volumes of tobacco smoke.

‘What needs ye groan, Dominie? I am sure Meg’s songs do no ill.

‘Nor have I, sir; and Dominic Sampson in a voice whispers unappreciable harshness corresponded with the awkwardness of his figure. They were the first words which Meg had heard; she became the victim, as he was the instigator of the scene. The action, in its vestiges covered with the indistinct murmur of acquiescence at the conclusion of the long and winding stories of Kilgourian.

On one of these occasions, he presented for the first time to Manning a tall, gaunt, awkward, bony figure, sat in a threadbare suit of black, with a coloured handkerchief, not over clean, about his person. There were other persons arrayed in grey breeches, dark-blue stockings, clouted shoes, and small copper buckles. These were the outlines of the life and fortunes of those two persons, in whose society Manning now hoped himself comfortably seated.
"Truth, maidens, your heart's not set, dell, 
Humble ye heads of your will! 
West is theirs, that west may 
Pass o'er St. Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat, 
Saint Colman and his cat, 
Saint Patrick and his sheep, 
Keep the house free from rat and weasel!"

This charm she sang to a wild tune, in a high and shrill voice, with a gay air, and her countenance became so grave and mild, and gentle and sagacious, as almost to touch the roof of the room, concluded, "And now, Laird, will you no order me a tass o' brandy?"

"Said Mag—Sit down yon there at the door, and tell us what news ye have heard at the fair o' Drumshahoe Loch."

"Truth, Laird, and there was muckle want o' you, and the like o' you; for there was a whin bonnie lae sea there, forby me, and dain to ane go to hame again."

"What d'ye say?" replied Mag, and how many gipsies were sent to the toobhie?"

"Truth, but three, Laird, for there were nae mair in the fair, bye myself, as I said before, and I oot gie the laird, for there's nae case in dealing with a gipsy, they'll refuse fowk. And there's Dunbog has warned the Red Rotten and John Young aff his grunds—black he's his name, and the old dun cow abandans him, partly—but we'll see if the red cow crack not in his bonnie barn-yard as morning before day-dawning.

"What's the flaw? That's not a safe talk."

"What does she mean?" said Manning to Sampson, in an under tone.

"Fire-raising" announced the laconic Dominy.

"Who, or what is she, in the name of wonder?"

"Harlot, thief, witch, and gipsy," answered Sampson again.

"Said Mag, Laird," continued Mag, during this by-

"That's but to the like o' you ane can open their seat; ye see, they say Dunbog is nae mair a gentleman than the bumker that's begginter the bonnie horse lown in the bowen. But the like o' you, Laird, that's a real gentleman for sea many hundred years, and seven hundreds pure fowk aff your grund as if they were and tykes, name o' your fowk was stir your gear by ye and as uneasy capon as there's leaves on the tree.

"And now some o' me man lay down your watch, and tell me the very minute o' the hour the watch commences."

"Ay, but, Mag, we shall not your assistance, or here's a student from Oxford that kens much bet

"Certainly, sir," said Manning, entering into the simple, butener of his landlord, I will calculate his usual earnings, to the rouse of the solicitors, as recommended by Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Dioscorides, and Avicenna. Or I will begin ab hoar questions, as Illy, Messina, Genoa, and Gudo Bonassa, have recommended."

One of Sampson's good recommendations to the reader of Mr. Bertram was, that he never discovered an impostor at a imposture, so that the and, whose humble efforts at socitude were chiefly unaided to what were then called bisnes and buns, ace tremendously auras and gazettes, had the fairest specialty remaining to the rouse of the solicitors, as recommended by Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Dioscorides, and Avicenna. Or I will begin ab hoar questions, as Illy, Messina, Genoa, and Gudo Bonassa, have recommended."

The green sheep mentioned in the text was the ale brewed for the purpose of drinking after the lady or goodwife's safe delivery. The ale-so has a more ancient source, and perhaps the custom may be derived from the first rise of the family. A large and rich close was made by the woman of the family, with great satisfaction of money, for the refreshment of it is a good she who was to attend her master. A man may be in the ale-so, called because its existence was secret (that is, pre

In the present occasion, he turned a gaunt and muddy star upon the youthful astrologer, and seem

ed to doubt if he had rightly understood his answer to his patron.

"I am afraid, sir," said Manning, turning towards him, "you may be one of those unhappy persons, who, in their duty being unable to penetrate the airy sphere, have lost their heart against conviction by prejudice and misprision."

"Truly," said Sampson, "I opine with Sir Isaac Newton, Knight, and upon his authority, that every man's mind, that the (pretended) science of astrology is altogether vain, frivolous, and unnecessary. And here he reposed his bonnie laws, saying—"

"Really," resumed the traveller. "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 sonorous authorities of Dariot, Bonnat, Ptolomy, Hesychius, and Atharism, Apuleius, Harbutt, Zael, Tauschett, Agripha, Duretusc, Magius, Origen, and Argo? Do not Christians and Heathens, and Jews and Gentiles, and poets and philosophers, unite in allowing the star influences?"

"Communicative—"it is a general mistake," an

sweared the inflexible Dominie Sampson.

"Not so," replied Mag, the ablest and wisest of his age. "It is a general and well-grounded belief."

"It is the resource of cheaters, knaves, and co-

senors," said Sampson.

"Abutus non passus carets. The abuse of any thing doth not abrogate the lawful use thereof."

During this discussion, Ellangowan was somewhat like a woodcock caught in his own trap. He turned his face alternately from the one to the other, and began from the gravity with which Manning pieled his adversary, and the learning which he displayed in the controversy, to give him credit for being half serious. As for Mag, 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 terms of art which a tenuous memory supplied, and which, from circumstances hereafter to be noticed, had been familiar to him in early youth.

Signs and planets, in aspects textile, quartile, trine, conjuncted, or opposite; houses of heaven, with their cusps, hours, and minutes; Almutes, Almoccedes, Anahibias, Catabhias; a thousand terms of equal sound and significane, poured thick and threefold upon the understanding Domnie, whose stubborn incredulity bore him out against the pelting of this poisonous storm.

At length, the joyful antecillation that the lady had presented her husband with a fine boy, and was (as course) as well as could be expected, broke off this interchange. Mr. Bertram hastened to the lady's apartment, Mag exclaiming, "Your ladyship will see your share of the groaning malm, and the kens no, and Manning, after looking at his watch, and noticing, with great exactness, the hour and minute of the birth, requested, with becoming gravity, that the Domnie 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 sealed with glass, which led to an old-fashioned terrace-wall, behind the modern house, communicating with the platform on
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 huge, and at a full and brilliant, and in the lesser satellite of the era one might almost have supined in cloudless effulgence. The scene which their light presented to Manning was in the highest degree unexpected and striking.

Yes, it was the morning that in the latter part of his journey our traveller approached the sea-shore, without being aware how near. He now perceived that the ruins of Elangowan castle were situated upon a promontory, or projection of rock, which formed one side of a small and placid bay 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 levels by 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 cypresswood, 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 occasioned by the unloading a smuggling lugger from across the sea. The sound of music was heard in the bay. On the light from the seaward side of the house being observed, a bellow from the vessel, of "Warn those that sail in the bay," was heard upon the 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, partly in the water, partly braced, by its own old timbers, this weather-stains of ages, and there partially mantled with ivy, stretched along the verge of the dark rock which was their right hand. In the front was the quiet bay, whose little waves, swaying and sparkling, to the moonbeams, rolled successively along its surface, and dashed with a soft and murmuring ripple against the shaded shore. The moonlight so filled the woods advanced far into the ocean, waving in the moonlight along ground of an undulating and varied form, and presenting those varieties of light and shade, and that interesting combination of greens 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 wood and scenery. Above rolled the planets, each, by its own liquid orbit of light, distinguished from the inferior or more distant stars. So strangely can imagination desolate even those by whose existence it has been excited. Manning, while gazing upon those brilliant bodies, was half inclined to believe in the influence ascribed to them; to behold them, and hear them whispering in the hour and moment of the nativity. But the moon was a youthful lover, and might perhaps be influenced by the feelings so exquisitely expressed by a modern poet:

"For Hades is Love's world, his home, his birthplace—
Delightfully heccione his eyes, and talisman,
And spirits, and delightful believes
Divine, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
Docredible mysteries of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
Their fragments in dads, or signiour mountains,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring.
Or sunsets, and the search of sunsets—
All these are living and are vanished:
They live no longer in the vain of reason:
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Both the bosom must breathe back the old access.
And to you starry world thus now are gone,
Ridiculously in vain, that need to share this earth
With man as with their friend, and to the lower Yeman,
Sheaves, from tender eyes, from tender eyes
Shine influence down: and even at this day
Various who brings every thing to his face.

Such musings soon gave way to others. "Alas! he muttered, my poor good tutor, who used to enter so deep into the controversy between Heydon and Chippendale, and the subject of astrology, he would have gazed upon the scene with other eyes. He would have seriously endeavoured to discover from the receptive positions of these luminaries their probable influence upon the mental character of the native infant, as the courses or directions of the stars superimposed, or, at least, were co-ordinate with, Divine Providence.

Well, rest he wish him! be installed into me enough of knowledge for erecting a scheme of nativity, and therefore will I presently go about it." So saying, he withdrew his eyes, and, after a short interval, returned in conviviality. He admitted, however, Manning's plea of weakness, and, conducting him to his sleeping apartment, left him to repose for the evening.

CHAPTER IV.

Come see and see! treat thou ever eyes
A fearless man stands in the house of Woe.
An enemy; a hard task alone beholds
The radiance of thy play—O be warned!

The belief in astrology was almost universal in the middle of the eighteenth century; it began to wane, and become doubtful towards the close of that period, and in the beginning of the eighteenth the art fell into general disrepute, and even under general reason. Yet it still retained many partisans even in the seats of science, and of learning. It has been the avowal of moral and religious science, through the reign of the last dynasty, than I can distinguish those calculations which had early become the principal objects of their studies, and felt lasting on their success, and those which were connected with those from which a supposed insight into future, by the power of consulting abstract influences and conjunctions, had excited them over the rest of mankind.

A man of science who had the highest privilege with undoubting faith, was an old clergyman, with whom Manning was placed during his youth. He wasted his eyes in endeavouring the stars, and had great years in calculations upon their various combinations. His pupil, in early youth, naturally caught some portion of his enthusiasm, and laboured for a time to make himself master of the technical process of astrological research; so that, before he became convinced of its absurdity, William Lilly himself would have advised him to be more faccy and passing judgment in resolving a question of nativity.

On the present occasion, he arose as early in the morning as the shortness of the day permitted, and proceeded to calculate the nativity of the young man of Elangowan. He undertook the task as many an artist, as well as to keep up appearances, as from a sort of curiosity to know whether he yet remembered, and could recall, the learned and difficult propositions of the art that he had so long neglected. He sought for the stars, and observed the results, that these perished period, and that Manning, while gazing upon those brilliant bodies, might perhaps be influenced by the feelings so exquisitely expressed by a modern poet:

"The sun, the moon, and stars, doth govern all things, all things, all things."

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GUY MANNERING.

The scene so different from what last night's journey had presented, produced a proportional effect upon Mannerling. Beneath his eye lay the modern house; an awkward mansion, indeed, in point of architecture; but well furnished, and with a warm pleasant appearance. How happily, thought Mannerling, would life glide on in such a retirement! On the one hand, the striking remnants of ancient grandeur, with the secret consciousness of being what an ancient house ought to be; on the other, enough of modern elegance and comfort to satisfy every moderate wish. Here then, and with the cheerful thought, Sophia-. We shall not pursue a lover's day-dream any further. Mannerling stood a minute with his arms folded, and then turned to the ruined castle.

On entering the gateway, he found that the rude magnificence of the inner court amply corresponded with the grandeur of the exterior. On the one side ran a range of windows lofty and large, divided by carved millions of stone, which had once lighted the great hall of the castle; on the other, were various buildings of different heights and dates, yet so united as to present to the eye a certain general effect of uniformity of form. The doors and windows were ornamented with projections exhibiting rude specimens of sculpture and tracerie, partly entire and partly broken down, partly covered by ivy and trailing plants, which grew luxuriously among the ruins. That end of the court which faced the entrance had also been formerly closed by a range of buildings, but owing to the war, it was said, to its having been battered by the ships of the Parliament under Deane, during the long civil warfare, this part of the castle was much in ruins than the rest, and exhibited a great chasm, through which Mannerling could observe the sea, and the little vessel (an armed lugger) which retained her station in the centre of the bay. When Mannerling was glancing round the ruins, he heard from the interior of an apartment on the left hand the voice of the gipsy he had seen on the preceding evening. He soon found an aperture, through which he could observe her without being himself visible; and could not help feeling, that her figure, her employment, and her situation, conveyed the exact impression of an ancient abbe.

...She sat upon a broken corner-stone in the angle of a paved apartment, part of which she had swept clean to afford a smooth space for the evolutions of her spindle. A strong sunbeam, through a lofty and narrow window, fell upon her wild dress and features, and afforded her light for the occupation of the apartment was very gloomy. Equipped in a habit which mingled the national dress of the Scottish common people with something of an Eastern costume, she spun a thread, drawn from wool of three different colours, black, white, and gray, by assistance of those ancient implements of housewifery, now almost banished from this kind of business. Above, and on the outside, was an opening for the spindle. As she spun, she sung what seemed to be a charm. Mannerling, after vain attempting to...

* The outline of the above description, as far as the supposed ruins are concerned, and some of the most notable remains of Castle Mannerling, six or seven miles from Dunfermline, and near to Lethan-peak.
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! twist ye! even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In throngs thread the human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's foot begins
Daintily to tread the twilight treading,
Le, what vari'd shapes attending:

Pleasure was wild, and Pleading
Pleasures sought exchange for pain;
Doubt, and Jealousy, and Fear,
In the magic dance saw.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.

Twist ye! twist ye! even so
Mingle human bliss and woe.

Are our translators, or rather our free imitators, had arranged these stanzas in his head, and while he was yet hammering out a rhyme for灾难的, the task of the sibyl was accomplished, or her wood was expended. She took the spindle, now charged with her labours, and, undoing the thread gradually, measured it off over and over, and having possession of the hoop round between her forefinger and thumb. When she had measured it out, she muttered to herself—"A jaloo in a haloo the, and the fullness o' the hop, and ten, and thrice broken, and thrice to oop, (i.e. to unite); he'll be a lucky lad an he win through a' it!"

Our hero was about to speak to the prophetess, when a voice, hoarse as the waves with which mingled, halloo'd twice, and with increasing impatience—Meg, Meg Merrilies!—Gipsy—tousand devilites!

"I am coming, I am coming, Captain," answered Meg; and in a moment or two the impatient commander whom she addressed made his appearance from one of the ruinous ports of the ruin.

He was apparently a scatting 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 assurance, the careless frolics some jollity and vacant curiosity of a sailor on shore. These qualities, perhaps, as much as any others, contributed to the high popularity of our seaman, and the general good inclination which our society expressed towards them.

The Captain's courage, his good, are qualities which excite reverence, and perhaps rather humble pacific landmen in their presence; and neither respect, nor a sense of humiliation, are feelings easily obtained from a fellow whose eyes are fixed towards those who inspire them. But the boyish frolics, the exciting high spirits, the unreflecting mirth of a sailor, when enjoying himself on shore, temper the more formidable points of his character. There was nothing like these in this man's face; on the contrary, a sly and even savage scowl appeared to darken features which would have been harsh and unpleasing under any expression or modification. "Where are you, Mother Deyvillon?" he said, with somewhat of a foreign accent, though speaking perfectly good English. "Donner and blitzen! I have been staying this half hour—Come, bless the good ship and the voyage, and be cursed to ye for a bag of Satan!"

At this moment he noticed Manning, who, from the position which he had taken to watch Meg Merrilies' incantations, had the appearance of some one who was still more furiously engaged in himself, being half hidden by the uittres behind which he stood. The Captain, for such he styled himself, made a sudden and startled pause, and thrust his right-hand into his bosom, between his breast and coat, as if to draw some weapon.

"What cheer, brother? you seem on the lookout—eh?"

E. Manning, somewhat struck by the man's gestures and insolent tones of voice, had made any answer the gipsy emerged from her vault and joined the stranger. He questioned her in an under tone, looking at Manning—"A shark alongside, sir?"

She answered in the same tone of under-disclose, using the cant language of her tribe—"Oat ben, whist and stow them—a gentyl cow of the kine."

The fellow's cloudy visage cleared up. The top of the mouth he addressed, sir: I find you a very gay and open handshake of my friend Mr. Bertram—I beg pardon, but I took you for another sort of a person.

Manning replied, "And you, sir, I presume, are the man that was missed in the bay."

"Ay, ay, sir: I am Captain Dirk Hatterasick, of the Yongfrugil Hagensapjen, well known on this coast; I am not ashamed of my name, nor of my vessel, no, nor of my cargo neither for that matter."

"I dare say you have no reason, sir."

"Tousand donder—no; I'm all in the way of fair trade—Just loaded yonder at Douglasses, in the isle of Nant—next cognisant—real hyson and souchong—Mehill lace, if you want any—Right cognisant—We bumped ashore a hundred kegs last night."

"Really, sir, I am only a traveller, and have no sort of occasion for any thing of the kind at present."

"Why, then, good morning to you, for business must be minded unless ye go abroad and take schnapps, shall ye be the abboss of ten ashores—Dirk Hatterasick knows how to be civil."

There was a mixture of impudence, hardboiled, and suspicion in the Captain's countenance, which was exceedingly disgusting. His manners were those of a ruffian, conscious of the suspicion attending his character, yet daring to bear it down by the infliction of a careless and hardy familiarity. Manning instantly rejected his professed civilities; and after a surly good morning, Hatterasick retired with the gipsy to that part of the ruins from which he had first made his appearance. A very narrow staircase here went down to the beach, intended probably for the convenience of the garrison during a siege. By this stair, the sailors and seamen, equally amiable in appearance, and respectable by profession, descended to the sea-side. The soli-disant captain embarked in a small boat with two men who appeared to wait for him, and the gipsy remained on the shore, reciting the songs, and gesticulating with great vehemence.

CHAPTER V.

You have fed upon your callowies,
Bustard's my park, and I'll eat my bootle.

But how can we find our way?
Raked out my impress, leaving me no sign.

Besides, I have my eyes on science and my living.
To show the world I can be a gentleman.

Wore the boat which carried the worthy captain on board, his vessel had accomplished that task, the sails began to ascend, and the ship was gone quite a way. The news of the disaster at Elangowan, and then shot away rapidly under the wind, which blew off shore, under all the sail she could crowd yonder at Douglases.

"Ay, ay," said the Laird, who had sought Manning for some time, and now joined him, "there is to go—there go the free-traders—there go Captain Hatterasick, the cant language of his tribe, Manks, half Ditchman, half devil! run out the bust, up main-sail, top and top-gallant sails, royal and ship's courses, and away fellow who can't I see a fellow, Mr. Manning, is the free-trader, and custom-house cruisers; they can make monk of him; he drubs them, or he distances them, speaking of excess, I come to bring you broadsides, and you shall have some tea, that—""

Manning, by this time, was aware that some thought linked strangely on to another in the conversation of the former. For the rest, the Laird's speech was in that mysterious and puzzling manner which Mr. Bertram's mother in Joseph appeared to him.

"Like orient pearls at random strong;" and, therefore, before the current of his association drifted further from the point he had left, he began him back by some inquiry about Dirk Hatterasick—

8 Meaning—Stop your uncivil language—that is a gushtam from the north."
“O, he’s a——s—s—s—s—s sort of blackguard fellow enough; nobody cares to trouble him—enough, I mean, to lose his life to save his soul. He has been more mischief to the revenue folk than any rogue that ever came out of Namassy.”

“Here, Mr. Manning, people must have brains and to and there’s none in the country but what comes this way—and then there’s short accounts, and maybe a lag or two, or a dozen pounds left at your door—and if you don’t take a good care of it, I’ll give you an account at Christmas from Duncan Robb, the grocer at Kipletringan, who has eyes a sam to make up, and either wants rated money, or a short bill. Now Satterwill take wood, or he’ll take twenty, or he’ll take barley, or he’ll take just what’s convenient at the time. I’ll tell you a good story about that. There was once a man—there’s Massa of Gudg∼—he—had a great number of klug hens—that’s hens that the tenant pays to the landlord—like a sort of rent in Kansas—very sickly; Luckie-Finnin sent two that were a shame to look at—two weeks, and yet she has twelve bawes sewing of vivi∼; indeed, her, goodman, Duncan Finnin—those bawes, Mr. Manning, is—that’s our own—and speaking of that, let us live in the meanwhile, for here’s breakfast on the table, and the Dumas ready to say the grace.”

The Laird, who 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 Hatteras’s trade, was pronounced excellent. Still Manning hinted, though with due delicacy, at the risk of entangling such desperate characters: “Were it in better hands, the tenant should be protected and not exposed, said he.”

“Well, the revenue lads”—for Mr. Bertram never embraced a general or abstract idea, and his notion of the revenue was personified in the commissioner, surveyors, constables, and riding officers, whom he happened to know—the revenue lads can look sharp enough out for themselves—no need to help them—and they have n’t the 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 good-humoured landlord. Mr. Bertram had not been of the fever of the few days on which his first sore, and went on with some energy.

No, sir—the name of Godfrey Bertram of Ellangowan is the name of the country; he carries a name in the country that has a plough-gate of land, but what he must ride to quarter sessions, I write P, after his name. I am full well, whom I am glad to—Sir Thomas Kitlettoc as good as I. I d’me he would sit in my skirts, if he had not my interest at the last election; and because I chose to put my own blood and third cousin, the Laird of Ellangowan, they keep me off the roll of freethinkers; and I know there comes a new nomination of justices, and I am left out! And whereas they pretend it was because I let David Mac-Guffing, the constable, draw false warrants, and manage the business his sin gate, as if I had been a noce o’ war, it’s a man unright; truth and justice, and justice; and the Dumas wrote every one of them—and if it had not been that unlucky business of Sandy Mac-Gruther’s, that the constables should have kept it twa or three days, they would have had meentrusted on the jury, and it cost me enough o’ flint: But I ken what Sir Thomas Kitlettoc is to the best of the west, and said that when the seat in the kirk o’ Kilmadigle—I was not entitled to have the front gallery facing the mirror, rather than Mac-Coskie of Creochestone, the Lords of Descom Mac-Coskie, the Dumfries weet—”

Manning expressed his acquiescence in the justice of these various complaints.

“But then, Mr. Manning, there was a story about the road, and the family—like I ken Sir Tom was behind there, and I said plainly to the clerk—"If the tenant—like I wad see the low order of the people, I can’t take that as they like.—Would any gentleman, or set of gentlemen, go and drive a road right through the corner of a stint of land, and two acres more, and obstruct them, like two roads of good improved pasture?"—And there was the story about choosing the collector of the new—”

“Certainly, sir, it is hard you should meet with any neglect in a country, where, to judge from the extent of their residences, your ancestors must have made a very important profit.”

“Very true, Mr. Manning—I am a plain man, and do not dwell on these things; and I must needs say, I have little memory for them; but I wish ye could hear my father’s stories about the old fights of the Mac-Dingwais—that’s the Bertrams that now is—w’ the Irish, and w’ the Highlanders, that came here in their brillings from Ilay and Can’tire—and how they went to the Holy Land—that is, to Jerusalem and Jericho, w’ their clan at their heels—they had better have gone to Jamaica, like Sir Thomas Kitlettoc’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 estates of Mac-Dingwais, and punchrooms of rum, it would have been better for the estate than the little comparison between the old keep at Kitlettoc and the castle o’ Ellangowan—I doubt if the keep’s fifty years old—but ye must have heard of the old keep, Mr. Manning; ye’re no eating your mact; allow me to recommend some of the supper—it was John Hay that could have been there, and the old keep, down at the stream below Hennepood ford.”

The Laird, whose indignation had for some time kept him pretty steady to one topic, now launched forth in his account of the conversations which gave Manning ample time to reflect upon 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, secretly 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 reach of great affections, are assigned petty vexations, which answer all the purposes of disturbing their serenity; and every reader must have observed, that neither natural88 splendid nor acquired virtues, nor wealth, nor power, nor any thing else, can absolutely prevent man from being subject to the grievances which occur at elections, quarter sessions, and meetings of trustees.

Curious was the manner in which thousands of the county, Manning took the advantage of a pause in good Mr. Bertram’s string of stories, to inquire what Cap’t Hatteras so earnestly wanted with the gay woman.

“O, to bless his ship, I suppose. You must know, Mr. Manning, that these freetraders, whom the law calls smugglers, having no revenue men, may fill up in superstition; and they have as many spels, and charms, and assurances.”

“Vanity and wear!” said the Dumas: “it is a trafficing with the Evil One. Spells, perambulations, and charms are of his devices—choice arrows out of Apollo’s quiver.”

“Hold your peace, Dumas—you’re speaking for ever—by the way they were the first words the poor man had uttered that morning, excepting that he said grace, and returned thanks; Mr. Manning, I cannot get it into my head that that year’s bad harvest, that badings of the country, talking of astronomy and spells, and these matters, have ye been so kind as to consider what we were speaking of last night? I begin to think, Mr. Bertram, with your worthy friend here, that I have been rather jesting with edged tools; and although neither you nor I, nor any sensible man, can be expected to entertain such notions, yet as it has sometimes happened that inquiries into futurity, undertaken in jest, have in their results produced serious and unpleasant effects both upon
actions and characters, I really wish you would disassociate yourself from your question.

I am afraid that this answer only
rendered the Laird's curiosity more unanswerable.

Manningery, however, was determined in his own mind, not to expose the inward and outward incongruities which might arise from his being supposed the object of evil prediction. He therefore delivered the paper into Mr. Bertram's hand, and requested him to keep it for five years, with the recommendation, under his name, the 18th of November was expired. After that date had intervened, he left him to admire the writing, trusting that the first stated period being then fully passed, he could be paid to its worst contents. This Mr. Bertram was prompt in his promise; and Manningery, to ensure his fidelity, invited all misfortunes which would certainly take place if his injudicious words were neglected. The rest of the day, which Manningery, by Mr. Bertram's invitation, spent at Ellangowan, passed over without any thing remarkable: and on the morning of the 20th following, the traveller quitted his seat, bid hisReverse to the house, and to his hospitable landlord; and to his clerical acquaintance for the present, and retired to the party of the family, and then, turning his head towards the north, disappeared down the right of the entrance of Ellangowan. He passed also disappeared in the same manner; and now, after another intermission of his life, that present narrative

CHAPTER VI.

When Mrs. Bertram of Ellangowan was able to hear the news of what had passed during her absence, her apartment rang with all manner of gloom and the hands of the young student from Oxford, who had sold such a fortune by the stars to the young Laird, "blessings on his destinies!"

The same, exact, and mannerly, of the stranger, were espoused upon. His horses, barge, saddle, and store, did not remain unnoticed. All this made a great impression upon the mind of Mrs. Bertram, for the good lady had no small sense of superstitious.

Her first employment, when she became capable of a little work, was to make a small velvet bag for the keeping of the rings worn by Mr. Bertram. He received them from the merchant. Her fingers strove to break the seal, but credibility proved stronger than curiosity; and she had the good sense to leave it to all its integrity, with two slips of parchment, which also covered round it, to prevent its being chapled. The whole was then put into the smallest bag addressed, and hung as a charm round the neck of the infant, where his mother was asked to remain until the period for the legitimate assertion of his curiosity should arrive.

The father was 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, Dominie Sampson was easily induced to commence his public profession of parochial schoolmaster, make his constant residence at the Place, and, in consideration of a sum not quite equal to the wages of a footman at that time, to undertake to give instruction to the future Laird of Ellangowan all the erudition which he had, and all the graces and accomplishments which—he had not indeed, but which were early implanted in the mind of Lord Manningery, the Laird formed also his private advantage; securing the constant benefit of a patient auditor, to whom he sold his stories when they were always acceptable. He could break a jest just when he had company.

About four years after this time, a great commotion took place in the county where Ellangowan is situated.

Some who weighed the signs of the times, had some sort of opinion that a change of ministry was about to take place; and, at length, after a disproportion of power and influence, and delay, the event took place. A new ministry was called for, and the new ministry acted. Sir Thomas Kildinrect, like other members in the same situation, posted down to his county, and met at Damerston with the Laird; and after a friendly interview, they parted. Sir Thomas expressed that he would shortly take up the old administration; and the friends of the new had already got about an active canvass in behalf of John Featherbed, Esq., who kept the best hotels and hunted in the county. Among others who joined the standard of revolt was Gilbert Glossen, writer in

—agent for the Laird of Ellangowan. This honest gentleman had been a friend of the elder member; or, what is as probable, he had got all that he had in the most distant presentation to seek, and could only look to the other side for fresh advancement.

Mr. Gilbert Glossen was made clerk of the estate of the property: and he was now determined that his son should have some where, there being no doubt which side Mr. Bertram would eventually be found in; and he was fully conscious, that it would be credible to him to take the field at the head of a party as possible; and immediately went to work, making very good speeches to Scotch lawyers by qualifying and subduing the superintendents upon the assistance and once powerful barony. These were so attractive, that by dint of chipping and paring here, adding sand and taking there, and cramming over there, all the estate which Bertram held of the crown, they advanced, at the day of contest, at the head of ten or good men of parliament as ever took the oath of and passed.

This strong reinforcement turned the dubious day of battle. The principal and his agents divided the honour; the reward fell to the latter exclusively. Mr. Gilbert Glossen was made clerk of the peace, and Godfrey Bertram had his name inserted in a new comission of justices, issued immediately upon the sitting of the parliament.

This had been the summary of Mr. Bertram's ambition; not that he liked either the trouble or the responsibility of the office, but he thought it a dignity to which he was well entitled, and that it had been withheld from him by malice prepense. But there was an old and true Scotch proverb, "Fools should not have chipping sticks;" this is, weapons of office by Mr. Bertram. He was no sooner possessed of the authority which he had so much longed for, than he began to exercise it with more severity than merit, and this was, he was at once formed of his inert good nature. We have said beforehand of a justice of peace, who, on being consulted in the commission, wrote a letter to a bookseller for the statutes respecting his office under the following orthography.—Please the exalted to a gentleman. No doubt, when this lord

of gentleman had possessed himself of the honor, he guarded the laws with it to some purpose. Mr. Bertram was not quite so ignorant of English grammar as his worshipful predecessor: but Augustus P辉 himself could not have used maps more discerningly, or the weapon unwarily put into his hand.

In good earnest, he considered the commission which he had been intrusted as a personal mark of favours from his sovereign; forgetting that he had formerly thought his being deprived of a privilege—honor, common to those of his rank, was the result of mere caprice. He commanded his troops at de-camp, Dominie Sampson, to read aloud the commission; and at the first words, "The king has pleased to appoint"—"I pleased," he exclaimed, "by transport of mind," and "I am better pleased than I was.

Accordingly, unwilling to confine his gratification mere feelings, he used extraordinary exertion for rent to the new-born seal of office, and endeavored to express his sense of the honour conferred upon him by an unmediated activity in the discharge of his duty.
CHAPTER VII.

Come, princes of the ragged regiment,
You of the blood! Frisky, my most upright lord,
But the same, I trust, name or little say they have
But Jock, or Phrow, or Oare, or Dogger-dpies,
Perter or Airsman—i.e. I speak of all,
Sagacity itself.

Al tersness the character of those gipsy tribes, which formerly inundated most of the nations of Europe, and which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as a distinct people, is generally understood, the reader will pardon me saying 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 favourable to the laws of that nation than to the gipsies of other countries. The most ancient and most complete history of the French, Spanish, and Italian races, is said to have been of the same nation. The features of these gipsies are, in the judicial balance, of the common and habitual theft, and prescribed his punishment accordingly.

Notwithstanding the fearlessness of this and other statutes, the fraternity prospered amid the distresses of the country, and received large ascensions 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 intermixture, the national character of Egyptians, and became a mixed race, having all the illiberal and predatory habits of their Eastern ancestors, with a ferocity which they probably borrowed from the man of the north who joined their society. They travelled in different bands, and had sets among themselves, and which each tribe was confined to its own district. The slightest invasion of the precincts which, had been assigned to it, was punished by savage skirmishes, in which there was often much blood shed.

The patriotic Fletcher of Saltoun drew a picture of these bandits about a century ago, which my readers will peruse with astonishment.

"There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very poorly provided for by the church box, with others, who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are 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 times there have been about one hundred thousand of these vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or submission either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature! * * * * * 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 committed by these thieves in the most unprincipled manner, and they have so secret been the matter of it, that they have been known to the great, and the gipsies amongst themselves. In one place the gipsies were sentenced to hang, and the last time, and there were as many poor men hanged in the court, and about the city in the streets, as gipsies in the hit. And the last

A Christmas night as it came round, you didn't see people fill a pair body about, in bar of the twelve apostles, to visit St. Peter's on the first day of the last week in the year, they came with a great deal of squalor in the street. I had a great many priests, and came with a great deal of comfort, in a pair of dirty clothes, and say 'it pappas.' But, I think my great folk might take a lesson from the papists when they say another sort of help to the poor. No, for the poor, base, fall before the probationary inroads of the new mercenary. Even so the land of Ellangowan rudely commenced its magisterial reform, at the expense of many a child and many a patient, the metal rod, caused the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the palsied to labour. He detected poachers, black-fishers, oyster-breakers, and pigeon-shooters; he gave the assurance of the bench for his reward, and the public credit of an active magistrate.

All this good had its rateable proportion of evil. Every admitted native of ancient standing should not be abashed without some caution. The seal of our worthy friend now involved in great distress many personages whose kinds and mendicant habits had been fostered or commodious habits had been ingratiating, or whose impu-
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 men and women, in the most undisciplined state, in liquor, drunk, cursing, blasphemying, and fighting together.

Notwithstanding the deplorable picture presented in this extract, and which Fletcher himself, though he lived in his boyhood in the age of liberty, saw and heard of in the time of better modes of correcting than by introducing a system of domestic slavery, the progress of time, and the influence of the laws, gradually reduced this dreadful evil within more narrow bounds. The tribes of gipsies, jockeys, or cow-boys, for all these denominations such banditti were known to become few in number, and many were entirely rooted out. Still, however, a sufficient number remained to give occasional alarm and constant vexation. Some rude handicrafts were entirely resigned to these itinerants, particularly the art of trencher-making, of manufacturing horns, 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. Each tribe had usually some fixed place of rendezvous, which they occasionally occupied and considered as their standing camp, and in the vicinity of which they generally abstained from depredation. They had even talents and accomplishments, which enabled them to use some art or the other. Many cultivated music with success; and the favourites either fiddler or pipbar of a district was often to be found an in the society of these out-of-door sports, especially hunting, fishing, or finding game. They bred the best and boldest terriers, and sometimes had good pointers for sale. In winter, the women took pride in making the most elegant and fragrant of sedge-makin; and these accomplishments often helped to while away a weary or stormy evening in the company of a good fire, and the good wits of these old settlers. They were utter strangers to the staidness of their character, and the indomitable pride with which they despised all regular labour, commanded a certain awe, which was not diminished by the considerations that these scoundrels 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, in short, the Parias of Scotland, living like wild Indians among European settlers, and, like them, judged of rather by their own customs, habits, and opinions, than as if they were part of the general body of the community. Some horses of them yet remain, chiefly in such situations as afford a ready escape either into a vessel or into another hand. They are the features of their character much softened.

Their numbers, however, are so greatly diminished, that, instead of one hundred thousand, as calculated by some, they might perhaps be considered as only about five hundred. They have been ordered to a less extent to collect about five hundred throughout all Scotland.

A tribe of these itinerants, to whom Mag Mcrhyes expatriated, had long been as stationary as their habits permitted, in a glen upon the estate of Ellsagow. They had there erected a few huts, which they denominated their "city of refuge," and where, without the least care for preventing their harboured unmolested, as the cows that roosted in the old stable and stables around them. They had been so long occupant, that they were considered in some degree the proprietors of the wretched shanties which they inhabited. This protection they were said anciently to have resided with, by service to the laird in war, or, more frequently, by plundering the property of those neighbouring barons with whom he chose to be associated. Latticory, their services were of a more pacific nature. The women spun and wove for the laird, and knitted boot-hose for the laird, which were annually presented at Christmas with great form. The aged able-bodied the bridal bed of the laird when he married the daughter of his liege lord. The men repaired her ladyship's cracked china, and assisted the laird in his sporting parties, warmed his dog, and cut the ears of his better horses. The children gathered nuts in the wood, spread the crops in the mead, and gathered mushrooms on the pastures, for a share of any victuall in the laird's table.

And acknowledgments of dependence, were rewarded by protection on some occasions, condescension on others, and broken victuals, ale, and brandy, when their услуги for this mutual intercourse of good offices, which had been carried on for at least two centuries, rendered the inhabitants of Ellsagow and the estate of Ellsagow, and, therefore, the knaves were the laird's "exceeding good friends," and he would have deemed himself very ill-used, if he had not received his" feasting and hospitality, and the trust of the woods of Ellsagow on the grounds above-mentioned and against the law of the country and the local magistrate. But this friendly union was soon to be dissolved.

The community of Dernleugh, who cared for no rogues but their own, were wholly without alarm at the severity of the justice's proceedings towards other itinerants. They had no doubt that their determination to suffer no mendicants or strollers in the country; but what resided on its own property, and practised their trade by immediate permission, implied to express. Nor was Mr. Bertram in a hurry to exert his newly-acquired authority at the expense of these old settlers. But he was driven on by circumstances.

At the winter-sessions, our new justice public was entirely superseded by a gentleman of the opposite party in country politics, that, while they affected a great zeal for the public peace, and seemed ambitious of the fame of removing the greatest rogues in the county, and permitted them to harbour within a mile of the house of Ellsagow. To no reply, for the fact was too evident and well-known. The laird digested the taunt as he best could, and in his way home assuaged himself with speculations on the easiest method of rid ing himself of these vagrants, who brought a stain upon his fair name as a magistrate. Just as he had resolved to take the first opportunity of quarrelling with the laird of Dernleugh, a cause of provocation presented itself.

Since our friend's advancement to be a conservator of the peace, he had caused the gate at the head of his avenue, which formerly, having only one hinge, remained at all times hospitably open—he had closed this gate, I say, to be newly hung and handsomely painted. He had also shut up with paling, curiously twisted with bars, certain holes in the fences adjoining, through which the gipsy boys used to scramble into the plantations to gather berries, moss, the sessions of the village to make a show of poetry, to another, and the lads and lassies for evening rambling—all without offence taken, or leave asked. The prelatory inscription on one side of the gate intimated "prosecution according to law" (the painter had made it perseverance). On the other side, for uniformity's sake, was a prescriptive annexation of sprung-guns and moss-hats, of such formidable powers, under the rubric, with an emphasis said to be—"if a man goes in, he will break a horse's leg."

In defiance of these threats, six well-armed gipsy boys and girls were riding cock-horses upon the gate, and plaiting may-flowers, which it was but evident had been gathered within the forbidden precincts. With all the usual anger as he was feeling, the laird commanded them to desist; they paid no attention to his mandate; he then began to pull these down with a ferocity that was not so much owing to the sturdy bronzed varlet making himself as heavy as he could, or climbing up as fast as he was discovered. The Laird, in the assistance of his vassal, a by-fellow, who had immedi ately his horse's mane on his horse's neck. A few lashes sent the party simpering, and thus commenced the first breach of peace between the houses of Ellsagow and those of Dernleugh.

The latter could not for some time imagine that the war was real—until they found that their cattle were being harried, the grass passing; that their stags were pointed by the game officer when left in the plantations, or even...
CHAPTER VIII.

In tracing the rise and progress of the Scottish Maroona war, we must not omit to mention that years had rolled on, and that little Harry Bertram, one of the happiest and most lively children that ever made a sword and grenadier's cap of rushes, now approached his fifth revolving birthday. A hard-bbok of disposition, which early developed itself, made him already a little wanderer; he was well acquainted with every path of the ground and dingle round Eillangowan, and could tell in his broken language, few words, but a number of phrases that were proper to the gipsies in form of law. Every door in the hamlet was chalked by the ground-officer, in token of a formal warning to remove at next term. Still, however, they showed no symptoms either of submission or of compliance. At length the term-day, the fatal Martainmas, arrived, and violent measures of ejection were resorted to. A strong posse of police-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 their warrant, proceeded to unroof the cottages, and pull down the wretched doors and windows,—a summary and effectual mode of ejection still practised in some remote parts of Scotland, when the gipsies, for a time, beheld the work of destruction in sullen silence and inactivity; then set about saddling and loading their asses, and making preparations for their departure. The officers were soon overpowered, and there all had the habits of wandering Tartars; and they set forth on their journey to seek new settlements, where their patrons should neither be of the gourm, nor cursed rotulorum.

CertainQuals of feeling had deterred Eillangowan from attending in person to see his tenants 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 riding-officer, belonging to the excise, who had of late become intimate with Mr. Bertram at the Place, and of whom we shall have more to say in the next chapter. Mr. Bertram himself chose that day to make a visit to a friend at some distance. But he apparently refrained, not without some precautions, that he could not avoid meeting his late tenants during their retreat from his property.

It was in a hollow way near the top of a steep ascent, upon the left of the Eillangowen estate, that Mr. Bertram met the gipsy procession. Four or five men formed the advanced guard, wrapped in long grey cloaks, which hid their heads; but the officers jealously searched the large slouch hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features, dark eyes, and squalid faces. Two of them carried long forks, and shaved a death, and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon.

* The father of Economical Philosophy, was, when a child, actually carried off by gipsies, and remained some years in that position.
SHY MANNERING.

Chapter IX.

GUY MANERING.

Chapter IX.

The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr. Bertram's servant rode forward, shaking his whip with an air of authority, and, motioning to the drivers to allow free passage to their horses. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, "Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the Laird to pass." 2

He shall have his share of the road," answered a man in grey from under his slouched and large-brimmed hat, and without raising his face, "and he shall have no mair; the highway is as free to our waggons as to his gallops and the helpless, the aged and infirm, part of the exiled community. The women in their red cloaks and straw hats, the older children with bare hands and bare feet, and almost naked bodies, had the immediate charge of the caravan. The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and the Laird made up his mind that something must be done. He saw the necessity of the situation, and, motioning to the drivers to allow free passage to their horses. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, "Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the Laird to pass." 2

The one man in the middle being ugly and even menacing, Mr. Bertram thought it best to put his dignity in his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly. He did not want an argument with which he was unprepared, for he had dismissed one of the men, and dismissed him without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition, — "Giles Beille," he said, "have you heard that your son Grue, the Laird, respected my brother?" or any other young man who had been present.

If I had heard otherwise," said the old man, looking at Mr. Bertram with menace on his countenance, "you should have heard of it too." And he nodded on his way, carrying no further question. When the Laird had passed with difficulty among a crowd of men who had lined the road, he had not lost the feeling that there was something in the air. There was a rumble of voices, a murmur of discussion, a rustling of clothes. The men were not irregular characters now, they had been while they were admitted to consider themselves as part of the subordinates and dependants of his family; and sought the mere circumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at once such a change in his conduct towards them. Some means of reparation ought at least to have been tried, before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of comfort, which withheld them at last from atrocious guilt. There was also a natural yearning of heart, parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Mr. Bertram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn his horse's head to pursue his journey, Meg Marrsies, who had lagged behind the troop, unexpectedly presented herself.

She was standing upon one of those high precipices banks which, as we before noticed, overhang the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural stature. We have noticed, that was in her general air, or rather in the manner of her, that of a foreign exile, artfully adopted, perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark tumbled black hair fell in elf-locks from the folds of this singular head-gear. Her attitude was that of a sibyl in frenzy, and she stretched out her hand, and, as it were, pulled at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

"I'll be d—d," said the gypsy, "ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! This day I have ye quenched seven stocking hearts—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blyther for ye. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-reef stand the faster. Ye may stable your stirts in the stealtins at Darnmph—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstone at Ellangowan. Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glower after our folk for? There's thirty hearts there, that wed has wanted bread are ye had wanted sunsets, and spent their livelihoods. Before ye had scratched your ways here, there's thirty yonder, from the said wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out of their bits of fields, and the black and the brown is the road. Ride your ways, Ellangowan. Our baans are hinging at our weary backs—look that your brave candle at home be the brighter for the light of another. Three quarter of the men who were the thinnest Harry, or to the babe's put to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk then their father. And now, ride your ways, for if ye was the word, ye'll e'er hear Meg Marrsies speak, and this is the last time that I'll ever cut in the bony woods of Ellangowan.

So saying, she grasped the snooping hand, and hung it into the road. Margaret of Ayr, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with more proud contempt. The Laird cleared his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find a half-crown; the gypsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

Ellangowan rode pensively home; and it was remarked that he did not mention this interview to any of his intimates. The gypsy was not seized of it; he told the story at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and concluded by swearing, that "if ever the devil wins out, and I'm not happy, I'll speak it by that of Meg Marrsies that blessed day."
a good augur he was admitted to the occasional soc-
ceptions of the officers of the country, and was a member of several of their clubs for practising athlet-
istic games, at which he was particularly expert.

As Ellangowan was frequented by frequent and al-
so a notables' seat. His vivacity was a bane to Mr. Bertram of the trouble of thought, and the labour which it cost him to support a detailed communica-
tion, because of the daring and dangerous exped
its which he had undertaken in the discharge of his office, formed excellent conversation. To all these revenue-advantages the Lord of Ellangowan had added the amusement and grace which derived from Kennedy's society, formed an excellent re-
son for countenancing and assuring the narrator in the execution of his avowed and hazardous duty.

"Frank Kennedy," he said, "was a gentleman,
ough on the wrong side of the blankets—he was
connected with the family of Ellangowan through
the house of Gilmour. The last Laird of Glen-
goulbe would have brought the estate into the Ellan-
gowan line; but happening to go to Harrigate, he
there met with Miss Jean Hadaway—by the by, the
Green Dragon at Harrigate is the best house of the
to—but for Frank Kennedy, he's in one sense a
gentleman; for he is not going to support him
against these blackguard smugglers."

After the league had taken place between judgment
and execution, it happened that Captain Dirk Haste-
rick had occasion to go to Haddington, and in con-
tact with the public, he was bound to purchase some
band goods, upon the beach not far from Ellangowan,
and, confiding in the indifference with which the Laird had treated him, he was allowed to be
lowed by the law. The executions of the act,
and the discretion of the law, he was neither very anxious to conceal nor to
expedite the transaction. The consequence was,
that Mr. Frank Kennedy, armed with a warrant from
Ellangowan, and supported by some of the Laird's
people who knew the country, and by a party of mili-
tary, poured down upon the kegs, bells, and bags,
and after a short sharp attack, in which the smugglers
were given and received, succeeded in clapping the
broad arrow upon the articles, and bearing them off
in triumph to the next custom-house. Dirk Haste-
rick vowed, in Dutch, German, and English, a deep
and full revenge, both against the gauger and his
agents; 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?

"Oh, yes, my dear; but it may be very good law
for all that. I am sure, speaking of term-days, I wish,
as Frank Kennedy says, that Whitunday would kill
his trimmers and be hanged for the murder—for there I
was not at all that interest of Jenny Caim's,
and as there was a tenant's been at the Place yet 'a bottle
of rent,—nor will not till Candles— but speaking
of Frank Kennedy, I dare say he'll be here the day
for he was away round to Wigton to warn a king's
strip that's lying in the bay about Dirk Hatterrick's
hoggery being on the coast again, and he'll be back
the same day, as a bottle of claret, and drink
Little Harry's health.""I wish," replied the lady, "Frank Kennedy would
come."

"He will," said Mr. Bertram, "when his own house be made a receptacle for smuggled
goods? Frank Kennedy is a man of any
his own ac in the act, and ye ken yourself they used to put their
run goods into the Auld Place of Ellangowan up
by there."

"Oh, dear," Mr. Bertram, and what the war was
the war's and the vault o' the auld castle for having
a whin kegs o' brandy in them at an oorra time? I
ain't sure yet, but I'm not going to keep silent on the
subject; and what the war was the King that the Lairds
here got a sour o' drink, and the ladies their drap o'
tea, at a reasonable rate!—it's a shame to them to pay
such taxes on 'em."

By word of these Flanders head and pianers, that Dirk Haste-
rick sent me a' the way from Antwerp? It will be-
lang or the King sends me any thing, or Frank Ken-
nedy either. And there ye would quarrel with these
guineas too! I expect every day to hear the barn-
yard in a low.

"I tell you once more, my dear, you don't under-
stand these things—and there's Frank Kennedy com-
ing galloping up the avenue."

"Awee! awee! Ellangowan," said the lady, rais-
ing her voice as the Laird left the room, "I wis
ye may understand them yourself, that's I'll."

From this point I shall continue the dialogue the Laird jovially esca-
ped to meet his faithful friend, Mr. Kennedy, who ar-
rived in high spirits. "For the love of his, Ellangowan," he said, "get up to the castle! you'll see that old
Laird's a mere pettifogger, and that he will be on his
cry after him." So saying, he flung his horse's bridle to a boy, and ran up the ascent to the old castle, fol-
lowed by the family, alarmed by the sound of guns from the
sea, now distinctly heard.

On sailing that part of the ruins which command-
med the most extensive outlook, they saw a lizard,
with all her canvas crowded, standing across the
bay, closely pursued by a sloop of war, that kept firing
upon the chase from her bows, which the lugger re-
turned with her stern-chasers. "They're but at long
bows yet," cried Kennedy, in great exultation, "but
they will be closer by and by—1— 2— no man, he's
starting his cargo! I see the good Nantz pitching
overboard, keg after keg—that's a— a— unknown
thing of Mr. Hatterrick, as I shall let him know
by and by. But now, now! they've got the wind of
him— that is, that's it—Hark to him! Hark to him!
Now, my dogs! now, my dogs!—hark to Rangos, hark!

"I think," said the old gardener to one of the
maids, "the gauger's fee;" by which word the com-
mon people express these violent spirits which they
think a presentiment.

Meantime the chase continued. The lugger, being
piloted with great ability, and using every nautical
shift to make her escape, had now reached, and was
about to double, the headland which formed the ex-
trme point of land on the left side of the bay, when a
tall flag having hit the yard in the stains, the man-o'-war fell upon the deck. The consequence of this ac-
cent appeared inevitable, but could not he seen by
the spectators; for the vesel, which had just doubled
the headland, lost steerage, and fell out of their sight
behind the promontory. An hour of war crowded
all sail to pursue, but she had stood too close upon the
rape, so they were obliged to wear the vessel for
fear of going aground, and to make a large tack back
into the bay, in order to recover sea-room enough to
double the headland.

They'll lose her, by——, cargo and lugger, once
both," said Kennedy, "I must gallop away to the
Point of Warrock, (this was the headland so often
mentioned,) and make them a signal where she has
drifted to on the other side. Good-by for an hour.
Ellangowan—get out 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 yacht.
Laird's health and dirk and bedfilling and Mr.
King. Did we ever want to send for tea or brandy
first the Borough-town, when Dirk Hatterrick used
me not with his—"
Guy Mannering

CHAPTER IX.

Warroch, Kennedy met young Harry Bertram, attended by his tutor, Domine Sampson. He had often promised the child a ride upon his galloway; and, from singing, dancing, and playing Pan, for he was a Prince, it was a syndrome. He no sooner came scamping up the path, than the boy loudly claimed his promise; and Kennedy, who saw no risk in indulging him, carried the boy upon his horse, in whose vogue he read a remembrance caught up from Harry from the ground, placed before him, and continued his route; Sampson’s Peradventure thought its inordinate, and the master 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 that he was addicted unto profound and scrupulous 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 slope of war, which at length, but not without the loss of considerable time, recovered seas-room enough to weather the Point of Warroch, and was lost to their sight behind that wooded peninsula which screened the disfar. Kennedy, the master of several cannon were heard at a distance, and, after an interval, a still louder explosion, as of a vessel blown up, and torn to pieces by the storm, and mingled with the blue sky. All then separated on their different occasions, arranging variously upon the fate of the smaugler, but the majority insisting that her capture was inevitable, if she had not already gone to the bottom.

“It is near our dinner-time, my dear,” said Mrs. Bertram to her husban, “will it be long before Mr. Kennedy comes back?”

“My dear, Mr. Bertram, I why did you tell me this, before that, we might have had the large round table—and then, they’re a tires o’ seat meet, and, to tell you the plain truth, a rump o’ beef as the best part of your dinner—and then I had have put on another gown, and ye wasn’t been the wae o’ a clean neck-cloth yourself—But ye delight in surprising and harrying one—I am sure I am no haud cast for ever against this sort of going on—but when folk’s missed, then they are mouted.”

“Pardon me! I am sorry the withered ones, which are stewed the beef, and the gown; and table, and the neck-cloth!—we shall do all very well.—Where’s the Dominie, John?—(to a servant who was busy about the table)—where’s the Dominie and little Harry?”

“Mr. Sampson’s been at home these two hours, ma’am, but I dinna think Mr. Harry came home yet.”

“Not come hame wi’ him?” said the lady; “desire Mr. Sampson to step this way directly.”

“Mr. Sampson,” said she, upon his entrance, “is it not the most extraordinary thing in this world, that you, that have free-up-putting—bed, board, and bullying, and twelve pounds starting 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 inconsideration to imitate, told how Mr. Francis Kennedy had assumed spontaneously the charge of Master Harry, in despite of his remonstrances in the contrary. "I am very little obliged to Mr. Francis Kennedy or his pains," said the lady, precisely; "suppose he lets the boy drop from his horse, and slams him! or Rogic, who knows, come sabaor and kills him!—or suppose—"

Or suppose, my dear," said Ellangowan, "what is more, suppose they say them the same, that they have gone aboard the sloop or the prize, and are to come round the Point with the tide?"
CHAPTER X.

But Ecko's fine-bred, and Franklin.

His eye-ball furth out when they lived, bearing guiltily like a strangled man: his hair appeared to be with writhing, his hands abroad display'd, as one that gazed and sagged for life, and was by straight;

Henry IV. Part First.

The Sherif-depute of the county arrived at Ellengowan next morning by coach. To this privy man: the law of Scotland, the powers of considerable extent, and the task of inquiring into all crimes committed within his jurisdi- tion, the apprehension and commitment of suspected persons, and so forth.

The gentleman who held the office in the shire of—
at the time of this catastrophe, was well born and well educated: and, though somewhat pedantic and professional in his habits, he enjoyed general regard as an active and intelligent magistrate. His first employment was to examine all witnesses whose evidence could throw light upon this mysterious event, and make up the written report, proofs verbal, or pre- cepted, as it is technically called, which the practice of the law in Scotland had substituted for a common request. Under the Sheriff's minute and skilful inquiry, many circumstances appeared, which seemed incom- patible with the account, the men's story, or the accident; fell heavily on the mind. You have stripped the thatch from seven cottages—so that the roof- tree of your own house stand the figures were opened to communicate hopes which no one felt. Some one at length mentioned—the glasses! In a moment Ellengowan had ascended the cliffs, flung himself upon the first horses he met, and rode furiously to the thatch which had been pulled down by his order. At that moment the prophecy, or某些人，of Meg Merrilies fell heavy on the mind.

"You have stripped the thatch from seven cottages—so that the roof-tree of your own house stand higher up, and the shadow had been cast also on the rafters of the hut where the roof- ing had been taken off.

His face so pale, the entrance was bolted; and as he ran, he thrust the miserable father the strength of ten men; he rushed against the door with such violence, that it gave way before the momentum of his weight and force. The cottage was an old, long-organised, and of recent habitation—there was fire on the hearth, a kettle, and some preparation for food. As he eagerly passed around for something that might confirm his hopes that his child yet lived, although in the power of those strange people, a man entered the hut.

It was his old parson. "O sir!" said the old man, "a man that could understand their meaning, suffered the old man to drag him towards his house. During the ride home, he only asked, "Wife and bearm, bear—where are your son, bear?"

It is needless to dwell upon the news of agony which awaited him. The news of Kennedy's fate and news of the fate of the man who found it given with emotion, was too much for the parson. He had drawn the young Laird over the neck with him, though the tide had swept away the last of the boat, for the night, purifying, and would "see you not, sir!"

Mrs. Bertram heard the tidings; she was far ad- vanced in her pregnancy; she fell into the pains of childbirth, and, not being able to get medical attendance, she was in a state of great consternation. The more she thought of the matter, the more she was troubled.

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The Scottish Sheriff discharges, on such occasions as that now mentioned, partly much the same duty;—

In the...
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 it, and the place from which the heavy stone fragment had fallen. It seemed plain, from the appearance of the bed, that the mere weight of one man standing upon the projecting part of the cliff, of sufficient size, could not have destroyed its balance, and precipitated it, with himself, from the cliff. At the same time, it appeared to have lain so long upon the ground, that the smaller shoots of three or four men, might, easily have buried it from its position. The short surf about the brink of the precipice was much trampled, as if stamped by the heels of men in a mortal struggle, or in the act of some violent exertion. Traces of the same kind, less visibly marked, guided the sagacious investigator to the verge of the copsewood, which, in that case, 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 copse, a route which no person would have voluntarily adopted, unless for the purpose of concealment. Here they found plain vestiges of violence and struggling, from the spot where the body of the deceased boy had fallen. The small boy had been torn down, as if grasped by some resisting wretch who was dragged forcibly along the ground, where, in the least degree so many fallits. In the print of many feet, 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 bushes, heavy brambles, and underwood, where no human being had ever crossed before; and in some places appeared traces, as if a sack full of grain, a dead body, or something of that heavy and solid description, had been dragged along the ground. In one part of the thicket there was a small swamp, the clay of which was whitish, being probably mixed with manure. The back of Kennedy's coat was sprinkled with stains of the same colour.

At length, about a quarter of a mile from the brink of the fatal precipice, the traces conducted them to a small open space of ground, very much trampled, and plainly stained with blood, although withered leaves had been strewn upon the spot, and other means hastily taken to efface the marks, which seemed obviously to have been derived from a desperate affray. On one side of this patch of open ground, was found the sufferer's naked hanger, which seemed to have been thrown into the thicket; on the other, the belt and sheath, which appeared to have been hidden with more leisure and care and precaution.

The magistrate caused the foot-prints which marked the course of the avenue to be measured and examined. Some corresponded to the foot of the unhappy victim; some were larger, some less; indicating, that at least four or five persons had been busily employed. Above all, 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-track which traversed the wood of Warroch 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 memoranda, 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 exertion was now made to discover the criminals. Suspicion hesitated between the smugglers and the priest. The fate of Dirk Hatterrick's vessel was certain. Two men from the opposite side of Warroch Bay (so the inlet on the southern side of the Point of Warroch is called) had been seen, though at a distance, five or six days before, taking the headland, and, as they judged from his manner, in a disabled state. Shortly after, they per- ceived a large vessel, porting and smoking. She was, as one of them expressed himself, in a light bow (bright flame), when they observed a large ship, with her colours up, heave in sight from some distance. This vessel was the squadron. They charged themselves as the fire reached them; and she saw her as length, blew up with a great explo-

GUY MAHERNUNG. [CHAP. III]

The slop of war kept aloof for her own safety; and, after hovering till the other escaped, moved away southward under a press of sail. The ship anxious to get wind, and to have the right of the initial advantage, could not have destroyed its balance, and precipitated it, with himself, from the cliff. At the same time, it appeared to have lain so long upon the ground, that the smaller shoots of three or four men, might, easily have buried it from its position. The short surf about the brink of the precipice was much trampled, as if stamped by the heels of men in a mortal struggle, or in the act of some violent exertion. Traces of the same kind, less visibly marked, guided the sagacious investigator to the verge of the copsewood, which, in that case, crept high up the bank towards the top of the precipice.

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It was observed upon her consideration, that she treated the questions respecting the death of Egunnoy, or "the grasper," as she called him, with indifference; but expressed great and emphatic astonishment at the adverse condemnation of the innocent little Harry Bertram. She was left a captive in jail, under the hope that something might yet be discovered to throw light upon this dark and bloody transaction. Nearly all the witnesses against her were men who had been seized upon that same, or heard of in the life of Man, where strict inquiry was made. On the other hand, too, she was probably and disinterestedly proved to be the ringleader of a woman killed by a commons, shot, and disabled. So all this could be done was to register the names, description, and appearance of the individuals belonging to the simple company, and offer a reward for the apprehension of them, or any one of them; extending also to any person, not the actual murderer, who could be convinced to convict those who had implicated Francis Kennedy.

Another opinion, which was also, plausibly supported, went to change this moral current upon the part of the inference of Davenham. They were known to have assumed high the conduct of the Lord of Ellumsow towards them, and to have used threatenings upon them with the threat of a free air二字, and his temper was so strong a claim that he was expected to persist in his position. But it was remembered that Kennedy had been a noted agent, two or three days before, in the murder of the small man of Winslow, and that the fact and nondescript language had been exchanged between him and some of the Ellumsow men.

Kennedy was the most respectable exponent.

His first view was that of the unfortunate father and his servant, concerning what had passed as their meeting of change as a cause of the murder as an agent for the murder. But the effect of Ellumsow seemed particularly suspicious. There was as much evidence in his law language, every witness, a damage, or evil turn, threaten-

ing, and so on, as anything evil of the very kind indicated, shortly afterwards following. A young woman, who had been gathering nuts in Warrock wood upon the day, was also strongly of opinion, though she declared to make positive oath, that she had seen Meg Kerrins, at least a woman of her remarkable size and appearance, start suddenly out of the wood in the same direction, with the same dress, as the figure turned from her, and made no answer, she was uncertain if it were the grasper, or her name. It appeared that her name was a young man, in the vulgar phrase, no answer. This vague story received some exaggeration from the disappointment of a fire being evening found in the same house. From this fact Ellumsow and the gardener boys evidence. Yet it seemed unreasonable to suppose, that had this woman been as strong a dreadful woman, she would have returned that very evening on which it was committed to the place of all others, where she was most likely to be sought after.

Meg Kerrins was, however, apprehended and examined. She denied strongly having been either at Warrock or in the wood of Warrock upon the day of the death of the young man. She was made to walk in her behalf, that she had never quitted her communication, which was a gipsy about ten miles from Ellumsow. Their oath was indeed he was trusted to bring the evidence could be in the circumstances? There was one remarkable face, and only one, which arose from her appearance. Her hair appeared to be cut by a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But of course he acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest. He might be a clump of a small house, and was tied with a brandished stick of Harry Bertram's. But the time of the event acknowledged he had corrected them with the rest.

"Are ye sure the prisoner'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.—"Aren't we unincivol to them, especially in these distresses," said she, turning to the landlord.

"Affirmedly not, Mrs. Mess-Candidate; assuredly not. I am sure any such thing they might want from our shop, under seven, or eight, or ten pounds, I would brook them as readily for it as the first in the country. Do they come in the said chaise?"

"I dare say no," said the proctor—"see Miss Bertram comes on the white paper, used to the kirk—and a constant kirk-follower she is—and it's a pleasure to hear her singing the psalms,无论是 youth or old," said the young lady of the household.

"I hope how he may like it now," answered another of the tea-tasters—but distinctly knowing.
GUY MANFREDING.

Ellangowan was said to have looked up with the boy's son, "it was his name, neighbour Owen, said the hostess, "the Ellangowans of Hessewood, though they are a very good old family in the county, never thought that within these two score or years, of evening themselfs. The Ellangowan and Bertram of Ellangowan are the said Dingwall's lairdes—there is a song about one or them marrying a daughter of the King of Man; it begins—"

Elsie's brother's son is gone to medical, To wed a wife, and bring her name—"

I dare say Mr. Skirche can sing us the ballad—"

"Gudgeon," said Skirch, gathering up his mouth, and sipping his tuff of brandy punch with great solemnity, "our talents were given to us other than to sing daft and songs near the Sabbath day."

"Hout be; Mr. Skirch; I've warn't I has heard you sing a blythe song on Saturday at o'en before now. But as for the chase, Deacon, it has been out of the coach-house since Mrs. Bertram died, that's sixteen or seventeen years ago syne—Jock Jacob is aye a chit of a lad, but I wonder he's no come back. It's pit murr—there's no an ill turn on the road but twa, and the briggy ower Warrock burn is safe enough, if we can find it to the right side—"

"It's a good and brave but, that's just a murder for post-cattle—bist Jock keeps the road brawly."

A loud rapping was heard at the door.

"Come in, sir, the wheels—Grisel, ye limmer, gang to the door."

"It's a single gentleman," whistled out Grisel; "will you take him into the parlor?"

"Feal be your feet, then; it'll be some English rider. Coming without a servant at this time o' night! Has the order 'tain the house?—Ye may light a spoor o' the place, sir, and I'll bring you your honour, and ye may hear what he says—"

"I wish, ma'am," said the traveller, entering the kitchen, "you would give me leave to warm myself here, for the night is very cold."

His appearance, voice, and manner, produced an instantaneous effect in his favour. He was a handsome, tall, thin figure, dressed in black, as appeared, when he laid aside his riding-cap; his age might be between forty and fifty; his cast of features grave and interesting, and his air somewhat military. Every point of his dress and address bespoke the gentleman. Long habit had given Mrs. Mac-Candlish an acute tact in ascertaining the quality of her visitors, and proportioning her reception accordingly:

"To every guest the sympathy of welcome was made, And every heart with kindness gild, Respectful, dear, pleasant, or polite, Her servants' care, and her Scotch, good night."

On the present occasion, she was low in her curtsey, and profuse in her apologies. The stranger begged his horse might be attended to; she went out herself to school the hounds."

"There was never, a prettier bit o' horse flesh in the stable o' the Gordon Arms," said the man; which information increased the landlady's respect for the rider. Finding, on her return, that the stables were decided to go into another apartment, (which indeed, she allowed, would be both cold and smoky till the fire blazed up,) she installed her guest hospitably by the fire-side, and offered what refreshment his hours afforded.

"A cup of your tea, ma'am, if you will favor 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 parlor, sir, and everything that is civil and solicitous; but it's bespoke the night for a gentleman and his daughters, that are going to leave this part of the country—none of my chaises is gane for them, and will be back again to-morrow. What I wish to him with the last—but we're a subject to ups and downs in this life, as your honour must needs ken—but is not the best possible to him over ye?"

"By no means, ma'am; I am an old campaigner, and perfectly used to it. Will you permit me to make some inquiries about a family in this neighborhood?"

The sound of wheels was now heard, and the landlady hurried to the door to receive her brother-in-law. his graceful person followed by the postilion—"No, they canna come at no rate, the Laird's too ill."

"But God help them," said the landlady, "the one or them, I'm sure, canna make the very last giddy, for they can tie in the house—s-things are to be reputed."

"Well, but they can come at no rate, I tell ye—Mr. Bertram cannot be moved."

"Why Mr. Bertram?" said the stranger; "no, Mr. Bertram of Ellangowan, I hope?"

"Just 'en that same, sir; and if ye be a friend o' his, ye have come at a time when he's a' lust."

"I have been abroad for many years—if his health so much deranged?"

"Ay, and his affairs an' all," said the Deacon; "the creditors have entered in possession o' the estates, and it's for sale; and some that made the man by—"I name nasa names, but Mrs. Mac-Candlish knows what I mean—the landlady shook her head significantly—they're sair set on him o' new. I have a sma' matter due myself, but I would rather have lost it than gane to turn the said man out of his house."

"Ay, but," said the parish-clerk; "Faster Glossiers wants to get rid of the said Laird, and drive on the sale, for ye ken Mr. Marr that's in for it. Ye ken I have heard say, if there was an heir-male, they couldn't sell the estate for said Ellangowan's debt."

"He had a son born a good many years ago," said the stranger; "he's dead; I heard the wheels—"

"Nae man can say for that," answered the clerk, "mysteriously;

"Deacon, ye said the Deacon; 'Fae warrant him dead lang syne; he has been heard o' these twenty years or thereby."

"I wot weel it's no twenty years," said the landlady; "I ken him as come seventeen at the outside in this very month; it made an unco noise ower at the country—the bairn disappeared the very day that Superintendent Kennedy cam by his house. If ye ken Mr. Mac-Candlish, that's dead and gone—(a sae)—and muckle fun I've had wi' the Superintendent. He was a daft dog—O, ye could have hae find the swaggerers a bit! but he was aye venturers—And so ye see, sir, there was a king's sleep down in Wigtoun bay, and Forth Marjoribank, he believed, to be the first, but I chase Dirck Hattersley's lagger—ye'll mind Dirck Hattersley, Deacon? I dare say ye may have dealt wi' him—the Deacon gave a sort of accented nod—Jumpy de'il says he was at sea, and I put him on the ship till she blew up like peelings o' inganis; and Frank Kennedy he had been the first man to board, and he was flung like a quarter of a mile off, and sunk into the water below the rock at Warrock Point, then they ca' the Gauger's Loop to this day.

"And Mr. Bertram's child," said the stranger, "what is all this to him?"

"Ou, sir, the bairn aye held an unco warc wi' the Superintendent; and it was generally thought he went on board, 'twas ganed alang wi' him, as bairns are aye forward to be in mischief."

"No, no," said the Deacon, "we're clean oot the Lucksie—for the young Laird was stow a way. It's a randy wi' men, they ca' the Mac-Merrilles—"I ken her looks weel,—in revenge for Ellangowan having gard her beddrum through Kippletringen, for ye ken a sae a hundred years ago."

"If ye'll forgive me, Deacon," said the paragraphist; "we're e'en as far wrong as the gudewives."

"And what is your edition of the story, sir?" said the Deacon, with the utmost curiosity in his tone.

"That's maybe no sae canny to tell," said the parish-clerk, with solemnity.

"Upon my honour, however, to speak out, has indulged with two or three large puffs of tobacco—and out of the cloudy sanctuary which these..."
armed around him, delivered the following legend, buttressed by many ancient bards, and not wanting, as near as he could, the eloquence which weekly thundered over his head from the pulpit.

"What we are now to deliver, my brethren,—then therefore we are to receive in as much the same corner, and may serve as an answer to witch-doers, witches, and misbelievers of all kinds,—ye must know that the well-known, lawful, and auspicious history of Elizengowan, which is so well known as he might have heard, to this day he's not yet lost, and the old man of witches, (concerning whom it is said, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' nor of those who befoul the earth, and are not imbued with divine inspiration, and sorcery, and lots, which is the fashion with the Egyptians, as they ca' themselves, and other unholy bodies, in this our country. And the Laird was three years married without having a family—and he was seen left to himself, that it was thought he held under melting melting and commencing wrt that Meg Merrilies, who was the main notorious witch in a Galloway and Dumfries-shire baith.

"Aweel! I wot there's something in that," said Mr. MacCandlish. "I've kent him order her two dozen 'brandy' in this very house."

"Aweel, guidwife, then the less I lea.——See, the lady was w't bairn at last, and in the night when all was at peace, the Bannockburn, when the door of the 'se' house,—the Place of Elizengowan, where they ca'—an ancient man, strange-habited, and asked for quarters. His head, and his legs, and his arms, and his fingers, when he got inside, it was at an instant since the year, and he had a grey beard three quarters long. Weel, he was admitted: and when the lady was delivered, he cried, was the event of a moment of a matter of an hour of the birth, and he went out and consulted the stars. And when he came back, he telt the Laird, that the Evil One had power over the know-brain, that was that night born, and he charged him that the babe should be bred up in the ways of piety, and that he should raise a godly minister at his church, to pray for the bairn and for him. And the aged man was gone away, and no man of this country ever saw mair o' him."

"Now, that will not pass," said the postillion, who, at a respectful distance, was listening to the conversation, "begging Mr. Skirzech and the company's pardon,—there was no see money hairs on the wall, no place there's on Letter-Go's arm at this moment; and he had as good a pair o' boots as a man need stand on his legs, and gloves too;—and I should understand boots by this time, I think."

"Ay! and what do ye ken o' the matter, friend John?" said the postillion, contemptuously.

"I'm no able, to be sure, Mr. Skirzech,—only I lived three miles o' the place o' Elizengowan, when a man cam jingling to our door that night the young Laird was born, and my mother made me go to the church door, to see the stranger the gate to the Place, which, if he had been see a warlock, he might have kent him himself, ane wad think—and as he was a young, youth-faured, well-dressed lad, like an Egyptian. And as at the gate, he turned the head, and as said a hat, and boots, and gloves, as any gentleman man need to have. To be sure he did give an awesomem grace up at the said castle—and there was some speck-wart gaed on—I aye heard that; but for his vanishing, I held the sturrump myself when he gaed away, and be good me a round half-crown—he hed as good as entered in me the gate, and as said 'a good w' man, and as said 'a good w' man."

"Aweel, aweel, Jock," answered Mr. Skirzech, "with a tone of mild solemnity, "our accounts differ in no material particulars; but I had no knowledge of this. I can assure you that his kinsman was having postmoot evil to the boy, as father engaged a godly minister to be with them."

"Ay, that was him they ca' Dominic Sampson," said the postillion.

"The preacher is called by Allen Ramsey—"

"The Letter-Go's bairn.
“Ay, ay, just the same. It was he relieved Caddie-
born, and defended Chingale, and defeated the great
Mahratta chief, Ram Jell; Bundman—l was with
him in most of his campaigns.”

The landlord, “I must go see what
what he has for supper—that I should set

him down here?”

“Oh, he likes all the better, mother—you never
see a good creature in your life than our old Col-

on—and yet he has a spirit of the devil in him too.”

The rest of the evening’s conversation below stairs,
tending little to edification, we shall, with the re-
der’s leave, stop up to the parLOUR.

CHAPTER XII.

Reparation—that’s man’s ideal
fight against God, the Maker of all lives.

A who has accomplished as we should not kill.

And yet we say we must, for Reparation:

the honest man can sit up for his rights,

Or else will hurt another's reputation?

To do that, we must not be aversely

If they do us to, to suffer them.

Yet, I value too—

Sam Johnson.

The Colonel was walking pensively up and down
the parlor, when suddenly he entered to take his commands. Having given them in the man-
er he thought would be most acceptable, “for the

good of the house,” he begged to detain her a mo-

ment.

“I think,” he said, “madam, if I understood the
good people right, Mr. Bertram lost his son in his

first year.”

“O ay, sir, there’s nae doubt o’ that, though there
are many idle chaps about the way and messmates,
for it’s an auld story now, and every body tells it, as we
were down there, in the North.”

But lost the bairn was in his fifth year, as your honour says,
Colonel; and the news being rashly told to the

leddy, then great was the child, cost her her life that

evening night—and the Laird never throws after that
day, but was just careless of every thing—though,
when his daughter Miss Lucy grew up, she tried to

keep order within doors—but what could she do, poor

thing?—so now they’re out of house and haud.”

“Can you recollect, madam, about what time of
the year the child was lost?” asked the landlord, 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,
as being about the first of November.

The stranger took two or three turns round the
room in silence, and signed to Mrs. Mac-Candlish
not to speak.

“Did I rightly apprehend,” he said, “that the es-
tate of Ellangowan is in the market?”

“In the market?—it will be self’d the morn to the
bidders, for it is a chain’s the market. Lord help me! that
which is the Saboth, but on Monday, the first free
day; and the furniture and stocking is to be roup’d
at the same time on the ground—it’s the opinion of
the haill country, that the sale has been manfully
forced on at this time, when there’s see little money
stirring in Scotland wi’ this weary American war,
that somebody may get the, and a bargain—Deil be
in them, that I should say seel!”—the good lady’s
wrath rising at the supposed injustice.

“Where and when 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-substitutes of
the county, who has authority from the Court of Ses-

sion, have in the town just now, if your honour
would like to see him; and he can tell you mair about
the lots of the bairn than any body, for the sheriff-

substitutes would fail you much pain, to come at the truth o’ that matter, as I have heard.”

“And this gentleman’s name is—

“My name, sir—be a man o’ character, and

well spoken o’.

Send my compliments—Colonel Mawston’s
compliments to him, and I would be glad he would
do me the pleasure of conferring with me, and bring
these papers with him—and I beg, good madam, you
will say nothing of this to any one.”

“Me, a word shall I say—I wish your honour.
(a courtesy), or any honourable gentleman
that’s fought for his country, (another courtesy) had
the land, since the said family married each other
rather than that wily scoundrel, Glencoes, that’s
seen on the ruin of the best friend be ever hard—and any
I think out, I’ll slip on my head and pensive, and

going to—by dear Morian—be’s it known the

—now—it’s hardly a step.”

“Deo so, my good lady, and many thanks—and
bid my aunt send step here with my regards in the
meanwhile.”

In a minute or two, Colonel Mawston was gai-
ly seated with his writing materials before him,
We have the privilege of looking over his shoulder
as he writes, and we willingly communicate his sub-

strate to our readers. The letter was addressed

Ardensky, Egl. of Mervyn Hall, Lambeth-

writing, Westminster. It contained some account

of the writer's previous journey since parting with
him, and then proceeded as follows:

“And, by the way, I have said to my

man, Galloch, that is my melancholy, Mervyn?—Do you think, after the lapse of twenty-five years, battles, wounds, imprisonment, mistakes and every description of calamity, I can forget the same life? I can never forget that day, when your noble, Grey Mawston, who did me so much good Skiddaw with you, or shot game upon Cowlamps. That you, who have remained in the bosom of domestic

affairs, has not experienced little changes that your

step is as light, and your fancy as full of romance, is a
blessed effect of health and tranquility, a corre-

sponding with content and a smooth current of

life. But every change has its difficulties, and
doubts, and errors. From my memory I

have been the sport of accident, and though the

result has often borne me into harbour, it has not

been easy to come to that which the pilot destined. Let me resolve

you—but the task must be done—the old and

worn fates of my youth, and the misfortunes of my

manhood.

"The former, you will say, had nothing very ap-

palling. All was not for the best; but all was re-

dressable. My father, the eldest son of an estate

reduced family, left me with little, never the less

of the head of the house, to the protection of his

fortunate brothers. They were as firm as oak, and

they always sympathized about me. My mother

shop, would have had me in orders, and

lived—my uncle, the merchant, would have put me

into a small merchant shop, to give me a

share in the thriving concern of Elangowan

shall, in Lombard Street—So, between the

stools, or rather these two soft, easy, well-

sitting chairs that are likely to

son slipped down, and pitched upon a dangerous

Again, the bishop wished me to marry the

muse, and that the

Slothorn, the great wine-merchant, rich

play at span-counter with midgets, and make

papers of bank notes—and somehow I

neck out of both nooses, and married—

Sophia Wellwood.

“You will say, my military career in India,
I followed my regiment there, should have given
some satisfaction; and so it assayed. I am

remind me also, that if I disappointed the

hope of my guards, I did not incur the

bishops, at his death, bequeathed me his

his manuscript sermons, and a curious portfolio

holding the heads of eminent divines of the

church of England; and that my uncle, Sir Paul Elangowan,

left me sole heir and executor to his large

Yet this availed me nothing—I told you I

began to see the

zealous, and in some measure was

with me, a perpetual alms in the draught of
eat. I will tell you the cause more in detail than I

care to do while under your hospitable seat.

it will be

rent and uniformed seventeenth century. I will,

the
chap. xiii] GUY MANMANNING. 29

ask it out; and then let the sweet itself, and the
sentiments of melancholy with which it has im-
pregnated, never again be subject of discussion be-
tween us.

"Sophia, as you well know, followed me to India. She
was as innocent as gay; but, unfortunately for
myself, I do not believe she was ever permitted to
partly form her by studies I had foreseen, and habits
of seclusion, not quite consistent with my situation
as a particular gentleman, was not unexpected in this
province, where universal hospitality is offered and expected by every
sitter claiming the rank of a gentleman. In a mo-
ment of peculiar pressure, (you know how hard we
wear the faces of civilization,) she blundered into the
misfortunes of this miserable day, my wife, who was ex-
pected the design with which I left the fortress, had
ordered her palm-queue to follow me, and was alarmed
and almost mad at the news of the plunderers. She
was quickly released by a party of our cavalry; but I cannot disguise from myself, that the
incidents of this fatal morning gave a severe
shock to health already delicate. The confession of
Archer, who thought himself dying, that he had in-
volved in such circumstances, and, for his purposes,
put the worst construction upon others, and the full
explanation and exchange of forgiveness with me
which this produced, could not check the progress of
her disorder. She died within about eight months
after this incident, begetting me only the grief
of whom Mrs. Mervyn is so good as to undertake the
temporary charge. Julia was also extremely ill; so
much so, that I was summoned from the com-
mand and return to Europe, where her native air,
time, and the novelty of the scenes around her, have
contributed to dissipate her dejection, and restore
her health.

"Now that you know my story, you will no longer
ask me the reason of my melancholy, but permit me
rather to brood upon it as it may. There, surely, are
above narrative, enough to embitter, though not to
poison, the chalice, which the fortune and fame you,
so often mentioned had prepared to regale my years of
retirement.

"I could add circumstances which our old tutor
would have quoted as instances of day fatalities—
you would laugh were we to mention them particularly,
especially as you know I put no faith in them. Yet,
since I have come to the very house from which I
now write, I have learned a singular coincidence,
which, if I find it truly established by tolerable evi-
dence, will serve us hereafter for subject of curious
discussion. But I will spare you at present, as I ex-
pect a person to speak about a purchase of property
now open in this part of the country. It is a place to
which I have a foothold partiality, and I hope my pur-
chase may be convenient to those who are parting
with it, as there is plenty for buying, and little for
revenue. My respectful compliments to Mrs. Mervyn,
and I will trust you, though you boast to be so lively
a young gentleman, to kiss Julia for me.

GUY MANMANNING.

Mr. Mac-Morlan now entered the room. The well-
known character of Colonel Manning at once dis-
persed this gentleman, who was a man of intelligence
and probity, to be open and confidential. He ex-
plained the advantages and disadvantages of the property.

"It was settled," he said, "the greater part of it at
least, upon hearsay, and the purchaser must have the
privilege of retaining in his hands a large propor-
tion of the price, in case of the reappearance, within a
certain limited term, of the child who had disap-
ppeared."

"To what purpose, then, force forward a sale?" said
Manning.

Mac-Morlan smiled. "Ostensibly," he answered,
"to substitute the interest of money, instead of the ill-
paid and precarious rents of an unimproved estate; but chiefly, it is the view of a certain
purchase, which had become a principal creditor, and forced himself into the
management of the affair by means both
himself, and we proceeded in your best. Archer found that it was
convenient to purchase the estate without paying
the price."

Manning was consulted with Mr. Mac-Morlan upon
the steps for thwarting this unprincipled attempt.
They then conversed long on the singular disappo-
riance of Harry Bentum upon his fifteenth birth-day, var-

180
CHAPTER XIII.

They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had consented to the marriage of the fortune.  
Here stood a ragged with a beard's face,
Leaden grey of a haggard wine-dark wine.
Bowed down, and, with a voice of woe,  
In the dark, with the shadow of the moon.


twisted into a heap for public sale:—
There was another, making villainous jests
At the falling stars, and the falling trees.
Of all the ancient most domestic ornaments.  
Otway.

EARLY next morning, Mannersing mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his servant, took the road towards home. He had no fear of being attacked in this way. A sale in the country is a place of public resort and amusement, and people of various descriptions streamed to it from all quarters. 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, of hope, of fortune, of the story of the lost chairs, of the proclivity of the old gentleman to free himself from the charge, as the laird, of a laird having degrees of property of a stranger, or of a sordid and obscure trickster of the absurd law, as when the banners of the founder first waved upon their battlements. These reflections brought Mannersing 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, disordered for the excitement of being easily viewed and carried off by the purchasers, is disagreeable to the eye. These articles, which, properly and decently arranged, look creditable and handsome, have then a pellitory and wretched appearance; 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 seclusion and seclusion thrown open to the gaze of the curious and the vulgar; to hear their coarse speculations and brutal jeers upon the fashions and figures of those who have occupied them; and, amidst such scenes of mirth, a frigid, humourless man, much cherished by the whiskies which in Scotland are always put in circulation on such occasions. All these are ordinary effects of such a scene as this.

It was a state of mind altogether the general character of which is to be in no way altered by any change; and it was melancholy to hear the dejected and other remarks of his friends, and the work of the village. The young man spoke to Miss Bertram, who advanced timidly, thanked Colonel Mannersing for his good offices; but she said, the tears gushing fast into her eyes, as her father, she feared, was not so much himself as to be able to remember her.

She was retracted towards the chair, accompanied by the Colonel. "Father," she said, "this is Mr. Mannersing, an old friend, come to inquire after..." He was very heartily welcomed, and the old man, raising his hands to the roof, exclaimed, "Ah! the gentleman will surely come; but I do not see his face, keep the gentlemen out, and let the lady in the wine-cellar. Mr. a— a—the gentleman will surely come; but I do not see his face, keep the gentlemen out, and let the lady in the wine-cellar.

"Also!" she said, "this is disturbing our home; stranger, but it may be better for my peace and quiet..." he was in this way, if he knew and could see..."
A servant in livery now came up the path, and
stood in an underHref to the young gentleman—
"I have been bid for the black ebony cabinet; and Lady
Doverpol is wr't her an's—ya'man come away direct.
Tell him you could not find me Tom; or, stay—
I am looking at the horses.
No, no, ma'am," said Lucy Bertram earnestly; "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 tones of rightful anger silenced at once
thecuracy of the bully. He hesitated, turned
round to the person of whom he had been speaking,
and, with his teeth about unswallowing to alarm the boy,
relieved them of their hateful company.

Mrs. Mac-Candlish's position, who had come up in
three or four minutes before, said aloud: "If I had
not, I would have left him a begging, 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 desultory
frame of Mr. Bertram was exhausted by this last
effort of indignant anger, and when he sunk again
upon his chair, he expired almost without a struggle
or groan. So little alteration did the extinction of
the vital spark visibly announce; it was a mere
sensation that the screams of his daughter, when she saw
his eye fix, and felt his pulse stop, first announced his
dearth to the spectators.

CHAPTER XIV.

The bell rang once—We take no note of these
jests from the logs. To give it these

Yeomen.

The moral, which the poet has rather quaintly
inferred of the necessary mode of measuring time,
may be well applied to our feelings respecting that
portion of it which relates to the domestic arrangements
we have to observe the aged, the infirm, and those engaged in
occupations of immediate hazard, trembling as it
were upon the very brink of non-existence, but we
derive no lesson from the precariousness of their
future until it has altogether failed. Then, for a
moment at least,

The crowd of assembled gazers and idlers at Eleng-

gowan had followed the views of amusement, on
what they called business, which brought them there,
with little regard to the feelings of those who were
suffering upon the bower. Few, indeed, knew
anything of the family. The father, betwixt seca-
sion, misfortune, and imbecility, had drifted, as it
were, for many years, of his con-
temporaries—the daughter had never been known to
them. But when the general-murray announced
that the unfortunate Mr. Bertram had broken his
heart in the effort to leave the mansion of his forefa-
ters, there poured forth a torrent of sympathy, like
the waters from the rock when stricken by the
wound of the prophet. The ancient descent and unblemished
integrity of the family were respectfully remembered;
above all, the sacred veneration due to misfortune,
which in Scotland seldom demands its tribute in
 vain, when clearly marked upon external appearance.
Mr. Mac-Moran hastily announced, that he would
suspend all further proceedings in the sale of the es-
teate 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.

Glovis had pondered for a few minutes under the
general expression of sympathy, till, hardened by ob-
serving that no appearance of popular indignation
was directed his way, he had the audacity to require
the sale to go on, and give

I will take it upon my own authority to adjourn
it," said the Sheriff-substitute, "and will be responsi-
ble for the consequences."
the highest price the state of the market will admit, and this is simply no time to expect— I will take the responsibility upon myself."

Glosian left the room, and the horse too, with some sense of importance. He would have his way, because he did so, since our friend Jack Jabez was already haranguing a numerous tribe of bare-legged boys on the prostrate of pelting him off the estate.

The same phenomena were in order for the reception of the young lady, and of her father's dead body. Mannerling now found his further interference unnecessary, and was dismissed.

He objected, too, but several families connected with that of Ellangowan, and who indeed derived their principal claim of gentility from the alliance, were now disposed to pay to their trees of genealogy a tribute, which the adversity of their supposed relatives had been inadequate to call forth; and that the honour of superintending the funeral rites of the dead Lord Bertram (as in the memorable case of Honor's birth-place) was likely to be debated by some gentlemen of rank and fortune, none of whom had offered him an asylum while living. He therefore resolved, as his presence was altogether useless, to make a short tour of a fortnight, at the end of which period the adjourned sale of the estate of Ellangowan was to be brought to a close.

But before he departed, he solicited an interview with the Dominie. The poor man appeared, on being informed a gentleman wanted to speak to him, to have a look at him in the gaunt features, to which recent sorrow had given an expression yet more grave. He made two or three profound reverence, and then, standing erect, impatiently waited an explanation of his commands.

"You are probably at a loss to guess, Mr. Sampson, said Mannerling, what a stranger may have been led to make so urgent a request."

"I was not, replied the simple-minded Sampson."

"Of a certainty, no," replied the impertinent Mannerling."

"I had a wish," said Sampson, "to do a kindness to Miss Lucy; but I never suppose—"

"It is of Miss Lucy I must speak— you have, of course, no recollection of her?"

Sampson, always sufficiently absent in mind, at once remembered the engagement of last year, and again spoke, "Of course, she was very sad over the loss of her father, and she set about working hard to support the girls."

"She does not signify," replied the Colonel; "I am an old acquaintance of the late Lord Bertram, aide and willing to assist her in her present circumstances. Besides, I have thought of taking this surcharge, and I should much wish to order about the place; you will have the goodness to apply the small sum in the usual family expenses to that end."

"Very well, sir," Sampson said, and Mannerling, shaking his hand, said, "Pro-de-gi-o-si."

"But you would not marry?"

"No, sir," Sampson replied; "but I would be a kind friend to her, and take care of her."

"I am not for the object, said Mannerling; "but as touching this particular—"

"Pro-de-gi-o-si."

"I am not for the object, said Sampson; "but as touching this particular—"

"Pro-de-gi-o-si."

"But as touching this particular—"

But Mannerling was now on horseback, and out of hearing. The Dominie, who had never, either in his own or in his State's possession, done one particle of work at his own, was thus left to his own."
CHAPTER XV.

My gold is gone, my house is burned, my Lord now takes it unto thee. Give me thy gold, good John o’ the Scoals, for I have need of thy help, but for every poor soul that John agrees.

The end, I was, was well taken.

Her of Linn.

Two Galwegians John o’ the Scoals was a more clever fellow than his prototype. He contrived to make himself her of Linn without the disagreeable ceremony of "selling down the good red gold." Miss Bertram no sooner heard this painful, and, of late unexpected intelligence, than she proceeded in the preparation which she had already made for leaving the mainland house immediately. Mr. Mac-Morlan assisted her in these arrangements, and pressed upon her so kindly the hospitality and protection of his roof, until the exciting journey during which she had been put to a great deal of strain, and was guided to adopt some settled plan of life, that she was manifestly unkindness in refusing an invitation which she knew would be acceptable. Miss Mac-Morlan was not the kind of person who let her plate of eggs become common, and she made no secret to receive the visit, and to make her appearance to Miss Bertram. A house, therefore, and an hospitable reception, was secured to her, and she went there, with better hearts, to pay the generous sacrifice of the few domestics of her husband’s family.

Domingal Sampaes was not an insensible quantity in either case, and he is always affecting the present circumstances rendered it deadly so. All received their due share of a big news, and with thanks and good wishes, to which were added tears, took farewell of her young mistress. There remained in the possessor only Mr. Mac-Morlan, who, as stated to him at Miss Bertram’s her majesty’s. She said with her hair that a paper known for its praise of Miss Lacy Bertram, was assured of a piece of gold, and rest, as she to leave the house.

Domingal Sampaes was also near: but it was to stand with her without assistance. The idea of parting had penetrated to the compass of his understanding. He said nothing on the table. "It is certainly unnecessary," said Miss Mac-Morlan, mistaking his meaning, "for me to go.

Sampaes waved his hand impatiently. "It is not the house—but that I, that have lost my family and home to think that I am going to live in Miss Lacy Bertram, was must never take it! You would lose your way with your father, your land, and your poor people shall be my own, and the friendship will have a good name. You have to you."

No, Miss Bertram said, while I live I will not separate from you. For me, I have been to you."

But, as Rush and unto Naisa, "Kep Mem to leave thee, nor to depart from thee; for ever these great I will, and where she flattered me."

Miss Bertram knew how your time is engaged, any good friend?"

"Surely not as yet," Mr. Charles recommended it should be cheered out of her, let her agree to accept of the composition of rising from him; but, he added, "it would not be possible to excite it long; since Mr. Charles proposed taking her last

"If, o, does I," said Mac-Morlan: "Yes, yes, I can understand that—Afterward, Mrs. Sampaes,
are these three hours entirely spent in construing and transcribing? Doubtless, no—we have also colloquial intercourse to swab our idleness—nunc semper arcum tendit Apollo.

The quest proceeded to eject from this Galloway Plain its last suppliant to the benighted shrine. In the gen-

Upon our past meetings at Ellangowan—and, truly, I think very often we discourse concerning Miss Lucy—Mr. Charles had found, in that gen-

O h I thought Mac-Morlan, sees the wind in that quarter? I’ve heard something like this before.

He then began to consider—what conduct was se-

for his proteges, and even for himself; for the ses-

Mr. Haswell was powerful, wealthy, ambitious, and vindictive, and looked for both fortunes and titles. His criterion of which his son might form. As a long, having the highest opinion of his guest's good

did so in as natural a manner as he could;—I wish you joy of your friend Mr. Samp-

Miss Morlan, the ses-

no, not Colonel Manning—what but what do you yet think of your acquaintance, Mr. Charles Has-

Lucy blushed deeply. “For Heaven’s sake, no, Mr.

Miss Bertram let the conversation drop, and her host made no effort to renew it, as she seemed to pass upon the intelligence in order to form some inter-

The next day Miss Bertram took an opportunity of conversing with Mr. Sampson. Expressing in the kindest manner her gratitude for his disinte-

she hinted to him that his present study of superintending Charles Haswell’s studies must be more benevolent to his dignity, while that en-

she had expected, to listen a moment to this pro-

he would not quit her to be made pro-

“About the classics, my dear young lady?” wil-

most young gentlemen have at one period or another, sure enough; but his present studies are voluntary."

"I see," he added, "you are too proud to share my position; and, paradoxically, I grow wearisome unto you.”

"No indeed—you were my father’s ancient, almost his only protege. I am not proud—I know I have no reason to be so—you already do what you judge best in other matters; but oblige me by telling Mr. Charles Haswell, that you had some conversation with me upon the subject of my studies. I am of opinion, that his carrying them on in this house was altogether impractical, and not to be thought of.”

Dominie Sampson left her presence altogether overawed and, as about the door, could not help remarking the "verDatum et mutabile" of Virgil. Next day he appeared with a very rueful visage, and ten-

he said, "was to discontinuance his lessons, though he had generously made up the pecuniary loss—but how will he make up the loss to himself of the knowledge he has sacrificed?", and ended with a letter—"Mr. Haswell," he

The letter contained but a few lines, deeply regretting and apologizing against Miss Bertram; who not only refused to see him, but permitted him in the most indirect manner to hear of her health and contribute to her expenses. But it concluded, with assurance, that the letters which could shake the attachment of Charles Haswell.

Under the active patronage of Mrs. Mac-Candless, Sampson has been put in a position where success can be obtained, and whose lessons were proportionally unproductive. Still, however, he gained something, and it was the power of a story of a black and white—surplus weekly, a slight pecuniary only subtracted to supply his snuff-box and tobacco-pouch.

And here we must leave Kippistruimpan to look ac-

to carry it to the country, to the country, and in a weakly, a slight pecuniary only subtracted, to supply his snuff-box and tobacco-pouch.

Our Polly is a sad sight, nor bears what we have taught her; I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter; For when she’s dead with care and cost, off goes, 200, 200, and

As soon should serve a companion, she knew herself away, "Squire’s son.

After the death of Mr. Bertram, Manning had set out upon a short tour, proposing to return to the neighboorhood of Ellangowan before the sale of that

to Edinburgh and elsewhere, and it was in his return towards the south-western district of Scotland, as which our scene lies; that, at a post-town about a

He talks of taking his lessons here—I wish we may have accommodation for Lucy.

Lacy blushed deeply. “For Heaven’s sake, no, Mr.

"No, no, not Colonel Manning—what but what do you yet think of your acquaintance, Mr. Charles Has-

"Oh, it seems, my dear young lady?" wil-

the classics, my dear young lady?” wil-

about that already, on which I am not disposed to comment. We have assumed already the privilege of giving one secrets to this gentleman, and therefore shall present the reader with an extract from this epistle.

"I beg your pardon, my dearest friend, for the pains

I have given you, in forcing you to open wounds so

I have always heard, though erroneously perhaps; that the at-

But, however that were, it could not be sup-

suppose that in your situation his boldness should escape notice and censure. Wise men say, that we resign to civil society our natural rights of self-

the prices cannot be paid, the resources exhausted, and the expectations of mankind, which supposes that I am not entitled to defend my person and property against a highwayman, as much as if I were a subject of the Crown. I know there is a certain amount of romanti-

ity. The question of resistance, or submission, must be determined by my means and situation. But, if, armed and equal in force, I submit to injustice and violence from any man, he again will hardly be attributed to religious or moral feeling in me, or in any one but a weaker. An action under these circumstances seems to me much the

The insult, however trifling in itself, as one of much deeper consequence to all views in life than any

were a subject of the Crown. I know there is a certain amount of romantic

in the power, of public jurisprudence, or resistance is entirely beyond its reach. If any man chooses to rob Arthur Mervyn of the contents of his purse, sup-

him to the honor of his country, to the honor of his family, to the skill and courage to use them, the assistant to judge of this instance, if I have myself the means and

I must not be allowed to be the first instance, if I have myself the means and to protect my own property? But if an instance is offered me, I will be the first instance; it is in

my character for ever with men of honor, and which the twelve Judges of England, with the C.

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my character for ever with men of honor, and which the twelve Judges of England, with the C.
view of the matter I shall say nothing, until
I had a revered divine who should condemn self-de
sire in public and private, and its presence in any
priety in that case be generally admitted, I suppose
little distinction can be drawn between defence of
person and goods, and protection of reputation. That
the latter is to be desired, to be assailed by persons of a
different rank in life, unstained perhaps in morals, and
in character, cannot affect my legal right of self
defence. I am sorry that some of my experiences have
made me in personal strife with such a person, my
person, and had heard the flagolet. I did not care to
press any further questions, for fear of implicating
Julia in the opinion of those of whom they might be
asked. Next morning, at breakfast, I dropped a casu
hint about the serenade of the evening before, and I
promise you Miss Manning looked red and
pale after this. I immediately gave the circum
stances such a turn as might feed her to suppose that
my observation was merely casual. I have since
cast my eye in my library, and have left the shutters open, to clear the approach of
our nocturnal guest; and I have stated the severity
of approaching winter, and the rawness of the fogs,
as an objection to exercise here. I have acquired
acquainted with a passiveness which is not part of her
character, and which, to tell you the plain truth, is a
feature about the business which I like least of all.
Julia has too much of her own individuality, of her
own discretion to be curbed in any of her humours, were there not some little lurking consciousness that it may be as
prudent to restrain them as to allow them.

"Now my story is told, and you will judge what
you ought to do. I have not mentioned the matter
to my good woman, who, a faithful secretary to her
exis. feasts, would certainly report against your being
made acquainted with these particulars, and might, instead, take it into her head to exercise
her own eloquence on the general subject, which, however powerful when directed against me,
itself to a considerable degree, might, I fear, do more harm
than good in the case supposed. Perhaps even you
yourself will find it most prudent to act without re
monstrating, or appearing to be aware of this little
anecdote. Julia is very like a certain friend of mine:
she has a quick and lively imagination, and keen
feelings, which are apt to exaggerate both the good
and evil they find in life. She is a charming girl,
however, as generous and spirited as she is lovely.
I paid her the kiss you sent her with all my heart,
and she rapped my fingers for my reward with all hers.
Pray return as soon as you can. Meanwhile, rely upon
the care of your, faithfullly,
Armour Manning.

"P.S. You will remember that we are engaged. I have
the least guess concerning the person of the seren
ader. In truth, I have none. There is no young
gentleman of any sort whose acquaintance I have
fortune to match with Miss Julia, that I think at all
likely to play such a character. But on the other side
of life, where the courtier is a -
cake, the sort of walking gentlemen of all
descriptions, poets, players, musicians, who
all, and recite, and madden, about this pic
rusque land of light, is to be paying some penalty for
its beauties, that they are the means of drawing this
swarm of cozzombes together. But were Julia my
daughter, it is one of those sort of fellows that I
should fear on her秀丽_vy. She is generous and
romantic, and writes six sheets a-week to a female
correspondent; and it's a sad thing to lack a subject
in such a case, either for exercise of the imagination
of the pen. Adieu, once more. Want to treat this
matter more seriously than I have done, I should do
injustice to your feelings; were I altogether to over
look it, I should discredit my own."

The consequence of this letter was, that, having
first dispatched the faithful messenger with the ne
cessary powers, I waited, and at length the estate of Eillagowan, Colonel Manning turned
his horse's head in a more southerly direction, and
"Arid," a sort of antelope, whose name was
mentioned of his friend Mr. Mervyn, upon the
the one of the lakes of Westmorland.
CHAPTER XVII.

"Heaven first, in its mercy, taught me to read, and, not to covet, and not to be greedy, as Jesus taught me. Oh, mercy, mercy, I am so lost!"

P엔, in a instant.

Words. Manning returned to England, his next subject, and his first object was to place his son back in a seminary for boys. He established a school for his son, but, finding his progress in the accomplishments which he wished her to acquire so rapid as his impatience expected, he had withdrawn Miss Manning from the academy at St. Albans and returned to the United States. He had only to form an eternal friendship with Miss Matilda Marchmont; a young lady about her own age, which was nearly eighteen. To her faithful eye were addressed those formative queries which issued forth from Merryn-hall, on the wings of the post, while Miss Manning was a guest there. The period of a few short extracts from these may be necessary to render our story intelligible.

FIRST EXTRACT.

"Alas! 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 ungracious phrase—my Latin exercise, and three false notes in one of Pansillo's sonata. But it is a part of my father's character; of whom it is impossible to say, whether he is, as he used to say, 'the greatest' or 'the greatest fool.'"

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 ridiculous policy which she adopted, as unjust to my father, and highly pernicious to herself and me. But peace be with her! her actions were guided by the heart rather than the head; and shall her daughter, who inherits all her weaknesses, be the first to withdraw the veil from her defects?"

FOURTH EXTRACT.

"If India be the land of magic, this, my dearest Matilda, is the land of romance. The scenery is such as nature brings together in her sublimest moods—sounding cataclysms—hills which rear their shattered heads to the sky—trees, that, winding up the shadowy valley, lead at every turn to yet more romantic recesses—rocks which catch the glances of heaven. All the wildness of Salvator here, and these fairy scenes of nature. I am happy to find that at least one object upon which my father can share my enthusiasm. An admirer of nature, both as an artist and poet, I have escaped the influence of the observations which he explains the character and the effect of these brilliant spectacles 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 how delighted shall I be when I can come, Come, Matilda, and be the guest of your faithful Julia!"

"I am at present the inmate of Mr. and Mrs. Merryn, old friends of my father. I can describe her in no better term than a good sort of woman—lady-like and house-wifely. I am, but, for accomplishments or fancy—good luck, my dearest Matilda, your friend might as well seek sympathy from a child as from a woman. I see but few, and those are not my schoolmates. Merryn is a different—quite a different being from my father, yet he amuses and endears me. He is fat and good-natured, gifted with strong shrewd sense, and some powers of humour; but having been handsome, I suppose, in his youth, he has still some pretensions to be a bear gryon, as well as an enthusiastic agriculturist. I shall look upon him as the Pompeii of Patagonia, and I shall expect him to give me a tour through the tops of eminences and to the foot of waterfalls, and am obliged in turn to assure him that it is not for the sake of the scenery that I think of you, I fancy, a simple romantic Miss, with some—(the word will be cut) and some good-nature; and I hold that the gentlemen have not a fair rate for a man to take a lady out, and, in that case, they should comprehend their sentiments further. So I call upon my friends, halliards, and hobbies, (for the deer creature has got the greensward covered with leaves 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 do very well.)"

"But, alas! my dearest Matilda, how would I leave away, even in this paradise of romance, excepted as it is by a party assisting so ill with the expected scenes around them, were it not for your fidelity in respecting to my unbecoming letters? Pray do not fail to write.
Fifth Extract.

"How shall I communicate what I have now to say? My hand and heart still flutter so much, that the idea of writing is most impossible. Did I not say that he lived? Did I not say I would not despair? How could you suggest, my dear Matilda, that my feelings were not engrossed by the beautiful and amiable Euny? No, my dear love, my affections were never divided. But time has taught me that there is something more valuable than life, and that is the love of one person. Euny has not swayed, as it is the most sincere, pledge of our friendship.

Surely there are ages—eons—longer than my heart, with its load of care, can compass itself to feel. Therefore, I must take a look for an hour or two after retiring to my own room, which I think I have told you is in a small balcony, looking down upon that beautiful lake, of which I attempted to give you a sketch. Euny, with her part in the swimming, and conjured with a vast to do, she swam round, and was lost to sight. I was looking out from the projecting balcony plunged into water deep enough to meet a skirt. I had left my window partly open, and here I was in bed, and might see coming to my custom, look out and see the moonlight shining upon the lake. I was deeply engaged with the wonderful scene in the Merchant of Venice, where two beautiful scenes of the further shore sit in such strange nightshade, I was lost in the associations of story and of feeling which it awakened in me. I think of the scene of a flock of pelicans, I have told you some of your kind and friendly intrusions. 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 more pleasure? I drew near to the window, and heartened with beatitude, the sounds passed a space, were then resumed, passed again—and again reached me, every coming nearer and nearer. At length, I distinguish, plainly enough, that little Hindu air which you called my favourite—I have told you by whom it was taught me—the instrument, the tunes, were his own. But it could not be expected that he should repeat the air which Miss Manning's imprudence threw in his way, or avoid becoming attached to a young lady, whose beauty and manners were perhaps more pleasant than his passion, even at a distance where there are more generally met with, than in a remote fortress in our Indian settlements. The scenes which followed have been partly detailed in Miss Manning's letter to her friend. Euny and to explain what is there stated into further explanation, would be to abuse the patience of our readers.

We shall, therefore, proceed with our previous 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 both. I have pressed him to pursue his views of fortune without further regard to me, and to consider my peace of mind as sufficiently secured by the knowledge that he had not fallen under my father's sword. He answered—but how can I detail all he has to answer? He claims those hopes as his due which my mother permitted him to cherish. He is engrossed by 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 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 he has studied it more nearly, that his softer 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 tinge of romance in his disposition; and 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 tale of mere distress. But then, Brown urges, that he is personality hostile to him—And the obscurity of his birth—what would he be? O Matilda, I hope none of your ancestors ever sought at Pointers or Atcortex! If it were not for the vengeance, which my father attaches to the placing of orders of a mention; Miss Manning, I should make out my explanation with great 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 kindenedgment. I can only repay them
with unbounded confidence.

"You ask me, what Brown is by origin, that his
descent should be so unpleasing to my father. His
story is entirely child. He is of Scottish extraction,
but, being left an orphan, his education was under-
taken by a family of relations, settled in Holland. He
was early sent out by this family to prepare for our
settlements in the East, where his guardian had a
respondent. But this correspondent was dead when
he arrived in India, and he had no other re-
sourse 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
at all young 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. The rest of his history is well known
to you; but conceive the irascibility 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 Dutch; think with what ear he would be likely
to receive proposals for his only child from Van-
beest and Vanhuggen! O, Matilda, it will never
so—say, so childish am I, I hardly can help sympathiz-
ing of the distress of our common friend 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—no, not even now; I have
secreted my dreams for another season, which will
entirely remove the grace of my commu-
nication, and ruin whatever gleam of hope I had
ventured to connect with it. Testamently, Brown
came as usual, and his flagon on the lake announ-
ced his approach. We had agreed, that he should
continue to use this signal. These romantic lakes
attract numerous visitors, who induces their enthun-
iasms in visiting the scenery at all hours, and we
hoped, that if Brown were noticed from the house,
the might pass for one of those admirers of nature, who
are often heard to feel the soothing influence of the
music of the sounds. The music might also be my apolo-
ogy, should I be observed on the balcony. But last
night, if I must own it, I broke my plan of a full
confession to my father, which I as earnestly depre-
cated, we heard the window of Mr. Mervyn's library,
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 inst-
stant I beheld Mr. Mervyn's countenance at breakfast
the next morning. He looked so provokingly intelli-
gent 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 at-
tempting to sound my thoughts, and watch the ex-
pression of my countenance. He has talked of the
flagon, and has once or twice 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 never smiles, and you cannot tell
what he feels at his own conversation. I show my ten-
ner to affront my father's old friend in his own house;
but I do long to show him that I am my fa-
thers daughter, and that Mr. Mervyn will cer-
tainly be convinced, if ever I trust my voice and tem-
pers with a reply to these indirect hints. Of one thing
I am certain, that he is not to be trusted. I have
heard so much about the danger of love and
the night air on the lake, the risk arising from colds
and fortune-hunters, the comfort and convenience of
sack-whey and closed windows!—I cannot help tri-
fing, Matilda, though my heart is so well enough. What
Brown was by origin, I cannot guess. I put the fear of detection prevents his resuming his noctu-
lar visits. He lodges at an inn on the opposite
shore of the lake, the best house in the place, the inn
of Dawson,—he has a bad choice in names, that must
be allowed. He has not left the army, I believe, but
he says nothing of his present views.

"To my amazement, the weather is returned
soon, and in high disapproval. Our good houses,
as I learned from a bustling conversation be-
tween her housekeeper and her, had no expectance of
seizing him for a week; but I rather suspect his arrival
was no surprise to his friend Mr. Mervyn. His man-
ter to me was singularly cold and constrained—suffi-
ciently so to have damped all the courage with which
I once resolved to throw myself on his generosity.
He lays the blame of his being composed and out
of humour to the purchase of the south-west
of Scotland, on which he had set his heart; but I do
not suspect his equanimity of being so easily thrown
of its balance. His first excursion was with Mr.
Mervyn, about the little cottage where his parents
lived. They are not named, and it is no exaggeration)
I say, 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, as 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 un-
der me, and it is 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 brown. He motioned me to seat
myself, and I never obeyed a command so readily,
for, in truth, I could hardly stand. He himself con-
cluded to walk up and down the room. You have
seen my father, and you must have noticed his ex-
pressively cast of his features. His eyes are
naturally rather light in colour, but agitation or anger
gives them a change. His eyebrows are a very
custom also of drawing in his lips, when mused
moved, which implies a combat between native ar-
our of temper and the habitual power of self-con-
mand. I have often noticed that 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

"To my utterable relief, I found I was mistaken,
and that whatever he knew of Mr. Mervyn's suspi-
cions or discoveries, he did not intend to converse
with me on the topic. Country as I was, I was in
expressibly relieved, though if he had really investi-
gated the reports which may have come to his ear,
the result could have been nothing to what his suspi-
cions might have conceived. But, though our
spirits rose high at my unexpected escape, I had not
courage myself to provoke the discussion, and re-
mained in the state of my letter;

"Julia," he said, "my agent writes me from Scot-
land, that he has been able to hire a house for
me decently furnished, and with the necessary equip-
pment. It is within three miles of that which I
had designed to purchase." Then he made
a pause, and seemed to expect an answer.

"What can suit you, Sir, must be perfectly agreeable to me."

"Uphill!—I do not propose, however, Julia,
you shall reside quite alone in this house during
winter."
GUY MANNERING.

'Waller company, is agreeable to you, sir,' I answer, also.

'O, there is a little too much of this universal spirit of submission; an excellent disposition in action, but you constantly repeating the jargon of it, puts me in mind of certain speeches in tartan and clan dependants in the East. In short, Julia, I know you have a re-

Not a governess, for the love of Heaven, papa," exclaimed poor I, my fears at that moment suddenly rising the full height of my prudence.

'Not a governess, Miss Mannering,' replied the Colonel, somewhat sternly, 'but a young lady from whom your excellent example, bred as she has been in the school of adversity, I trust you may learn the art to
govern yourself.'

To answer this was trenching upon too dangerous
- round, so there was a pause.

'Is the young lady a Scotchwoman, papa?'

'Yes—d'you think

'Much of the devil!' answered my father, hastily.

'Is all the accent, sir?'

'do you think I care about a's and a's, and t's and

'I tell you, Julia, I am serious in the matter. You

You had better not go by the names of the

intimacies you call such'—(was not this very hardly said, Matilda?)—'Now I wish to give you a piece of advice, for your part and existence as a young friend, and therefore 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 atten-
tion which is due to mistresses and virgins.'

'Certainly, sir,—is my future friend red-haired?'

He gave me one of his stern glances; you will

say, perhaps, I have reserved it out I think the scene

prompts me with teasing questions on som e occasions.

'She is as superior to you, my love, in personal ap-

pearance, as in prudence and affection for her friends.

'You think, that superi or you might call her presen-
tation—Well, sir, but I see you are going to take

all this too seriously; whatever the young lady

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 ac-

commodation, if she is without one.'

'No—no—no, properly an attendant—the chap-

lain, who lived with her father, is a very good sort of

man, and I believe I shall make room for him in the

house.'

'Chaplain, papa? Lord bless me!'

'Yes, Miss Mannering, chaplain; is there any thing

to this, Sir?'

'This is more than I can say, I mean I have not

been a chaplain of the Residence, when we were in

India?'

'Yes, papa, but you was a commandant then.'

'No I will be now, Miss Mannering,—in my own

family.'

'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

person, who will never find 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

pleasing as this?'

'Not perhaps as much to your taste—there is no

lake under the windows, and you will be under the

influence, or, I should say, the devoir, that one desires.

This last coup de main ended the keen encounter

of our wits, for you may believe, Matilda, it quelled

all my courage to reply.

'Well, perhaps it will appear too mannered

from this dialogue, have risen insensibly, and, as,

in spite of myself, Brown alive, and free, in

England! Embarrassment and anxiety I can

meet ended. We leave this in two days for our

new residence. I shall not fail to let you know what

I think of these Scotch intimates, whom I have had

too much reason to believe my father means to quar-

ter in his house as a brace of honourable spies; a sort

of female Rosencrests and reared Gueldensterns,

in tartan and clan dependents in the East, it is the

Rosencrests I fear, and the Gueldensterns I dread.

What a contrast to the society I would willingly have

secured to myself! I shall write instantly on my ar-

riving at my promised abode, if the dearest Matilda with the further fates of—her Julia Mannering.'

CHAPTER XIX.

Which sloping hills around enclose,

Where many a beach and brown oak grows,

Beneath whose dark and branching boughs

Its tide a fretted river pours,

By nature's beauties to survey,

Sweet Tuscan of rural ease!—

WOODEMARK.

The habitations which Mannering, by Mr. Mac-Morlan's meditation, had hired for a season, was a large comfortable mansion, superbly situated beneath a hill covered with wood, which surrounded the house upon the north and east; the front looked upon a little lawn bordered, by a grove of old trees, beyond which a prospect was some miles distant, so that the house was like a point from which was seen from the windows of the house. A tolerable, though old-fashioned garden, a well-stocked orchard, a stately wood, a tolerable, though old-fashioned garden, a well-stocked orchard, a stately wood, a tolerable, though old-fashioned garden, a well-stocked orchard, a stately wood, which the convenience of the family might require, rendered the place in every respect suitable, as the advertisements have it, 'for the accommodation of a genteel family.'

Here, then, Mannering resolved, for some time at

least, to set up the staff of his rest. Though an Earl,

he was as much to a small estate as the advertisements have it, 'for the accommodation of a genteel family.'

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Here, then, Mannering resolved, for some time at

least, to set up the staff of his rest. Though an Earl,

he was as much to a small estate as
father thought any part of the Dominie's dress wanted of renewal, a servant was directed to enter his chamber by night, for he sleeps as fast as a dormouse, carry off the old vestment, and leave the new one; not least consciousness of the change put upon him on such occasions.

Maco-Mo-ran, in conformity with Miss Bertram's advice, procured a skillful artist, who, on looking at the Dominie attitudinously, undertook to make for him two suits of clothes, one black, and one raven-grey, and even shoes, at least, (so the tailor qualified his enterprise,) as a part of such an out-of-the-way build could be fitted by merely human needles and scissors. When this fashionable had accomplished his task, and the dresses were brought home, Maco-Moran judiciously resolving to accomplish his purpose by degrees, withdrew that evening an important part of his dress, and substituted the new article of raiment in its stead. Perceiving that this passed totally without notice, he next ventured on the waistcoat, and lastly on the coat. When fully metamorphosed, and arrayed for the first time in his life in a decent dress, they did observe, that the Dominie seemed to have some inquiring, close, and distinct manner, which, as a change had taken place on his outward man. Whenever they observed this delicious expression gazing upon his countenance, accompanied with a smile of satisfaction, which now spread over the knees of his breeches, where he probably missed some antique patching and darnings, as he sipped his tea with a smile, or thought aloud upon a by-word, had somewhat the effect of embroidery, they always took care to turn his attention into some other channel, until his garments, 'by the set of use, cleaved to their model.' The only means he was ever known to speak on the subject was "the air of a town like Kippletringan, seemed favourable unto wearing apparel, for he thought his coat looked almost as well as if it had been the last fashion, that was when he went to stand trial for his license as a preacher."

When the Dominie first heard the liberal proposal of Colonel Macmerring, he turned a jealous and distrustful glance towards Miss Bertram, as if he suspected that the project involved their separation; but when Mr. Mac-Moran hastened to explain that she would be a guest at Woodburne for some time, he rubbed his large hands together, and burst into a portentous sort of a smile, like that of the African lion, that was the Caliph Vathek. After this unusual explosion of satisfaction, he remained quite passive in all the rest of the transaction.

It had been observed that Mr. and Mrs. Mac-Moran should take possession of the house a few days before Macmerring's arrival, both to put every thing in perfect order, and to consider the length of the Dominie's residence from their family to his as easy and delicate as possible. Accordingly, in the beginning of the month of December, the party were settled at Woodburne.

CHAPTER XX.
A picturesque scene, fit to grace the whole country.

The appointed day arrived, when the Colonel and Miss Bertram were to set out for Woodburne. To give him some money, and bid him go and furnish himself, would be only giving him the means of making himself rich; such was the advice arrived to Mr. Sampson as the purchase of new garments, the addition which he made to his wardrobe, by the guidance of his own taste, usually brought all the boys of the place to his house, his household, his friends, to bring a tailor to measure him, and send home his clothes, as for a school-boy, would probably give the boys some idea resolved to consult Miss Bertram, and request her interference. She assured him, that though she could not pretend to superintend a gentleman's wardrobe, nothing was more within her reach to make him perfectly comfortable. The colonel, however, not trusting to Miss Bertram, but expecting and exacting a minute compliance with his wishes and instructions, without considering this uncertainty of mind, he traversed the road more than once from the gate to the stables. Maco-Moran revolved in a leisurely orbit, comparing the dining parson, housekeeper's servant.
While he is under my roof, Julia, every one must learn to do so.

"Lord, Papa, the very footman 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."

"O, I am convinced of his generosity too," said this lively lady; "and I have seen him kiss his mouth without bestowing a share on every thing round."

"Julia, you are incorrigible—but remember, I expose your mirth on this subject to be under such restrictions: that it shall neither offend this worthy man's feelings, nor those of Miss Bertram, who may be more apt to feel your account than he on his own. And so, good night, my dear; and recollect, that though Mr. Sampson has certainly not sacrificed to the grooves, 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 Woodbourne, after taking an affectionate farewell of their late guest. The household was now settled in their new quarters. The young ladies followed their studies and amusements together. Colonel Mannerings always was agreeable and entertaining. He always had a strong requisition for the vivacity and intelligence of features, in which he had been a little haughtiness, and a little badmannerliness, and he had a sort of humurous sarcasm. "I shall not like her," was the result of Lucy Bertram's first glance; "and yet I rather that I shall," was the thought expressed by the second. Miss Bertram was fond and mannish up to the last against the severity of the winter; the Colonel in his military great-coat. He bowed to Mrs. Mac-Morlan, whose hand he always shook, met her with a fashionable carriage, 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 the latter, with an air of great kindness, and most paternal affection, he said, "Julia, 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 Woodbourne as pleasant to Miss Bertram, as Ellangate was to me when I first came as a wanderer into this country."

The young lady carried acquiescence, and took her new friend's hand. Mannerings now turned his eye upon Miss Bertram, who had made the entrance into the room, stepping out his leg, and bending his back like a automaton, which continued to repeat the same movement until the motion was stopped by the Colonel. He then introduced her to the Colonel, and standing at the same time a reproving glance at the young lady, who blushed, and put the woman of some disposition to join her too obvious inclination to rivet—"This gentleman, Julia, is to put my books an 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 circumstance by which he has been pleased to show us. But, Miss Bertram, I cannot express how gratified she was by his father's bows began to occur, and we have travelled a good way, will you accompany me?"

This intimation dispersed all the company, save the Dominie, who, having no idea of dressing but when he was to rise, or of undressing but when he went to go to bed, remained by himself, chewing the end of a mathematical demonstration, until the company again assembled in the drawing-room, and then the conversation kindled up.

When the day was concluded, Mannerings took an opportunity to hold a minute conversation with his new acquaintance.

"How do you like your guests, Julia?"

"O, Miss Bertram of all things—but this is a most mortifying person—why, dear sir, no human being will be tolerable to him without laughing."

"Vox II."
and now his dignity and delight in being superinten-
dent of the collection, raised him, in his own opinion, 
almost to the rank of the academic librarian, whom he 
always regarded as the greatest and happiest 
man on earth. Neither were his transports diminish-
ed upon a hasty examination of the contents of these 
valuable relics of letters, poems, plays, or memoirs, he tossed indigeniously aside, 
with the implied censure of "papa," or "irivolous;" but 
the greater and bulkier part of the collection bore 
its character. The deceased gazed, a di-
vine of the old and deeply-learned cast, had loaded 
his shelves with volumes which displayed the antique 
and rare, and those attributes so happily described by 
a modern poet:

That weight of wood, with leathers coat o'cost, staid,
Those ample caskets of solid metal made,
That close press'd leaves upared for no age,
The dull red edge of the well fill'd page,
On the book the burthened ridge roll'd,
Whose yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold.

Books of theology and controversial divinity, com-
mentaries, and polyglots, sets of the fathers, and 
asoms, which might furnish any furnish ten broad 
discourses of modern dogs, books of science, ancient 
and modern, classical authors in their best and rarest 
forms; such formed the late bishop's venerable li-
brary, much of which Dr. Hume's elegant catalogue 
glorified with rapture. He entered them in the cata-
logue in his best running hand, forming each letter 
with the accuracy of a lover writing a valentine, and 
mingled each individually named with the damn'd 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 slowly. He often opened a volume when 
half-way up the library steps, fell upon some interest-
ning passage, and, without shifting his inconvenient 
poison, continued immersed in the fascinating per-
usal until the servant, called by the skimming bug, 
announced him that dinner waited. He then repaired to 
the parlour, bolted his food down his capacious throat 
in squares of three slices, answered ay and no at ran-
dom to whatever question was asked at him, and 
again hurried back to the library, as soon as his naps-
kin was removed, and sometimes with it hanging 
round his neck like a pig-scruff.

"How happily the days
Of Thalaba went by!"

And having thus left the principal characters of 
our tale in a situation, which, being sufficiently com-
fortable to themselves, is, of course, utterly uninter-
teresting to the reader, we take up the history of a person 
entirely different character, and one of those who has all the 
interest that uncertainty and misfortune can give.

CHAPTER XXI
What sayst thou, Wise-One?—that all powerful Love 
Can forsero's strong impediments remove
Nor is it strange that worth should yield to worth,
The pride of genius with the pride of birth.

V. BASONS—I will not give at full length his thrice 
unhappy name—that had been from infancy a bell for 
fortune to swarm at; but nature had given him that 
esthetic of mind which rises higher from the re-
bound. His form was tall, manly, and active, and his 
features corresponded with his person; for, although 
far from regular, they had an expression of intelli-
gence and good humour, and when he spoke, or was 
partially animated, might be decidedly pronounced 
interesting. His manner indicated the military pro-
fection, which had been his choice, and in which he 
had now attained the rank of captain, the person 
who succeeded Colonel Manning in his command, 
hauling to repair the injustice which Brown had 
sustained, by that gentleman's prejudice against 
him. But this, as well as his liberation from capti-
vity, had taken place after the independence of his 
army had been declared in the northward,' followed it with the purpose of resu-
ming the address to Julia. With her father he 
deemed he had no measures to keep; for, ignorant of 
the more venomous belief which had been instilled 
into the Colonel's mind, he regarded him as an op-
presor, and his object, when he saw the commanding 
of the heavy misfortunes of his painful wound and 
imprisonment were direct injuries received from the 
father, which might dispense with his using many 
ceremonial forms and obsequies. He only desired 
that when his nocturnal visit was discovered by 
Mr. Mervyn, our readers are already informed.

Upon this unpleasant occurrence, Captain Brown 
absented himself from the inn in which he had re-
side under the name of Dawson, so that Colonel 
Manning's attempts to discover and trace him were 
unavailing. He resolved, however, that no difficul-
ties should prevent his continuing his enterprise, 
while Julia left him a ray of hope. The interest 
he had secured in doors open, by which he had 
been unable to conceal from him, and with all the 
courage of romantic gallantry he determined upon 
perseverance. But we believe the reader will be as 
well pleased with the gentleman's intentions from his 
own communication to his special friend and confidant, Captain Delaserra, a Swiss 
gentleman, who had a company in his regiment.

EXTRACT.
"Let me hear from you soon, dear Delaserra.
Remember, I can learn nothing about regimental 
affairs but through your friendly medium, and I long 
to know what has become of Ayre's court-martial, 
and whether Elliot gets the major; also how they 
recruiting going on, and how the other officers are 
getting on. Of our kind friend, the Lieutenant-Colonel, 
I need ask nothing; I saw him as I passed through 
Nottingham, happy in the bosom of his family. What a happiness it is, Philip, for us poor devils, that 
we have a little resting-place between the camp and 
the grave, if we can manage to escape disease, and 
steel, and lead, and the effects of hard living. A retired 
old soldier is always a graceful and respected char-
acter. He grumbles a little now and then, but then 
he is licensed murmuring—were a lawyer, or a 
physician, or a clergyman, to breathe a complaint 
of hard luck or want of preferment, a hundred 
tongues would blame his own incapacity as the cause.

But the army is a strange place, this threecold tale of a siege and a battle, and a cock 
and a bottle, is listened to with sympathy and re-
In the British service, stop we 
myself, we may upon our career, it is only for want of re-
may have a wide preference for travel and sport, and not from being prohibited 
to travel and sport. Here little Weichelm-to come into ours, for God's sake 
that let us buy the enfilade, live prudently, mind his de-
and trust to the fortune of a wiser age."

And now, I hope you are expiring with curiosity 
learn the end of my romance. I told you I 
deemed it convenient to make a few days' tour
GUY MANNEERING.

not among the mountains of Westmoreland, with Miss Grey, a young English artist, with whom I have been familiar at some length. You must know, Delaserre—his name is written, I think, on the title-page of your novel, and I have here it.—But I shall not dwell on this, for it is not pertinent to my subject. Miss Grey has been living with the family for some time, and I was present at her introduction to the household. She is a most agreeable young woman, with a delightful manner, and I have no doubt that she will be a great favourite with the family. I have been looking forward to her visit with great interest, and I am happy to say that she has not disappointed my hopes. She is a most charming companion, and I am sure that she will be a great asset to the family. I shall look forward to her return with great pleasure, and I am sure that she will be greatly missed during her absence.
has in youth excelled the talent and independent feeling of the monastic pedant in its original country; and, during fine weather, will hold the taste of the great moralist cheap in comparison.

Part of Brown's view in choosing that unusual tract was to raise another of Cumberland into Scotland, had been a desire to view the remains of the celebrated Roman Wall, which was more visible on the rugged mountains of that extent. His education had been imperfect and desultory; but neither the busy scenes in which he had been engaged, nor the pleasures of youth, nor the presence of meat and drink, nor diversion from the task of mental improvement—

"And this is the Roman Wall," he said, scrambling up to a height which commanded the course of that celebrated work of antiquity: "What a people! whose labour, even at this extremity of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, these few traces will exist of the labours of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains will remain even to a continue interest and admiration. Their fortifications, their aqueducts, the theatres, their fountains, all their public works, bear the same solid, permanent character of their ancient nobility, while our modern labours, like our modern temples, seem constructed out of their fragments." Heating thus moralized, he remembered that he was hungry, and putting up his walk to a small public-house, at which he proposed to get some refreshment. The alehouse, for it was no better, was situated in the bottom of the little dell, through a small rivulet. It was shaded by a large tree against which the clay-built shed, that served the purpose of a stable, was erected, and upon which he seemed to be leaning. The light shining on the old-dried horse, employed in eating his corn. The outside of the house promised little for the interior, notwithstanding the veint of a sign, where a tanner of ale voluntarily decanted itself into a tumbler, and a hieroglyphical scrawl below it supposed to press a promise of "good entertainment for men and horse." Brown was no fastidious traveller—stumped and entered the alehouse.*

* It is fitting to explain to the reader the locality described in this chapter. It is, or rather I should say, the former station of the coach called Mumpsey's Hall, that is, being intercepted, the stage. Hotel, from hence to Glasgow. There was a little alehouse called the Mumpsey's Hall, and to which the ale was casked. It is a very pleasant place, and the public inn, but there is no more." Brown had part 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 exercises and the bracing effects of the frosty air. He whistled as he went along, not "from want of thought," but to give vent to those buoyant fancies, on which an inferior person of his persuasion would have been distressing. For each passenger whom he shaffed to meet, he had a kind greeting or a good-humoured jest; the harly Glamorgan greeted as they passed, and said, "That's my own, God bless you!" and the munteret grew more than once over her shoulder at the athletic form, which corresponded so well with the frank appearance of her companion. And so pleased the dog, his constant companion, that raved his master in glee, scampered at large in a thousand wheels round the hedge, and came back to jump up on him, and his return to Liddesdale. There were flaxen sheaves lying on the banks, where each could be deposited, and bills received instead, greatly encouraged robbiers in that wild country. A gang of plunder were usually freight with gold. The robbers seized the cattle, by which means of whom they were tracked down, and Mumpsy's Hall had a bad reputation for harbourship for the dill who committed such depredations.

An old and sturdy yeoman belonging to the Scottish side, "summons an Armstrong or Elliott, but well known by his name of Fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and self-described as the bravest and most active of his age, for the courage he displayed in the frequent wars which took place on the Border fifty or sixty years since, had the hard and adventurous life of the Wastes, which suggested the idea of the image in the text.

Charlie had been at Stagshaw-bank fair, sold his cattle, or whatever he had brought to market, and was on his return to Liddesdale. There were thistles and watercress, to which he gave the sign, where each could be deposited, and bills received instead, greatly encouraged robbers in that wild country. A gang of plunder were usually freight with gold. The robbers seized the cattle, by which means of whom they were tracked down, and Mumpsy's Hall had a bad reputation for harbourship for the dill who committed such depredations.

All this Charlie knew full well; but he had a pair of best pistols, and a deadly heart. He stopped at a hospitable inn near the spot, not without the robbers character of the place. His host was a fiend, and the name of whom he was tracked down, and Mumpsy's Hall had a bad reputation for harbourship for the dill who committed such depredations.
The first object which caught his eye in the kitch was a jolly-looking black-cook, and the owner of the horse which stood in the stable, who was busy discussing big dinners of cold boiled beef, and casting from time to time a benevolent eye over the fatty haunches of the capon he was about to roast for dinner. He was just in the act of sprinkling the capon with salt, when the jockey called to him, "Stop, Mr. Dinnont, I want to speak to you for a moment." The capon, which was at the point of being roasted, was on a stone hearth, in the midst of an immense large chimney, which had two seats attached to it. The jockey, who was a remarkable tall woman, in a red cloak and sloe-shod stool, having the appearance of a tankard or beggar. She was bawdy engaged with a short black tobacconist.

At the request of Brown for some food, the landlady wiped with her mealy apron one corner of the handsomely placed a woman travelling and knife and fork before the traveller, pointed to the round of beef recommended Mr. Dinnont's good example, and, finally, filled a brown pitcher with her home. The jockey cast no time in doing any personal credit 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 large mutton. At length, the conversation began to supply the wants of little Wasp, the French stone-stemmer, for such was Mr. Dinnont, for he was a grocer's and butcher's shop. On giving a penny for a huge bottle of France, there was no one in the town who would do like that now we are true folk now.

"Ay, Tib, that will be when the devil's blind, and his senor's no sair yet. But hear ye, godwife, I have been through must feck o' Galloway and Durnsfield, and I have been round by Carlisle, and I was at the Staneheafbank fair, the day and I would like to be in Utter's hame near hame, so I'll take the gate.

"Has ye been in Durnsfield and Galloway?" said the old dame, who sat smoking by the fire-side, and who had not yet spoken a word.

"I have a lid o' broth, and a weerry round I've had o' -".

"Then ye'll maybe ken a place they ca' Ellanganwan?" said the old woman, dropping her pipe, and rising and coming forward upon the floor.

"Died?" said the old woman, looking at the man-farmer, and for it was made nae noise in the house. He died just a group of the stocking and furniture; it stopped the roop, and many folk were disappointed. They said he was the last of a said family too, and many were sorry for a guide's dearer in Scotland than it has been.

"Dead?" replied the old woman, whose readers have already recognised as their acquaintance Mag Merrills. "dead! that quite a scores. And did ye say he died without an heir?"

"Ay did his, godwife, and the estate's said by the managing, as the Spaniard says, with his head on his shoulders; he was considered everywhere. Don't black there was impossible, as two other stout men appeared behind him at some distance. They did not stay a moment in taking the resolution, and boldly trotted against his enemies in front, who insisted loudly on him to stand and deliver; Charlie spitted out, and presented his pistol. "D—y your pistol," said the foremost robber, whom Charlie to his dying day believed to have been the Earl of Mumps's man. "D—y your pistol! I can't come for it." "Ay, lad," said the deep voice of Fighting Charlie, "but she can't say. She had no occasion to utter another word; the rogues, surprised at finding a man of such high spirit, were well armed, instead of being defenceless, took to the noses in every direction, and he pressed on his way without further murmur. But it is now time to pass over this memorable villen for which the people of the house suffered. But these events were nothing as compared to the roll of the years where we have lived in many places as safe as any place in the kingdom."

The real name of this veteran sportsman is now unknown.
GUY MANNERING

CHAPTER XXII.

The hint of the hospitable farmer was not lost on Brown. But, while he paid his reckoning, he could not help noticing the eye of Meg Merrilies. She was, in all respects, the same witch-like figure as 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 wherever she went, and whatever she did, the bonny knife-bairn may not come back to claim his ain—a wha durst buy the estate and the castle of Ellangowan?

"Truth, goodwife, just one o' thae writer's whores sends you a thing—" they ca' him Glossan, I think." Glossan—Gubba Glossin—I that I have carried in my heart from the day that I met the lady bairn, and, I can tell you, I smelt no better than myself—I presume to buy the barony of Ellangowan—Gude be wi' ye—it is an awful deal—I wished him ill—but go sit a downin' as a naeither—wae's me! wae's me to think o't!"—She remained a moment silent, but still opposing with her hand the farmer's retreat, who, bewitching every question, was about to turn his back, but good-humouredly stopped on observing the deep interest his answers appeared to excite.

"It will be seen, and heard of, that war and sea will not hold their peace longer—Can ye say if the same man be now the Sheriff of the county, that has been seen for so many years past?"

"I saw him, and I am sure it was on his birthday in Edinburgh, they say—but gude day, goodwife, I mean ride."—She followed him to his horse, and, while he drew the girths of the saddle and the stirrups, and put on the bridle, still plying him with questions 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 a place they ca' Durncleugh, about a mile from the Place of Ellangowan?"

"Wet I vow well I, goodwife, a wild-looking den it is, and a wae day was it o' ye saw it—" I saw it when I gazed over the ground wi' one that wanted to take the farm.

"It was a bit of the bit ane!" said Meg, speaking to herself.

"Did ye notice if there was an old saugh tree that's miss'd blown down, but yet its roots are in the earth, and it hangs over the bit burn—mony a day has I wrought my stoick, and sat on the stumpie under that saugh.

"Hout, deil's i' the wife, wi' her saughs, and her sumble, and Ellangowan—Godskilk, woman, let me away—there's expec' ance tye to buy half a mucktin, instead o' clavering about these awlward-storys.

"Thanks to ye, goodwife—and now ye has answered a' my quee'stions, I'll go home wi' my saughs and sumble, and ask them, will gie ye a bit canny advice, and ye maun speak what for neither. Tib Mumps will be out o' sniggerin' by the time I'm there—She'll ask you, whether ye gang ower Willie's brae, or through Consowart moss—tell her any ane ye like, but be—sure (speaking low and emphatically) to tak' the ane ye choose her sumblie, and her saughs, and saughs, and, and, if ye see any o' thae bairns, and the gypsy retreated.

"Will you take her advice?" said Brown, who had been an attentive listener to this conversation.

"That will I no—the randy quean!—I, nae. I had far rather Tib Mumps ken'd which way I waun than her—though Tib's no smoke to liven to either, and I would advise ye o' no account to stay in the house a' night."

"In a moment after, Tib, the landlady, appeared with her stick-up, 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 bid Brown good-by, and again told him, "he dreaded the distance; for the moon at latest," he rode off at a round pace.

Chapters xxiii.
treats before the whole clancmantry be down upon us—th’ rest o’ the town be off. The galloways was, by good fortune, easily caught, and Brown made some apology for overloading the animal.

"Deal a fear, man," answered the proprietor, "Dumple could stand six or seven, if he had a good long enough—but God’s sake, haste ye, get on, for I see some folk coming, through the slark yonder, that it may be just as well to wait for." Brown was of opinion that this apparition of five or six men, with whom the other villains seemed to join company, coming across the moose towards them, they should abridge their progress, and the mounted Dumple on her course, and the little spirited nag cantered away with two men of great size and strength, as if they had been children of six years old. The rider, 40 whom the path of the wilds seemed intently known, pushed on at a rapid pace, managing, with much dexterity, to choose the safest routes, 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, and they were so often thrown out of the direct course by various impediments, that they did not gain much on the stage, although a large black was lacking.

"Dumple, away and expect more supplies," said Brown; and the spirited nag cantered away with two men of great size and strength, as if they had been children of six years old.

"If we were once by Withersham’s latch, the road’s no near so bad, and we’ll show them fair play for."

They soon came to a place where the road was named a narrow channel, through which soaked rather than flowed, a small stagnant stream, mantled over with bright green mosses. Dampness and heat had disposed of a pass where the water appeared to flow with more freedom over a harder bottom; but Dumple backed from the proposed crossing place, put his head down as if to reconnoiter the swamp more nearly, stretching forward his fore-feet, and stood as fast as if he had been cut out of stone.

"Na, na," said his pilot. "We maunt cross Dumple at no rate—he has hare senses than mony a Christian." So saying, he relaxed the reins, and shook them loosely. "Come now, lad, take your ain way o’—let’s see where ye’ll take us through."

Dumple, left to the freedom of his own will, trod briskly to another part of the track less promising, as Brown thought, in appearance, but which the animal’s sagacity or instinct recommended as the safer of the two, and, plunging in, he attained the other side with little difficulty.

"I am glad you have a horse, Mr. Dimont," said Brown, "where there’s mony stables for horses than change-houses for men—we have the Moiden tosh to help us now, at any rate." Accordingly, they speedily gained a sort of rugged way so called, being the remains of an old Roman road, which traverses these wild regions in a due northerly direction. Here they got on at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, Dumple seeking no other repose than what arose from changing his pace from cantor to trot. "I could gar him show his motions," said his master, "but we are twa lang-legged chields after a’, and it wad be a pity to stress Dumple—there wasna the like o’ him at Stanseebank fair the day."

Brown resolved to bear to the propriety of sparing his horse, and added, that as they were now far out of the reach of the rogues, he thought Mr. Dimont had better tie a handkerchief round his head, for fear of the cold frost on the air aggravating the effects of a moment’s diversion in his master’s favour.

"Deil, but your dog’s weell entered wi’ the vermin air F" were the first words uttered by the jolly man, and he at once unrolled and recognized his deliverer and his little at-
The present store-farmers of the south of Scotland are a much more numerous, and a more prosperous, and a more industrious people, the manners of which I am now to describe have either altogether disappeared, or are greatly modified. Without doing the pecuniary simplicity of manners, they now cultivate arts unknown to the former period, not only in the progressive improvement of their possessors, but in all the comforts of life. These are more numerous, these enjoy them, their dogs are good, as a means of life generally considered, they possess a brace of these, consider them as very desirable possessions.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Liddell till now, except in one respect, in Doric lays.

The manner of the present store-farmers is, in fact, a most extraordinary one, and I am not able to account for the continuance of this curious state of things, which has existed for several years. The present store-farmers are a much more numerous, and a more prosperous, and a more industrious people, the manners of which I am now to describe have either altogether disappeared, or are greatly modified. Without doing the pecuniary simplicity of manners, they now cultivate arts unknown to the former period, not only in the progressive improvement of their possessors, but in all the comforts of life. These are more numerous, these enjoy them, their dogs are good, as a means of life generally considered, they possess a brace of these, consider them as very desirable possessions.

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up; the venerable patriarch, old Pepper and Basset, whom frequent castigation and the advance of years had inspired with a feeling of hospitalitier that, after mutual explanation and reconciliation in the shape of some growing, they admitted Wasp, who had hitherto judged it safe to keep himself and his master's chair, to a share of a dinner, under the skin, which, with the wool uppermost and unbroken, served all the purposes of a Bristol hearth-mag. The active business of the house (as was naturally the case in the kitchen, and the gudewife in the parlour) had already signed the fate of a couple of fowls, which, for want of time to dress them otherwise, soon appeared, looking rustic, as it were, to the dinner room, which Dimumest denominated it. A huge pieces of cold beef, ham, eggs, butter, cakes, and barley-meal bannockies to plenty, made up the entertainment, which was to be diluted with home-brewed ale of excellent quality, and a case bottle of brandy. Few soldiers would have found fault with such cheer after a day's hard exercise, and a skirmish to boot; accordingly Brown did gross honour to the cates. While the gudewife partly aided, partly instructed, a great stout servant girl, with cheeks as red as boys' top-knot, to remove the supper matters, and supply sugar and hot water, (which, in the damsel's anxiety to gaze upon an actual live captain, she was in some danger of forgetting), Brown took his opportunity to press the question, whether he did not repent of having neglected the gipsy's list.

"What hanks?" answered he; "they're gipsy desvirs—maybe I might just have escaped as gang to meet the other. And yet I'll no say that neither; for if that ready wife was coming to Charles-hop, she should have a pretty bonny bit of riband, and tobacco to wear her through the winter. They're gipsy desvirs, as my said father used to say—they're no weant where there's a gipsy guided. After a's, there's baith gods and ill about the gipsies."

This, and some other desultory conversation, served as "a shooing horn" to draw on another cup of ale and another chawer, as Dimumest termed it in his country phrase, of branded and windy. Brown then reanimately declined all further conviviality for that evening, pleading his own wantonness and the effects of the skirmish,—being well aware that it would have availed nothing to have remonstrated with his host on the danger that excess might have occasioned to his own raw wound and bloody corromb. A very small bed-room, but a very clean bed, received the traveller, and the sheets made good the courteous want of the hostess. "That would they be as prince as he could find any gate, for they were washed wi' the fairy-well water, and blest on the bonny white gowans, and bittled by Nelly and her self, and what could woman, if she was a queen, do whar for them?"

They indeed rivelled snow in whiteness, and had, besides, a pleasant smell of goose-wort, which was a great comfort to them, for which they had been blest. Little Wasp, after licking his master's hand to ask leave, coughed himself on the coverlet at his feet; and the traveller's senses were soon lost in grateful oblivion.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"—Give ye, Britan, thou, your sporting fury, pitiless to poor,Locut on the nightly robber of the fold, Him from his peaceful dwelling,Let all the thunder of the chase pursue."

Drummond's Sonnet.

Rouses roos'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—a paity garden, no pains taken to make the vicinity dairy, and a considerable amount of all these little necessities which give the eye so much pleasure in looking at an English farm-house. There were no fences, no big houses, no gardens; all ended in a sort of wilderness, arose only from want of taste, or ignorance, not from poverty, or the negligence which it extends to. On the contrary, a noble cow-house, well filled with good milk-cows, a kitchen-house, with ten biddies of the
most approved bread, a stafe, with two good teams of horses, the appearance of domestics, active, industrious, and apparently contented with their lot; in a word, an air of liberal though sumptuous plenty indicated. All was in the nature of a flourish. A train of carriages, with the river above the boat for a gentle declivity, which relieved the inhabitants of the nuisances that might otherwise be incident. At a little distance was the whole band of children, playing and building houses with pews around a huge doveder oak-tree, which was called Charlie’s-Bush, from some wild animals of that description that had once inhabited the spot. Between the farm-house and the hill-pasture was a deep morass, termed in that country a sump—a place that once was the defense of a fortalice, in which no vestiges now remained, but which was said to have been inhabited by the same : daughter hero we have now alluded to. Brown endeavoured to make some acquaintance with the children, but “the rogue fled from him like quicksilver;”—though the two eldest stood peeping when they had got to some distance. The traveler then turned his course towards the hill, crossing the forest wand a range of stepping-stones, neither the broadest nor steadiest that could be imagined. He had not climbed clear up the hill when he met a man de- scending.

He soon recognised his worthy host, though a stranger, as it is called, or a gray shepherd’s-plaid, super- plus, besides the great light cap, hat covered with a wind-caps furt, more commodiously covered his bandaged head than a hat would have done. As he approached, the man greeted him, Brown, acquiesced; for to judge of men by their twelves and sinews, could not help admiring his height, the breadth of his shoulders, and the steady firmness of his step. Dinmont internallly said the same compliment to Brown, whose athletic form he now surmised somewhat more at ease than he had done formerly. After the usual greetings and objects of the country, Brown proceeded to his host found any inconvenient consequences from the last night’s affair.

I have most forgotten it,” said the hardy Borderer; “but, I think this morning, now that I am fresh and sober, if you and I were at the Witherings’s Latch, wi’ the same gude oak sappel in his hand, we wadna turn back, no for half a dozen o’ you scald-raff.”

“But are you prudent, my good sir,” said Brown, “not to take an hour or two’s repose after receiving such severe contusions?”

“Indeed, the farmer, laughing in diversions; ” Lord, Captain, washing confused my head—I ance jumped up and laid the dogs on the fox after I had seen the tap o’ Chippendale’s, Ongar, and that might have confused me to purpose. Na, ma washing confused me, unless it be a scared o’ drink at an erta time. Besides, I believed to be round the bushel thir things and see how the beasts were coming on—they’re apt to be negligent wi’ their foot- balls, and fairs, and trials, when any’s away. And there I met wi’ Tam o’ Toshaw, and a whisp o’ the rest o’ the bullies on the water side; they’re a’ for a fox-hunt this morning; ye’ll gang, I’ll Gie ye Dumps and take the brood mare myself.”

“But I must leave you this morning, Mr. Dinmont,” replied Brown.

“Tis the bit o’ that,” exclaimed the Borderer, “I’ll soo part wi’ ye at a fit rate for a fortnight’s mair—Na, na; we dinna meet sic friends as you on the New castles every night.”

Brown had not designed his journey should be a sport. The nearness of the river, the readiness in compliance with this heay invitation, by agreeing to pass a week at the house, where the good-wife presided over an ample breakfast, she heard news of the proposed fox-hunt, not indeed with approbation, but without alarm or surprise. “D’ye say ye’re the best fox-hunter in the north of the Hiell? Well, I’ve warna’ till ye’re brought hame some day wi’ your feet foremost.”

“Na, na, lai,” answered Dandie, “ye ken you’re a man a’ the weans o’ my fiddles.”

So saying, he exhorted Brown to be hasty in dis- patching his breakfast, as “the frost having given way, the scent would lie this morning prime.”

Out they scuffled accordingly for Otterholes, the farmer leading the way. They soon quitted the little valley, and on the summit of the brow stept as they could be without being precipitious. The sides often presented gullies, down which, in the winter’s snow, it was a main descent. At times it was descanted with great fury. Some dappled mist still floated along the peaks of the hills, the remains of the morning clouds, for the frost had broken up with a small show of snow. Howoth had seen a hundred little temporary streamlets, or rills, descending the sides of the mountains like silver threads. By small sheep-tracks along these steeps, over which Dinmont trotted with the most fearless confidence, they at length drew near the scene of sport, and began to see other men, both on horse and foot, making toward the place of rendezvous. Brown was puzzling himself to conceive how a fox-chase could take place across the hills, where it was barely possible for a pony, accustomed to the mountain’s hard bread, to be brought down the ascent. This wonder was not diminished when they arrived at the scene of action.

They had gradually ascended very high, and now found themselves on a mountain-ridge, overhanging a gleam of great depth, but extremely narrow. A herd of swine would have shocked a member of the Fychedly Hunt; for, the object being the removal of a noxious and the chase, poor Reynard was allowed much less fair play than when pursued in form through an open country. The strength of his habituation, however, and the succession of the ground which it was imperative to follow in all sides, supplied what was wanting in the courtesy of his pursuers. The sides of the glen were broken into banks, which were required over by some, which sunk down to the little winding stream below, affording here and there a tuft of seathed brush-wood, or a patch of furze. Along the edges of this ravine, which, as we have said, was very narrow, but of precipitous depth, the hunters on horse and foot ranged themselves: almost every hunter had with him at least a brace of large and fierce greyhounds, of the race of those dear-dogs which were formerly used in that country, but greatly lessened in size from being crossed with the common breed. The huntsman, a sort of provok’d officer of the district, who had the exclusive supply of meat; and a reward for every fox he destroys, was already at the bottom of the dell, whose empty face is covered with the rocks and boulders of fox-hounds. Terriers, including the whole generation of Peeper and Mustard, were also in attendance, having been sent forward under the care of a shepherd and his followers, to presage the chase, and fill up the burdens of the chases. The spectators on the brink of the ravine, or Glen, held their greyfounds in leash in readiness to slip them at the fox, as soon as the activity of the party below should force him to abandon his covert.

The scene, though uncleavable to the eye of a BEFORE breakfast man, had something in it which at first view would seem a brilliancy of figures on the mountain, having the sky for their back-ground, appeared to move in the air. The dogs, impatient of their restraint, and mingled with the terriers, who sprung here and there, and strained at the sides, which prevented them from joining their companions. From the dog-mists were not totally dispersed in the glen, so that it was often through their gauzy medium that the troops to discover the motions of the hunters below. Sometimes, in patches of wind made by the slopes, the blue rill glittering as it twined itself through the rude and solitary dell. They then could see the dogs bounding in great herds, with little or no idea warish till ye’re brought hame some day wi’ your feet foremost.”

“Tis na, lai,” answered Dandie, “ye ken you’re a man a’ the weans o’ my fiddles.”

So saying, he exhorted Brown to be hasty in dis-
of the bowels, ascending as it were out of the bowels of the earth. When the fox, therefore, became excited from one strong-bolt to another, was at length obliged to abandon his valley, and to break away for a more distant retreat; those who watched his motions from the top of the hill, following his escape, saw him glide over those high seats in swiftness, and equalizing him in fecundity and spent, soon brought the plunderers to his life's end.

In the same manner the stag was captured. No sooner did the sun rise, and the hunter, still aiming at the red stag, advance nearer, brightening and enlarging as it again approached, till the broad flickering flame rendered the boat, and rod, and tree, visible as it passed, tinging them with its own red glare of dusky light, and resigning them gradually to darkness, or to pale moonlight, as it receded. By this light also were seen the figures in the boat, now holding high their weapons, now scooping to strike, now standing upright, bronzed, by the same red glare, into a colour which might have been the regions of Pandemonium.

Having armed himself for some time with these effects of light and shadow, Brown strolled home-wards towards the farm-house, gazing at his way as he passed. The persons seen by him were all but the foreman, who are generally kept together, one holding the torch, the others with their spears, ready to avail themselves of the light it afforded to strike their prey. As he observed all the strange forms in the mist, he saw a very weighty salmon which he had spurred, but was unable completely to raise from the water, Brown advanced close to the bank to see the issue of his operations. The man who held this torch in this instance was the huntsman, whose swift demeanour Brown had already noticed. He had not waited for success. "Come here, sir, I come here, sir! I look at this one! He turns up like a sow!"—Such was the cry of the assistants when some of them observed Brown advancing.

The borderer of the huntsman struck Brown, although he had no recollection of his face, nor could conceive why he should, as it appeared he evidently had some business with him. Could be one of the footpad whom he had encountered a few days before?—The supposition was not altogether improbable, although unwarranted by any observation he was able to make. The man remained on the man's face. The pursuer exclaimed, "The devil's in the man!—I'll never master him without the light—and a braver kipper, could I but land him, never resisted a spate of crocks."—Some dashed into the water to lend their assistance, and the fish, which was afterwards found to weigh nearly thirty pounds, was landed safely.

"The devil's in Gabriel!" said the spearman, as the fragments of glowing wood floated half-hailing, half-fainting, before him, their spar, but still bright, although the blast sent up the flame. "The devil's in the man!—I'll never master him without the light—and a braver kipper, could I but land him, never resisted a spate of crocks."—Some dashed into the water to lend their assistance, and the fish, which was afterwards found to weigh nearly thirty pounds, was landed safely.
After some further desultory conversation, the clippership left the B Thiết, and the two vessels returned to camp, after their own manner, leaving the others to enjoy themselves, unaware of their presence. That evening, like all those which Brown had spent at Charlies-hope, was full of the usual conviviality. The latter might have approached to the verge of riot but for the good women; for several of the former had now become accustomed to the idea of how different from what it bears in more fashionable life had assembled at Charlies-hope to witness the event of this memorable evening. Real whisky, was served at the table, and there was some danger of their gracious presence being forgotten, they rushed in vacuously upon the recrunt revelers, headed by good Master Augie, so that Venus specially invited Bacchus. The idle and piper next made their appearance, and the last part of the night was gallantly consumed in dancing to their music.

An otter-hunt the next day, and a badger-hunting the day after, consumed the time merrily. I hope our traveller will not sink in the reader's estimation. The sportsman, though he may be, when I inform him that on this last occasion, after young Pepper had lost a fox-foot, and Master the second had been nearly killed by a dog which had a passion for his leg, he may feel himself in personal favor of Mr. Dimont, that the poor badger, who had made so gallant's defense, should be permitted to retire to his earth without further molestation.

The farmer, who would probably have treated this request with supreme contempt had it come from any other landlady, or any other person, was surprised, in Brown's case, to express the utter extremity of his wonder.

"Well," he said, "that's queer enough—but since ye take his part, del a thy small needle wit his hair in my hand, I'll even mark him, and call 'em the Captain's brooch—and I'm sure I'm glad I can do any thing to oblige you—let, Lord save us, to care about a brooch.

After a week spent in rural sport, and distinguished by the most frank attentions on the part of his honest landlord, Brown bade adieu to the banks of the Liddel, and the hospitality of Charlies-hope. The children, with all of whom he had now become an intimate, and a favourite, roared merrily 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 and sword till they had got them by heart.  "Come back again, Captain," said one of them, and then added, "I will be your wife."

Jenny was about eleven years old—she ran and hid herself behind her mamma.

"Captain, come back," said a little fat red-haired girl of about six, her mother up to be kissed. "I'll be your wife my sinseil."

They must be of harder mould than I thought Brown, to be able to be so courteous, and so incensed with indifference.—The good dame too, with martial modesty, and an affectionate simplicity that marked the oldest time, offered her cheek to the departing guest—"It's little the like of that can do," she said, "little indeed—but yet—if there were but any thing.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Dimont, you embolden me to make a request—would you but have the kindness to weave me, or work me, just such a grey plaid as the goodman wears?" He had learned the language and feelings of the country even during the time of his residence, and was aware of the plan to request the conference.

"A lait 'o' woof would be scarce among us," said the goodman, "perhaps that might manage—" if you should have, and as good a tread as ever cam aff a pair, speak to Johnnie Goodee, the weaver at the C., town, the morn. Fere ye week, air—and may ye have a fair advantage ye like to take, and have that would be a sair wish to some folk."

I must not omit to mention, that our travels through Wand was to be a matter of great hope for a season. He foresaw that he might produce troublesome attendant in the event of his being in a situation where security and comfort were necessary. He was therefore compelled to the
CHAPTER XXVII.

For those but love of mercy in thee;

Joanna Bailler.

Our traveller hired a post-chaise at the place where he was separated from Dinmont, with the purpose of proceeding to Kippeltriggean, there to inquire into the estate of the family at Woodbourne, before he should make his presence in the country known to Miss Manners. The stage was a long one of eight or twenty miles, and the road lay across the country in a more distinguished way, the snow began to fall pretty quickly. The position, however, proceeded on his journey for a good many miles, without expressing doubt or hesitation. But the day had offered frequent opportunities of falling snow. As the stage men knew his StringTokenizer without, he intimated his apprehensions whether he was in the right road. The increasing snow rendered that intimation rather alarmant, for as it drove full in the face, and blinding all around him, it served in two different ways, to confuse his knowledge of the country, and to diminish the chance of seeing the light track. Brown then himself got out and looked round, not, it may be well imagined, from any better hope than that of seeing some house at which he might make inquiry. But none appeared— he only trusted to the good road and to the steady pace.
It was difficult, especially by so imperfect a light, to discover the nature of this edifice; but it seemed a square hall, with a great many closed doors and, of which the proper part of which was totally finished. It had, perhaps, been the abode, in former times, of some lesser proprietor, or a place of strength and concealment, in a case of need, for one of greater importance. But only the lowest vault remained, the arch of which formed the roof in the present state of the building. Brown first approached the door, and the light of the lamp, proceeding, as the door 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, he turned, and placed himself a little to one side of the arch, at a small distance, the motion of greater desolation could not well be imagined. There was a fire upon the floor, the smoke of which, after circling through the apartment, escaped by a hole broken in the arch above. The walls, 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 in confusion. 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 habiliments of the grave, Brown would have concluded it to be a corpse. On a steadier view he perceived that it was lying on the point of becoming sick for he heard one or two of those low, deep, and hard-sighed sighs, which precede dissolution when the frame is decayed. 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 from the light of an iron lamp beside her, was bent upon the body of the dying person. She moistened his mouth from time to time with some liquid, and between whiles sung, in a low moony cadence, one of those old songs, or rather spells which, in some parts of Scotland, and the north of England, are used by the vulgar and ignorant to speed the passage of a parting spirit, like the tolling of the bell in cathedral days. She accompanied this dismal sound 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, wofefully stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and sky;
From thee break, break away,
Mark! the flame is singing.

From thee doff thou mortal weed,
Lest the last breath be thy speed;
Saints to help thee at thy need—
Mark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-driving gales,
Shoot, or hail, or levin blazes;
Death shall not thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee vast.
That shall we know wailing.

Death thee, shoot thee, thou be gone,
Earth bid thee, and time draws on—
Grip thy glass of groan thy thy
Day is near the breaking.

The songster ceased, and was answered by one or two deep and hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agony of the mortal strike. "It will not be," she muttered to herself—"He cannot pass away with that on his mind—he tells him—"

Even cannot abide it,
Earth refuses to hide it—

"The wretched rice in which Mag. Merrilees is described as wretched, beauty seems as a queen of her race. All know that pigeons in every country claim acquaintance with the understanding butterfly, but, as is often the case, they are liable to the superstitions which they dwell in. The superstitious character of Black-legged men is on this introduction to this Tale, given us some information on the subject of the work.—"

I have ever understood," he says, speaking of the Yatholm bride—"that they are extremely superstitious—perhaps no

The entire manuscript is visible, but the content is not fully readable due to the quality of the image. The text appears to be a narrative or a descriptive passage, possibly from a novel or a historical account. It describes a scene with a figure lying on the floor, attended to by another person who is moaning. There are references to superstitions and rituals, with mention of pigeons, superstitious beliefs, and other elements of folklore.
man and two lads, were slighter made, and, from their black hair and dark complexion, seemed to belong to Mag's tribe. Their eyes were as black as night, their heads bare as if by some strange process, that cold drops burst out from every pore. The idea of being dragged out of his miserable concealment by wreaths, whose threads were strong enough to cut through muskets, without weapons as the slightest means of defence, except entreaties, which would be only their sport, and cries for help, which would only serve to open the door as wide as they desired, was so confounding that it almost choked him. He endeavoured to rest in his wretched 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 seldom altogether shudder. 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 interest, and possibly capricious, association of feelings. It had no clew. It was like the shape, so fancied likeness, such as Lady Macbeth found to her father in the sleeping monarch. Such were these emotions that passed in rapid succession through Brown's mind, as he gazed from his hiding place upon this extraordinary personage. Meanwhile the gang did not yet approach, and he was almost prompt to make the attempted escape from the trap, and cure internally his own irritation, which had consented to his being coopèd up where he had neither room for resistance nor flight.

Mag Merrilies seemed equally on the watch. She kept her ear to every sound that whistled round the old walls. Then she turned again to the dead body, and found, instead of new to arrange or alter in its position, "He's a bonny corpse," she muttered to herself, "and weel worth the streaking."—And in the dismal occupation she appeared to feel a sort of professional pleasure, entering slowly into all the minutiae, as if the skill and feelings of a conjurer. A long dark-coloured sea-cloak, which she dragged out of a corner, was disposed for a pall. The face she left bare, after closing the mouth and eyes, and arranged the capes of the cloak so as to hide the bloody bandages, and give the body, as she muttered, "a proper manner of a hacked body."

At once three or four men, equally ruffians in appearance and dress, rushed into the hut. "Mag, ye lass," said one, as ye leave the door open!" was the first salutation of the party.

And when ever heard of a door being barred when Mag was in the dead thrust—how 'tis think the gang may get awa through bolts and bars like these?

"Is he dead, then?" said one who went to the side of the body.

"Ay, ay—dead enough," said another—"but here's what shall give him a rossing by-kiske."

So saying, he fetched a leg of spirit from a corner, while the others were coming on. But now Brown conceived a hope of his fidelity towards Brown, and that he was so obvious that she wished not to lose it in revenge. He was very low in the ear of his accomplice.

"I'll have nothing to do with that," said the other.

"Are you turned beer-hearted, Jack?"

"No, by G—no more than yourself—but I was—" it was something like that stopped all the troops fifteen or twenty years ago—you have heard of the Lemp?"

"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 perch!"

"Well, but it did up the trade for one while," said Jack.

"How should that be?" asked the ill-natured villain.

"Why, replied Jack, the people got not the fish you want for a gill."

1 Liquor and food.

2 He was an honest and good man.

3粥 Out and watch. If Throttled you.
is, and would not deal, and they had bought so many *becomes* that—

"Well, for all that," said the other, "I think we should be down upon the fellow one of these dark-mist nights. He's been saved."

"But old Meg's asleep now," said another; "she grows a driveller, and is afraid of her shadow. She'll see nothing of these odd-ome-shorties, if you don't look sharp."

"Never fear," said the old gipsy man; "Meg's true-breed; she's the last in the gang that will start—but she's seen some queer ways, and often cuts queer words."

With more of this gibberish, they continued the conversation, rendering it thus even to each other, a dark obscure dialect, skated 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 stand by the black Peter, that they might flink it open." They descended 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 succeeded, he might have sought no other than his own and his mind. The agency of his attention grew yet keener; and while the villagers pulled out and admired the portmanteau, his eyes and ears were eagerly listened for some indication that might inti-

mate the fate of the postillion. But the ruffians were too much delighted with their prise, and too much engaged in their orgy, to be coaxed into any detail concerning the manner in which they had acquired it. The portmanteau contained various articles of apparel, a pair of pistols, a lander's case with a few papers, and some money, c. c. c. At any other time it would have provoked Brown exquisitely to see the unconcerned merrymonger in which the thieves shone; he turned it over in his hand, and felt how the articles of the case were the expense of the owner. But the moment was too serious to admit any thoughts but 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 insensible, when his escape would have been an easy matter. But their dangerous trade required precautions inconsistent with such unlimited indulgence, and they staggered about on this side of sobriety, on that of inebriety. The length of the night imposed upon them to rest, and the fourth watched. He was relieved in this duty by one of the others, after a very short period. When the second watch had slipped, the sentinel awakened the whole, who, to Brown's inexpressible relief, began to make some preparations as if for departure, bundling up various articles which each had appropriated. Still, however, there remained something to be done. Two of them, after some rummaging, which not a little alarmed Brown, produced a mortar and pestle, another took a pick-axe from behind the straw on which the dead body was extended. With these in-

struments two of them left the hut, and the remaining three, two of whom were the peasants, very strong men, still remained in garrison.

After the space of about half an hour, one of those who had escaped, again returned, and whispered the others. They wrapped up the dead body in the sackcloth which had served as a pall, and went out, bearing it along with them. The aged abbot then arose from the bench, and made a speech of farewell to the door, as if for the purpose of watching the depar-

the company, who had been conveyed in a wagon, to follow her instantly. He obeyed: but, on leaving the hut, he would willingly have repose himself of his money, or papers at least, but this she persisted in

the most peremptory manner. It immediately oc-

curred to him that the suspicion of having removed any thing, of which he might repose himself, would fall upon this woman, by whom, in all prob-

ability, it would be his own; but he deliberately desisted from his attempt, contenting himself with searing a cutisane, which one of the ruffians had fastening upon the head of the straw. On the pos-

of this weapon, he already found himself had delivered from the dangers which beset him. Still, however, he felt stiffened and cramped, both with the cold, and the bruises and constrained and mortification to which he had occupied all night. But as he followed the gipsy from the door of the hut, the fresh air of the morning, and the action of walking, restored circu-

the path of a winter's morning was rendered more clear by the snow, which was lying all around, crimped 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 the remarkable night, was perched on the very point of a projecting rock overhauling the rivulet. It was a sequestered spot, where he could not see the road or glen below. On the other side three the banks were precipitous, so that Brown had on the preceding evening, when he had attempted to go round the building, which was once his purpose, he must have been dashed to pieces. The dell was so narrow that the trees met in some places of flat ground between the rivulet and the bank, and were separated by the same thickness of snow as he had been involved on the preceding evening. The ruined gables, the insides of which were jutting with turf and stone, looked yet blusterous, covered 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 caught only at present cast a very hasty glance; for his guide, after pausing an instant, as if to permit him to indi-

chase in his curiosity, strode hastily before him down 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 easily suppose was the usual course which had been followed for some time by the inhabitants of the village, and the more so, as the path was a little obliterated with snow instead of leaves, and thus formed a sort of frozen canopy over the rivulet beneath. Brown also noted the track of the coach as he was obscuredly through wreaths of snow. In one place, where the glen was a little wider, leaving a small space of that ground between the rivulet and the bank, there was covered the snow did not seem to have been involved on the preceding evening.

"GOG MANERING." [UNION XXVII]

The day was so dark from the smoke of the village, and from the clouds hanging over the glen, that Brown again narrowed to a ravine, after the usual course in which they were situated. But the path was a little winding, which lengthened the night in the waist. A moment's recollections, however, put his suspicions to rest. It was not to be supposed he had thought of any mischief to do him up to her street: when in a state totally defence- 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. But, just as she 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 been before. The foot-marks then proceeded through the ruined village, and from thence down the gale, again narrowed to a ravine, after the usual course in which they were situated. But this lengthened the path, and the path was a little winding, which lengthened the night in the waist. A moment's recollections, however, put his suspicions to rest. It was not to be supposed he had thought of any mischief to do him up to her street: when in a state totally defence- 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. But, just as she 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 been before.
in transformation. His messengers arrived as if by a
brilliant, was in his extremities, and the possession of Meg's friends. Some time was neces-
sary to write to his agent, or even to apply to his
host at Collingwood, who would gladly have
supplied him. In the meantime, he resolved to avail
himself of Meg's subsidy, confident he should have a
speedy opportunity of repaying it with a handsome
gratitude. "If I can be held in debt," he said to
himself, "and I dare say the good lady may have a
share of my bank-notes to make amends."
With these reflections on his hand the next morning,
expecting to find at most three or four guineas.
But how much was he surprised to discover that it con-
tained, besides a considerable quantity of gold pieces,
of different coinage, 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 impres-
sion he had time to give them, of very considerable
value.
Brown was equally astonished and embarrassed by the
circumstances in which he found himself, pos-
sessed, as he now appeared to be, of property to a
much greater amount than his own, but which had
been obtained by a probability by some univer-
sal means through which he had himself been
plundered. His first thought was to inquire after
the nearest justice of peace, and to place in his hands
the treasure with which he had become
the depository, telling, at the same time, his
own remarkable story. But a moment's considera-
tion brought some reflection to this rude
procedure. In the first place, by observing this
course, he would break his promise of silence, and
might be easily suspected of having
probably by that means involve the safety, perhaps
the life, of this unknown man, who had made it
his business to preserve him, and who had voluntarily endowed him
with this treasure—a generosity which might thus
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 to a stupid or estimable
magnanimity. "I will think of
the matter more maturely," he said; "perhaps
there may be a regiment quartered at the county-
town, in which case my knowledge of the service,
and acquaintance with many officers of the army,
cannot fail to establish my situation and character
by evidence which a civilized judge could not sufficiently
estimate. And then I shall have the commanding
officer's assurance in managing matters so as to
secure this unhappy woman, whose mistake or
prejudice has brought her in this situation. The
magnanimous might think himself obliged to send out
warrants for her at once, and the consequence in case of
her being taken would be my being again
upon honour with her if she were the devil, and I will
even 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, Kipple-Copple—what did she call it—
and then I can make restitution to her, and even
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 its ten good.
With these reflections, Brown took from the gipsy's
treasure three or four guineas, for the purpose of
immediately escaping. It was in the, daytime, and he
went to bestow, in a public place, the purse which contained them, resolved not again to
open it, until he could either restore it to her or
return it to the hands of some close acquaintance. His next thought was to leave it in the
plantation. But when he considered the risk of exposing
these riches with these ruffians, he should never
agree to settle with his arms. His walking-dress, though plain,
had some of a military character as suited not
amuse with his having such a weapon. Besides
this, the thought of the，在 the use of uniform had been gradually: insinuated.
It was not yet so most dangerously to be ceaseless
"una

CHAPTER XXIX.

All school-day's friendship, childhood sweetness,
With its two artificial pods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both of equal value, both of equal beauty.
Both wandering of one song, both in one key.
With their voices, our voices, our voices,
With their songs, our songs, our songs,
And that was their song, their song, their song.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Juliet Mannering to Matilda Marsham.

"How can you upbraid me, my dearest Matilda, with abstention in friendship? A discrimination in affection? Is it possible for me to forget that you are the chosen of my heart, in whose faithful bosom I have deposited every feeling which your poor Juliet dares to acknowledge to herself? And you do me equal injustice in upbraiding me with exchanging your friendship for that of Lucy Bertram. I assure you she has no claim to much for her bosom confidence. She is a charming girl, to be sure, and I like her very much, and I confess our forenoon and evening engagements have left me less time for the exercise of your confidence. But I cannot help it. The irregularity which befits response demands. But she is totally devoid of elegant accomplishments, excepting the knowledge of French and Italian, which she acquired from the most gregarious monograph ever beheld, whom my father has engaged as a kind of librarian, and whom he patronises, I believe, to show his defiance of the world's opinion. Colour and Manners seem to have formed a determination, that nothing shall be considered as ridiculous, so long as it appears to us connected with him. I remember in India he picked up somewhere a little mongrel cur, with banny 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, and I remember one instance which he alleged, of what he called Brown's petulance, was, that he had criticised severely the crooked legs and drooping ears of Bingo. On my word, Matilda, I believe he nurses his high opinion of this most awkward of all pedants upon a similar principle. He sees the creature at table, where he pronounces it a grace that sounds like the scream of the man in the square that used to cry maskerad, flings his meat down his throat by showals, like a dustman loading his cart, and apparently without the most instant reflection, he says, 'This is the best.' Now, Lucy Bertram, I believe, has something more on these lines. Her manners, she beats forth another unnatural set of tones, by way of returning thanks, stalks out of the room, and if you ask, you are told, you are told, as often as I have eaten folies that are as uncomely 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 bid you, I bid you then beat her to death, I bid you. The face of his own, Mr. Sampson, (such is the Horrid man's horrid name,) looks so pitious, that it degreves me all spirit to proceed, and my father knits his brow, flushes fire from his eyes, to hear it, and says nothing that is extremely rude, and uncomfortable to my feelings.

"It was not of this creature, however, that I meant to speak to you—only that, being a good scholar 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 good sense or obstinacy, that the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, for ought I know, were not added to her acquisitions. And thus she really has a great fund of information. I give you some grounds for it, and I believe she would produce the power which she seems to possess of amusing herself by recalling and arranging the subjects of her former reading. We read together every morning, and I believe, when she speaks a little better than the rest of the class, I was teazed by that conceited animal Cicciopinchi, that he is the way to spell his name, and not Chichipechi.

"But perhaps I love Miss Bertram more for the solicitude she wants, than for the knowledge she possesses. She knows nothing of music whatever, and no more of dancing than is here common to the meanest peasants, who, by the way, dance with great spirit. So that, though she is, in my turn, and she takes with great gratification, lessons from me upon the harpsichord, and I have even taught her some of Le Pique's steps, and you know he thought me a promising scholar.

"In the evening papa often reads, and I assure you he is the best reader of poetry you ever heard—no like that of Mr. Sampson. He corrects a kind of visible expression, in his reading and acting, staring and bending his brows and twisting his face, and gesticulating as if he were on the stage, and dressed out in his costume. My father's manner is quite different—it is the reading of a gentleman, who produces effect by feeling, taste, and inflection of voice, not by action or miminess. Lucy Bertram rides remarkably well, and I can now accompany her on horseback, having become emboldened 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, my love, I must really use the apology of all stupid correspondents, that I have nothing to say. My mind is quite occupied with matters which are of less interesting cast, since I know that he is at liberty, and in health. Besides, I must own, I think that by this time the gentleman might have a little more given him to say now. If his intercourse may be an improper one, but it is not very complimentary to me, that Mr. Vanbeest Brown should not have the courage to write and to break off in consequence. I can promise him that we might not suffer much in opinion should that happen to be his, for I have sometimes thought I have behaved extremely foolishly in that matter. Yet I have so good 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 affections are jealously 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 real evils of life. But then these are seldom come in one's way, and one wants a friend who will sympathize with distresses of sentiments, as well as actual misfortunes, who will be with you in all the vicissitudes of this kindly sympathy—nothing at all, my dearest Matilda. Were I sick of a fever, she would sit up with me all night and wait for the pallsing patience; but with the fever of the heart, which my Matilda has soothed so often, she has no sympathy, not even pity, more than her old tutor. And yet what provokes me is that the demure modesty scandalized as has the propriety of her own, and that their mutual affection (for actual I take it to be) has a great deal of complexion and romantic interest. She was once, you know, a pure maiden, but was raised from the legal indebtedness of her father, and the villany of a husband in whom she confided. And one of the handiest and most promising young gentlemen in the country is attached to her, but as he is heir to a great estate, she discourses his addresses on account of the disproportion of fortunes.

But with all this moderation, and self-declared modesty, and so forth, Lucy is a sly girl—I am sure she loves young Hazlewood, and I am sure he loves her. And some good fortune would appear to me to be more than the capacity of a young gentleman in Hazlewood's position. I would have my good papa take care to see that he does not himself pay the same penalty of love that he is, if you like, if your Hazlewood.
GUY MANNERING.

LOOK at his compliments, his bowings, his cokings, his worship, and his bandaging, with some little suspicion; and truly I think Hazlwood does so too much. For though he is a very handsome youth, I would not let him sell his soul to a poor Julia, he of course on such occasions! Here is my father making the agreeable to my friend; there is Miss Bertram watching every word of his lips, and every motion of her eye; and I have a very poor satisfaction of interesting a human being—not even the exotic monster of a parson, for even he knows what he is about. I shall not know what to say. I am being conscious of being fixed like those of a statue, admiring Miss Bertram.

So this makes me somewhat a little nervous, and a little little mischiefous. I was so provoked at my father and the lovers the other day for turning the completely out of their thoughts and society, that I began an attack upon Hazlwood, from which it was impossible for him, in common civility, to escape.

I am greatly too generous to prosecute my victory any further, even if I had not been afraid of Papa. Luckily for me, he was at that moment Hilton coming from Miss Bertram's—having met her ungracefully, and like a rankling among the intricacies of the patterns his specimens of Oriental costume. But I believe she thought of little of her own, for two or three moments of the India turbans and crewincovers. However, it was quite as well for me that he did not see all the merit of my little manoeuvre, for he is as sharp-eyed as a hawk, and if he were not my father, I fear he would have caught me.

Well, Miss Bertram, Hazlwood heard this same half-mischievous sigh, and instantly repeated his temporary attentions to such an unworthy object as Julia, and, with a very complaisant expression of consciousness, drew near to Lucy's work-table. He made some trifling observation, and her reply was one in which nothing but an ear as acute as that of a lover, or a curious observer like myself, could have distinguished anything more cold and dry than usual. But it conveyed instantly to the self-accusing hero, and he stood amazed accordingly. You will admit that I was called upon in generosity to act as mediator. So indulged I in the conversation, in the quiet tone of an unaccustomed and forthrightly, for I had not been invited to, or forced upon them, and easy chat, and after having served awhile as the channel of communication through which I could convey my wishes, I suggested, for instance, that they should go to a pensive game at chess, and very dutifully went to tease papa, who was still busy with his drawings. The chess-players, you must observe, were placed near the chimney, beside a little worktable, which held the board and men, the Colonel, and, at a distance, with lights upon a library table, for there is a large old-fashioned room, with several recesses, and chimney, which great apartment, reflecting what might have puzzled the artist himself to explain.

Is chess a very interesting game, papa?—I rather think so, without honouring me with much notice.

I should think, so, from the attention Mr. Hazlwood and Miss Lucy are bestowing upon it. I raised his head heartily, and held his pencil suspended for an instant. Apparently he saw nothing of his suspicions, for he was resuming the conversation of a moment before, as if in a whisper.

How old is Miss Bertram, him with—How old is Miss Bertram, how should I know, Miss? about your own age.

So, I should think, sir. You are always telling me how much more decorously she goes through all enclosures than he, with its bowings and its base pretences of a right to precedence once and for ever.

Well, my dear sir, I put your best construction upon it; I would not bring such a thing to your notice, but for an instant. Apparently he saw nothing of his suspicions, for he was resuming the conversation of a moment before, as if in a whisper.

They who do you talk like one? said my father.

Lord, sir, I am sure there is nothing so foolish as I said just now; every body knows you are a very handsome man, and (a smile was, I am sure, for your time of life, (the day was overcast,) which is far from being advanced, and I am sure, if you have a mind, 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 affection in the manner in which my father took my hand, that was a severe reprovo to me for trifling with his feelings; he said, "I bear with much of your petulance, because I think I have in some degree deserved it, by neglecting to superintend your education sufficiently closely. Yet I would not have you give it the reins up, a subject so delicate. If you do not respect the feelings of your surviving parent towards the memory of her whom you have lost, attend at least to the sacred command. It is my money, and I observe, that the slightest hint of a jest reaching Miss Bertram's ears, would at once induce her to renounce her present asylum, and go forth, without a protector, into a world she has already felt so unfriendly.

What could I say to this? Matilda?—I only cried hysterially, begged pardon, and promised to be a good girl and not upset again, for I cannot, in honour, or common good-nature, tease poor Lucy by interfering with Hazlwood, although she has such little confidence in me; and either can I, after this grave appeal, venture again upon such delicate ground, with papa. So I burn little rolls of paper, and sketch Turks' heads upon visiting cards with the setconceit. But I have succeeded in making a superb Hyde-Jersey last night, and I jingle on my unfortunate harpsichord, and begin at the end of a grave book and read it backward. After all, I begin to be very much vexed about Brown's silence. Had he been obliged to leave the country, I am sure he would at least have written to me—if it possible that my father could have intercepted his letters? But no—that is contrary to all his principles—I don't think he would open a letter addressed to me to-night, and prevent me jumping out of the window to-morrow. What an expression I have suffered to escape my pen! I should be ashamed of it, even to you, Matilda, and used in jest. But I must not go further; I am not set about doing that—This same Mr. Vanbeest Brown is by no means so very ardent a lover as to hurl the object of his attachment into the flames in a full time to reflect, that must be admitted. However, I will not blame him unheard, nor permit myself to doubt the manly firmness of a character which I have so often praised to you. He was capable of doubt, of fear, of the shadow of change, I should have little to regret.

And why, you will say, when I expect such steady and unalterable constancy from a lover? why should I be anxious about what Hazlwood does, or to whom he offers his attentions? I ask myself the question a hundred times, and it only enables me to very rationally answer, that one does not like to be neglected, though one would not encourage a serious indulgence.

I write all these trifles, because you say that you amuse you, and yet I wonder how they should. I remember, in our stolen voyages to the world of fiction, you always admired the grand and the romanti—

Of knights, damsels, ladies, warriors, and all that. We should have enjoyed each other's company, if I had not been forced to be a thoughtless girl, and if a graver companion could render you more happy, as I should like to trim my little pinnace at a brisk
GUY MANNIRG.

Chapter XXX.

I am not so young as to know all this, but I have been told by those who were there, that thousands of them were killed, and that the town was set on fire.

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and each of them, pistols, and cutlasses. I, who was a sailor's daughter, and accustomed to life at sea from my infancy, was never so terrified in my life as by the savage appearance of these ruffians, their moustaches, their faces, their eyes, and, but to do this, not a creature; I believe, the knowledge of its real value by the sense of my father's kindness, supposing it, as he does, to be pinchbeck gilt. He has had a hard task replacing the fortune which was lost us the horn- riconde, smoothing out the creases and dogs-ears, and repairing the other disasters they have sustained during their services. He brought us some pieces of lead and bullets which once came to pass. We are not disposed to hold a moment's consultation among themselves. At length, one of the party, his face blackened with suppressor by way of giving a decent appearance to his white whisker, said:—"Are you the man who has taken us prisoners?" said Jack real gold from Ophir"—Indeed it would be odd if it should not, being formed in fact of that very metal; but, to do this, not a creature; I believe, the knowledge of its real value would not have satisfied me, on the sense of my father's kindness, supposing it, as he does, to be pinchbeck gilt. He has had a hard task replacing the fortune which was lost us the horn- riconde, smoothing out the creases and dogs-ears, and repairing the other disasters they have sustained during their services. He brought us some pieces of lead and bullets which once came to pass. We are not disposed to hold a moment's consultation among ourselves. At length, one of the party, his face blackened with suppressor by way of giving a decent appearance to his white whisker, said:—"Are you the man who has taken us prisoners?" said Jack state, and when we saw that the news was current for which we were watched, he issued an order to hold a moment's consultation among themselves. At length, one of the party, his face blackened with suppressor by way of giving a decent appearance to his white whisker, said:—"Are you the man who has taken us prisoners?" said Jack proposal, and extolled the beauty of his new snuff-box, and the excessive, "It looked, indeed, as if the value of that real gold from Ophir"—Indeed it would be odd if it should not, being formed in fact of that very metal; but, to do this, not a creature; I believe, the knowledge of its real value would not have satisfied me, on the sense of my father's kindness, supposing it, as he does, to be pinchbeck gilt. He has had a hard task replacing the fortune which was lost us the horn- riconde, smoothing out the creases and dogs-ears, and repairing the other disasters they have sustained during their services. He brought us some pieces of lead and bullets which once came to pass. We are not disposed to hold a moment's consultation among ourselves. At length, one of the party, his face blackened with suppressor by way of giving a decent appearance to his white whisker, said:—"Are you the man who has taken us prisoners?" said Jack

**CHAPTER XXXI.**

Here's a good world! —Knew you of this fair world in King John.

**Julia Manning to Mattedo Mardom.**

"I must take up the thread of my story, my dearest Matilda, where I broke off yesterday."

"For two or three days we talked of nothing but our oars and its probable sequel. It was this, that the ill omen, I could give you a comic account of his astonishment at the apathy with which we heard of the wounding of the musketeers by Thomas Aquinas, or the true story."

"But I am not in spirits, and I have yet another and a more interesting incident to communicate. I feel, however, so much fatigued with my present exertion, that I cannot resume the pen till to-morrow. I will detain this letter notwithstanding, that you may not feel any anxiety upon account of your own..."

**JULIA MANNING**

---In conclusion, I must say, that I am so well assured of your polite attention, that I cannot, in justice to my own views, and those of the community, fail to mention this subject. I have not a word to say upon it, but as a matter of fact, I must express my opinion, that you are not to be blamed for having taken your measure with the "..."
as our nerves, braced by the electricity of the pure air. Our walk to the lake was delightful, or at least the difficulty of either slipping into a slippery descent, or of crossing the boggy ground on which Hazlewood's assistance absolutely necessary. I don't know what activity of the walk the less for these occasional embarrassments.

"The scene upon the lake was beautiful. One side of it was bordered by a steep crag, from which hung a dense mass of red granite. Little cascades fell from the upper edge of this cliff, and on the other side was a little wood, now exhibiting that fantastic appearance which the pine trees present when covered with snow. On the frozen bosom of the lake itself were a multitude of moving figures, some flitting along with the velocity of swallows, some swooping in the most graceful curves, and others deeply interested in a less active pastime, crowding round the spot where the inhabitants of two rival parishes contended for the prize at curling,—an honour of no small importance, if we were to judge from the anxiety expressed by both 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 returning. "By do I mention these trivial occurrences? — Not, Hazlewood, for the intention is not to attach them—but because, like a drowning man who catches at a brittle twig, I seize every apology for dwelling upon this piece of subsequent, and dull part of the narrative. But it must be communicated,—I must have the sympathy of at least one friend under this heart-rending calamity.

"We were returning home by a footpath, which led through a plantation of fir. Lucy had quitted Hazlewood's arm,—it is only the pleas of absolute necessity had we to account for his assistance. I still leaned upon his other arm. Lucy followed us close, and the servant was two or three paces behind us. Such was our position, when at once, and as if he has started out of the earth, Brown stood before us at a short turn of the road! He was very plainly, I might say consciously, deceased, and his whole appearance had in it something wild and animated. I screamed between surprise and terror—Hazlewood mistook 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 person. Hazlewood was impressed with the idea that he belonged to the band of smugglers, and had some bad purpose in view, heard and understood him imperfectly. He snatched the cadaverous servant by the hand, and amidst the groans of the deceased, sprung upon Hazlewood, grappled with him, and had nearly succeeded in wrenching the folding-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. It was the case before my eyes, and I faintec speech; but, by Lucy's report, the unholy perpetrator of this action ceased a moment on the scene before him, until his screams began to alarm the others. He later believes, that Hazlewood will have derived from this event a certain share of his new assertion in sight. He then bowed over a hedge, which divided the footpath from the plantation, and has not since been heard of. The servant made no attempt to escape from the vengeance, and a report he made of the matter to those who came up to us, induced them rather to exercise their humanity in recalling me to life. That is the story of this adventure, as described by the groom as a man of tremendous personal strength, and completely armed.

"Hazlewood was conveyed home, that is, to Wexford, and that he was in 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 country, as well as from the vengeance of the father of Hazlewood, who threescore to move heaven and earth against the author of his son's wound. How will he be able to shield himself from them? The activity of the court will tell the tale for us, as if there were a slipper to cross, which made Hazlewood's assistance absolutely necessary. I don't know what activity of the walk the less for these occasional embarrassments.

"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, has, ere 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 candour of Hazlewood, who persists in calling me guilty, of clashing with his conscience by whom he was wounded approached our party, he is convinced the gun went off in the struggle, by accident, and that he has been unjustly charged with murder. The grooms, on the other hand, maintain that the piece was wrenched out of Hazlewood's hands, and deliberately pointed at his body, and Lucy incites to the same opinion. I do not suspect them of any exaggeration, yet such is the fallacy of human testimony, for the unhappy shot was most unquestionably discharged unintentionally. Perhaps it would be the best way to confide the whole secret to 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 person and 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 seen him for a long time, and even in his strange and sudden appearance on this unhappy occasion, and the strange and sudden disadvantage to me, on reflection, improved in grace, and his features in expressive dignity. Shall we ever meet again?

"I have been kept from you, my kind and dearest Matilda—but 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 encouragement from you. I must rely on myself, and trust them by trial. I feel the tears of a child, who, has, in heedless sport, put in motion some powerful piece of machinery, and, while he beheld the water-yielding, chains clashing, cylinders rolling around him, is equally astonished at the tremendous power which his weak agency has called into action, terrified for the consequences which will arise, and knows not what to await, without the possibility of averting them.

"I must not omit to say that my father is very kind and considerate. The grooms have derived from this occasion a form of an apology for his nervous plaints.

"My hope is, that Brown has made his escape to the sea, and has left England, or perhaps Scotland, or the Isle of Man. In either case he may the issue of Hazlewood's wound with safety. I have parted with patience, and am less desponding than instances with Scotland, for the purpose of justice, in (thank Heaven) of an intimate nature. The consequences of his being apprehended would be terrible. This monster will defend himself by arguing against the possibility of such a calamity. Alas! how soon have sorrows and fears, real as well as shadow, followed the uniform and tranquil state..."
GUY MANCINGER.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes.—Look how this world goes with no ears. It is not always the practice of those who go about, that if they have sinned, that they will sacrifice. It is that man who sees the error of his ways, and is ready to pay the price for the wrong he has done. Gilbert Glossen, Esquire, late writer in —

new Law of Ellangowan, and one of the worshipful
commission of justices of the peace for the county of —. His motives for exertion on this occasion were manifold; but we presume that our readers, from what they already know of this gentleman, will acquit him of being actuated by any jealous or intemperate love of abstract justice.

The truth was, that this respectable personage felt for himself less concern than he had expected, after his machinations put him in possession of his benefactor's estate. His reflections within doors, where so many plans of state were formed, were not always the self-congratulations of successful strategies. And when he looked abroad, he could not but discern the signs of his exclusion from the society of the gentry of the Mac-Morlan, whose star he conceived he had raised himself. He was not admitted to their clubs, and at meetings of a public nature, from which he could not be altogether excluded, he found himself thwarted and looked upon with coldness and contempt. Both principle and prejudices co-operated in creating this dislike; for the gentlemen of the county despised him for the lowness of his birth, while they hated him for the means by which he had raised his fortune. With the common people, public opinion had no existence. They would neither yield him the territorial appellation of Ellangowan, nor the usual compliment of Mr. Glossen;—with them he was bare Glossen; and so credibly was his vanity interested by this trivial circumstance, that he was known to give half-a-crown to a beggar, because he hadrices called him Ellangowan, in beseeching him for a penny. He therefore felt acutely the general want of respect, and particularly when he contrasted his own character and reception in society with those of Mr. Mac-Morlan, whose position he admired and envied. He had been the object of much love and respect by both rich and poor, and was slowly but securely laying the foundation of a moderate fortune, with the general good-will and esteem of all who knew him.

Glossen, while he resided privately at what he would fain have called the prepossessions of human nature, he concluded to lie by for any opportunities to make himself useful even to those who most disdained him; trusting that his own abilities, the disposition of country gentlemen to get into cabinets where a lawyer's advice becomes precious, and a thousand other contingencies, of which, with patience and address, he doubted not to be able to avail himself, would soon place before him more important and respectable light to his neighbours, and himself raise him to the eminence sometimes attained to a barrow, worldly, bustling man of business, when he was in the position of an upstart, in Burn's language, "The tongue of the trump to them a'."

The attack on Colonel Manring's house, followed by the accident of Haslewod's wound, appeared to Glossen a proper opportunity to impress upon the country the service which could be rendered by an active magistrate, (for he had been, as we have seen, a member of the commission for a time,) well acquainted with the law, and not so [with the haunts of the illicit trader, and in Haslewod had acquired any considerable experience of a former close alliance with some of the most desperate smugglers, in consequence of which he had occasionally acted, sometimes as partner, sometimes as legal advisor, with the latter.

But the connexion had been dropped many years; nor, considering how short the race of eminent characters in such matters is, and the far more favorable circumstances which occur to make them retire from particular scenes of action, had he the least reason to think that his present researches could possibly compromise any old friend which might possess means of retaliation. The having been concerned in these practices abstractedly, was a circumstance which, according to his opinion, ought in no respect to interfere 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 countenance of Colonel Manring, would be his small object to a gentleman who was much disposed to escape from Coventry, and to gain the favour of old Haslewood, who was a leading man in public opinion, should the volume of fictitious actions of Glossen be more successful than his own.

Actuated by motives so stimulating, and well accompanied with the lower retainers of the law, Glossen met every spring in motion to detect and apprehend, if possible, some of the gang who had attacked Woodburne, and more particularly the individual who had wounded Haslewod. He had assured the latter kind of importance still. Lastly, if he should succeed in discovering, apprehending, and convicting the culprits, he would have the satisfaction of mortifying, and in some degree discrediting the Sheriff-substitute of the county, this sort of investigation properly belonged, and who would certainly suffer in public opinion should the volume of fictitious actions of Glossen be more successful than his own.

The reader may remember that Mr. Glossen did not, according to this good woman's phrase, and character of the lady, 's—high in her books. She therefore attended his summons to the parlour slowly and reluctantly, and, on entering the room, paid her respects in the closest possible manner. The dialogue then proceeded as follows:

"A fine frothy morning, Mrs. Mac-Candlish." "Ay, sir: the morning's well enough," answered the landlady, drolly. "Mrs. Mac-Candlish, I wish to know if the justices are to dine here as usual after the business of the court on Tuesday." "I believe—I fancy say, sir—as usual!"—(about to leave the room.) "Stay a moment, Mrs. Mac-Candlish—why, you are in a prodigious hurry, my good friend?—I have been thinking a club dinner here once a month would be a very pleasant thing." "Certainly, anything of respectable gentlemen." "True, true," said Glossen, "I mean laird protropiers and gentlemen of weight in the country; and I should like to see such a thing again." The short dry cough with which Mrs. Mac-Candlish received this proposal, by no means indicated any dislike to the overtire abstractedly considered, but inferred much doubt how far it would succeed.
under the auspices of the gentleman by whom it was
propped. It was not a coffin negligible, but a coffin
dubious, and as such Glosen felt it; but it was not
his case to take offence.

"But the break's doing on the road, Mrs.
Mac-Candlish's plenty of company, I suppose?"

"Pretty well, sir,—but I believe I am wanted at
the "Cam," No. 7."

"No, no,—stop one moment, cannot you, to oblige
an old customer?—Pray, do you remember a remark-
sably tall young man, who lodged one night in your
hostelry?"

"Troth, sir, I cannot well say—I never take heed
whether my company be long or short, if they make no
wrong basis.

"And 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, blue eyes, and a straight nose; tru-
velled 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 cannot charge my
memory about the matter—there's man to do in a house
like this, I town, than to look after passengers' hair,
or their clothes."

"Then, Mrs. Mac-Candlish, I must tell you, in
plain terms, that this person is suspected of having
been in your vicinity, 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."

"I shall relieve your scruples, perhaps, without
troubling Mr. Mac-Craine, when I tell you that this
young fellow whom I inquire after is the man who
shot your young friend Charles Hazlewood."

"Godness! I who has thought the like of
that o' him—na, if it had been for debt, or e'en for
at bit tuizie w' the gauger, the devil o' Nelly
Mac-Candlish's tongue should ever have wringed
him. But if he was shot young Hazlewood—But I cannot
think it, Mr. Glosen; this will be some o' your skirrit
row—i cannot think it o' me douce a lad—na, na,
that's not in your suit, and i'll be for hav-
ning a horning or a caution after him."

"I see you have no confidence in me, Mrs.
Mac-Candlish; but look at these declarations, signed by
the Troth, sir. I am no free to swear—w' the good
heavens!" she said, when she had concluded her
examination.,

"since it's a fact, I give him up, the villain. —O
O, a sitting mortal! I never saw a face I liked
better. There was that in the man's mouth and
caginess—that's how I've judged him. —But I give
him up, the villain!—to shoo'! Charles
Hazlewood, before the young ladies, poor inno-
cent things!—I give him up!"

"So you admit, then, that such a person lodged
the night before this vile business?"

"No, sir, sir, and a' the others, as were taken with
him, he was sic a plain, pleasant young man. It
wasn't for his spending, I'm sure, for he just had
a mug o' w' and a cup o' w'—no, I'm scary a
mug o' w'—and I asked him to drink tea w' my-
self, and didn't say that into the boot; and he was
airy, for he said he was deak w' t' arrival of the
night before—I dare say now it had been on somet-
thing er odd or other."

"Did he not chance lose his name?"

"I wot well did I," said the landlady, now as
eager to communicate her evidence as formerly de-
sirous to suppress it. "He telled me his name was
Brown, Sir, and I told it was likely that an old widow,
like a gipsy wife might be asking for him—Ay, ay,
tell me your company, and I'll tell you what ya' see
O the villain!—Ae week, sir when he gaed away in the
morning, he was in his bill very honestly, and paid
something to the chamber-maid, nae doubt, for
Grzy has nothing free me, by two part o' new
shoos litl yerr, and maybe a bit compliment at Hau-
sel Monnandy."—Here Glosen found it an
easy matter to interfere, and bring the good woman back to
the point.

"On then, he just said, if there comes such a per-
son to inquire after Mr. Brown, you will say I am
gone to look at the skaters on Loche Oreran, as you
call it, and I will be back here to dinner. But he never
came back, though I expected him to. I was even
fully, that I gave a look to making the friar's chiehest
myself, and to the crapp-it-heads too, and that's what
I dinna think he was coming back. Anyways, Mr. Glosen
I think what shattering work he was gaun about to
shoot Mr. Charles, the innocent lamb!"

"Mr. Glosen, having, like a probable examiner,
suffered his witness to give vent to all her surmise
and indignation, now began to inquire whether the
suspected person had left any property or papers
about the place.

"Troth, he put a parcel—a so's parcel, under my
charge, and he gave me some siller, and desired me
to get him half-a-dozen rumpled sacks, and Per Pe-
ny's in hands wi' them e'en now—they may serve
him to gawp up the Law-market in, the toodrum
Mr. Glosen then demanded to see the packets, but
here mine hostess demurred.

"She didn't ken—she was not to say bit justice should
sitake his course—but when a thing was trusted to
her way, doubtless they were responsible—but she
suld cry in Deacon Bearchill, and if Mr. Glosen liked
to tak an inventory of the property, and gie her a receip-
t before the Deacon—or, what the wad ilkveny
better, an it could be sealed up and left in Deacon
Bearchill's hands, it wad mak her mind easy—she
was for nothin but justice on a'sides."

Mrs. Mac-Candlish's natural sagacity and acquir-
sions of such an incumbent in a forenoon at the
Bearchill, or at some anent the villain that bad shot
Mr. Charles Hazlewood. The Deacon accordingly
made his appearance, with his wig away, or out of
the hiram, in such a swarf, at this summer's solstice,
when he had exchanged it for the Kilharmonk-cay in
which he usually attended his customers. Mrs.
MAC-CANDLISH then produced the parcel deposited
with her by Brown, in which was found the gipsie's prize
perceiving the value of the miscellaneous con-
wants Mrs. Mac-Candlish immediately congratulated
him upon the precautions she had taken before deliv-
ery them up to Glosen, while he, with an appearance
of disinterested candour, was the first to propose
that it should be properly inventoried, and deposited
with the Deacon. The latter, of course, was ready until they should be
be brought before the Crown-office. "He did not," he observed.

"Personally responsible for articles which seemed
considerable in value, and had besides been, by the most
frequent practices."

He then examined the paper in which this had
been wrapped up. It was the back of a letter
addressed to V. Brown, Esquire, the tail of the
dress was torn away. The landlady, XVow,
and then thought to throw light upon the criminal's escape, was before
formedly desirous of withholding it, for the
concealed form of the paper was of the more
portable, the writer's desire to keep her mind that all was not right,—Mrs. Mac-Cand-
isher.

The population of the criminals to the gallows and of
that direction, as well as the school boy might like it.

Up the Lerno-marat,
Up the West
Up the ladder,
And down the little tier.
gang and say my beasts died"—and he departed accordingly.

The hostler, who had accompanied him, gave evidence to the same purpose. He and Mrs. Mac-Candlish were then re-interrogated, whether Brown had had any arms with him on that unhappy morning. "None," they said, "but an ordinary cutlass or bunch by his side.

"Now," said the Deacon, taking Glossin by the button, (for, in considering this interview, he had forgotten Glossin's new accession of rank)—"this is but doubtful after all, Master Gilbert—for it was not seen dozzen likely that he would go down into battle with 'sea men' muskets in his possession.

Glossin extricated himself from the Deacon's grasp, and from the discourse, though not with reluctance; for it was his present interest to buy good opinions from all sorts of people. He inquired the price of tea and sugar, and spoke of providing himself for the year; he gave Mrs. Mac-Candlish directions to have some handsome entertainment in readiness for a party of five friends, whom he intended to invite to dine with him at the Gordon-Arms next Saturday week. At the same time, he gave a half-sovereign to Jock Jaws, whose the hostler had deposited to hold his steed.

"Weed," said the Deacon to Mrs. Mac-Candlish, as he accepted her offer of a glass of beer at the bar, "the devil's no sill ill he's ca'd. It's pleasant to see a gentleman pay the regard to the business of the county that Glossin does.

"Ay, good is it," Deacon answered the laudably—and yet I wonder our general leave their war strict to the like o' him. But as long as silver's current, Deacon, folk meanless looks over nascally at what king's head's on't."—

"I doubt Glossin will prove but about after all, miscreant," said Jabs, as he passed through the little bar beside the bar; "but that is a guide half-crown any way."

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CHAPTER XXXIII

A man that apprehends death to be no more dreadful but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and deceptively mortal. Measures for Measures.

Glossin 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, beyond what we were left upon upon his walk to Kiplinghams, and the time when, stung by jealousy, he so rashly and unprofitably presented himself before Julia Mavoring, and with a sigh brought tokinson the quarter which his appearance occasioned.

Glossin rode slowly back to Rillongowan, pondering on what he had heard, and more and more convinced that the active and successful prosecution of this mysterious business was an opportunity of ingratiating himself with Haze伍Id and Mavoring, so he on no account neglected. Perhaps, also, he felt his professional scruple in bringing it that a successful close. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that on returning to his house from Kiplinghams, he heard his servants announce hastily, "that Miss Geoffg, the thief-taker, and two or three acquaintances, had a man in hand in the kitchen waiting for his honour."

He instantly jumped from horseback, and hastened into the house. "Send my clerk here directly," ye'll find him copying the survey of the estate, said the little green partner. So thinking to right my study, and wheel the great lever chair up to the writing-table—set a stool for Mr. Strow. —Strow, (to the clerk as he entered the presence) I hope you, Mr. George MacKenzine on Crimes: open it at the section Via Publica et Privata, and fold down a leaf at the passage 'sentent of the unheard of thing' with thid directin; and myself with my muckle coat, and hang it up a bit in the lobby, and bid them bring up the
GUY MANNINGS.

prisoner — I know I'll sort him — but sit, first send up Mac-Guffog. — Now, Mac-Guffog, where do ye find this chum o' yours? Mac-Guffog: a stout sandy-legged fellow, with a neck like a bull, a face like a firebrand, and a most peculiar voice. He is not seen or heard o' him, after various ev'nts, all by way of courtesy to the Justice, to tell his story, ex'cting it out by mordant sly nods and know'ing looks. He was brought to be an intimate correspondence of ideas between the narrator and his principal actor. "You honour sees I went down to ye place that your honour spoke o' , that's kept by the name o' Buck, across the road. — So, says she, what are you wanting here? ye'll be come wi' a broom in your pocket free Killangowan? — So, says I, a broom will come frae there awa', for ya' sees, says I, his honour Killangowan himself in for- mer times.

"Well, well," said Glossein, "no occasion to be particular, tell the essentials.

"Well, so we sat suffering about some brassy that I said wanted, till he came in."

"Who?"

"He," pointing with his thumb inverted to the kitchen, where the prisoner was in custody. "So he had his Grego wrapped close round him, and I just went into bed. — But I thought it was best to speak proper and so he believed I was a Manks man, and I kept my head between him and her, for she was the wench. — And then we began to drink — and then we had a quarter o' Hollands without drawing breath—and then he tried it—and then just Spontany Jock and Dick Spurgen came in, and we drank the darkest 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 gowran, to answer what your honour likes to speak. This narrative, covered with a wonderful quantity of gesture and grimace, received at the conclusion the thanks and praises which the narrator expected.

"Do you no arms?" asked the Justice.

"Ay, ay, they are never without cutters and slaib-

Any papers?"

"This bundle," delivering a dirty pocket-book.

"Go down stairs, then, Mac-Guffog, and be in waitin'. The officer left the room.

The click of irons was immediately afterwards heard upon the stair, and in two or three minutes a man was introduced, hand-cuffed and fettered. He was thick, breavy, and muscular, and although his appearance had been much advanced, and his stature was rather low, he appeared, nevertheless, a man whom few would have chosen to deal with personally. His coarse and savage features were still finished, and his eye still rested under the influence of the strong potion that had proved the immediate cause of his seizure. Every look in whose face a friend had clasped 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 go no less estimable captive, looked at each other steadily for a long time without speaking. Glossein apparently recognized his prisoner, but seemed at a loss how to proceed with the investigation. At length he broke silence. "So, Captain, this is you? — you have been a stranger on this coast for some years."

"I'm not pass, Mr. Captain."

"Do you insist upon murther, Mr. Justice? — ex- pereiment?"

"And who will you be pleased to call yourself, then, for the present," said Glossein, "just until I ask some other folk to refresh your memory, concerning who you are, or at least who you have been?"

"In that bin I — donner and blitzen! I bin Jans Jansen, from Cushaven — what call I bin?"

Glossein took from a case which was in the apart- ment a pair of small pocket pistols, which he loaded with contortions' cafè. "You may retire," said he to the officer who carried the people with you, Scone — but wait in the lobby within call."

The clerk would have offered some reconstructions to his patron on the danger of remaining alone with such a man, although ironed beyond the possibility of active exertion, but Glossein waved him off impatiently. When he had left the room, the Justice went through the apartment, then drew his chair opposite to the prisoner, so as to confront him fully, placed the pistols before him in readiness, and said in a steady voice, "You are Dick Hatterick, formerly of the Yungwraw Haagens-flips, are you not?"

"Towards dervy — and if you know that, why ask me?" said the prisoner.

"Because I am surprised to see you in the very last place where you ought to be, if you regard your safety," observed Glossein coolly.

"I am no man regards his own safety that speaks to me!"

"What? unarmed, and in irons! — well, Capt-

ain!" replied Glossein ironically. "But Captain, you will find you'll hardly get out of this to- dder without accounting for a little accident that hap-

pened at Warroch Point a few years ago."

Hatterick's looks grew black as midnight.

"For my part," continued Glossein, "I have no particular wish to be hard upon an old acquaintance — but I must do my duty — you shall send you off to Kilbragh in a post-chaise and four this very day."

"Pon dinnor! you would not do that?" said Hat-

terrick, in a lower and more humbered tone; "why you had the matter of half a barrel in bills on Van-

beest and Vanbruggen."

"It's so long since, Captain Hatterick," answered Glossein superciliously, "that I really forget how I was recompensed for my trouble.

"Your trouble? your silence, you mean."

"It was an affair in the course of business," said Glossein, "and I have retired from business for some time."

"Ay, but I have a notion that I could make you go steady about, and try the old course again," said Captain Hatterick. "But Dick Hatterick, that's me, is a der dervy, but I meant to visit you, and tell you something that concerns you."

"Of course," said Glossein eagerly. "Yaw, Mynheer," replied the Captain, coolly.

"He does not live, does he?"

"As lifeless as you or I," said Hatterick.

"Gosh, laddie, I am sure India!" exclaimed Glossein.

"No, tounder dervy, here I on this dirty coast as yours, rejoined the prisoner."

But Hatterick, this is it, if it be true, which I do not believe, this will ruin us both, for he not but remember your next job; and for ree it is productive of the worst consequences I it will be both, I tell you.

"I tell you," said the seaman, "it will ruin both, but for I am done up already, and if I am strap for, I shall out."

"Ezm und," said the Justice impatiently, "brought you back to this coast like a madman?"

"Why, all the gull was gone, and the house shaking, and I thought the job was clayed over and forgotten," answered the worthy skipper.

"Stay — what can be done?" said Glossein anx- iously.

"I don't know, but you — but just your being rescued in the way — eye sure — a word to Liserton Brown, and I would send the people with you the coast."

"No, no! that won't do — Brown's dead — laid in the locker, man — the devil has the pie of him."

"Dead — shoot! — at Woodbourne, I suppose?" replied Glossein.
WARWICH POINT, but with a teeming punch-bowl in his hand. Then the scene changed to a dungeon, where he heard Mrs. Ford, "At all events, Ford, you shall have the under sentence of Death, confessing his crimes to a clergyman." After the bloody deed was done," said the penitent, "we retired into a cave close beside, the secret of which was known only to one man in the country; we were debating, what to do with the child, and we thought of giving it up to the gypsies, when we heard the child crying. I can't set you surer by liberty— but I can put you where you may set yourself at liberty—I always like to assist an old friend. I shall come in to the old castle for to-night, and give these people asylum, I hope, before the dawn, as Mac-Guffin will fall in the trap in which he caught you. The steacons on the window of the strong room, as they told it, are wanted to pieces, and is not above twelve feet from the level of the ground without, and the snow is three inches thick."

"But the dainy," said Hatternack, looking upon his letters.

"Hark ye," said Gloson, going to a tool chest, and taking out a small file, "there's a friend for you, and you shall be sent to the sea by the steacons. Hatternack shook his chains on ecstasy, as if he were already at liberty, and strove to extend his jester head towards his preserver. Gloson laid his finger upon them with the idea of mediumship, and then proceeded in his instructions. When you escape, you had better go to the Kaum of Denmark."

"Donner! that howff is blown!"

The Jair—well, then, you may steal my skiff there, on the beach there, and away. But you must remember you are at the Point of Warrock till I come to see you."

The Point of Warrock, said Hatternack, his consciousness again failing; "What's in the cave, I suppose? I would rather it were any where else— es speak dat!—you can say for certain that he walks a dumour and blibeus! I never stunned him alive, and I won't shun him dead—Strafe such bitches! it shall never be said Hatternack feared either dog or devil!—So I am to wait there till I see you?"

"Ay, ay," answered Gloson, "and now I must call in the men." He did so accordingly.

"I can make nothing of Captain Jansen, as he calls himself; Mac-Guffin, and it's now too late to send him off to the county jail. Is there not a street room up yonder in the old castle?"

"Ay is there, sir; my uncle the constable and kept a street room, which can be used as a sentence. But there was an unco dust about it—it was tried in the funk-house afore the feisenth.

I know all that, but this person will not stay there very long, Mr. Justice. He has a broad ban in the extreme, for the schemes of a life of villainy at once to be crumbling around and fall in the extreme; the house was made a paffo room, and comforted by youth, approaching to ma, from the mansion-house of his fathers. He has, he has been a kind of paffo, more willing, he came at length to an inn, from which I the voice of revelry; and that when he spoke the first person he met was Frank Kennedy, manner, acted glory, as he had lain on the beach at
While these racking thoughts glided rapidly through Gloosum's mind, he observed one of the lights of the house being slowly but steadily fished at the window.

What a moment of interest!—He has got clear of his ignominy!—He is working at the stanchion of the window—there are surely quite decayed, they must give way!—Poor I! he has got clear now, I heard them clink among the stones!—the noise cannot fail to wake them—furies seize his Dutch awkwardness!—The light burns less again!—they have torn him from the window, and are binding him in the room!—No! he has only retired an instant on the alarm of the falling bars—he is at the window again—and the light is quite obscured now—he is getting out!—

A heavy sound, as of a body dropped from a height among the snow, announced that Hatteras had completed his escape, and shortly after Gloosum beheld a dark figure, like a shadow, steel along the whitened beach, and reach the spot where the skiff lay. 

New cause for fear!—His single strength will be unable to arrest him;" said Gloosum to himself; "I must go to the racals' assistance. But no! I has got her off, and now, thank God, her sail is spreading itself again on the breeze—a breeze he has got the breeze—pow—would to heaven it was a tempest, to sink him to the bottom!

After this last cordial wish, he continued watching the fate of the boat as it receded away towards the Point of Warrock, until he could no longer distinguish the dusky sail from the gloomy waves over which it seemed concealed; satisfied that the immediate danger was averted, he retired, with somewhat more composure to his guilty pillow.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Why do not comfort me, and help me out
From this unshallowed and blood-impregnated hole?

Tmes Andronicus.

On the next morning, great was the alarm and confusion of the officers, when they discovered the escape of their prisoner. Mac-Guffig appeared before Gloosum with a head perturbed with anxiety and fear, and inquired a most severe remand for neglect of duty. The remonstrance of the Justice appeared only to be suspended by his anxiety to recover possession of the prisoner, and the thief-takers, glad to escape from his awful and incautious presence, were sent off in every direction (except the right one) to recover their prisoner, if possible. Gloosum particularly recommended a careful search at the Kain of Denechatt, which was occasionally occupied all night by vagrants of different nations. Having thus disposed of his myrmidons in various directions, he himself hastened by devious paths through the Wood of Warrock, to his appointed interview with Hatteras, from whom he hoped to learn, at more leisure than last night's conference admitted, the circumstances attending the return of the hair of Ellangowan to his native country.

With as great ease as those of a fox when he has to avoid the pack, Gloosum strove to approach the place of appointment in a manner which should leave no distinct track of his course. "Would to Heaven it would snow," he said, looking upward, "and hide these foot-tracks. Should one of the officers light upon them, he would run the scent up like a bloodhound. At all events, he has no interest here."

The path which at first was very narrow, just admitting entrance to a man in a sitting posture, expanded after a few yards into a broad and ample road, so it was ascending gradually, was covered with the snow. Em. Gloosum had got upon his feet, but the step of the officer was so heavy, the foot-prints so covered, that he expected no assistance, and he was not disappointed.

"Hagel, and doonar—beast da?" "Are you in the dark?"

"Dark!" Hatteras, said, "I'll go. Dick Hatteras."

"Where should I have a guess?"

"I have brought light!" and Gloosum produced a lump of wax and luminaries.

"Yes, a clumsy lump of wax too, for bold and dhriv! Ich bin ganz furzum!"

"It is a cold place to be sure, said Gloosum, looking around the deserted scene of barracks of wood, which had perhaps lain in the camp of Hatteras, as the ground was covered with the snow, and covered with the snow, and covered with the snow."

"Bake Snow, snow, and hagel! it's cold. If I could only see myself alive by rambles down this d—d vale, and thinking about the scenes we have had in it."

The ball of wax being already consumed, and blazing brightly, Hatteras hung his broad-brimmed visage, and sawed hard and sawed wildly over it, while an extra generation of the same was kindled beside his luminaries, and the smoke, which in his agony of
“Why, you see, Suspense! I fear nothing—yet it was too far within land, and I might have been wanted.”

“True. But to return to this youngster”—

“Ay, ay, donner and blitzen! he’s your affair,” said the Captain.

“How do you really know that he is in this country?”

“Why, Gabriel saw him among the hills.”

“Gabriel? I never heard of him!”

“A fellow from the Blacklegs, that, about eighteen years since, was pressed on board that d—d fellow Pritchard’s ship-of-war. I was he came off and gave us warning not to engage near the Shark, of a piece of craft—upon us the day Kennedy was done; and he told us how Kennedy had given the information. The Blacklegs and Kennedy had some quarrel besides. Thus Gab went to the East Indies in the same ship with your youngman, and, Suspense! I knew him well, though the other did not remember him. Gab kept out of his eye though, as he had served the States against England, and was a deserter to boot; and he sent us word directly, that we might know of his being here—though it does not concern us a specie end.”

“Do, then, really, and in sober earnest, he is actually in this country, Hatternick; between friend and foes?” asked Glosin.

“Wetter and doomer, yaw! What do you take me for?”

“For a blood-thirsty, fearless mixed-up! I thought Glosin internally; but said aloud, “And which of your people was it that shot young Haslewood?”

“Gnar!—” said the Captain. “Do you think we were mad?—none of us, man!—for the same reason. I was too hot for the trade already with that d—d frolic of Brown’s, attacking what you call Woodbeest’s Elephant!—”

“Why, I am told,” said Glosin, “it was Brown who shot Haslewood?”

“Not our business, I promise you; for he was laid six feet deep in Derrymought the day before the thing happened—Tannaderry, man, do you think that he could rise out of the earth to shoot another man?”

“A light here began to break upon Glosin’s exasperation of ideas. “Did you not say that the youth was, as you call him, gene by the name of Brown?”

“Of Brown! yaw—Vanbeest Brown; old Vanbeest Brown, of our Vanbeest and Woodbeest, gave him his own name—he did.”

“Then,” said Glosin, rubbing his hands, “it is he, by Heaven, who has committed this crime!”

“And what have we to do with that?” demanded Hatternick.

“Glosin passed, and, forlorn in expediency, hastily ran over his project in his own mind, and then drew near to the snugeller with a confidential air. “You know, my dear Lord Irk; it is my principal business to get rid of this young man?”

“Umph!” answered Dirk Hatternick.

“Not,” continued Glosin; “not that I would wish any personal harm to him—if—if I can do without. Now, he is liable to be seized upon by justice, both as bearing the same name with your lieutenant, who was engaged in that affair at Woodborne, and for firing at young Haslewood with intent to kill or wound.”

“Ah, ay,” said Dirk Hatternick, “but what good will that do you? He’ll be loose again as soon as he shows himself to carry other colours.”

“True, my dear Dirk; well notified, my friend Hatternick! But there is ground enough for a temporary imprisonment—till he fetchs his proofs from England or elsewhere, my good friend. I understand the law, Captain Hatternick, and I’ll take it upon me, simple Gilbert Glosin of Shelsgrove, justice of the peace, in the county of ——, to refuse his bail, if he should offer the best in the country, until he is brought up for a second examination—saw where d’ye think I’ll innocere him?”

“Hagel and wetter; what do I care?”

“Stay, my friend—you do care a great deal. Can you know your goods, that was once coming round—"
GUY MANMANNING.

[CHAP. XXXV.]

Woodburne's are now living in the Custom-house at Pembridge (the fishing-town).—Now I will commit this younger—

"When you have caught him?"

"Ay, ay, when I have caught him; I shall not be long, because—" I will commit him to the Workhouse, or Bridewell, which you know is beside the Custom-house."

"Where, in the workhouse? I know it very well."

"I will take care that the red-coats are dispersed through the country; you land at night with the crew of your lugger, receive your own goods, and then away—Brown with you back to Flushing. Won't that do?"

"Ay, carry him to Flushing," said the Captain, "or to London?"

"Ay, ay, my friend."

"Or—to Jersey?"

"Pah! Wherever you have a mind."

"Ay, or—pitch him overboard?"

"Nay, I advise no violence."

"Nay, nay—you leave that to me. Sturm-wetter! I know you of old. But, harry ye, what am I, Dirck Hatterick, to be the better of this?"

"Why, is it not your interest as well as mine?" said Glosine; "besides, I set you free this morning."

"Pah! I don't want you; I don't want the money. I want my liberty."

"Pah! pah! pah! don't let us jest; I am glad to be a handson buccaneer—"but it's your affair as well as mine."

"What do you talk of my affair? Is it not that you give the younger's whole estate from him? Dirck Hatterick never touched a siver of his rents."

"Hush—hush—tell you it shall be a joint business."

"Why, will ye give me half the kite?"

"What! half the estate?—why we should set up house together at Ellangowan, and take the barony, ridge about?"

"Sturm-wetter! no! but you might give me half the value—half the gelt. Live with you—nay; I would have a lust-haunt of mine own on the Middleburgh dyke, and a blumen-garden like a burgomaster's."

"Ay, and a woodlon at the door, and a painted sentinell in the garden, with a pipe in his mouth!—But, harry ye, Hatterick; what will all the tulips, and flower-gardens, and pleasure-house in the Netherlands do for you, if you are hanged here in Scotland?"

Hatterick's countenance fell. "Des devyl! hunged?"

"Ay, hanged, mainheer Captain. The devil can scarce look at Dirck Hatterick from being hanged for a murderer and kidnapper, if the younger of Ellangowan should settle in this country, and if the gallant Captain chances to be caught here re-establishing himself and those who have been hanged to his destruction."

"What, 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."

"Ah, my good friend, you forget—in this case you will recover your house and goods."

"Ay, at the risk of all our own necks—we could do that without you."

"I doubt that. Captain Hatterick," said Glosine dryly, "because you would probably find a dozen redcoats at the Custom-house, whom it must be my business to beguile. And I dare say that the inviter, to have removed. Come, come, I will be as liberal as I can, but you should have a conscience."

"Now steer such des devyl!—this provokes me to more than—"You rob and murder, and play the silver-cooper, or kidnapper, as you call it, a dozen times over; then, beguile, and woe-storm! you speak to me of conscience!—Can you think of no 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 gunpowder! and—well, if it must be, must—but you have a right—I can guess what's like to me."

"O, my dear friend, I trust no degree of severity will be necessary," replied Glosine.

"Severely?" said the fellow, with a kind of gross, "I was going to say about his head, and my dreams came to this dog-hole, and tried to sleep among hardship—First, there was that d—d fellow there, with his broken back, sprawling as he did when I buried the rock over a-top on him—ha, ha, you would have sworn he was lying on the floor where you stand, wriggling like a crushed frog—and then—"

"Nay, my friend," said Glosine, 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 shapes— the cold's at your heart still. And now tell me, are any of your old crew with you?"

"Not at all. One will; it shot, hanged, drowned, and dammed. Brown was the last—all dead but Gipsy Gay, and he would go off the country for a spilt of money—or he'll be quiet for his own sake—or old Mag, his aunt, will keep him quiet for her."

"Which Mag?"

"Mag Merrill, the old devil's limb of a gipsy witch."

"Is she still alive?"

"Yaw."

"And in this country?"

"And in this country. She was at the Kilm of Denleigh, at Van Esbee Brown's last wals, as they call it, the other night, with two of my people, and some of her own blasted gipsies."

"That's another breaker b-host, Captain! Will she not squeak, think ye?"

"Not she—she won't start!—she swore by the sal-{mon, if we did the kidinich no harm, she would never tell how the gauger got it. Why, man, though I gave her a pipe with my hanger in the heat of the matter, and cut her arm, and though she was so long after it there about it up at your place, next two of his there, des devyl! old Mag was as true as steel."

"Why, that's true, as you say," replied Glosine.

"And in this country?"

"And in this country, Hanburgh, or—anywhere else, you know, it were as well."

Hatterick jumped up from his feet, and looked at his host, and said, "I don't know that his foot," he said, "and yet he must be the devyl!—But Mag Merrill is closer yet, without Kobold than you are—ay, and I had never such ther as after having drawn her blood. Neath, I'll meddle with her no more—she's a witch of that kind—a real devyl's kind—but that's her life and Donner and wetter! I'll neither make nor meddle, that's her work.—But for the rest—why, if the trade would not suffer, I would soon ret your young son, if you send me work when he's an embargo."

In brief and under tones the two worthy associates concerted their enterprises, and agreed at which of haunt that it should be heard. And the trade of his lugger on the coast was not difficult, as were no king's vessels there at the time.

CHAPTER XXXV.

You are one of those that will not serve God if the devil does—because we come to do your service, you than us."

Wurzel Glosine returned home, found, however, that the paper went to him, one of oco—o.

The great and last work of the croffing out.
as importance. It was signed, by Mr. Protocol, an attorney in Edinburgh, and addressing him as the agent of Miss Bertram, the late Miss Bertram's executors, and his representatives, acquainted him with the sudden death of Mrs. Margaret Bertram of Singleseat, widow of the late Colonel Bertram, in the case to which they should judge it proper to have any person present for their interest at opening the repositories of the deceased. Mr. Glossin perceived at once that the latter interest was connected with his own, which had taken place between him and his late patron. The estate of the deceased lady should by rights, as he well knew, have come to Miss Bertram; but there was a dream 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. He must place myself, he thought, on some ground, and that, if anything goes well with Mr. Dick Haterick's project, I may have prophecies of my favour at least,—Besides, to do Glossin justice, his own interest, and his own compensations to Miss Bertram in a small degree, and in a case in which his own interest did not interfere with hers, the immense mischief which he had occasioned to her family, had been refreshed early the next morning to ride over to Woodburn, He was prepared, having the general relish for horse riding, to which in all villany have to encounter honour and probity. But he had great confidence in his own seeress faire. His talents were naturally superior, and by no means confined to the line of his profession. He had at different times resisted a good deal in England, and his address was free both from country rudeness and professional pedantry; 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. Colonel, therefore, in himself, he appeared at Woodburn, 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. Glossin, to wait upon Miss Bertram." Lacy, remembering the last scene of the evening, and the companionship, turning as pale as death, had well-nigh fallen from her chair. Julia Manning flew to her assistance, and they left the room toge-

there. There remained Colonel Manning, Charles Hareshaw, and a young man of handsome appearance, whose gaunt visage and weak eyes assumed a most horrid aspect on recognising Glossin. All was, however, though not swayed by the effect of his first introduction, advanced with confidence, and hoped he did not intrude upon the lady. Colonel Manning, in a very upright and stately manner, observed, that he did not know to what that was to impute the honour of a visit from Mr. Glossin.

"If it can be communicated to Mr. Mac-Morran, or agent, sir, I believe it will be more agreeable to him."

"I beg pardon, Colonel Manning," said Glossin, making a wrought attempt at an easy demeanour; "but there are some cases in which it is most prudent for all parties to treat in a letter."

"I am mistaken, sir," replied Manning, with a repulsive air, "you and Miss Bertram will take the trouble to state his ob-

ject in a letter; I will answer that Miss Bertram pays no attention to it."

"I know, Colonel Manning has adopted some which may make my visit appear intu-

ductory; he submits to his good sense, whether he

ought to exclude me from a hearing without knowing the purpose of my visit, or of how much consequen-

ces it may be to the young lady whom he honours with his protection."

"Certainly, sir, I have not the least intention to do so," replied the Colonel, "but I was a little surprised at the novelty of the case, which of course we shall have to attend to."

So saying, he left the room.

Glossin had seen Mr. Bloomfield standing in the midst of the apartment. Colonel Manning had made the slightest motion to invite him to sit, and indeed had remained seated himself during the interview. When he left the room, however, Glossin seized upon a chair, and threw himself into it with an air between embarrassment and effrontery. He felt the silence of his companions disconcerting and oppressive, and resolved to interrupt it.

A fine day, Mr. Sampson."

The Dominie answered with something between an ascendant grunt and an ingratean grumble.

"You never come down to see your old acquaintance on the Ellangowan property, Mr. Sampson—"

You would find most of the old stagers still standing anywhere there. I have too much respect for the late family to disturb old residents, even under pretence of improvement. Because it's not my way—I don't know about you— but I believe, Mr. Sampson, Bertram's Tale early condemns those who oppress the poor, and remove landmarks."

"Or who devour the substance of orphans," emphasized the Dominie. "Anathema, Maranatha!" So saying, he rose, shouldered the satchel which he had been perusing, faced to the right about, and marched out of the room with the stride of a grenadier.

Mr. Glossin, no way disconcerted, or at least feeling it necessary not to appear so, turned to young Hareshaw, who was apparently busy with the newspaper.

"Any news, air?" Hareshaw raised his eyes, looked at him, and pushed the paper towards him, as if to a stranger in a coffee-house, then rose, and was about to leave the room. "I beg pardon, Mr. Hareshaw—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. Hareshaw, 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 very high a stake, that as you may be aware, Featherhead is turning old now, and as there's a talk, since his last stroke, of his taking the Chilterns Hundred, it might be worth your while to look about you.

"I speak as one who understands the roll; and if in going over it together—"

"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, and I love to see a young gentleman cautious. But I was talking of your wound—I think I have got a clew to that business—I think I have—and if I don't bring the fellow to condign punishment—".

"I beg your pardon, sir, once more; but your seal outruns my wishes. I have every reason to think the wound was accidental—certainly it was not premeditated. Against yourself and against malicious treach- ership, should you find any one guilty of them, my re-

sentation will be as warm as your own. This was

Another rebuff, thought Glossin; 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 wretched fool. At all events, (this was a sort of diverting of the conversation which Glossin had learned from his former pa-

ter) I see you quite get the idea; sooner or later you will be soon able to take the field again. I observe you confine yourself always to your own side of the Hareshaws-burn. I hope, my dear sir, you will make no scruple of following your gale to the Hen-

"
GUY MANCERNING.

As this offer only excited a cold and constrained bow, Glossin was obliged to remain silent, and was rather impatient when relieved by the entrance of Colonel Mancerring.

"I have detained you some time, I fear," 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 at so much importance has been said to her. But what I said in my last letter was not the result of reflection, for I find that circumstances of recent occurrence, and not easily to be forgotten, have rendered her so utterly repugnant to a personal interview with Mr. Glossin, that it would be cruelly to insist upon it: and she has deputed me to receive his commands, or proposal, or, in short, whatever he may wish to say to her.

"Here, then, I am sorry, sir — I am very sorry, Colonel Mancerring, that Miss Bertram should suppose — that any prejudice, in short — or idea that any thing on my part —"

"Sir," said the inflexible Colonel, "where no accusation is made, excuses or explanations are unnecessary. Have you any objection to communicate to me, as Miss Bertram's temporary guardian, the circumstances which you conceive to interest her?"

"None, Colonel Mancerring; she could not choose a more straightforward person than me, with whom, I believe, a particular, would more amusingly wish to communicate directly.

"It is the goodness to speak to the point, sir, if you please."

"Why, sir, it is not so easy at once — but Mr. Haswell need not leave the room — I mean so well to Miss Bertram, that I could wish the whole world to hear my part of the case.

"My friend Mr. Charles Haswell will not probably be anxious, Mr. Glossin, to listen to what I cannot communicate — and now, while he is alone, let me pray you to be short and explicit in what you have to say. I am a soldier, sir, somewhat impatient of 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 Mancerring's hand, as the shortest way of stating his business.

"The Colonel read it, and returned it, after pencilling the name of the writer in his memorandum-book.

"This, sir, does not seem to require much discussion — I will see that Miss Bertram's interest is secured.

"But, sir — but, Colonel Mancerring," added Glossin, "there is another matter which no one can explain but myself. This lady — this Mrs. Margaret W. — is not without certain knowledge of a most important settlement of her affairs in Miss Lucy Bertram's favour while she lived with my old friend, Mr. Bertram, at Singleside. The settlement 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 Singleside even then, although it was licensed by an elder sister. It was a whimsical settlement of old Singleside's, sir; pitted the two-cats his daughters against each other, ha, ha, ha.

"Well, sir," said Mancerring, without the slightest smile of sympathy, "but to the purpose. You say that this lady had power to settle her estate on Miss Bertram, and that she did so?"

"Even so, Colonel," replied Glossin; "I think I should understand and 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 legal proceedings, and which I take to be the knowledge of the law, since, as our common rhyme has it,"

"The most excellent was the last gone and spent.

"No, no, I love the sack of the whip — I have a little, a very little law yet at the service of my friends."

"Glossin ran on in this manner thinking he had made a favourable impression on Mancerring. The Colonel indeed reflected that this might be a most important crisis for Miss Bertram's interest, and resolved that his strong inclination to throw Glossin out at the door, should not be suffered to prevent him from discovering the truth of what he related. He put a strong curb on his temper, and resolved to listen with patience at least, if without complacency."

"I have said," added Glossin, "I believe I can recite it — in such cases custom is 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 severely — I said some people might make such a claim — I mean for payment of the expenses of the deed, created 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 in the prospects which it opened. Since her husband's death on the subject is so invincible, it only remains for me to transmit her my best wishes through you, Colonel Mancerring, and to express that I shall willingly give my testimony as an additional security."

The Colonel replied, "I have the honour to wish you a good morning, sir."

This parting speech was so well got up, and had so much of a manner of conscious integrity and compos ment, that even Colonel Mancerring was struck in his bad opinion. He followed him two or three steps, and took leave of him with more politeness (though still cold and formal) than he had shown during his visit. Glossin left the house half a mile with the impression he had made, half affected by the speech, and only regretting that he had been received.

"Colonel Mancerring might have had more politeness," he said to himself; "it is not every man that can bring a good phrase of 40s. a-year to a penniless girl. Singleside must pay up to 40s. a-year — there's Saltdean, Bois, Bordon, Lover, Lex, and the Spinster's Know — good 40s. 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-Moran, and, putting the deed into his hand, requested to know if he was likely to be available. Lucy Bertram, Mac-Moran persuaded him with eyes that sparkled with delight, snapped his fingers repeatedly, and at length exclaimed, "Available! — it's as good as lost, you know!"

"I have the pleasure of informing you, Mr. Glossin, when he did let down a streak on purpose.

"But (his countenance falling) the said bill — that I could say so, might alter 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?" I said the Colonel.

"I fear I cannot," replied Mac-Moran; "I must attend a jury trial before our court."

"Then I will go myself," said the Colonel, "I will set out tomorrow. Sampson shall go with him, as he is witness to this settlement. But I shall wait legal proceedings.

"The gentleman that was lately sheriff of the county is high in reputation as a barrister; I will give you a card of introduction to him.

"What I like about you, Mr. Mac-Moran," the Colonel, "is, that you always come straight to the point. Let me have it instantly — shall I show Miss Bertram this paper, and which I take to be the knowledge of the law, since, as our common rhyme has it,

"The most excellent was the last gone and spent."

Glossin smiled at the jest, and turned to go.

"No, no, I love the sack of the whip — I have a little, a very little law yet at the service of my friends."
CHAPTER XXXVI

GUY MANNERING.

Get me a copy of Mac, so that we can make both red—For I must
read it in King Charles's vest.

Henry IV. Part I.

Mannering, with Sampson for his companion, but no time in his journey to Edinburgh. They
gavels in the Colonel's post-chariot, who, knowing his companion's habits of abstention, did not choose
to lose him out of his own sight, for less to trust him
on horseback, where, in all probability, a knavish
stable-boy might with little address have contrivd to
meet him with his face to the tail. Accordingly,
with the aid of his valet, who attended on horseback,
he contrived to bring Mr. Sampson safe to an inn in
Edinburgh,—for hotels in those days there were
appreciable, and was never so far in his journey to
Edinburgh, for hotels in those days there were
appreciable. He recalled to his mind the brawns of
his strawberries, and the quantity in Horace's 7th Ode,
Book II., the dispute led
on to another controversy, concerning the exact
quantity in Horace's 7th Ode, Book II., the dispute led
on to another controversy, concerning the exact
quantity in Horace's 7th Ode, Book II., the dispute led
on to another controversy, concerning the exact
quantity in Horace's 7th Ode, Book II., the dispute led
on to another controversy, concerning the exact
...to twinkle in the middle sky. This coup
d'oeil, which still subsists in a certain degree, was
more important than the usual range of landscapes.
He returned to the town, the Canongate, and corresponding in breadth
and length to the uncommon height of the buildings on
the other side.

Mannering had not much time to look and to 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
staircase, as it is called, the stile of which, so far as
it could be judged by one of his senses, annealed
Mannering's delicacy not a little. When they had
ascended cautiously to a considerable height, they
heard a heavy rap at a door, still two stories above
them. The door opened, and immediately emerged the
sharp and weary face of a large, raw-boned woman,
the screams of an assault of a man, who cried in a most imperious
tone, "Will ye, Mustard! Will ye? down, sir, down!"

"Lord preserve us!" said the female voice, "an he
had warned our cat, Mr. Pleydell would ne'er have
forgotten me!"

"Aweel, my dog, the cat's no a prin the was—See
he's no in, ye say!"

"Na, Mr. Pleydell's never in the house on Saturday
tat 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 colloquy with a slip-shod dame, who had in
one hand the lock of the door, and in the other a pall
of whiting, or omelettes, as it is called, mixed with
water—a circumstance which indicated a Sunday
night in Edinburgh.

"So Mr. Pleydell is not at home, my good girl?" said
Mannering.

"Ay, sir, he's at hame, but he's ne'er in the house
he's eye out on Saturday at e'en."

"But, my good girl, I am a stranger, and my business
expresses—Will you tell me where I can find
him?"

"His honour," said the chairman, "will be at
Clermhor's about 9 o'clock; he well could be out
ye that, but she thought ye wanted to see his house."

"Well, then, show me to this tavern—"

..."
GUY MANNERING. (chap. xxxv.)

we will see me, as I come on business of some consequence?"
"I dinna ken, sir," said the girl, "he dinna like to be disturbed on Saturdays wi' business—but he's eye open at the tavern to-day." "I'll gang to the tavern too," said our friend Dinmont, "for I am a stranger also, and on business of some consequence.

"No," said the hand-maiden, "an he see the gentleman, he'll see the simple body too—but, Lord's sake, dinna say it was me went ye there?"

"No, nae body, that's true, b'inny, but I am no come to steal ony o' his skol for naething," said the farmer in his honest pride, and strutted away down stairs, followed by Mannering and the cadie. Mannering could not help admiring the determined stride with which the stranger who preceded them divided the press, shouldering from him, by the mere weight and impress of his motion, both drunk and sober passengers. "He'll be a Teviotdale tup tat ane," said the chairman, "tat for keeping牵t o' causeweay tat gate—he'll no gang far or he'll get somebody to bell tie cat wi' him."

His erstved ugly, however, was not fulfilled: Those who recoiled from the colossal weight of Dinmont up at his size and strength, apparently judged him too heavy metal to be rashly encountered, and suffered him to pursue his course unchallenged. Following in the wake of this first rush, Mannering proceeded till the farmer made a pause, and, looking back to the chairman, said, "I'm thinking this will be the close, friend?"

"Ay, ay," replied Donald, "that's the close."

Dinmont descended confidently, then turned into a dark alley—then up a dark stair—and then into an open door. While he was whistling shrilly for the waiter, as if he had been one of his collie dogs, Mannering looked round him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession, and good society, should choose such a scene for social indulgence. Besides, the moment entered, the house itself seemed paity and half ruinous. The passage in which they stood had a window to the close, which admitted a little light during the day-time, and a villainous compound of smells at all times, but more especially towards evening. Corresponding to this window was a borrowed light on the other side of the passage, looking into the kitchen, which had no direct communication with the free air, but received in the day-time, at second hand, such struggle and obscure light as found its way from the light through the window opposite. At present, the interior of the kitchen was visible by its own huge fires—a sort of Pandemonium, where men and women, half undressed, were bustling about, feasting, conversing, congratulating, and banishing devils on the grilliron; the mistress of the place, with her shoes slip-shod, and her hair strangling in a mass of Morn, after a round-garn cap, toreling, scolding, receiving orders, giving them, and obeying them all at once, seemed the prevailing enchantress of that gloomy and sordid region.

Lord and regent rats of laughter, from different quarters of the house, proved that her labours were acceptable, and not unrewarded by a generous public. With some difficulty a waiter was prevailed upon to show Colonel Mannering and Dinmont the room where their friend, learned in the law, held his hebdomadal carouses. The scene which it exhibited, and the attitude of the counsel, was himself, the principal figure therein, struck his two clients with amusement.

Dinmont was a lively, sharp-looking gentleman, with a professional shrewdness in his eye, and, generally speaking, a professional formality in his manners. But this like his three-tailed wig and black coat, disappeared of a sudden evening, when surrounded by a party of jolly companions, and disposed for what he called his amusements. On the present occasion, the revel had lasted since four o'clock, and Mannering had the direction of a venereal comptoir, who had shared the sports and festivity of three generations, the frolicsome company had been kept up to the last hour, and now forgotten in the passage of High Jinks. This game was played in several different ways. At first frequently the door was thrown by the company, and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume and maintain, for a time, a certain fictitious character, or to repeat a certain manner of reciting lines in a particular order. If they departed from the characters assigned, or if their memory proved treacherous in the repetition, they were whipped, which was accomplished by swallowing an additional bumper, or by paying a small sum towards the reckoning. At this sport the jovial company were closely engaged, when Mr. Counselor Pleydell, such as we have described him, was enthroned, as a monarch, in a shoo chair, placed on the dining-table, his scraper and pipe on one side, his head crowned with a bottle-holder, his eye leering with an expression between fun and the effects of wine, while his court around him resound with such crambo scraps of verse as these:

Where is Grenito now and where's the daughter of him? Grenito's drowned because he couldn't swim, &c. &c.

"Such, O' Themis, were anciently the sports of the Scotch children! Dinmont was first in the room. He stood against a moment, and then exclaimed, "It's him, sure enough—Deil o' the like o' that I saw the other night!"

At the sound of "Mr. Dinmont and Colonel Mannering wanting to speak to you, sir," Pleydell turned his head, and blushed a little when he saw the very gentleman that he had been so much concerned for, who, ever, of the opinion of Falstaff, "Out, ye villains, play out the play!" wisely judging it the better way to appear totally unconcerned. Mannering, the guests, all exclaimed a second Fusilier; "see not a stranger knight from foreign parts arrive at this our court of Holyrood,—with our bold yeoman Andrew Dinmont, who has succeeded to the keeping of our royal flocks within the forest of Jedwood, where, thanks to our royal care in the administration of justice, they feed as well as if they were within the bounds of Fife! When our dearst Marchmont, our Carrick, and our Snowdown! Let the strangers be placed at our board, and regard us as benefactors of your country, and this our high holiday—to-morrow 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."

Mannering, who had stood at first uncertain whether to advance or retreat, now resolved to call for the moment into the whim of the scene, his internally fretting at Mac-Morran, for sending him a note to the last moment, and therefore advanced with three profound compliments, a gravely permission to lay his credentials at the feet of Mac-Aglen, Mac-Morran, Mac-never, who assured him of the best leisure. The gravity with which he dated himself to the humour of the moment, and deep and humble inclination with which he declined, and then accepted, was present among the master of the ceremonies, procured him three glasses of applause.

"Deal has me, if they arena a' said the same."

Dinmont, with a simplicity and ceremony a neat foot of the table, "or else they have taken it for it comes, and are gaun g-g-gaasing." A laugh ensued, and the ceremony as Sir Miles Mannering, who drank it to the health of the reigning monarch, was satiated, and his friends pronounced the wines of Gascony lose their flavour in such northern air.

Mannering, gracefully flattered by this allusion to the fame of his celebrated ancestor, replied, by singing himself only a distant relation of the charming, and added, "that in his opinion the universe was made penniless.

"It's ower cauld for my stomach," said Don, setting down the glass, (empty, however.)

"We will correct that quality," answered Paulus, the rest of the names—"we have not
by the roughness of this reception. "We're at the
gold wink o' the marches again, Jack o' Dawson
Clough and me. I see we thrack on for a
Thoth-rigg after we pass the Pomorogerfs; for the
Pomorogerfs, and Stackenspool, and Bloodylaws,
they come in the wind and we be
drowned, after ye pass Pomorogerfs at a suckle great mauzer-
headed cuttleglazed stone, that they ca' Charles Shoeske,
there Dawson Clough and Charles-hope they march.
None o' it, I say, the march come on the taylack this hill
where the wind and water shears; but Jack o' Daw-
ston Clough again, he contraverses that, and says,
that it hounds don't like he should draw him
away by the Knot o' the Gyle over to Kelldar-yellow
and that makes an unscauber difference."
"And what difference does it make, friend?" said
Pleydell. "How many sheep will it feed?"
"Oh, no money," said Dandie, scratching his head,
"it's lying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, or
albatross two 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
Dimmont; "it's for justice." "My good friend," said Pleydell, "justice, like char-
ity, should begin at home;—that is, with your own
wife and family, and think no more about the matter." Dimmont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand—
"It's no for that, sir—but I would like to be
bragged wi' him! Do you understand the law?
and seek in the private shades of life those plea-
sages which are denied to a throne.
"Oh, say, it couldn't be that, I know, and sprung
from his mother's womb without any agitation 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 Manner-
ing to accompany him. In less than two minutes he
washed his face and hands, settled his wig in the
glass, and to Manning's great surprise, looked
quite a different man from the childlike exarch he
had seen a moment before.
"There are folks," he said, "Mr. Manning, 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 post says. The best compliment
I can pay Colonel Manning, is to show I am not
ashamed to expose myself before him—and truly I
think it is a compliment I have spared to-night
on your good-nature. But what's that great
stranger who's coming?"
Dimmont, who had pushed after Manning into the
room, began with a scrape with his foot and a
sniff of his head in unison. I am Dandie Din-
moll, he said, he had been there before—
you'll mind me—I was for me ye won grand plax.
"What plea, you loggerhead?" said the lawyer,
"I'd die to remember all the fools that come
to plague me?"
"Lord, sir, it was the grand plea about the grazing
at Langtree-head," said the farmer.
"That's all, curse thee, never mind I give me the
memorial, and come to me on Monday at ten," replied
Manning, coolly.
M°. sir, nay memorial," answered Dandie; "for
honour said before, Mr. Pleydell, ye'll mind that,
that allowance bear us hill-folk tale our own tale by
'should."
"Bless my tongue, that said so!" answered the
lawyer, "it will cost me a ear a darning. Well,
in two words what you've got to say—you see the
Dennan waits.
"Oh, sir, if the gentleman likes he may play his ain
sin name as Little SIngleside, nay; she was a lady never,
and it was a sair vex and grief to a' her kith and kin.
But he acknowledged a marriage, and satisfied the
kirk—and now I was ken free you if we bae not
some claim by that with his wantage."
"Aweel, sir, just as you and he like—so ye se to
business," said Dandie, not a wit disconcerted.
The Scottish memorial corresponds to the English broadsheet.
testament.—Well, sir, I've said my say—yes, even wish you good night, and—putting his hand in his pocket.

"And mine, my friend; I never take fees on Saturday nights, or without a memorial—away with you, Dundie." And Dundie made his reverence, and departed accordingly.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

But this scene has neither truth, nor art, To please the fancy or to touch the heart. Back but not awful, dismal but yet mean, When broken from a castle, broken some.

Present no objects tender or profound, But spreads its cold, unmeaning gloom around.

"Your majesty," said Mannering, laughing, "has determined your deposition by an act of mercy and charity—that fellow will scarce 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 fees. He'll never rest till he finds somebody to encourage him to commit the folly he has premeditated—No! no! I have only shown you another weakness of my character—I always speak truth of a Saturday night."

"And sometimes through the week, I should think," said Mannering, continuing the same tone.

"Well," I said, "as far as my money will permit, I am, as Hamlet says, indifferent; honest, when my clients and their solicitors do not make me the medium of double dealing; is this not true of the bench. But spiritus vivent—" it is a sad thing. And now to our business. I am glad, my old friend MacMorlan has sent you to me; he is an active, honest, and upright man, a long inhabitant of the county of—under me, and still holds the office. He knows I regard for that unfortunate family of Ellangowan which I am not prepared to attend the day on which this poor child was born; and which, by a strange combination that I was unhappy not to trace, involved the death or absolution of her only brother, a boy of about five years old. We shall never forget the misery of the house of Ellangowan that morning!—the father half-drowned—the mother dead in premature travail—that girl, for whom one to attend the coming wailing and crying into this miserable world at such a moment of unutterable misery. We lawyers are not of iron, air, or of brass, any more than you solicitors. We are very much impressed with the anxieties 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 bewares his bosom instead of his forehead!—But come, I am losing my Saturday at e'en—will you have the kindness to trust me with these papers which relate to Miss Bertram's business?—and say—tomorrow you will take a bachelor's dinner with an old lawyer,—I insist upon it at three precisely—and some an hour sooner.—The old lady is to be buried on Monday; it is the orphan's cause, and we'll borrow the house, and the barn, and the hay, to talk over this business—although I fear no matter can be done if she has altered her settlement—unless perhaps it occurs within the sixty days, and then if Miss Bertram can succeed that she possesses the character of heir, to that.

But, hark! my legumes are impatient of their further progress; I must beg you, Mr. Dundie; to send on, Colonel; it would be a reproach on your complaisance, unless you had begun the day with us, and gradually gazed on wisdom from the morn, and from noon to—to—extreme evening; we have no news to keep home, the Colonel to his lodging—Colonel, I expect you as a little past two to-morrow."

The Colonel returned to his two equally surprised at the childish frolics in which he had found his learned councillor engaged, at the candour and social some a smile upon his lips, and some a scowl upon his brow, as he met the exigencies of his profession, and at the tone of feeling which he displayed when he spoke of his friend Dundie.

In the morning, while the Colonel and his host quiet and silent of all rest, Dominey Seabury were finishing the breakfast which Barnes had made and brought. After the Dominey had taken his ease, the Colonel, of self in the attempt, Mr. Phelps had suddenly risen. A nicely dressed bob-wig, upon every bar of which occurred to him, and the tender, and the swaying of the bystander's hair; a proper allowance of powder; a well-brushed black suit, with very clean shoes and gold buckles and stock-buckles; a manner rather reserved and formal than intrusive, but, without, showing only the formality of manner, by no means that of awkwardness; a countenance, the expression and somewhat fantastic features of which were in complete repose—all showed a being perfectly different from the chattering in the evening before. A glance of shrewd and piercing fire in his eye was the only marked expression which recalled the man of Mr. Saturday at e'en.

"I am come," said he, with a very polite address, "to use my regal authority in your behalf in matters of importance;—I march to the Presbytery, to the Kirk, or Episcopal meeting-house,—"Two Tyrisses, a lawyer, you know, is of both an religious, or rather I should say of both forms—or can I and I am a judge of the fellows otherwise. Yet excuse my old-fashioned scruples—I was born a time when a Scotchman was thought inharmonious if he left a guest alone a moment, except at table, and I have told me that I must."

"Not at all, my dear sir," answered Colonel Mannering. "I am delighted to put myself under your influence—"I march to the Kirk, or Episcopal meeting-house,—"Two Tyrisses, a lawyer, you know, is of both an religious, or rather I should say of both forms—or can I and I am a judge of the fellows otherwise. Yet excuse my old-fashioned scruples—I was born a time when a Scotchman was thought inharmonious if he left a guest alone a moment, except at table, and I have told me that I must."

The lawyer's eye glanced at Dominey Seabury:—"A curiosity worth preserving—and I'll find some one to attend the coming wailing and crying into this miserable world at such a moment of unutterable misery. We lawyers are not of iron, air, or of brass, any more than you solicitors. We are very much impressed with the anxieties 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 bewares his bosom instead of his forehead!—But come, I am losing my Saturday at e'en—will you have the kindness to trust me with these papers which relate to Miss Bertram's business?—and say—tomorrow you will take a bachelor's dinner with an old lawyer,—I insist upon it at three precisely—and some an hour sooner.—The old lady is to be buried on Monday; it is the orphan's cause, and we'll borrow the house, and the barn, and the hay, to talk over this business—although I fear no matter can be done if she has altered her settlement—unless perhaps it occurs within the sixty days, and then if Miss Bertram can succeed that she possesses the character of heir, to that.

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This was the celebrated Dr. Eunice, a distinguished man, and very excellent man.
GUY MANNERING.

57

as-sure voluntary, were the first circumstances
at which I gave a start, the young man was a
very young person," whispered Mannering to his
new friend.

"Never fear; he's the son of an excellent Scottish
lawyer," Mr. Fydel answered me. "I'll warrant you
blood, I'll warrant you.

The learned counsellor predicted truly. A lecture
was delivered, fraught with new, striking, and enter-
prising facts, and all with a kind of genuine
appropriation, in which the Calvinism of the Kirk of
Scotland was fully supported, yet made the basis of a
sound system of practical morals, which should neither
shatter the sentiment of individuals nor prejudice the
peculiar faith of peculiar persons, nor leave him loose to the
waves of unbelief and schism. Something of this was of an
angriness of argument and metaphor, but it only
served to give zest and piquancy to the style of
discussion. The sermon was not read—a scrap of
paper containing the heads of the discourse was occa-
sionally referred to, and the oration, which at first
seemed imperfect and embarrassed, because, as
the preacher warmed in his progress, animates,
and in some degree by the frequent use of
arguments and a facility of expression, by
which it appeared that Mr. Pleydell was

"Such," he said, going out of the church, "must
have been the preachers to whose unerring minds,
and sense, though sometimes rudely exercised talents,
Mr. Pleydell is in the habit of attending.

"And yet that reverend gentleman," said Pleydell,
whom I love for his father's sake and his own, has
nothing of the sort of oratorical grace which has
been imputed to some of the early fathers of the Cal-
vinistic Kirk of Scotland. His oratorical art, he
is called the best nerves in the country, and he
would have found something to say about the land-
dlord'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
Singlecounse, which was to proceed from her own
house to the place of interment in the Greyfriars
churchyard, at one o'clock, on the afternoon

At the appointed hour, Mannering went to a small
house in the suburbs to the southward of the city,
where he found the funeral in session. It was
usual in Scotland, by two rueful figures with long
black cloaks, white caps and black bands, holding in
their hands poles, adorned with melancholy streamers
of the same description. By two other muses, who,
from their visages, seemed suffering under the pres-
sure 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 discarded in England,
of inviting the relations of the deceased to the inter-
mence, is universal, and the effect of this:
this has a singular and striking effect, but it
parishes into mere empty form and grimmer, in cases
where the defunct has had a life of evil, the beloved
and disunited. The English service for
the dead, one of the most beautiful and impres-
sive parts of the ritual of the church, would
be, in such cases, the effect of gaining the attention,...

Mannering was not displeased with the
view of the wirecough, which commanded that incom-
prehensible city of Edinburgh, the Firth of Forth, the
canals, the embayment which is terminated by the
fortress of North Berwick; and the varied shores of Fife to the
northward, inditing with a hilly outline the clear
blue horizon.

When Mr. Pleydell had sufficiently enjoyed the
surprise of his guest, he called his attention to Miss
Bertram's affairs. "I was in hopes," he said, "though
but faintly, to have made some impression on
her, by maintaining her indefeasible right to this property of
Singlecounse; but my researches have been in vain.
I was about to give her up, when I received
notice 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 very proper settlement. You must
attend the old girl'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 open-
ing of the settlement. The old cat had a little girl,
the orphan of some relation, who lived with her as a
kind of slavish companion. I hope she has had
the courage to make her independent, in considera-
tion of the peine forte et dure to which she subjected
her during her life-time.

Three gentlemen now appeared, and were intro-
duced to the stranger. They were men of good
gayety, and general information, so that the day passed
very pleasantly over. Colonel Mannering, who
attended the funeral, about eight o'clock, in discussing
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
Singlecounse, which was to proceed from her own
house to the place of interment in the Greyfriars
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canals, the embayment which is terminated by the
fortress of North Berwick; and the varied shores of Fife to the
northward, inditing with a hilly outline the clear
blue horizon.
scarcely opening his mouth, for fear of deranging the necessary solemnity of his features, and sliding his palms down his lips, which were as if they unclosed as possible. — "Our poor friend has died well to pass to the world."

"Is that so?" answered the person addressed, with half-closed eyes; poor Mrs. Margaret was eye careful of the gear."

Any news to-day, Colonel Manning," said one of the men, who had looked at Mr. Mortlock's face before, but in a tone which might, for its impressive gravity, have communicated the death of his whole stock. "Nothing particular, I believe, sir," said Manning; in the cadence which was, he observed, appropriated to 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 Joe Gibson get?"

"A hundred, and theuld repeater."

"That's but a man's gear, pair thing; she had a sight time out of the said laddy. But it's ill waiting for dead folk's along."

"I am afraid," said the politician, who was close by Manning, "we have not done with your old friends, and doubt will still save 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."

And another, a military funeral, the sparks and tokens who might be interested in the settlements of the lady, urged the dog-cattle of the hackney coaches along the street of the speed which they were capable, in order to put an end to further suspense on that interesting topic.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Die and endow a college or a cat. PRAY.

Thee is a tale told by Lucian, that while a troop of monkeys, well drilled by an intelligent manager, were performing a tragedy with great applause, the decorum of the whole scene was at once destroyed, and the natural passions of the actors called forth into very indecent and active emulation, by a man who threw a handful of nuts upon the stage. In like manner, the approaching crisis stirred up among the expectations of a nature very different from those, of which, under the superintendence of Mr. Mortlock, the dead but now been endowing imitate the expression. Those eyes which were lately devoutly cast up to heaven, or with greater humility down to earth, were instantly alight with the disdain and the sight of the glances the group of trunks, and drawers, and cabinets, and all the odd corners of an old maiden lady's repositories. No story was ever heard with interest, though these not find the will of which they were in quest.

Here was a promissory note for 20l. by the means of the non-juring church, interest marked 12l. on Martinmas last, carefully folded up in a new words to the old tune of "Over the Water to Freuchie— there, was a curious love correspondence between the deceased and a certain Lieutenant O'Kea's marching regiment of foot; and tied up with the letters was a document, which at once explained and which was the relation of a connexion that between them had been suddenly broken off, being the Lieutenant bond for two hundred pounds upon which no one, whatever appearance to have been paid. Others, old and broken, lay in a yard of an old man's house. Many of names (I mean commercially) than those of worthy divine and gallant soldier, also occupy the course of their researches, besides a box of gold and silver, old ear-rings, big and small boxes, munitions of spectacles, &c. &c. Still more will make its way to Lon- don. Manning began full well to hoist the settlement which he had obtained from Glosset, and to make the date of the event a fair. But his friend Pyle, who now came
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 matter than any of us." Meantime, while the search proceeds, let us see how another one or two of the company who seem most interested.

Of Dimont, who, with his large hunting-whip over his arm, has stood with a lofty bearing over the shoulders of the hommes d'affaires, it is unnecessary to say anything. That thin-looking oldish person, in a most correct and gentleman-like suit of mourning, is Bellas-Casaul, formerly of Drugman, 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 cribbage 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 cap more greasy still, is a tobacconist, a relation of Mrs. Bertram's mother, who, having a good stock in trade when the colonial war broke out, trebled the price of his commodity to all the world, Mrs. Bertram alone excepted, whose tobacco had, it was said, the best rappee at the old prices, because the maid brought it to the shop with Mrs. Bertram's respects to the daughter of a Quaker young man who has not had the decency to put off his boots and buckles, might have stood as forward as most of them in the graces of the old lady, who loved to look upon a coward and was therefore rewarded for it. It was thought he forfeited the moment of fortune, by sometimes neglecting her tea-table when solemnly invited; sometimes appearing with his pockets full of tobacco, and his hat full of matches, and he did nothing with the tobacco company; twice treading upon her cat's tail, and once affronting her parrot.

To Manning, the most interesting of the group, was the poor girl who had been a sort of humble companion of the deceased, as a subject upon whom she could at all times expectorate her bad humour. She was for form's sake dragged into the room by the deceased's favourite female attendant, where, shrinking into a corner as soon as possible, she saw with wonder and affright the intrusive researches of the strangers among those recesses to which from childhood she had looked with awful veneration. This girl was regarded with an unfavourable eye by the assembled company. Manning, whose eyes were not quenched, felt the propriety of addressing her superior gentility in presence of Mr. Playford and Colonel Manning. Her answer was to be sure she would be glad to have her’s, "said Dimont, who began to grow impatient, the man of business.

A moment's patience, if you please—she was a small and prudent woman. Mrs. Margaret Bertram—good and prudent and well-judging woman, and how to choose friends and depositaries—she had always been herself of the opposite opinion. Here was a cause of settlement, as it relates to heritage, in the hands of some safe friend.

I'Il bet a rump and dozen," said Playford, who always carried his own copy of the paper—and then addressing the man of law, "Come, we’ll cut this short if you please—there is a settle- ment of the estate. It is in favour of Miss LLew Bertram of Ellan- ogwann. The company stared fearful wild. —You, I presume, Mr. Protocol, can inform us if there is a later deed?

"Please to favour me, Mr. Playford?"—and so saying, he took the deck out of the learned counsel's hand, and glanced his eye over the contents.

"Too cool, said Playford; "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 roguish gentle man, whose patience began to wear threadbare.

"Why, why, Mr. Playford, the deed is a well-drawn deed, properly authenticated and tested in forms of the statute."

But recollected or superseded by another of posterior date in your possession, eh? said the counsellor.

"Something of the sort I confess, Mr. Playford," rejoined the man of business, producing a bundle tied with tape, and sealed with an old fold and ligature with black wax. "That deed, Mr. Playford, which you produce and found upon, is dated 1st June 7; but this—breaking the seals and unfolding the deed—was postmarked 21st, of April of this present year, being ten years posterior."

"Hurry, hang her, brock!" said the counsellor, borrowing an exclamation from Sir Toby Belch, "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 voice. The group, all business-like, took their hats, and with their eyes hope alternately waxed and faded, and who were straining their apprehensions to get at the drift of the testatrix’s meaning through the mist of technical language in which the conveyance involved it, might have made a study for Hogarth.

The deed was of an unexpected nature. It set forth with conveying and disposing all and whole the estate and lands of Singleside and others, with the lands of Lovercis, Lislona, Spinster’s Knowes, and heaven knows what beside, and in favour of (here the reader softened his voice to a gentle and modest piano) Peter Protocol, clerk to the signet, having the fullest confidence in his capacity and integrity? (these and other improper compliments to the deceased friend insatiable upon my inserting,) But in rauw always (here the reader recovered his voice and style, and the visages of several of those who had attained to it have found the Mr. Mortelocks, of which some, who might have envied, were perceptibly shortened,) in rauw always, and for the uses, ends, and purposes herein after mentioned, and 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 lately deceased from the ancient house of Ellangowan, her respected great-grandfather, Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, of happy memory, having been second son to Allan Bertram, fifteenth Baron of Ellan- gowan. It proceeded to state, that Henry Bertram, son and heir of Godfrey Bertram, now of Ellangowan, had been stolen from his parents in infancy, that he, the testatrix, was well assured that he was yet alive in foreign parts, and by the providence of heaven would be restored to the possession of his ancestors—in which case the said Peter Protocol was bound and obliged like as he bound and obligated himself, by acceptance of these presents, to denote himself the owner of the same. And of all the other effects thereby conveyed, (excepting always a proper gratification for his own trouble,) to and in favour of the said Henry Bertram upon his return to his native country, and to the use and interest of the other funds. (deditating always
more to wait for here—and I shall put the settlement of my excellent and worthy friend on record to-morrow, and then every gentleman may examine the contents, and have free access to the minutes, and see how much he can get in the sale of the estate, if he chooses to proceed to the disposal of the premises, as I have done; and we shall see then if he can get more for the money than I have done. I shall have the satisfaction of seeing the property divided among the heirs, and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I have done all I can to get the best for my friend.

A settlement in mortmain is in Scotland termed a mortmain, and in one great borough, Aberdeen, is a municipal officer, [who takes care of these public endowments, and is] the master called the Master of Mortifications. One would almost presume, that the term has its origin in the effect which such settlements usually produce upon the kinsmen of those by whom they are executed. Heavy at least was the mortification which befell the audience, who, in the late Mrs. Margaret Bertram's parlour, had listened to this unexpected declaration of the lands of expectation. There was a profound silence after the deed had been read over.

Mr. Playfair was the first to speak. He begged to look at the deed, and having satisfied himself that it was correct and executed, he returned to the question of the house, without any observation, only saying asides to Mannerings, "Protocol is not worse than other people, I believe. In old days has determined that, if they do not turn rogue, it shall not be for want of temptation."

"I really think," said Mr. MacAskill of Drum­mond, "I have had a glimpse of half his will, determination to give vent to the rest. I really think this is an extraordinary case! I should like news," he added, from Mr. Protocol, who, being sole and unlimited trustee, must have been consulted on this occasion; I should, I say, to know, how Mrs. Bertram could possibly believe in the existence of a boy, that at the world's ken was murdered many years since?

"Really, sir," said Mr. Protocol, "I do not conceive it is possible for me to explain to her motives more than she has done herself. Our excellent deceased friend was a good woman, sir—a pious woman—and might have grounds for confidence in the boy's safety where we, as his executors, have none."

"Hout," said the tobascoan, "I ken very well what were her grounds for confidence. There's Mrs. Rebecca, the only one sitting there, has tell'd me a hundred times in my life how her laddy was settle her affairs, for an auld gipsy witch at Gilisland had possessed her with a notion to make a claddie—Harry Black got ca's she him for—would come alive again some day after a—ye'll no deny that, Mrs. Rebecca?—though I dare say ye forgot to put your mistress in mind of what ye promised to say when I good ye money half crown. But ye'll no deny what I am saying now, lass?"

"I ken nothing at all about it," answered Rebecca, doughtily, and looking straight forward with the firm countenance of one not disposed to be compelled to remember more than was agreeable to her.

"Weel said, Rebecca! ye're satisfied wi' your ain share, aye?" rejoined the tobascoan.

The buck of the second-head, for a buck of the first-head he was not, had hitherto been slapping his boots with a will, and looking like a spoiled child that has lost its supper. His murrums, however, were all vented inwardly, or at most in a soliloquy such as this:—"I am sorry, by G—, I ever plagued myself about her—I came here, by G—, and I was out that night that I was here, and I left King, and the Duke's rider Will Hack. They were tearing a round of running horses; by G—, I feared for the jacks as well as other folk, if I had carried it on with them—and she has not so much as left me that hundred!"

"The worst of the part of it was quite agreeable," said Mr. Protocol, who had no wish to increase at that moment theaden attached to his office—and now, gentlemen, I fancy we have no
I can't ask you home, sir. Monday's a second
day—a second day. We have been
heard in the great trite case in presence—but stay—
it's frosty weather, and if you don't leave town, and
that venison would keep till Thursday.

"You will have the weather with that day?
"Under certification."
"Well, then, I will indulge a thought I had of
spending a week off here, and, if you don't keep
why we will see what else our landlord can do
for us.

"O, the venison will keep," said Playdell; and
now gone by the cow, at these two or three days,
deliver them if you like the addresses. I wrote them
for you this morning—farewell, my clerk has been
waiting this hour to sign a d—d information."
And away walked Mr. Playdell with great activity,
diving through close, and ascending covered stair,
in order to attain the High Street by an access,
which, compared to the common route, was what
the Straits of Magellan are to the more open, but cir-
cumstantial passage round Cape Horn.

On looking at the notes of introduction which
Playdell had thrust into his hand, Mannering was
gratified with seeing that they were addressed to
some of the first literary characters of Bedlam.

"To David Hume, Esq. To John Home, Esq.
"To Dr. Ferguson. "To Dr. Black. "To Lord
Kames. "To Mr. Hutton. "To John Clerk,
Esq. of Elgin. "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 a little, and put his mind in order, before
he enters this sort of society.

Mannering reflected upon these introductions;
and we regret deeply, it is not in our power
to give the reader an account of the pleasure and
information which he received in admission to a circle
never closed against strangers of sense and informa-
tion, 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. Playdell
made his appearance at the inn where Colonel Mannering
lodged. The venison proved in high order, the claret
excellent; and the learned counsel, a professor amatu-
er in the affairs of the table, did distinguish
honour to both. I am uncertain, however, if even
the good cheese gave him more satisfaction than the
presence of Domnie Sampson, from whom, in his
own judicial style of wit, he contrived to extract
great amusement, both for himself and one or two
friends whom he had engaged to accompany him on
his excursion. The grave and laconic simplicity of Sampson's
answers to the insidious questions of the barrister,
placed the box of claret of Charles the first in a
luminous point of view than Mannering had yet seen it.
Upon the same occasion he drew forth a strange quan-
tity of miscellaneous and abstruse, though, generally
speaking, useless learning. The lawyer afterward
compared his mind to the magazine of a pawn-broker,
stowed with goods, of every description, but so
cumbersome piled together, and in such total disor-
ganization, 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 Sampson as he, extracted amuse-
ment from him. When the man of law began to
get into his altitudes, and his wit, naturally arro-
dant and dry, became more lively and poignant, the Domnie
looked upon him with that sort of surprise with which we
can conceive a tame bear might regard his future
associate, the more so as it was their first introduction
to each other. It was Mr. Playdell's delight to state
in grave and serious argument some position which
he knew the Domnie would not be averse to take.
He then beheld with exquisite pleasure the internal
labour with which the honest man arranged his ideas
for reply, and tasked his inert and sluggish powers
to cope with such an attack. He did not mind it
in any one who has not been in such a company.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Small you be able to carry this honest fellow's
sense for him?" said Mannering.

"Why, I don't know; the battle is not to the
surest; things sometimes turn off a trifle over
the channel by which they can most freely vent
their essence. In civilized society, law is the
chimney through which all the smoke discharges itself
that needs to circulate through the whole house, and put
mine one's eyes out—no wonder, therefore, that the
nose of a man may sometimes get a little sore, but
I will take care our Liddesdale's channel is well
ducteded and well argued, so all unnecessary ex-
"Will you do me the pleasure," said Mannering,
then you do me the pleasure," said Mannering,
"but I said I would not come down with a bit of red-deer venison,
"Venison—eh? answered the coniseller, clearly,
previously added—"But no! it's impossible—and
"It's all the excellence of the venison, sir, and
the excellent wine."

rueful laugh of which many of them had never witnessed in their lives before.
bring up all the heavy artillery of his learning for de-
smasochizing the schematic or bentical opinion which
had been stated—when, behold, before the ordinance
could be discharged, the foe had quitted the post, and
apologized for his inattention of an hour or two on the
Dominie’s flank or rear. Often did he exclaim “Prodi-
gious!” when, marching up to the enemy in full con-
formation, he found the whole of his force evacuated, and
it may be supposed that it cost him no little labour to
attempt a new formation. “He was like a native
Indian army,” the Colonel said, “formidable by num-
ber, and not by the spirit of a gentleman; but liable to be
thrown into irreparable confusion by a movement to
them in flank.”—On the whole, however, the
Dominie, though somewhat fatigued with these men-
tal exertions, 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.
Pleydell as a very erudite and fastidious person.

By degrees the rest of the party dropped off, and
left these three gentlemen together. Their conver-
sation turned to Mrs. Bertram’s settlements. “Now
what could drive it into the nook of that hall,
did,” said Pleydell, “to disinherit poor Lucy Bertram,
under pretence of settling her property on a boy who has
been in and out of India without a reimbursement.”

And Sampson, I forget what an affecting case this
was for you—I remember taking your examination upon
it—well, I never had so much trouble to make any one
speak. They were a noisy, rowdy crowd, I mean, of
your Pythogoras, or your silent Bramins, Colonel,
—so, I tell you this learned gentleman beats them
all in taciturnity—but the words of old winters are pre-
gious, and not to be thrown away lightly.”

“Of a surety,” said the Dominie, taking his blue-
cheeked handkerchief from his eyes; “first was a
bitter day for me indeed; and, a day of great hard
bear to be borne—but He giveth strength who layeth
on the load.”

Col. 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
fond of talking upon subjects of criminal jurispra-
dence, especially when connected with his own ex-
perience, went through the circumstances at full
length. “And what is your opinion upon the result
of the whole?”

“O, that Kennedy was murdered: it’s an old case
which has occurred on that coast before now—the
case of Smuggler versus Excineman.”

“Who is your conjecture concerning the fate
of the child?”

“O, murdered too, doubtless,” answered Pleydell.
“Every thing points to that, you have heard of
these ruthless scoundrels would not scruple commit-
ting a second Bethlehem massacre if they thought
their interest required it.”

Dom. groaned deeply, and ejaculated, “Enormous!”

Yet there was mention of gipsies in the business
too, counsellor,” said Mannerings, “and from what
that vulgar-looking fellow said after the funeral!”

“Mrs. Margaret Bertram’s idea that the child was
alive was founded upon the report of a gipsy,” said
Pleydell, cautioning at the half-spoken hint. “Nay,
you the concatenation, Colonel—it is a shame to me
to not to have drawn the same conclusion. We’ll fol-
uke in this business up instantly—He, hark ye, wait,
go down to Luckie Wood’s in the Cowgate; ye’ll find
my clerk Driver; he’ll be set down to High-Jinks by
this time; (for we and our retinues, Colonel, are
extraordinarily strong)—(tell him) tell him to come
here instantly, and I will pay his forfeit.”

He won’t appear in character, will he?” said
Mannerings.

“Ah! no 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
of the old one.”

While Pleydell was thus vaunting his know-
ledge of his profession, the waiter re-entered with
Mr. Driver, his mouth still greasy with mustard pies,
and the froth of the last draught of twopenny yet un-
embibed on his upper lip, with such speed had he
chased them down, that on entering the room he
must go instantly and find out the woman who was
old Mrs. Margaret Bertram’s maid. Inquire for her
every where—she is very necessary, and of course
to Protocol, Quis the tobeotconst, or any other of
these folks, you will take care not to appear your-
self, but send some woman of your acquaintance—I
should be glad if you would be so kind as to accompany
her to the house as a sort of escort, and to assist
them in the matter of the missing woman, whom we
have found her out, engage her to come to my chambers to-mor-
row at eight o’clock precisely.”

“What shall I say to make her forthcoming?”
asked the aide-de-camp.

“Any thing you choose,” replied the lawyer. “Is it
my business to make lies for you, do you think? But
let her be in possession by eight o’clock, as I have
said before.” The clerk grinned, made his reverences,
and retired.

“That’s a useful fellow,” said the counsellor. “I
don’t believe his match ever carried a process. He’ll
write to my dictating three nights in the week with-
out sleep, and in the others, in the day as well as in
the night, I can see, and correctly when he’s asleep as when he’s awake.

Then he’s such a steady fellow—some of them are
always changing their ale-houses, so that they have
not a place twenty cent flags in the whole of my
headquarters, and a large number of the taverns of East-Cheaps
in search of Mr. John Blaistaff. But this is a com-
plete list of fixtures for the winter, and his summer seat by the window, in Luckie Wood’s,
belitxv which seats are his only migrations; there
he is to be found at all times when he is off duty. It
is my opinion he never puts on his clothes or goes out
to sleep—ah! he supports him under every thing. It
is meat, drink, and cloth, bed, board, and washing.

And is he always fit for duty upon a distant tour?
I should distract it, considering his quarters.”

O, drink never disturbs him, Colonel; he can
write for hours after he cannot speak. I remember
being called suddenly to draw an appear case. I had
been dining, and it was Saturday night, and I had
ill will to begin it—however, they got me down to
Clarbysh’s, and there we sat biling till I had a fair
tapas here under my belt, and then they persuaded
me to draw the paper. Then we had to seek Driver,
and it was all that two men could do to bear him in,
for, when he was as he was, as it happens, without
mobility and speechlessness. But no sooner was his pen
put between his fingers, his paper stretched before
him, and the pens were given him, he began to
write like a scribe—even, excepting that we were obliged
to have somebody to dip his pen in the ink, for he
could not see the standish, I never saw a thing scroll-
more easily.”

"But how did your joint production look the next
morning?” said the Colonel.

"Wheels! capital—no three words required to be
altered; it was sent off by that day’s post. But you’ll

The Tapit Hee contained three quarters of claret.

Well she lost a hawkish call.

And length to see a Tapit Hee.

I have seen one of these formidable stores at Provost Harrow
at Jedburgh, in the days of your grace, Lord Harrow.
In our little run of a place, we have twice served the
cleric being a proper figure of a man upon the lid. In latter times, the name was given to a glass bottle of the same dimensions and
proportions among the degenerate tops of modern days.

The scene is this, Mr. Pleydell, of these damnable
men in the midst of a revel to draw an appeal case, was taken
in a story told me by Mr. John Blaistaff, a son of
Dundas of Armitage, (father of the younger President,
and Lord Maxwell.) It had been thought very desirable, when
the distinguished lawyer was King’s counsel, that his case
should be obtained in drawing an appeal case, which, as occa-
sion for such writings then rarely occurred, was held
matter of great nicety. The Solicitor employed for the ap-
peal, attended the Court and was somewhat wearied
by the Lord Advocate’s chambers in the Fishmarket closes, as I
found it. Being at last dismissed, the Lord
Advocate had chanced to drop his dress and boots, his
servant and horses were at the foot of the close to carry
him Armitage. I was the only possible witness, the
word respecting business. The wily agent, however, on
prize of taking the matter with that woman which would not make
half an hour, drew his Lordship, who was no less an excel-

* The Tapit Hee contained three quarters of claret.
GUY MANNERING.

18. [CHAP. XXXII.]

came and breakfast with me to-morrow, and hear the dame's examination!"

"Why, your hour is rather early."

"Can't make it later. If we were not on the board of the ship at an appointed time, we should have to be there be-
tween six and eight. Some time or other there would be a report that I had got an ap-plexy, and I should feel the effects of it all the rest of the day."

"Well, I will make an exertion to wait upon you."

Here the company broke up for the evening.

In the morning Colonel Mannerling appeared at the breakfast table, looking as usual in the air of a Scottish morning in December. Mr. Pley-
dell had got Mrs. Rebecca installed on one side of his fire, accommodated her with a cup of chocolate, and was already deeply engaged in conversation with her.

"O, no, I assure you, Mr. Pleydell, there is no inten-
tion to challenge your mistress's will; and I give you my word of honour that your legacy is quite safe. You have deserved it by your conduct to your mis-
tress, and I wish I had been twice as much."

"Why, to be sure, sir, it's no use to mention what is said before and—ye heard how that dirty body Grant came up to me the bits o' compliments he gied me, and called o' er again any loose cracks I might have had with ye. And they're not the only friends you've got to your bosom, there's aye saying what might come o' it."

"I assure you, my good Rebecca, my character and your own age and appearance are your security, if you should ever lose an old man like me."

"Aweel, if your honour thinks I am safe—the story is as true as salt—ye see, about a year ago, or no just see it in the evening, there was an old man came and said he was on a visit o' what that gipsy-woman said that ray mistresse made her will, having taken a dislike at the young lady of Ellangowan; and she liked her far better after she was obliged to send her to the woold for she said Miss Bertram, no concern wi' weaving Ellangowan property pass into strange hands, owing to her being a lassie and no a lad, was coming, by her poverty, to be a burden and a disgrace to Singledeede too. But I hope your mistress is a good woold for she, that it would be hard on me to lose the rest of this bit legacy—I served for little fee and bountiful, weel I wol."

The counsellor relieved her fears on this head, then inquired after Jenny Gibson, and understood she had accepted Mr. Dinsmore's hand. "Annie is doing just as well as I can myself too, since he was so discreet as to ask me, " said Mrs. Rebecca; "they are very decent folk the young lady of Dinsmore, those Dimmons, though they said she was a gipsy, they sometimes greed and sometimes no—but at last they didn't give a half a star for two or three years—for he was aye wanting to borrow a lassie and a good one, and she went, and then she came; and she was aye wanting it paid back again, and that the Laird he liked as little. So, at last, they were clean off the other. And then some of the company at Gill-
land tells her that the estate was to be sold; and ye o' er had thought she had been an ill will at Miss Lucy Bertram frar that moment, for mony a time she cried to me, O Becky, O Becky, if that useless pesteen-
ting thing o' a lassie there, at Ellangowan, that can-
not keep her nether-deer father within bounds—if she had been but a lad-bairn, they couldn't have said the same thing; and she said she would rin on that way till I was just weared and sick to hear her ban the purr lassie, as if she wadna had it in her to keep her, or that it had been in her will to change her seat. And as day by day the spaw-well below the croft at Gillland, she was seeing a very bonny family o' bairns—they belonged to the MacFarquhar, and she broke out—'Is not it a odd like thing that ilk a wad carle in the country has a son and her, and that the house of Ellangowan is wi'out male succession?' There was a gipsy wife stood about and heard her—muckle sure her some-
looking lassie she was as ever I set on en. 'What is it,' said she 'that dare say the house of Ellangowan will perish without male succession?' My mistress just turned on her—she was a high-spirited woman, and aye ready wi' an answer to a body. 'It's me that cares,' she said, 'that may set it a whispering.' You ken weel enough, says she, 'though ye ken me—'

But as sure as that sun's in heaven, and as sure as she's got a bairn—in you can see that she cares, and an ear that hears us bairn.—Harry Bertram, that was thought to perish at Warroch Point, but I think he's weel o' a good world o' his own—ye talk not of a lawyer of unequalled talent, to take a whel celebrated tavern, when the learned counsel became gra-

At length it occurred to him, that he might as well ride to the Linlithgow Palace, where MacKenzie was to be put in the stable, but not to be unladen. Dinner was

The law was laid aside for a time, and the bottle circu-

In the house, Mr. Pleydell had been sitting for several hours, the Lord Advocate or his advocate, the lawyer (now Mr. Martin) said, and he has don down—'

—he began to dictate the appeal case—and continued at

till his one-and-twentieth year, that was said o' him—but if ye live and I live, ye'll hear more o' him this winter before the sawn tiles, t'ot two days on the Dean of Singledeede—I want none o' your sillier,' she said, 'and I'll say to you that, after Mrs. Rebecca left till after Martinmas,—and there she left us standing,'

'Was she a very tall woman?' interrupted Man-

'Had she black hair, black eyes, and a cut above the brow?' added the lawyer.

'She was the tallest woman I ever saw, and her hair was as black as a raven, and the veins of her face were so prominent, and her cheeks were so gray, and she had a scar above the brow, that ye might have laid the lilt of your finger in. Nasby that's seen her will never forget her; and I am morally sure that it was, on the ground of what that gipsy-
woman said that ray mistresses made her will, having taken a dislike at the young lady of Ellangowan; and she liked her far better after she was obliged to send her to the woold—for she said Miss Bertram, no concern wi' weaving Ellangowan property pass into strange hands, owing to her being a lassie and no a lad, was coming, by her poverty, to be a burden and a disgrace to Singledeede too. But I hope your mistress is a good woold for she, that it would be hard on me to lose the rest of this bit legacy—I served for little fee and bountiful, weel I wol."

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CHAPTER XL.

"Can not find me, no private place secure me,
But still my mower like bloodsouda burns,
And, man, which way move you, read it all.
Guides thee from death? The country's laid around for thee.
—Horace.

One narrative now recalls us for a moment to the period when young Moxleywood received his wound. That accident had no sooner happened, than the consequences to Mrs. Moxleywood and to himself rushed upon Brown's mind. From the manner in which the muzzle of the piece was pointed when it went off, he had no great fear that the consequences would be fatal. But an instant 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 neighboring coast of England, and to remain concealed there, if possible, until he should receive letters from his regimental friends, and remittances from home. He then intended to return to his own character, and offer to young Moxleywood and his friends any explanation or satisfaction they might desire. With this end in view, he went forward, after leaving the spot where the accident had happened, and reached without adventure the village which we have called Portenberry, (but which the reader will in all probability take to be Aspinwall, in the county of Cumber.)

A large open boat was just about to leave the quay, bound for the little seaport of Allenby, in Cumber.

In the vessel Brown embarked, and resolved to make that place his temporary abode, until he should receive letters and money from England.

In the course of their short voyage he entered into some conversation with the first mate, a jovial old man, who was the first owner of the boat, a jolly old man, who had occasionally been engaged in the smuggling trade, like most fathers on the coast. After talking about objects of less interest, Brown endeavored to turn the discourse toward the Moxleywood family. The sailor had heard of the attack upon the house at Woodbourne, but disapproved of the smugglers' proceedings.

"Thee 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 gaff-gaff with the officers—here a cargo tain—very well, that was their luck; there another came clean through, that was mine—"

"And this Colonel Moxleywood?" said Brown.

"Proth, he's a wise man neither, to interfere—no that I blame him for saying so, 'tis a man's lives—this was very right, but it wanna be a gentleman to be fighting about the poor folk's po' o' tes and brandy kgs—but he's a grand man and an officer man, and they do what they like w' the like o' us."

"And his daughter," said Brown, with a throbbling heart, "is going to be married into a great family, as I have heard?"

"What, into the-Haslewoods?" said the pilot.

"Na, na, that's but idle crashes—every Sabbath day, as regularly as it came round, did the young man ride hands with the daughter of the late Killigagan—and the lady Peggy's in the service up at Woodbourne, and she says she's sure young Haslewood there will marry Miss Moxleywood then."

Bitterly censoring his own conduct and the connexion of a contrary belief, Brown yet heard with delight that the suspicions of Julia's fidelity, upon which he had so rashly acted, were proved totally groundless. Owing how must be in the meantime be suffering in her opinion or what could she suppose of conduct, which must have made him appear to her regardless alike of him and what he was at when his affection? The old man's connexion with the family at Woodbourne seemed to offer a safe mode of communication, of which he determined to avail himself.

"Your daughter is a maid-servant at Woodbourne?"

—I knew Miss Moxleywood in India, and thought I sn was at present in an inferior rank of life, I have great reason to hope she would interest herself in my favor. I had a quarrel unfortunately with her husband, who was the commanding officer, and I am sure the young lady would endeavor to reconcile him to me. Perhaps your daughter could deliver a letter to the subject, without making manifest the clash between her father and her?"

The old man, a friend to smuggling of every kind readily answered for the letter, being faithful and secretly to be supplied, and, accordingly, as soon as they arrived at Allenby, Brown wrote to Miss Moxleywood, stating the utmost contrition for what had happened through his rashness, and conjuring her to let him have an opportunity of pleasing his own cause, and obtaining forgiveness for his indiscretion. He did not judge it safe to go into any detail concerning the circumstances by which he had been misled, and upon the whole endeavored to express himself with such ambiguity, that if the letter should fall into wrong hands, it would be difficult either to understand its real purport, or to trace the writer. This letter the old man undertook faithfully to deliver to his daughter at Woodbourne; and, as he said, he did so speedily. Arrived at Allenby, he promised further to take charge of any answer with which the young lady might instruct him.

And now we revert to the last scene at Allenby, and sought for such accommodations as might at once suit his temporary poverty, and his desire of remaining as much unobserved as possible. With this view he came to the house of his friend Dudley, demanding enough of the pencil to verify his pretended character to his host of Allenby. He was then a custom, not to exceed the amount of a large sum, and keeping himself as much within doors as possible, awaited the return of the letters which he had sent to his agent, to Delaserre, and to his Lieutenant-Colonel. For the supply of money, he conjured Delaserre, if possible, to join him in Scotland; and from the Lieutenant-Colonel he required such testimony of his rank and conduct in the regiment, as should place his character as a gentleman and officer beyond the power of question. The inconvenience of being run about in his finances struck him so strongly, that he wrote to Dinmont on that subject, requesting a small temporary loan, having no doubt that, being within sixty or seventy miles of his residence, he should receive a speedy as well as favorable answer to his request of pecuniary accommodation, which was owing, as he stated, to his having been rubbed after their parting. And they each therefrom procuring a supply immediately by any serious apprehension, he waited the answers of these various letters.

It must be owned, in excuse of his correspondents, that the post was then much more tardy than since Mr. Palmer's ingenious invention has taken place; and with respect to honest Dinmont in particular, as he rarely received above one letter a month, unless during the time of his being engaged in a law-suit, when he regularly sent to the post-towns his correspondents usually remained for a month on two sticking, the postmaster's widow, some pamphlets, gingerbread, rolls, or ballads, according to the trade which the said postmaster exerted in the way of making money. Besides, they were then a custom, not to exceed the amount of a large sum, and keeping himself as much within doors as possible, awaited the return of the letters which he had sent to his agent, to Delaserre, and to his Lieutenant-Colonel. For the supply of money, he conjured Delaserre, if possible, to join him in Scotland; and from the Lieutenant-Colonel he required such testimony of his rank and conduct in the regiment, as should place his character as a gentleman and officer beyond the power of question. The inconvenience of being run about in his finances struck him so strongly, that he wrote to Dinmont on that subject, requesting a small temporary loan, having no doubt that, being within sixty or seventy miles of his residence, he should receive a speedy as well as favorable answer to his request of pecuniary accommodation, which was owing, as he stated, to his having been rubbed after their parting. And they each therefrom procuring a supply immediately by any serious apprehension, he waited the answers of these various letters.

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"You have acted with the most cruel indecency; you have shown how little I can trust to your declarations that my peace and happiness are due to you;"
and your rashness has nearly occasioned the death of a vessel, and me, of honour. Must I say more?—I must add, that I have been myself very ill in consequence of your violence, and its effects. And, also, I need not say still further, that I am not likely to affect you, although you have given me such slight causes to do so? The C. is gone from home for a few days. I am Committees to-day, 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 too recent to be a precedent and terrible to permit me to think of renewing a correspondence which has so often threatened the most disastrous catastrophe. Farewell, therefore, and believe that no one can wish your happiness more sincerely than

"J. M."
CHAPTER XLI.

Yes, ye green-seen walls,
Ye towers defaced,
I visit,

Ye waters defaced,

Yon shrouded haunt, the revert, the remnant,

That spoke the grandeur of my heart, the homage

Of neighbouring Barons?

Mysterious Mother.

Entering the castle of Ellangowan by a postern gate-way, which showed symptoms of having been once secured with the most jealous care, Whom, since he has sat upon the property of his fathers, we shall hereafter call by his father's name of Bertram, hastened from one rude apartment to another, surprised at the massive strength of some parts of the building, the rude and impressive magnificence of others, and the great extent of the whole. In one oak-clad room, he saw signs of recent habitation. In one small apartment were empty bottles, half-grawed bones, and dried fragments of bread. In the vault which adjoined, and which was defended by a strong door, then left open, he observed a considerable quantity of straw, and in both were the relics of recent fires. How little was it possible for Bertram to conceive, that such trivial circumstances were closely connected with incidents affecting his prosperity, his honour, perhaps his life.

After 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 caused to be looked upon the noble landscape which it commanded. Having in vain endeavored to guess the position of Woodburne, and having nearly ascended that of Kippenring renovations it commanded. Having in vain endeavored to guess the position of Woodburne, and having nearly ascended that of Kippenring, he turned to take a parting look at the stately ruins which he had just traversed. He admired the massive and picturesque effect of the huge round towers, the gate-way, and the wall of the castle; in the double portion of depth and majesty to the high, yet gloomy arch under which it opened. The carved stone escutcheon of the ancient family, bearing for their arms, and the bust beneath, the helmet and crest, the latter being a wolf couchant pierced with an arrow. On either side stood as supporters, in full human size, or larger, a savage man proper, to use the language of heraldry, wearth and cinerea, and holding in his hand an oak tree eradicated, that is, cut up by the roots.

And the powerful barons who owned this blazonry, thought Bertram, pursuing the usual train of ideas which flows upon the mind at such scenes, do they posterity continue to possess the lands which they had laboured to fortify so strongly? or are they wanderers, ignorant perhaps of the fame or power of their forefathers, while their hereditary possessions are held by a race of strangers? Why is it, he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas which the scene prompted—Why is it that some scenes awaken in him a sense of things belonging as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Brann's Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that follow? the countenance of a friend within the scenes of our imagination? the appearance of such real objects as any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? Bertram asked himself and found ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet felt impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject, are entirely new; may feel as if we could anticipate that part of the observation which has not yet taken place! It is easy so with me while I gaze upon that ruin; nor can I divest myself of the idea, that these massive towers, and that dark gate-way, rearing through the trees, in sharp outline rose dimly lighted by the court-yard beyond, are not entirely strange to me. Can it be that they have been familiar to me in infancy, and that I am seeking in their view a mental image of a more perfect likeness? When is the first time, after the interval of so many years, approach the remains of the Castle, where his ancestors had exercised all but royal domination.

Intrausion, sir—no, sir," said Glossen, in a tone of high degrees of importance, and with a string of words into his companion's ear, who immediately left him and descended towards the house.

"I thank you, sir," said Bertram. "They call the Old Place, I am informed?"

"Ye have had a connection to the New Place, house there below."

Glossen, it must be remarked, was, during the following dialogue, on the one hand eager to learn where local recollections young Bertram had retained of his youth, and on the other so deeply impressed with a sense of the mystery and portentous character of the scene, that he was enabled to impress the mind of his pupil with the principles of truth and justice with which the world was not at that time imbued.

"In the name of God how came you here?" said Glossen.

"How came I here?" repeated Bertram, surprised at the solemnity of the address." I landed a quarter of an hour since in the little harbor beneath the castle, and was employing a moment's leisure in viewing these ruins. I trust there is no instruction?"

"Intrausion, sir—no, sir," said Glossen, in a tone of high degrees of importance, and with a string of words into his companion's ear, who immediately left him and descended towards the house.

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"Intraison, sir—no, sir," said Glossen, in a tone of high degrees of importance, and with a string of words into his companion's ear, who immediately left him and descended towards the house.
GUY MANNERING.

Of his infancy, and, on the other, compelled to be extremely cautious in his replies, lest he should awaken or assent, by some name, phrase, or anecdote, the lumbering train of association. He suffered during the whole of his life from apprehensions which he so richly deserved; yet his pride and intellec
tual fortitude of a North American Indian, maimed him to sustain the tortures inflicted at once by the contending agents, so that it was the reverse of位於 sense of guilt at the saving of his own associations. Indeed, although he addressed Glossin, he was not so much thinking of him, as arguing upon the embarrassing state of his own feelings as regards his own associations. He 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 all 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 be at present so strongly recalled to it by my memory.

He took his flag on the sunflower, and pocketed a secret melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel, who, close beside a fine spring about half way down the descent, was engaged in bleaching linen. She immediately took up the song.

"Have you the Notes of Firth, she said?
"Are they the crooks of Deek, or the brave woods of Warren-head That I so fear would see?"

"By heaven," said Bertram, "it is the very ballad! I must learn these words from the girl.

Confusion! I thought Glossin; if I cannot put a step to this all will be out. O devil take all ballads, and ballad-makers, and ballad-singers! and that devil take also, too, to set up such a morose noise.

"You will have time enough for this on some other occasion," he said aloud; "at present"—(for now he saw his emis
sary with two or three men coming up the bank,) "at present you must have some more serious conversation together.

"How do you mean, sir?" 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 Glossin.

"And what of that, sir?"

Glossin looked over his shoulder to see how near his party had approached; they were coming fast on.

"Y'arnake Brown? Is it if I mistake not.

And what do you mean, Bertram, with increasing astonishment and displeasure?

"Why, in that case," said Glossin, observing his friends had now got within the level upon which he was—"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 his arms; but he was, however, free of their grasp by a violent effort, in which he pitched the most pertinacious 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. "Ob
erve," 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 to let no man who has the least ventricle to satisfy me still am I satisfied for what crime, and by whose authority, I am apprehended."

Glossin then caused one of the officers to show a warrant for the apprehension of Vanbeck Brown, accused of the crime of wilfully and maliciously shooting at Charles Heslwood, younger of Hasle
town, with an intent to kill, and which appointed him, having been so apprehended, to be brought before the next magistrate for examination. The warrant being thus signed and countersigned, Bertram threw down his weapon, and submitted himself to the officers, who, flying on him with eagerness corresponding to their former quickness, were about to load him with irons, alleging the strength and
CHAPTER XLII.

BRIG IN THE PRESS.

A poor rogue, man of no consequence, took up the place, and then, his front foot of equity, went by the side—yes, of the commission.

Said he too.

King Lear.

Wenta the carriage was getting ready, Glossin had a letter to compose, about which he wasted no small time. It was to his neighbour, as he was fond of calling him, Sir Robert Haslewood of Haslewood, the head of an ancient and powerful interest in the county, whose part he considered the Boothwigan family gradually succeeded to much of their authority and influence. The present representative of the family was an elderly man, doting fond of his own family, who had been led to an earlier daughter, and technically indifferent to the fate of all mankind besides. For the rest, he was honourable in his general dealings, and even a tad afraid to suffer the censure of the world, and just from a better motive. He was presumptuously over-conceited on the score of family pride and importance, a feeling considerably enhanced by his recent accession to the title of a Nova Scotia Baronet, and he hated the memory of the Ellangowan family, though now a memory only, because a certain baron of that house was traditionally reported to have caused the founder of the Haslewood family hold his suitor until he mounted into his saddle. In his general deportment he was pompous and important, affecting a species of lordly air, which often became ridiculous from his misdirected the tracts and quarters with which he loaded his sentences.

To this paragraph Glossin was now to write in such a conciliatory style as might be most acceptable to the ear and family pride, and the following was the form of his note.

"Mr. Gilbert Glossin" (he longed to add to Ellangowan, and even to add the suffix, but he suppressed the territorial designation) "Mr. Gilbert Glossin has the honour to offer his most respectful compliments to Sir Robert Haslewood, and to inform him, that he has this morning been fortunate enough to secure the person who wounded Mr. C. Haslewood. As Sir Robert Haslewood may probably choose to conduct this examination of this criminal himself, Mr. G. Glossin will cause the man to be carried to the inn at Kiplerling, or to Haslewood-house, as Sir Robert Haslewood may please to direct. And, with Sir Robert Haslewood’s permission, Mr. G. Glossin will attend him at either of these places with the proofs and declarations which he has been so fortunate as to collect respecting this atrocious business."

Addressed.

"Sir Robert Haslewood of Haslewood, Bart.
Haslewood-house, &c. &c.

This note was dispatched by a servant on horseback, and having given the man some time to get a head, and desired him to ride fast, he ordered two officers of the police to be sent to Haslewood, to arrest him himself, mounting his horse, accompanied them at a slow pace to the point where the roads to Kiplerling and Haslewood-house separated, and there awaited the return of his messenger, in order that his further route might be determined by the answer he should receive from the Baronet. In about half an hour a note was sent by the mounted officer, and the answer, handsomely folded, and sealed with the Haslewood arms, having the Nova Scotia badges depending from the shield.

Sir Robert Haslewood of Haslewood, returns Mr. G. Glossin’s compliments, and thanks him for the trouble he has taken in a matter affecting the safety of Sir Robert’s family. Sir R. H. has sent Sir G. G. has the goodness to bring the prisoner to Haslewood-house for examination, with the other proofs or declarations which he mentions. And after the business is over, in case Mr. G. G. is not otherwise engaged, Sir R. and Lady Haslewood request his company to dinner."

Addressed.

"Mr. Gilbert Glossin, Esq.

Soh I thought Mr. Glossin, here is one finger in at least, and that I will make the means of introducing my whole hand. But I must first get clear of this other matter, and follow. I think I should like to get a sight of Sir Robert. He is droll and pompous, and will be alike disposed to listen to my suggestions upon the law of the case, and to assume the credit of acting upon them as Sir Robert thinks proper. But I shall have the advantage of being the real magistrate, without the odium of responsibility.

As he had formed these hopes and expectations, the carriage approached Haslewood-house through a noble avenue of old oaks, which surrounded the ancient abbey-restorating building so called. It was a large edifice built at a later period, part having actually been a priory, upon the suppression of which, in the time of Queen Mary, the first of the family had obtained a gift of the house and surrounding lands from the crown. It was pleasantly situated in a large deer-park, on the banks of the river we have mentioned. The scenery around was of a dark, sombre, and somewhat melancholy cast, according well with the architecture of the house. Every thing appeared to be kept in the highest possible order, and announced the opulence and rank of the proprietor.

As Mr. Glossin’s carriage stopped at the door of the hall, Sir Robert reconnoitred the new vehicle from the windows. According to his aristocratic feelings, there was a degree of presumption in this nova harena, this Mr. Gilbert Glossin, late writer in a thing, presuming to set up such an accommodation at all! His kith and kin with which he maintained that the mantle upon the pannels only bore a plain cipher of G. G. This apparent modesty was indeed solely owing to the delay of Mr. Canning of the Lyric, for he knew the man was discovered by discovering and matriculating the arms of two commissions from North America, three English Irish peers, and two Jamaica traders, but always to slow than usual in finding an excuse for the new Laird of Ellangowan. But his delay told to the advantage of Glossin in the opinion of the present.

While the officers of justice detained their victim in a sort of steward’s room, Mr. Glossin was sent into what was led the great parlour, a large, stately room, panelled with well-varnished wainscot, adorned with the grim portrait of Sir Robert Haslewood’s ancestry. The visitor, who had no Isaac conceptions of worth, he balanced that of his birth, felt his inferiority, and by the depth of bow and the boldness of his demeanour he disclosed that of the Laird of Ellangowan was the same as the old, and the surmises of his own advantage; his feelings were of a calm nature, and he felt the influence of those very wise dialectics which he was accustomed to.

The Baraset received his visitor with that ascending parade which was meant as once to show his own vast superiority, and to show the grandness
and courtesy with which he would receive us, and 
desire the level of ordinary conversation with ordi-
inary men. He thanked Glossop for his attention to 
me in his youth. Young Haslewood was so inti-
mate with the man he was sure to be the same. A 
pint was observed, with a gracious smile. "Indeed 
these venerable gentlemen, Mr. Glossop, are as much obli-
ged as you are. We have a business lasting a lifetime, 
trouble which you have taken in their behalf; 
and I have no doubt, were they capable of expressing 
themselves, would join me, sir, in thanking you for 
the services you have rendered to the cause of 
Haslewood, by taking care, and trouble, and 
interest, in behalf of the young gentleman who is to 
command them in the future and family.

Three bowed Glossop, and each time more pro-
fusely than before; once in honour of the knight 
who stood upright before him, once in respect to 
the stamp on which the character was caste, and 
and a third time in deference to the young 
gentleman who was to carry on the name and family. 
Roberto as he was, Sir Robert was gratified by the 
beauty which he received, and proceeded in a tone 
of gracious familiarity: "And now, Mr. Glossop, my 
attentive good friend, you must allow me to avail 
myself at your knowledge of law in our matters 
in this matter. I am not much in the habit of acting 
as a justice of the peace; it suits better with other 
occupations. You have lighted me in a quirkier light. 
But, considering my constant supervision, attention, and 
management, than mine."

"From whatever small assistance Mr. Glossop 
could render me, I am heartily at Sir Robert Haslewood's 
service; but, as Sir Robert Haslewood's name stood 
high in the list of the faculty, the said Mr. Glossop 
came to the conclusion, that it would be either 
nothing or useful.

"Why, my good sir, you will understand me, 
that there is something difficult in the practical 
knowledge of law, and the duties of the justice as 

business. I was indeed educated to the bar, 
and might assist perhaps at one time, that I had made 
more progress in the speculative, and abstract, and 
distrust doctrines of our municipal code; but there 
is the present day so little opportunity of a man 
of legally and fortune to that eminence at the bar, 
which as attained by adventurers who are as well 
known under John a Nokes as for the first noble of 
the fact, that I was really early disgusted with prac-
"The first case, indeed, which was laid on my 
ears, quite thickened me; it respected a bargain, sir, 
as between a butcher and a candle-maker; and, as I 
should ground my youth, not only with their vulgar 
but with the technical terms and phrases, and peculiar 
language, of their dark arts. Upon my honour, my 
good sir, there never was a piece I was more 
able to bear the smell of a tail 
since."

Fitting, as seemed to be expected, the mean to 
resort to a man whose conduct at 
was so melancholy occasion, Mr. Glossop offered 
to act as clerk or executor, or in any way in which 
she could be most useful. And with a view to 
possessing you of the whole business, and in the first 
place there will, I believe, be no difficulty in proving 
that fact, that this was the person who fired the 
heaven. Should he deny it, it can be proved 
Mr. Haslewood, I presume?"

"Young Haslewood is not at home to-day, Mr. 
Glossop."

"We can have the oath of the servant who at-
tire, said the ready Mr. Glossop; "Indeed 

If I think the fact will be disputed. I am more 

The assault may be considered as accidental, and 
the following manner in which I have understood that Mr. 
Haslewood has pleased to represent the busi-
siness, and the assault considered as an accident, and 
the let it be to do more mischief;"

I have not the honour to know the gentleman 
asked me to bring the matter to this place, and in 
answer to Sir Robert, gravely: "but I presume, sir, 
confident, that he will consider the mere 
flow of wounded young Haslewood of Hasle-
wood, even by ingratiating, to take the matter on, 
its midst-and gentle, and in its most favourable, 
and improbable light, as a crime which will be too 

hailly stoned by imprisonment, and as more deserving 
of deputation."

"Indeed, Sir Robert," said his assenting brother in 
justice, I am entirely of your opinion; but I don't 
know how it is, I have observed the Edinburgh gentle-
man of the bar, and even the officers of the court, 
place themselves upon an indifferent 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 doctrines can be held by men 
of birth and legal education? No, sir; if a crime 
in the street is termed mere pickpocketing 
sacrilege if the crime be committed in a 
church, as, according to the just gradations of society, the 
guilt of an injury is enhanced by the rank of the peo-
l that to whom it is offered, done, or perpetrated, sir."

Glossop bowed low to this declaration as orthodox, 
but obsessed, that in case of the very worst and of 
such unnatural doctrines being actually held, he had 
already hinted, "the law had another hold on 
Mr. Vanbeest Brown!"

"Vanbeest Brown! is that the fellow's name? 
Good God! that young Haslewood of Haslewood 
should have had his life endangered, the clavicle of 
his right shoulder, the lower jaw, the chest, 
blooded, several large drops or slugs deposited in the 
acromion process, as the account of the family sur-
genius expressed; but, all by an execrable wretch 
named Vanbeest Brown!"

"Why, really, Sir Robert, it's a thing which one 
can hardly bear to think of; but, begging ten thou-
sand pardons for the assurance, I have to say that 
there is the same in a person of the name is, as appears from these 
papers, (producing Dirk Hatterrack's pocket-book,) 
that the smugling vessel which offered such vio-
ence at Woodhouse, and who is the same and who is 
the same individual, which, however, your acute 
discrimination will easily be able to ascertain."

"The same, my good sir, he must say so, he-it 
would be injustice even to the meanest of the people, 
to suppose there could be found among them two 
persons who dared to bear a name so shocking to one's 
ears as this 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 conduct. You, Sir Robert, will discover 
the motive for his crime-you, I say, will discover it 
without difficulty, on your giving your mind to the 
examination; for part, I cannot help suspecting 
the moving spring to have been revenge for the 
raillery with which Mr. Haslewood, with all the 
spirit of his renowned family, was abused and 
laughed at Woodhouse against this villain and his lawless 
companions."

"I will inquire into it, my good sir," said the learn-
ed Baronet. "Yet even now I venture to conjecture that 
I shall adopt the solution or explanation of this 
riddle, enigma, or mystery, which you have in some 
degree thus started. Yes! revenge it must be—and, 
good Heaven! entertained by and against whom?— 
entertained, fostered, cherished, against young Ha-
islewood of Haslewood, and in part carried into ef-
fect, executed, and implemented, by the hand of Van-
beest Brown! These are dreadful days indeed; my 
worthy neighbour (this epithet indicated a rapid 
advantage in the Baronet's good grace)—days when 
the bulwarks of society are shaken to their mighty base, 
and that rank, which forms, as it were, its highest 
place and ornament, is, in fact, derided and confused with 
the viler parts of the architecture. O, my good Mr. 
Gilbert Glossop, in my time, sir, the use of swords 
and pistols, and such honourable arms, was 
by the nobility and gentry of the time; but the dis-
"tution of the vulgar were decided by the weapon 
which nature had given them, or by cudgels cut, 
or cleaned, or hewed; even that, sir, the clouted shoe of the 
peasant galls the kite of the courtier. The lower ranks have their quarrels, 
sir and their points of honour, and their revenues.
which they must bring, foresight, to fatal arbitration.

But still, I will lose my time—let us have in this fellow, this Vanbest Brown, and make an end of him at least for the present.”

CHAPTER LIII.

“Twice he
Gave heat unto the jug y, which returned,
Like a live thing from the bottom of the oven.
Of him gave the blast, ‘tis I hope his hurt
Is not so dangerous, but as may
Pass Mint and half of the inn.”

The prisoner was now presented before the two worshipful magistrates. Glossin, partly from some commotions visitings, and partly out of his cautious resolution to suffer Sir Robert Hazlewood to be the best manager of the w’se 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 active magistrate, stand in need of a hint. As for Sir Robert Hazlewood, he assumed on his part a happy mixture of the austerity of the justice, combined with the dignity who are personal dignity appropriate to the baronet of ancient family.

“Thou constables, let him stand there at the bottom of the table. Be so good as look in the face, sir, and ask your questions. And now you answer the questions which I am going to put to you.”

“May I beg, in the first place, to know, sir, who it is that takes the trouble to interrogate me?” said the prisoner. “For the honest gentlemen who have brought me here have not been pleased to furnish any information upon that point.”

“Answer, sir,” answered Sir Robert, “what has your name and quality to do with the questions I am about to ask you?”

“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 Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and another justice of peace for this county—that’s all.”

As this introduction 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 inquiry.

“Then, Vanbest Brown, sir?”

“It is,” answered the prisoner.

“Now tell me—how are we to design you further, sir? your occupation.”

“I am the 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 Glossin, and by hearing him gently utter a sort of interjections whistle, in a note of surprise and contempt. “I believe, my friend,” said Sir Robert, “we shall find for you, before we part, a more humble title.”

“If you do, sir,” replied his prisoner, “I shall willingly submit to any punishment which such an imposition shall be thought to deserve.”

“Well, sir, we shall see,” continued Sir Robert.

“You know young Hazlewood of Hazlewood?”

“I never name Vanbest Hazlewood of Hazlewood that name excepting once, and I regret that it was under very unpleasant circumstances.”

“I mean to know, says the Baronet, that you inflected upon young Hazlewood of Hazlewood that wretch which endangered his life, considerably lacerated the clavicle of his right shoulder, and had been the instrument of several large drops or slugs in the acromion process.”

Why, sir,” replied Bertram, “I can only say I am equally ignorant, for the extent of the damage, which the young gentleman has sustained, I met him in a narrow path, walking with two la
dows and a servant, and before I could either pass them or addresse myself the gentleman took his hat from his servant, presented it against my body, and commanded me in the most haughty tone to stand back. I was neither inclined to submit to his authority, nor to leave him in possession of the means to injure me, which he seemed disposed to use with such remark; therefore closed with him upon 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 than a severer chastisement than I desired, though I am glad to understand it is like to prove no more than his unprovoked folly deserved.”

“An exception, says the Baronet, which may be shewn with offended dignity.—You, sir, admit, sir, that it was your purpose, sir, and your intention, sir, and the real jet and object of your assault, sir, to disarm young Hazlewood of Hazlewood of his gun, sir, or his fowling-piece, or his fusil, or whatever please to call it, sir, upon the king’s highway, sir?—I think the word do, my worthy neighbour! I think he should stand committed?”

“You are by far the best judge, Sir Robert,” said Glossin, in his most inaudious tone; “but if I might presume to hint, there was something about these smugglers.”

“Very true, good sir,—and besides, sir, you, Vanbest Brown, in a carriage you drove yourself, the nature, the service, the character, of which you have any paper, or letter that can establish your pretended rank, estate, and commission?”

“None at present,” answered Bertram; “but in the return of a post or two.”

“And how do you, sir,” continued the Baronet, “if you are a captain in his majesty’s service, how do you chance to be travelling in Scotland with a couple of letters, 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 Kippletrangin, gave the boy the slip on the road, and sent two of your accomplices to best the boy and bring away the baggage?”

“I had no carriage as you do, I was obliged to alight in the snow, and lost my way endeavouring to find the road to Kippletrangin. The landlady 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?”

“I paused there, sir,” I proceeded, you will make me the pose that will pass, or be taken, credited, and received? I beg leave,” said Bertram, his recollection turning in the lady’s mind, and to the promise he had given her, “I beg leave to decline answering the question.”

“I thought as much,” said Sir Robert. “We not during that night in the ruins of Derne—”

“Rue me,” continued Sir Robert.

“I have told you that I do not intend answered that question, nor will I be informed bears that name excepting once, and I regret that it was under very unpleasant circumstances.”

“Well, sir, then you will stand committed,” said Sir Robert, “and be sent to prison, sir, that you may have the good look to these papers you the Vanbest Brown who is there mentioned.”

It must be remarked, that Glossin had among the papers some writings which really were long in the snow, and which had been found upon the officers in the old vault where his portmanteau ranstruck.

“Some of these papers,” said Bertram, “over there are mine, and were in my portfolio it was stolen from the post-chaise. They are a bundle of little value, and, I see, have been careless a long time; I fancy Hazlewood took his or your from his servant, presented it against my body, and
established fully. They are mingled with ship-go-
courage and other pleas, testifying apparently to a
person of the same name."

"And wilt thou attempt to persuade me, friend,"
demanded Sir Robert, "that there is any one in
this country, at the same time, of thy very uncommon
and awkwardly sounding name?"

"I really do not see, sir," said an old Hassle-
wood, who was speaking with force and emotion
with indication of the perspicuous comparison implied
in Bertram's last speech. "In fact, the veins of his
throat and of his temples swelled almost to burst-
ing, and he sat with the indignant and disconcerted
air of one who has received a mortal insult from a
quarter, to whom he feels utmost and indecorous
to make any reply. While with a bent brow and
an angry eye he was drawing in his breath slowly and
muscularly, a fat face, pale and hollow in form, and
solemnly exertion, Glosinian stepped in to his assistance.
"I should think now, Sir Robert, with great submis-
sion and submission, Sir Robert," answered Glosinian,
"the one thing certain, besides the pregnant proof already
produced, offers to make oath, that the sword of which
the prisoner was this morning deprived (while using
it, by the way, in resistance to a legal warrant) was a
cutlass taken from him in a fray between the officers
and smugglers, just previous to their attack upon
Woodbourne, and you had better," said Sir Robert,
"I would not have you form any rash conclusion upon that
subject; perhaps the young man can explain how he
came by that weapon," said Bertram, "I shall also
leave unanswered.

"There is yet another circumstance to be inquired
into, always under Sir Robert's leave, unanswerable
Glosinian. "This prisoner put into the hands of Mrs.
Mac-Candlish of Kippletung, a parcel containing
a variety of gold coins and valuable articles of dif-
cerent kinds. Perhaps, Sir Robert, you might think it
to right to ask, how he came by property of a descrip-
tion which seldom occurs?"

"You, sir, Mr. Vanheest Brown, sir, you hear the
question," answered Bertram, "and the gentleman asks you,"
"I have particular reasons for declining to answer
that question," answered Bertram.

"Mr. Glosinian," said Sir Robert, "you had
brought matters to the point he desired to reach,
our duty must lay us under the necessity to sign a
written remonstrance.

"As you please," answered Bertram; "take
away whatever you do. Observe that I inform
you that I am a captain in his majesty's — regiment,
and that I am just returned from India, and there
fore cannot possibly be connected with any of
those commercial trades you talk of; that my Lieu-
tenant-Colonel is now at Nottingham, the Major,
with the officers of my corps, at Kingston-upon-
Thames. I offer you before both to submit to any
degree of ignorance, if, within the return of the
or rather to assert that I am not able to
establish these points. Or you may write to the
agent for the regiment, if you please, and—"

"This is all very well, sir," said Glosinian, begin-
ing to fear that he had made some impression on Sir Robert,
who at almost had died of shame at committing such
a grave error, and who was least inclined to join
this all very well, sir, and is there no person
whom you could refer to?"

"There are only two persons in this country who
I think could make me any impression at all: Mr. Lugard,
the sheapher, called Linmore-hope; but he knows nothing of me
what I told him, and what I now tell you."

"Why this is well enough, Sir Robert!" said
Glosinian, "I suppose he would bring forward this
thick-skulled fellow to give his oath of credibility, Sir
Robert, ha, ha, ha!"

"And what is your other witness, friend," said
Bertram.

"A gentleman whom I have some reluctance to
mention, because of certain private reasons; but
under whose command I served some time in India,
who is too much of a man of honor to bring forth
testimony to my character as a soldier and gentle-
man."

"And who is this doughy witness, pray, sir?"
said Sir Robert, "some half-pay quartermaster or
sergeant, I suppose?"

"Colonel Guy Mannoning, late of the — regiment,
in which, as I told you, I have a troop."

"Colonel Guy Mannoning! thought Glosinian, —
who the devil could have guessed this?"

"Colonel Guy Mannoning! echoed the Baronet,
considerably shaken in his opinion. "My good sir,
—apart to Glosinian, "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, of one at least who has
lived in good society—they do give commissions very
loosely, and carelessly, and inaccurately, in India— I
think we had better not press the matter, and that I shall
return; he is now, if you believe, at Edinburgh."

"You are in every respect the best judge, Sir Ro-
bert," said Glosinian, "and I will only submit to you, that we are certainly
hardly entitled to dismiss this man upon an assertion
which cannot be satisfied by proof, and that we shall
impose a heavy responsibility by detaining him in pri-
vate custody, without committing him to a public
jail. Undoubtedly, however, you are the best judge,
Sir Robert," answered Glosinian, "and I only say, for my own part,
that I very lately incurred severe censure by detaining
a person in a place which I thought perfectly se-
cure, and under the custody of the proper officers.
The man made break, and I have no doubt my
own character for attention and circumstance as a magis-
trate has in some degree suffered—I only hint this—I will join in any step you, Sir Robert, think
most advisable." But Mr. Glosinian was well aware
that such a hint was of power sufficient to decide the
motions of his self-important, but not self-relying
colleagues. So that Sir Robert Hasslewood summed
up the business in the following speech, which pro-
ceded partly upon the supposition of the prisoner
being really a gentleman, and partly upon the oppo-
site belief that he was a villain and an assassin.

"Sir, Mr. Vanheest Brown—I would call you Cap-
tain Brown if there was the least reason, or cause,
or grounds to suppose it, and you would not have
a troop in the very respectable corps you mention, or
indeed in any other corps in his majesty's service, as
I would not without the most reasonable ground,
"I am therefore, sir, Mr. Brown, we have
determined, considering the unpleasant predic-
ament in which you now stand, having been robbed,
as you say, an assertion as to which I suspend my
opinion, and being possessed of much and valuable
treasure, and of a brass-handled cutlass besides, as to
your obtaining which you will favour us with no ex-
planation—I say, sir, we have determined and resol-
ved, and made up our minds, to commit you to jail,
which I shall order you to be committed this after-
noon, in order that you may be forthcoming upon Colonel Mannon-
ing's return from Edinburgh."

"With humble submission, Sir Robert," said Glos-
inian, "I may inform you, if you intend to send this
young gentleman to the county jail—for if that were
not your settled intention, I would take the liberty to
inform your lordship that I shall be obliged to bring
him to the Bridewell at Portanerry, where he can be
secured without public exposure; a circumstance
which, on the mere chance of his story being really
true, is much more to the man's advantage."

"Why, there is a guard of soldiers at Portanerry,
to be sure, for protection of the goods in the Custom-
house, and upon the whole, considering every thing
and that the place is comfortable for such a place, I
GUY MANNERING.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A grave for one alive,
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rage and thieves,
And hence its name:

Description on Edinburgh Tolbooth.

Early on the following morning, the carriage which had brought Bertram to Hazeldow-house, was, with his own sons, the daily attendant, appointed to convey him to his place of confinement at Portanbury. This building, adjacent to the Custom-house established at that little sea-port, and both were situated so close to the sea-beach, 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 front 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 in little else. 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 in good condition, with reference to the Kipkleitoring district of the county. Mac-Guffog, the officer by whom Bertram had at first been apprehended, and who was now in attendance upon him, was in no case of little ease. He caused the carriage to be drawn close up to the outer gate, and got out himself to summon the warders. The man who opened it was a very or thirty ragged boys, who left off sailing their mimic sloops and frigates in the little pools of salt water left by the receding tide, and hastily scowled round the vehicle, which contained a private coachman and a footman, to deliver the prisoner-house out of "Glosin's brae new carriage." This door of the court-yard, after the heavy clanking of many chains and bars, was opened by Mr. Mac-Guffog, an awful spectacle, being a woman for strength and resolution capable of maintaining order among a crowd of inmates, and of whom Bertram was informed he was next morning to be removed to his place of confinement, as Sir Robert had determined he could not take the risk of keeping him there under cloud of night, for fear of rescue. He was, during the interval, to be detained at Hazeldow-house.

It cannot be so hard as my imprisonment by the Lord Advocate, he thought, nor could it last so long. But the deuce take the old formal dunnderhead, and his more sly associate, who speaks always under his breath, and who does not understand a plain man's story when it is told them.

In the meantime, Glosin took leave of the Baronet, with a thousand respectful bows and cringing apologies for not accepting his invitation to dinner, and venturing to hope he might be pardoned in paying his respects to him, Lady Hazeldow, and young Mr. Hazeldow, on some future occasion.

"Certainly, sir," said the Baronet, very graciously, "I hope our family was never at any time deficient in civility to our neighbours; and when I ride that way, gho, Mr. Glosin, I see your face very soon by this of by calling at your house as familiarly as is consistent that is, as can be hoped or expected.

"And now," said Glosin to himself, "to find Dirk Hay, if I can, in the woods—and if the guard sent off from the Custom-house—and then for the grand cast of the dice. Everything must depend upon speed. Hayman, Hayman, I have taken him, he escapes to Edinburgh! His knowledge of this young fellow is a most perilous addition to my dangers, "—here he suffered his horse to slacken his pace—"If that I should try to compound with the hear—! It's a safe one, he might be bought to carry a round sum for restitution, and I can give you Hatterack—But no, no, no! there were too many people—He's the best of a yeoman, a gipsy sailor, and that old hag—No, no! no, I must stick 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.
sight to be stripped of your money and sent to jail without a mark to pay your fees; they might have been. In fact, Donald Lay and Bertram had been just dragged out of one of the two beds which it contained, to try whether clean straw and whiskey might not do more to make a man's conscience comfortable than to mitigate the rigor of confinement. This process of execution had been forced into force by Mrs. Mac-Gufog while her husband parleyed with Bertram in the court-yard, that good lady having a distinct presentiment of her doom in which the treaty must necessarily terminate. Apparently the expulsion had not taken place without opposition; for the application of the muddy hands of the bed-post of a sort of tent-bed was broken down, so that the tatter and curtains hung forward into the middle of the narrow chamber, like the banner of a chieftain, half-making amid the confusion of a combat.

"Never mind that being out o' sorts, Captain," said Mrs. Mac-Gufog, who now followed them into the room; then, turning her back to the prisoner, with as much delicacy as the action admitted, she whispered to her knee her fretful garret, and applied to the plumping and fastening the broken bed-post--then used more pins than her, apparel could well spare to fasten up the bed-curtains in festoons--then shook the bed-clothes over all a tattered patch-work quilt, and pronounced that things were now "something purpose-like."

"And there's your bed, Captain," pointing to a messy pillow, with a blanket which, owing to the four-posted bed, hung down upon a floor that had sunk considerably, (the house, though new, having been built by contract,) stood on three legs, and held the fourth aloft as if glowing the air, and in the attitude of advancing like an elephant passant upon the pannal of a couch."--"There's your bed and the blankets; but i ye want sheets, or covers, or pillow, or any sort or gown, get it from me, or for your hands, ye'll hae to speak to me aboot it, for that's out o' the gudeman's line. (Mac-Gufog had by this time left the room to avoid, probably, any appeal which might be made to him upon this new exception,) and he never engages for any thing like that."

"In God's name," said Bertram, "let me have what is decent, and make any charge you please."

"Aweel, aweel, that's some settled; we'll nae exi-


n you neither, though we live near the Custom-


house. And I mun see to get you some fire and some dinner too, I swear--but your dinner will be but a puir aye the day, no expecting company that would be nice and fastidious."--"So saying, and in all haste, Mrs. Mac-Gufog fetched a score of brocaded, and having replenished the rusty grats, unconscious of a fire for months before, she proceeded with unwashed hands to arrange the dinner, (like, how different from Ailie Dinmont's!) and, muttering to herself as she discharged her task, seemed, in inevitable 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 was rather lock up a hail want than be about these naff-naff grunts that gae sae munch fae' wi' their fancies.

When she was gone, Bertram found himself reduced to the alternative of pacing his little apartment for exercise, or of gazing out upon the seas in such proportions as could be seen from the narrow panes of his window, obscured by silt and by close iron-bars, or reading over the records of daily wit and blood-guardism which despair had scrawled upon the half whitened walls. The sounds were as uncomfortable as the objects of sight; tis sullen dash of the tide against the piles, the hissing and strutting of a door, with all its accomplishments of barring bolts and creaking hinges, mingling occasionally with the dull monotony of the retiring watch. Sometimes, too, he could hear the hoarse growl of the keeper, or the shrill strain of his helmsman, almost always in the tone of discontent; angered by his task, and by the oversight of Bertram in the court-yard, answered with furieus bark the insults of the idle loiterers who made a sport of in-convincing him.

At length the tedium of this weary space was...
broken by the entrance of a dirty-looking serving woman, who came across the room, laying a half-dirty cloth upon a whole-dirty deal table. A knife and fork, which had not been worn out by overcleanning, flanked a cracked delf plate; a nodding candle, stuck in a one side of the table, balanced a saltcellar, containing an article of a grayish, or rather a blackish mixture, upon the other. There was no prudence, and being too obvious marks of recent service. Shortly after, the same Hebe brought upon a plate of beef-collops, done in the frying-pan, with a huge allowance of grease floating in a corner of lukewarm water; and having added a coarse loaf to these savoury viands, she requested to know what liquor the gentleman chose to order. The appearance of this fare was not very inviting; but Bertram endeavoured to mend his commons by ordering wine, which he found tolerably good, and, with the assistance of some indifferent cheese, made his dinner chiefly off the brown loaf. When his meal was over, the girl presented her master's compliments, and, if agreeable to the gentleman, he would help him to spend the evening. Bertram desired to be excused, and begged, instead of this gracious society, that he might be furnished with paper, pen, ink, and candles. The light appeared in the shape of one long long candle inclining over a tin candlestick cotted with grease; as for the writing materials, the prisoner was informed that he might have them, if he wished to send and buy them. Bertram next desired she maid to procure him a book, and enforced his request with a shilling; in consequence of which, after long absence, she reappeared with two odd volumes of the Newgate Calendar, which she had borrowed from Sam Silverquill, an idle apprentice, who was imprisoned under a charge of forgery. As they laid the books on the table, she retired, and left Bertram to studies which were not ill adapted to his present melancholy situation.

CHAPTER XLV.

But if thou shouldst be drag'd in soom
A yander inmournings tree,
Thos shall n't want the fellow friend
To share the cruel late's decrees.

Shakespeare.

PLUNGED in the gloomy reflections which were naturally excited by his domestic reading and disconsolate situation, Bertram, for the first time in his life, felt himself affected with a disposition to low spirits. "If I have been in worse situations than this too," he said; "—more dangerous, for here I am in danger; more dismal in prospect, for my present confinement must necessarily be short; more intolerable for the time; I have no food, no shelter—Yet, by reading these bloody tales of crime and misery, in a place so corresponding to the ideas which they excite, and in listening to these sad sounds, I feel a stimulus to my spirits, which I have ever experienced. But I will not give way to it—Begone, thou record of guilt and infamy!" 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 pestery, and disease and imprisonment, in a foreign land. I have fought many a hard battle with the French and she shall not beat me now, if I can help it."

Then bending his mind to a strong effort, he endeavoured to view his situation in the most favourable light. Deasirrue must soon be in Scotland; the certainties from his commanding officer must soon arrive; nay, if Mangering was first applied to, he could not fail to obtain from him the means of escape. He had often observed, and now remembered, that when his former colonel took the air at ten o'clock by his, and that he seemed to love those persons most who had lain under obligation to him. In the present case, a favour, which could be asked with honour and granted with reverence, was the only remaining charm which he could offer each other. From this his feelings naturally turned towards Julia; and, without very nicely measuring the distance of a colonel, a soldier of fortune, who expected that her father's attestation would deliver him from confinement, and the hatred of that father's enemies, who made some promises for dinner a busting half-dirty cloth upon a whole-dirty deal table. A knife and fork, which had not been worn out by overcleanning, flanked a cracked delf plate; a nodding candle, stuck in a one side of the table, balanced a saltcellar, containing an article of a grayish, or rather a blackish mixture, upon the other. There was no prudence, and being too obvious marks of recent service. Shortly after, the same Hebe brought upon a plate of beef-collops, done in the frying-pan, with a huge allowance of grease floating in a corner of lukewarm water; and having added a coarse loaf to these savoury viands, she requested to know what liquor the gentleman chose to order. The appearance of this fare was not very inviting; but Bertram endeavoured to mend his commons by ordering wine, which he found tolerably good, and, with the assistance of some indifferent cheese, made his dinner chiefly off the brown loaf. When his meal was over, the girl presented her master's compliments, and, if agreeable to the gentleman, he would help him to spend the evening. Bertram desired to be excused, and begged, instead of this gracious society, that he might be furnished with paper, pen, ink, and candles. The light appeared in the shape of one long long candle inclining over a tin candlestick cotted with grease; as for the writing materials, the prisoner was informed that he might have them, if he wished to send and buy them. Bertram next desired she maid to procure him a book, and enforced his request with a shilling; in consequence of which, after long absence, she reappeared with two odd volumes of the Newgate Calendar, which she had borrowed from Sam Silverquill, an idle apprentice, who was imprisoned under a charge of forgery. As they laid the books on the table, she retired, and left Bertram to studies which were not ill adapted to his present melancholy situation.

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near by. But Wasp rode thirty o’ them afore me on the saddle, and the pur doggie balanced itself ad one of the weans wad hae done, whether I trotted or centered.

In this strange story Bertram obviously saw, supposing the warning to be true, some intimation of danger more violent and insidious than could be likely to arise from a few days imprisonment. At the same time it was equally evident that some unknown friend was working in his behalf. “Did you not say,” he said to Dintmont, “that this man Gabriel was of gipsy blood?”

“It was so judged,” said Dintmont, “and I think this may at least; for they say a kin where the gurgle o’ ill there are to be found, and the gipsies see a foot-be’ through the country an they like. And I forgot to tell ye, there’s been an unco inquiry after the said wife that wae in Newcastle; the sheriff’s hae folk ower the Limestone Edge after her, and down the Hermitage, and Liddel, and gate, and a reward offered for her to appear, o’ fify pound sterling, nae less; and Justice Porter he’s had out warrants, as I am tell’d, in Cumberland, and an unco ranging and reping they have had s’ gates seek-
ing for her; but I’ve na seen wae them unless she likes, for a’ that.”

“And how comes that?” said Bertram.

“Ou, I dinna ken; I daur say it’s nae nonsense, but they say she hae a son in London, and a daughter in Trient, and an a’ gate, and her own gate, and a woman, and a woman, and a woman, and a woman. Weel,” said he, “by the gipsies; she is mair than a hundred year said, folk say, and mair than the mose-troopers in the troublesome times when the Stewarts were put awa. See, if she canna hide hersel, she kens them that can hide her weel enough, ye noo doubt that. Odd, an I hae kent it had been Meg Merrilie ye might ha’ gien the gibe.”

“Mullins, ye micht ha’ ridden your fell through,” said he.

“Indeed,” said Bertram.

When our Liddesdale friend had heard the whole to an end, he shook his great black head— “Well! I’ll uphold there’s baith good and ill among the gipsies, and if they deal with you as they have been w’en I was out, o’ course wi’ them to oot them. You want not to tak him as soon as he comes over the water free Allochon. And now, gude man, an ev’ ye won’t take a gipsie with you, and itsoot a’ the open fields, and let nae gress grow at the nag’s heels; and if ye find him in confinement, ye maun stay beside him night and day, for a day or two, for he’ll want friends that haun birth and hand, and if ye neglect this ye’ll never me but ance, for it will be for a’ your life.”

“But, safe us, man, quo’ I. ‘how did ye learn a’ this? it’s an unco way between this and Portaferry.’ I never can make that, quo’ he, ’them that brought the news rode night and day, and ye maun be aff instantly if ye wad do any guid— and see hae a’ the news before ye get doun and dandered doun into the gian, where it wad hae been followin’ him wi’ the beast, and I cam back to tell Lord I had brought the gudewife, for I was unco glad to. It was a long unco, I thought, to be sent out on a hunt— and it’s ranker wi’ the laird than with the laird.”

“He took to the kite, and out wi’ the picnic notes that came from the lairds. The lairds ran and saddled Dumble. By great luck I had seen the beast to Edinburgh, see Dumble was as fresh as a

“*The landled of a stoup o’ liquor: than which, our proverb seems to infer there is nothing comes more readily to the grasp of men*.
"Nor, what's that? she had stumbled to try 'twixt them, but whilst they'd take their air way for that, when they were afield, one noise. And there's the sensation glider that they're aye leagued wi', might, or in the meantime, manage them as well—they're aye belted together when the wind is aghast, and the glera will come off, and where they're to land, better than the very merchants that deal 'twixt them. And then, to the boot o' that, she's white crack-braided, and he's about her head; they say that whether her epaulets and fortune-tellings be true or no; for cer-
tain she believes in them a' beggarly, and is aye muttering 
thereby some quondam prophesies on either. But she's in a
sick state o' roguery, to say the least. But deil o' a
rich story as yours, wi' glansmer and dark folk
and losing she's gate, I've heard out o' the-table
boat! But whilst, I hear the keeper coming.'
Mac-Guffog accordingly interrupted their discourses
by the harsh harmonies of the boats and barks, and
thereupon his blank visage and opening door. "Come,
Mr. Dimmont, we have put off locking up for an hour
to oblige ye; ye must go to your quarters."

"Quarters, man? I intend to sleep here the night."

"There's a berth in the Captain's room."

"It's impossible!" answered the keeper.

"But I say it's possible, and that I winna stir—

"And there's a dram lye."

Mac-Guffog took off the spirits, and resumed his
objection. "But it's against rule, sir; ye have com-
mittled nae malfeasance."

"I am a very deep thinker," said the sturdy Lisdeal-
man, "if ye say any mair about it, and that will be
malfeasance enough to entitle me to a night's lodging
with you way."

"First tell ye, Mr. Dimmont," retorted the keeper,
"it's against rule, and I believe, to lose mu'mpot.

"Well, Mac-Guffog," said Denido, "I been just twa
things to ye; ye know I am weel enough, and
that I wednae lose a prisoner."

"And how do I ken that?" answered the jailer.

"Well, if ye donna ken that, said the resolute farmer,
"then ken this;—ye ken ye've white-obliged to
be up our water in the way o' your business; now if
ye let me stay quietly here the night wi' the Captain,
I'll pay ye double fees for the room; and if ye say
no, ye shall have the best rank-fu' o' sair banoes that
ever ye had in your life, the first time ye set a foot
by Lisdeal-moor."

"Aweel, aweel, guudeman," said Mac-Guffog, "a
wills man has his way; but if I am challenged
for it by the justices, I ken who shall bear the yeet;"—


we acquiesce the reader with some other circumstances which occurred upon the same period.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The day from whence
You were the strange intelligence or why
Until this blasted heat you stop our way.
With this profuse greeting—
SPEAK, I charge you.

Mackay.

Upon the evening of the day when Bertram's ex-
amination had taken place, Colonel Manxpering ar-
ived at Woodbourne from Edinburgh, for
his family, his visit being so short as Julia was concerned, would not have been the case had he 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 Woodbourne. A letter had already made 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 dispelled, the disappointment did not pre-
vent her from being the first to receive a serviceful reception to the Colonel, to whom she thus endeav-
oured to express the deep sense she entertained of his paternal kindness. She touched on her respect,
that at all events there was nothing to regret. Even our friend the
Dominie is returned thence the man he was, from
having abashed his wits in controversy with the
genius of the Northern metropolis.

"Of a surety," said the Dominie, with great compla-
cency, "I did wrestle, and was not overcome,
though my adversary was cunning in his art." "I presume," said Miss Manxpering, "the contest was somewhat fatiguing, Mr. Sampson?"

"Very much, young lady—howbeit I girded up my
loins and strove against him." "I can bare witness," said the Colonel; "I never saw an affair bitter contested. The enemy was like the
Marlborou cavalour; he resisted on all sides, and
presented no fair mark for artillery; but Mr. Samp-
son stood to his guns, notwithstanding, and fired
away, upon the enemy, andupon the assent
which he had raised. But we must not fight our
battles in our two mornings—tomorrow we shall keep
the whole at breakfast."

The next morning at-breakfast, however, the Do-
minie did not manifest his appearance. He had
sent 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 hau-
keeper, a decent old-fashioned fellow, was almost
having, as such, the highest respect for Sampson's
theological acquisitions, had it in charge on his
occasions to take care that he was not prevented by
absence of mind, and therefore usually waylaid on
his return, to remind him of his aliments, and to
encourage him to take his
relief. It appeared, however, that he was absent from
his place, as was the case in the present instance. We
will explain the cause of this unusual occurrence.

We can fancy it with Mr. Manxpering on the subject of the
Harry Bertram, had awakened all the passions
which that event had inflicted upon the
\[...\]
suspending falling in the Demazure’s house, which
was exasperated into a sort of seething anxiety, by
the discredit with which Foydell had treated it.—An-
occur to him in the same condition, and well skilled in the weighty matters of
the law; but he also is a man of humorous levity
and an extreme caution. The result of these concep-
tions was a resolution to go and visit the scene of
the tragedy at Warroch Point, where he had not been
for many years—not, indeed, since the fatal accident
had happened. The walk was a long one, for the
Point of Warroch lay on the further side of the Illan-
gowan property, which was interspersed between it
and Woodbourne. Besides, the Dominie went spare
more than once, and met with brooks which to
be overcome by the falling snow, where he, honest
man, had only the summer-recollected of little trick
water to get to.

At length, however, he reached the woods which
he had made the object of his excursion, and tra-
versing them quickly, he came into a belt of
rushes and with vague efforts to recall every circumstance
of the catastrophe. It will readily be supposed that the
influence of local situation and association was
enough to conjure invisible spirits from those which he had formed under the immediate
occurrences of the occurrences themselves. "With many
a window sigh, therefore, and many a groan," the
good Dominie reflected from his horse’s back,
and wearily plodded his way towards Woodbourne,
debating at times in his altered mind a question
which was fixed upon him by the cravings of an
appetite rather of the keenest, namely, whether he
had breakfasted that morning or not? It was in this
twilight humour, now thinking of the loss of the
child, then involuntarily compelled to meditate upon
the somewhat incongruous subject of hung-beef, rolls,
and butter, that his route which was different from
that which he had taken in the morning, conducted
him past the small ruined tower, or rather vestige of
tower, called by the country people the Kaim
of Derncleugh.

The reader may recollect the description of this
Kaim in the twenty-seventh chapter of this novel, as
the vault in which young Bertram, under the sus-
spected整理于 Anne Oakley, witnessed the death of
her youthful lover, señal’s lieutenant. The tradition of the country had
attached ghastly terrors to the natural awe inspired by
the situation of this place, which terrifies the simplest
person, and which no one expects unduly feared, or at least propagated, for their own advan-
tage. It was said that, during the times of the
Gaelic irruption, one Hanlon Mac-Dinga-

man, brother to the reigning chief, Macnich
Mac-
donald, was murdered his brother and sovereign, in
order to usurp the principality from his infant
heir, and that being pursued for vengeance by
faithful allies and retainers of the house, who
embraced the cause of the lawful heir, he was com-
cribed with, a few followers whom he had
in his crime, to this impregnable tower
the Kaim of Derncleugh, where he defended
himself nearly reduced by famine, when, setting
his hand, we were at length perished by their own swords, rather than
into the hands of their exasperated enemies.

That it was at that time placed, might have some foundation; in
was laden with many legends of superstition
abundant, so that most of the peasants of the
Derncleugh, in the name of things being
also enable to make a considerable circuit, than pass these
dwells. The lights, often seen around the
knight was so far famed by whom it was occasionally frequented, was
acquainted with, under authority of these tales of
story, in a manner as once current for the
private part, censured, and satisfactory to the
public.

Now it must be confessed, that our friend Samp-
son, although a profound scholar and mathematician,
had not travelled so far in philosophy as to doubt the
reality of witchcraft or apparitions. Born indeed at
a time when a doubt in the existence of witches
was interpreted as equivalent to a justification of their
infallible practices, a belief of such legends had been
impressed upon the Dominie as an article inviolable
from his religious faith, and perhaps the world has
been equally difficult to have induced him to doubt
the one as the other. With these feelings, and in a
thick misty way, in which his own sense was so
close, Dominie Sampson did not pass the Kaim
of Derncleugh without some sensations of a
tacit horror.

What then was his astonishment, when, on pass-
ing the door—that door which was supposed to have
been placed there by one of the latter Lairds of Illan-
gowan to prevent presumptuous strangers from incur-
ing 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 pro-
phesy—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
immediately before it, her face fortuitously appearing
so absolutely, that he could not avoid her except by
fairly turning back, which his manhood prevented him
from thinking of.

"I ken'd ye naething," she said; "I ken' the
hallow voice: "I ken' wha ye seek; but ye maun
do my bidding."

"Get thee behind me!" said the alarmed Dem-
jie. "Avoid ye!—Conjuro te, incantasima—nequis-
ma—sparsimina—inaqusimina—aliqua matriximina—
curio te!!!"

Meg stood her ground against this tremendous vol-
ley of superlatives, which Sampson hawked up from the
pit of his stomach, and hurled at her in thunder.

"Is the earl daft," she said, "wi' his glamour?"

"Conjuro!" continued the Dominie, "abjuro, con-
tae, alique viriliter impero libi!"

"What, in the name of Satan, are ye feared for,
wi' your French gibberish, that would make a dog
sick? Listen, ye scrrit stbber, to what I tell ye, or
ye shall rue it while there's a limb o' ye hings to
another!—Tell Colonel Manring that I ken he's seek-
 ing me. He ken, and I ken, that the blood will
be wiped out, and the lost will be found.

And Bertram's right and Bertram's might
shall meet, and Hae, there's a letter to him; I was
gaan to send it in another way,—I canna write myself; but I hae them
that will write and read, and ride and rin for me. Tell him the
child is found, the country is indemnified, and the wheel's turning. Bid him look at the
stars as he has looked at them before,—Will ye mind
at this?"

"Assuredly," said the Dominie, "I am dubious
for, woman, I am perturbed at thy words, and my
flaps quails to hear thee."

"They'll do you na ill though, and maybe muckle
gude."

"Avoid ye! I desire no good that comes by unlaw-
ful means."

"Pule-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 brows
pale, "Pule-body! if I slight thee, what will ye ower that craig, and cud man ken how ye can
by your end man that Frank Kennedy? Hears ye that, ye woorrooow?"

"In the same of all that is good," said the Dem-
jie, recoiling, and pointing his long pewter-headed
walking cane like a javelin at the supposed sewer.

"Ye ken, ye ken; but I will not be handled, woman, stand off, upon thine
own proper peril!—doest, I say,—I am strong to, I
shall resist!—"Hear now," said she, "if you be not
Meg, armed with supernatural strength, (as the Do-
mie asserted), broke in upon his guard, put by a
thrust which he made at her with his cane, and lifted
him into the vault, "as easily," said he, "as I could away a Kitchen's Atlas."  "Nothing doth save, take a dram?" "I will," said Sampson—"cornment to that is, I thank you heartily," for he thought to himself, "in for a penny, in for a pound; and he fairly drank the witch's dram, and feeling it was a cupful of bravery all the way, he put this cope-stone upon Meg's good cheer, he felt, as he said, "mightily elevated, and afraid of no evil with which she might be accused Saunder so gently; "Will you remember my errand now?" said Meg Merrieis: "I ken by the cast o' your eye that you're another man than when you came in."

"I will," said Sampson; "I am meet as a barnow on the brown brain washed by no boat, and deserving stonily; "I will deliver unto him the sealed yespee, and will add what you please to send by word of mouth." "Then I'll make it short," said Meg. "Tell him to look at the stars without fail this night, and to do what he finds there in that letter, as he would wish.

That Bertram's right and Bertram's might:
Should meet on Ellangowan height.

I have seen him twice when he saw me; I ken when he was in this country first, and I ken what's brought him back again. Up, sir, to the gate! you're over hither—follow me.

Sampson followed the aislely accordingly, who guided him about a quarter of a mile through the woods, by guided him along a short, short, path found for himself; then they entered upon the common, Meg still marching before him at a great pace, until she gained the top of a small hillbrook which overhung the road.

"Here is how the setting sun breaks through you cloud that's been darkening the lift a' day," said she, "and the oldest, the sunniest, the lowest road in the Castle o' Ellangowan—that's no for naething.—See as its glistening to seaward below you sloop in the bay—that's no for naething neither. Here I stood on this very spot as I drew, drawing herself up so as not to lose one hair-breadth of her uncommon height, and stretching out her long sunbeamed arm, and clenched hand, "Here I stood, when I took the last h..."

Sampson that was coming on his horse—put that to the ground?—it's the most over water!—And here, where I break the wand of peace over him—here I stand again—to bid God bless and prosper the just heir of Ellangowan that will sure be brought to his kin; and the best..." and he said that Ellangowan has seen for three hundred years.—I'll no live to see it may b... but there will be mony a blithe ce see it then mine be closed. And now, Abel Sampson, as ever ye lo'ed the good woman, and the English Colonel, as if life and death were upon your haste! Not saying, she turned suddenly from the ambe..." Dumingon regained with swift and long strides the shelter of the wood from which she had issued, at the point where it most encroached upon the common. Sampson gazed after her for a moment of astonishment, and then obeyed her directions, heading to Woodbourne at a pace very unusual for an as..."
GUY MANNERING. 99

"Na, ye steads gang in there, the cloth's been re-

an hour syne, and the Colonel's at his wine; 

but just step into my room, I have a nice steak that 

doesn't need the fire, and let me take your order.

"Exercise it?" said Sampson; "that is, I have 
dined! it's impossible—who can ye has dined 

you that gants out nace gait!"

"With Beezlebub, I believe," said the minister.

"Na, then he's bewitched for certain," said the 

lumberman. "I know when a man's in his senses, of 

which he's daft, and any way the Colonel maun just 
guide his ain gate—Wee's me! I Hech, sir! I It's a 
sair thing to see learning folk to this!" And with 

the compassionate ejaculation, she retreated into 

er own premises.

The object of her comministration had by this time 
termed the dining parlour, where his appearance gave 
gratified surprise. He was mud up to the shoulders, and 
the natural paleness of his face was twice as cadave-

rous as usual, through terror, fatigue, and perturbation 
of mind. "What on earth is the meaning of this, 

Mr. Sampson?" said Mannerling, who observed Miss 
Bertram looking much alarmed for her simple but 

unsectarian friend.

"Exorcism,"—said the Dominie.

"How, sir?" replied the astonished Colonel.

"I have sent for a clairvoyant, sir."

"Are you a wood-gathering, I think—pray, Mr. 

Sampson, collect yourself, and let me know the 

meaning of all this."

"I cannot, sir, to reply, but finding his Latin 

formula of exorcism still came most readily to his 
tongue, he prudently desisted from the attempt, and 
put the scrap of paper which he received from the 
gypsy into Mannerling'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 Man-

nerling.

The Dominie, who often displayed some delicacy of 

collection in cases where Miss Bertram had an in-

terest, remembered the painful circumstances, con-

nected with Meg Murrills, looked at the young lady, 

and remained silent. "We will join you at the 
table in an instant, Julia," said the Colonel; "I 

see that Mr. Sampson wishes to speak to me alone."

And now they were gone, what, in Heaven's name, 

Mr. Sampson, is the meaning of all this?"

"It may be a message from Heaven," said the 

Domnie, "but I am more surprised at the state of 

profound silence that seemed to be mentioned, and 

that witch, Meg Murrills, who should have been 
burnt with a tar-barrel twenty years since, for a har-

lock, witch, and gipsy."

"Are you sure it was she?" said the Colonel with 
great weight.

"Sure, honoured sir?—Of a truth she is one not to 

be forgotten—the like o' Meg Murrills is not to be 

seen in any land."

The Colonel paced the room rapidly, cogitating 

with himself. To send out to apprehend her—but it 

is too distant to send to Mac-Mander, and Sir Rob-

erit Hazlewood is a pompous cokshorn; besides the 

difficulty of finding her upon the spot, or that the 

impression of silence that seemed before may again 

return—no, I will not, to save being thought a fool, 

neglect the course she points out. Many of her class 

are set by being impostors, and end by becoming en-
thralled, and still so beguiling are the mutual be-

tween both lines, unconscious almost when they are 

shooting themselves, or when imposing on others.—

What if her prophecies are found to be right, and 

if my efforts are fruitless, it shall not be owing to 

over-saying of my own character for wisdom.

With this he rang the bell, and ordering Barnes in 

the same sitting room, gave him some orders, with 

the result of which the reader may be made 

latterly acquainted. We must now take up another 

subject, but it 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 Colo-

nel. Indeed Mannerling's whole behaviour had im-

pressed upon him an opinion that this would be dis-
grateful; and such was the non-importance which the 
successful soldiers had infused into them, that he 

attained over the young man's conduct, that in no 

respect would he have ventured to offend him. He 
saw, or thought he saw, in Colonels, a general 
conduct, an approbation of his attachment to Miss 
Bertram. But then he saw still more plainly 

the impolicy of any attempt: at a private corres-

pondence, even in a man so distinguished, which 

could be anything but a complete failure, heEngland 

to approving, and he respected this barrier interposed 

between them, both on Mannerling's account, and 

as he was the liberator of Miss Bertram. "No," said he 
to himself, "I will not endanger the comfort of my 

Lucy's present retreat, until I can offer her a home of 

her own."

With this valourous resolution, which he maintain-

ed, although his horse, from constant habit, turned 

his head down the avenue of Woodbourne, and al-

though he himself passed the lodge twice daily, 

Charles Hazlewood withstood a strong inclination 
to ride down, just to ask how the young ladies were, 

and whether he could be of any service to them dur-

ing Colonel Mannerling's absence. But on the 

second occasion he felt the temptation so severe, that 

he resolved not to expose himself to it a third time; 

and contenting himself with sending his inquiries, and 

so forth, to Woodbourne, he resolved to make a visit 

long promised to a family at some distance, and to 

return in such time as to be one of the earliest among 

the visitors who were about to congratulate his safe 

arrival from his distant and hazardous expedition to 

Edinburgh. Accordingly, he made out his visit, and 

began to arrange matters so as to be informed within 

a few hours after Colonel Mannerling reached home, 

he finally resolved to take leave of the friends with 

whom he had spent the intervening time, with the inten-

tion of dining at Woodbourne, where he was in a great 

measure domesticated; and this (for he thought much 

more deeply on the subject than was necessary) would, he 

flattered himself, appear a simple, natural, and easy 

mode of conducting himself.

Fate, however, of which lovers make so many 

complaints, was, in this case, unfavourable to Charles 

Hazlewood. His horse's shoes required an altera-

tion, in consequence of the fresh weather having 

decidedly commenced. The lady of the house, where 

he was a visitor, was Archibald Mander's brother, 

till a very late breakfast hour. His and also in-

sisted on showing him a litter of puppies, which his 

favourite pointed out to him. It was a fine litter. 

The colours had occasioned some doubts about the 

paternity, a weighty question of legitimacy, to the 

decision of which Hazlewood's opinion was to be 

as arbiter between the correspond and his groom, 

and which inferred in its consequences, which of the 

litter should be drowned, which saved. Besides, the 

Laird himself delayed our young lover's departure for a 

considerable time, endeavouring, with long and 

superfluous rhetoric, to instigate to Sir Robert Haze-

wool, through the medium of his son, his own partic-

ular ideas respecting the line of a meditated turnpike 

road. It is greatly to the shame of our young lover's 

apprehension, that after the tenth reiterated account 

of the matter, he could not see the advantage to be 

obtained by the proposed road passing over the Lang-

hirst, Windy-knowe, the Good-house-park, Hallsie-

croft, and then crossing the river at Simolin's Foot, 

and so by the road to Kippen—again; and the less 

eligible line pointed out by the English surveyor, 

which would go clear through the main enclosures 

at Hazlewood, cut with a ridge of the Woodbourne 

of the house itself, destroying the privacy and pleasure, 

as his informer contended, of the grounds.

In short, the adviser (whose actual interest was 

to have the bridge built most accessible to a farm 

of his own) failed in every effort to attract young 

Hazlewood's attention, until he mentioned by chance 

the proposition to the Laird, who, however, without 

Glossin, who pretended to take a field in the coun-

try. On a sudden young Hazlewood became attrac-

tive and interested; and having satisfied himself
which was the line that Glossin patronised. assured
his friend it should not be his fault if his father did
nothing but that. They went up to the window and observed
various intermissions consumed the morning. Hazle-
wood got on horseback at least three or rather than be
intended, and, forming his last point, pointed, and turnip sake of parliament, saw himself de-
tained beyond the time when he could, with propriety,
intrude upon the family at Woodbourne.
Henceforward, the turn of the road which led
to that mansion, only edified by the distant ap-
pearance of the blue smoke, curling against the pale
sky of the winter evening, when he though he beheld
the Appalachians, taking a footpath for the house through
the woods. He called after him, but in vain; for that
honorable gentleman, never the most susceptible of ex-
terneous impressions, had just that moment parted
from Miss Merrihes, and was too deeply wrapt in
pondering upon her vagaries, to make any ans-
swer to Hazelwood. He was, therefore, obliged
not 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 whereas 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
pealed to Miss Smith, to loosen up his own luxurious
steep sandy track between two high banks,
which, rising to a considerable height, commanded,
at length, an extensive view of the neighbouring
county.
Hazelwood was, however, so far from eagerly look-
forward to this prospect, though it had the recom-
mandation of that great part of the land was his fa-
ther's, and must necessarily be his own, that his
head still turned backward towards the chimney
of Woodbourne, although at every step his horse made
the dew and the cold in his face; his eye in that direc-
tion became greater. From the reverie in which he was
sunk, he was suddenly roused by a voice too harsh to be
called a sob, yet too shrill for a laugh. What's
kept you on the road so long?—maun tiber folk do
your work?
He looked up: the spokesman was very tall, had
a voluminous handkerchief rolled round his head,
guzzled hair flowing in elf-locks beneath it, a
long red cloak, and a staff in her hand, headed with
a sort of spear—point—it was, in short, Miss Merrihes.
Hazelwood had never seen this remarkable figure
before; he drew up the reins in astonishment at her
appearance and made a full stop. "I think," con-
tinued he, "that you speak of Miss— or rather of Miss
Ellangowan said sleep nane this night; three men
have been seen cell, and you are guys hams to sleep
in your bed. If the lad-bairn fa's, the sister
will weel; na, na?"
"I don't understand you, good woman," said Ha-
azelwood. "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 fa-
family, and when was there ever, or when shall
never be, a family of Ellangowan, but bearing the
exalted name of the baird Bertram?"
"But what do you mean, good woman?"
"I am use good woman—a the country kens I am
had enough, and baith they and I may be sorry
enough. I am sure, sir, I can say that. But I can do what good
young, cana, and daurns, a the land is not, a it is not.
I am sure, sir, I can say that. But I am sure,
he, na, na; the Custom-house at Portanbery, and it's
brought up to Hazelwood-house by your father's orders,
because he thinks his house is to be attacked this night.
Aye, na, na, na, na. I must have a method meant to attack
his house; he has gude blood and gentle blood—I say
liu'd o' him for himself, but there's nobody thinks
thing o' me. Send the horsemen to theCustom-house, to the
port, canny and quietly—see an they winna
have war the night—ay will they—the gams will flash
and the words will patter in the braw moon."
"Good God! what do you mean?" said young Ha-
nlewod; "your words and manner would persuade
me you are mad, and yet there is a strange uncon
manner in your words, and manner."
"I am not mad!" exclaimed the pipew; "I have
been imprisoned for mad—scourged for mad—be-
nished for mad—banished for mad; can you
Hazelwood of Hazelwood: d'ye bear malice against
him that wounded you?"
"No, dame, God forbid; my son is quite well, and
I have heard, since the shot was discharged by acci-
dent. I should be glad to tell the young man so him-
self."
"Then do you what I bid you," answered Miss Mer-
rihes, "and y' e'll do him more good than ever he did
you ill; for if he was left to his ill-wishers he would be
a bloody corpse ere morn, or a banished man here.
There's none abune's. —Do as I bid you; you send back
the soldiers to Portanerry. There's noe fear o'
Hazelwood-house than there's o' Cruifeal."
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 strangest im-
pression upon those whom she addressed. Her words, though wild, were too plain and intelligible
for actual madness, and yet too vehement and extra-
ordinary to be accounted acting under the influence of an imagination rather
strongly excited than deranged; and it is wonderful
how palpably the difference, in each case, is impres-
sed upon the mind of the auditor. A great deal for
the attention which her strange and myster-
ious hints were heard and acted upon. It is cer-
tain, at least, that young Hazelwood had been
shaken by her sudden appearance and imperious tone.
He rode to Hazelwood at a brisk pace. It had been
dark for some time before he reached the house, and
as he saw a confirmation of what the sibyl had hinted.

Thirty dragoon horses stood under a shed near the
office of the Custom-house, with four soldiers attended
as a guard, while others massed
ed up and down with their long broadswords and
heavy boots in front of the house. Hazelwood asked
a non-commisioned officer from whom they came.

"From Portanerry."
"Had they left any guard there?"
"No; they had been drawn off by order of Sir Ro-
bert Hazelwood for defende of his house, against an
attack which was threatened by the emmigers."

Charles Hazelwood instantly went in quest of his
father's carriage, and havmg paid his respects to the
return, requested to know upon what account he had
thought it necessary to send for a military escort.
Sir Robert Hazelwood said he had heard his son in reply, that he had
formance, intelligence, and tidings, which had been
communicated to, and laid before him, he had
deepest reason to believe, credit, and he cou
that a monstrous assault would that night be attempted
and perpetrated against Hazelwood-house, by a large
number of emmigers, gipsies, and other desperadoes.

And what, my dear sir, said his son, direct the
inhabitants of the country?—"than any other house in the country?"
should rather think, suppose, and he of every
answer Sir Robert, "with demonstration.

Young Hazelwood, who knew his father's
answered, that the cause of his surprise was,
where Sir Robert apprehended, but that he
ere there were so many servants, and wherever the
neighbouring tenants could call in such a
squadron; and that he knew the reputation of the family would not
be In
grief to see calling soldiers from their duties.
Custom-house, no project them, as if they were
sufficiently strong to defend themselves against
Sir, it was not accidental," said his father angrily, "but you were too old for such follies.

"Really, sir," replied Hazlewood, "in what I intimately concern myself—"

"Sir, it does not concern you in a very considerable degree, but it is an affair in which I am deeply interested.

"Yes, sir," answered the young man, "but I should hardly have expected to hear you quote such authors.

"Sir, your father himself knows—it was to no avail. You are a great young fellow, and it is not within my power to interfere.

"And you yourself, my dear sir, when did you ever meet a gentleman in your life before?"

"Sir, Charles, I did not meet gentleman in the press sense meaning, and restricted and proper to which, no doubt, the phrase ought legitimately be confined, but I meant to use it relatively, as signifying something of that state to which he has ascended and raised himself as designing, in short, a most wealthy and estimable sort of a person."

"Sir, this is the man's orders that the guard was drawn from Portnaferry."

"Sir, replied the Baronet, 'I do apprehend that your opinion is not in accordance with the common opinion, or indeed with any opinion, unless asked, in a matter in which the House of Commons and the House of Commons are so much intermixed, and the House of Commons and the House of Commons are so much intermixed that you cannot have the advantage of our arrangement.'"

"I presume, however, sir," said the son, "this is approved of the proposal?"

"Sir," replied his father, "I thought it decent and proper to consult with the nearest magistrates, as soon as report of the intended outrage reached my ears; and although he declined, out of respect to his superiors, that it should be carried into effect, I was determined to concure in the order, yet he did entirely approve of my arrangement."

"This moment a horse's foot were heard coming up the avenue. In a few minutes the door was opened, and Mr. MacMorlan presented himself. 'I have greater concern to intrude, Sir Robert, but—'"

"Sir, Robert," said Mr. MacMorlan, "Sir Robert, with a glorious flourish of welcome, 'this isEUSEPH," said Sir Robert, "for your situation as Sheriff-Sub-Assistant, Mr. MacMorlan, you are acknowledged, and admitted, and undertake to enter the house of the late gentleman in Scotland, unhurried—always presenting you to be called there by the duty of your office.'"

"It is indeed the duty of my office," said MacMorlan, "but I was not aware that it was the duty of my office to speak, "that makes me an intruder."

"No intrusion," reiterated the Baronet, gracefully waving his hand.

"But permit me to say, Sir Robert," said the Sheriff-Sub-Assistant, "I do not come with the purpose of remaining here, but to inform you of the alarm which has been excited in Portnaferry, and to assure you that I will answer for the safety of your house."

"To withdraw the guard from Hazlewood-houses!" exclaimed the promotor in mingled displeasure and surprise, "and you will be answerable for it! And, pray, who are you, sir, that I should take your security, and caution, and advice, official or personal, for the safety of Hazlewood-houses? I think, sir, and 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 loss upon the guarantees which you so obligingly offer me."

"In that case I shall be sorry for it, Sir Robert," answered the downright MacMorlan; "but I presume I may escape the pain of feeling my conduct the cause of such irreparable loss, as I can assure you there will be no damage done at all.

"Sir, take them all with you—I am far from desiring any 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 risk, sir, and peril, sir, and responsibility, sir, if any thing shall happen to or befall to Hazlewood-house, sir, or the inhabitants, sir, or to the furniture and paintings, sir."

"I am acting to the best of my judgment and information, Sir Robert," said MacMorlan, "and I must protest of you to believe me to perceive the situation cordially. I beg you to observe it is not time for ceremony—it is already very late."

"But Sir Robert, without desiring to listen to his apologies, immediately took himself with much parade in arraying and arranging his domestics. Charles Hazlewood longed to accompany the military, which were about to depart for Portnaferry, which he had now drawn up and mounted by direction and under the guidance of Mr. Mac-Morlan, as the civil magistrate. 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 Hazlewood therefore grazed from a window with suppressed regret and displeasure, until he heard the officer give the word of command—'From the right to the front, by files, m-a-r-ch. Leading file, to the right wheel—Trot.'—The whole party of soldiers then raked through the long avenues, which were soon lost among the trees, and the noise of the hoofs died speedily away in the distance."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

We return to Portnaferry, and to Bertram, and have honest hearted friends, whom we least suspect, inhabitants of a place built for the garrison. The
shutters of the farm were as sound as it was possible that Bertram's first heavy sleep passed away long before midnight, nor could he again recover that state of oblivion. Added to the uncertain and uncomfortable sensations of his body for severer air which pressed. This was chiefly owing to the close and confined air of the small apartment in which they remained. For some time the broiling and suffocating feeling attendant upon such an atmosphere, he rose to endeavour to open the window of the apartment, and thus to procure a change of air. At first he remitted that he was in jail, and that the building being contrived for security, not comfort, the means of procuring fresh air were not left at the disposal of the wretched inhabitants.

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 shaggy coat against his legs, and expressing, by a murmuring sound, the delight which he felt at being restored to him. Thus accompanied, and waiting until the feverish feeling which at present agitated his blood should subside into a desire for warmth and slumber, Bertram returned to the apartment, and seated himself at the seat," she said. ‘The tide was now nearly full, and dashed hoarse and near below the base of the building. Now and then the sound of a creaking or a breakwork which defended the foundation of the house, and was flung upon it with greater force and noise than those which only broke upon the sand. Far in the distance, under the unindicible light of a heavy and often over-clouded moon, the ocean rolled its multi-
dimensional complication of waves, crossing, bursting, and mingling with each other.’

Bertram, said Bertram to himself, ‘like those crossing tides of fate which have tossed me about the world from my infancy upwards. When will this tide of vanity and pain, 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 disregard the voices of sea-

nymphs and tritons amid the bursting murmurs of the ocean; would that I could do so, and that some siren or Proteus would arise from these billows, to un

daddle me for the strange maze of fate in which I am so deeply entangled!—Happy friend!’ he said, baring his teeth, and depositing his bulky person, ‘the cares are confined to the narrow round of a healthy and thriving occupation! The men themselves are pleasant, and enjoy the deep repose of body and mind which wholesome labour has prepared for thee!’

At this moment his reflections were broken by little Wasp attempting to spring up against the window, began to yelp and bark most furiously. The sounds reached Dimmont's ears, but without dis-

patting the illusion which had transported him from this wretched apartment to the free air of his own green hills. ‘Hoy, Yarrow, man—far yaud—far yaud,’ he muttered between his teeth, imagining Doubledun, that he was calling to his sheep-dog, and hounding him in shepherd’s phrase, against some intruders on the grazing. The continued barking of the terrier within was answered by the angry challenge 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 through the window. Now, his clamour was continued and furious, and seemed to be excited by some disturbance distinct from the barking of the terrier, given by the shrill and piercing, with which, with much trouble, his master had contrived to still into an angry note of low growling.

At last Bertram, whose attention was now fully called upon by the scene of the storm and the gathering snow, heard in good earnest the sound of ears and of human voices mingling with the dash of the billows. Bertram, a fisherman, thought, or perhaps aware of the desperate aspect of the crew: they are very hardy, however, to approach so near the storm, and the Custom-house. It is a large boat, like a long boat, and full of people; perhaps it belongs to the revenue service. — Bertram was confirmed in this last opinion, by observing that the boat was not a large one, but somewhat behind the Custom-house, and, jumping ashore one after another, the crew, to the number of twenty men, boarded the vessel. They were labourers from the Custom-house from the Bridewell, and disappeared from his sight, leaving only two persons to take care of the boat. This was, these men's ears at first, and latterly the suppressed sounds of their voices, had excited the wrath of the watchful voices in the court-yard, who now exalted his deep voice into such a hoarse and continuous din, that it awakened his brute mas-
tor, as savage a dog as himself. His cry from a window, of How now, Yarrow, what's the matter, sir—down, d—ny, down! — produced so abatement of Yarrow's vociferation, which in part prevented his master from hearing the sounds of alarm which his ferocious vigilance was in the act of challenging. But the mate of the two-jooped Car-

berus was gifted with sharper ears than her husband. She also was now at the window. ‘B—it, ye goes down, d—ny, d—ny!’ she said, closing the door of the Custom-house, and the sad yelp at Hazelewold-house has ordered off the guard. But — but ye have gone further, sir. The snow from the Amazon sailed to perform the task herself, while her help—mate, more jealous of incursion within doors, than of storm from without, went from cell to cell to see that the inhabitants of each were carefully secured.

These latter sounds with which we have made the reader acquainted, had their origin in front of the house, and were consequently imperfectly heard by Bertram. The Custom-house apartment, as we have already men-
ticed, looked from the back part of the building up the sea. He heard, however, a strident trum in the house, the stern seclusion of a prison at the hour of midnight, and connecting them with the arrival of an armed boat at that dead hour, could not but suppose that something extraordinary was about to take place. In this belief he shook Dimmont by the shoulder. ‘Huh— Ay! Oh — Ali! woman, it's no time to get up yet!’ he sneered at the sleeping man of the mountains. More roughly shaken, however, he gathered himself up, shook his ears, and asked, ‘In the name of Provi-
dence, what's the matter?’

‘The—The—The Custom-house!’ replied Bertram; ‘but either the place is on fire, or some extraordinary thing is about to happen. Are you not sensible of a sound of clashing doors within the house, and of voices, murmurs, and distant shouts on the outskirts? Upon my word, I believe something very extraordinary has happened. Tell me for the love of Heaven, and let the Custom-house remain safe!’

Dimmont rose at the idea of danger, as intrepid and undismayed as any of his ancestors when the bow-light was kindled. ‘Odd, Captain, this is a strange place!—I winna let ye out in the day, and I winna let ye sleep in the night. Deil, but it was in my heart in a fortnight. But, Lord-sake, ye kenned they're making now!—Odd, I wish we had some light.—Wasp—Wasp, whist, hinni—what's my business, what?—I'd like to hear what they're doing. Deil's in ye, will ye whist! ’

They sought in vain among the embers the cause of lighting their candle, and the noise without. Captain Dimmont said: ‘You hear nothing then?—Oh, Lord-sake, I'll come here!'—they have broken the Custom-house!”

Bertram listened to the story given him, and plighted a miscellaneous crowd of smugglers, and blacks of different descriptions, some carrying lighted to others bearing packages and barrows down the beach. They were loading each of these in turn, one or two had already put off to seaward, and perhaps for himself.” said Bertram; ‘but I fear
GUY MANKERING.

No pursuit took place. The attention of the smugglers had been otherwise and very disgracefully engaged by the sudden rush of Mac-Man's party of horse. The loud main voice of the provincial magistrate was heard proclaiming the riot act, and charging the crowd to disperse at their own peril. This intermezzo would indeed have happened in time sufficient to have prevented the attempt, had not the magistrate been caught upon the stretch, and the false information which he led him to think that the smugglers were to land at the Bay of Ellangowan. Nearly two hours were lost in consequence of this intelligence, which it may be no lack of charity to suppose the colonel was deeply interested in the issue of that night's daring attempt, had contrived to throw in Mac-Man's way, availing himself of the knowledge that the soldiers had left Haslewood-house, which would soon reach an ear so anxious as his.

In the meantime, Bertram followed his guide, and was in his turn followed by Dinmont. The shouts of the mob, the trampling of the horses, the dropping pistol-shots, sunk more and more faintly upon their ears; when at the end of the dark lane they found a post-chaise with four horses.

"Are you here, in God's name?" said the guide to the postilion who drove the team.

"Ay, truth am I," answered Jock Jabba, "and I wish I were any gate else."

"Open the carriage, then—You, gentlemen, get into it—in a short time I'll be able to tell the horses what to do—and (to Bertram) remember your promise to the grey wife!"

Bertram, resolving to be passive in the hands of a person who had just rendered him such a distinguished piece of service, got into the chaise as directed. Dinmont followed; Weep, who had kept close by them, sprung in at the same time, and the carriage drove off very fast. "Have a care o' me," said Dinmont, "but this is the queerest thing yet!—Odd, I trust they'll no coop us—and then what's to come of Dumple?—I would rather be on his back than in the Denke's coach, Godless him."

Bertram observed, that they could not go at that rapid rate to any very great distance without changing horses, and that they might insist upon remaining till daylight at the first inn they stopped at, or at least upon being made acquainted with the purpose and termination of their journey, and Mr. Dinmont might there give directions about his faithful horse, which would probably be safe at the stables where he had left him.—Aweel, aweel, o'ers ee be it for Dandie.—Odd, if we were a'ne o' this trundling kiati o' a thing, I am thinking they wad find it hard work to gar us gang o' gate where we liked it.

While he thus spoke, the carriage making a sudden turn, showed them, through the left window, the village at some distance in the glade, where the fire, which having reached a storehouse wherein spirits were deposited, now rose high into the air, a waving column of brilliant light. They had not long time to admire this spectacle, for another turn of the road carried them into a close lane between plantations, through which the chaise proceeded in nearly total darkness, but with unabated speed.
announced the arrival of our visitor. "Sandy," said
Mannering, "is too early by some hours."

There was a short pause, when Barnes opening
the door of the saloon, announced Mr. Plydell. In
searched the lawyer, whose well-brushed black coat,
and white cravat, his broad beard, and the brilli-
antes, brown silk stockings, highly varnished shoes,
and gold buckles, exhibited the pams which the old
gentlermanned to the most elegant person and the
ladies' society. He was welcomed by: Mannering
with a hearty shake by the head. "The very man I
wished to see at this moment."

"I thought so," said Mr. Plydell, "I told you! I
would take the first opportunity; so I have ventured to
leave the Court for a week in season(time)—no common
sacrifice—but | had a notion I could be useful, and I
was to attend a proof here about the same time. But
will you not introduce me to the young ladies?—Ah! I
there is one I should have known at once, from her
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, to which Lucy submitted in blushing resignation.

"On n' arrive pas dans un etat chevaleresque," con-
cluded the gay old gentleman, and, as the Colonel
presented him to Julia, took the same liberty with that
fair buxom creature, who laughed, curtsied, and once
engaged herself. "I beg a thousand pardons," said
the lawyer, with a bow which was not at all profes-
sional: "I fear the ladies give privileges, and I can hardly say whether I am most sorry at just now at being too well entitled to claim them at all, or happy in having such an opportunity to exer-
cise them so agreeably."

"Upon my word, sir," said Miss Manning, laugh-
ing, "if you make such flattering apologies, we shall
be beginning to dread the lettres de cachet, or to shatter
yourself under your alleged qualifications."

"I can assure you, Julia," said the Colonel, "you
are perfectly right; my friend the counsellor is a dan-
gerous person; the last time I had the pleasure of seeing
him, he was closeted with a fair lady, who had
granted him a tete-a-tete at eight o'clock in the morning."

"Ay, but, Colonel," said the counsellor, "you should
also be more indebted to my chocolate than my charms
for so distinguished a favour, from a person of such propriety of demeanour as Mrs.
Rebecca."

"And that should remind me, Mr. Plydell," said
Julia, to offer you tea—that is supposing you have
dined.

"Any thing, Miss Manning, from your hands," an-
swered the gallant jurist; "yes, I have dined,
that is to say, as people do at a Scotch meal."

"Oh! that is indifferently enough," said the
Colonel, with his hand upon the bell-handle: "give
me leave to order something."

"Why, to set truth," replied Mr. Plydell, "I had
rather I have been inquiring into that matter,
for you must know I stopped an instant below to pull
off my boot hose, a world too wide for my
shrunken shanks."—glancing down with some compla-
cency 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 pre-
sume to be the housekeeper, and it was settled among
us—tota re perspective—I beg Miss Manning's par-
don for my Latin—that the old lady should add to your
light family-supper the more substantial refreshment
of a brace of wild-ducks. I told her (always
under deep submission) my poor thoughts about the
sausage, which concurred exactly with her own; and, if
you please, I would request the celerity till they are ready,
before eating any thing solid."

"And we will anticipate our usual hour of supper," said
Miss Manning, "providing I do not lose the ladies' company a moment the sooner.
I am very old fashioned, old friends, a woman loves
to care, the supper of the ancients, the pleasant

The Burnet, whose taste for the evenning meal of the
aesthetic is quoted by Mr. Plydell, was the celebrated man-of-
books and learned old fellow, a true admirer of the best
books. Remarks by those who have admired his classical
intel. and social genes that was out of one's mind; the sober
rectitude of men's thoughts have been open-
ing in our brains all day."

The vivacity of Mr. Plydell's look and manner,
and the quickness with which he made himself
at home over the subject of his new occupation con-
formed to the ladies, but particularly Miss Manning,
who immediately gave the counsellor a great deal of
flattery. "I am sorry," said Mr. Plydell, "I think things were
said on both sides during the service of the tes-
table than we have leisure to repeat.

As soon as this was over, Manning led the coun-
sellor back into a small ante-room which opened
from the saloon, and, where, according to the cus-
toms of the family, there were always lights and a good fire
in the evening.

"I see," said Mr. Plydell, "you have got some-
ting to tell me about the Ellangowan busi-
ness—is it terrestrial or celestial? What says my military
Albanese? Have you calculated the course of inter-
ity? have you consulted your Ephemerides, your Al-
mocholes, your Almanaks?"

"No, truly, counsellor," replied Manning, "you
are the only Potlomie I intend to resort to upon the
present occasion—a second Prospero, I have broken
my staff, and drowned my book far beyond plen-
emt depth. I am in very low spirits, my good sir.

Miss Merritades, our Egyptian sibyl, has ap-
to the Dominee this very day, and, as I conjecture, has
frustrated every honest man not a little."

"Indeed?"

"Ay, and she has done me the honour to open a
letter to you. I know not what the letter is about, the
ladies are too vague."

"Read it, read it," said Manning, "you are a
good seeker, but a bad finder ; you set yourself
to prop a falling house, and had a gay guess it would
rise again. Leave your hand to the work that's now,
as you lend your seat to the weird that was for.
Have a carriage this night by ten o'clock, at the end of
the Crooked Dykes at Portonerry, and let it bring
the folk to Woodburns that shall ask them, if they be
there in God's name."

"Dark shall be light,
And wrong done to right.
And honey's right, and sorry's might
Shall be stabled in Solomon's height."
"Yes," answered Manning, well pleased to have escaped the ridicule he apprehended: "you know the worst is paying the charge-hure—I sent a post-chaise and four from Utrecht, with a letter to lady—"the horses will have a long and cold station on the outpost to night if our intelligence is false.

"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-dissuasion, to suppose that her conduct to his excellency, our ambassador, was correct in character. I know that, I could not...nothing out of her—by the common modes of intercourse, she gives least means of doing her. She always appears to have an opportunity of making the discovery her own way.

"And now you have more to say, or shall we go to the lady?"

"Why, my mind is uncommonly agitated," answered the Colonel, "and I really have no more to say; I shall count the minutes till the carriage returns; but you cannot expect to be so anxious."

"Why, no—use is in all, said the more experienced lawyer. "I am much interested certainly. The lady, and the interval, if the ladies will afford us some music."

"And with the assistance of the wild-ducks, by all means," said the lawyer. "Truly, Colonel; a lawyer's anxiety about the fate of the most interesting cause has seldom spoiled either his sleep or digestion. And yet I shall be much interested in the result of these trials on their return, notwithstanding."

So saying, he rose, and led the way into the next room, where lies Manning, at his request, took her seat at the harpsichord. Lucy Bertram, who sang her native melodies very sweetly, was accompanied by her father upon the instrument, and Julia afterward joined the trio of Scarlatti's sonatas with great brilliancy. The old lawyer, scraping a little upon the violoncello, and being a member of the gentlemen's company in Edinburgh, was so greatly delighted with this mode of spending the evening, that I doubt, if he once thought 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 company may be here to-night; and let the men set up, and do not lock the upper gate on the French," I said.

"Lord, sir," said Julia, "whom can you possibly expect to-night?"

"New persons, strangers to me, talked of calling in the evening on business," answered her father, without embarrassment, for he would have little brooked a disappointment which might have caused scandal on his judgment; "it is quite uncertain."

"Well, we shall not pardon them for disturbing our peace," said Julia, "unless they bring as much good grace, and as susceptible hearts, as my friend and admirer, for he has dashed himself, Mr. Playfied."

"Ah, Miss Julia," said Playfield, offering his arm with an air of gallantry to conduct her into the sitting room, "the time has been—when I returned from Utrecht in the year 1726—" and I don't turn of it, answered the young lady; "was you like you much better as you are—Utrecht, in heaven's name!—I dare say you have spent all the intervening years in getting rid of so completely the party called Dutch people."

"O forgive me, Miss Manning," said the lawyer, "Dutch are a much more accomplished people in the country than I was before."

"You were probably true, as observed by Commander Playfield, that I do not confine myself to his case, suppose him to have been worse in a general practice, will seldom disturb his rest or digestion, and for that reason, I did not think the case was worth of it."

"I was told by an excellent judge, never more, and some worthy friends, who, addressing the hearing, made it the object of every one, to prove the case in question; which was not the least; said, with singular

"But the case is come at last. I have been able to convince the thinking of it—yes, I declare, your Lordship..."
GUY MANNERING.

"And then the alarm we had immediately afterwards," added Miss Bertram, "from the vengeance of one of these wretches."

"When young Hazledew was hurt—I heard of this," said Mr. Pleydell, "I imagine, my dear Miss Bertram."

"You must know," said Mr. Pleydell, "that young Hazledew is so handsome in the eyes of the young ladies of this country, that they think every person shocks who comes near him."

"Oho! thought Pleydell, who was by profession an observer of tones and gestures, there's something wrong here between my young friends."—Well, Miss Bertram, I have not seen young Hazledew since he was a boy, so the ladies may be perfectly right; but I can assure you, in spite of your scorn, that if you want to see handsome men you must go to Holland; the prettiest fellow I ever saw was a Dutchman, in spite of his being called Vanboet, or Vanb--ter, but he was so much handsomer than his dandy friend, that he will not be quite so handsome now, to be sure."

"It was now Julia's turn to look a little out of countenance at the chance hit of her learned admirer, but this was a chance that arose the more in time."

"I am not in the vein, Mr. Sampson," answered Pleydell, "where metal more attractive—I do not despair to engage the young ladies in a give and take, wherein I, even myself, will adventure myself for the best part—Hang De Lyra, man; keep him for a better season."

The disappointed Dominie shut his pensive, much marvelling 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 strikingly, filled himself a large glass of Burgundy, and after plunging a little with a voice somewhat the worse for the wear, gave the ladies a courageous invitation to join in We be three poor Marineras, and accomplished his own part therein with great eclat.

"Are you not wandering off to young Snow, with some with sitting up so late, my young ladies?" said the Colonel.

"Not a bit, sir," answered Julia; "your friend, Mr. Pleydell, has become a pupil of Mr. Sampson's to-morrow, so we must make the most of our conquest to-night.

This led to another musical trial of skill, and that to lively conversations. 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 close approaching, Mannerling, whose impatience had long subdivided 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.

CHAPTER L.

Justice. This does not confirm each circumstance I told you. No chance, nor without a friend are those who shall be murdered. They are such—Yes, they are such, and these Are all thy near relations? The Oath.

As Mannerling watched his watch, he heard a distant horn blow. It was not a carriage for certain; --no, it is but the sound of the wind among the leafless trees. Do come to the window, Mr. Pleydell."

"This is a flattering compliment, but his heart, the silk handkerchief in his hand, was expatiating away to Julia upon some subject which he thought interesting, obeyed, however, the summons; first wrapping the handkerchief round his neck by way of precaution against the cold air. The sound of wheels became now more audible, and Pleydell, as he observed all his curiosity till that moment, ran out to the hall. The Colonel rung for Barnes to desire that the persons who came in the carriage might be shown into the parlour; and Barnes, as he did so, the face it might contain. It stopped, however, at the door, before his purpose could be fully explained. A ma--so propriety in my dear Miss Bertram."

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This led to another musical trial of skill, and that to lively conversations. 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 close approaching, Mannerling, whose impatience had long subdivided 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.

CHAPTER L.

Justice. This does not confirm each circumstance I told you. No chance, nor without a friend are those who shall be murdered. They are such—Yes, they are such, and these Are all thy near relations? The Oath.

As Mannerling watched his watch, he heard a distant horn blow. It was not a carriage for certain; --no, it is but the sound of the wind among the leafless trees. Do come to the window, Mr. Pleydell."

"This is a flattering compliment, but his heart, the silk handkerchief in his hand, was expatiating away to Julia upon
GUY MANNERING.

107

...—Dominie, take your seat—draw in your chair, honest Liddesdale.

"I'll be a man," said Mr. Pleydell, "though I'm a little out of practice in the art of drawing," and he took his seat with the greatest of composure.

The Colonel, who by this time recognized Dandie as one of the group of gentlemanly visitors, was welcomed by him with a hearty handclasp and a warm embrace. He was received with the utmost cordiality, and the group of visitors assembled to listen to the Colonel's speech. The Colonel, who was well known to the company as a man of learning and ability, delivered a short address on the importance of education, and the necessity for its being taught in a practical and scientific manner. He was received with a loud cheer, and the colonel's speech was followed by a round of applause.

"You're right, Dandie—spoke like a Hieland oracle—and now be silent. Well, you are all seated at last; take a glass of wine till I begin my catechism methodically. And now," turning to Bertram, "my dear boy, do you know who or what you are?"

In spite of his air of gravity, the colonel's question was received with a burst of laughter. "I am not distinguished," said Bertram, "except as a member of the House of Commons, and as a painter of portraits.

"So much the better, my dear sir," said Mr. Pleydell; "but that is to general character—Mr. Brown must tell us where 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 hard usage, that I was during my childhood the object 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 infected with the above disease, and who was taken out with me; and I think the very last time I—"

Here the colonel could contain no longer. While every succeeding word was loud to prove that the child of his benefactor stood before him, he had struggled with the utmost difficulty to suppress his emotions; but, when the juvenile recollections of Bertram turned towards his tutor and his protectress, he was compelled to give way to his feelings. He rose hastily from his chair, and with clasped hands, trembling limbs, and streaming eyes, called out aloud: "Harry Bertram! look at me—was I not the man?"

"Yes!" said Bertram, starting from his seat as if a sudden light had burst in upon his mind,—"Yes, that was my name!—and what is the voice? the figure of my kind old master?"

The colonel threw himself into his armchair, pressed him a thousand times to his bosom in convulsions of transport, which made his whole frame, sobbed hysterically, and, at length, in the emphatic language of Scripture, lifted up his voice and wept aloud. Colonel Pleydell and Colonel Mannerings were, for a moment, united in their grief. He bustled about with great energy, and the arrangement of the whole explanation upon the Colonel's chair..."
GUY MANNERING.

CHAPTER II.

Bloodying explosions, exclaimed, "De'il in the man! he's got me that I ha'na done since my said mither died."

"Come, come," said the counsellor at last, "silence in the court. We have a clever party to contend with here. You must lose no time in gathering your information—for any thing I know, there may be something to be done before day-break."

I have a great fancy to be satisfied, if you please," said the Colonel.

"No, no, time enough—time enough—but come, Domnie, I have allowed you a competent space to elucidate your fears. I must circumscribe the terms— you must let me proceed in my examination."

The Dominie was habitually obedient to any one who chose to impose commands upon him; he sunk back into his chair, spread his checked handkerchief over his face, to serve, as I suppose, for the Grecian painter's veal, and, from the action of his folded hands, appeared for a time engaged in the act of mental thanksgiving. He then raised his eyes over the screen, as if to be assured that the pleasing appari-

tion had not melted into air—then again sunk them to resume his internal act of devotion, until he felt himself compelled to give attention to the counsellor, from the interest which his questions excited.

"Indeed," said Mr. Pleydell after several minute inquiries concerning his recollection of early events— "And now, Mr. Bertram, for I think we are come to that point where you must explain to me, in your own proper name, whether you will have the goodness to let us know every partic-

ular which you can recollect concerning the mode of your leaving Scotland?"

"O yes, it was in Warroch-wood, my dear," said the Dominie.

"Hugh, Mr. Sampson," said the lawyer.

"Yes, it was in a wood," continued Bertram, as long past and confused ideas arranged themselves in his reviving recollection; "and some one was with me—this worthy and affectionate gentlemen, I think."

"O ay, ay, Harry, Lord bless thee—it was even I myself."

"Be silent, Dominie, and don't interrupt the evi-
dences," said Pleydell. "And so, sir?" to Bertram.

"And so, sir," continued Bertram, "like one of your changes of a dream, I thought I was on horseback before my guide."

"You exclaimed, Sampson," never did I put any own limbs, not to say thine, into such peril."

"On my word this is intolerable!—Look ye, Do-
mie. Before you speak another word till you give me leave, I will read three lines out of the Black Ant, and whisk my cane round my head three times, undo all the magic of this night's work, and conjure Harry Bertram back again into Vanheest Brown."

"Honoured and worthy sir," groaned out the Do-
mie, "I humbly crave pardon—it was but servum soluta."

"Well, non serva soluta, you must hold your tongue," said Pleydell.

"Frar, be silent, Mr. Sampson," said the Colonel; "it is great concern to your recovered friend, that you permit Mr. Pleydell to proceed in his inquiries.

"I am mute," said the rebuked Dominie.

"On a sudden," continued Bertram, "two or three men sprang upon us, and we were pulled from horseback. I have little recollection of any thing before that time; I remember myself in a drear-

site scull, and fell into the arms of a very tall woman who started from the bushes, and protected me for some time—the rest is all confusion and dread— of this man and of a cave, a sort of some strong potion which lulled me to sleep for a length of time. In short, it is all a blank in my memory."

I have recollected myself from an ill-used and half-starved cabin-boy aboard a ship, and then a school-boy in Holland under the protection of some old merchant. I had taken some fancy for sea."

And what account," said Mr. Pleydell, "did your guardian give of your parentage?"

A very brief one," answered Bertram, "and a charge immense for fur-coats. I was given to understand, that my father was concerned in the smuggling trade carried on upon the eastern coast of Scot-

land, and that I was landed in a skirmish with some officers; that his correspondents in Holland had a vessel on the coast at the time, part of the crew of which were engaged in the affair, and that they were brought before a court, and sold, with the purpose of compassion, as I was left destitute by my father's death. As I grew older there was much of this story seemed inconsistent with my own recollections, but what could I do? I had no means of ascertaining my doubts, nor a single friend with whom I could communicate or confide in them. The rest of my story is known to Colonel Manhering: I went out to London to be a clerk in a Dutch house; there affairs fell into confusion—I took myself to the military profes-
sion, and, I trust, as yet I have not disappointed it."

Thou art a fine young fellow, I'll be hearse for thee," said Pleydell, "and since you have wanted a father so long, I wish from my heart I could claim the passport myself. But this affair of young Warroch-

wood—"

"Was merely accidental," said Bertram. "I was travelling in France when I heard of your residence with my friend, Mr. Diminnet, with whom I bad the good fortune to form an accidental ac-

quaintance."

It was my guide fortune that," said Diminnet; "odd, my brains was had been knocked out by two blackguards, if it hadnas been for his four quarters."

Shut your mouth, Manhering, whom I had bad known in India, Mr. Hazledew conceiving my appearance none of the most respectable, commanded me rather haughtily to stand back, and so gave occasion to the fray in which I had the good fortune to be the accident means of wounding him. And now all, that I have answered all your questions?"

"No, no, not quite all," said Pleydell, speaking ra-

gionably; "there are some interrogatories which I shall delay till to-morrow, for it is time, I believe, to close this session for this night, or rather this day."

"Well," said Mr. Sampson, "by the phrase, since I have answered all the questions which you have chosen to ask to-night, will you say to me who are interested in my affair, and amongst whom you take me up since my arrival has occasioned such comment?"

"Why, sir, for myself," replied the councillor, "I am Paisley, gentlemen, in the Black Ant, and for you, it is not easy to say distinctly who are at present; but I trust in a short time to lead you by the title of Henry Bertram, Esq., representing one of the oldest families in Scotland, and by the title of the late Sir Lewis, the Taile—I only wise man of my family that I was, and serve him heir to his grandson Lewis, the Tailer—"

They had now risen to retire to their apartments for the night, when Colonel Manhering went to Bertram, as he stood astonomahed at thecrowd who were saving joy to hear him but his face was left opened before you. For early friend of your father, and chanced to be in your presence, as Mr. Bertram, doubly welcome."

And my parents—" said Bertram.
bournes as soon as possible, on business of importance. Dumont, fatigued with the events of the day, and with the thought of the accommodations of Woodbourne much more preferable to those of Mac-Gufoig, was in no hurry to rag. The impatience of Bertram might have put him in a better humor. Man
ering had intimated an intention to visit him in his apartment in the morning, and he did not choose to leave it. Before this interview he had dressed himself in his usual gray, and his personal effects, supplied him with every accommodation of life, &c., and now anxiously waited the promised visit of his landlord. In a short time a gentle tap announced the Colonel, with whom Bertram held a long and satisfactory conversation. Each, however, concealed from the other one circumstance. Man
ering could not bring himself to acknowledge the astrological prediction; and Bertram was, from motives which may be easily con
erceived, silent respecting his love for Julia. In other respects, their intercourse was frank and grateful to both, and had latterly, upon the Colonel’s part, even an approach to cordiality. Bertram carefully main
tained his own conduct by that of his host, and appears
ered rather to receive his offered kindness with gratitude and pleasure, than to press for it with solicitation.

Miss Bertram was in the breakfast-room when Sampson shuffled in, his face all radiant with smiles; a circumstance so uncommon, that Lucy's first word was, that somebody had been bantering him with an impudence, which had blushed him into a paroxysm. Having sat for some time, rolling his eyes and glancing with his mouth like the great wooden head at Merlin's exhibition, he at length began: "And what do you think of Miss Lucy, Miss Sampson?"

"Think of whom, Mr. Sampson?" asked the young lady.

"Of Har—no—of him that you know about?" again demanded the Dominie.

"That I know about!" replied Lucy, totally at a loss to comprehend his meaning.

"Yes, the stranger, you know, that came last evening in the post vehicle—he who shot young Hasle
to—ha, ha, ha?" burst forth the Dominie, with a laugh that sounded like laughing.

"Indeed, Mr. Sampson," said his pupil, "you have chosen a strange subject for mirth—I think nothing about the man, only I hope the outrage was acci
dental, and that we need not fear a repetition of it."

"Accidental! ho, ho, ha!" again whistled Sampson.

"Really, Mr. Sampson," said Lucy, somewhat piqued, "you are unusually gay this morning."

"Yes, of a certainty I am! ha, ha, ha! face-to-face—ho, ha, ha."

"So unusually facetious, my dear sir," pursed the young lady, "that I would wish rather to know the meaning of your mirth, than to be amused with its effects only."

"You shall know it, Miss Lucy," replied poor Abel: "Do you remember your brother?"

"Good God! how can you ask me?—no one knows better than you, he was lost the very day I was born."

"Very true, very true," answered the Dominie, s thiện ding at the recollection: "I was strangely oblivious—yes, too true—but you remember your worthy father?"

"How should you doubt it, Mr. Sampson? it is not so many weeks since."

"True, true—too true," replied the Dominie, his Houyhnhnm laugh sinking into a hysterical giggle: "I will be facetious no more under these remem
brances—but look at that young man. Bertram at this instant entered the room. "Yes, look at him well—he is your father's living image, and as God has deprived you of your dear parents, O my children, look on each other."

"It is indeed my father's face and form," said Lucy, turning very pale; Bertram ran to support her to the Dominie to fetch water to throw upon her face—which in a moment, as he took from the soothing tea-urn) when fortunately her colour returning rapid
y, saved her from the application of this ill-judged remedy. "I conjure you to tell me, Mr. Sampson—"
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!"

"Then the whole of my plan and dream, giving way, to all that family affection, which had so long weakened in his bosom for want of an object to expand itself upon."

"The whole of it!—it is Miss Lucy Bertram," ejaculated Sampson, "whom by my poor aid you will find perfect in the tongues of France, and Italy, and even of Sanscrit, I have taught and re-taught the consonant tongues, 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 performance upon stringed instruments, whereunto the instructions of an honourable young lady of virtue and modesty, and very faceious withal—Miss Julia Manning—hath not meanly contributed—

"Suum cuique tribuo."

"You, then," said Bertram to his sister, "are all that remains to me!—Last night, but more fully this morning, Colonel Manning gave me an account of our family misfortunes, though without saying I should have no sufferings of mind to expect."

"That," said Lucy, "he left to this gentleman to tell you, one of the kindest and most faithful of friends. He knew my father's body, he witnessed his dying moments, and amidst the heaviest clouds of fortune would not desert his orphan."

"God bless him for it!" said Bertram, shaking the Dominie's hand, "he deserves the love with which I have always regarded even that dim and imperfect shadow of his memory which my childhood retained."

And God bless you, both, my dear children," said Sampson; if it had not been for your sake, I would have been contented (had Heaven's pleasure so been) to lay my head upon the turf beside my patron."

"But, I trust," said Bertram, "we are encouraged to hope we 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, combining his imperfect opportunities; and there is, moreover, the great advocate Mr. Plydwell, who is also a man of great erudition, but who descendeth to trifles unbecoming thereof; and there is Mr. Anderton, whom I do not understand to have possession of much erudition, but who, like the patriarchs of old, is cunning in that which belongeth to himself—e'en self, self, whose opportunities of collecting erudition, as they young gentlemen as a suspicious character and es-"-

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 word that she recollected Brown when she met him.

"No answer—Well, Julia," he added, "but gravely and kindly, "allow me to ask you, is this the only time you have seen Brown since his return from India?"

"I suppose," said Julia, "that it is not the first time.—Still no reply. Miss Manning, will you have the kindness to answer me? Was it this young man who came under your notice, and the latter was so much to your advantage at Merry Hall? Julia—I command you to treat him as a gentleman."

Julia raised her head. "I have no air!—I believe I am still foolish—and it is more difficult for me to meet this gentleman, who has been, though not the cause enter-"-

"You are wrong—Miss Manning, raised her head. "I have no air!—I believe I am still foolish—and it is more difficult for me to meet this gentleman, who has been, though not the cause of the situation, but in a most serious light, 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 Merry Hall?"
There was something in this allusive change of expression that made Julia a little more conscientious. He was indeed, air; and if I am very wrong, as I have often thought, I have some apology.

"And what has he answered the Colonel, speaking of the little matter of marriage?"

"I will not venture to name it, sir—but!"—She opened a small cabinet, and put some letters into his hand, "these will give you a glimpse into this intimacy began, and by whom it was encouraged."

Manning took the packet to the window—his prospect was a more distant rest; he glanced at some letters of the passages with an unsteady eye and an averted mind—his stoicism, however, came in time to his aid; that philosophy, which, rooted in pride, yet frequently bears the fruits of virtue. He returned towards his daughter with as firm an air as his feelings permitted him to assume.

"There is a great apology for you, Julia, as far as I can judge from a glance at these letters—you have obeyed at least one parent. Let us adopt a Scotch proverb the Colonel quoted the other day—Let bygones be bygones, and fair play for the future.—I will never be unkindly disposed to you with your past want of confidence—but you judge of my future intentions by your sisters, and you have surely had no reason to complain. Keep these letters—they were never intended for my eye, and I would not willingly read them, least desire for and I have done, and you are more anxious for your own elucidation. And now, are we friends? Or rather, do you understand me?"

"My dear, generous father," said Julia, throwing herself into his arms, "why have I ever for an instant misunderstood you?"

"No more of that, Julia," said the Colonel; "we have both erred. He that is proud to vindicate the affections and confidence which he conceives should be given without solicitation, must meet much, and perhaps deserved disappointment. It was a matter of tea with Mrs. Allan, just before with two tea-spoons full of Cogniac, and reinforced with various slices from a huge round of beef. He had a kind of feeling that he could eat twice as much, and speak twice as much, with this good dame and Barrow, as with the grand folk in the parlour. Indeed, the meal of this less distinguished party was much more methodical 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 sat embarrassed what the toast and better under the eye of Manning: Lucy, while she indulged to the utmost her affection for her recovered brother, began to think of him and Hazlewood. The Colonel felt the painful anxiety natural to a proud mind, when it deems its slightest action subject for a moment to the watchful construction of others. The lawyer, while sedulously buttering his roll, had an aspect of unwonted gravity, arising perhaps, from the severity of his morning studies. As for the Domine, his state of mind was at least subdued. He looked at Bertram—he looked at Lucy—he whimpered—he sniggered—he grinned—he committed all manner of solemnities in peep of form—poured the whole cream (no unlucky mistake) upon the plate of porridge, which was his own usual breakfast—threw the slop of what he called his "crowning dish of tea" into the soup, and said, "Plato, the colonel's favourite Spaniel, who received the libation with a howl that did little honour to his philosophy."

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 Zenoceus."

"The former was chief of the Academicians, the letter of the Stoics, said the Domine, with some elation of the superior of the species.

"Yes, my dear air, but it was Zenoceus, no Plato, who denied that pain was an evil."

"I should have thought," said Placid, "that very respectable quackery, which is just now lumping out.
of the room upon one of his tourings, was that of the Octic school.

"Well, how is Colonel Hazlewood?" said the courtier, with a smile.

"It was unfavourable, Mr. Mac-Morran sent her respectful compliments, and her husband had been, and is, a sickly man, and a scene of some alarming disturbances which had taken place the preceding night at Portarney and the necessary investigation which they had occasioned.

"What's to be done, now, counsellor?" said the Colonel to Pleydell.

"Why, I wish, we could have seen Mac-Morran," said the courtier, "but his position is now a very serious one for himself, and would besides have acted under my advice. But there's little harm. Our friend here must be made aware he is at present an escaped prisoner; the law has an awkward claim upon him; he must be placed recess in curia, that is the first object. For which purpose, Colonel, I will accompany you in your carriage down to Hazlewood-house. The distance is not great; we will offer our bai; and I am confident I can easily show Mr. — I beg his pardon; Sir Robert Hazlewood, the necessity of receiving him.

"With all my heart," said the Colonel; and, ringing the bell, gave the necessary orders. "And what is the particular news from India?"

"We must get hold of Mac-Morran, and look out for more proof," said the courtier, "this thing is as clear as day — there are, Mr. Sampson and Miss Bertram, and you yourself, at once recognise this young gentleman as his father's image; and he himself recollects all the very peculiar circumstancs preceding his leaving this country — what else is necessary to conviction?"

"General conviction nothing more, perhaps," said the experienced lawyer; "but for legal proof a great deal. Mr. Bertram's recollections are his own recollections merely, and therefore are not evidence in his own favour; Miss Bertram, the learned Mr. Sampson, and I, can only say, what every one who knew the late Ellangowan would readily agree in, that this gentleman is his very picture — but that will not make him Ellangowan's son, and give him the estate."

"And what will it do so?" said the Colonel.

"Why, we must have a distinct probation. — There are these three witnesses, but then, alas! they are almost infamous in the eye of law — scarce capable of bearing evidence, and Meg Merrilies utterly so, by the various accidents which she formerly gave of the matter, and being, at present, a party to the very fact of the weight of which I myself examined her respecting it.

"What must be done then?" asked Manners."

"Well, what the learned says, that proof can be got at in Holland, among the persons by whom his young friend was educated. But then there is the fear of being called in question for the murder of the young man, these are other foreigners or outlawed smugglers. In short, I see doubts.

"Under favour, most learned and honoured sir," said the Dominie, "I trust He, who hath 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 use the means; and I am afraid we shall have more difficulty in procuring them that I at first thought. — But a fleet heart never men a fair lady — and by the way, (apart to Miss Manners, while Bertram was engaged with his sister,) there's a vindication of Holland for you! what smart fellows do you make, with that knock-kneed fellow; and so such a very genteel and handsome young man comes from the petty schools of Middlesburgh?"

"Of a verity," said the Dominie, jealous of the reputation, detained, by some alarming disturbances, of a verity, but I make it known to you that I myself laid the foundation of his education."

"I am glad to hear it, sir," answered the advocate, "that accounts for his proficiency in the greeks, without question, but here comes your carriage, Colonel. Adieu, young folks; Miss Julia, keep your heart till I come back again. — Why there's nothing done to prejudice my right, whilst I am now acting aye."

Thereupon the young Hazlewood-like man was told and formal than usual; for in general the Barons expressed great respect for Colonel Manners; and Mr. Pleydell, besides being a man of good family and speaking with a voice of high authority, was Sir Robert's old friend. But now he seemed dry and embarrassed in his manner. He would willingly, he said, receive being named, understanding that the laws are not directly perpetrated, committed, and done, against young Hazlewood of Hazlewood; but the young man had given himself a fictitious description, and was likely, altogether, to remain, 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, ever, and upholds, that he was a captain, or held a troop in your regiment."

"He was promoted since I gave up the command," said the Colonel. "But you must have heard of it?"

"No. I returned on account of family circumstances from India, and have not since been solicitous to hear of the name of Brown, too, is so common, that I might have seen his promotion in the Gazette without noticing any other. A day or two will bring letters from his commanding officer."

"But I am told and informed, Mr. Pleydell," answered Sir Robert, "that does not mean to abide by this name of Brown, but to set up a claim to the estate of Ellangowan, under the name of Bertram."

"Ay, that is it," said the counsellor.

"Or," demanded the soldier, "whoever says so, does that 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 imposter — And, among friends, who informed you of this, Sir Robert?"

"Why, a person, Mr. Pleydell," answered the Be- ronet, "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, gypsies, and other idle persons, that there is such a man in the place as that young fellow, who is a bastard or natural son of the late Blan- gowan, is pitched upon as the impostor, from his strong appearance."

"And was there such a natural son, Sir Robert?" demanded the counsellor.

"O, certainly, to my own positive knowledge. Ellangowan and he make up a company of seven monkey on board an armed sloop or yacht, belonging to the revenue, through the interest of the late Com- missioner Bertram, a kinsman of his own."

"Well, Sir Robert," said the lawyer, looking the word out of the mouth of the impatient soldier — "I have told you news; I shall investigate, and if I find them true, certainly Colonel Manners will not countenance this young man. In the mean- while, as we are all willing to make him forthwith answer all complaints against him, I do assure you, you will act most illegally, and incur heavy responsi- bility, if you refuse our bail."

"Why, Mr. Pleydell," said Sir Robert, who knew the high station of the counsellor's opinion on you must know best, and as you promise to give this young man —"

"If he proves an impostor," replied the lawyer, "with some little Dutch mercy, of a verity, but I make it known to you that I myself laid the foundation of his education."

"Aye, certainly — under that condition I will your bail; though I must say, an obliging, well- disposed, and be a neighbour of mine, but I assisted to the law, gave me a hint or caution against doing so. It was from him I learnt that this youth was liberated and had come about.
or rather had written prose.—But where shall we
find one to draw the bail-bond?"

"I wish you to send down the colonel, applying himself to the
bed," said my clerk, Mr. Driver—"it will not do to
my character harm if I dictate the needed mys-
tic." It was written accordingly and signed, and, as
the Justice being absent, not being a warrant for
Bertram alias Brown’s discharge, the visitors took
their leave.

Brown threw himself into his own corner of the
post-chariot, and said nothing for some time. The
Colonel first broke silence: "So you intend to give
up this poor young fellow at the first brake?"

"I will not give up one hair of his head, though I should follow
them to the court of last resort in his behalf—but
what signified pointing fingers and showing one’s
head to that old ass? Much better he should report
to his proper, Glossam, that we are indifferent or
obsequious in the matter.

"Keep at the same game," said the soldier. "Then I see there are
souvenirs in law as well as war. Well, and how
do you like your line of battle?"

"Ingenious," said Mr. Pleysall, "but I think des-
patches—she are fleeting too much; a common fault
of our system at least.

During this diatribe the carriage rolled rapidly
towards Woodbourne without any thing occurring
worthy of the reader’s notice, excepting their meet-
ing with a harmless horseman, who, in answer to the
Colonel’s request, told the extraordinary history of Bertram’s re-ap-
pearance, which he heard with high delight, and then
rose up to pay Miss Bertram compliments on
something that was agreeable and so unexpected.

We return to the party at Woodbourne. After
the departure of Manning, the conversation related
chaotically to the fortunes of the Ellangowan family, their
domains, and their former power. "It was, then,
under the towers of my fathers," said Bertram, "that
I landed some days since, in circumstances which
assembled those of a vagabond! Its moulderings turrets
and darksome arches even then awakened thoughts of
the deepest interest, and recollections which I was
unable to decipher. I will now visit them again with
other feelings, and, I trust, other and better hopes."

"Do not go there now," said his sister. "The
house of our ancestors is at present the habitation of
a wretch as insolent as dangerous, whose arts and
will lay accomplished the ruin and broke the heart of
our unhappy father.

"You increase my anxiety," replied her brother,
"so confront this misaspect, even in the den he has
constructed for himself—I think I have seen him.""You must consider," said Julia, "that you are
ever to be safer than in Woodbourne. Lucy’s lady’s
are replaceable for us for all your motions—consider I have
seen a lawyer’s mistress twelve hours for no
reason: it is a subject of weakness to attempt to
go to Ellangowan just now.”—The utmost
step near which I can consent is that we shall walk in a
broody as the head of the Woodbourne avenue, and
frosty that perhaps we may introduce you with our
company as far as a rising ground in the common, whence
our eyes may be blessed with a distant prospect of
the glorious towers, which struck so strongly your
esthetic imagination."

The party was speedily agreed upon; and the
leaving taken their clues, followed the route of the
escort of Captain Bertram. It was a pleasant winter morning, and the cool
breeze blows only to freshen, not to chill, the fair walkers.

"Secret though unexpected, brooding kindness pleased the two ladies, and Bertram now hearing
interesting accounts of his own family, now
communicating his adventures in Europe, and now
interesting Lucy in the adventures of a lady from Ireland.
Lucy felt
her brother, as well from the bold and man-

market, wedding or burial,—and she held high her skinny forefinger in a menacing attitude.

"Bertram turned round to his terrified companion.

"Excuse me for a moment; I am engaged by a pro-

"Good heavens! enraged to a madwoman?" said

Julia.

"Or to a gipsy, who has her hand in the wood ready to murder you," said Lucy.

"That was not spoken like a bairn of Ellangowan," said Meg, frowning upon Miss Bertram. "It is one would think Miss Ross was never ill-disposed.

"In short, I must go," said Bertram, "it is abso-

July five minutes?" said the gipsy, "five hours may

"Do you hear that?" said Julia; "for Heaven's

"I must, I must,—Mr. Dinmont will protect you

"No," said Meg, "he must come with you; it is

"Indeed I must," answered Bertram, "but you see

He pressed his sister's hand, and took a yet more affectionate farewell of Julia, with his eyes. Almost suddenly, with surprise and fear, the young ladies watched with anxious looks the course of Bertram, his companion, and their extraordinary guide. Her face was on fire, and she turned away with steps so swift, so long, and so steady, that she appeared rather to glide than to walk. Bertram and Dinmont, both tall men, apparently scarce equalled her in height, owing to her longer dress and high head-gear. She proceeded straight across the common, without turning aside to the winding path, by which passengers avoided the inequalities and little rills that traversed it in different directions. Thus the diminishing figures often disappeared from the eye, as they dived into the thickets, and again ascended to sight when they reappeared into the daylight. There was something frightful and unearthly, as it were, in the rapid and undeviating course which she pursued, undeter-

"This is very extraordinary," said Lucy, after a

"What can he have to do with that old bag?"

"She 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 in 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 com-

"At least," said Lucy, "we may hold him safe

"We may hold him safe from harm; for she would never have summoned that faithful creature Dinmont, of whose strength and courage and steadiness, Henry said so much, to attend upon an expedition where she projected evil to his own brother.

"And may we go back to the house till the Colonel returns—perhaps Ber-

"At least," said Lucy, "we may hold him safe

"Fear! don't want care I," said the daugh-

"Haud your peace, gude-man," said Meg, look-

"But, my good friend," said Bertram, "as I have
doubt in your good faith; or kindness, which I have received from you, I should in courtly confidence in me—I wish to know where you are leading us."
"There's but one answer to that, Henry Bertram," said the abby.—"I swore my tongue should never talk before my hearth but that I should go on and meet your fortune, or turn back and lose it—that's all I have to say."

"Then, I answer Bertram; "I will ask no more questions."

They descended into the glen about the same place where Meg had formerly perished from Bertram. She passed the place where she had witnessed the burial of a dead body, and stopped upon the ground, which, notwithstanding all the care the rustics had taken in removing the body, it was not yet recently moved. "Here rests she," said she; "'tis as her brothers."

She then moved up the brook until she came to the ruined basin, where, passing with a look of peculiar and softened interest before one of the gables which was still standing, she said in a tone less abrupt, though as solemn as before, "Do you see that blackkit and broken end of a shelving—there my battle boiled forty years—there I bore twelve bowry sons and daughters—where are they now?—where are the leaves that were on that squal sub-tree at Martinmas!—the west wind has made it bare—and I'm stripped too.—Do you see that squal sub-tree!—it's an outcropping place, and the storm under it may a bonnie summer afternoon, when it hang its gay garlands over the poppling water.—I've eat there and, and,ote her voice, "I've held you up, my true faith, which together sang the last song of the old barons and their bloody wars—it will not be green again, and Meg Merriell will never sing sanghaair, by the plotters or bad. But ye'll no forget, and ye'll get the awd wa's for her sake! —and let somebody live there that sees to guard them another world—for if ever the dead came back among the living, I'll be seen in this glen every a night after these cursed banes are in the mould."

The miniature of insanity and wild pathos with which she spoke these last words, with her right arm bare and extended, her left bent and shrivelled beneath the dark red drapery of her mantle, might have been a splendid worthy of our Sidonia 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 thence led the way to the promontory on which the Kaim of Derncleugh was situated, produced a large key from her pocket, and unlocked the door. The interior of the place was in better order now, and clearer. "I have made things decent," said she; "I may be a pittie here or night. There will be few, few at Meg's lykewake, for many of our folk will be in at the last church."

She then pointed to a table, upon which was some cold meat, arranged with more attention to neatness than could have been expected from Meg's habits. "Eat," she said, "eat, ye'll need it this night yet."

"In compeance, eat a morsel or two;" said Dinmont, whose appetite was unabated either by wonder, apprehension, or the meal of the morning, made his usual figure as a trencher-man. She offered each a single glass of spirits, which Bertram drank diluted, and his companion plain. 

"Will ye taste nothing yourself, Luckis?" said she.

"I shall not need it," replied their mysterious hostess.

"And now," she said, "ye maun ha' arms and lems maun gang on dry-hand—but use them not—think but a bit prett, I'll let the law be here—muss speak ere he die."

"Who is to be taken—who is to speak?" said Bertram in astonishment, receiving a pair of pistols and a packet of tips in earth, in a dungeon cell, with the keys on the door locked and dead locked.

The pistols are good," she said, "and the powder was taken from without answering his questions, she assured him also with a large pistol, and desired them to keep on the watch for themselves out of a parcel of tremendous-looking blunderbusses, which she brought from a corner. Bertram took a stout sapling, and Dandle selected a club which might have served as a mallet. They then left the place and went and, in doing so, Bertram took an opportunity to whisper to Dinmont, "There's something inexplicable in all this—why did not these arms unless we see necessity and lawful occasion take care to do as you see me do."

Dinmont gave a sanguine nod; and they continued to follow, both being armed. They had witnessed the burial of a dead body, and stopped upon the ground, which, notwithstanding all the care the rustics had taken in removing the body, it was not yet recently moved. "Here rests she," said she; "'tis as her brothers."

When Meg Merriell had attained these groves, through which the wintry sea-wind was now whistling hoarse and shrill, she seemed to pause a moment as if to recollect the way. "We mean 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 masses 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 irregular boundary. Even in winter it was a sheltered spot, but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth sending forth all its wild flowers, the shrubs spreading their waste of blossom around it, and the weeping willows, which touched with the long and leamy fibres to intercept the sun, it must have seemed a place for a youthful poet to study his earliest sonnet, or a pair of lovers to exchange their first mutual swallows of affection. Apparently it now awakened very different recollections. Bertram's brow, when he had looked round the spot, became gloomy and embarrassed. Meg, after uttering to herself, "This is the very spot I looked at him with a ghastly side-glance,—'D'ye mind it?"

"'Yes!'" pursued his guide, "on this very spot the man fell from his horse—I was behind that bourn-tree bush at the very moment, Sair, sair, he strove, and aair he cried for mercy—but he was in the hands of him that never kunn'd the word.—Now will I show you the further track—the last time ye travelled it was in these arms."

She led them accordingly by a long and winding passage almost overgrown with brushwood, until, without any very perceptible descent, they suddenly found themselves by the sea-side. Meg then walked very fast on the surface of the waves, and the rocks, until she came to a remarkable fragment of rock detached from the rest. Here, she said, in a slow, emphatic, audible whisper, "the corpse was found."

"And the cave," said Bertram, in the same tone, "is close beside it—are you guiding as there is?"

"Yes," said the gipsy in a decided tone. "Bend up both your hearts—follow me, as I creep in—I have placed the fire-wood so as to screen you. Bide behind it for a diff to till I say. The hour and the man are both come; they are in on him, take his arms, and bind him till the blood burst free his finger nails."

"I will, by my soul," said Henry—"if he is the man I suppose—Janzen?"

"Ay, Janzen, Hatterack, and twenty mair names are his."

"Dinmont, you must stand by me now," said Bertram, "for this fellow is a devil.""
CHAPTER LIV.

The progress of the Borderer, who, as we have seen, had not laid his party, was carefully traced by a hand, which caught hold of his leg as he dragged his long limbs after him in silence and perturbation. His small and narrow escape of the Egyptian passage. The steel heart of the bold yeoman had well nigh given way, and he suppressed with difficulty a shout, which, in the defenseless posture and situation, they then occupied, might have cost all their lives. He contented himself, however, with extinguishing his foot from the grasp of this unexpected follower. "Be still," said a voice behind him, releasing him; "I am a friend—Charles Hastingwood.

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 plain 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—beulah—Deevil's kind," growled the harsh voice of Dirck Hatterack from the inside of his den, "what makest thou there?"

"Laying the roughness to keep the cold wind from your face—your rose—your own wool off, and waits na; it will be otherwise soon."

"Have you brought me the brandy, and any news of my people?" said Dirk Hatterack.

"There's the flask for ye. Your people—dispersed—broken—gone—or cnj to ribbands by the red coat."

"Deevil!—this coast is fatal to me."

"Ye may hes mair reason to say eae."

While this dialogue went forward, Bertram and Dinmont had both gained the interior of the cave, and assured an erect position. The only light which illuminated its rugged and sable precincts was a quantity of wood burnt to charcoal in an iron grate, such as they use in preserving salmon by night. On these red embers Hatterack from time to time threw a handful of twigs or splintered wood; but these, even when they blazed up, afforded a light much disproportioned to the extent of the cavern; and, as its principal inhabitant lay upon the side of the grate most remote from the entrance, it was not easy for him to discover distinctly objects which lay in that direction. The intruders, therefore, whose number was now augmented unexpectedly to three, stood behind the loosely-piled branches with little risk of being discovered by one who had the same to keep hid. Hastingwood with one hand till he whispered to Bertram, "A friend—young Hastingwood."

It was no time for following up the introduction, and they 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 at 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 described them in the position which they occupied.

The scene, independent of the peculiar moral interest and personal danger which attended it, had, from the light of the fire-grate, the same extraordinary effect on the minds of the spectators, as that of the common objects which it exhibited, an appearance emphatically dismal. The light in the fire-grate was the light of death, and in the eyes of the two men, better or worse fitted for a vision of that kind, and I dare say a dark cloud of stifling smoke rose up to the roof of the cavern, and then lighted into a relentless and sullen blaze, which flashed like a torrent up the pillar of smoke, and was suddenly rendered brighter and more lively by whatever lay, or perhaps it was, by whatever lay, or perhaps it was, beyond its range. The eye was confounded by this sudden transition of the fire to the blaze, which was a trap devised for his own destruction, and which, from his situation, and the deep gloom of his mind, assisted well with the rugged and broken wall, and the long line of broken rafters. By this means, he was caught in his own snares, and from his stationary posture was instantly visible to the spectator, while that of the female fitted around, appearing or disappearing like a spectre.

Bertram felt his blood boil at the sight of Hatterack. He remembered him well under the name of James, which the smuggler had adopted after the death of Kennedy; and he remembered also, that that James, and his mate Brown, the same who was shot at Woodburn, had been the brutal tyrants of his infancy. Bertram knew farther, from piecing his own imperfect recollections with the narratives of Masenning and Fyddall, that this man was the prime agitator in the act of escape. He was not meddled with, and burnt in his country, and had exposed him to so many distresses and dangers. A thousand exasperating reflections arose to him, as he saw his friend, as he saw the man, who, in 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 Hatterack prisoner alive. He therefore repressed his indignation, and awaited what should pass between the ruffian and his guideman.

"As you are my only one and the hardy and discordant tones of his female attendant: "Sad I not it would come upon you—yes, and in this very cave, where ye harboured after the deed?"

"Will ye so—will ye no?" said the hardy and discordant tones of his female attendant: "Sad I not it would come upon you—yes, and in this very cave, where ye harboured after the deed?"

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made seem almost thrice as long, the voice of Hazelwood 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. Hazelwood then entered, followed by two others of the party of whom acted as a peace-officer. They lifted Hatter- rack up, and carried him in their arms as far as the entrance of the cave was high enough to permit them; then laid him on his back, and put him along as well as they could, for no persuasion would induce him to assist the transportation by any ex- ecution of his own. He lay as silent and inactive in their hands as a dead corpse, incapable of opposing, 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 re- mained without the cave, he seemed stupefied and dazed by the sudden change from the darkness of his cavern. While others were superintending the removal of Meg Merillies, those who remained with Hatterrack attempted to make him sit down upon a fragment of rock which lay close upon the high-water mark. A strong shuffling convulsed his iron frame for an instant, as he resisted their purpose.

"Not there—Haged!—you would not make me sit there?"

These were imagination. She often recurred to this report, and the deep tone of horror in which they were uttered, served to show what was passing in his mind.

When Meg Merillies had also been removed from the cavern, with a more moderate air, and some circum- stances admitted, they consulted where she should be carried. Hazelwood had sent for a surgeon, and proposed that she should be lifted in the prescribed manner to the nearest cottage. But the patient exclaimed with great earnestness, "Na, na, na! To the Kaim o’ Dermleigh—the Kaim o’ Dermleigh—the spirit will not free itself o’ the flesh but there."

"You must indulge her, I believe," said Bertram; "her troubled imagination will otherwise aggravate the fever of the wound."

They bore her accordingly to the vault. On the way her mind seemed to run more upon the scents which had just passed, than on her own approaching death. "There were three of them set upon him— I brought the twosome—but who was the third?—It would be himself, returned to work upon her vengeances!"

It was evident that the unexpected appearance of Hazelwood, whose person the outrage of Hatterrack left her no time to recognise had produced a strong effect on her imagination. She often recurred to Hazelwood accounted for his unexpected arrival to Bertram, by saying, that he had kept them in view for some time in the direction of the vault, and observing that they disappear into the cave, he crept after them, meaning to announce himself and his errand, when his hand in the darkness encountering the leg of Diamont, had nearly produced a catastro- phic, which, indeed, nothing but the presence of mind and fortitude of the bold youngman could have averted.

When the grey arrived at the vault, he proceeded 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 appear gratified when they reversed her picture accordingly, and placed her in that appropriate to a dead body.

"Is there no clergyman near," said Bertram, "to assist this unhappy woman’s devotions?"

A gentleman, the minister of the parish, who had been Charles-Hazelwood’s tutor, had, with many others, caught the head of the low and suppressed moaning of the wounded, and by the hard breathing of the prisoner.

CHAPTER LV.

They entered; they sawed; and led away. They’d travel’d for a week and longer.

The God hast seen them all the way. They stood all the tears that led them there.

The Hall o’ Justice.

Near the space of about three quarters of an hour, the uncertainty and danger of their situation

"You’ll need wood," said the grey.

"What! you need doing the thing for your companion, and what makes you say that?"

During this dialogue, Meg was heaping some flax loosely together. Before answer to this question, she dropped a few upon the flax, which had been previously steeped in some spirituous liquor, for it instantly caught fire, and rose in a vivid pyramid of the most alarming aspect. The lady of the mansion, who was of the party, in her first moment of horror, instantly saw she was betrayed, turned her first venge-

ence on Meg Merillies, at whom she discharged a pistol. She fell, with a piercing and dreadful cry, by the shriek of pain and the sound of laughter, when at its highest and most suffocating height, "I Rem’d it would be this way," she said.

Bertram, in haste, shot his foot upon the wood, which floored the cave; a fortunate stumble, for Hatterrack’s second bullet whizzed over him with so true and steady an aim, that he had been long before in his career. There was a moment’s breath, ere the squatter could draw another pistol, Diamont closed with him, and endeavour’d by main force to pinion down his arms. Such, however, was the vol- lume of the fatigue of his body, as it was in despair, that, in spite of the gigantic force with which the Borderer grappled him, he dragged Dia- morn through the blaring flax, and had almost suc- ceded in drawing a third pistol, which might have proved fatal to the honest farmer, had not Bertram, as well as Hazelwood, come to his assistance, when, by main force, and an heroic exertion of it, he drove Hatterrack on the ground, disarmed him, and bound him. This scuffle, though it takes up some time, was over in a single minute. When he was fairly master’d, after one or two desperate and almost convulsional struggles, the squatter lay perfectly still and silent. He’s sain’t no die game any how," said Diamont; "weel, I like him as the war for that."

This observation honest Dandi made while he was shaking the blazing flux from his rough coat and shaggy black hair, some of which had been singed in the scuffle. "He is quiet now," said Bertram; "stay by him, and do not permit him to stir till I see whether there is anything left of a man in him."

With Hazelwood’s assistance he raised Meg Merillies.

"I kena’d it would be this way," she muttered, "and o’ this way that it shou’d."

The blood seethed o’ the break below the throat. It did not bleed much externally; but Bertram, acci- dental to see gun-shot wounds, thought it the most alarming. He kept up a gentle one for this poor woman?" said he to Hazelwood, the cir- cumstances supposing the necessity of previous ex- amination or introduction to each other.

"My horse stands at the wood," said Hazelwood. I have been watching you these two hours—I will ride off for some assistants that may be treated. Mean while, you had better defend the west of the cavern against every one until I return.

The vault was entered, and Meg Merillies, who had been carried from the mouth of the vault, was laid upon the bed; Diamont continued to watch Hatterrack, keep- ing a grasp, like that of Hercules, on his breast. There was a low and suppressed moaning of the wounded, and by the hard breathing of the prisoner.

"And what makes you say that?"

"What! you need doing the thing for your companion, and what makes you say that?"

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forced his way into the middle of the circle; but as he soon found that his efforts were in vain, he turned back in amazement, with a solemn exclamation, "As sure as there's breath in man, it's said Ellangowan arisen from the dead!"

This declaration of an unprejudiced witness was just the spark wanted to give fire to the popular feeling, which burst forth in three distinct shouts—

"Bertram! Bertram!—" Long life to the "Bertram!—" God send him his ain, and live among us as his forebears did of yore!"

"I have been seventy years on the land," said one person.

"And mine has been seventy and seventy to that," said another; "I have a right to ken the glance of a Bertram."

"I and mine have been three hundred years him," said another old man, "and I sell my last cow, but I'll see the young ladd placed in his right."

The women, ever delighted with the marvelous, and not less so when a handsome young man is the subject of the tale, added their shrill acclamations to the general all-hail. Blessings on him—he's the very pattern of a father!—the Bertrams were the wale o' the country side!"

"Oh! that his puir mother, that died in grief and in despair—" he said; "and I ha' lived to see this day!"—exclaimed some female voices.

"But we'll help him to his ain, kimmers," cried others; "and before Giossein sail keep the Plaice of Ellangowan, and the seat, that every Bertram was on a dead man. I have kept that oath too, and I will be as steeple myself—He (pointing to Hatterick) will soon be another, and there will be no more yet.

As was known to several of the principal farmers present, his testimony afforded an additional motive to the general enthusiasm. In short it was one of those moments of intense feeling, when the spirit of the Scottish people melts like a snow-drift, and the dissolving torrent carries dam and dyke before it.

The sudden outburst interrupted the devotions of the clergyman; and Meg, who was in one of those fits of astonishment that preceded the close of existence, suddenly started—"Dinna ye hear?—dinna ye hear?—he's ownd!—he's ownd!—I lived for this—I am a sinfu' woman! But if my curse brought it down, my blessing has tawn it o'! And now I want him to ha'e said mair. But it canna be. Stay! she continued, stretching her head towards the gleam of light that shot through the narrow slit which served for a window, "and let me look upon him once mair. But the darkness is in my ain oon," she said, sinking back, after an earnest gaze upon vacancy—"it's a' ended now, come death."

And, sinking back upon her couch of straw, she expired without a groan. The clergyman and the men around were so correctly noted down all that she had said, and deeply regretting they had not examined her minutely, but both remaining morally convinced of the truth of her declaration.

Hazelwood was the first to compliment Bertram upon the near prospect of his being restored to name and rank in society. The people now learned from Jock Johnstone that Bertram was the son who had wounded him, were struck with his nobility, and added his name to Bertram's by popular acclamations.

Some, however, demanded of the possibilities he had not recognized Bertram when he—some time before at Kippsbridge? to which he had returned in the very natural way."

"Now, what was happening about Ellangowan then?—It was the cry rising e'en now that the young lad was that people liked to have a name missing it once and was set to look for."

The obduracy of Hatterick, during the latter of this scene, was in some slight degree shaken. He was one of the most resolute of men, but he could not raise his bound hands for the purpose of pulling his hat over his brow—to look angrily and intently to the road, as if anxious for the vehicle to pass by;
was to remove him from the spot. At length Mr. Harlow, the farmer, seeing that the gentleman might take a direction towards the prisoner, directed he should be taken to the post-chaise, and so removed to the town of Kippletringan to be at Mr. Mac-Morlan's house. Mr. Bertram, as he expressed himself, to warn that gentleman of what had happened. "And now," he said to Bertram, "I should be happy if you would ask me to join you; but, indeed, that might not be so agreeable just now as I trust it will be in a day or two, you must allow me to return home to Woodbourne. But you must not fret. You let the young laird take my horse!"—"O mine!—O mine," said half a dozen voices—"O mine; he can trot ten mile an hour without whip or spur, and he's the young laird's frae this moment, that he likes to take him for a herezeld, as they call it lang syne."—Bertram readily accepted the horse as a loan, nay paid forth his thanks to the assembled crowd for their good wishes, which they repaid with shouts and yells of attachment.

While the happy owner was directing one lad to "gae down for the new saddle!" another, "just run to the beast ower wi' a dry whip o' straw," a third, "to the dou and sorrow Dan Dunkison's plied stirrup," expressing his regret, that there was nothing to put to the horse's feet, for he might ken his master's, Bertram, taking the clergyman by the arm, walked into the vault, and shot the door behind him. It was immediately after silence for some minutes upon the body of Mac Mertilies, as it lay before him, with the features sharpened by death, yet still retaining the stern and energetic character which had maintained life her superiority as the wild chieftainship of the lawless people amongst whom she was born. The young soldier dined the terrible, which involuntarily met on viewing this wreck of one, who might be said to have died a victim to her fidelity to his person and family. He then took the clergyman's hand, and asked solemnly, if she appeared prepared to give that attention to his devotions which beffited a departing person.

My dear sir," said the good minister. "I trust this poor woman who remaining sense to feel and join in the import of my prayers. But let us humbly hope we are judged by our opportunities of religious and moral instruction. In some degree she might be considered as an uninstructed heathen, even in the bosom of a Christian country; and let us remember, that the errors and vices of an ignorant life were balanced by constant and disinterested attachment, amounting almost to heroism. To Him, who can alone weigh our crimes and errors against our efforts towards virtue, we consign her with awe, but without hatred.

"May I request," said Bertram, "that you will see every decent solemnity attended to in behalf of this young woman, who has not been my wish to be allowed in all events I will be answerable for the expense;—you will hear of me at Woodbourne."

Dinmont, who had been furnished with a horse by one of his acquaintances, now loudly called out that all was ready for their return; and Bertram and Harlow, after a strict exhortation to the crowd, which was now increased to several hundreds, to preserve good order in their rejoicing, as the least governed soul might be turned to the disadvantage of the young Laird, as they termed him, took leave of the multitudes.

As they rode past the ruined cottages at Derneleigh, Dinmont said, "I'm sure when ye come to your ain hoose, Mr. Bertram, ye'll be glad to have this cloud cast there. It will be in me but I wadn't myself it's an eerie in my hands. I wadna like to live in it, though, after all she said. Oid, I wad put in, said Ellis. She didn't say that he knew them used't wrive and snits, and these things."

A short but brisk ride brought them to Woodbourne.

The news of the exploit had already flown far and wide, and the noise of the crowd of people met them on the lawn with shouts of congratulation. "That you have seen me alive," said Bertram to Lucy, who first ran up to him, though Julia's eyes were then anticipated, he, you must treat these kind friends.

With a blush expressing at once pleasure, gratitude, and bashfulness, Lucy left Harlow, but to Dinmont she frankly extended her hand. The honest farmer, in the extravagance of his joy, carried his freedom further than the hint warranted, for he was not only permitted to embrace the lady, but was instantly shocked at the rudeness of his own conduct. "Lord sake, madam, I ask your pardon," he said, "I forgot but ye had been a bairn o' any!—the Captain's as heamey, he gars ane forgett himself."

Old Pleydell now advanced: "Nay, if fees like these are going," he said.

"Stop, stop," Mr. Pleydell, said Julie, "you had your fees beforehand—remember last night."

"Why, I do confess a retainer," said the bailiff; "but if I don't deserve double fees from both Miss Bertram and you when I conclude my examination of Dirk Hatterais to-morrow—Gad, I will so supple himself! You shall see, Colonel, and you, my saucy maws, though the most daring soul in the world."

"Ay, that's if we choose to listen, counsellor," 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 and then."

"I declare, counsellor," answered the lively damsel, "that such saucy bairns as you would teach us the use of our fingers now and then."

"Reserve them for the harness, my love," said the counsellor, and betters for all parties.

While this idle chat ran on, Colonel Mannerings introduced to Bertram a plain good-looking man, in a gray coat and waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and boots. "This my dear sir, is Mr. Mac-Morlan."

"To whom," said Bertram, embracing him cordially, "my sister was indebted for a home, when described by all her natural irritions and relations."

The Dominie then pressed forward, grinned, chuckled, made a diabolic 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 describe the expansion of heart and glee of this happy evening.

CHAPTER LVI.

Now how a hateful age.

Discovering midst his pulpit's board,

A cunning man appears, whose secret frauds

Are open'd to the day, the day,

Best.

There was a great movement at Woodbourne early on the following morning, to attend the examination at Kippletringan. Mr. Pleydell, from the investigation which he had formerly bestowed on the dark affair of Kennedy's death, as well as on the general deference due to his professional abilities, was requested by Mr. Mac-Morlan and Sir Robert Harlow, and another justice of peace who attended, to take the situation of chairman, and led in the examination. Colonel Mannerings was invited to sit down with them. The examination, being previous to trial, was private in other respects.

The counsellor resumed and re-interrogated former evidence. He then examined the clergyman and the witnesses by way of cross-examining the deponent, that all the material facts were stated. They stated, they are stated, positively, and repeatedly, declared herself an eye-witness of Kennedy's death by the hands of Hatterais, and two or three of them, that had been the witness of the accident; that she believed their recollection to make him, where they were in the act of losing their vessel through the means of his landing, to the conclusion of the country; that she said there was one witness of the murder, but who refused to participate in it, still alive,—her nephew, Gabriel Fau—

and she had never been present on occasion of his death, nor on occasion of his murder. The news was spread among the name, or any other animal on the vessel's lands, before the name of Mac-Morlan. The cause of death is what the name, or any other animal on the vessel's lands, before the name of Mac-Morlan. The cause of death is what
there failed her. They did not forget to mention her declaration, that she had saved the child, and that he was torn from her by the smugglers, for the purpose of robbing her and the child. All those particulars were carefully reduced to writing.

Dirk Hatterrack was then brought in, heavily ironed; for he had been strictly secured and guarded throughout his former escape. He was asked his name; he made no answer. — His profession; he was silent. — Several other questions were put to him, to none of which he made any reply. The same was the case with the description of his spectacles, and considered the prisoner very attentively. — A very tractulent-looking fellow, he whispered to Mannerings; but, as Dogberry says, I'll go cunningly to work with him. — Here, call in Soles — Soles the shoemaker. — Soles, do you remember measuring some footsteps imprinted on the mud at the wood of Warrock, on — November 17th, by my orders? — Soles remembered the circumstance perfectly. — Look at that paper — is that your note of the measurement? — Soles verified the memorandum. — Now, there stands a pair of shoes on that table; measure them, and see if they correspond with any of the marks you have noted there. The shoemaker obeyed and did, and, presently, he answered exactly to the largest of the footprints.

"We shall prove," said the counsellor, said to Mannerings, — that these shoes, which were found in the street, belonging to Broom, the fellow whom you shot on the lawn at Woodbourne. — Now, Soles, measure that prisoner's feet. Very accurate. —

Mannerings observed Hatterrack strictly, and could notice a visible tremor. "Do these measurements correspond with any of the footprints?" The man looked at the note, then at his foot-rule, and measured them — and then verified his former measurement by a second. "They correspond," he said, "within a hair's breadth, to a foot-mark broader and shorter than that of Hatterrack's."

"In the evening, I grant you, Captain Hatterrack," said Pleydell, "but not in the forenoon — will you favour me with information where 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 his observation, however," said Pleydell to the clerk.

At this moment the door opened, and, much to the astonishment of Mr. Gilly, Glosin was made an appearance. That worthy gentleman had been of watching and eaves-dropping, ascertained that he was not mentioned by name in Meg Murfier's will, that he was not assigned to any property, owing to any favourable disposition towards him, but to the delay of taking 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 brothers in the breakfast during his examination. — I shall be able, he thought, to make the rascal sensible his safety lies in keeping his own counsel and mine; and when I come to speak, will be proof of confidence and innocence. If I must lose the estate, I must — but I trust better things.

He entered with a profound salutation to Sir Robert Hazlewood. Sir Robert, who had rather begun to suspect that his plebeian neighbour had made a car's paw of him, inclined his head stiffly; took small notice of the appearance of the person.

"Mr. Corssand," said Glosin to the yokeman fellow of justice, your most humble servant. — Your humble servant, Mr. Glosin, answered Mr. Glosin, "as I have his living with me, is an exemplar, that is to say, after the fashion of the Barrets.

"Mac-Morran, my worthy friend," continued Glosin, "how d'ye do — always on your duty?"

"D放映," said honest Mac-Morran, with little respect either to the compliment or salutation. — Colonel Mannerings (a low bow slightly returned) and Mr. Pleydell, (another low bow,) I dared not have hoped to see you here. We are not accustomed to poor country gentlemen at this period of the session.

Pleydell took snuff, and eyed him with a glance, uncomplimentary, equal to all the obsequious importunities of his reception. — Is this an open meeting?

"For my part," said Mr. Pleydell, "so far from considering your attendance as an intrusion, Mr. Glosin, 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 favor of your company in the course of the day."

"Well, then, gentlemen," said Glosin, drawing his chair to the table, and beginning to bustle about among the papers, "where are we now? 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. Another question, — Glosin, another question puts me out — but I shall have occasion for your assistance by and by.

Glosin, thus reduced to inactivity, stole one glance from his spectacles at Mr. Pleydell, and, at dinner, at Dr. Hugh, being to Broom, the fellow whom you shot on the lawn at Woodbourne."

"But, gentlemen," said Glosin, "is it quite right to keep this young man so heavily ironed, when he is taken up merely for examination?"

This was hoisting a kind of friendly signal to the prisoner. He has escaped once before," said Mac-Morran drily, and Glosin was silenced.

Bertram was now introduced, and, to Glosin's confusion, was greeted in the most friendly manner by all present, even by Sir Robert Hazlewood himself. — For the first time in a long and busy life Bertram found that caudour and caution of expression which adorned the best warrant for his good faith. This was to be rather a civil than a criminal question," said Glosin, rising; "and as you cannot be ignorant, gentlemen, of the effect which this young person's pretended parentage may have on my matrimonial interests, I would rather beg leave to retire."

"No, my good sir," said Mr. Pleydell, "we can do no means spare you. But why do you call this young man's claims pretended? I don't mean to fish for your defenses against them, if you have any, but —"

"Mr. Pleydell," replied Glosin, "I am always disposed to act over-board, and I think I can explain a good deal of the interest which I take in the case of the late Mr. Lethaby. I have been about the country for some weeks under different names, caballing with a wrecked old woman and a young man, in order to find out who he was, and with other tinkers, gipsies, and persons of a description, and a great brute farmer from Leth- dale, stirring up the tenants against their landlord, which, as Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood knows —"

"No, to interrupt you, Mr. Glosin," said Pley- dell, "I was about to say this young man is —"

"Why, I say," replied Glosin, "and I believe gentleman (looking at Hatterrack) knows that young man, Glissin, another young man was introduced by a girl called Janet Lightothe, who was a servant to Hewit, the shipwright, that lived in the neighborhood of Anan. His name is Garfield, I think, and what is his name?"

"Ay!" said Pleydell, "that is a very likely fact."

But you have seen some difference of age, and so forth — pleased to stop."

"A young seafaring man came forward —"

Young seafaring man came forward — proposed the counsellor, is the real Sirrowe here? — and seeing his name in the chart of Antigua via Lisbon, mate of a West India, in a fair way of doing well in the world, all came somewhat irregularly into it.

While this conversation passed between the justices and this young man, Pleydell asked
among the papers on the table. Hatterick's old pocket-book. A peculiar glance of the smuggler's eye induc-
ed him to open the book, and he perceived that the circumstances of the paper, containing the account of the transaction which had taken place, were of interest. He therefore continued the examination of the paper, laying the book on the table, but instantly perceived that the prisoner's interest in the account which he had read still remained, though whatever it was, thought Pleydell; and again applied himself to the book, until he discovered, on a perusal of the account, that the paper and the authority for it were written on the back of a bill, out of which he drew three small slips of paper. Pleydell now, turning to Glossein, requested the favour that he would tell him if he had assisted at the voyage of the 'Vindictive,' to the island of Key and the child of his patron, on the day when they disappeared.

"I did not— that is—I did," answered the con-
sequence-stuck Glossein.

"It is remarkable enough," said the advocate, "that, connected as you were with the Ellangowan family, I don't recollect your being examined, or even appearing before me, while that investigation was proceeding?"

"I was called to London," answered Glossein, "on an urgent business account, the morning after that sad affair."

"Clerk," said Pleydell, "minute down that reply."

"I presume the business, Mr. Glossein, was to nego-
tiate the lease of the island of Key, of which the beest and Vanbruggen, and accepted by one Dirk Hatterick in their name on the very day of the murder, and which, he said, he had decided in the character of a man, called Gabriel Fair, whom we have now in custody, and who witnessed the whole transaction between you and that worthy person. Have you any explanation to give?"

"Mr. Pleydell," said Glossein, "with great compon-
sure. I presume, if you were my counsel, you would not advise me to answer upon the spur of the mo-
tion to a charge, which the basest of mankind seem ready to establish by perjury."

"My advice," said the counsel, "would be regul-
atized by your opinion of your innocence or guilt. In your case, I believe you take the wisest course; but are you aware you must stand committed?"

"Committed? for what, sir?" replied Glossein.

"Upon a charge of murder?"

"No; only as art and part of kidnapping the child."

"Pardon me," said Pleydell, "it is a plagium, and plagium is felony."

"Forgive me, Mr. Pleydell; there is only one case upon the point."

"Ah! and you remember, resurrection-women, who had promised to procure a child's body for some young surgeons. But you did not find favour to their employers, rather than disappoint the evening lecture of the students, they stole a live child, murdered it, and sold the body for those shillings and sixpence. They were hanged, but the murder, not for the plagium. Your civil law was carried you a little too far."

"Well, sir; but in the meantime, Mr. Mac-Morlan and you remonstrated against the county jail, in case this young medical man's body's the same story.Officers remove Mr. Hatterick and Hatterick, and guard them in the different professions."

"Goshal, the gipsy, was then introduced, and gave a

intimate account of his deserting from Captain

Hatterick's vessel and joining the smugglers in the,

island, detailing how Dirk Hatterick set fire to his

goshal who had found her enslaved, and under cover of

smoke escaped with his crew, and as much goods

they could save, into the haven, where they pro-

ceeded to the right- fall. Hatterick, his Vanbrugs, Brown, and three others, of whom

warrant was one, went into the adjacent woods and communicated with some of their friends in the

island, who, in a few days after, came and gave a

spectacle to Hatterick and Hatterick, and aware that he was

in less circumstances and worse, actuated a case tried

the occasion of their disasters, resolved to murder

his half-brother. He stated, that he had seen them lay violent

hands on the officer, but that he had not perceived them;

but had not parted in the assault, nor witnessed

its termination. That he returned to the haven by a different route, where he again met Hatterick and his accomplices; and the captain was in the act of giving an account how he and Brown had pushed a large cargoe over, as Kennedy lay groaning on the

beach, when Glossein and his companions overtook them. To the whole transaction by which Hatterick purchased his secrecy he was witness. Respecting young Bertram, he could give a distinct account till he went to Ceylon, when he had lost track of him. He unexpectedly met with him in Liddesdale. Gabriel Fair further stated, that he instantly sent notice to his aunt, Meg Merriles, as well as to Hatterick, who he knew was then upon the coast; but that he had incurred his aunt's displeasure upon the latter account. He concluded, that his aunt had immedi-
ately declared that she would do all that lay in her power to help young Ellangowan to his right, even if it should be by informing against Dirk Hatterick; and that many of the roughs who assisted him absconded himself, from a belief that she was gifted with super-
natural inspirations. With the same purpose, he under-
stood, his aunt had given to Bertram the treasure of the tribe, of which she had possession as a token of four gipsies, by the express command of Meg Merriles, mingled in the crowd when the Custom House was attacked. He was found in the neighborhood of Bertram, which he had himself effected. He said, that in obeying Meg's dictates they did not pretend to estimate their propriety or rationality, the respect in which she was held by her tribe precluding all such subjects of speculation. Upon further inter-
rogation, the witness added, that his aunt had always said that Harry Bertram carried with him a chain about his

neck which would ascertain his birth. It was a spell, she said, that an Oxford scholar had made for him, and she possessed the smugglers with an opin-

ion, that to deprive him of it would occasion the loss of the vessel.

Bertram here produced a small velvet bag, which he said he had worn round his neck from his earliest

infancy, and which he had preserved, first from super-

stitions reverence, and latterly from the hope that it might serve one day to aid in the discovery of his

birth. The bag, being opened, was found to contain a blue silk case, from which was drawn a scheme of nativity. Upon inspecting this paper, Colonel Man-

nering instantly admitted it was his own connec-
tion; and afforded the strongest and most satisfac-
tory evidence, that the possessor of it must necessarily be the young heir of Ellangowan, by avowing his

having first appeared in that country in the character of an astrologer.

"And now," said Pleydell, "make out warrants of commitment for Hatterick and Glossein until liberated in due course of law. Yet," he said, "I am sorry for Glossein."

"Now, I think," said Mannerling, "we're incom-
parably the least deserving of pity of the two. The other's a bold fellow, though as hard as flint."

"Very natural," Colonel, said the advocate, "that you should be interested in the ruffian, and I in the

knave—that's all professional taste— I can tell you Glossein would have been a pretty lawyer, had he not had such a turn for the rogues part of the profession."

"Scandal would say," observed Mannerling, "he might not be the worse lawyer for that." "Scandal would tell a he, then," replied Pleydell, "as she usually does. I must say, the landman: it's much more easy to use it as a quack doctor, than to learn to apply it like a physician."

CHAPTER LVI.

Eight to live or die—O martial brave. After him, fellows, drag him to the block. Measure for Measure.
graced Scotland until late years. When the prison
er and his guard arrived there, Hatterrack, whose
violence and strength were well known, was secured
in what was called the condemned ward. This was
a large room, about the height of a man; a large
bar of iron, about the thickness of a man's arm above
the elbow, crossed the apartment horizontally; the
height of about six inches from the floor; and its
exterior was flat, as if it were part of the wall, on the
other end. * Hatterrack's ankles were secured, within
shackles, which were connected by a chain, at the
distances of about four feet, with a large iron ring
which travelled upon the bar we have described.
Thus a prisoner might shuffle along the length of the
bar from one side of the room to another, but could
not retreat farther from it in any other direction
than the brief length of the chain admitted. When his
feet had been thus secured, the keeper removed his
hand-cuffs, and left his person at liberty in other respects.
A pallet-bed was placed close to the bar of iron, so
that the shackled prisoner might lie down at pleas-
ure, still fastened to the iron-bar in the manner de-
scribed.

Hatterrack had not been long in this place of con-
finement, before Glosain arrived at the same prison-
house. To his comparative rank and edu-
cation, he was not ironed, but placed in a decent
apartment, under the inspection of Mac-Gufgg, who,
since the destruction of the Bridewell of Portan-
fin, had been made the under-tutor of the house. When Glosain was enclosed within this room, and
had solitude and leisure to calculate all the chances
before him, and how he could not escape upon himself to consider the game as desperate.

* "The estate is lost," he said, "that must go; and,
between Fledyell and Mac-Morlan, they'll cut down
my claim, and it to a trifle. But I'm not a baby—but if I get
off with life and liberty, I'll win money yet, and var-
nish that over again. I knew not the gauger's job
until the rascal had done the deed, and though I
had some advantage by the contraband, that is no felony.
But the kidnapping of the boy—there they touch me
closer. Let me see—This Bertram was a child at
the time—his evidence must be imperfect—the other
fellow is a deserter, a gypsy, and an outlaw.—Meg
Merrilies, d—n her, is dead. These infernal bills!
Hatterrack brought them with him, I suppose, to
have the means of threatening me, or extorting
money from me. I must endeavour to see the rascal;
—must get him to stand steady; must persuade him
to give me whatever information the business bard,
Mr. Mac-Gufgg attended as turnkey on this occasion.
He was, as we know, the old and special acquain-
tance of the prisoner who was now under his charge.
Accordingly, he turned a glass of brandy, and
swilling him with one or two cajoling speeches,
Glosain made his request that he would help him
to an interview with Dirk Hatterrack. "Impossible!
utterly impossible! It's contrary to the express orders
of Mr. Mac-Morlan, and the captain (as the head
jailer of a county jail is called in Scotland) would
never agree to it."

But why should he know of it? said Glosain,
slapping a couple of guineas into Mac-Gufgg's hand.
The turnkey weighed the gold, and looked sharp at
Glosain. "Ay, Mr. Glosain, ye ken the eyes o'
this place.—Lookie, at lock-up hour, I'll return and
bring ye up stairs to him—But ye must stay a' night
in the rooms. I am under necessity to carry the
keys to the captain for the night, and I cannot,
let you out again until morning—then I'll visit the
wards half an hour earlier than usual, and ye may get
out, and escape in your own safety when the guard gauges
his rounds."

When the hour of ten had passed from the neigh-
bouring example, Mac-Gufgg came with a pretty prepared
small dark lantern. He said softly, "Be on your shoes off, and follow me." Then Glosain
was out of the door, Mac-Gufgg, as if in the expec-
tation of his ordinary duty, and speaking to a gather
of inmates, raised his voice. In one instant the
intake was locked, the door shut, the bolts with
muttering noise. He then guided Glosain to a small
and narrow stair, at the top of which was the door
of the other cell. It was closed and latched, and
he unlocked the door, sliding the bolts with carefull
noises. When he had done this, he asked again, "Glosain is up the stairs, and
locked the door behind him with a large iron ring, which travelled
upon the bar we have described.

In the large dark cell into which he was thus intro-
duced, Glosain's feeble light for some time enabled
him to discover nothing. At length he could distinctly
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. Glosain ap-
proached him. "Dirk Hatterrack?" "Donner and bagel! is it his voice," said the pri-
soner, sitting up, and clashing his fetters as he rose,"then my dream is true!—I'll go down and leave me to
myself—it will be your best."

"What! my good friend," said Glosain, "will
you allow the prospect of a few weeks' confinement
in a dungeon to influence your decision?" "Yes," answered the rufian sullenly—"when I
am only to be released by a halter!—Let me alone—
give me some satisfaction to my business, and I'll
enjoy your jail. I'll tell you. I'll sit down, and
I'll say, I'll have a glorious plan to make all right."
To the bottomless pit with your plans! reply
his jailer. "I'll tell you what you'll do. I'll
know what she said, and you'll have to waken
me; it will be your wisdom not to tempt me!"

But, Hatterrack, my good friend, do but rise and
think what is to become of you. I'll play..." "I will not," answered the savage, doggedly—
"you have caused all the mischief; you would let
me keep the boy; she would have returned him to
him and the goods."
Why, Hatterrack, you are turned drivel!" Wetter! will you deny that all that cursed trash
at Portanfin, which lost both a sloop and two
vessels for your own joy?"
But the goods, you know—"Curse the goods! said the smuggler, "we could have
kept the ship and the fines and my own life, for a
cursed coward villain, that always works for his own
brown stocking."
He snatched the captain's hands. "Speak to me
more—It's dangerous!"
"But, Dirk—but, Hatterrack, hear me only a few
words."
"Fagol! ne." "Only one sentence."
"Tausand curses—nein!" At least get up, for an obstinate Dutch hoy, said Glosain, losing his temper, and pushing Hatter-
rack with his foot.
"Donner and blipger!" said Hatterrack, growing
up and grappling with him; "you shall have it then."
Glosain struggled and resisted; but, owing a
surprise at the fury of the assault, so intense
that he fell under Hatterrack's arm, he caught the
wheel, and fell full upon the bars with bellowing
surprise. The death-grapple continued. The
immediate below the condemned ward, being
more of a dungeon, the turnkey took the second apartment beneath felt the shock
of his heavy fall, and heard a noise as of two
and of groans. But all sounds of horror
concerned to this place to excite much carnal
interest.

In the morning, faithful to his promise, Mac-
Morlan—Mr. Glosain—said he, in a wild
voice.
"Call louder," answered Dirk Hatterrack.
Mr. Glosain, for God's sake come away!" He'd hardly do that without help, said Hatter-

"What are you chattering ther for, Mac-Guflog?" called out the captain from below.

"Come away, for God's sake, Mr. Glossin!" repeated the turnkey.

The board of the jailor made his appearance with a light. 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 dead. The man was propped upon his chest by his pelvis within a yard of his victim. On lifting Glossin, it was found that he had been dead for some hours, and that the board of the jailor's bed did not hesitate to recognize Bertram's right, and to surrender to him the house and property of his ancestors. All the party repaired from Woodbourne to take possession, amid the shouts of the tenantry and the neighbourhood; and so eager was Colonel Manners to superintend certain improvements which he had recommended to Bertram, that he removed with his family from Woodbourne to Ellangowan, although at present containing much less and much inferior accommodation.

The poor Dominie's brain was almost turned, joy on returning to his old habitation. He posted up letters, taking three steps at once, to a little shabby attic, his cell and dormitory in former days, and which were possession of the superintending third at Woodbourne had never been injured from his memory. Here one and thought suddenly struck the honest man—the books!—no three rooms in Ellangowan were capable to be distinguished. Whence, the tarrying the reflection was passing through his mind, he was suddenly summoned by Manners to assist in calculating some proportions relating to the large and splendid house, which was to be built on the site of the New Place of Ellangowan, and in the expounding the magnificence of the ruins in its vicinity. Among the various rooms in the plan, the Dominie observed, that one of the largest was entitled the library; and close beside it was a snug well-proportioned chamber, entitled Mr. Manners's apartment.

"Prodigious, prodigious!" exclaimed the enraptured Dominie. "Mr. Plyedel 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 Colenel, who was busy with plans of buildings and pleasure-grounds, in which he was well skilled, and took great delight.

"Ah ha!" said the councilor, "so here you are! Where are the register, and where is the famous Julian?"

"Walking out with young Haxteel, Bertram, and Captain Delasere, a friend of his, who is with us just now. They are gone to plan out a cottage at Dernleugh. Well, have you carried through your law business?"

"With a wet finger," answered the lawyer, "we got our youngster's case well revived and returned into Chancery. We had him served heir before the mace."

"Mace? who are they?"

"Why, it is a kind of judicial Saturnalia. You must know, that one of the requisites to be a mayor 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, have constituted those men of no knowledge into a peculiar court for trying questions of relationship and descent, as the Mars of Saturn, which often involve the most nice and complicated questions of evidence."

"The devil that have I should think that rates inconvenient," said Manners.

"O, we have a practical remedy for the theoretical absurdity. One or two of the judges act upon such occasions as proctors; and when they become doorkeepers. But you know what Cajuces says?

"Multa sunt in morbis dissimilitudines, multis sine ratio."

"However, this Saturnalia is an important event in our business; and a glistening patch of charlet we had afterwards at Walker's. Mac-Moran 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 Dandia, the redoubted Lord of Lid desdale?" demanded the advocate.

"Returned to his mountains; but he has promised Julia to make a descent in summer, with the good-natured young 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 Fy Spy with them. — But what is all this?" added Plyedd, taking up the plans — "tower in the centre to be an imitation of the Eagle Tower at Caernarrow — corse de fort — 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 bullaist it with a few bags of Sicca rupea," 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. Plyedd.

"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 too," replied the Colonel.

"Indeed?"

"Here has been Sir Robert Hazlewood," said Mannerings, "upon a visit to Bertram, tippling, and desiring to repair 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 separating and sulking when I please."

"And, being situated, as I see, next door to the old castle, you may repair Donagal's tower for the servile contemplation of the celestial bodies! Bravo, Colonel!"

"No, no, my dear counsellor! Here ends the Astrologer."
GALWEGIAN LOCALITIES AND PERSONAGES WHICH HAVE BEEN SUPPOSED TO BE ALLUDED TO IN THE NOVEL.

As an old English proverb says, that more know Tom Fool than the true Master, so most people in Galway are pleased by peculiar coincidences in the lives of persons of whom the author did not suspect the existence. He must, however, regard it as a great compliment, that in detailing incidents purely imaginary, he has been so fortunate in approximating reality, as to remind his readers of actual occurrences. It is therefore with pleasure he recollects some pieces of local history and tradition, which have been supposed to coincide with the fictitious personages and incidents, without it being open to the charge of the blackguard, "the burning and starving act." But I must now pass to the history of the village of Galway, from its being generally called Yawkins, at this period of the novel, his possession inspired on one particular night, when, happening to be abroad with a considerable quantity of goods in his possession, a strong party of assassins came down on him. He ran from the town and, with the aid of his friends, was able to escape. Yawkins was equally successful. On one occasion, he was captured in the race at the Maasraker’s lake, near Kirkcudbright, when two revenue cutters (the Pym and the Dwarf) got in sight at once on different tack, the one coming round by the point of the shore, the other between the point of the basin and the Muckle R. The cutter of the Stroke, having cut off the two men and his boat, was able to escape, and the cutter of the Stroke, with the aid of his friends, was able to escape. The Black Prince used to disperse his cargo at Leith, Benwick, and elsewhere on the coast; but her owner’s favourite landing-places were at the entrance of the Dee and the Clee, near the town of Castletownshend, about six miles below Kirkcudbright. There is a cave of large dimensions in the vicinity of the town from which the boat was supposed to have been used by the privateers.

In reply to the question, whether the author had a share in the original publication of the novel, we answer, "no." He never was heard of in connection with the work, and his name only became known to the public when the first edition was issued, and the book was translated into several languages.

The author, as has been before shown, has been frequently visited by his friends, among whom is his rival, the late Sir Walter Scott, who, during a visit to the author’s residence, entered into a friendly contest with him, which was concluded by the author’s victory, and the book was sent to him as a present.

At a dinner given by the author, the guests included many of the most prominent literary men of the day, and the conversation was confined to the novel, and its incidents, and the effect it had produced on the public. The author was much flattered by the praise he received, and was enabled to answer the objections made to the work. He was also pleased with the attentions paid to him by his friends, who were ever ready to aid him in every way, and who were pleased to see his health and spirits improving.

ADDITIONAL NOTE TO GUY MANNERING.

...
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 pleased;
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.
ADVERTISMENT TO THE ANTIQUARY.

The present Work is a series of legal narratives, intended to illustrate the history of Scotland at different periods. The first part of the work is called "The Making of a Pug," and the second part is called "The Accidents of a Full Moon." The first part of the work is written in the style of the 18th century, while the second part is written in the style of the 19th century. The work is illustrated with engravings of scenes from Scottish history.

To the advertisement, which was prefixed to the first edition of the Antiquary, it is necessary to add a few words, touching upon the introduction to the Chronicles of the Campagne, respecting the character of Jonathan Swift. "I may have state generally, that although I have had historical prejudices, I have never on any occasion permitted myself to prejudge any person, to which I have not been personally acquainted. It was therefore impossible that traits proper to persons, both living and dead, should not influence my character, and that leaves more to my pen in each work as Waverley, and those which follow, than in former works. My turn has been to give an account of actual occurrence, and to take my graceful leave, as one who is not likely again to select their father.

To the foregoing, I can add that the public, for the distinguished reception which they have given to the Antiquary, are not likely to be disappointed in the future. I have here more than one particular instance of uniformity in the presentation of my characters. Yet it must own my attempts have not in this last particular been uniformly successful. There are men whose characters are not as necessary in the narrative as the one's. Yet this has been the case of the Antiquary, in order to arrive at the just, and principal feature, inevitably places the whole person of the character, and the same cannot be said with Lewis, for the Antiquary, was partly founded on that of an old friend of my youth, to whom I am indebted for introducing me to the character, and perhaps some time since I undertook to produce a character, which I had no law or opinion of the likeness. That it could not be expected that my works would be adhered to by no less, and perhaps more, and certainly less than it deserves. Yet I was determined what I should be considered a lost character, for the less my character was the more excellent, one of the few surviving friends of my father, and as they are mentioned in my character, the author knows the only persons in whom the Antiquary, traces of the character of a very intimate friend.

I have long been further to request the reader not to suppose that only the characters of the friends resembled in Galbraith, are in proportion, or the history impeded to the ideal personage. They have been more or less copied from several instances. This will be somewhat more exact to the narrator, very similar to that which constitutes the history of the Antiquary, in particular. Of the history of the Antiquary, the author knows the only characters in which the fact of his imagination resembled his renowned and excellent old friend.

The book, which is written by the Regent in the following narrative, invites the author to prefix a few remarks on the present state of Scotland. This is now a new society, and the present state of the world.

Vol. 1L 21
ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ANTIQUARY.

Of the character described on these good Bedesmen in money and plate, there are many records in the Treasurer's accounts. The following extract, kindly supplied by Mr. Mac Donnell of Glasgow, may interest those whose taste is akin to that of Jonathan Oldbuck of 'Gammabarns'.

BLEW GOWIN.

In the Account of Sir Robert Murray of Murraviey, Treasurer-Depute of King James VI, there are the following payments:

"July 1608.

"Item, to Mr. Peter Young, Elsinorin, twenty-four gowins of silver, at three crowns each, according to the price of his house, amounting to viij x xij s. eight shillings; price of the gowins viij x xij s.

"Item, for making all the said gowins, viij x xij s."

In the Account of John, Earl of Mans, Great Treasurer of Scotland, and of Sir Gideon Murray of Elbreich, Treasurer-Depute, the same was also specified.

"June 1717.

"Item, to James Murray, merchant, for fyrfaxe saller and sels and one half piece of three clints to be given to fyrfaxe saller men according to the price of his Majesties saller at xiij s. for the saller, in the palace, x xij s. xij s. x ij s.

"Item, to workmen for carving the stone to James Altsman, half-year, his horse, in xiij s. xij s. for the saller, and one half of the horse for making all the said saller, at xij s. xij s. xij s.

"Item, for making all the said saller, x xij s. x ij s."

In the Account of John, Earl of Mans, Great Treasurer of Scotland, and of Sir Gideon Murray of Elbreich, Treasurer-Depute, the stone was also specified.

"Item, to James Murray, merchant, for fyrfaxe plag and sels and one half piece of three clints to be given to fyrfaxe saller men according to the price of his Majesties saller at xiij s. for the saller, in the palace, x xij s. xij s. x ij s.

"Item, to workmen for carving the stone to James Altsman, half-year, his horse, in xiij s. xij s. for the saller, and one half of the horse for making all the said saller, at xij s. xij s. xij s.

"Item, for making all the said saller, x xij s. x ij s."

I have only to add, that although the Institution of King's Bedesmen still subsists, they are now seldom to be seen on the streets of Edinburgh, of which peculiar dress made them rather a characteristic feature.

Having thus given an account of the genus and species of which Edie Ochilmore appertains, the author may add, that the individual he has in his eye was Andrew Gemmell, an old mendicant of the character described, who was many years since well known, and must still be remembered, in the tales of Gala, Tweed, Ettrick, Yarrow, and the adjoining country.

The author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew Gemmell when he held the loft of the House of Blue-Gown. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldier-like, or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of savagery. His person was somewhat corpulent, and that he might always have been suspected of having studied them: for he might, on any occasion, have served as a model for an artist, so remarkably striking were his ordinary attributes. Andrew Gemmell had little of the cast of his calling; his wants were few and slender, he was a tribe of poverty, which he always claimed, and succeeded in concealing as his due. He sang a good song, told a good story, and could craft a severe jest with all the cunning of Shakespeare's geniuses, though without using, like them, the cloak of insincerity. It was some fear of Andrew's native, as much as a feeling of kindness or charity, which secured him the general good reception which he enjoyed everywhere. In fact, a jest of Andrew Gemmell, especially at the expense of a person of consequence, had round the circle which he frequented, as surely as the bonfire of a man established character for seats glides through the fashionable world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance.
CHAPEL I.

It was early on a fine summer's day, near the end of the eighteenth century, when a young man, of gentle appearance, journeyed towards the north-east of Scotland, provided himself with a ticket in one of those public carriages which travel between Edinburgh and the Queensferry, at which place, as the name implies, as is well known to all my northern readers, there is a passage-boat for crossing the Firth of Forth. The coach was calculated to carry six 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 luxury, were dispensed by a sharp-looking old dame, with a pair of spectacles on a very thin nose, who inhabited a "laigh shop," antiseptic, a cellar, opening to the High-street by a short and steep air, at the bottom of which she sold tape, thread, needles, skeins of worsted, coarse linen cloth, and such feminine gear, to those who had the courage and skill to descend to the profundity of her dwelling, without falling headlong themselves, or throwing down any of the numerous articles which, piled on each side of the descent, indicated the profession of the trader below.

The written hand-bill, which, posted on a projecting board, announced that the Queensferry Diligence, or Hawke Fly, departed, precisely at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, the fifteenth July, 17—, in order to secure for travellers the opportunity of passing the Firth with the flood-tide, laid on the present occasion. All passengers, by this service, for all purposes, as far as pealed from Saint Giles's steeples, and repeated by the Tross, no coach appeared upon the appointed estate. It is true, only two tickets had been taken out, and possibly the lady of the subterranean mansion might have an understanding with her Automaton, that, in such a case, a little space was to be allowed for the chance of filling up the vacant places—or the said Automaton might have been attending a funeral, and be delayed by the necessity of adjusting his vehicle of his lugubrious trappings—or he might have staid to take a half-mutchkin extraordinary with his cronies the hostler—or in short, he did not make his appearance.

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 easily to be distinguished from his fellow-citizens. The boots, the great-coat, the umbrella, the little bundle in hand, the hat pulled low over his brows, the determined importance of his pace, his brief answers to the salutations of inquiring 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 given him, with wisdom's wisdom, the first comer hastens to secure the best birth in the coach for himself, and to make the most convenient arrangement; his heart beats at the arrival of his competitors. Our youth, who was gifted with innate prescience 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 occupation and character of the personage who was now come to the coach-office.

He was a good-looking man of the age of sixty, perhaps older, but his hale complexion and firm step announced that years had not impaired his strength or health. His countenance was that 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 calibrated 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, surmounted by a slouched hat, had something of a professional air. He might be a clergyman, yet his appearance was more that of a man of the world than usually belongs to the kirk of Scotland, and his first ejaculation put the matter beyond question.

He arrived with a hurried pace, and casting an alarmed glance towards the dial-plate of the church, then looking at the place where the coach should have stopped, exclaimed, "Dell'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, apparently 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. ——, 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 having a lad as ever dusted a duodecimo. The book enlarged perhaps in hopes of a penny to buy marbles; but none was forthcoming. Our senior leaned his little bundle upon one of the posts at the head of the staircase, and, facing the traveller who had first arrived, waited in silence for about five minutes the arrival of the expected diligence.

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 at his features to give due emphasis to one or two peremptory peahaws, he hailed the old lady of the cavern.

"Good woman, what 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 in no hurry to hasten the discussion by returning a ready answer.

"Mrs. Macleuchar—Good woman, (with an elevated voice)—I'd say, Old so and so, is he's a despicably as a post—i say, Mrs. Macleuchar?"

"I am not going a customer.—Indeed, honey, he'll no be a bodle cheaper than me tell ye."

"Woman," returned 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 too and twentyth?"

"Cheated!" retorted Mrs. Macleuchar, eager to take upon the quarrel upon a defensible ground; "I scorn your words, sir, you are an uncivil person, and I desire you will not stand there to slander a man starved."

THE

ANTIQUARY
"The woman," said the senior, looking with an arch gaze at his demure travelling companion, "does not understand the words of action. Woman, again turning to the vault, "I arrange not thy character, sir; I desire to know what is become of the coach?"

"What's your will?" answered Mrs. Macleuch, relapsing into deafness.

"We have taken a pair, ma'am," said the younger stranger, "in your diligence for Queensterry."

"Which should have been half-way on the road before," continued the taller and more elegant fellow, "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 whine. "Is it the coach ye have been waiting for?"

"What else could have kept us broliding in the sun by the side of the gutter here—you, you faultless woman? Eh?"

Mrs. Macleuch now ascended her trap stair, (for such it might be called, though conducted as strongly under the head of the vehicle as if it came upon the level with the pavement;) then, after wiping her spectacles to look for that which she well knew was not to be found, she exclaimed, "Sir, with a vehemence, 'Glubbige—eave ever any body the like o' that?"

"Yes, you abominable woman," vociferated the traveller, "you may have seen the like of it, and all will see the like of it, that have any thing to do with your trolloping sex;" then, pacing with great indignation before the door of the shop, still as he passed and repeated, a verse which gives her broadside as she comes abreast of a hostile fortress, he shot down complaints, threats, and reproaches, on the embarrassed Mrs. Macleuch. He would not and could not call a hack-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. Macleuch.

There was something so comical in this petty re- sentment, that the younger traveller, who was in no such pressing hurry to depart, could not help being amused with it, especially as it was obvious, that even when the old gentleman, though very angry, could not help laughing at his own vehemence. But when Mrs. Macleuch began also to jeer, he quickly put a stop to her ill- timed merriment.

"Woman," said he, "is that advertisement thing?—showing a bit of crumpled printed paper: 'Does it amaze you? God willing, as we hypocritically express it, the Hawes Fly, or Queensterry Diligence, would set forth to-day at twelve o'clock; and it is not, thou False of Creatures, now a quarter past twelve, and no such fly or diligence to be seen?—Dost thou know the consequence of seducing the lags by false reports?—Dost 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—best thou such a coach?—be it a coach no more—get thy base manufacture a mere swindle on the innocent, to beguile them of their time, their pas- sages, and three shillings of sterling money of this realm?—Hark, I say, such a coach! I say! Why answer?"

"O dear, yes sir; the neighbors ken the dil- ligence well, green picked out up and three yellow wheels and a black axe."

"Woman, thy special description will not serve—it may be only a lie with a circumstance."

"O, man, man," said the overwhelmed Mrs. Macleuch, "that even the celebrated towers of Edinburgh have been so long the butt of his rhetoric, "take back your three shill- ings, and make me quit o' ye."

"Your hair, woman—will three shil- lings transport me to Queensterry, agreeably to thy three- shilling program?—or will it require the damage I may sustain by leaving my business undone, or reply to the broken window laces that drew it could be obliged to tarry a day at the South Ferry for lack of tide?—Will it hire, I say, a passenge, for which sake the registrar's fees?"

Here his argument was cut short by a hundering noise, which proved to be the advance of the expected vehicle, pressing forward with all the despatch to which the broken window laces that drew it could possibly be urged. With ineffectual pleasure, Mrs. Macleuch saw her tormentor deposited in the leather seat of the vehicle, in which the driver was driving off his head thrust out of the window in reproach to words drown'd amid the rumbling of the wheels, that, if the diligence did not attain the Ferry-time to save the flood-tide, she, Mrs. Macleuch, should be held responsible for all the consequences that might ensue.

The coach had continued in motion for a short time, and the stranger had completely repudiated himself of his equanimity, as was manifested by the dolorous ejaculations, which he made from time to time, on the too great probability, or even certainty, of their missing the flood-tide. By degrees, however, his wrath subsided; he wiped his brow, relaxed his face, and from his mouth poured in a flood, produced the folio, on which he gazed from time to time with the knowing look of an amateur, admiring its height and condition, and ascertaining, by a minute and skilful examination, that the cover was unjured and entire from title-page to colophon. His fellow-traveller took the liberty of inquiring to what purpose the volume was intended, and learned that he had made good use of a good education, and, although not possessed of masses 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 loath, into a sea of discussion concerning urns, race, votive altars, Roman camps, and the rules of clas- tronum, in which he was shown to be an honest, if not an accurate, antiquary. The pleasure of this discourse had such a satisfying tendency, that although two causes of delay occurred during the day, one of which was the reason that had drawn down his wrath upon the unlucky Mrs. Macleuch, our antiquary only bestowed on the delay the honour of a few examples books and passages, which, rather seemed to reward the interruption of his discourse than the renewal of his journey.

The first of these stops was occasioned by the breaking of a spring, which half an hour's labor hardly repaired. To the second, the Antiquary gave himself over, if not the principal cause of all for, observing that one of the horses had cast a few feet since he awoke the coachman of that por- tient deficiency. "It's Jamie Moreland's funeral: he's missed the coach on contract, and up here he's answered John," and I say not entitled to any stop, or to suffer prejudice by the like of that accident.

"And when you go to—mean to the place you desire to go to, you answered—who do you will uplift you on account?—if you don't directly and carry the poor brute to this house?—I'll have you punished, if there is a justice in Mid-Lothian;" and, speaking the coachman, he junctured the words of the order, by exclaiming, muttering, that "if the gentleman lost the tide, they could not say but it was their own fault, and he was willing to get on."
to the poor horse was not in some degree aided by his desire of showing his companion a Piet camp, or perhaps the fact that it had been elaborately discussing, and of which a specimen, "very curious and perfect indeed," happened to exist about a hundred yards distant from the place where this intermission took place. But were I compelled to decompose the motives of my worthy friend, for (such was the gentleman in the sober suit, with powdered hair and powdered neck) he had added, that, although he certainly could not in any case have suffered the coachman to proceed while the horse was unfit for service, and likely to suffer by being hurried, the man had incurred escape some severe abuse and reproach by the agreeable mode which the traveller found out to pass the interval of delay.

So much time was consumed by these interruptions of their journey, that when they descended the hill above the Hawes, (for so the inn on the southern side of the Queenferry is denominated,) the experienced eye of the Antiquary at once discerned, from the extent of wet sand, and the number of black stones 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 the Good-nature Man, our hero had exhausted himself in fretting away his misfortunes beforehand, so that he did not feel them when they came, or whether he had made himself the company in which he was placed too congenial to lead him to repine at anything which delayed his journey, it is certain that he submitted to his lot with equanimity.

"The tide in the diligence and the old bag it belongs to!—Diligences, quoth 17 Thou shouldst have left in the town," Booking says in the Good-nature Man, "for when they move like a fly through a glee-pot, as the Irishman says. But, however, time and tide tarry for no man; and so, my young friend, we'll have a snack 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 mode of entertaining cattle drivers and cattle drivers, 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, I hope, at the Hawes; and besides, all we have must dine somewhere, and it will be pleasant sailing with the tide of the evening Charlie.

In this Christian temper of making the best of all situations, our travellers alighted at the Hawes.

CHAPTER II

The first, they d e v o r e d me upon the road here! I'll give this to you: Do not be surprised that that driven down by such hard and bitter-cold, mingled together. In a short time, with the smoke, the fire, and the wind, and the snow, we had breakfast. We are the word that glides the heart of man; and mine the heart of the man. Such, says my book, such merry drink Sherry, that's my plea.

As the senior traveller descended the clyster steps of the diligence at the inn, he was greeted by the fat, cunning, purry landlord, with that mixture of familiarity and respect which the Scotch innkeepers of the day used to assume towards their more valued customers.

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THE ANTIQUARY.

[Chap. II]

prevost of the town during that ill-fated year, and has left behind him much merit in favour, and beneath him in intellect, and, excepting one with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, had little intercourse with Mr. Oldbuck of Monkarns. He had, however, the usual resources of the yeoman, and the assistance of the doctor, when he chose to request it, and also knew pursuits and pleasures, being in correspondence with most of the noted men of his age, and having measured decayed entrenchments, made plans of ruined castles, read illegible inscriptions, and was essays on medals in the proposition of the.

Being ordered upon an expedition against Hyde and Ally, the detachment to which he belonged was cut off, and his son, whether he fell in battle, or was murdered in prison, or survived, in what the habits of the Indian tyrant remained, part of a master, 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 haited the threshold, and, though he acquired such a degree of that he accounted, made some advances, which his age and station entitled him to do in a more direct manner, towards accomplishing the same, in his estimation, and quality of his young position.

His name, the young gentlemen said, was Lovel. "Why should you know that?" said Mr. Oldbuck. Had he descended from King Richard's favorite?" He had no pretensions," he said, "to call himself a gentleman, for his father was a Negro.

Perhaps on business with some of the commercial people of Fairport?"

"No, entirely."

"Perhaps on business with some of the commercial people of Fairport?"

"No, entirely."

"Perhaps on business with some of the commercial people of Fairport?"

"No, entirely."

Here he paused; and Mr. Oldbuck having nodded his assent to his interpolated knowledge of the subject, was obliged to change the conversation. The antiquary, though by no means an enemy to good cheer was a determined foe to all unnecessary expenses. He was writing a letter concerning a bottle of port wine, he drew a third picture of the mixture, which, he said, was sold under the name of his own, and he had a little punch and he was rather in his estimation.

"Punch?" said he, catching that generous name as he passed it, and raising one of the glass.

"Yes?"

"What do you mean, you impudent rascal?"

"Ah, ay, it's a matter for that—but do you mind the trick ye served me the last time ye was here?"

"I trick you!"

"Ay, just yourself, Monkarns. The Laird Tamlore, and Sir Gilbert Girzileche, and all the Border magistrates, none see, we to them in the most comprehensible. Still, however, a sort of liberality respecting the Laird of Monkarns, augmented by the knowledge of his being a ready-money man, kept up his consequences with this class of his neighbours. The country gentlemen were generally become the subject in favour, and beneath him in intellect, and, excepting one, the others lived in habits of intimacy, and had little intercourse with Mr. Oldbuck of Monkarns. He had, however, the usual resources of the yeoman, and the assistance of the doctor, when he chose to request it, and he knew pursuits and pleasures, being in correspondence with most of the noted men of his age, and having measured decayed entrenchments, made plans of ruined castles, read illegible inscriptions, and was essays on medals in the proposition of the.
CHAPTER III.

Arms he had settled himself in his new apar-
tment at Fairport. On the following clay he sent the young gentleman, whose name had been thrown up by him, on an errand of begging the requested visit to his fellow-traveller. He did not make it earlier, because, with all the old gentle-
man's good humour and information, there had sometimes glanced forth in his language and manner towards him an air of superiority, which his companion considered as being fully beyond what the difference of age warranted. He therefore waited 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 Monkberns. A foot-
path leading over a healthy hill, and through two or three meadows, brought him to the mansion, which stood on the opposite side of the hill aforesaid, and commanded a fine prospect of the bay and shipp-
ing. secluded from the town by the rising ground, which also afforded him a prospect from the northern wind, the house had a solitary and sheltered appearance. The exterior had little to recommend it. It was an ir-
regular old-fashioned building, of which part of which had belonged to a grove, or solitary farm-house, in-
habited by the bailiff, or steward, of the monastery, when the place was in possession of the monks. It was surrounded by fruit-trees, while the garden, which they received as ground-rent from their vas-
sals; for, with the prejudice belonging to their order, all their conventional revenues were made payable in a kind, and hence, as the present proprietor loved to tell, came the name of Monkberns. To the remains of the bailiff's residence the succeeding lay inhabitants had made various additions in proportion to the accom-
mmodation 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 Amphion's, or Orpheus's country descents. It was sur-
rounded by tall clipped hedges of row and holly, some of which still exhibited the skill of the topiarian artis-
t, and presented curious arm-chains, towers, and figures of the胜リア of vine and leaf. The air had the taste of Mr. Oldbuck did not disturb these monu-
ments of an art now unknown, and he was the less disposed to do so, as they had been part of the heart of the old gardener. One tall embowering holly was, however, asserted from the seas; and, on a garden seat beneath its shade, Lovel beheld his old friend with spectacles on nose, and pouch busily 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 with a hearty shake of the hand. "By my faith," said he, "I began to think you had changed your mind, and found the stupid people of Fairport to tiresome, that you judged them unworthy of your talents. I had taken French leave, as my old friend and brother antiquary, Mac-
cribb did, when he went off with one of my Syriam medals."

"I hope, my good sir, I should have fallen under no such imputation."

"Quite as bad, let me tell you, if you had stolen yourself away, and taken the young gentleman with you again. I had rather you had taken my copper Ortho himself. But come, let me show you the way into my sanctum sanctorum, my cell, I may say; and show you the young gentleman's figure and insignia, not to men-
ion the well-furnished trunk, which soon arrived by post for Oldbuck from paying him that at-
tention. He only begged to see him early as he could make it convenient to call in a forenoon, recom-mended him to a widow who had apartments on the floor below, and to a person who kept a decent ordinary; cautioning both of them apart, that he only knew Oldbuck in a pleasant companion in a post-chaise, and did not desire Mr. Oldbuck from paying him that at-
tention. He only begged to see him early as he could make it convenient to call in a forenoon, recom-mended him to a widow who had apartments on the floor below, and to a person who kept a decent ordinary; cautioning both of them, that he only knew Oldbuck in a pleasant companion in a post-chaise, and did not desire..."
call it, for, except through themes of womankind, by this contemplative phrase, borrowed from his brother antiquary, the cynic Anthony a Wood, Mr. Oldbuck was more to denote the far sex in general, and his praise and real, in particular; that, on some idyllic pretext of relationship, have established themselves in my premises, I live here as much a Cenobite as my predecessor, John o' the Ginnell, whose grave you shall pay your last respects by. Thus speaking, the old gentleman led the way through a low door; but, before entrance, suddenly stopped short to stare at me; the signs of what we called an inscription, and, shaking his head as he pronounced it totally illegible, "Ah! if you but knew, Mr. Lovel, the time and trouble that these meandering 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 meant imply the figures, or letters, L.V., and may give us a good guess at the real date of the building, since we know, allude that, it was founded by Abbot Wadham, about the middle of the fourteenth century—and, I premise, I think that crenel ornament might be made out by better eyes than mine."

"I think," answered Lovel, willing to humour the old sage, "it has something the appearance of a niche."

"I present you are right! you are right! it never struck me before—see what it is to have younger eyes!—and I am glad I have taken your advice."

The resemblance was not much nearer than that of Polonius's cloud to a witch, or an o'ercoat; it was sufficient, to quench the ancestor's brains in work. "A mitre, my dear sir," continued he, as he led the way through a labyrinth of inconveniences and dark passages, and accompanied his disquisition with such superfluous citations to his guess. "A mitre, my dear sir, will suit our abbots as well as a bishop—he was a mitred abbot, and at the very top of the stair I saw a new trinket, very handsomely—I know. M. Cribb denies this, but it is as certain as that his Antiquus, no leave asked—you'll see the name of the Abbot of Trottyce, Abbes Trottecoet, 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 Mission—second twelve steps, and ye are safe!"

Mr. Oldbuck led, by this time, attained the top of the winding stair which led to his own apartment, and opened a door, a push of a finger, a touch of a tapestry with which it was covered, his first exclamation was, "What are you about here, you slut!" As he spoke, the same melancholy expression dawned down his face, detected in the heinous fact of arranging the serment sanctures, and fled out of an opposite door from the face of his incensed master. A genteel-looking young woman, who was superintending 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 every thing down where she took it up."

"And how dare you, or Jenny either, presume to meddle with my private matters?" Mr. Oldbuck hated putting to rights as much as Dr. Osborn, or any other professor. He saw the sampler, you monkey, and do not let me find you here again, as you value your ears. I assure you, Mr. Lovel, that last instead of these pretended friends to cleanliness was almost as fatal to my collection as that thing was to that of Sidrophel; and I have ever since missed

'My copperplate, with almanacs,
Engraved upon', and other knick-knacks
Of the museum, and several constellation stones,
Some ornaments my husband's, others my own,
Purchased for my proper case."

And so forth, as old Butler has it."

The young lady, after curtseying to Lovel, had taken the opportunity to make her escape during this scene. "Well, then," said Mr. Oldbuck, "let with the volume of Shadow they have raised," continued the Antiquary; "but I assure you the dust was very ancient, peaceful, quieted, about my hearth and table, and would have remained so for a hundred years, had these gaps been disturbed it, as they do every thing else in the world.

"It was needed, some time before Lovel could, through the thick atmosphere, perceive in what sort of den his friend had conducted his retreat. It was a lofty room of middle size, obscurely lighted by four small windows, which had all been recently occupied by book-shelves, greatly too limited a space for the number of volumes placed upon them, and far too low for some of them, and could not three files deep, while numberless others lined the floor and the tables, amid a chaos of maps, engravings, samples of parchment, bundles of paper, pieces of old armour, swords, dirks, helmets, and Highland tartans. Behind Mr. Oldbuck's seat, (which was an ancient leather-covered easy-chair, worn smooth by constant use,) was a large oak cabinet, adorned at each corner with Dutch curios, having their little duck-wings displayed, and great jolier-headed glasses placed between them. The top of this cabinet was covered with bustas, and Roman lamps and picture, intermingled with one or two bronze figures. The walls of the apartment were partly studded with green-velvet tapestry, representing the marriage of Gawaine's wedding, in which full justice was done to the ugliness of the Lothely Lady; although, judging from his own books, the gentle knight had here dibbled in the indescribable disparity of outward flavour, than the romance has given us to understand. The rest of the room was filled with a large pile of papers, books, and trinkets; some of which, on shewing to the others, were put away, without recommendation, for want of space. Among the old-fashioned oak table was covered with a collection of papers, parchments, books, and manuscripts; which, having been too from the place; and thence to recommend them, besides dust and the antiquity which it indicates. In the midst of this wreck, ancient books and utensils, with a gravity equal to Marius among the ruins of Carthage, sat a large black cat, which, to a superstitious eye, might have presented the genius loci, the tutelar demon of the apartment. The floor, as well as the tables and chairs, was overflown by the same mere magisters of miscellaneous trumpery, where it would have been impossible to find any individual article wanted, or to put it in its place, were it not a piece of tapestry with which it was covered."

And amid this medley, it was no easy matter to find one's way in a chair, without stumbling every instant on some unwieldy mass, or overturning some piece of Roman or ancient hieroglyphics. And, when the chair was attained, it was dismembered, with a careful hand, of earrings which might have received damage, and of other jewels, spurs and buckles, which would certainly have caused it to any sudden occupant. Of the Antiquary made Lovel particularly aware that his friend, the Rev. Doctor Heavystones in the Low Countries, had sustained much injury sitting down suddenly and incessantly on ancient calipers, orcuses-lace, which had been dug up in the bog near Bannockburn, and dispersed by Robert Bruce to decorate the feet of the English chargers, came thus in process of time to endanger the sitting part of a learned professor of Utrecht.

Having at length fairly settled himself, and having nothing to do but to make inquiry concerning the ancient objects around him, which his host was equally as far as possible, to explain, Lovel was invited to a large club, or blunderbuss, with an iron spike at the end of it, which, it seems, had been lately found on the Monk's property, adjacent to a burying ground. It had mightily the air of an oaken stake as strong and reaper use their annual peregrinations from their sources; but Mr. Oldbuck was strongly tempted to bet him that, as he had disdained all the odd of the clubs with which the monks arrived at the peasants in lieu of more martial enterpraises, when
he observed, the villains were called Chico-cors, or Bob-lords, that is, Clavirgeri, or club-bearesses. For the much of the matter, he was too voluminous, but the imprudence and that of St. Martin, against which authorises Lovel had nothing to oppose, having heard of them till that moment.

Mr. Oldbuck next exhibited thumb-screws, which had given the Covenanters of former days the cramp in their joints, and a collar with a name of a fellow coward, the collar having been, as the inscription here, had been adjudged to a neighbouring baron, in lieu of the modern Scottish punishment, which, as Oldbuck said, sends such culprits to enrich England by their labour for them, with their dexterity. Many and various were the other curiosities which he showed; but it was chiefly upon his books that he prided himself, presenting, with a complaisant air, as he laid the way to the crowded and dusty shelves, the vast of old Chaucer—

"For he would rather have, at his bed-head, Of Amanti, or his philosophy.

This piny servant he delivered, shaking his head, and giving each guttural the true Anglo-Saxon pronunciation, which was now forgotten in the southern parts of the realm.

The collection was, indeed, a curious age, and might well be admired by an ancestor. Yet it was not collected at the expenditure prices of modern times, but rather what a better countryman than that, has not to be missed, as well as earliest bibliomaniacs upon record, whose of which you may be none else than the renowned Pas Gascoire de la Manche, as, among other noble instances of his interest in books, he is a student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall, as a rival amateur, or provoking bookseller in disguise. And he had that satisfaction with which one pays the consideration, and pockets the aforesaid cold indifference, while the hand is trembling with pleasure—Thus to the eye of the squire of our wealth and emolument, meanwhile under a veil of mysterious consciousness our own superior knowledge and dexterity—these, my young friend, these are the world's most precious life, that repays the toil, and pain, and careful 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 he could, the books which Oldbuck exhibited. Here were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last and best. There was a book valued because it had the author's final improvements, and there another which (strange to tell!) was in request because it had them not. One was precious for its age, another because it was a desideratum; some because they were tall, some because they were short; the merit of this in the title-pages, of that in the arrangement. There was, it seemed, no peculiar distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a volume, providing the indispensability of scarcity, or rare occurrence, was attached to it.

Not the least fascinating was the original broadsheet—the Dying Speech, Bloody Murder, or Wonderful Wonder of Wonders, in its primary tattered guise, as it was hawked through the streets, and sold for the cheap and easy price of a penny; though no one had the least idea of what so fine a work was worth the weight of a cent piece in gold. On, these the Antiquary dilated with transport, and read, with a rapturous voice, the elaborate titles, which bore the same proportion to the contents that the painted signs without a showman's booth do to the animals within. Mr. Oldbuck, for example, paused himself expectantly in possession of a unique broadside, entitled and called 'Stranger and Wonderful News from Chipping-Norton, in the County of Oxford, of certain dreadful Apparitions which were seen in the Air on the 30th of July, 18—. At Half an O'Clock in the morning, by several people, and continued till Eleven, in which there was seen Apparitions of several flaming Fiends, strange Phænomena, the extraordinary appearance of the Internal Spirit, and the unusual Shinning of the Stars,' with this end.
The Antiquary.

Chap. IV.

Our two friends moved through a little orchard, where the aged apple-trees, well loaded with fruit, showed, as is usual in the neighbourhood of monastic buildings, that the days of the monks had not always been spent in indolence, but often dedicated to horticulture and gardening. Mr. Oldbuck failed not to: make Lovel remark, that the planters of those days were possessed of the modern secret of preventing the roots of the fruit-trees from penetrating the till, and compelling them to spread in a lateral direction, by placing paving-stones beneath the trees when first planted, so as to interpose between their fibres and the subsoil. "This old fellow," he said, "which was blown down last summer, and still, though half reclined on the ground, is covered with fruit, has been, as you may see, accommodated with between its roots and the unkindly till. That other tree has a story: the fruit is called the Abbot's Apple; the lady of a neighbouring baron was so fond of it, that she often paid a visit to Monkbars, to have the pleasure of gathering it from the tree. The husband, a jealous man, belike, suspected that a taste so nearly resembling his own had innoculated a suspicious lady, and retaliated upon the fruit by a dislike so .strongly requited, that he suppressed the tale, as an honour of a noble family is concerned. I will say no more on the subject, only that the lands of Lovel and Grospont still pay a tithed of six bolts of barley annually, to stoke the gate of their respective owners, who intruded himself upon his worldly suspicions upon the seclusion of the Abbot and his penitent. Admire the little berry hanging upon the unfruitful bough, and I say a hospital, hospiplum, or hospiplumum, (for it is written all these various ways in the old writings and evidences,) in which the monks received pignus of the inestimable and Holy Archdeacon: and if my .memory would be further satisfied of the Truth of this Relation, let them repair to Mr. Nightingale's, at the sign of the Sun, in West Smithfield, and they may be satisfied."

"You laugh at this," said the proprietor of the collection, and I forgive you. I do acknowledge that the charms of which we boast are not so obvious to the eyes of youth as those of a fair lady; but you will grow wiser, and see more justly, when you come to wear spectacles.—Yet stay, I have one piece of antiquity which you, perhaps, will prize more highly."

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck unlooked a drawer, and took out a bundle of keys, then pulled aside a piece of the tapestry which concealed the door of a small closet, into which he descended by four stone steps, and, after the usual unintermeddling inspection of some bottles and cases, produced two long-stalked wine-glasses with bell mouths, such as are seen in Teniers' pictures, and a small bottle of what he called racy canary, with a little bit of diet-cast, on a small silver server of exquisite old workmanship. "I will say nothing of the server," he remarked; "though it is said to have been taken from the old mad Flemintine, Benvenuto Cellini. But Mr. Lovel, our ancestors drank sack—you, who admire the drama, know where that is to be found.—Here's success to your exertions at Fairport, sir!"

"And to you, sir, and an ample increase to your treasure, with no more trouble on your part than is just necessary to make the acquisition valuable."

After a libation so suitable to the amusement in which they had been engaged, Lovel rose to take his leave, and Mr. Oldbuck prepared to give him his company a part of the way, and show him something worthy of his curiosity on his return to Fairport.

CHAPTER IV.

The pawky said curls came over the less,
"If many good-omen and good-morters to me,
You'll lodge at your own house—thank you, sir."

Will ye lodge in a silly poor poor?

Our two friends moved through a little orchard, where the aged apple-trees, well loaded with fruit, showed, as is usual in the neighbourhood of monastic buildings, that the days of the monks had not always been spent in indolence, but often dedicated to horticulture and gardening. Mr. Oldbuck failed not to: make Lovel remark, that the planters of those days were possessed of the modern secret of preventing the roots of the fruit-trees from penetrating the till, and compelling them to spread in a lateral direction, by placing paving-stones beneath the trees when first planted, so as to interpose between their fibres and the subsoil. "This old fellow," he said, "which was blown down last summer, and still, though half reclined on the ground, is covered with fruit, has been, as you may see, accommodated with between its roots and the unkindly till. That other tree has a story: the fruit is called the Abbot's Apple; the lady of a neighbouring baron was so fond of it, that she often paid a visit to Monkbars, to have the pleasure of gathering it from the tree. The husband, a jealous man, belike, suspected that a taste so nearly resembling his own had innoculated a suspicious lady, and retaliated upon the fruit by a dislike so strongly requited, that he suppressed the tale, as an honour of a noble family is concerned. I will say no more on the subject, only that the lands of Lovel and Grospont still pay a tithed of six bolts of barley annually, to stoke the gate of their respective owners, who intruded himself upon his worldly suspicions upon the seclusion of the Abbot and his penitent. Admire the little berry hanging upon the unfruitful bough, and I say a hospital, hospiplum, or hospiplumum, (for it is written all these various ways in the old writings and evidences,) in which the monks received pignus of the inestimable and Holy Archdeacon: and if my memory would be further satisfied of the Truth of this Relation, let them repair to Mr. Nightingale's, at the sign of the Sun, in West Smithfield, and they may be satisfied."

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the skirts of the horizon—it was a spectum classis,
a sight of the Roman fleet; and would any admiral
rate a better day to ride in than that on your right hand?

Now blind we professed antiquaries sometimes are;
Sir Robert Sibbald, Sanders Gordon, General Roy, Dr.
Burke, why, it escaped all of them,—I was unwilling
to say a word about it till I had secured the ground,
for it belonged toaud Janne Howe, a bonnet-lad
by, and many a commencing we had before he
spoke against it, and then I measured out the
Antiquary's enthusiastic declamation, and the
attentive civility of Loyel. He had the exterior
appearance of a mendicant. A slouched hat
of huge dimensions; a long white beard, which
mingled with his grizzled hair, an aged, but strongly
marked and expressive countenance, hardened, by
climate and exposure, to a rough brick-dust complexion;
a long blue gown, with a pewter badge on the right
arm; two or three wallets, or bags, slung across his
shoulder, for holding the different kinds of meal, when
he received his charity in kind from those who were
but a degree richer than himself,—all these marked
at once a beggar by profession, and one of that
privileged class which are called in Scotland the King's
Beggars, or vulgarly, Blue-gown.

"What is that you say, Edie?" said Oldbuck, hop-
ing, perhaps, the old man had betrayed their duty;
"What were you speaking about?"

"About this bit brooch, your honour," answered the
undamaged Edie, and the bigging tears fell in her eye.

"The devil you do! Why, Edie, it was here before you were born, and will be after you are
hanged, man!"

"Hanged or drowned, here or aye, dead or alive, I
mind the bigging of it."

"You—you, you," said the Antiquary, stammering
between convulsions and a fit of kel, "you have been a
vagabond, what the devil do you know about it?"

"Oh, I ken this about it, Monk-barna, and what
profit have I for telling ye a lie—I just ken this about
it, that about twenty years syne, I, and a whom two
beggars, that I thought were beggars, or rather
ishakkers like myself, and the massen-lads that built
the lang dyke that gae down the loaning, and two or
two beds are built, just set to work, and built this
bit thing here that ye ca' the—the—Pretorian, and a'
just for a bield at auld Aiken Drum's bridal, and a
bit bitha gas-down we had in't, some pair rainy
weather. Mair by token, Monk-barna, if ye houk
up the brooch, as ye seem to have begun, ye'll find,
if ye hae not fund it syrly, a stane a' the massencallants for a laddie, the very ayre of the
bridgemoor, and he put four letters o't, that's A. D.
L. L.—Aiken Drum's Lang Laddie—for Aiken was
one of the kelp-masters of the place."

This, thought Oldbuck, is a famous counterpart
to the story of Reep on this cyclo. He then
ventured to steal a glance at our Antiquary, but quickly
withdrew it in sheer confusion. "He's a pretorien,
ay, if thou hast ever beheld the visage of a damael
of sixteen, whose romance of true love has been blown
up by an untimely discover, or of a child of ten years,
whose castle of cards has been blown down by a
malignous companion, I can safely aver to you, that
Jonathan Oldbuck of Monk-barna looked neither more
wise nor less discovered.

"There is some mistake about this," he said, ab-
ruptly turning away from the mendicant.

"Deil a bit o' the laddie of the wilds," answered
the sturdy beggar; "I never deal in mistakes, they eye
bring mischances. Now, Monk-barna, that young
gentleman, that's wi' your honour, thinks little of a
carte like me; and yet, I'll warrant I'll tell him what
he was jesterin at the gloamin, only he maybe wadna
like to hae spoken o' in company."

"Love would need to his cheeks, with a vivid blush
of two-and-twenty.

"Never mind the old rogue," said Mr. Oldbuck;
"don't suppose I think the worse of you for your
profession; they say they don't pronounce the laddie of the
shillings in that way."

"You remember that old Tully says in his oration,
pro Archita poeta, concerning one of your confraternity—"

"Who? "No one, but I forget the Latin—"the meaning
is, which of us wears so rude and barbarous a to remain unmoved at the death of the great Rosnova, whose advanced age rendered me so happy preparing us for his death, that we rather hoped one so graceful, so excellent in his art, ought to be exempted from the common lot of mortality? So the Prince of Oratoras spoke with great feeling to all who were present, to have that antiquary killed.

The words of the old man fell upon Love's ears, but without conveying any precise idea to his mind, which was then engrossed in thinking by what means the old beggar, who still continued to regard him with a countenance provokingly sly and intelligent, 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 securing the concurrence of the person whom he addressed; and while he bestowed him an airs, 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 physiognomist by profession, perceived to be peculiar.

"Never mind me, sir, I am no talebearer; but there are more cases in the world than mine," answered he, as he pocketed Lovew's purse, but in a tone to be heard by him alone, and with an expression which simply filled up what was left unspoken. Then turning to Old- buck—"I am a man to the man, your honour. Here is your honour any word there, or to Sir Arthur, for I'll come in by Knochwagon Castle again o' e'en!"

Oldbuck started as from a dream; and, in a hurried tone, made an excuse with a wish to conceal it, paying, at the same time, a tribute to Edie's smooth, breezy, unlined face, he said, "Go down, go down to the village, and then you give me the dinner, for no price, if you do go to the manes, or to Knochwagon, ye need say nothing about that foolish story of yours."

"Who, I?" said the mendicant—"Lord bless your honour; I am only a beggar, but if it is to deny him the cost of his dinner, I am no less than if the bit bourouc had been there since Noah's flood. But, Lord, they tell me your honour has given John Hoo, the Hoo, sixpence for the loan of the horse cart for this heathery knowe! Now, if he has really imposed the bourouc on ye for an ancient warp, it's my real opinion the bargain will never hand gude, if you would just bring down your heart to try it at the law, and say that he beggled ye."

"Provoking scoundrel," muttered the indignant Antiquary, "but it is far more than I have to do to teach this man's lath and his back acquainted for this!—And then in a louder tone,—"Never mind, Edie—it is all a mistake.

"Trotch, I am thinking sae," continued his tormentor, who seemed to have pleasure in rubbing the galled wound, "trotch, I ayte thought sae; and it's no sea lang since the last. I like a fresh air, sir. Never think ye luckie," said I, "that his honour, Monkbarns, would has done sic a dox-like thing, to give grand wheel work to a beddies horse, for a meal that would be dear o' paste Scots. Na, na, quo' I, 'depend upon it the laird's been imposed upon w' that wily do-like deal," Joanie Hoo, "—But Lord hagat a care o' us, sir, how can that be, 'quo' she again. 'When the laird's sae book-learned, there's no the like o' him in the country side, and Joanie Hoo has hardly gotten enough to cut the corners o' his kale-yard."

"Aweel, sweet,' quo' I, 'but ye'll hear he's circumvented him with some of his said-world stories—for I reck o' the other time about the bodie that ye thought was an old corn."

"Go to the devil!" said Oldbuck; and then in a more mild tone, as one that was conscious of his reputation, touched by the mortification of his mendicant, "Away with you down to Monkbarns, and when I come back, I'll send ye a bottle of ale to the kitchen."

"That's a reward for your honour! This was at once the true mendicant's whim, as, seating his pike-staff before him, he began to move in the direction of Monkbarns. But did your honour," turning round, "ever see the fisher ye go to the travelling pack- bodie for the barley?"

"Curse thee, go on thy business!" said Oldbuck, "Sir, and bless your honour!—I hope ye' ll ding Joanie Hoo yet, and that I'll live to see."

And saying, the old beggar moved off, following

Mr. Oldbuck of several actions which were any thing rather than agreeable.

"What, is this familiar old gentleman?" said Lord, when the mendicant was out of hearing.

"O, one of the pleases of the country—I have been always a constant poor-rate and a work-house man; and I have seen all the work-house men, to have that man to whom I am so attached.

Your old remembered guest of a beggar becomes as well acquainted with you as he is with his nose—is as intimate with you as he is with his neighbour—has all that he is nothing to do, I always intended on it to man who signify love, and with which his own trade is especially conversant. Who is he?—why, he has gone the vol—has been soldier, ballad-singer, travelling-gentleman and is now a beggar. He is a family of our little Ironty, who laugh at his jokes, and roars at Ochiltree's good things as regularly as Joe Miller's."

"What, is he a very fine, generally invents some damned impossible, or another to provoke you, like that nonsense he talked just now—not that I'll publish my tract till I have examined the thing to the bottom."

"In England," said Lord, "such a mendicant would get a speedy check."

"Yes, your churchwarden and dog-whale would make him feel his way. But here, he cursed me, is a sort of priviledged miscreant—one of the last specimens of the old-fashioned Scotch mendicant, who kept his rounds within a particular place, and was the personage sometimes the historian of the district. That race, now, knows more old ballads and traditions than any other myns in this, and the four fogs are not a drop after all," continued he, softening as he went on describing Edie's good gifts, "the dog has some good humour. He has borne his hard fate with such a good grace that he is the beacon of hope at his better. The pleasures of having quizzed me, or you gay folk would call, it will be meant and dink'd in him for a day or two, and then back to his old class and after him, or he will spread his d—d nonsense over half the country."

So saying, our barrister turned, Mr. Oldbuck to return to his hospitium at Monkbarns, and Lord to press his way to Fairport, where he arrived without further adventure.

CHAPTER V.

Louise Goldie. What's new?—What will the weather. Master of Forres.

The theatre at Fairport had opened, but Mr. Love appeared on the boards, nor was there any show in the pantomime that was performed, or even any name which authorised Mr. Oldbuck's company; his fellow-traveller was a candidate for the part that had been played out of the old-fashioned barker who dressed the last time in the parish, which, in defiance of taxes and time, still subjected to the operation of powdering and shining, and who for that purpose devoted himself to the three employes whose fashion had yet left the regular, I say, were Mr. Oldbuck's treasured and trusty squire concerning the news of the little Mr. Fairport, expecting every day to hear of Mr. Love's appearance; on which occasion the old gentleman determined to put himself to cheaper and nearer young friends, and not only to go to play the parts to carry his woman back with him. But that Mr. Caxton conveyed no information which was taking place, having had a conversation with the old gentleman of some degree of curiosity, indeed many to consider. Nothing could be more regular, or less an adventurer, than his mode of living, which was both severe and comfortable, so well arranged that all his transactions with him wereiolet, in their number.
THE REPLY.

There are not a few views of a stage-struck hero, through his own eyes, and, last but least, highly peremptory in his opinions, he must have been compelled to abandon that which he had formed in the present instance, but for a part of Caxton's communication. A young gentleman, who was sometimes heard speaking to himself, and rambles about in his room, just as if he was one of the players.

Nothing, however, excepting this single circumstance, accorded to confirm Mr. Oldbuck's supposition, and it remained a high and doubtful question, what a well-informed young man, without friends, connections, or employment of any kind, could have to do as a resident at Fairport. Neither port wine nor what had apparently any claim for him. He declined dining with the mess of the volunteer cohort, which had been lately imbibed, and shunned joining the conviviality of either of the two parties which then divided Fairport, as they did more important places.

He was too little of an aristocrat to join the club of "Royal Blue," and too little of a democrat to fraternize with an affiliated society of the aristocratic Friends of the People, which the borough had also the happiness of possessing. A coffee-room was his detestation; and he, it is to be said, he had as few sympathies with the table as in short, since the name was fashionable in novel-writing, and that is a great while ago, there was never a Mister Lovel of whom so little positively was known, and who was so universally disregarded by negatives.

One negative, however, was important—nobody knew where he lived. Indeed, had such existed, it would have been speedily made public; for the natural desire of speaking evil of our neighbour could in his case have been checked by no feelings of sympathy for him, no misfortune account alone he fell somewhat under suspicion. As he made free use of his pen in his solitary walks, and had given several persons of the haughty, in which the signal-tower, and even the four-gun battery, were introduced, some zealous friends of the public sent abroad a whisper, that this mysterious stranger must certainly be a French spy. The sheriff paid this respect to Mr. Lovel accordingly, but in the interview which followed, it would seem that he had entirely removed that magnetic suspicion, since by no means to remain undisturbed in his retirement, but, it was credibly reported, sent him two or three friendly invitations which were explicitly declined. But what the nature of the explanation was, the magistrate kept a profound secret, not only from the public at large, but from his substitute, and the two daughters, who formed his private council on all questions of official duty.

All these particulars being faithfully reported to "Mr. Charles Stewart," the "Tweed," for much to raise Lovel in the opinion of his former travel companion, a "decent sensible lad," said he to himself, "who seems to enter into the footnotes and nonsensical of these idiot people at Fairport,—I must do something for him—must give him a dinner—and I will write Sir Arthur to come to Monkbarns to meet him,—I must consult my womankind." Accordingly, such consultation having been previously held, a special messenger, being no other than Caxton himself, was ordered to prepare for a visit to "Castle Knockhinsley Castle, with a letter for Sir Arthur War dewor of Knockhinsley, Bart." The contents ran thus:

"DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

On Tuesday the 17th ult. at 8 o'clock, I hold a professional examination at Monkbarns, and pray you were there, at four o'clock precisely. If my memory, Miss Isabel, can and will honour us by accompanying me, my womankind will be but too happy to relieve me of my labours in this matter of resistance to lawful rule and right suprema. If not, I will send the womankind to the castle this afternoon, and have a young acquaintance to accompany me to you, who will explain some singular instances of a better spirit than belongs to those Siddis.

Yours, as ever, Sir Arthur, &c. &c. &c."

"Fly with this letter, Caxton," said the senecio, holding out his missive, "signatur amicus sigillatum," to Knockhinsley, and bring me back an answer. Go as fast as the town-council were met, and waiting for the postman, and the provost was waiting for his new-powdered wig.

"Ah!" answered the messenger, with a deep sigh, "that has now long been. He is now a proud man of Fairport worn sin' said Provost Jarvie's time—and he had a queen of a servant-lad that dressed it herself, w' the hood o' a candle and a drudging-box. But I have seen the day, Monkbarns when the town-council of Fairport was as soon wanted their town-clerk, or their gill of branzy over-went after the horse. Then squadded there was a weel-favoured, some decent periwig on his pow. Hey, sir! I saw wonder the commons will be discontent and rise against the law when they see magistrates and bailies, and descons, and the provost himself, w' heads as bald and as bare as an' o' my blocks?"

"And as well furnished within, Caxton. But away with you—you have an excellent view of public affairs, and, I dare say, have touched the cause of our popular discontent as closely as the provost could have done himself. But away with you, Caxton."

And off went Caxton upon his walk of three miles—"He hobbyed—but his heart was good.

Could he go faster than he could?"

While he is engaged in his journey and return, it may not be impertinent to inform the reader to whose mansion he was bearing his embassy.

We have said that Mr. Oldbuck, the editor of the Morning Post, had been a Jacobite, and had displayed all the enthusiasm of that party, while it could be served with words only. In 1745, he had roused more significant noise; no one could more dexterously intimate a dangerous health without coming under the penal statutes; and, above all, none drank success to the cause of the Prince. On the approach of the Highland army in 1746, it would appear that the worthy baronet's zeal became as a little more modest when it went with him. But the most consequence. He talked much, indeed, of taking the field for the rights of Scotland and the exiled house of Stuart only one of his horses, and that horse could by no means be brought to stand fire. Perhaps the worshipful owner sympathised in the acrobatics of this singular quadruped, and began to think, that what was so much dreaded by the horse could not be very wholesome for the rider. At any rate, while Sir Arthur Wendor was talking, and drank, and boasted, the sturdy provost of Fairport (who, as we before noticed, was the father of our antiquary) sailed from his ancient burgh, landing a body of white heats, and seized at once, in the name of George II., upon the Castle of Knockhinsley, and on the four carriages, horses, and person of the proprietor. Sir Arthur was abundantly swift to send off to the Duke of York for the recovery of the property of London by a secretary of state's warrant, and with him went his son, Arthur, then a youth. But as nothing appeared like an overt act of treason, both father and son were soon set at liberty, and returned to their own mansion of Knockhinsley, to drink harmless five fashions deep, and talk of their sufferings in the narrative, with this little matter of habit with Sir Arthur, that, even after his father's death, the non-juring chaplain used to pray regularly for the reformation of the whole body of London, and to speak of the care and bloodthirsty excesses; although all idea of serious opposition to the house of
of Hanover had long considered away, and this
reasonable leniency was kept up rather as a matter of
form than as convivial conduct. Much
so much was the case, that, about the year 1770,
upon a dispute of election occurring in the county, the
wrote a letter to the editor of the Times on the
of resignation and allegiance, in order to serve a
candidate in whom he was interested—thus remonstrating
the heir for whose restoration he weekly petitioned Hea
and acknowledged his superior, whose detenção he
never ceased to pray for. And to
he was pleased to regard them as alive, yet, in all
actual service and practical exertion, he was a most
zealous and devoted subject of George III.

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-lieutenant and
trustee upon turnpike acts. But, in his more ad
years, as he became too lazy or unfriendly for field-sports, he supplied them by now and then reading
Scottish history; and, having gradually acquired
interest in antiquities, though neither went deep, nor very wide, he became a sort of the
of his neighbour, Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbar, and a joint
labourer with him in his antiquarian pursuits.

The difference of opinion between these two humoursists, which sometimes occasioned
discord. The faith of Sir Arthur, as an antiquary, was
boyish, and Mr. Oldbuck (no doubt, as the affair of the
Prat-O-Rat at the Kaim of K
grunes) was much more scrupulous in receiving le
as current and authentic coin. Sir Arthur
would have believed, and felt himself guilty of the crime of
lesse-majesty had he doubted the existence of
every single individual of that formidable head-roll of one hundred and four kings of Scotland, received by Boethius, and rendered classical by Buchanan, in
virtue of whom James VI. claimed to rule his an
cient kingdom, and whose portraits still shone grimly upon the walls of the gallery of Holyrood.
Now Oldbuck, a shrewd and suspicious man, and
no respecter of divine hereditary right, was apt to
cavalry at this sacred task; and to affirm, that the pro
cession of the posterity of Fergus through the pages
of Scottish history, was as vain and unsubstantial as
the gleam of pageant of the descendants of Banquo
through the Mirror of Eraste.

Another tender topic, was the good fame of Queen
Mary, of which the knight was a most chivalrous
admirer, while the seque solipsists, in spite of both
her beauty and her success, and her
when, unhappily, it turned out their conversation turned on yet later times motives
disorder occurred in almost every page of history.

Our author himself is a sort of Presbyterian, a
ruling elder of the kirk, and a friend to revolution
principles and Protestant succession, while Sir Arthur
was the very reverse of all this. They agreed, it
true, in dutiful love and allegiance to the sovereign
who now sits* the throne, but this was their only
point of union. It therefore often happened, that
their conversations broke out into wrangling,
in which Oldbuck was not always able to suppress his caustic
humour, while it would sometimes occur to the Baro
upon the occasion, to German print, whose
eyes had, "sought the base fellowship of paltry burg
bary, forgot himself, and took an unlicensed freedom
debate, considering the rank and ancient descent
of his opponent. This, with the old feud of the
coach-horses, and the seizure of his manor-place and
tower of strength by Mr. Oldbuck's father, would at
times rush upon his mind, and inflame at once his
cheeks and his arguments. And, lastly, as Mr. Oldbuck
thought his worthy friend and companion was,
in some respects, little better than a fool, he was apt to
occur, in that censure, and in that un
vourable opinion, than the rules of modern politeness
warrant. In such cases, they often parted in deep

* The reader will understand that this refers to the reigns
of our late Goddess Sovereign, George the Third.

Dodgson, and with something like a resolution to
forbear each other's company in future:

"But with the morning comes reflection, Mr.
and as each was sensible that the society of the other
was not to the taste of the other, and that the
broach was speedily made up between them. On
such occasions, Oldbuck, considering that the Baro
's elegancies and other resources of his store,
showed his superior sense by compassionately using
the first advances to reconciliation. But it once or
twice happened, that the aristocratic pride of the
young man was too far-drawn to be continued, and to pray for the house
of Stewart even after the family had been extinct,
and when, in truth, though in his theoretical loyalty
he was pleased to regard them as alive, yet, in all
actual service and practical exertion, he was a most
zealous and devoted subject of George III.

There existed another connection between these
two worthies, which had alternately a repelling and at
tractive influence upon their intimacy. Sir Arthur
always wished to borrow; Mr. Oldbuck was not
always willing to lend. Mr. Oldbuck, per contra,
always wished to be repaid with regularity; Sir Arthur
did not always, nor indeed often, prepare to
gratify this reasonable desire; and, in accommodating
an arrangement between tendencies so opposite
little mixt would occasionally take place. Still
there was a spirit of mutual accommodation on
the whole, and they dragged on like dogs in couples,
with some difficulty and occasional snarling, but
without absolutely coming to a stand-still, or threat
ning each other.

Some little disagreement, such as we have men
tioned, arising out of business, or politics, had divided
the friendship of Kink winnow and Monkbar, and
the emissary of the latter arrived to discharge his
errand. In his ancient Gothic parlour, whose win
dows on one side looked out upon the restless
causeway and the far-distant moun
tain, where the Baronet was seated, now turning over the
leaves of a folio, now casting a weary glance where the
sun shone upon the trunks of the large and branching
trees, while the avenue was planted. At length, sight of
a moving object is seen, and it gives rise to a
inquiries. Who is it? and what can he be?
The old whitish grey coat, the hobbling gait,
half-sloshed, half-cocked, announced the
maker of perjuries, and left investigated the
second quire. This was soon solved by entering the
parlour. — A letter from Mr. Oldbuck. Sir Arthur
took the epistle with a dour expression of
conceitual dignity.

"Take the old man into the kitchen, and get him a

Mr. Oldbuck, my love, invites you to a
Tuesday," said the Baronet, perceiving his
really seems to forget that he has not lost

gentleman so civilly towards me, as may

Dear sir, you have so many advantages over
Mr. Oldbuck, that no wonder should sh

and wearied gait.

Mr. Oldbuck, my love, invites you to a
Tuesday," said the Baronet, perceiving his
really seems to forget that he has not lost

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Dear sir, you have so many advantages over
Mr. Oldbuck, that no wonder should sh

and wearied gait.
THE ANTIQUARY.

would give him more pain than to be wanting in any real attention."

"You are, in truth, Isabella; and one must allow for the original defect: something of the German boorishness still flows in the blood; something of the wigged and pervers artificiality that is established rank and privilege. You may observe that he never has any advantage of me in dispute, unless when he avails himself of a sort of pettifogging intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of fact, a resource and from which he entirely owes to his mechanical descent."

"He must find it convenient in historical investigation, to know a great deal about young ladies."

"It leads to an uncivil and positive manner of disputing; and nothing seems more unreasonable than to hear him impugn even Bellenden's rare translation of Hecatoc of Boccace, which I have the satisfaction to possess, and which is a black-letter folio of great value, upon the authority of some old scrap of parchment which he has saved from its deserved destiny of being cut up into tailor's measures. And, besides, that habit of minute and troublesome accuracy leads to a mercantile manner of doing business, which ought, I am safe to be a landed proprietor, whose family has stood two or three generations—I question whether a dealer's clerk in Fairport that can sum up an account saves better than a secretary does."

"It is not so easy to accept his invitation, sir!"

"Why, yes; we have no other engagement on hand, I think. Who can the young man be who talks so much of the new acquaintance; and who has no relation that I ever heard of?"

"Probably some relation of his brother-in-law, Major McIntyre."

"Very possible, yes; we will accept; the McIntyres are of a very ancient Highland family. You may answer his card in the affirmative, Isabella; I believe I have no leisure to be Dear Sir'ming myself."

So this important matter being adjusted, Miss Wardour intimated "her own and Sir Arthur's compliments, and that they would have the honour of waiting upon Mr. Oldbuck. Miss Wardour takes his opportunity to renew her hospitality with Mr. Oldbuck, on account of his long absence from Knock winnock, where his visit give such much pleasure."

"With this pleasure she concluded her note, with which old Caxton now refreshed in limbs and wind, sent out on his return to the Antiquary's mansion."

CHAPTER XL

One's friend, Level, who had received a cordial invitation, punctual to the hour of appointment, arrived at Monkburn about five minutes before one, on the 17th of July. The day had been remarkably hot, and large drops of rain had occasionally fallen, though the threatened shower had as it were.

Oldbuck received him at the Palmer's-part in brown suit, gray stockings, and wig with all the skill of the veteran Caxton, yet let me introduce you to my Clogioglo's, as he calls my fellow-woman, and—male bestia, Mr. Level."

shall be disappointed, sir, if I do not find the Merseville-Merseville, Mr. Level—which, by the way, one tator derive from stipitillitum, and another

"O sty, sty, brother—Sir Arthur, did you ever have the like?—he must have every thing his aim way, or he looks like a wench, but there goes a rag to the old bell-to tell us that the dinner is ready"

Rapid in his economy, Mr. Oldbuck kept no servant. This he diagnosed under the pretext that the
"And what news do you bring us from Edinburgh, Monkburns?" said Sir Arthur; "how goes the world in Auld Reekie?"

"Mad, Sir Arthur, mad—irresistibly frantic—beyond all reason, Sir, on the hogsheads of brandy and drinking hollohere. The worst sort of frenzy, a military frenzy, hath possessed man, woman, and child.

"And fair time, I think," said Miss Wardour, "wherefore, instead of invasion from land and insurrection at home."

"O, I did not doubt you would join the sacred host against me or my people, old Edin, and my followers? And the gallows?—Ah, what does this girl, her full sister, Jenny Rintheart, move in the same vocation with safe and noiseless step—shed, or unsud—soft as the pace of a cat, and doleful as a pariah?—Why? but because she is in her vocation. Let them minister to us, Sir Arthur,—let them minister, I say,—it's the only thing they are fit for, in my opinion. Sir, Lyndon forgotten to the great enemy who comes to propose to us a Whig sett 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 care that old Edin, ascendedly beggar, Edie Ochilhurge, for spreading disaffection against church and state through the whole parish. He said plainly to old Caxton, or that old Caxton is now a converted beings and witnessed more sense than all the three wigs in the parish—I think it is easy to make out that unanswerable—But the rogue shall be taught better manner.

"O the man, the dawdler, the dawdler," exclaimed Miss Wardour, "not old Edin, that we have known so long—I mean you noobble shall have my good graces that cannot keep the present order, and the voice of the female wenchkind I projected as equally shrilly and discontent; wherefore contrary to the said Mahometan, or, I may say, to the old Mahometan, it was necessary to assume the ben. It was local propriety, since it was the conventional signal for spreading the repeat in their refectory, and it has the advantage over the tongues of my sister's prime. Also, Jenny, now, though not quite so loud and shrill, it ceases ringing the instant you drop the bell-ropes; whereas we know, by sad experience, that any attempt to appeal from any of the party to that ben is anathema.

"Ay, there it goes," said the Antiquary; "yes, to be a stanch Tory, Sir Arthur, have nourished the same passion; it was the spring of my youth. But I fear the dawdler is alone sufficient to control a whole quarter-session—a quarter-session? ay, a general assembly or convocation to boot—Briceclatut, she—an Annam, a Zemohibbe.

"And yet, with all my courage, Mr. Oldbuck, I was glad to hear our people are getting under arms."

"Tory arms, Lord bless the thought!" exclaimed Miss Wardour, the history of Sirter Margaret, which flowed from a head, that though now old and come into grey, and more sense and political intelligence than you or I now days in a whole epoch! Does it remember the nurse's dream in that exquisite work, which she recounts in such a figure to Huffle Bubble?—"

"And the merriest of the merriest; for were I to mention the voice of young Caxton, or that old Caxton is now a converted beings and witnessed more sense than all the three wigs in the parish—I think it is easy to make out that unanswerable—But the rogue shall be taught better manner."

"And yet, with all my courage, Mr. Oldbuck, I was glad to hear our people are getting under arms."

"Tory arms, Lord bless the thought!" exclaimed Miss Wardour, the history of Sister Margaret, which flowed from a head, that though now old and come into grey, and more sense and political intelligence than you or I now days in a whole epoch! Does it remember the nurse's dream in that exquisite work, which she recounts in such a figure to Huffle Bubble?—"
The Antiquary.

"Baron," said Jack the drummer at once.

"Which signifies cornet calls," said Sir Arthur.

"The head of the wall," echoed Oldbuck.

There was a deep pause. "It is rather a narrow translation to build a hypothesis upon," observed the architect.

"Not a whist, not a whist," said Oldbuck; "men fight best in a narrow ring—an inch is as good as a mile for a honour.

"It is decidedly Celtic," said the Baronet; "every hul in the Highlands begins with Be;

"But what says you, Ned, Sir Arthur—is it not decidedly the Saxon word?"

"It is the Roman escalum," said Sir Arthur; "the Picts borrowed that part of the word.

"No such thing; if they borrowed anything, it must have been your Bees, which they might have from the neighbouring Bees of Stewar Clyd.

"The Picts," said Oldbuck, "must have been singularly poor in dialect, since, in the only remaining word of their vocabulary, and that consisting only of two syllables, they borrowed one of them from another language; and methinks, gentlemen, with submission, the controversy is not unlike that which the two knights fought, concerning the malt colour and the other black. Each of you claim one-half of the word, and seem to assign the other. But what strikes me most, is the peculiar beauty of the language which has left such slight vestiges behind it.

"You are in an error," said Sir Arthur; "it was a copious language, and the people—built two Glasgow: one at Broochin, see at Abernethy. The Pictish maidens of the blood-eskal were kept in Edinburgh Castle, hence called Castrescu Pedlarum."409

"A childish legend," said Oldbuck, "invented to give consequence to trumpet worship. It was the same Caled, the Madgax, the Macmac, the Macmac"—and so forth; his voice swelled still louder, though it was never raised. "You say to me that the Macmac, the Macmac, the Macmac—"

"I am surprised to hear you, Mr. Oldbuck; you know, or ought to know, that the list of these potentiates was copied by Henry Maule of Melgum, from the Chronicles of Loch-Leven and Saint Andrews, and put forth by him in his short but satisfactory history of the Picts, printed by the press of Fearnham, Freeburn 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 which—but I have a copy at home that stands next to my twelvemo copy of the Scots Acta, and ranges on the shelf with them very well—say what you do to that, Mr. Oldbuck."

"Say! Why, I laugh at Henry Maule and his history," answered Oldbuck, "and thereby comp with his request, of giving it entertainment according to its".

"Do not laugh at a better man than yourself," said Sir Arthur, somewhat sorrowfully.

"I do not conceive," said Sir Arthur, in laughing either at him or his history. 26
"Henry Manle of Malgum was a gentleman, Mr. Oldbuck." "I presume he had no advantage of me in that particular," replied the Antiquary, somewhat tardily.

"He was a gentleman of high family, and ancient descent, and therefore—" "The descendant of a Westphalian printer should speak of him with deference," said Mr. Oldbuck, "by your opinion, Sir Arthur—it is not mine. I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typographer, Wolfbrand Oldbuck, who, in the month of December, under the patronage, as the colophon tells us, of Sebastian Scheyter and Sebastian Kammernoster, accomplished the printing 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-throated, old Gothic barons since the days of Cremathinascheytrum—not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name.

"If you mean the observation as a sneer at my ancestry," said the knight, with a presumption of dignity, superiority, and composure, "I have the assurance to inform you, that the name of my ancestor, Gamalyia de Guerderow, Miles, is written fairly with his own hand in the earliest copy of the Rage-man-roll.

"Which only serves to show that he was one of the sex not only of a capacity for what you call being a prince, but also of an example of sobriety in making a gentleman of Edward I. What have you to say for the stainless loyalty of your family, Sir Arthur, after such a backsliding?"

"It's enough, sir," said Sir Arthur, starting up fiercely, and pushing back his chair. "I shall hereafter take care how I honour with my company, one who so shows himself so ungrateful for my connexions.

"In that you will do as you find most agreeable, Sir Arthur," I replied, "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 gratitude to the extent of servility."

"Rabbi well—mighty well, Mr. Oldbuck—I wish you a good evening—Mr. s-a-a—Shovel—I wish you a very good evening.'

"A few of the parlour doors flopped the incensed Sir Arthur, as if the spirit of the whole Round Table infamed 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 tup-headed ass?" said Oldbuck, briefly apostrophizing Lovejoy, "but I mean you as well as I can."

"So saying, he pushed off after the retreating Baronet, whom he traced by the clang of several doors which opened in the search of the apartment for tea, and slammed with force behind him: at every instance of disappointment.

"You'll do yourself a mischief," roared the Antiquary, "Qui ambulat in tempesta necat quo ssequitur illum."

Sir Arthur had now got involved in darkness, of which the seductive effect is well known to nurses and physicians, who have to deal with pestilential children. It retarded the pace of the irritated Baronet, if it did not abate his resentment, and Mr. Oldbuck, better acquainted with the locusts, got upon him as he had got his grasp upon the handle of the drawing-room door.

"Stay a minute, Sir Arthur," said Oldbuck, opposing the door: "I don't know what it is to be so honest, my good old friend—I was a little too rude with you Sir Gamely—why, he is an old acquaintance of mine, man, and a favourite—he kept company with Bruce and Wallace—and, I'll be sworn on a black-letter Bible, only subscribed the Rang-roll with the legitimate and justifiable intention of circumventing the failure; I was right—Scottish craft, my good knight—hundreds did it—come, come, forget and forgive—confess we have given the young fellow here a very raw deal, we think us two testy old fools.

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, with much majesty.

"Well, well—a well—well, 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 Lovejoy and Mr. Oldbuck, the countenance of all three a little discomposed.

"If you are waiting for you, sir," said Miss Wardour, "to go out, Mr. Oldbuck should walk forward to meet the carriage, as the evening is so fine.

Sir Arthur readily assented to this proposal, which suited the angry mind in which he found himself, and having, agreeably to the established custom of tea, refreshed the refreshments of tea and coffee, he took his daughter under his care, and, after taking a ceremonious leave of the ladies, and a very dry one of Oldbuck—off he marched.

I think Sir Arthur has got the black dog as his back again," said Miss Oldbuck.

"Black dog!—black devil!—he's more absurd than woman-kind—What say you, Lovejoy?—Why, the lad's gone to.

"He took his leave, uncle, whilst Miss Wardour was putting upon her things; but I don't think he observed her.

"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 changes they are put to—O Sedge, Emperor of Ethiopia?" said he, taking up a cup of tea in the one hand, and a volume of the Rambler in the other,—that was his regular custom to read while he was at tea, and was an example of sobriety in being a practice which served at once to enervate his contempt for the society of woman-kind, and his resolution to place no moment of instruction.—O Sedge, Emperor of Ethiopia! I well hast thou 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, interrupted by the ladies, who each, in profound silence, pursued some female employment. Men of length, a length and modest tap was heard at the parlour door.

"Is that you, Canzon?—come in, come in, man."

The old man opened the door, and, thrusting in his manger face, thrusting in his grey 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 usher.

"Frighten!" answered the Antiquary, "What do you mean?—never mind the ladies. Have you seen any one at, or near, the modest inn, where these ladies and your master were last seen?

"Na, sir; it's no a ghast that this turn, replied Canzon—"—but I'm no easy in my mind."

"Did you ever hear of any body that was—" said Oldbuck, "what reason has an old better powder-puff like you to be easy in your mind, more than all the rest of the world besides?"

"I wish I knew, sir, it's a strange night; and Sir Arthur, and Miss Wardour, is a thing."

"Which man, they must have met the carriage, the head of the looting, or elsewhere; they must be home long ago."

"Na, sir; they didn't gang the road by the highpike to meet the carriage, they goes by the sea."

The word operated like electricity on Oldbuck. "The same!" he exclaimed; "impossible."

"On, sir, that's what I said to the gardener, he said he saw them turn down by the Miss—we—"in truth, says I to him, that he the case, I am misleading."

"An almanack an almanack," said Oldbuck, "staring up in great alarma—no that flinging away a little pocket almanack discovered him—Great God! my poor Isabella!—Fetch me instantly that almanack."

"It was brought, consulted, and sent to his agitation. I'll go myself—call the and—bid them bring that almanack—bid them raise more help as they come near the top of the cliffs, and halloo down to go myself."
THE ANTIQUARY.

CHAPTER VII.

“Is that the matter?” inquired Miss Oldbuck, as if she were in no hurry. The suddenly-erected side of the boat’s sail—“The side—the side!”—answered the startled Antiquary.

“Had not Jenny better—but no, I’ll run myself,” said the young lady, parting in all her uncle’s terror,—“I’ll run myself to Saunderson Mucklebackit, and make high get out his boat.”

“A thank-you must, that’s the wisest word that has been spoken yet—run! run! I’po by the sandies!” seizing his hat and cane; “was there ever such madness heard of!”

The information of Davie Dibble, which had spread such general alarm at Monkbar, proved to be strictly correct. Sir Arthur and his daughter had got out, according to their first proposal, to return to England. The boat was threaded by pilots, when they reached the head of the loaming, as it was called, or great lane, which on one side made a sort of avenue to the house of Monkbar, they discerned a lady, and were ordered to lie there on the way as if to give him an opportunity 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, stretching below a picturesque ridge of rocks, afforded at almost all times a most delightful passage between Knockwinnock and Monkbar 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 ease of 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 lightly stipulated, that a little ragged boy, for the guardian of one penny sifting, should run to meet his cousin, and turn his equipage back to Knockwinnock.

When this was arranged, and the emissary dispatched, the knight and his daughter left the high-road, and started for the Dunbar hilllocks, partly grown over with furze and the long grass called bent, soon attained the side of the ocean. The wind, which before the tempest 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, the road was altogether covered by the sea; and several had recorded several fatal accidents which happened on such occasions. Still, such dangers were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; and neither were considered as remote and improbable; 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The scene which advanced to meet them made a strong impression on the minds of the spectators. The skies were overcast, the wind had increased and the waves were more disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain. The vision of the night's storm and the fear of the future were seen. The boat was surrounded and the occupants were disturbed and disheartened. The sight of the ship was terrible. Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognize the vessel of his daughter Isabella, which had passed through a heavy gale. It is said that even the brute creation lay aside their animosity and antagonism when pressed by an irresistible and continuous danger. The wind under Halkehead, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of a spring-tide under the north-west wind, was in like manner a neutral field, where even a just, though it was said among the spectators, they might meet upon terms of mutual forbearance.

"Turn back! turn back!" exclaimed the vagrant.

"Why did ye not turn when ye saw me come to ye?"

"We thought," replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation, "we thought we could get round Halkehead."

"Halkehead! The tide will be running on Halkehead, by this time, like the Fall of Foyers. It was always a sight, I could do to get round it twenty minutes since—it was coming in three feet abreast. We will maybe get back by Bally-burgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help us, it's our only chance. We'll go on.

"My God! my child!—My father, my dear father!" exclaimed the parent and daughter, as they pressed upon the ship and endeavored to double the point, the projection of which formed the southern extremity of the bay.

"I heard ye were there; free the bit callant ye sent to me to get my carriage," said the beggar, as he trudged slowly on a step or two behind Miss Wardour, and "I couldn't help to think o' the dearest young lover's peril, that has aye been kind to us, and my heart that's near her. See, look at the lift and the ran o' the tide, till I settled it that if I could get down time enough to give you warning, we'd do well yet. But I did it, doubt, I doubt, I have been beggared! for what mortal's ear saw sic a race as the tide is running o' n pair now? See, yer'd be the Barton's nobody—ye hold his nose abune the water in my day—but he's ancie 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 bulk like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the boiling and breaking of swaying waves which encountered its submarine resistance.

"Mak haste, mak haste, my bonny laddie," continued the man, "there's a wind and we must do the best. Take aboard o' my arm—see and frail arm it's now, but it's been in as sair stress as this is yet. Take aboard o' my arm, my winsome laddie! D'y think ye can walk through yon wave yonder? This morning it was as high as the mast o' a brig—tis smart enough now—but, while I see a muckle black about it as the crown o' my hat, I winna believe but we'll get round the Bally-burgh Ness, for a' that's come and gone ye as yet.

Isabella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was less able to afford her. "The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach, that the firm and smooth footing which the land-side bethad on the sand must be changed for a rough path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledges. 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 beggar, who had been here before in high tides, though he, after all, admitted, "in a see a awsome night as this.

It was indeed, a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea and the uttermost extremes of the elements. Being, who, between two of the most magnificent, yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging sea and a rageing tempest—tenured to their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. For quite did these two objects, such that veiled them upon each other. Still, however, loath to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochilieres. It was yet a distance from the wave of the coming tide, on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward, however; but, when they arrived at the point, the water was no longer visible. The signal of safety was lost among a thousand white breakers, which, flashing 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 precipice.

The sound of the wave fell in. It was a fast shriek, and, "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was presently echoed by Sir Arthur—"My child! my child! do you hear such a death?"

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him,—"and you too, who have been your own life in adversity.

"God have mercy upon us!" said the old man. "I 've lived to be weary o' life; and seen yon breaker at the back o' a dike, in a wreck o' masts, a' the day's work, what signifies now the wild gablerunzie dies?"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing,—can you help?—I'll make you rich—I'll—"

"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the avalanche of water—"they are equal already, and you were alike, poor fair bound and bandy for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twelv hours."

While they exchanged these words, they passed upon the highest ledge of rock at which they felt attaint; for it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to accelerate the fate. Here, then, they were to await the moment when they might show the progress of the raging element, something in the situation of the martyrs of the early church, exposed by hostile tyrants to be slain, and being conveyed to their place of execution, they awaited the signal for undoing their gates, and letters added to some sacred spot of the victimage.

Yet, even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of the mind naturally strong and courageous. While she was busy, "Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain a height where we could rest and repose—morning, or till help comes? They must be near, or our situation, and will raise the country to aid us."

Sir Arthur, who heard, but scarcely comprehended his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, very eagerly to the old man, as if he could save you? You are a man, he said, "once in my life, and many a time's nest here that I have lifted up a very high rock; but it's lang, lang eyes, much could climb them without a rope, or man, or my sight, and my footstep, and grip, hae a' failed many a day since—and I could save you? You are a man, or might even right—ye're right—that gate, that gate to rope west round Cumming's horn, that's the black star—east two pairs line right—it's that dark swim around, was se wae—ye could do—there must be more than that other stane—we cd it the Cae-leg.
No, no—say you here and attend to Miss Ward- dour—you see Sir Arthur is unwell and has taken to his bed. Last night, I, poor woman, went to see Beowy's Apron, that's the muskeg broad flat blue ruts—and then, I think, we're in the middle of the area. I'll try and get the young lad and Sir Arthur.

The adventurer, following the directions of old Beowy, being him who lives near his curling inn, which he assured 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, which was made fast at the other side, he began to ascend the face of the crag—a most precarious and dizzy undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him, safe on the broad flat stone beside our friend LoveL. Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. LoveL then descended to ascertain 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 billows.

The sense of reprieve from approaching and approaching death, had assuaged the father and daughter, when they were about to be surrounded. The mendicant and LoveL carried their voices in a loud hallow, the forerunner waving Miss Wardour's handkerchief on the end of his staff to make them conspicuous from above. Though the shouts were repeated, it was some time before there were any answer to their own, leaving the unfortunate sufferers uncertain whether, in the darkening twilight, and increasing storm, they had heard the person who apparently were traversing the verge of the precipice to bring them assistance, sensible of the place of which they had found refuge. At length their hallow was regularly and distinctly answered, and their courage confirmed, by the assurance that they were within bearing, if not within reach, of friendly assistance.

Chapter VIII.

There is a cliff, whose height and bending head Looks carefully on the confined deep; Bears me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repay the mercy thou dost bear.

King Lear.

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. Some attempt was made to hold communication between the assistants above, and the sufferers in the dark seclusion, by means of the signal which they exchanged, and the shouts which issued from their precarious place of safety; but the howling of the tempest limited their interchange to cries, as inarticulate as those of the winged demons of the crag, which shrieked in an alarming manner at the remoter sounds 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 unwooed desperation to the very brink of the crag, and extending his head (his hat and wig secured by a handkerchief under his chin) over the dizzy height, with an air of determination which made his more timorous assistance tremble.

"HaU a care, band a care, Monkburno," cried Caxen, clinging to the skirts of his patron, and withholding him from danger as far as his strength permitted—"God's a care!—a care!—Sir Arthur's drowned already, and an ye fa' over the clough too, there will be but as wig left in the parish, and that's the minister's!"

"Mind the peak there," cried Mucklebaeki, an old fisherman and stammerer—"mind the peak—Steenie, Steenie Wilke, mind the peak, we'll sune have them on board, Monkburne, wad ye but stand out o' the rau.""

"I see them," said Oldbuck, "I see them low down on that flat seaview—Toll-hillion, tillie-ho! a"

"I see them myself weel enough," said Muckle- baeki; "they are sitting down yonder like hovels..."
craws in a mist; but dye think ye’ll help them wi’
shaking that gate like an auld skirl before a blaw
of weather?—Steenie, lad, bring up the mast—Oof, I’ve
hae them up as we used to bouse up the kegs o’ gin
and cordial, bide on the peak, veer the sheet for the mast—make the chair fast with the rattlin’
haul taught and bellow!’

The fiddle had brought with them the mast of a
boat, and as 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
clearing was made in the upright mast, and the rope stretched
along it, and reeved through a block at each end, and
formed an extemporaneous crane, which afforded the
means of lowering an armchair, well secured and
fastened, down to the flat shelf on which the sufferers
had roosted. Their joy at hearing the preparations
going on for their deliverance was considerably qualiﬁed
when they beheld the precariously balanced, 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 fearful danger of the chair
being snatched away, or being dashed, either by the wind or the vibrations of the cord, against the rugged face of the precipice. To but diminish the risk as much as possible, the experienced seamen had let down with the chair the rope and line, which, being attached to it and held by the persons beneath, might serve by way of gy, as Mucklebackit expressed it, to render its descent, or some accidents, smooth and regular. Said,
‘Let’s commit one’s self in such a vehicle, through a
bowling tempest of wind and rain, with a bellringing
precipice above, and a raging abyss below, required
the courage of a lion, which alone can inspire. Yet
wild as the sounds and sights of danger were, both
above, beneath, and around, and doubtful and dan-
gerous as the mode of escaping appeared to be, Love
and the old mendicant agreed, after a moment’s con-
sultation, and after the former, by a sudden strong
pull, had, at his own imminent risk, ascertained the
security of the rope, that it would be best to secure
Miss Wardour in the chair, and trust to the under-
ness and care of those above for her being safely
conveyed up to the top of the crag.

‘Let my father go ﬁrst,’ exclaimed Isabella; ‘for God’s sake, my friends, place him ﬁrst in
security.’

‘If cannot be, Miss Wardour,’ said Love; ‘your
life must be ﬁrst secured—the rope which bears your
weight may not listen to a reason so selfish!’

‘But ye maun listen to it, my bonny lassie,’ said
Ochiltree. ‘for a’ your lives depend on it—besides,
with the top o’ the knock o’ the bell yon ye can
give them a round guess o’ what’s gaun gong on this
Patmos o’ ours—and Sir Arthur’s far by that, as I am
thinking.’

Struck with the truth of this reasoning, she ex-
claimed, ‘True, most true; I am ready and willing
to undertake the ﬁrst risk—What shall I say to our
friends above?’

‘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 hooly and fairly—we will hallow when we
are ready.’

With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child,
Love bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief,
holding her hand in his, and let the back and arms of the chair, ascertaining accurately the
security of each knot, while Ochiltree kept Sir
Arthur up to the mark.

What are ye doing wi’ him my bairn?’ What
are ye doing—’ She shuddered at the thought of
me—Isabel, stay with me, I command you.’

‘Ochiltree, stay Arthur, hush your tongue, and be
that the world’s wise folk than you can manage this job,’ cried the beggar, worn out by the
unnecessary exclamations of the poor Harovent.

‘Farrell, my father,’ murmured Isabella—‘fare-
well, my—my friends,’ and, shutting her eyes, as
Edie’s experience recommended, she gave the signal
to Lovel, and he to those who were above. She
rose, while the chair in which she sat was kept
steadily. With a beating heart she watched the flutter of her
white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the
break of the crags.

‘Canny now, laddie, canny now!’ exclaimed old
Mucklebackit, who acted as commodore; ‘awrive
the yard a bit—Now—there! there she sits safe on
dry land, an’ all.’

A loud shout announced the successful experiment
to her fellow-sufferers beneath, who replied with a
ready and cheerful haUo. Miss Isabella, in her
stream of joy, stripped his great-coat to wrap up the young
lady, and would have pulled off his coat and waistcoat
for the same purpose, had he not been withheld by the
cautious Caxom. ‘Haud a care o’ me, my honour will be killed wi’ the hoaast—ye’ll no get oot o’
your night-cowl this fortnight—and that will suit us
unto ill—No, na—there’s the chariot down by, let
two o’ the folk carry the young ledger there.’

‘You’re right,’ said the Antiquary, re-adjusting
the sleeves and collar of his coat, ‘you’re right.
Caxom has a naughty night to expect—Miss
Wardour, let me convey you to the chariot.’

‘Not for world’s, till I see my father safe.’

In a moment the young lady’s resolution had surmounted even the mortal fear of an
escalating a height, she explained the nature of the
situation beneath, and the wishes of Lovel and
Isabella were gratiﬁed.

‘Right, right, that’s right too—I should like
to see the son of Sir Gamelyn de Gaunderover on dry
dand myself be a monument to his memory.
Said the above, the oath, and the Ragman-toot to boot, and acknowledge Queen Mary to be nothing better than she should be,
to get along side my bottle of old pot that he ran
away with, and left scarce beneath. But he’s sa’d
now, and here a’ comes—for the chair was again
lowered, and Sir Arthur made fast in it, without
much consciousness on his part—there a’ comes—
bowes away, my boys—canny wull him—a pedagogue of
a hundred links is hanging on a tempenny tow—the
whole burgery of Knockwinnock depends on the
plie of hemp—respite from respite—respite to
look to your end—look to a rope’s end. Welcome, welcome,
my good old friend, to firm land, though I cannot say
to warm land or to dry land—a cord for ever
fifty fathom of water, though not in the sense of the
base proverb—a fico for the phrase—bester ats. per
fumarge—per coft.’

While Oldluck ran on in this way, Sir Arthur was
safely wrapped in the close embrace of his daughter,
who, assuming that authority which the circum-
cstances had invested her with, ordered some of the men
to convey him to the chariot, promising to follow in a
few minutes. She lingered on the cliff, holding as
old country, and watching a sampling glimpse of those
dangers which she had shivered.

‘What have we here?’ said Oldluck, as the
hice once more ascended. ‘What patched and
ther-beaten matter is this? Thus, as the sun
illuminated the rough face and gray hairs of old
trees,—What is it thou?—come old Mockier.
Needs be friends with thee—but who the devil
up your party beaids?’

‘Aye that’s weel worthy o twa o us, Monseigneur—it’s the young stranger lad theca: Love—
I beheld this blessed night, as if he had three
hours to rely on, and was willing to waste them a’ rather
endorse the other ferk—Ca’ hooly, aes, as ye’
ae an aul’ man, I thought, he would come low
now to hand the gy—Hae a care o’ the Cuan
corne—bide weel aft Crummie’s horn!’

‘Have a care indeed,’ echoed Oldluck; ‘it is my
part to separate all my companions in a post-chaise?—take care
Mucklebackit.’

‘As she can care as if he were a greybeard,
and I cannot take mind if his hair
John Harlowe—Ay, ho, my heart, bowes
with him!’
Lord did, in fact, run a much greater risk than any of his predecessors. His weight was not sufficient to render his ascent steady amid such a storm of wind, and he swung like an agitated pendulum at the slightest touch of the rocks. But he was young, bold, and active, and, with the assistance of the beggar's stout pike staff, which he retained by advice of the proprietor, contrived to keep his balance. He was in no danger from the yet more hazardous projecting cliffs which varied its surface. Toed in empty spaces, like an idle and unsuspecting child, he went, and the brain at once with fear and with dizziness, he retained his alertness of exertion and presence of mind; and it was not until he was safely grounded upon the summit of the cliff, that he felt temporary and giddy sickness. As he recovered from a sort of half swoon, he cast his eyes eagerly around. The object which they would most willingly have sought, was already in the act of vanishing. Her white garment was just discernible as she followed on the path which her father had taken. She had lingered till she saw the last of their company rescued from danger, and until she had been assured by the hoarse voice of Shackleton, that the caller had come off without a scratch, and that he was but unconscious of the deed. But Lovel was not aware that she had expressed in his fate even this degree of interest, which, though nothing more than a concern for the safety of a stranger, has such an hour of peril, he would have gladly purchased by. It was, however, it is true, the manner of the man to come to Knockwincle at that night. He made an excuse—

"Then to-morrow let me see you."

"Oh, you promised to obey. Oldbuck thrust something into his hand—Ochiltree looked at it by the torch-light, and returned it. "Na, na! I never tak' gloves—beside, Monkbarns, ye wad maybe be more use to it than a glo'rm."

Then turning to the group of fishermen and peasants— "Now, a' and b'! who wull give me a shilling for some peas-straws?"

"And I, and I, and I," answered many a-ready voice.

"Aweel, since see it is, and I can only sleep in as fear as ane, I'll gas down wi'! Saunders Muckle—Mucklebeak—be he has a soup o' something comforting about his biggin—and, barns, I'll maybe live to put th' a' o' ye in mind some ither night that ye has pro pounded me and my awsome!" and away he went with the fisherman.

Oldbuck laid the hand of strong possession on Lovel's—

"Deil a stride ye's go to Fairport this night, young man; you're a greater risk to yourself than to the barns. Why, man, you have been a hero—a perfect Sir William Wallace by all accounts. Come, my boy—my man."

They then turned to the group of fishermen and peasants—

"You'll be glad to see her, aye, and I'll come back—support in such a wind—but Caxton shall help us out!—Here, you old idiot, come on the other side of me."

And bow the devil got you down to that infernal Breezy-s'poon, as they call it!—Bose, said they— why, curse her, she has spread out that vile penon or banner of womankind, like all the rest of her sex, to adhere her notions and head—hanging ruin.

I have been very well accustomed to climbing,

I have long observed bowlers practise that pastime with the utmost complacency.

I am, now, in the name of all that is wonderful,

...you to discover the danger of the petticoat—

and his far more deserving daughter.

"As to the value of the property,"

"From the verge—umph—And what possessed you to leave the place?—Perhaps, you acted upon the appropropriate sense of duty; the deil, or any other sense of the craig?"

"Ye'll like to see the gathering and growing of a storm—or, in your own classical language,

"not the least of the weariness in which we have reached the turn to Fairport. I must wish you a good night."

"But, my dear sir, I really must go home—I am well 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—say, 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 glorious chicken-pie—which, maw o' Arbitrio, is better cold than hot—and that bottle of my oldest port, out of which the silly brainsick Baronet (whom I cannot pardon, since he has escaped breaking his neck) had just taken one glass, when his infernally all noble head went away?"

So saying, he dragged Lovel forward, till the Palmer's port of Monkbarns received them. Never, perhaps, had it been so deserted, so quiet, so still—marking rest; for Monkbarns's fatigue had been in a degree very contrary to his usual habits, and his more young and robust companions had that evening understood the cause of some agitation and fear which had harassed and wearied him even more than his extraordinary exertions of body.

CHAPTER IX.

"He brave," she cried, "you yet may be our guest. Our haunted room was ever held the best. If, then, your valour can give the night the pleasure of meeting with the specter and the chain-link, if your courageous tomes have power to talk, when round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk, if you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb, I'll see your sheets well aired, and show the room."

They reached the room in which they had dined, and were clamorously welcomed by Miss Oldbuck.

"Where's the younger womankind?" said the antiquary.

"Indeed, brother, amang a' the steery. Maria wad na be guided by me—she set away to the Halket—Craighead—Oh, I wonder ye didn't see her?"

"If what—what's to be said for you, sister?—did the girl go out in a night like this to the Halket Craighead?—Good God! the misery of the night is not guided ret!"

"But ye wadna wait, Monkbarns—ye are so imperative and impatient!"

"Titie-tatie, woman," said the impatient and agitated antiquary, "where is my dear Mary?"

"Just where ye suld be yourself, Monkbarns—upstairs, and in her warm bed."

"I could have sworn it," said Oldbuck, laughing, but obviously much relieved, "I could have sworn it—the lazy monkey did not care if we were all drowned together—why did you say she went out?"

"But ye wadna wait to hear out my tale, Monkbarns—she went out, and she came in again with the gardener's sae same as she saw that rape o' ye were clucked ower the wall; and that Miss Wardour was safe in the chariot—she was hame a quarter of an hour syne, for it's now ganging ten—sair droukit was she, purt, thing—so I e'en put a glass o' water on her water-cup.

"Right, Grisel, right—let womankind alone for cuddling each other. But hear ye, my sister—Start not now into the present; it implies many praise-worthy qualities besides age; though that too is honourable, albeit it is the fast quality for which womankind is most to be honoured—but to end the story, I mean that think themselves antiquaries. I do not mean that I want to send salmon-length for stagh.
THE ANTIQUARY.

"The chicken-soup—the poor dear brother!—there was but a wheen basket, and scarce a drop of the wine there.

The Antiquary's countenance became clouded, though he was too well bred to give way, in the presence of a sister, to his discomfiture at the disappearance of the viands on which he had reckoned with absolute certainty. But his sister unfordom these looks of ire.

"Oh! Monkbarns, what is the matter of making a work?"

"I make no work, as ye call it, woman."

"But what's the use of looking so glum and frowning down the panes—frowning down the panes—and giving the truth, ye mean ken the minister came in, a worthy man—distressed indeed, was nought, about your precarious situation, as we had it, (for ye ken how, last fall, ye ken ye were gifted wit' words,) and here he wad be til he could bear wi' certainty how the matter was likely to gang wi' ye—He said fine things on the dairy of your goods in Provosti'd's well, worthy man that it did be."

Oldbuck replied, catching the same tenor, Worthy man, a sheep, and a monkbarns had devoted on an heir female. I've a notion—and while he was occupied in this Christian office of consolation against impending evil, I reckon that the chiefer and my good port were set at issue.

"Dear brother, how can you speak of sic frivolities, when you have had sic an escape from the clinch?"

"Better than my supper has had from the minister's craze, Greizze—it's all discussed, I suppose?"

"Hoot! Monkbarns, ye speak! Ye speak! There was none man in the house—ye not have had me offer the honest man some slight refreshment after his walk frue the manse?"

"Lord hand care o' us!" exclaimed the astounded maiden.

"O, first they ate the white pippins, And then they ate the black, O! And thought the patience wert homely!\)
The and slink 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 induce the velvet night-cap and branched morning-gown of his host, Oldbuck, who pretended to a little knowledge of the medieval 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 about the presence of the public in the house, and she 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 lost in being less preponderant, her gray locks must have started up on end, and carried it from its position.

"What's the matter now, Greizze?"

"What! speak a moment, Monkbarns?"

"Speak!—What should I speak about?—I went to get to my bed—and this poor young fellow—let a bed be made ready for him instantly!"

"And I?—The Lord preserve us," again ejaculated Urzel.

"Why, what's the matter now? I are not there beds anywhere in this house? Was it no an ancient Leith, in which I am warranted to say, beds were nightly made down for a score of pilgrims?"

"O dear, Monkbarns! who ken what they might do long syne?—but in our time—beds—ay, broth—there's beds enow sic as they are—and rooms enow for them—ye ken yourself the beds hae been enow for them. In, Lord ken the time, nor the rooms aird.—If I had kent'd, Mary and me might have gane down to the manse—Miss Wackie is aye fond to see us (and she is the minister's, brother.)—But now, guide me on!"

"Is it not the Greiz Green, Greizze?"

"What's is there, and it is in decent order too, though nobody has slept there since Dr. Heavycrown, and the last Lassie—and And what?"

"And what! I'm sure ye ken yourself what a night the thing was—ye ken the young gentlemans to the like of that, wad ye?"

Loved interfered upon hearing this altercation, and protested he would far rather walk home than put them to the least inconvenience—that the clergyman would be of service to him—that he knew the road perfectly, by night or day, to Fairport—that the stairs was abasing, and so forth: adding all that civility could suggest as an excuse for escaping from a hospitality which seemed more inconvenient to his host than he could possibly have anticipated. But the bowing and the proffer of the old Scottish ditty,

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about his hug, that poor Rab Tull, who was near a great scholar, showed sympathy. Old, but he was a baulk-body, and he bann'd the Latin for the deed that he was wanting. It was something about a cart I fancy, for the ghost cried aye, Carter, cart —

"Carta, you transformer of languages," cried Oldbuck: "if my ancestor had learned no other language in the other world at least he would not forget the Latin for which he was so famous for his knowledge of.

"Well, well, cartas be it then, but they cry aiter afer that tell'd me the story — It cried aye cartas, if can be read. It was cartas, that is all, and the ghost gave into Edinburgh to look after his plans — so there was little time to come and go on. He was yet established swiftly, Rab, and I've herd — but then he was the town-keeper of Forpont, and the Monkarns hurrican eye employed him on account of his counsel in the burg, ye ken.

"Rab Halzeel, this is abominable," interrupted Oldbuck: "I vow to Heaven ye might have raised the glories of every abbey of Troltseyne, since the days of the heretic, in the time you have been enacting the requisition to this single spects—Learn to be success in your narrative — Inmate the concise style of old Aubrey, an experienced ghostseer, who entered his accounts so accurately as to be almost a mannerism; 

"At Cranstee, 5th March, 1653, was an appæritions — Being demanded where it was, the body was in the way, but instantly disappeared with a curious perichio, and a melodious swing — Void his Missellance, p. eight, as well as I can remember, and near the middle of his text, we read: "

"O, Monkarns, man! do ye shink every body is as book-learned as yourself? — But ye like to gar folks, like folk fo' that, do that to Sir Arthur, and the minister his very well."

"Nature ha' been first hand with me, Grieri, in both these instances, and in another which shall be nameless — But I'll aye keep to the point, and proceed with your story, for it waxes late."

Jenny's just warning your bed, Monkarns, and ye maun' ye ken all that's been done. — Well, I was at the search that our godesse, Monkarns that then was, made wi' Rab Tull's assistance; but ne'er a cartas could they find that was to their purpose. And after they had turn'd out many a leather poke-full o' papers, the town-keeper had his drop punch at 'em to wash the dust out of his throat — we never wear spoils away. —

"The body had got a trick of sipping and sipping wi' the basles and deacons when they met (which was amusing, like a night) concerning the common good o' the Kirk. — He'd gie his punch gat, and to bed he gae — and in the middle of the night he got a fearfulswaking! — he has always been weak in his head, but this was strobbed, wi' the dead palsy that very day four years. He thought, Mr. Lovel, that he heard the curtains o' his bed rustle, and out he lookit, fancying, poor man, it might ha' been the cat — But he saw — Now this was a care o' his; it gave me my shoe-chep, too, though he had said he never twenty times he saw a weel-fa' and stable among his cats in the moonlight, in his best dressed, wi' mony a button and tassle about it, and that part o' his garments, that did not become a lady to particularize, because he was a gentleman, and as many places, though skips' — He had a beard too, and turned upwards on his upper-lip, as long as his nose, and pair particulars thus a tassle tauld o' but, they are forgotten now.

"A story — Weel, Rab, was a just-living man — He was weary of his task, and in the moonlight, in his best dress, the gladsome Jenny alighted, and 

"Rab said this, in this strait, he thought him of the three words of Latin, that he used in making a declaration, 'that, than out cam' a bicker o' Latin."

2 L.
rather opine with Lord Bacon, who says that imagination is much akin to misgiving. The worst faith, where there was some real story of the room being haunted by the spirit of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, my great-great-great-grandfather—it's a shame to the English language, but I have no better or less clever way of expressing a relationship of which we have occasion to think and speak so frequently—he was a foreigner, and have his national traits, for which tradition has preserved an accurate description; and indeed there is a faint of him, supposed to be by Reginald Elstracke, pulling the press with his own hand, as it works off the arm of his scarf and the Augustus Confession. He was a chemist, as well as a good mechanic, and either of these qualities in this country was at that time sufficient to constitute a white witch at least. This superstitious old writer had heard all this, and probably believed it, and in his sleep the image and idea of my ancestor recalled that of his cabinet, which, with the grateful attention to antiquities and the memory of our ancestors not unusually met with, had been pushed into the pigeonhole to be out of the way—adding a quantum sufficit of exaggeration, and you have a key to the whole mystery.

Oh, brother, brother! But Dr. Hevelsauer, brother of the old gentleman, was so sore broke he had no months' bread money, and he hadna pass another night in the Green Room, to get all Monkshorns, so that Mary and I were forced to come.

Why, Grizel, the doctor is a good, honest, pudding-headed German, of much merit in his own way, but fond of the mystical, like many of his countrymen. The truth is, however, the truest of all, that we found in the assemblage of objects from before us—the glass in the room which we have gazed on in wayward infancy and imitative youth, in anxious and scheming manhood—they are permanent and the same, but when we look upon them in cold unfeeling old age, can we, changed in our temper, our pursuits, our feelings—changed in our form, our limbs, and our strength—can we turn with the objects, and look back with a sort of wonder upon our former selves, as beings separate and distinct from what we now are? No—My dear Mr. Lovel, I am so fully imbued with the feelings so beautifully expressed in a poem which I have recently repeated;

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is duly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.
Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what time takes away,
Than what he leaves behind.

Well, time cures every wound, and though the wound may remain and occasionally ache, yet the scar of its agony of heart is felt indifferently; so saying, he shook Lovel cordially by the hand, wished him good night, and took his leave.

Step after step Lovel could trace his host's retreat a long time, and the door was closed behind him with a sound more distant and dead. The guest, thus separated from the living world, took up the candle and surveyed the apartment. The fire blazed cheerfully. Mrs. Greive's attention had left some fresh wood, should he cease to continue it, and the apartment, though not a lively appearance. It was hung with tapestry, which the looms of Arna had produced in the sixteenth century, and which the learned painter, so often mentioned, had brought to this sample of the arts of the Continent. The was a hunting-piece; and as the leafy boughs of freest-trees, branching over the transparent, its aspect was exquisitely beautiful. The apartment had its name of the Green Chamber. Grizel in the old Flemish dress, with slashed sleeves covered with ribands, short cloaks, and truckoats, were engaged in holding grey-bounds or stag in the leash, or cheering them upon the old game. One old-fashioned guns, were attacking stags or whom they had brought to bay. The branches woven forest were crowded with fowls of all kinds, and kinds.
seemed as if the prolific and rich invention of old Chaucer had animated the Flemish artist with its peculiar quality of being tied round by the same "little, the following verses, from that ancient and excellent post, to be embroidered in Gothic letters, on a sort of border which he had added to the tapestry:—

Let me here ask a rest, straight as a line,
Under the which the grass, so fresh of line,
Bent and arched o'er eight foot of line.
Every tree well from his fellow grew,
With branches broad inleaf with leaves new,
Till they covered o'er the account, and doused
Some golden red, and some a glad bright green.

And in another canton was the following similar legend:

And many an egg, and many an slice,
Was both before me and behind,
Became the nest of backs and doves.
Was full the wood, and many roses,
And many scents that reigned.
High on the trees and nates also.

The bed was of a dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry, but by a more modern and to my eye more agreeable practice, his handsome, some would say handsomely upholstered in its mounting with that on the old-fashioned toilet.

"I have heard," muttered Lovel, as he took a survey of the room and its furniture, "that ghostly print, and the room in which they attached themselves; and I cannot disapprove of the taste of the disembodied printer of the Augustan Salutation. I found that he had fixed his mind upon the stories which had been told him of an apartment, with which they seemed so singularly to correspond, that he almost regretted the absence of those sagacious, half fear, half curiosity, which sympathize with the old legends of awe and wonder, from which the anxious reality of his own hopeless passion detached him, and which now only felt emotions like those expressed in the lines,—

Ah! cruel soul, how hast thou changed
The temper of my mind.
My heart, by thee all estranged,

He endeavoured 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 recollections of the, weren't determined not to acknowledge him when compelled to endure his society, and evincing her purpose to escape from it, would have alone occupied the isolation exclusively. The stories were united recollections more agitating if less painful—

her hair's breadth escape—the Fortunate assistance;
which was accordingly to be renounced in the, what was his repent?—She left the cliff while it was yet doubtful, while it was uncertain whether her preserver had not lost the life which he had exposed for her sake, and the gratitude, at least, called for some little interest in his fate—But no—she could not be selfish or unjust—it was no part of her nature. She only desired to shut the door against hope, and, even in compassion to him, to extinguish a passion which she could never return.

But this lover-like mode of reasoning was not likely to reconcile him to his fate, since the more amiable his imagination presented Miss Wardour, the more insensible he felt he should be rendered by the mere hope, was, indeed, conscious of possessing the power of removing her prejudes on some points; but, even in extremity, he determined to keep the original determination which he had formed, hesitating that she desired an explanation ere he intruded upon her. And this matter as he would, he could not regard his amiable, if he was equally disposed to become enamoured of her than she of him. His was only a superficial[c] that they belonged had swum away. Instantly the legend of Aldoridan Oldbeck, and his mysterious viaduct, the⇒wearyed by the uncertainty awoke in his mind, and with it, as we often feel in flashes, an anxious and fearful expectation, which seldom fails instantly to summon up before mine eye the object of our fear. Brighter than ever appeared from the chimney with such intense brilliancy, as to enlighten all the room. The tapestry was vivid on the wall, the dusky forms seemed to become animated. The hunters blew their horns

—The stag seemed to fly, the boar to resist, and the hounds to assail the one and pursue the other; the
THE ANTIQUARY.  

**Chapter XI.**

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this present hour,  
And order'd all the pages as they went;  
Her voice was not put forth with a sound of joy,  
AndDirectory of the clock.  

The loose and rusting relics of the day.  

We must now request our readers to adjourn to the breakfast parlour of Mr. Oldbuck, who, despising the modern slopes of tea and coffee, was substance with regarders himself, more majestical, with cold roast beef, and a grislage of a sort of beverage called so and so, of which the present generation only know the by its occurrence in revenue acts of parliament coupled with cider,erry, and other excisable condiments.  

Love, who was induced to taste its difficulty restrained from pronouncing it deep but did refrain, as he saw he should otherwise show the right off his head, with the brown hat, and the wind to have been prepared with peculiar care, according to the superstitious recipe bequeathed to him by the so-often mark Oldbuck, who. The hospital had the offered Lord breakfast more suited to modesty and while he was engaged in partaking of it, he was assailed by indirect inquiries concerning the man in which he expressed the night.

"We cannot compliment Mr. Love on his this morning brother—but he wonna conceive any ground of disturbances he has had in the place."

"Love, in the bed, and covered with the bed-clothes, appeared to be a surly, stern expres- but not so as to disturb him."

"But now, said Law, the clock had moved its own motion, and, with the deliberate pace of time, struck nine o'clock, and the carriages began to roll by the door."

"A good, said he, is the gentleness of old, and the majesty of age, and the wisdom of experience."
THE ANTIQUARY.

Ann— I am certain he looks as pale, and when he comes back, he was as fresh as a pea.

"Why, sister, consider this row of yours has been knocked about by the wind and rain all yesterday evening, as if he had been a bunch of keel or tangle, and how this one properly in his turn, you retain his colour?"

"I certainly do still feel somewhat fatigued," said Lovel, "notwithstanding the excellent accommodation with which your hospitality so amply supplied me."

"Ah, sir!" said Miss Oldbuck, looking at him with a knowing smile, or what was meant to be one, "you'll always of old inconveniences, out of civility to us."

"Really, madam," replied Lovel, "I had no dissatisfaction; for I cannot term the music with which some kind fairy favoured me."

"I doubted Mary wad wakker you wi' her sketches; she dinna ken I had left open a chink of your window, for, by force the ghastly, the Green Room distant went weel in a high wind—but, I am judging ye heard nae music with Mary's lute; I dare say, they are braw creatures, they can gas through ye a thing. I am sure I had been to undergo one thing of that nature—that is to say that beyond nature—I was afraid the wind, and raised the house, be the consequence what likelihood—and, I dare say, the minister would have done as mishie, and see I hae told him—I ken naebody but my brother, Monkbar, can speak through the like o't, if, indeed, it binds you, Mr. Lovel."

"A man of Mr. Oldbuck's learning, madam," answered Lovel, "assumed the character of my exploits, to the inconvenience sustained by the Highland gentleman you mentioned last night."

"Ay! ay! I understand now where the difficulty lies. I have been aware he was warm in his air, and barbed a 'thae terse, o' corowryce as far as the bendiest parts of Gideon, (meaning possibly Midian,) as Mr. Miller only was able to send a forbearance though he be a ghastly—I am sure I will try that receipt of yours, brother, that ye showed me in a book, if only body is to sleep in that room again. Enough, I think, in Christian charity, we should rather fit up the mattock—'tis a weel damp and dark, to be sure, but then we have seen seldom occasion for a spirit bed."

"No, no, sister; dampness and darkness are worse than speaking—ours are spirits of light and I would rather try the speaking."

"I will do that, brother, Monkbar, as I had the ingredients, as my cookery book care them. There was serpia and all—I mind that—Davie Dibble with his two dogs, and the old woman gave me the Latin names—and peppercorn, we have wealth o' them, for—"

"Hyberic, thou foolish woman!" thundered Oldbuck, "you suppose you're risking a hoggin or do you think that a spirit, though he be formed of air, can be expelled by a receipt against wind?"—This was Grizel of mine, Mr. Lovel, recollects (with what accuracy you may judge) a charm which I once mentioned to her, and which, happening to put her superstitious nodle, she remembers better than any thing belonging to a useful purpose I may chance to have said for these ten years—but many an old woman besides Grizel!"

"Auld wummin! Monkbarne," said Miss Oldbuck, "grew something above her usual submissive tone, "we are really less than civil to me."

"I knew that just, sir; indeed, I include in the same class many a somewhat, from Mr. Eddershaw down to Aubrey, who have wasted their time devising imaginary remedies for non-existing diseases—but I hope, my young friend, that, charmed uncharmed—secure by the potency of Hybericon,

With verse and with skill.
That hinder witches of their will.

Left disarmed and defenceless to the invades of the elementable world, you will give another might to the storms which rage about, and another day to your faithful and dear friends.

I heartily wish you luck, but—"

Nay, but she no doubt—have not my hundreds on the door—"

"I am greatly obliged, my dear sir, but—"

"Look ye there, now—but again!—I hate you; but I know no form of expression in which he can appear, that is amiable, excepting as a footprint—but in me is a more dastardly combination of letters than no self. No is a sorry, honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and rude, but a philosopher, and gives, half-bred, exceptionless sort of a composition, which comes to pull away the cap just when it is at your lips—"

"It does stay.
The goodaconest—fry pott but not:
But a lassie is to boost toots:
Some monstrous masticator."

"Well, then," answered Lovel, whose manners were really undetermined—at the moment, "you shall not connect the recreation of my name with such charlatan a particle—I must confound the last of your republic. I am afraid—and I will, since you are good enough to wish it, take this opportunity of spending another day here."

"And you shall be rewarded, my boy—First you shall see John o' the Girdle's grave, and then we'll walk greatly along the sands, the state of the tides being first ascertained, (for we will have no more Peter Wilkins adventures, no more Glenn and Gurnie work,) as far as Knock winchoch Castle, and inquire whether the house is the old one or not after the old fair fee—which will be very civil, and then—"

"I beg pardon, my dear sir; but, perhaps, you had better adjourn your visit till to-morrow—I see a stranger, you know."

"And are, therefore, the more bound to show civility, I suppose—But I beg your pardon for mentioning this, and I should only do it to a collector of antiques—I am one of the old school,"

When courteous gallant's o'er four centuries The half-true fair partner to behold, And humbly hopes she caught no cold."

"Why, why—if you thought it would be expected—but I believe I had better stay."

"Nay, nay; my good friend, I am not so old-fashioned as to press you to what is disagreeable, neither—it is sufficient that I see the horse of some cause of delay, some mid impediment, which I have no title to inquire into.—Or you are still somewhat tired perhaps—I warrant I find means to entertain your intellects without fatiguing your limbs—I am no friend to violent exertion myself—a walk in the garden once a day is exercise enough for any old man, who is not thinking being the end of the thing—" and then he looked at me, and then he looked at me intently—"you require more.—Well, what shall we set about?—My Essay on Castramation—but I have that in petto for our afternoon Colonial—I will show you the controversy upon Odes between an An-Cribb and me—I hold with the sole Oreadian—be with the defenders of the authenticity—the controversy began in smooth, only, lady-like terms, but is now warring more sour an I caner as we get on—it already partakes somewhat of old Scullier's style.—I fear the rogue will get some scent of that story of Ochther's—but at worst, I have a hard reapare for him on the affair of that abstracted Antinous—I will show you his last aporia, and the scroll of my answer—equal, it is a trim mer!"

So saying, the Antiquary opened a drawer, and began rummaging among a quantity of miscellaneous papers, ancient and modern. But the tone of this learned gentleman, as it may be that of many learned and unlearned, that he frequently experienced, on such occasions, what Harlequin calls Embarras des richesses—in other words, the abundance of his collection often prevented him from writing the article he sought for. "Come the papers!—I believe," said he, shaking them in his hand, "I believe they make themselves wings, like grasshoppers, and fly away bodily—but here, in the meanwhile, look at that little treasure." So saying, he put into his hand a map of each of our ancient cities with silver roses and studs—"P'tryche, invite this button," said he, as he observed Lovel finishing at the
THE ANTIQUARY.

[Chap. XI.

cloak—he did so, the lid opened, and discovered a thin quarl curiously bound in black abraege—"There, Mr. Lovel—there is the work I mentioned to you last night, the embroidery of the Auguste Herren, that was taken to Constantinople in the first crusade. However, he had risen. His heart was light with the knowledge that in the end of his wanderings he had found the true faith, even against the front of a powerful and victorious enemy, and imprinted by the scarcely less venerable name of Aldobrand, whose version of the Auguste Oldenburg, may be the happy progenitor, during the yet more tyrannical attempts of Philip II. to suppress at once civil and religious liberty. Yes, sir—for printing this work, that exalted name was exposed from his undisturbed country, and driven to establish his household gods even here at Monkbar, among the ruins of papal superstition and domination. Look upon his venerable effigies, Mr. Lovel, and respect the honourable occupation in which it presents him, as labouring personally at the press for the diffusion of Christian and public virtue, with such a motive as his, and of so edifying a import, expressive of his independence and self-reliance, which scorn to owe any thing to patrons, that was not earned by desert—expressive also of that firmness of mind and tenacity of purpose, recommended by Horace. He was, indeed, a man who would have stood firm, had his own printing-press been wrecked, if the tiny piece, beat and tossed, returned to pieces around him—Read, I say, his motto, for each printer has his motto, or device. when that illusory but still reviled name of his first practiced, a mot as expressive as you see in the Testicous phrase, Krystoniacht Geron—that is, skill, or prudence, in availing ourselves of our natural talents and advantages, compell favour and patronage, even where it is withheld from prejudice, or ignorance.

And that, said Lovel, after a moment's thoughtful silence, is that the meaning of those German words?

"Unquestionably—you perceive the appropriate appellation of a man of 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 til and tournament. My ancestor boasted as much in his, as if he had displayed it over a conqueror's field of battle, though it symbolised the diffusion of knowledge, not the effusion of blood. And yet there is a family tradition which affirms him to have chosen it from a more romantic circumstance. It is said that to have been, my good sir? inquired his young friend.

"Why, it rather encroaches on my respected predecessor for precedence and wisdom—Et sal me invenient omnes—every body has played the fool in their turn. It is said, my ancestor, during his apothecary's practice, didn't look on the second-hand rust, whose popular tradition hath sent to the devil, under the name of Faustus, was attracted by a paint slip of womankind, his Master's daughter, called Bertha—They broked rings, or went through some sentimental ceremony, as is usual on such idle occasions as the planting of a true-love tooth, and Aldobrand set out on his journey through Germany, as became an honest hand-sinker; for such was the custom of mechanics at that time, to make a tour through the empire, and work at their trade for a time in each of the most 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 own craft, they of the same trade, in every case, 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 dead, and two or three gallant young sorted, some of them half-starved sprites of nobility forsooth, in pursuit of the Furgesse Bertha, whose father was undeniably a rich tradesman, one of the leading citizens, he was remembered as the last bailiff of the abbey, resided at Monkbar. Beneath an old oak—a hillock, sloping pleasantly to the south, beholding a distant view of the sea over two or three enclosing, and the Musselcrag, lay a mossy stone, and, in memory of the departed worthy, an inscription, which (though many doubted) the defaced character or be distinctly traced to the following effect—

[Heinrich John o' ye Olden]—

Berthas ye siid and come we in the.
"You see how modest the author of this sepulchral commination was—he tells us, that honest John could make five friotas, or quarters, as you would say, out of the bell, instead of four—that he gave the fifth to the wives of the parish, and accounted for the other four to the abbot and chapter—that in his time the wives' homes always had eggs, and devil thank them, if they had not generations of honest men whose hearts were never unblest with offspring—an addition to the miracle, which they, as well as I, must have considered as perfectly unaccountable.

But come on—leave we Jock o' the Girnel, and let us jog on to the yellow sands, where the sea, like a repulsed 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 downs close to them, were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishermen, whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the odoriferous vapours of pitch melting under a burning sun, to contend with those of the offal and other gristly matters, usually collected in the boats and Scottie cottages. Undisguised by these complicated systems of abomination, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand sunbeams, stood, leaning thoughtfully on one of the posts of one of the cottages. A handkerchief close bound about her head, and a coat, which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her tayle face, and Scotch voice.

"What are ye for the day, your honour?" she said, or rather screamed, to Oldbeck; "cally haddocks and bannock-fluke and cock-paddle!"

"How much for the bannock-fluke and cock-paddle?" demanded the Aniquary.

"White shillings and expanse," answered the Naised."

"Four devils and six of their imps!" retorted the Aniquary; "do ye think I am mad, Maggie?"

"And div ye think," rejoined the vantage, setting her arms a-kimbo, "that my man and my sons are to go to the sea in weather like yeetren and the day as waster as ye say, and get nothing for their fish, and be misca'd into the bargain, Monkbarns? It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives."

"Well, Maggie, I'll bid you fair—I'll bid you a shilling for the fluke and the cock-paddle, or sixpence separately—and if all your fish are as well paid, I think your man, as you call him, and your sons, will be well paid for the same.

"Deil gin their boat were knocked against the Bell-Rock rather! it wad be better, and the bonnier eaves of the two. A shilling for the two bonny haddocks, Maggie."

"Well, well, you old beldam, carry your fish up to Monkbarns, and see what my master will give you for them."

"Na, na, Monkbarns, deil a fit—I'll rather deal with yourself, for, though you're near enough, yet Miss Grand has an unco close grip—I'll gie ye them at 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 rasful whistle, when the dealer turned as if to walk away)—"Ye'll do for the fish then?"—(then louder, as she saw him moving off)—"I'll gie them—and—and—and a dram besides, o' parlour to make the sauce, for three shillings and a dram."

"Half-a-crown then, Maggie, and a dram."

"A weel, your honour man hasn't your air gate, doubt; but a dram's worth a-ller now—the dis-"
be?' she had last sight of him as he approached the house.

"Sitting in the arm on the stone-bench in the courtyard, wore the fixed look of the hanged, parted." 

"Bid him stay there—I'll come down to the par- dour, and speak with him at the window."

She came down accordingly, and found the mendicant half-seated, half-sunken upon the bench beside the window. Edie Ochillers, old man and beggar as he was, had apparently some internal consequence 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-recoupled, with his wrinckles yet ruddy cheek, and keen grey eye, turned up towards the sky, his hair and bag laid beside him, and a case 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 Oryce school, musing upon the frivolity of mortal pursuits — the precarious tenure of human possessions; and looking up to the source from which sought perma-

ently good can alone be derived. The young lady, as she presented her tall and elegant figure at the ap-\n\nproach, was struck off the court-yard, laying its grating, with which, according to the fashion of ancient times, the lower windows of the castle were fitted, by a trick of the prisoning kind, even might be supposed, by a romantic imagination, an imprisoned damsel communicating a tale of her daring to a palmer, in order that he might call upon her knight who might save her from his wanderings, to rescue her from her oppressive thrall.

"Miss Wardour had offered, in the terms she thought would be most acceptable, those thanks which the beggar declined, as far beyond his merit, she began to express herself in a manner which she supposed would speak more forcibly to his apprec-

Sion. "She did not know," she said, "what her father intended particularly to do for their preserver, but certainly 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 was be buried 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." 

"What would you give strict orders—"

"I'm very kind—I doubtin', I doubtin' but there are some things a master can command, and some 'e can't—lady say' he was kept there he would have been a great man, he would have been on that my gate—and he was gat them gie me my soup'raych and bit meat. But grievous ye that Sir Arthur should be givin' me the tups of the window or the blink o' the sea, or gat them gie me my food wi' the look o' kindness that gats it digest see weil, or that he could make them forse a' the slight and taunts that hurt an' gat men nor down mis-

causing?—Besides, I am the iodest said oarfe that ever lived; I down be bound dit to bount' o' eating and sleeping; and, to speak the honest truth, I was be a very bad example in any well-regulated family."

"Well then, Edie, what do you think of a neat cot-

in the yard, a good carpet, and a daily dose, and nothing to do but to dig a little in our garden when you please yourself?"

"An how often wads that to be, row ye, my lady? maybe no once amonst Colville and Youl—but if a thing wud be done to my hand, as if I were Sir Ar-
thur himself, I could never bide the staying still in an armchair, but wisw on the same hour and coupled about my head night after night. And then I have a queer humour o' my air, that sees a scroiling beggar well enough, whose word naebody minds—but ye ken that I wud have been gien the floor of the castle had I been less taking or scorning as them—and ye wud be angry, and then I wud be just to hae mysel' myself."

"O ye're a licened man," said Edie; "what shall give you all reasonable scope: So you'd better be rid, and remember your age."

"But I am no that aair failed yet," replied the mendicant. The court-yard was as yam as an ecl. —And then what wad a' the country about do for want o' said Edie Ochillers, that brings news and country tricks true as farm-stead- ing to another, and griefed to the heart as helps the lads to mend their saddles, and the gude-wives to clout their pans, and plaits rugs and greaves to the chucks of the old knight's steed, and has skill o' cow-ills and horse-ills, and bad

Na, na, Miss—it's because I am mair independent as I am," answered the old man: "I beg you

mair at any single house than a mair o' mair, or maybe but a mouthful o'—it's as far as place, I get it at another—I can be said to despised cap o' mair body is regular, just but on the common road."

"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, in the next place, if you are sick, or if any distress befall you, I will send for you."

"Na, na, my laddie; I down take muckle suffer at times, it's against our rule—and though it's maybe a'. I'll get a' the more int' of the planter's maller's like to be scarce wi' Sir Arthur himself, and that he's ran himself out o' thought wi' his handwriting and mungins for lead and cooper yonder."

"I had some notions at home to the same effect, but was shocked to hear that his father's embarrassment was such public talk; as it scanc-\n
\n\nevery stoop upon a stone between town and town? or, what's as bad, that I might live in constant apprehension y'?”—I am no lowering his voice to a whisper, and looking keenly around him: I am no that clean unserved for neither; and though I should die at the back of a dike, they'll find as muckle quilled in this dull blue ground as the froth or the lads and lesses a blythe byelakey to see there's the gaberlunzie's burial provided for, and I need usa.

Weren't the o' me ever to change a mule, what with the gue's or the gull's gie us our charity after that?—it wad flee through the country like wild-fire, that auld Edie said he done success to this morning, and bad a' the heart out or any body wud gie me either a bawse or a bodie."

"Is there nothing, then, that I can do for yin?

"Ou ay—I'll sic come for my amours a mair and whiles I wad be sae o' a pickle aereoch, ya maun speak to the countess and ground, just to overhear the, and maybe ye'll gie me for me to Sandie Netherstanes, the miller, that maybe may mair, but ye'll think it's very bauld o' o' me to speak o' it."

"What is it, Edie?—if it respects yin it done, if it is mair's power."

"It respects yourself, and it's in your care to come out wi'—ye are a bonny young oun and a gay young oun, and maybe a week or two nae dinna ye sencer awa the lad-Loved, as ye saidly ainsy on the walk beneath the Brerbank, I saw, ye't, ye'd be gay, ye'ld be joying or scorning at the same, and ye wud be angry, and then I wud be just to hae myself."

"O ye're a licenced man," said Edie; "what would you do with yourself if you were Sir Arthur and you wud own ye?
THE ANTIQUARY.

CASE XIII.

He uttered these words in a low but distinct tone of voice; and, without waiting for an answer, walked towards a low door which led to the apartments of the servants, and so entered the house. Miss Wardour remained for a moment or two in the situation in which she had heard the old man's last address; then, turning abruptly towards the window, nor could she determine upon saying even a single word, relative to a subject so delicate, until the beggar was out of sight. It was then she recollected she had not had the interview and private conversation with this young and unknown stranger, should be a secret preserved to her of the last class in which a young lady would seek a confidant, and at the mercy of one who was by profession gossip-general to the whole neighbourhood, gave her acute agony. She had no resource; indeed, to suppose that the old man would withal do any thing to hurt her feelings, much less injure her; but the mere freedom of speaking to her upon such a subject, showed, as might have been expected, a total absence of delicacy; and what he might take it for his head to do or say next, still she was pretty sure so profound an admirer of liberty would not hesitate to do or say without scruple. This idea so much hurt and vexed her, that she half wished the officious assistance of Lovel and Oldbuck to be ministers between herself and the strangers. While she was in this agitation of spirits, she suddenly observed Oldbuck and Lovel entering the court. She could not but receive a sensation of fear from the door, which she could, without being seen, observe how the Antiquary passed in front of the building, and, pointing to the various sketchings of its former owners, seemed to inform the visitor on that subject. This instance of Miss Wardour, took an opportunity of addressing her in a low and interrupted tone of voice. "I trust Miss Wardour will impart, to circumstances almost inexpressible, the error you have noticed, and will see that you are not the means of abusing the advantages given to you by the services you have rendered which, as they affect my father, are sufficiently acknowledged or repaid. —Could Mr. Lovel see me without his own peace being affected—could he see me as a friend—as a sister—no man will be—and, from all I have seen of Mr. Lovel, ought to be, more welcome; but—"

CHAPTER XIII.

The time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is I love thee yet.
Thy company, which used to be to me,
But do not look for further nonsense—do you like it?

Miss Isabella Wardour's complexion was considerably heightened, when, after the delay necessary to arrange her ideas, she presented herself in the dress of a lady of fashion.

"I am glad you are come, my fair foe," said the Antiquary, smilingly;"for I have had a most refractory, or at least negligent, audience, my young friend here; while I endeavoured to make him acquainted with the history of Knockwindock Castle. I think the danger of last night has increased the poor lad. But you, Miss Isabella, why, you think as I do, flying through the night air had been your constant and most congenial occupation. Your colour in even both these cases you honour my old friend—"

And Sir Arthur—how fares my good old friend?

"He is exceedingly well, Mr. Oldbuck; but, I am afraid, he is not able to receive your congratulations, or to pay—Mr. Lovel his thanks for his unparalleled exertions—not a good deal of his good brandy was more meet than a touch so charitable—""The 'Apoa, plague on her!'—"I thought as I was dying," said Lovel, looking out of the window; "and, I thought as I was thinking—"

"I did not—did not mean to attempt Sir Arthur or Miss Wardour the presence of Sir Arthur, I mean, with painful reflection."
to resume the hopeless list of the profession which you seem to have abandoned.

Well, Miss Werdour, your wishes shall be obeyed — have patience with me one little month, and if, in the course of that, I cannot show you such reasons for continuing my residence at Fairport, as even you shall as prove of, I will bid adieu to its vicinity, and, with the same breath, to all my hopes of happiness.

Not so, Mr. Lovel; many years of deserved happiness, founded on a more rational basis than your present wishes, are, I trust, before you — but it is full time to finish this conversation. I cannot force you to adopt my advice; I cannot shut the door of my father's house against the preserver 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 interlocution upon the subject a little painful.

A servant at this moment announced, that Sir Arthur desired to speak with Mr. Old buck in his dressing-room.

"Let me show you the way," said Miss Werdour, who apparently dreaded a continuation of her téte-à-tête with Lovel, and she conducted the Antiquary accordingly.

Sir Arthur, his legs swathed in flannel, was stretched on the couch. "Welcome, Mr. Old buck," he said; "I trust you have come better off than I have done from my visit to yesterday's museum?"

"Truly, Sir Arthur, I was not so much exposed to it — I kept terra firma — you fairly committed yourself to the dangers of the earth at a very disadvantage of all senses. But such adventures become a gallant knight better than a humble esquire — to rise on the wings of the night-wind — to dive into the bowels of the earth.

What a paradise Good Hope! the terra incognita of Glop-Withershins?"

"Nothing good as yet," said the Baronet, turning himself hastily, as if awed by a pang of the gout; "but Doustewivel does not demur."

"Does he not?" quoth Old buck; "I do though, unhappily, for his safety's sake;" the old gentleman told me, when I was in Edinburgh, that we should never find copper enough, judging from the specimens I showed him, to make a pair of sixtypenny nose-buckles — and I cannot see that those samples on the table below differ much in quality.

The learned doctor is not infallible, I presume?"

"Not the least of one of our first chemists; and this trampling philosopher of yours — this Doustewivel is, I have a notion, one of those learned adorers, described by Kircher, Ardem habent sine arte, partem elenchi, qui dare malum, in cetera semidiscovest; in loco; that is to say, Miss Werdour —"

"It is unnecessary to translate," said Miss Werdour, with a smile of his usual meaning — but I hope Mr. Doustewivel will turn up a more trustworthy character.

"I doubt it not a little," said the Antiquary, "and we are a fair way out if we cannot discover this infernal vein that he has prophesied about these two years."

You have no great 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, should he have no more on the venture.

There was a painful silence of a few moments, for Sir Arthur was too proud to acknowledge the downfall of his golden dreams, though he could no longer disguise to himself that such was likely to be the termination of the adventure. "I understand," he at length said, "that the young gentleman, to whom so much glory and presence of mind we were so much indebted, had got me in an interest — 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. Hatton, the celebrated geologist."

"If you made acquaintance with this young gentleman in Edinburgh, I suppose?" Old buck told the circumstances of their becoming known to each other.

"Why, when I was at Dartford, my daughter is an acquaintance of Mr. Lovel than you are," said the Baronet.

"Indeed! I was not aware of that," answered Old buck, somewhat surprised.

"I met Mr. Lovel," said Isa bella, slightly colouring, "when I resided this last spring with my aunt, Mrs. Werdour."

"In Yorkshire? — and what character did he bear then, or how was he engaged?" said Old buck, "and why did not you recognise him when I introduced you?"

Isabella answered the least difficult question, and passed over the other. "He had a commission in the army, and, had, I believe, served with reputation; 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 he left the party of women and kindred to make a friend of."

"There was a reason for it," said Sir Arthur, with dignity; "you know the opinions — prejudices, perhaps — of those young gentlemen of integrity of birth; this young gentleman is, it seems, the illegitimate son of a man of fortune; my daughter did not choose to renew their acquaintance till she could be assured he had been approved of her being any intercourse with him."

"If it had been with his mother instead of himself?" answered Old buck, with his usual dry causticy of humour, "I could see an excellent reason for it. Ah, poor lad! that was the cause then that he seemed so absent and confused while I explained to him the reason of some breach of beaty upon the shield which was under the corner turret!"

"True," said the Baronet with complacency; "it is the shield of Malcolm the Unruper, as he is called. The tower which he built is termed, after him, Malcolm's Tower, but more frequently Mastic's Tower, by which I conceive to be a corruption of Macbeth. He is demonstrated, in the Latin pedigrees of our family, Micolumbus Nothus; and his temporary seizure of our property, and most unjust attempt to establish his own legitimate line in the estate of Knock-winnock, gave rise to such family feuds and misfortunes, as strongly to found us in that honor and anti-"
CHAPTER XIV.

THE ANTIQUARY.

"O the same—the same—he has enough of practical knowledge to speak scholarly and wisely to those of whose minds he is aware; and, to say the truth, this faculty, joined to his matchless knowledge, imposed upon me for some time when I first knew him. But I have since understood, that when he is among few and with his tongue not tied to his mouth by the bond of hereditary respect, he is a perfect charlatan—talks of the magiaterium—of sympathies and antipathies of the cabals—and of all the divining prows and spectral trumpery which the Roscymonts cheated a darker age, and which, to our eternal disgrace, has in some degree revived in our own. My friend Heppyrine knew this fellow abroad, and unceremoniously (for he you must know, is, God bless the mark, a sort of believer) let me into a good deal of his real character. Ahide were I caliph for a day, andOldchurch Harewood were he, I would scourge me these jugglers out of the commonwealth with rods of scorpions. They debauch the spirit of the ignorant and credulous with mystical vagaries, and 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 Pekish language, he is by no means very strict in the understanding of epigraphy. He is strictly entitled, and he has been always an embarrassed-man. This rapture proposed him mounds and tombs; and he would have worked hard to advance large sums of money. I fear on Sir Arthur's guarantee. Some gentlemen—I was enough to be one—took small snare with the proposer, and Sir Arthur himself made great outcry; we were trained on by specious appearances, and more specious loss, and now, like John Bunyan, we awake, and behold it is the state of a very mystic, mystic assertion, and perfection aimed at by some crazed enthusiasts."

The young Oldchurch, it is true, forbade that it should be otherwise;" said Lovel warmly. "Heaven forbid that any process of philosophy were capable so to dear and indulge our feelings, 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 born, that it might escape an occupation of cut or scratch, as I would be astonished at the stoicisms which should render my heart like a piece of the nether mill-stone."

The Antiquary regarded his youthful companion with a smile. "My young friend would be a man out of sympathy—he was unshamedly stripped of his shoulders as he replied, "Wait, young man, wait till your bank has been battered and your portfolio scattered, and you will learn by that time to repress your zeal, that she may obey the helm—or, in the language of this world, you will find distrust, 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. Oldchurch, it may be so; but as yet I resemble you more in your practice than in your theory, for I cannot help being deeply interested in the fate of those whom I have laid to heart."

"And well you may," replied Oldchurch; "Sir Arthur's embarrassments have of late become so many and so pressing, that I am surprised you have not heard of them. And then his abrupt and expensive operations carried on by this High-German Landlord—"}

Doubtless, it was now seen that person, when, by some chance, I happened to be in the coffee-room at—tall, bespectacled, awkward-built man, who entered upon scientific subjects, as it appeared to me, at large, and in a manner that knowledge, was very arbitrary in laying down, and sifting his opinions, and mixed the terms of science and fiction in a manner that surprised me that he was an Athenaeum, and carried an intercourse with the invisible world."

CHAPTER XIV.

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams receive some joyful news at length;
My heaviness banished, and my spirits bright;
And all this day, an unconquer'd spirit
Liftd me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

Rhos and Julian

The account of Sir Arthur's unhappy adventure had led Oldchurch somewhat aside from his purpose of catechising Lovel concerning the cause of his return. Fortunately, however, resolved to open the subject. "Miss Wardour was formerly known to you, she tells me, Mr. Lovel?"
"He had had the pleasures," Love answered, "to see her at Mrs. Wilmore’s, in Yorkshire."

"Indeed! you never mentioned that to me before, and you did not accost her as an old acquaintance."

"No, I did not know," said Love, a gypsy, and gold-engraved, "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 his daughter is above all nonsensical ceremony and prejudices. And if you have a new set of friends here, may I ask if you intend to leave Fairport as soon as you are proposed?"

"What if I should answer your question by another," replied Love, "and ask you what is your opinion of dreams?"

"Of dreams, you foolish lad!—why, what should I think of dreams? Two is the deceptions of imagination when reason drops the reins?—I know no difference between them and the hallucinations of madness—the dreams and the madman’s voice in both cases, only in the one the coachman is drunk, and in the other he slumbera. What says our Marcus Tullius:—Si insanams vises fedes non sit ha-benda, cur reddutum senectissimum vises, quod multo etiam perturbationum sunt, non intellige."

"Yes, sir, but Cicero also tells us, that as he was passing through a whole day in a dream, and he is sufficiently sometimes hit the mark, so, amid the cloud of 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 One- roders; but what of dreams? I’ll listen to the explanation of dreams, and say a Daniel hath arisen to interpret them, if you can prove to me that that dream of yours and the triumphs of your conception is not so much a mono- tonous line of conceit, as you think."

"Tell me then," answered Love, "why, when I was hesitating whether to abandon an enterprise, why I have perhaps rashly undertaken, I should last night dream I saw your ancestor pointing to the 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 case?"

"The Antiquary 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 means of observing in our own selfish wish to think I can help out the cause of your vision. You were so abstracted in your contemplations yesterday after dinner, that you little attended to the discourse between Sir Arthur and me, until we fell upon the controversy concerning the Pikes, which terminated so abruptly; but I remember producing to Sir Arthur a book that he had forgotten he had, and which you had recommended to his attention, and which he had read, and I observe the motto; your mind was bent elsewhere, but your ear had mechanically received and retained the sounds, and you busy fancy, stirred by Grzez’s Legend, I presume, had introduced this scrap of Old- man into your dream. As for the waking wisdom which satiated 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 juggling tricks which the suggest of us play off upon ourselves, to corroborate and incriminate the expense of our understanding."

"I own it," said Love, blushing deeply,—"I believe you are right, Old Nick, and I ought to walk in your esteem for attaching a moment’s consequence to such a frivolity; but I was tessed by contradictory wishes in the body, and you know how slight a line will tow a boat when aloft on the billows, though a cable would hardly move her when pulled up on the beach."

"Ah," exclaimed the Antiquary; —"still in my opinion—not a what—I love the better the man —why, we have story for story against each other, and I can lick with cold shame on having proposed myself to that cursed Praetorius—though I am still convinced Agincourt’s camp must have been somewhere in this neighbourhood. And now, Love, my good lad, be sincere with me—What makes you quarrel with Fairport?—Why have you left your own country, and your personal respectability, and taken such a place as Fairport?—A turbaned despot, I see!"

"Even so," replied Love, patiently submitting to an interrogatory which he could not well evade—yet I am so divorced from all the world, have as few in whom I am interested, or who am interested in me, as I have of those of our independent. He, whose good or evil fortunes elude himself alone, has the best right to pursue it consent- ing to his own fancy."

"Pardon me, young man," said Oldnick, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, and making a slight, "-exhaling—little patience if you please. I will arsenal ideas you of the land of Egypt, and rejoicing in your success in life, that you cannot look back to those to whom you owe gratitude, or forward to those who have a right to you—It is the less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty—for your active exertions are due not only to society, but humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with powers to save yourself and others."

"But I am unacquainted with possessing such power," said Love, "and I am unacquainted with the knowledge of society but the permission of walking innocently through the path of life, without jostling others, or becoming a barrier to those who are to be jostled.—I believe, my friend, you have the means of maintaining myself with complete independence, and so moderate are my wishes in this respect, that even the means required by the very instruction I receive, will be amply sufficient."

"Nay, then," said Oldnick, removing his hand, and turning again to the road, "if you are so much a philosopher and lover of the unphilosopher,—then you ought to aim at perfection,—the road to be devoured—If I may say anything—I have the means of maintaining myself with complete independence, and so moderate are my wishes in this respect, that even the means required by the very instruction I receive, will be amply sufficient."

"Ah," replied Love, knownly, "you are right. You understand your position and making of my ancestor’s past—you are a candidate for public favour, though in the way I first suspected, you are ambitious to shine as a literary character, and you hope to keep up your favour by labour and perseverance?"

"Love, who was rather closely pressed by the quizzing of the old gentleman, consulted his heart, and thought it best to let him remain in the error which he had gratuitously adopted."

"I have been at times foolish enough," he said, "to undertake my thoughts of the kind."

"Ah, poor fellow! nothing can be more choleric unless, as young men sometimes do, you have a noble head full of men of womankind, which is, indeed, as Shakes-". He truly says, professing to death, whipping and all at the same time.

"He then proceeded with inquiries, which he sometimes kind enough to answer himself."

A good old gentleman had, from his extensive search and inquiries, a delight in building such pretences which were often far from affording a sufficient ground for them; and being, as the rest of the young men, must have remarked sufficiently profound at the time to undiscover his own, although he did not reason the broad being covered, either in
and decided, even by those who were principally interested in the subjects on which he speculated. He went on, therefore, chalking out his plans more and more with confidence.

And with what do you propose to commence your account as a man of letters?—but I guess—poetry—perhaps you do mean there is an acknowledging modesty of confusion in your eye and manner. And where lies your vein? Are you inclined to soar to the higher regions of Parnassus, or to the more temperate atmosphere? There is an air of an acknowledged desire to excite confidence in your eye and manner. Is it your purpose to enter the world of poetry or the theater?

I have hitherto attempted only a few lyrical pieces," said Loved.

"Ah, but you have succeeded—pruning your wing, and hopping from spray to spray. But I trust you intend a fonder flight—observe, I would by no means recommend your persevering in this species of writing, and I hope you may be quite independent of the public opinion?

"Entirely so," replied Loved.

"For the present, such is fly resolution," replied the reader.

"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, and I am not without the hope that he is not merely a matter of theory. There was my Remarks on Hearne's edition of Robert of Gloucester, signed Scutator, and, as far as I can remember, beyond the limits of a particular subject, the description of Tacitus—I might add, what attracted considerable notice at the time, and that in my paper in the Gentleman's Magazine, upon the inscription of Elia, Ladi, which I signed Cidnus—so I see you are not an apprentice in the mysteries of author-craft, and must necessarily understand the taste and temper of the times. And I always rejoice, when I see you introduce some worth, what I intend to commence with?"

"I have no instant thoughts of publishing."

"And yet I am sure you will not 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—no, no—your fugitive poetry is apt to become stationary, with the frolicker. It should be something at once solid and attractive—none of your romances or anomalous 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. I have one—I will apply you with a subject. The battle between the Caledonians and Romans—The Caledonian; or, Invasion Repelled. Let that be the title. It will suit the present taste, and you may throw in a dose of light ridicule."

"But the invasion of Agricola was not repelled."

"No, but you are a poet—free of the corporation, and I am convinced that it is easy for you. I will write a poem in your name. If you please. I will take the same liberty as Vespasian himself; you may defeat the Romans in spite of Tacitus.

"And pitch Agricola's camp at the Kain of—what do you call it?" answered Loved, "in defence of Edin Ochiltrees?"

"No more of that, an thou lovest me. And yet, I dare say, my vanity will permit me to assert with truth in both instances, in spite of the fury of the historian and the blue gown of the meddler."

"I will not, man?—why I will write the critical and historical notes on each cano, and draw out the lines of their stories, and endow them with a more poetical genius. Mr. Loved, only I was never able to write a sonnet."

"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 accomplishment. You may be a poet without mechanic skill. I am a dab at the art."

"But, sir, you know the art of spelling the code of lines into rhyme like the moderns, as may be an architect though unable to labour like a drudge."

"I think Palladio or Vitruvius may be a hand?"

"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. But I would wish you to give my name to the public—assistance from a learned friend might be acknowledged in the preface after what I believe you will agree. Am I not a total stranger to authorial vanity?"

Loved was much entertained by a declaration not very consistent with the eagerness wherewith his friend seemed anxious to catch an opportunity of being heard before the public, though in a manner which rather resembled stepping up behind a carriage than getting into one. The Antiquary was, indeed, unconsciously 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 and terms of haste and procrastination. But, thought he, I may, like a second Tennyson, discharge my shafts from behind the scenes—rather than publish them; and if 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 to kick off a fine new comedy."

"But he is— he must be a good poet—be has the real Parnassian abstraction—seldom answers a question till it is twice repeated—drinks his tea scalding, and eats without knives, and puts his mouth in any shape; too, are very symptomatics of poetical fury—I must reconnoit to send Caxon to see he puts out his candle before he goes to-night; poets are apt to be so elen- gant in that respect. Then, turning to his companion, he expressed himself aloud in continuation."

"Yes, my dear Loved, you shall have full notes; and, indeed, I am glad to say the essay on Castrametation in the appendix—it will give great value to the work. Then we will revolve the good thing, so disposed of, in modern times. You shall invite the Muse—and certainly she ought to be propitious to an author, who, in an apostatizing age, adheres with the faith of Abel to the ancient form of adoration. Then we must have a vision—in which the genius of Caledonia shall appear to Galgacus, and show him a process of the old Scottish poet. And the notes I will have a bit at Beethoven; no; I must not touch that topic, now that Sir Arthur is likely to have vexation enough—be has, I'll annihilate Osian, Macpherson, and MacCribb."

"But we must consider the expense of publication," said Loved, willing to try whether this hunt would fall like a dead water on the blazing zeal of his self-elected conductor.

"Expense?" said Mr. Oldbuck, pausing, and me chemicly fuming in his eyes; "you think the true—I would wish to do something—but you would not like to publish by subscription?

"By no means," answered Loved.

"No, no! you can't purchase the Antiquary. "It is not respectable— I'll tell you what; I believe I know a bookseller who has a value for my opinions, and will print and paying, and I will get as many copies sold for you as can.

"O, I am no mercenary author," answered Loved, smiling; "I only wish to help out at risk of loss.

"Hush! hush! we'll take care of that—throw it all on the publishers. I do long to see your labours commenced. You will choose blank verse, doubtless—it is well suited to a historical subject; and, what concerns you, my friend, it is, I have an idea, more easily written."

This conversation brought them to Monkburns, where the Antiquary had to undergo a christening from his sister, who, though no philosopher, was waiting to deliver a lecture to him in the parlour. Monkburns, as things not dear enough already, but yet must be raising the very fish on us, by giving that rany, Lake Buckelback, just what she likes to ask?"
A fair bargain! when ye gied the limmer a full ha' o' wha ye will, ye will be a wife, and buy fish at your ain handie, ye said never bid muckle mair than a quarter. And the impudent quess had the assurance to come up and seek a dram by your door, and clash of his fiddle, and Grizzle, I was wrong for once in my life—ultra crescendo—I fairly admit. But hang expenses—care killed a calf—we'll eat the calf, and lose what we wish. And love, you must know I pressed you to stay here to-day, the rather because our cheer will be better than usual, yesterday having been a guinea-day. I love, I love, the reverision of a feast better than the feast itself. I delight in the emaloids, the collectaneas, 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.

"So this letter delivered with haste—haste—post-haste! Ride, villain, ride, for thy life—fyr thy life—fyr thy life!"

LEAVING Mr. Oldbuck and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the best-postern of the house at Faircote, where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This was one of the most agreeable periods of the day, when goseips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters, in order, from the outside, and as it were, to peep into the contents of this description, which was, at the time we mention, assisting, or impeding, Mrs. Mailsester in her official duty.

"There's a chance," said the butcher's wife,

"there's a chance,—twill letters to Tennant & Co. That's for the public business and a' the rest o' the letters.

"Aye; but see, laa," answered the baker's lady,

"there's a chance—two dinners, an' a dozen of letters, an' a dozen of letters; and, if they are not belted, occasionally from the inside also, to amuse themselves with gossiping information, or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbours; or the changes in the state of the persons, at the time we mention, assisting, or impeding, Mrs. Mailsester in her official duty.

"Is there any letters come yet for Jenny Caxton?" inquired the woman of joints and giblets—"the letters that came about a week ago.

"Just one on Tuesday was a week," answered the dame of letters.

"Can I see a letter?" asked the Formanina.

"Is there any letters yet?"

"It wad be frae the lieutenant then," replied the mistress of the rolls, somewhat disappointed—"I meant to think he wad look o'er his overcoat after her letter.

"Oh, here's another," quoth Mrs. Mailsester. 

"A ship—letter—hole—a stab—hole. All rushed to seize it—" Na, na, jessies," said Mrs. Mailsester, interfering.

"I has had enough o' that work—Ken ye that Mrs. Mailsester got an ungo rebuke frae the se-farret at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter o' Ally Bisset's that ye opened, Mrs. Shortcake?"

"Me opened it!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairoart; "ye ken yoursel, madam, it jist cam open o' free will in my hand—What could I help it?—it's my letter.

"Well, I won't that's true too," said Mrs. Mailsester, who kept a shop of small wares, "and we have got one that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken any way in ye head; but the short and the lang o' it is, that ye'll lose the place gin there's any mair complaints o' the kind.

"As the provost will take care o' that,"

"Na, na; I'll neither trust to provost nor bailie," said the postmistress; "but I wad aye be obliging and neighbourly, and I'm no again your looking at the outside o' a letter neither—See, the seal has no anchor on it—'he's done wi' o' his buttons, I'm thinking.'"

"Show me! show me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker; and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter, like the weird mists in Machtet's Rhine. One, who found the letter, eagerly and scarcely less malignant. Mrs. Headlan was a tall woman, she held the precious epistle up between her hands, and read it over and over. Mrs. Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stooped on spic, to have her share of the investigation.

"Ay, but you're right, the butcher's lady,—"I can read Richard Taffril on the corner, and it's written, like John Thompson's wallet, fres end to end."

"Hand it lower down, madam," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required—"hand it lower down but you know nobody can read hand o' write but yourself!"

"Whisth, whisth, sir, for God's sake!" said Mrs. Mailsester, "there's somebody in the shop,—thou art about—look, look, all the ladies" answered from without in a shrill tone—"It's nobody but Jenny Caxton, ma'am, to see if there's any letters for her."

"Tell her," said the faithful postmistress, winking to her compers, "to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and let her keep her letters, as she can't sort the mail letters and she's sure to be buxy, as if her letters were o' mair consequence than the best merchants o' the town."

Poor Jenny; it was of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sight of disappointment, and return meekly home to enquire what had been the sinnick of the heart, occasioned by hope delayed.

"There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs. Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in going to an assembly had yielded a peer a subject of their curiosity.

"Now, that's downright shameful!" said Mrs. Headlan, "to scorn the poor silly girl o' a lass after he's keepit company wi' her ael lang, and had his will o' her, as I make nase doubt he has."

"It's but ower muckle to be doubted," echoed Mrs. Shortcake;—"to cast up to her that her father's a barber, and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a many-maker herself! I hout! I y for shame!"

"Hout tout, hout tout," cried Mrs. Mailsester; "a clean wring—it's a linn out o' aen o' her aik's sangs that I have heard him sung, about being true like the pole.

"Weel, weel, I wish it may be so," said the charitable Dame Headlan,—"but it dises look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' one o' truth o' of others."

"I'm no denying that," said Mrs. Mailsester; "but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post offices that they are here. See, here's a letter to Sir Arthur Wardour—mair o' them sealed wi' wafers, and no wi' wax—there will be a downcast there, believe me."

"Aye; they will be business letters, and no ane o' his grand friends, that seals wi' their arms, as they ca' them, said Mrs. Headlan;—he will have a false one, set up, his accoutrement, his gusman, the deacon, for this twomonth—he's a skink, I doubt."

"Now, why has for six months," echoed Mrs. Headlan—"he's but a brutish."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty postmistress, "from his son, the captain, I'm thinking; seal has the same things wi' the Knockin's in it, rage. He'll be coming home to see what he cannon cut out o' the fire."

The former was thus dismissed, they took up the letter—"Two letters for Monkburn—there's some o' his learned friends now— See they're brought down to the very sea-side, sending a double letter—that's just like Monkburn himself. When he gets a frank he fills it up to the weight of an unc, that carry-seal would of the seals—but he's never a grain abuse it."

ANCHOR 40

THE ANTIQUARY. (CHAP. XV.)
I was given to understand it was said Edle that saved them," said Mrs. Heukban; "Edie Ochilvies, the Blue-Gown, and that he had the three out of the said fish-pond, for he had thrust on them to gang in till to see the wrack of the monks lang syne.

"Fort, lair, and a home," answered the postmistress; "I'll tell ye a' about it, as Caxton tell'd it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and Mr. Lowel, said he kent that it was a fishman who'd been to see me wi' a brace o' wild ducks in his pouch, when my first gudeman was awa at the Palkirk tryat—well, well,—we've no speak o' that o' now.

"I winna say any ill o' this Monbarn," said Mr. Shortcake; "his brother o' his brought me o' wid ducks, and this is a dour honest man—we serve the fishmarket, and he settles with the outkle—only he was in an unco kipage when we sent him a book instead o' the nick-stickets, while, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and customers; and it's a seal, an', nae doubt.

"But look here, lasses," interrupted Mrs. Mailsetter, "here's a sight for aair o' en! What wide ye gie to keep which I'm in the inside o' this letter—this is new saw—I haenae seen the lie of this—For William Lovel, Esquire, at Mrs. Hadoway's, High Street, Fairport, he that has been to ye, or has been kent since he has had since he was second.

"Lord's sake, let's see, lass! Lord's sake, let's see—that's that the hall town ken's nasting aboot, a' these neighbour-like people, and she and less see!" Thus ejaculated the two worthy representatives of mother Eve.

"A goodly word despatched Mrs. Mailsetter; "haut awa—hide aff, I tell ye—this nae one o' your four-penny cuts that we might make up the value to the post-office among ourselves if any mischance befell it—will post in the fish-and-vegetables-sacks, and every chance of the gospite, though they stared as if they would burst from their sockets. The seal was a deep and well-cut impression of his brush, except marks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter,—length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, inscribed by the care and arms of the gospite, though they stared as if they would burst from their sockets. The seal was a deep and well-cut impression of his brush, except marks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter,—length, breadth, depth, and weight.

"Odd, lass," said Mr. Shortcake, weighing it in his hand; and wishing doubtless, that the too good wax would melt and dissolve itself, and was no more the best of that class of private letters, just as that ever set foot on the plainestane o' Fairport—nobody ken what to make o' him.

"I'm sorry for that," answered the postmistress gravely, "it's like we maun wait till the gudeman comes again, for I wadna be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock—our Davie belongs in a manner to the office.

"Weel, weel, Mrs. Mailsetter, I see what ye wad be at—but an ye like to risk the bairns, I'll risk the beast.

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling pony was brought under control, and a man ready mounted for service—Davie (a leathern post-bag strapped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a tear in his eye, and a swicher in his hand. Jock sat on the half-natured, heather-red, high-tailing dings o' that ever set foot on the plainestane o' Fairport—nobody ken what to make o' him.

Meanwhile the gossips, like the sibyls after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined the information of the evening, which drew next morning through a hundred channels, and in a hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. Many, strange, and inconsistent, were the rumours to which their communications and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant & Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested—others that they had got a great contract from the Government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow, desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated, that Lieutenant Tailfeur had acknowledged a private wager with Jenny Caxton—another, that he had sent her a letter, unbraiding her with the lowness of her birth and education, and bidding her eternal adieu.

It was more generally rumoured that Sir Arthur's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion, and this report was only doubled by the wise, because it was traced to Mrs. Mailsetter's shop, a source more famous for the circulation of news than for their accuracy. But all agreed that a packet from the Secretary of State's office had arrived, directed for Mr. Lowel, and that it had been forwarded by an ordinary dragoon, dispatched from the head-quarters at Edinburgh, who had galloped through Fairport.
although stoppage, except just to inquire the way to Monkbarns. The reason of such an extraordinary manifestation, Davy, it was ascertained, was his former military service, which occasioned so much speculation, towards its destined owner at Monkbarns, had been porous and interstinct, the only piece of the postages, and ten shillings and sixpence for the express—there’s the paper.

"Let me explain," said Olduck, putting on his spectacles, and examining the crumpled copy of regulations to which Davie appealed. "Express, per man and horse, one day, not to exceed ten shillings and sixpence. One day? why, it’s not so here.

—Man and horse? why, ‘tis a monkey on a starred cat!"

"Father wad hae come himself," said Davie, "on the muckle red mare, an’ ye wad hae bided all thir morn’s night."

Four-and-twenty hours after the regular state of duties—little cockatrice, do you understand the art of impostion so early?

"Hout, Monkbarns, dunsie set your wir against a bear," said the beggar, "ain’t the butcher raked his beard, and the wall her waist, and I can sure ten and sixpence iams over muckle. Ye didna gang see nae wi’ Johnnie Howe, young?"

Olduck, who was sitting on the upmost Fust-staircase, had glanced over the contents of the packet, now put an end to the altercation by saying Davie’s deac
dand, and then turning to Mr. Caxton, his friend of much agitation, he excused himself from returning with him to Monkbarns that evening. "I must, instanter, I must, visit my friend. You have just now’s notice, your kindness, Mr. Olduck, I never can forget.

"No bad news, I hope," said the Antiquary.

"Of course, of course," answered his friend—"Farewell!—in good or bad fortune I will not forget your regard.

"Nay, no, no, a moment. If—if (making an effort)—if there be any pecuniary inconvenience—I have fifty—or a hundred guineas at your service—still—still—Wiltsunday—or indeed as long as you please."

"I am much obliged, Mr. Olduck, but I am amply provided," said his mysterious young friend. "Excuse me—I really cannot sustain further conversation at present. I will write or see you, before I leave Fairfort—that is, if I find myself obliged to go."

So saying, his shock of Antiquary hair was suddenly turned from him, and walked rapidly towards the town, "staying no longer question.

"Very extraordinary indeed," said Olduck; "but there’s something about this lad I can never fathom; and yet I cannot for my heart think ill of him altogether.

I must go home and take off, the fires in the Green-

room, and ruminating for some time in his huge waistcoat pocket till he found the object of his search, the Antiquary added, "there’s aance to ye to buy it somehow."

CHAPTER XVI.

"I am bewildered with the nurse’s company. If this noseband

gives me any disease I must be beseiged, it could not be sake. I have drunk medicines."

Chapter Four

Regular for a fortnight were the inquiries of the Antiquary at the veteran Caxton; whether he had heard what Mr. Lovel was about; and as regular were Caxton’s answers, that there was nothing about him whatever, except that he had received another muckle letter or twa free the season.

"How does he live, Caxton?"

"Ou, Mrs. Hadaway just dresses him a bit to meet the invalid or a muttonchop, oy makes him some Friar’s chicken, or just as he likes it, and he’s as well as he was, and his little red parlour off his bedroom. She canna get him to say that he likes anything better than another.
and she makes him tea in a morning, and he stays breakfast with her. "But does he never stir abroad?"

"He has clean given up walking, and he sits a day in his room reading or writing; a latter letters he never sends, and he doesn't put them in our post-office, though Mrs. Hadowe offered to carry them himself, but sent them as under cover to the sheriff, and it's said that the sheriff's hoggom to put his gentleman' s gravy, and his groom to put them in the post-office at Tannardon; it's my pure thought, that he ejaculated his loving his letters at Fairport; and weel had he beard, for his daughter, Lady Joey, had wasn't a' going over the door-stairs—he that used to walk and see the world no more."

"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, double-s, in the state of bound, I warrant you."

"Having formed this melancholy resolution, Mr. Olduck equipped himself for the expedition with his check walking-shoes and gold-headed cane, muttering some solemn ancient sayings from the time they were first used; and he composed a sort of essay for the motto of this chapter: for the Antiquary was himself rather surprised at the degree of attachment which such books, in his opinion, had attained to this particular stranger. The riddle was notwithstanding easily solved. Lovel had many attractive qualities, but he owed his Antiquary heart by being excessively an excellent donor.

A walk to Fairport had somewhat of an adventure with Mr. Olduck, and one which he did most of care to undertake. He had various greetings in the marketplace; and there were generally loiterers in the streets to persecute him either 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. Olduck—a-night o' your gorge for sir etc.—what does your notion of the news in the Sun this day—? say the great event will be made in a fortnight?"

"I wish to the Lord it were made and over, that I might hear no more about it."

"Monksharb, your honour," said the nursery and advice-man, "I hope the plants get satisfaction? and if you want any flower-roots fresh from Holland, or some such rare thing, come to me; I'll send you a box of Colagne gin, and o' our brigs' cam in yeestrain."

"Thank ye; thank ye; no occasion at present, Mr. Olduck," said the Antiquary, pushing solitude farther away.

"Mr. Olduck," said the town-clerk (a more important personage in the town than that of a captain), "the provost, understanding we were in town, begs no account that you'll quit without seeing him; he wants to speak to ye about resting the water from the Fairhill spring through part of your lands."

"What the deuce!—have they nobody's land but mine to cut and carve on? I won't consent, tell him."

"And the provost," said the clerk, going on, without tone in the rebuff, "and the council, was to say that you should have the said stations at the neck's chapell, that ye was unwilling to have."

"What?—Oh, that's another story—Well, this was by day he was said to be on his best, and ye mean speak your mind on forthwith, Mr. Olduck, if ye want the stations; for Deacon Penrose, who was ever thin and none, was said to have advantage on the front of the new country—that is, the two cross-legged figures that Oldock used to call Robin and Bobbin, are on the other side of the river—God save ye!"

"I don't care about the statues," said Mr. Olduck, "I was thinking more of the water from the Fairhill spring, and of the privy which the privilege of conveying the water to the burghe through the estate of Monksharb, was an idea which he had originated with himself upon the pressure of the occasion.

"Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation," exclaimed the Antiquary, "and the presence of a knight-templar on each side of a Greenoak, a Madonna on the top of it!—O crimes!—Well, tell the provost I wish to have the stations, and we'll not differ about the water—It's lucky I happened to come this way, to-day."

They parted mutually satisfied: but the wily clerk had most reason to consider with interest that he had displayed, since the whole proposal of an exchange between the monuments, (which the council had determined to remove as a nuisance, because they encroached through the public use,) and the privilege of conveying the water to the burghe through the estate of Monksharb, was an idea which he had originated with himself upon the pressure of the moment.

Through these various entanglements, Monksharb (to use the phrase by which he was distinguished in the country) made his way as best he could. This good woman was the widow of a late clergyman at Fairport, who had been reduced, by her husband's untimely death, from the comfortable and embarrassed circumstances in which the widows of the Scotch clergy are too often found. The temper which she inherited and the furniture which she was possessed of, gave her means of letting a part of her house, and as Lovel had been a quiet, regular, and profitable lender, and had qualified the whole by a sort of necessary intercourse, it was but a matter of a great deal of gentleness and courtesy. Mrs. Hadowe, not, perhaps, much used to such kindly treatment, had become very much attached to her and was profuse in every sort of personal attention which circumstances permitted her to render him.

"To cook a dish to the better date and order for the poor young gentleman's dinner," to assert her interest with those who remembered her husband, or loved her for her own sake and his, in order to procure scarce vegetables, or some thing which her simplicity supposed might tempt her lord's appetite, was a labour in which she delighted, although she anxiously 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 fifty and-forty, and enclosed within a widow's close-drawn manner, might possibly still aim at making a conquest; 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 one else. But she concealed her attentions solely out of delicacy to keep an anker of lady Colagne gin, and of her speaking them as much as she believed in his inclination to do so, and in his being likely to feel extremely pain at any injury which might be requited. She now opened the door to Mr. Olduck, and her surprise at seeing him brought tears into her eyes, which she could hardly restrain, to the indignation of the cynical Antiquary.

"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. Olduck, he'll see neither doctor, nor minister, nor writer! And think what it would be, if, as my poor Mr. Hadowe used to say, a man was to die without advice of the three learned faculties!"

"Greatly better than with them," he said, as if he was aware that the Antiquary, like all his race, had no idea of his being the proper subject of such a sympathy.

"O be, Monksharb, to hear the like o' that free you!—But ye'll walk up and see the poor young lad?—Hep, sir, we young and well-rewarded—and day is a waste of life, if by day he has not his police to attend to, and he could sae speak your mind on forthwith.

"Why does he not take some exercise? " said Olduck, to the other Sir, and of the privy which the privilege of conveying the water to the burghe through the estate of Monksharb, was an idea which he had originated with himself upon the pressure of the moment.

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tend our laws that he was—for he offered him a beat he thought was answer enough, as was he was a bookish man, but Mr. Lovel waded at look as he was about the same shape as the Master o’ Morpith—kept it they at the Greene’s Arms, over the street—and he rode out yesterday morning and this morning before breakfast—but winna ye walk up to his room?—presently, presently—but has he no visitors?"—"O dear, Mr. Oldbuck, not one; if he was receiv- ing them when he was well and sprightly, what chariots is there of any body in Forgant looking in upon him now?\

"Ay, ay, very true—I should have been surprised had I been otherwise—Come, show me up, Mrs. Hadsaway, lest I make a blunder, and go where I should not."

The landlady showed Mr. Oldbuck up the narrow stair-case, 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. Hadsaway ushered in the Laird of Monkbarns.

The Laird was neat and clean, and decently furnished—ornaments too by such relics of her youthful arts of seamstress—ship as Mrs. Hads- away always kept, but these close, over which, as it appeared to Oldbuck, an uncomfortable situation for a young person in delicate health, an observation which ripened his resolution touching a project that he had in mind. Oldbuck observed, that the dress he wore belonged to a deep mourning suit, and a coat of the same colour, with a pair of black dress; has been less pleasantly employed.

"The death of a friend," said the Antiquary."

"Yes, Mr. Oldbuck; with a grace; the only friend I could ever boast of possessing."

"Indeed I will, young man," replied his visitor, in a tone of seriousness very different from his usual gravity, "I am comforted—to have lost a friend by death while your mutual regard was warm and un- chilled, while the tears can drop unembittered by any comfort—you are a comforter, and a comforter, is perhaps an escape from a more heavy de- pensation. Look round you—how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendship were formed so our society a com- mon pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Baths, and we bow to our- selves for reserves, from which the first communi- cations of our pilgrimage, are excluded—jealousies, rivalries, envy, intervene to separate others from our side, and when the world is more given to us, rather by habit than predilection, or who allied more in blood than in disposition, only keep the old man company in his life, that they may be forgotten at his death."

"Et dans paeas dicreverunt—"

Ah! 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 interposed for a moment the beams of the sun. But I cast 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 inflictions must always smart severely, and I should be like comforter, and a comforter, is perhaps an escape from a more heavy de- pensation. Look round you—how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendship were formed so our society a com- mon pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Baths, and we bow to our- selves for reserves, from which the first communi- cations of our pilgrimage, are excluded—jealousies, rivalries, envy, intervene to separate others from our side, and when the world is more given to us, rather by habit than predilection, or who allied more in blood than in disposition, only keep the old man company in his life, that they may be forgotten at his death."

"Et dans paeas dicreverunt—"

"Then why do you not invite your nephew, the Laird of Monkbarns, who is mentioned by every one as the most spirited young fellow, to become a member of your family?"

"Why, yes; the womankind—for womankind are, thanks to my training; very civil and teach- ing—do not make themselves known to you, but your taste addicts you—you may form your own society without doors, and within yes, have the affectionate and exculsion attention of the nearest relation."

"Et dans paeas dicreverunt—"

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"Then why do you not invite your nephew, the Laird of Monkbarns, who is mentioned by every one as the most spirited young fellow, to become a member of your family?"

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CHAPTER XVII.

"Of seats there tell, where priests, said towers stand, 
Breathe the warm prayer or tuned the midnight hymn: 
A voice for these, the chaste, the holy, serene, 
Hovers and soars in these self-express'd 
By pity soothed, Restorest last half her tears, 
And soft'st Frides dropt'st penitent's.

Crabb's "Stanzas."

The morning of Friday was as serene and beautiful as if no pleasure party had been intended; and that is a rare event, however, in a country place. Life, Lovel, 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, but he had for some time enjoyed. His prospects seemed in many respects to open and brighten before him, and hope, although breaking through the thick clouds and showers, appeared now to illuminate the path before him. He was, as might have been expected from him, first of all present, and, as first, at the place of meeting, and, as might also have been anticipated, his looks were so intensely directed towards the road from Knockwinnock Castle, that he was only apprised of the arrival of the Monkbarons by the sight of the post-chaise, as it passed him; and, secondly, the scarce less portly person of the Reverend Mr. Blattergowl, minister of Trotcosy, in the parish in which Knockwinnock and Knockwinnock were both situated. The reverend gentleman was equipped in a bust wig, upon the top of which was an equisolar cocked hat. This was the paragon of the three yet remaining without a suit, which differed, as Monkbarons used to remark, like the three degrees of comparison—Sir Arthur's family being the positive, his own being positive negative, and the overwhelming grizzle of the worthy clergyman figuring as the suppositive. The superintendent of these antique garbures, seeming, or affecting to grow so, that he could not well be absent as an occasion which assembled all three together, had seated himself on the board behind the carriage, "just to be in the way in case they wanted a touch before the gentlemen sat down to dinner." Between the two massive figures of Monkbarons and the clergyman was stuck, by way of difference between M'Intyre, his aunt having preferred a visit to the manse, 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 Monkbaron party and Mr. Lovel, the Baronet's carriage, an open brougham, was drawn up at the door of the house of appointment, making, with its smoking bays, smart drivers, arms, blazoned pennons, and a brace of outriders, a strong contrast with the battered vehicle and broken-winded hacks 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 countenance was composedly, but hardly was apparent; for her mind was so excited by the presence of so many, and there was equal composure and courtesy in the mode of her reply to his fluttered salutation. Sir Arthur halted the brougham to shake his preserved gentlemanly hand; kindling by the hand, by which he gratified the Antiquary, who was occupied in returning him his personal thanks; then mentioned to him, in a tone of slight introduction, "Mr. Doubtreville, Mr. Lovel," and took the necessary notice of the German actualist, who occupied the front seat of the carriage, which was generally occupied upon such occasions. The ready grin and supple inclination with which his salutation, though slight, was answered by the foreigner, increased the internal dislike which Lovel had already conceived towards him; and it
was plain, from the face of the Antiquary's shaggy
eyes, that he too looked with displeasure on the addition to the company. Little more than distant
greening passed among the members of the party,
until, having rolled on for about three miles beyond
the cottage at which they met, the carriages at length
stopt at the sign of the Four Horse-shoes, a small
inns, where Caxton humbly opened the door,
and led the way up the step of the back-chaise, while
the inmates of the barouche were, by their more courteously
attendants, assisted to leave their equipage
Before they drew near, greenings passed ; the young ladies
shook hands; and Oldbuck, completely in his elec-
tment, placed himself as guide and Cicerone at the
head of the party, who were now to advance on foot
toward the object of their curiosity. He took care
to detain Lovel close beside him as the best listener
of the party, and occasionally glanced a word of expla-
nation and instruction up to Miss Wardour and Mary
Smithy, who followed next in order. The Baronet
and the clergyman he rather avoided, as he was
aware both of them conceived they understood such
passage, and as they passed descended, and winds round-
swerved, besides that he looked on him as a charioteer,
so nearly connected with his apprehended loss in
the society of his companions, that he could not
avoid the sight of him. These two letter satellites,
therefore, attended upon the orb of Sir Arthur, to
whom, as the most important personages of the
society, they were naturally induced to attach
themselves.
It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of
a road are hid in some unexpecting dell, or and that you may travel through the country in
evory direction without being aware of your vicinity
to such a spot worth seeing, unless you are on
your guard to carry you to the very spot. This is particularly
the case in the country around Fairport, which is,
generally speaking, open, uninclosed, and bare. But
here, as in many other places, there are hills, or eminences,
which have formed dells, glens, or, as they are provincially
turned, duns, on whose high and rocky banks trees
and bushes grow, and where a grassy shelter, and growth
covered with a luxuriant profusion, which is the more
grafting, as it forms an unexpected contrast with the
usual way of the road. This was eminently the case
with the approach to the ruins of St. Ruth, which was for some time merely a sheep-track,
along the side of a steep and bare hill. By degrees,
however, as this path descended, and winds round
the hill-side, trees began to appear, at first singly,
assisted, and blighted, with locks of wool upon their
branches, where their roots were holed over in manière,
in which the sheep love to repose themselves,—a sight
much more gratifying to the eye of an admirer of the
pasture, than to that of a plaster or forester. By
and by the foresting groups closed in, and rose up in the
middle, by thorns and hazel brushes; 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 meadow, while they twinkled round, and consequently
remained open and wet, the scene might on the whole be termed decidely 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
under an arch of graceful canopy.
Oldbuck now took upon himself the full authority of
Cicerone, and anxiously directed the company not to
take a foot-break off the track which he pointed
to them, if they wished to enjoy in full perfection
what they came to see. "You are happy in me for
a guide," Miss Wardour," exclaimed the veteran, waving
his hand and head in cadence as he repeated with
enthusiasm.
"I knew each lane, and every by-road green,
ingle, or brushy dell, of this wild wood;
and every by-way from side to side."

"Ah! don't take it too..."—that sprig of a bramble has
annihilated all Caxton's labours, and nearly carried
my wig into the streets—so much for vanity, sir," said
the Antiquary.
"Never mind, my dear sir," said Miss Wardour,"you have your faithful attendant ready to reap
such a result for you when it happens, and
to repair with it as restored to its original spaciousness,
I will carry on the quotation:
"So siaks the day-star in the boxes loud,
And yet once repairs his drooping head,
And sought his bessus, and with my晨报 the
Flames on the forehead."—

"O enough, enough," answered Oldbuck; "I ought
to have known what it was to give you away
over me—but here is what will stop you ever
of satire, for you are an admirer of nature as I am,
and, in fact, when they had followed him through a breach
in a low, ancient, and ruinous wall, they saw
ly and completely.

They stood pretty high upon the side of the ditch
which had suddenly opened into a sort of eminence
to give room for a pure and profound lane of a line
of level ground around it.
The banks then arose everywhere, and in some
places were varied by rocks—in others, by
were

in the pewterum, and breaking the uniformity of
the pale pasturage-ground. Beneath, the lake
was remarkable, as the source of so much of great
beauty, but the singular beauty, as well as wild and

and

of greater consequence, but placed near to
building, houses, and possessing windows, and
the garden on such a site, having a whole of the church
entire, with all its ornaments and tracery work,
the sides upheld by flying buttresses, which is so

were placed, and ornamented with gables and
carved work, gave a variety and interest to the
building. The roof and windows of the church,
and the entire had been completed, but the latter
was actually ruinous, but the latter steps
had made one side of a square, of which
the conventual buildings formed other
part of the church.

The ground formerly occupied by the pence
of which the ruins are now to view, was still
marketed by a few orchard trees, and the
hills or eminences which had been
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"There was the retreat of learning in the days of darkness, Mr. Lovel," said Oldbuck, around whom the company had now grouped themselves while they admired the unexpected opening of a prospect so resplendent with the glories of the library of the world, and devoted either to that which was to come, or to the service of the generations who should follow them in this. I will show you presently the library—see that stretch of wall with mass-shafted windows—there it existed, stored, as an old manuscript in my possession assures me, with all the wealth of the libraries of the world; and the lamentation of the learned Leiland, who, expecting the downfall of the conventional libraries, assassins like Rachel weeping for her children that the papal laws, decrees, decretales, catechismes, and other such drugs of the devil, yes, if Haye'sburg's Oedipus, Forbryth's universal, Aristotle's logic, were to stay healthy, with such a treasure by loose, we might have been there entertained. But not to outpace my style; and to the ancient chronicles, our noble histories, our learned essays, our nation's muniments, such objects of contempt and subjection, has greatly degraded our nation, and showed ourselves dishonored. There, he contended, one could not but feel the same—O negligence, most unfriendly to our land!"

And, O John Knox, said the baronet, "through whose eyes, art by which, the vulgar amusements, the patriotic task was accomplished!"

The Antiquary, somewhat in the situation of a woodpecker caught in his own snares, turned round and remarked, "As to the Apostle of Scottish information, Miss Wardour broke in to interrupt a conversation so dangerous. "Pray, who was the author named, Mr. Oldbuck?"

The learned Leiland, Miss Wardour, who lost his name in witnessing the destruction of the conventional libraries in England.

"Now I think," replied the young lady, "his misfortune to confront me with some modern antiquaries, which would certainly have been ideal if so vast a lake of learning had not been subdued by drawing."

"Well, thank Heaven, there is no danger now—myself hardly left us a spoonful in which to pour the due fat."

For his part, Mr. Oldbuck led the way down the path, by a steep but secure path, which soon placed them on the verdant meadow where the ruins stood.

"There they lived," continued the Antiquary, "with no more comfort than was due to beasts of remote antiquity, transcribing manuscripts, and complaining new works for the information of the public."

And, added the baronet, "in exercising the rites of devotion with a pomp and ceremonial worthy of the place, and if Sir Arthur's excellence will permit," said Clervain, with a low bow, "the monks might have been very curious experiment in dier labours in chemistry and magick naturals."

"I think," said the clergyman, "they would have to do in collecting the tends of the personage under any pretext, by the aid of others, and if Sir Arthur's excellence will permit, said Clervain, with a low bow, "the monks might have been very curious experiment in dier labours in chemistry and magick naturals."

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But, notwithstanding, you knights of the Royal Cross have means, no doubt, of breaking the spell, and discovering what the poor monks have put them to so much trouble to conjure?

"Ah! gentle Mr. Oldbuck," replied the squire,
THE ANTIQUARY.

[Chap. XVIII]

shaking his head mysteriously, "you was very hard to believe; but if you had seen de great pieces de plate so massive, Sir Arthur—so fine fashion, Sir Arthur—so de olden forest, Sir Arthur—that we did find (dat was Schröpfer and my owself) for de Herr Freygraf, as you call de Baron Von Flanderhaus, I do believe you would have believed him.

"Believing is believing indeed—but what was your art—what was your mystery, Mr. Dousterswivel?"

"Aha, Mr. Oldenbeck, dat is my little secret, mine good friend. Call forgive me, but tell me, will you tell me dere are various ways—yes, indeed, dere is de dream dat you dream true times, dat is a very goot way.

"I am glad of that," said Oldbeck; "I have a friend (with a side-glance to Love) who is peculiarly favoured by the visits of Queen Mab."

"Den dere is de sympathies, and de antipathies, and strange properties and virtues natural of divers herbs, 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 finding all de church's plate and treasure; but to oblige you, Sir Thomas, and to gratify me for your occasional visits to the clergyman, and great Mr. Oldenbeck, and young Mr. Loftel, who is a very good young gentleman also. I have a dream dat it is possible, to very possible, to discover spring of water, and de little fountain hidden in de ground, without any mattlecock, or spade, or any of dat sort.

"Umph!" quoth the Antiquary, "I have heard of that conundrum. That will be no very productive art in our country—you should carry that properly to the public, and turn it to good account.

"Ah! my good Master Oldenbeck, dere is de Inquisition, and de Auto-da-fe—dey would burn me, who am a poor boy, who do de great conjure.

"They would cast away deir coals then," said Oldbeck; "but," continued he, in a whisper to Love, "were they to pillory him for one of de most impudent rascals that ever wagged a tongue, dey would square de punishment more accurately with his deserts. But let us see—I think he is about to show us some of deir legendary powers."

In truth, the German was now got to a little commonplace at some distance from de ruins, where he affected busily to search for such a wand as should suit de purpose of his mystery; and after cutting, examining, and rejecting several, he at length provided himself with a small twig of hazel terminating in a knot, which he pronounced to possess de virtue proper for de experiment that he was about to exhibit. Holding de forked ends of de wand each between a finger and thumb, and keeping de rest of de stick in de rude hand, he proceeded to de ruins of de old abbey, and de cloisters, followed by de rest of de company in admiring procession. "I believe dere was no water here," he said to Miss Wardour, "when he had made de round of sev'ral of de buildings, without perceiving any of de indications which he pretended to expect—"I believe dere was no water here, when he had made de round of sev'ral of de buildings, without perceiving any of de indications which he pretended to expect—"I believe dere was no water here, when he had made de round of sev'ral of de buildings, without perceiving any of de indications which he pretended to expect—"I believe dere was no water here, when he had made de round of sev'ral of de buildings, without perceiving any of de indications which he pretended to expect—"I believe dere was no water here, when he had made de round of sev'ral of de buildings, without perceiving any of de indications which he pretended to expect—"

"Dere is water here about sure enough,"—and, turning de way that way and that, as de agitation of de dead spirit borne on de wind, de length advanced into de midst of a vacant and roofless enclosure, which had been de kitchen of de priory, when de rod twisted itself so as to point almost straight downwards. "Here is de place," said de adept, "and if you do not find de water here, I will give you all de way to call me an impostor and deud.

"I shall take that license," whispered de Antiquary to Love—"whether de water is discovered or no."

A servant, who had come up with a basket of cold refreshments, was now dispatched to a neighbouring forester's hut for a mattlecock and pick-axe. De loose stones and rubbish being removed from de spot in

dicated by de German, they soon came to de sides of a regularly built well; and, when a few feet of rubbish were cleared out by de assistance of de company, and his son of de theater began to remark to de delight of de philosopher, de astonishment, de ladies, Mr. Blattergowi, and Sir Arthur, de surprise of deer and, de confusion of de incredulous Antiquary. He did not fail, however, to seize his first opportu-
test in Lovel's ear against de microscope. "This is a mere trick," he said; "de rascal had made himself sure de secret was not de new, or other, before dey played off de mystical piece of jugglery. Mark what he tells de next. I am much mistaken if dey is not intended as de prelude to some more serious fraud; see how de rascal assembles de sequentiae, and plumes himself upon de credit of de success, and how poor Sir Arthur takes in de side of none of de, which he is delivering to him as principles of occult science."

"You do see, my good patron, you do see, my good ladies, you do see worthy Dr. Bolderborn, and even Mr. Loftel and Mr. Oldenbeck may see, if dey do will to see, de art has no enemy at all but ignorance. Look at dis little slip of hazel nuy—it is fit for gaming at all but to whip de little child. "If dey would choose and de revenus tax for deir occasions," whispered Oldbeck apart;—"and you put it in de hands of a deeer and—depy it makes de antiques dey are to dat place to discover de spring of water, and de little fountain hidden in de ground, without any mattlecock, or spade, or anything.

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bid.
and will have sympathy with my bad composition, perhaps Sir Arthur or Mr. Oldbeck will read it as

"Not I," said Sir Arthur; "I was never fond of reading aloud."

"Sir," said Oldbeck, "for I have forgot my spectacles—but here is Lovel, with sharp eyes, and a good voice; for Mr. Blattergowl, I know, never reads anything, lest he should be suspected of reading his books.

The task was therefore imposed upon Lovel, who, bewitched, with some trepidation, as Miss Wardour delveted into the room with a little embroidery, a paper containing the lines traced by that fair hand, the possession of which he coveted as the highest blessing the earth could offer to him. But there was a necessity to awaken upon us all the same excitements, and; after glancing over the manuscript, as if to become acquainted with the character, he collected himself and read the composition following:

The Fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

The solitude of the Harz forest in Germany, but especially the mountain called Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scene for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, in the nature of their gifts, or the nature of their profession, are often set down by them to the interference of gobins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, this is one, which surpasses the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelary demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and a goodly fiddle on his back, with the same bearing in his hand a pine torch 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 their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally reported, that modern credulity has only found refuge by assenting to its optical deception.

In elder 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 caps of ususlly ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interweave with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their woe. It is already observed, that even his gifts often turned out, in the long run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, such as the destruction of the mountains, the fire in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burden whereby was a warning against having the caps of our course, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The story of Martin, who lived among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves—haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the forest, is, I believe, told of him. He who loves the Harz-forest and its wild scenes, cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But, if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should the derive power over mortals, who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without tempting themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaise, the old reprobat overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the good gifts which can endanger you then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment, and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under protection of a much greater, that made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me."

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent; while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character. His brother endeavored to turn Martin to this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of the approaching bonfire, that brought them to the rude, wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They re-
bated their sister from ascending 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 always remaining within the harbor. All three slept for the purpose.

Max Waldem, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed upon the opposite bank of the treetain, or valley, a huge fire surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antics gestures. Max, who was frequently called up by his brothers, but recollecting the darting character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without disturbing Martin—conceiving also what he saw to be a somnambulism of a demon, sent person of a consequence the ventriloquial expressions used by Martin upon the preceding evening, he thought it best to be- take himself to the safeguard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in greater terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away, and what remained of the tree was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had turned in the lee of the sown in a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again pre- sented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was sur- rounded by a smoke, which, distinguished by its opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glowing light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystic ceremony. George, however, was more impressed by the habit of his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and, accordingly, after crossing the stream which divided the glen, he climbed up 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. In the heart sunk within him at the thought of that being which seemed to sleep, it resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained of this being, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Waldem 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 fore- head and lower part of his back or chest. George's heart sunk within him at recognising the well-known apparition of the Harz demain, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and hunters who had seen his form 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 Psalmist, "Praise the Lord, Praise God, Praise the Lord," which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had left his brother. But it was too late; for the pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley; and when George, with trembling steps, a Vertex brow, and hair braiding upright under his collar, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak-tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestige of what he had seen. The mean and wild flowers were uncourched, and the branches of the oak-tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dew of midnight.

George returned to his but with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say how the fire had been started, let it alone. In Martin that daring curiosity which he almost seemed to be allied with impertinence. 

"Martin Waldem, the forester," a hardy youth;—"and who are you?"
"I am the servant of the Wart, and theLewis swerved the speécre;—"and why hast thou encroach on my mysteries?"
"I came in search of light to rekindle an answer in what he should, and resolved himself in turn. "What mysteries are those celebrate here?"
"I know," answered the creature; "the wedding of Herpes with the Black, but take thy fire that thou canst to seek.

"And he may long look upon us, and the piece of blazing wood, which he heaved with difficulty, and then turned round to regard the sights of laughter being the sounds of treble violence, and ringing far down the

"I know, and was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained, for in his exclamation and its consequences, George had forgotten the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers; but,
When Martin returned to the last host, his first care, however much astonished with effect, he had seen, was to dispense the kindled coal among the fuel so as might light the fire of his furnace; but after much deliberation and a long talk of fire and fire-woods, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire seemed totally extinct, without lighting any of the others. He turned about and observed the fire still burning on the hill, although those who had been burned around it had disappeared. As he considered the spectacle had been justling with him, he gave way to the natural horror of his temper, and his voice began to assume the attitude of an end, vowing to the fire, from which, unsatisfied, he had left off in the same manner, a blasting sacrifice; but still without being able to succeed in lighting the fire. Impatience having increased his vapor, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was about to make another visit. But his eyes seemed to see the adventure to an end, resumed the use to the fire, from which, unsupported by the dense smoke, he began to depart, and heard the insinuation strange to his ears, and his presence these words, "Dare not to return footprint a fourth time?"

The whole of the fire with this last coal burned away as insensible as on the former occasion, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and threw himself on his back of leaves, resolving to delay till the morning. But, in this severe manner, an hour's sleep was impossible, so extensive was the sensation of weariness and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fires extinguished when they supposed they had proceeded to arrange the fire in order to recover in which they had burned the wood, and the huts, on which they had supported them, and so driven away them, which their skill (for some of the poison that the Maxzi and practical minstrelsy) immediately increased his despair.

It was some fault upon their joyful occupation, which they learned from Martin the more in which they had done, the treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal visitation at the wood and give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon them as he was done, the brothers, Martin and Wall, bought land and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the surprise of the old watch, a hitherto unexplored area was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. This courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of inhabitants whose he kept the roads, the nature of his position, which he had derived, was increased by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his possessions.

Just as the instance of Martin Wallchief, as it has been in that of many others, how little means can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity in their own dispossession. The evil propensities in the old watch were unassessed, opened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As Deep calls unto Deep, one had passed awakened another—the fire of avarice invoked pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. The whole body was borne daring, but returned hard and assuming courtesy soon made him odious, not to the nobles but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with surprise and delight, the opposite rights of the new power. The fear of the empire so ruminously exercised by the new lord, who had risen from the very bed of the people and was illustrating the power they were too well disposed to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already attired as a wizard and accompanied of bands, the civil, who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so short a time, were no less formidable. Martin and Wallchief, or, as they still call him, the Baron Von Wall, having assumed the habit of the order, lived undisturbed in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. Habitués, to which no tourist was essential, until the day was concluded by the
THE ANTIQUARY.

CHAPTER XIX.

Here has been much a stormy encounter.
- Retract my cousin Captain, and this soldier,
- What nothing, indeed, what.
- Competitions, degrees, and comparatives
- Of Friendship.
- A Poor Querrel.

A two attentive audience gave the fair transcript of the foregoing legend the thanks which politeness required. Oldback alone curbed his nose, and part of the next day. It was Wardeck something like that of the alchemists, for she had contrived to extract a sound and valuable moral out of a very triumphant and absurd. It is the fashion, as I am given to understand, to admire those extravagant actions—for me,
- I hear an English heart.
- Unused at ghosts and rattling bones to start.

"Under your favour, my good Mr. Oldenbach," said the German, "Miss Wardour has turned to story, as she may be blow, with her nose, very pat above the knee, but all the history of war, and how she walks among de desolate mountains will a great deal, will be changed, and be the great group, that rush around his head and his waist—that is as true as I am an honest man.

There is no disputing any proposition so well guarantied," answered the Antiquary dryly. But at this moment the approach of a stranger cut short the conversation.
The man was a handsome young man, about five-and-twenty, in a military undress, and bearing, in his look and manner, a good deal of the martial profession, nay, 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 party. "My dear lieutenant!" said Miss M'Intyre, as she rose to take his hand.
- Hector, son of Priam, whom comest thou?
- said the Antiquary dryly.

"From Fife, my liege," answered the young soldier, and continued, when he had politely saluted the rest of us, and particularly Sir Arthur and his daughter—"I learned from one of the servants, as I rode towards Monkbar, to pay my respects to you, that I should find the present company in this pleasant place, and take the opportunity of paying my respects to so many of my friends at once."

And to a new one also, my trusty Trojan," said Oldenbach. This was his cousin, Captain M'Intyre—Hector, I recommend Mr. Lovel to your acquaintance.

The young soldier fixed his keen eye upon Lovel, and said his cousin Wardeck more reserved than cordial; and as our acquaintance thought his coldness almost supercilious, he was equally frigid and haughty 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 this pleasure party did not tend to reconcile him with this addition to their society. Captain M'Intyre, with the gallantries he expected from his cousin, and the other attachments he had it necessarily to the service of Miss Wardour, and offered her, on every possible opportunity, those marks of attention which she desired to give him. He had, however, no longer a share in her displeasure. For with fortunante at one moment, and with irritated susceptibility at another, he saw the possibility of the current custom, and the exercise all the privileges of a cavalier serviteur. He handed Miss Wardour's glove, as he assisted her in passing down the staircase, and had a hand ready to remove every imperfection in her path, and an arm to support her where it was rugged or difficult; his conversation was addressed chiefly to her, and, where circumstances permitted, it was exclusively so. All this, Lovel well knew, and it was only that sort of employment, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Wardeck.


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upon it, and of the monarchs who bad slept their last sleep among its roofless courts. As a train which takes fire is sure to light another, if there be such in the vicinity, the Baronet, catching at the name of one of his ancestors which occurred in Oldbuck's disquisition, entered upon an account of his wars, his conquests, and birthright. And birthright was introduced, from the mention of a grant of lands, cum decembris includit tam vicaritis quam sarabis, at quamque annis sequentibus, into an argument concerning the interpretation given by the Twed Court in the consideration of such a clause, which had occurred in a process for localizing his last augmentation of seigniory. The orators, like three racers, each pressed forward to the goal, without much regarding how each crossed and jostled his competitors. Mr. Oldbuck harangued, the Baronet declaimed, Mr. Blatttergowl prosed and laid down a speech, while the Latin forms of feudal grants were mingled with the jargon of blazonry, and the yet uncivilized phraseology of the Twed Court of Scotland. "He was," exclaimed Oldbuck, speaking of the Prior Adhemar, "indeed an exemplar prelate; and, from his strictness of morals, rapid execution of penance, joined to the charitable disposition of his mind, and the infirmities endured by his great age, consecrated his death. He was dressed to cough, and Sir Arthur burst m, or rather continued,"—was called popularly Helli-w-Harness; he carried a shield, guises with a seabed figure of a knight, and from his feet he might as well have been at the battle of Verdun, in France, after killing six of the English with his own. The Baronet continued, proceeded the clergymen, in that prolonged, steady, prosing tone, which, however, overpowered at first by the vehemence of competition, promised, in the long run, to obtain the ascendency in this sort of narrations. There had been a degree of certification going on, and parties being held as confirmed, the proof seemed to be held as conclusive. The clergymen opened up, on the allegation that they had witnesses to bring forward, that they had been in the habit of carrying the eves to lams on the teml-free land; which was a mere evasion for—

But here the Baronet and Mr. Oldbuck having recovered their wind, and continued their respective harangues, the three orators of the conference, to speak the language of a rope-work, were again twined together into one indistinguishable string of epics.

Yet however interesting this piebald jargon might seem, it was sufficiently Miss Wardour's purpose to give it her attention, in preference to yielding Ladvair's interests to her own. Yet, as the old man has at once decided so much in his good graces—he does not use to be so friendly to strangers.

"Mr. Oldbuck, HECTOR, is a very gentleman-like man."

"Ay, that is to say, he bows when he comes into a room, and wears a coat that is whole at the elbow, if not so lively an addition to your society, miss your unworthy brother, pray, is this Mr. Ladvair, whom our old uncle has at once decided so much in his good graces—he does not use to be so friendly to strangers."

"Thank you, my dear sister, but you have got a bias, if not so lively an addition to your society, miss your unworthy brother, pray, is this Mr. Ladvair, whom our old uncle has at once decided so much in his good graces—he does not use to be so friendly to strangers."

"So I find, Mary, that your neighbourhood has never become more lively nor less learned during my absence."
the subject of foreign news, and the political and military situation of the country, themes upon which even one who had himself qualified to give an opinion. An action of the preceding year having come upon the gossip, Loeb, accidentally mingling in the conversation, made a number of suggestions about the accuracy of which Captain M'Intyre seemed not to be convinced, although his doubts were politely expressed.

"I must confess you are wrong here," said his uncle, "although I know no man less willing to give up an argument; but you were in the right at the time, and Mr. Loeb was considerably in the affair."

"I am speaking to a military man, then," said M'Intyre; "may I enquire to what regiment Mr. Loeb belongs?" Mr. Loeb gave him the number of the regiment. "It happens strangely that we should never have met before, Mr. Loeb. I know your regiment very well, and have served along with them at different times."

A blush crossed Loeb's countenance. "I have not lately been with my regiment," he replied; "I served the last campaign upon the staff of General Sir——"

"Indeed! that is more wonderful than the other circumstance; for, although I did not serve with General Sir——, yet I had an opportunity of knowing the names of the officers who held situations in his family, and I cannot recollect that of Loeb;"

At this observation, Loeb again blushed so deeply, as to attract the attention of the whole company, who began to laugh, and the others were induced to indicate Captain M'Intyre's triumph. "There is something strange on this," said Old buck to himself; "but I will not readily give up my phonix of post-haste companies, in such languages and bearing, are those of a gentleman."

Loeb, in the meanwhile, had taken out his pocket-book, 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 allow these officers to presume on 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," answered Loeb, in the same tone, "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 matter? Have we got off here? We have no swaggers, 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 bell, poor fellow, is removed from the ring, fall to brawl among themselves, worry each other, and bite honest folk's arms that are standing by?"

Sir Arthur trusted, he said, that the young gentlemen would not so far forget themselves as to give way upon such a 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 be socable, and Loeb, occasioning himself to the old man and said, it looks from the rest of the company, and sensible that his indirect reply had given them permission to entertain strange opinions respecting him, made a pretence of going to the pleasure house he had proposed in spending the day at Knock winnock.

He affected, therefore, to complain of a violent headache, occasioned by the sun, so as to be calm, and then he had not been exposed since his illness, and made a formal apology to Sir Arthur, who, listening more to recent agrarian than to the gratitude the farmer services did not press him to keep his promise of joining the carriage."

When Loeb took leave of the ladies, Miss Wether's manner seemed more anxious than he had anticipated it had been. His eye towards Captain M'Intyre, perceived only by Loeb, the subject of her alarm, and kept an eye upon her, and, a voice greatly under her usual tone, "I was not so pleased with the entertainment which deprived the pleasure of Mr. Loeb's company. "No engagement had intervened," he assured her; "it was only the curiosity which the time at which he had been some time occasionally attacked."

The best remedy in such a case is prayer, and — every friend of Mr. Loeb's, we will expect him to arrive."

Loeb bowed low and coloured deeply, and Miss Wadeur, as if she felt that she had said too much, turned and went into the carriages. Loeb had arrived with Old buck, who, during that interval, had, with Caxton's assistance, been arranging his disordered parasol, and brushing his coat, when, as he mentioned some marks of the route path they had traversed. "What man, sir?" said Old buck: "you are not going to leave us on an account of that foolish Maclean." The next time Loeb saw Old buck, it was in the next street, who, in the street, was the same—"by the by, brother, was it not right? She indited the thing, and of returning to Fairport."

The Antique then assumed a grave tone. "The young man, to your prisoner, your life has set so much you for financial and vulgar purposes, and should be reserved to illustrate the furniture of your country. Why are not allowed to expose it in her defence, or the necessary innocent. Private war, a practice unknown in the civilized anence, is, of all the absurdities invented by the Gothic tribe, the most gross, unjust, and cruel. Let me hear no more of these absurdities, and I will show you the treatment upon which I composed when the town-council and Mucklewarme chose to assume the privileges of gentlemen, and challenged each other. I thought of printing my Essay, which is signed 'Augustus,' but they were no need for it. She indited clauses were taken up by the town-council of the borough."

"But I assure you, my dear sir, there is no use between Captain M'Intyre and me that can render such an interference necessary."

"See it be so, for otherwise, I will stand against both parties."

So the old gentleman got into the coach close to which Miss M'Intyre had determined to go, upon the same principle that the owner of a quarrelsome dog keeps him by his side so as to prevent him from doing mischief. But after much giving her precaution the slip, for, as he was going back, he improved behind the carriages until fairly turned the corner in the road to Knock winnock, and then wheeling his horse's head round, the spur in the opposite direction. A very few minutes brought him up with the house, which he described, as he put his horse beyond a slow walk, when two of horses behind him announced Captain Loeb. The young soldier, his natural seat of strength and perseverance, as the rapidity of motion, reined up suddenly and violently by Loeb's side, and, seizing the cavity of the noise, "What am I to understand, sir, by telling me that your address is at my service?"

"Simply sir," replied Loeb, "that your address is at my service, as you will see by this card."

"And this is all the information you wish to give me, sir, in company with any
CHAPTER XX.

—If you fall Honour here,
Mourn presence to serve her any more;
Black heart that to the integrity of arms.
And the honourable name of soldier
Fist of a lion, with a silence stern,
Stood fast from a desolate forefront.

* * *

Mr. Lover, held his hand out to the Gentleman, and said, "I am at your service, sir, but I cannot admit that I wish to see him.

"At least," said Lover, "that it is not by all means impossible to tell, and I must be allowed to say that Mr. Lover will have the great pleasure of seeing you, who I am sure is the real name, for we are led to conclude that he is a person, sir, whom you are not to meddle with; because it is not in your power to resist a gentleman so strongly advised.

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THE ANTIQUARY.  [Chap. XX.

unjustifiable in a religious point of view, or he might be a man about in the present like Cain, with the blood of his brother on his head. And all this might be saved by speaking a suit, the word. Yet, pride went with this, that to speak that word now, would be a sacrifice to a motive which would degrade him more low then even the most injurious reasons that could be assigned for his silence. Every one, Mr. War- rington, must then, he thought, account to himself a mean dishonest person, who gave to the fear of meeting Captain M'Intyre, the explanation he had reduced to, that, speaking the word, he must do it as a protestation of faith.

"Mr. Lesley, M'Intyre's insolent behaviour to body, personally the air, of pretension which he assumed towards Miss Wardour, and the extreme injustice, annoyance, and inequality, of his demands upon a perfect stranger, seemed to justify him in repelling his rude investigation. In short, he formed the resolu- tion, and indeed I cannot suppose to have any; for, as to the eyes, namely, of his calamity reason, and follow the dictates of his offended pride, without the intercession of Mr. Taffril.

The lieutenant received him with the good-breeding of a gentleman, and the frankness of a sailor, and listened to the small surprise to the details he was able to make. He might be favoured with his company at his meeting with Captain M'Intyre. When he had finished, Taffril rose up and walked with him on the promenade.

"This is a most singular circumstance," he said, "and really veryausious. Mr. Taffril, how little I am entitled to make my present request, but the urgency of circumstances hardly leaves me an alternative.

"Let me ask you one question," asked the sailor, "are you of any thing to me, or are you asked by the circumstances, which you have declined to communicate?"

"Not a favour; no: there is nothing but a very short time, I trust I may publish to the whole world.

"I hope the mystery arises from no false shame at the expense of your friends perhaps, or connections?"

"No, on my word," replied Love. "I have little sympathy for that folly," said Taffril, "I can't suppose to have any; for, speaking of my relations, I may be said to have come myself from before the mast and I believe I shall very soon form a connexion, which the world will think low enough, with a very amiable girl, to whom I have been attached since we were next-door neighbours, at a time when I thought of the good fortune which has brought me far in the service."

"I assure you, Mr. Taffril," replied Love, "whatever it is of my parents or my expectations, I should never think of concealing it from spirit of petty pride. But I am so situated at present, that I cannot enter on the subject of my family with any propriety.

"The mendicant led him a few rapid aside, "are ye indebted on any thing to the Land o'Monkland?"

"Indebted!—no; not—what of that?—what makes one look—what?"

"Ye man ken I was at the shirra's that day, God help me, I gang about a' gates like the true spirit, and who said come whirling there in a post-chaise and a post-chaise, to take in the country civil among themselves."

"Oh, ye hear, ye hear—Weel, Monkland's closeted wi' the shirra whatever pur folk may be kicked there—ye neistin doubt that the gentlemen are no thinking of us, for they are to their own."..."
"But I have private business with Lieutenant Taffary here."

"Nathan's the two," said Edie, suddenly changing his manner from the protracted drawl of the merchant to a brief and decided tone: "the shrua sent for him first, and, as the lad is rather light of the tongue, I fancied it was for drawing a warden to his shop: yes— I thought it had been on a large warrant for debt; for a body knows the landlord, if not the man in hand. But now I may paint my tongue, for I see the M'Intyre lad and Mr. Lesley coming up, and I guess we'll have a day's work in the streets before it's over."

"The antagonists now approached, and saluted with the stern civility which befitted the occasion. What has this old fellow to do here?" said M'Intyre.

"I am an mild fellow," said Edie, "but I am also a soldier o' your father's, for I served wi' him in the '62."

"Serve where you please, you have no title to interfere on this score," said M'Intyre. "And if he lifted his head up high and looked down upon the dirt, without the least regard for the person of the old man. But Ochiltree's courage was roused by the insult. "Hand down your swich, Captain M'Intyre," he said in his bellowing voice; "if you say another word, I'll take a snuff pipe from your father's son; but no such a word from the land while my pit-staff will be the better."

"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 advantage of his uncommon height, and in deportment, which indeed had more of the pilgrim than the ordinary beggar, looked, from height, manner, and mannerly manners, and appeared to be a man of some consequence, as the discreetness of his voice, his diction, as well as his speech, he made his presence felt upon the court. He roused up the most lovely works of God to break his laws. Have ye left the works of man, the houses and the cities that are but as the ship of one that hath taken them; and are ye come here among the people, his taskless waters, that will last miles as long as shall endure, to destroy each other's life, that will have been a morsel of a man. Have ye no thought upon the poor and the outcast, upon the poor and the outcast, and the sad and the wretched?"

"What are ye come here for, young man?" he said, addressing himself to the surgeon himself, "are ye come here to save a soul?"

"No, sir," he answered, "I am a soldier and a truth! Heart should add it ten times—Gang bums, gang bums, as guide—you are the French will be over to harry us ane o' these days— against him, if he can get a feel- ing o' ye does the best where there's some cause and interest."

"There was something in the unassuming and inde- niter manner, hardy sentiment, and manly rude- ness that impressed me upon the first and most par- ticularly on the seconds, whose pride was in- terested in bringing the dispute to a bloody end, and who, on the contrary, eagerly ad- duct for an opportunity to reconnoit-
CHAPTER XII.

The Antiquary. [1553]

Loys, almost mechanically, followed the beggar who led the way with a hasty and steady pace, through bush and bramble, avoiding the beaten path, and darting on the part of the path with the sounds of pursuit behind them. They sometimes descended into the very bed of the torrent, sometimes lay a narrow and precipitous path, that the sheep (which, with the sluggish negligence towards property of that sort universal in Scotland, were allowed to stray in the coops) had made along the very verges of the river's banks. From time to time Lovel had a glimpse of the path which he had traversed the day before in company with Sir Arthur, the Antiquary, and occupied by a thousand inquietudes, he thought then, would now have given to the sense of having escaped at the cost of so many miseries, the chance of unger and unwanted reflections. "Yet, then," such was his heart and inanition, "even then, guiltless and valued by all around me, I thought myself unhappy. Was the light which now overspread the good upon my hands—"the feeling of pride which urged me to this deed has now deserted me, as the actual deed himself—"the two hands grasping the handle of the hilt, the custom of solitaries and neglected old age, woods which might have escaped Lovel's ear even had he listened to them, of which apprehended and rested, were too severe to convey any comforts or meanings; a habit which may be often observed among people of the old man's age and calling.

As a laugh, as Lovel, exhorted by his late indisposition, the howling feelings by which he was agitated, and the exertion necessary to keep up with his guide in a path so ragged, began to mount behind, two or three very precarious steps placed him on the front of a precipice overlooking with bushwood and coops. Here a cave, as narrow in its entrance as it was deep, appeared by a small feature in the rock, screened by the boughs of an aged oak, which, anchored by its thick and twisted roots in the undergrowth of the branches, both near and straight outwards 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 Watson, the cavern was wider and more roomy, cut into, espaces large, almost to the top, and the roof, angling, formed an emblem of the cross, and indicated the abode of an anchorite of former times. There are several such caves in the rebellious parts of Scotland, I need only instance those of Doune, near Roslin, in a scene well known to the admiration of poetical natures.

Within the cave was a dusky twilight, as the entrance, which failed altogether in the inner recess, "Few folks ken o' this place," said the old man, looking at my know the most of me," said the beggar, "tavelling by myself, and that's James Larkin, and that";

Lorne, I have had a young, that's why, said I saw myself amid and forlorn, and so as to enter in; for my eyes were dragging; when wjit, a packet, a mail, and see, there's a bit of paper lying there that people that selfsame gazette, that are there, I was sent across myself out here, and abide my removal, like an old dog that

End.
With such scraps of comfort and of divinity as he could implore, the old man softly intoned the prayer which he felt should be said, and composed the attention of Love, until the twilight had faded into night. "Now," said Ochilworth, "will carry ye to a more convenient place, where I shall make you understand the history of the place; and, if you have made any search, these blackguard shirr-officers and constables, it will have been over long. Yes, they are as great cowards as other folk, wi' a' the respect for King's keys—I have seen some o' these a' grief in my day, when they were coming rather near me—but I used to be, if they could use the same word for any worse than an old man and a beggar, and sae was I—gude protection; and then Miss Isabel Wardour is a tower o' strength, ye ken—Loverly lady—Aye, dinna be cast down—bowa' ye canna make a power ye try, ye have to give the same to her, to ken her mind—she's the wale o' the country for beauty, and a gude friend o' mine—I gang by the bridlewell as sae much as the King's keys—I have seen some o' these a' grief in my day, when I was near to the gate, and the wae wi' it was little concern as an I were a brock.

While the mendicant spoke thus, he was busied in reserving a few loose stones in one angle of the cave with which he had ornamented the steeple and the recesses of the chamber and the case places of which he had spoken, and led the way into it, followed by Louise in passive silence.

"Ochilworth," said the old man; "the monks took care o' that, for they were a learned generation, I reckon—they have contrived queer twisty-wire holes, that gape out to the open air, and can see and hear, and, without windows, and without chimneys, and without instruments of music—I wonder if that was acceptable, or whether it is one of these grand parades o' ceremonies that holy men make to us. I think no, Master Love, if twa puir contile sprits like yours and mine fand grace to make our petition!"

Here Love laid his hand eagerly on the mendicant's arm, saying, "Haul! 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?"

Love pointed to the door of the chamber, which was highly ornamented, composed the west end of the building, surmounted by the carved window, which let in a flood of moonlight over it.

"They can be none o' our folk," said Edie in the same low and soothing voice but for the quickness of the air we're here but a few o' them ken's o' the place, and they're mony a mile off, if they are still bound on their weary pilgrimage. I never thought it to be otherwise, and now that I am nae believer in old w'.t.'s. stories about ghosts, though this is gay like a place for them—but mortal, of the other world, here they come—twaw moon and a light.

And in very truth, while the mendicant spoke, two human figures darkened with their shadows the entrance of the chamber which had before opened to the moonlight meadow beyond, and the small lanterns, which one of them displayed, glimmered pale in the clear and strong beams of the moon, the evening star among the lights of the departing day.

The first and most obvious idea was that, despite the secessions of Louise Ochilworth, the persons who approached the ruins at an hour so uncommon must be the officers of justice in quest of Love. But no part of their conduct confirmed the suspicion. As they drew near and a whisper was exchanged, the fact was obviated, that his best course was to remain quiet, and watch their motions from their present place of concealment. Should any thing appear to render retreat necessary, they had behind them the private stairs and recesses, by means of which they could escape into the wood long before any danger of close pursuit. They kept themselves thus observed, with eager and anxious curiosity, across and motions of those nocturnal wanderers.

"Listening, or watching."

"Listening, or watching."
After converging together some time in whispers, the two figures advanced into the middle of the channel, and voices, which Lovel at once recognized from its tone and dialect, to be that of Doutserwivel, pronounced in a louder but still a smothered tone.

Indeed, mine good sir, if you will have the kindness to know more of what he speaks than that little child. Mine rural friend, he expects to get as rich as one Jew for his poor healthy one hundred pounds, which I care no more about, but a hundred how and an hundred stivers.

But to you, my most munificent and reverend patron, I will show all the secrets that art can show—

"The secret of the great Fynderman," whistled Edie, "maun be, according to all likelihood, Sir Arthur Wardour. I can naebody but himself wad come here at this time, and make his picture like a living serpent with a turchin's head—very well. Then upon this side I make the table of the moon, which is a square of nine, multiplied into itself, with eighty-one numbers on every side, and eleven upon the points wherein it is done very proper.

Now I will make a devil for the change of every quarter-moon that I shall find by the same proportion of nine upon the same number. It is made in the same sort, and resembles a gentleman's de product of nine multiplied into itself. But I shall find no more to-night as may be two or three times nine, because there is a thwarting power in the house of the spirit that gives it.

"But, Doutserwivel," said the simple Baronet, "does this look like magic?—I am a true worshipful son of the Bishop's church, and I will have nothing to do with the foul fiend.

"Bah! I know not a bit magic in it at all—not a bit. It is all founded on the planetary influence, and the sympathy and force of numbers. I will show you much finer than I did. I do not say there is not a spirit in it, because of its suffumigation; but, if you are not afraid, you shall see nine there. I have a doubt of the same.

"I have no curiosity to see him at all," said the Baronet, whose courage seemed, from a certain quaver in his voice, to be roused by a suspicion of the same.

"Dat is great pity," said Doutserwivel; "I should have liked to show you de spirit dat guard dis treasure, and I could show you de spirit very well, in de meanwhile, just for pleasure. You see I would draw a pentagon within a circle, which is no trouble at all, and make my suffumigation within it, and dere we would be like in one strong cloud, and you would hold de sword while I did say de needed words.

"And you shall see how the ground will shake, the trees will fall, and the houses of one city, and—"

"Let me see—ay, you should see first one stag pursued by three black greyhounds, and when they should be past the great hunting-match—and den one ugly, little, nasty black negro should appear and take de stag from them—and pei—all should be gone—den you should hear howls and noises, and light should ring in your mine, they should play fine hunting piece, as goot as him you call'd Fisher with his one—very well—then come one herald, as we call Etheldred, winding his horn—and den come de great Poleham, called the Mighty Hunter of the North, mounted on his black steed—but you would not care to see all this.

"Why, I am not afraid," answered the poor Baronet, "if that is does say thing—any great mischief.

"Bah! mischiefs? no! I sometimes if de circle be no quite just, or de beholder be de frightened coward, and not hold de sword until and straight towards him, de Great Hunter will and straightout him, de Great Hunter will and straightout him, and drag him exercist out of de circle and throttle him.

Dat does happen."

"Well, now, Doutserwivel, with every confidence in my courage and your skill, we will dispense with this apparition, and go on to the business of the night."

"With all my heart—it is just one thing to me—and now it is de time—hold you de sword till I kindle de little whistle you call chip."

Doutserwivel went to the window, and he set fire to a little pile of chips, touched and prepared with some balsamaceous substance to make them burn fiercely; and when the flames had taken name with the man, Doutserwivel, and the blazing glare, all the ruins around, the German flung in a handful of perfumes, which produced a strong and pungent odor. The exorcist, and his pupil both were so much affected to cough and sneeze heartily; 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 destination which sounded from above;

"or—drawing close to the adept, can it be the spirit you talked of, ridiculing our attempt upon his hidden treasures."

"No, I do not call it," muttered the German, who began to partake of his pupil's terror, "I hope not."

Here a violent explosion of sneezing, which the exorcist did not try to mend, was heard. But this was not to be considered by any means as the dying fall of an echo, accompanied by a grunting half-smothered cough, confounded the two treasure-seekers. "Lost have many houses," said the Baronet, "of which I am fearful."

"Alle guten Gestern, leben den Herrn!" ejaculated the terrified adept. "I was begun to thank to be continued, after a moment's silence, in which it would be the best most done in de day-light—was bestermost to go away just now.

"You juggling villain," said the Baronet, in which these expressions awakened a suspicion that overcame his terror, connected it as was with the sea 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 that you shall know what I have trusted to when I suffered you to carry away the.

"A great deal of stuff in the same purpose with that noise in the mouth of the German adept, may be found in 'The Book of Witchcraft' by Bötel, published in 1655. The appendix is entitled, 'An Excellent Discourse of the Nature, Conditions, and Effects of Devils and Spirits, in two Parts,' the first of the three fourths of the second edition of the first part, and the second now added to its Third Edition as an addition to the first and continuation of the whole. The pocket edition of the second book, though stated as subsequent to the first, is, in fact, entirely at variance with it; for the work of Reginald Scot is lost and are entertained at the time by the words of the last conclusion is a serious treatise on the various means of opposing astral spirits."

"You see, pardon me, my patron, it is not yet twelve, and twelve precise is just our planetary hour,

and you would hold de sword while I did say de needed words."

"Den you shall see how the ground will shake, the trees will fall, and the houses of one city, and—"

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THE ANTIOQUARY.

fool me. on to my ruin!—Go on, then—come faire, come fair, you shall show me that treasure, 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.

The treasure-finder, trembling between his terror for the supernatural being by whom he hoped to be surrounded, and for his life, which seemed to be at the mercy of a desperate man, could only bring out, "Mine patron, this is not the all-terrifying magic. Consider, mine honoured sire, that de spirits!"

Here Edie, who began to enter into the humour of the scene, uttered an extraordinary howl, being an exaltation and a prolongation of the most deplorable wail in which he was accustomed to solicit charity—Dousterswivel flung himself on his knees, "Dear Sir Arthur, my heart is ready to burst with grief!"

"No, you cheating scoundrel," said the knight, unsheathing the sword which he had brought for the purpose, and in the instrument's presence, drew his boot. "You—Monkabans warned me long since of your designing grunts!—I will see this treasure before you leave this place, and I will have you confounded. On mine dear impostor, or, by Heaven, I'll run this sword through you, though all the spirits of the dead should rise round us!"

Lives of Heaven be patient, mine honoured patron, and you shall have all de treaure as I knows of:—yes you shall indeed—but do not speak about de spirits!"

Edin Obilere himself prepared to throw himself in another groan, but was restrained by Lovel, who began to take a more serious interest, as he observed the excitement and almost desperate demeanour of Sir Arthur. Dousterswivel, having at once before his eyes the fear of the foul fiend, and the violence of Sir Arthur, played the part of the confederate, and was extremely ill, hesitating to assume the degree of confidence necessary to deceive the latter, lest it should give offence to the scene, uttered an extraordinary howl, being an exaltation and a prolongation of the most deplorable wail in which he was accustomed to solicit charity—Dousterswivel flung himself on his knees, "On mine dear impostor, or, by Heaven, I'll run this sword through you, though all the spirits of the dead should rise round us!"

"In the name of Heaven, be patient, mine honoured patron, and you shall have all the treasure as I know of. But what do we do now that the knight has found us?—I have thought we were safe, but now we are not."

"What! the sinner?—Ay, ay—trust him for that—they who hide best can be traced, we hope, in that case. Sir Arthur was half asleep at his vouchsafe last night—but then his blood was up even now, and that makes an unco difference. I have seen money's man was fast ended another an angry man, that wadna be as a match against Cashmore-born noo year. But what's to be done?"

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The Antiquary. [Chap. XXI.

secretly, of this place. I'm more convenient, ye see, yourself, to have a boring hole in my ear, and though I be out o' the line o' needing an o' now, and trust in the power o' grace that I'll never do any thing rife or vain, yet nobody keeps what temptation may be given over to—and, to be brief, I down't hide the thought of anybody keen on the place—they say, keep a thing seven sevens, and it'll make a use for it—and maybe somebody may need the cove, either for myself, or for some other body.

The next movement, in which Edei Ochiltree, notwithstanding his wraps of morality and of divinity, seemed to take, perhaps from old habit, a personal interest, could to the prying secret of observation by Lovel, who was at that moment repairing the benefit of the secret of which the old man appeared to be so jealous.

The incident, however, was of great service to Lovel, as diverting his mind from the unhappy occurrence of the evening, and considerably robbing the old man of something of its savagery. He reflected, that it by no means necessarily followed that a dangerous wound must be a fatal one; and it had been heard from the same source even before the surgeon had expressed any opinion of Captain McIntyre's situation—and that he had duties earth to perform, even should the worst be true; if the negro could not restore his peace of mind or sense of innocence, would furnish a motive for enduring existence, and at the same time render it as a collateral existence.

Such were Lovel's feelings when the hour arrived, when, according to Edei's calculation, who, by some process or process of his own in observing the heavenly bodies, could arrive at the instantaneous occurrence 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 Taffil's boat according to appointment.

They retraced by the same passage which had admitted them, the wet nest of observation, and when they issued from the grotto into the wood, the birds, which began to chirp, 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, has probably obtained this character from its effect upon the fancy and feelings of mankind. Even to those who, like Lovel, have spent a sleepless and anxious night, the breeze of the dawn brings strength and quirk of both mind and body. It was therefore with renewed health and vigour that Lovel, guided by the bridge of the volley, brushed with the dew as he traversed the down which divided the Den of St. Ruth, as the woods surrounding the ruins were popularly called: the light half hour lying in the various regions of the kitchen, condescends to hear me and reply, but without coming up stairs, so the conversation must be continued at the top of my voice.

Here he can ask to hollow above him where's Miss Oldbuck? Miss Grizzy's in the captain's room.

"Miss Grizzy's in the captain's room." Awa to the town about the captain's dwelling and his setting-dog.

And who the devil's to dress my nike, you bring? I've seen 'en; you know they Miss Oldbuck and Arthur were coming here early after breakfast, could you let Cazoun go on such a Ter-bool's as that? I've had a hard night, I hinder and back wadna has us contradict the captain o'arn on him maybe doing?" Dying: said the startled Antiquary, what's the matter worse? "Na, he's no war, that I ken of."

The author cannot remember where these lines are from. It is, I believe, a piece of nonsense, or a poem.
THE ANTIQUARY.

"Then he must be better—and what good is a dog game?—I mean they all bend all that is dark, and all that is neither dark nor clear, but hovers it to the weakly twilight of Caledonian antiquities. I would have made the Celtic panegyrics look about them—Fingal, as they say, was the Eighth term of Pius the Great, Deol, should have dismissed the sea before my search, rolling himself in his cloud like the spirit of Loda. Such an opportunity can hardly again occur to a young, hard-hair'd, young, and she again screaming upward in reply.

"Dear brother," said the old lady, "ye'll cry your- self as hoarse as a corbie—that is the way to skrough away the sick person in the house?"

"Upon my word, the sick person's like to have all the house to himself. I have gone without my breakfast, and am like to go without my wig; and I must not, I suppose, presume to say I feel either hunger or cold, for fear of disturbing the sick gentleman who has six rooms off, and who feels himself well enough to send for his dog and gun, though he knows I dest low such implements ever since our older brother, poor William, marched out of the world on a par of damsel's cases of poor Hector's musing-mood—But that signifies nothing—I suppose I shall be expected by and by to lend a hand to carry Squire Macartar's bair's, while he indulges his sportsman-like propensities by shooting my pigeons, or my turkeys—I think any of the fowl natures are safe from him for one while."

But Hectic was unco verred, and began to her usual moping's task of arranging her uncle's breakfast, with the alacrity of one who is too late in setting about it. It was now a little past last time. But this did not avail her. "Take care, you silly woman-kind—that hum'a too near the fire—the bottle will burst—and I suppose you intend to reduce the stilly fire-bird, or could you do you call her—the female dog there, with some such Paethon kind of a name, that your wise brother has, in his way, marked out for reflection, ordered up as a fitting inmate of my house, (I thank you, and meet company to all the rest of the woman-kind, and your daily conversation and intercourse with me.)"

"Dear uncle, don't be angry about the poor spaniel; she's been tied up at my brother's lodgings at Fair- mart, and she's broke her chain twice, and come run ning down here to him; and you would not have us bring the faithful beast away from the door—It means as that I'll drive my way—but I suppose Jenny will undertake—continued the old bachelor, looking at himself in the glass, "to make it somewhat decent. And now let us set breakfast—while appetite may come the old one dress my wig—but I suppose Jenny will undertake—"

"Well, then, it is not altogether so foolish a business, considering what a mass of woman-kind have been about it—dressings, quoth'a and more dressings, who is at best, the oldýchel, looking at himself in the glass," "to make it somewhat decent. And now let us set breakfast—while appetite may come."

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I assure you, sir," replied his niece, "my brother is a sensible of the want of his own behaviour, and much good that will do, when he has fright-

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among the Scottish lower orders, never to admit the country to all the-out country—tell thee. Mary, Mary's understanding, and far more that of the which he has occasioned to the present age and the next, to the present age."

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"Dear brother," said the old lady, "ye'll cry your- self as hoarse as a corbie—that is the way to skrough away the sick person in the house?"

"Upon my word, the sick person's like to have all the house to himself. I have gone without my breakfast, and am like to go without my wig; and I must not, I suppose, presume to say I feel either hunger or cold, for fear of disturbing the sick gentleman who has six rooms off, and who feels himself well enough to send for his dog and gun, though he knows I dest low such implements ever since our older brother, poor William, marched out of the world on a par of damsel's cases of poor Hector's musing-mood—But that signifies nothing—I suppose I shall be expected by and by to lend a hand to carry Squire Macartar's bair's, while he indulges his sportsman-like propensities by shooting my pigeons, or my turkeys—I think any of the fowl natures are safe from him for one while."

But Hectic was unco verred, and began to her usual moping's task of arranging her uncle's breakfast, with the alacrity of one who is too late in setting about it. It was now a little past last time. But this did not avail her. "Take care, you silly woman-kind—that hum'a too near the fire—the bottle will burst—and I suppose you intend to reduce the stilly fire-bird, or could you do you call her—the female dog there, with some such Paethon kind of a name, that your wise brother has, in his way, marked out for reflection, ordered up as a fitting inmate of my house, (I thank you, and meet company to all the rest of the woman-kind, and your daily conversation and intercourse with me.)"

"Dear uncle, don't be angry about the poor spaniel; she's been tied up at my brother's lodgings at Fair- mart, and she's broke her chain twice, and come run ning down here to him; and you would not have us bring the faithful beast away from the door—It means as that I'll drive my way—but I suppose Jenny will undertake—continued the old bachelor, looking at himself in the glass, "to make it somewhat decent. And now let us set breakfast—while appetite may come."

I assure you, sir," replied his niece, "my brother is a sensible of the want of his own behaviour, and much good that will do, when he has fright-
Monkbarns, but with the distracted feelings of Macbeth, when compelled to disguise his evil conscience, by listening and replying to the observations of the situation, and have been seized by the spirit of the plotter, while his whole soul is upon the stretch to listen for the alarm of murder, which he knows must be his doom. He is shut up in the sleeping apartment of Duncan. But the conversation of the two virtuous turned on a subject very different from that which Miss Wardour apprehended. "Sir Arthur," said Sir Oldbuck, when they had, after a due exchange of ceremonious, fairly seated themselves in the sanctum sanctorum of the Antiquary,—you, who know so much of my family matters, may probably be surprised at the question I am about to put to you.

"Why, Sir Arthur, if it relates to money, I am very sorry, Sir;" said Sir Oldbuck. "It does relate to money matters, Mr. Oldbuck." "Really then, Sir Arthur," continued the Antiquary, "you are surprised at the fact that I have any interest in such a subject. And from the money-market—and stocks being so low"—

"You mistake my meaning, Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Oldbuck, "the devil!" exclaimed the Antiquary; and, sensible that his involuntary ejaculation of wonder was not well received, 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, and by the mode of employing it. "Sir Arthur," said he, "the funds are low at present, as I said before, and there are good bargains of land to be bought by you, but perhaps by being cleared of encumbrances, Sir Arthur?—There is the sum in the personal bond—and the three notes of hand,"—continued he, taking out the right-hand drawer of his cabinet—"these little things, and the gold-book, of which Sir Arthur, from the experience of former frequent appeal to it, abhorred the very sight—with the interest thereon, amounting altogether to let me see"—

"To about a thousand pounds," said Sir Arthur, "nay, 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 box with his hand, as one rejects the old-fashioned civility that presumes food upon you after you have eaten till you nausicate,—perhaps right, I dare say, and in the course of three days or less you will have the full value—that is, if you choose to accept it in bullion." "Bullion, I suppose you mean lead. What the devil! why, lad, it has no value at all when you consider?—what could I do with a thousand pounds worth, and upwards, of lead?—the former abbots of Trotocey might have roofed their church and monastery with it indeed—but for me"—

"By bullion," said the Baronet, "I mean the precious metals,—gold and silver." "Ay! indeed." said Sir Arthur, "and from what Eldorado is 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?" said the Antiquary.

"Why, it will be necessary, for you to give your friendly assistance, by advancing one hundred pounds or thereabouts." Mr. Oldbuck, who had already been grasping in desire to show real and earnest interest, of a debt which he had long regarded as wellnigh desperate, was so much astounded at the terms being so unexpectedly turned upon him, that he could only re-echo, in an accent of wo and surprise, the words, "Advance one hundred pounds?"—

"By all means," continued Sir Arthur; "but upon the best possible security of being repaid in the course of two or three days? There was a pause—either Oldbuck's nether-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 oblige you thus far, if I did not possess actual proofs of the reality of those expectations which I now hold out to you. And, I assure you, Mr. Oldbuck, if you turn up this book, you will have entered the secret of the case, for I am resolved to show my confidence in you, and am sure of your kindness on many former occasions." Mr. Oldbuck professed his sense of obligation, but still held out remonstrances himself by way promises of farther assistance.

"Mr. Dousterswivel," said Sir Arthur, "having discovered me in the ruins of St. Ruth's. Here Oldbuck broke in, his eyes sparkling with indignation. "Sir Arthur, I have so often warned you of the ways of that rascally quack, that I really wonder you should quote him to me." "But listen—listen," interrupted Sir Arthur, "I turn, it will do you no harm. In short, Dousterswivel convinced me to witness an experiment which he had made in the ruins of St. Ruth's—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, indeed—a casket of gold and silver coins—here they are!"

With that, Sir Arthur drew from his pocket a large ram's-horn, with a copper cover, containing a considerable number of sovereigns, which, when opened, showed its contents few gold pieces intermixed. The Antiquary's eyes glittered as he eagerly spread them out on the table. "Upon my word—Scotch, English, and foreign coins, of the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, and some of them verisimilar—true replicas, sir." Here old Sir James V.—say, and the gold testoon of Queen Mary, with her head and the Dauphin's —and these were really worth something. "Most assuredly—my own eyes witnessed it." "Well," replied Oldbuck, "but you must tell me the whole story of your way that rascally quack, that really wonder you should quote him to me." "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 Dousterswivel, accomplished 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 planetary hour." "Suffumigation?—simple sorcery—planetary hour? planetary fiddick—Satan domination astralia. My dear Sir Arthur, that fellow must have been a regular incredulous witch, and with ground, and he would have made a gull of you in the air too, if he had been by when you were crossed up the devil's trumpet, and stood at Halcyon's threshold—be sure the transformation would have been then peculiarly apropos." "Well, Mr. Oldbuck, I am obliged to you for any indifferent opinion of my discernment; but I shall now 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 Wessex will not say he saw any thing but what he believed he saw." "Well then," replied the Baronet, "as there is heaven above us, Mr. Oldbuck, I saw, with my eyes, these coins dug out of the channel of St. Ruth's, at midnight before the dawn, and with discovery be owing to his science, yet, to tell the truth, I do not think he would have had firmness enough to have gone through with it if I had not been beside him." "Ay indeed!" said Oldbuck, in the tone used one would 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 hear some very
common sounds, that is certain, proceed from among the ruins.

"Oh, you did!" said Oldbuck; "an accomplish hid among them, I suppose?"

"Not a bit," said the Baronet; "the sounds, though of a hideous and preternatural character, rather resembled those of a man who sneezes violently than that of a corpse." Mr. Oldbuck, however, is not unduly hard-headed, and Dousterswivel assures me, that he beheld the Giant Peolphan, the Great Hunter of the North, (look for him, Sir Nicolaus Renampus, or Petrus Thyraus,

--Mr. Oldbuck,) who mimicked the motion of sniff-taking and its effects.

"These indications, however singular as proceeding from such a personage, seem to have been to refer to the matter," said the Antiquary; "for you see the case, which includes these coins, has all the appearance of being an old fogged and antique shilling. But you persevered, in spite of the terrors of this sneezing goblin?"

"Why, I think it probable 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 what he was about to do; and, sir, the proof of his skill is the metal and the silver, and the piece, out of which I beg you to select such coins or medals as will best suit your collection."

"Why, Sir Arthur, since you are so good and on condition such a piece of moderation is to be taken according to Pinkerton's catalogue and appreciation, against your account in my red book, I will with pleasure accept it."

"Nay," said Sir Arthur Wardour, "I do not mean you should consider it as any thing but a gift of friendship, and least of all would I stand by the value of it; but to your friend Pinkerton, who has impeached the ancient and trust-worthy authorities, upon which, as upon versed and moss-grown trees, hang the mural monuments of such old bones, and as an assurance and standing of all you have told me, I look on your friend Dousterswivel to be as apocryphal as any of them."

"Why, then, Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, "not to awaken old disputes, I suppose you think, that because I believe in the ancient history of my country, I have neither the wherewithal to ascertain what modern events pass before me?"

"Pardon me, Sir Arthur," rejoined the Antiquary, "but I cannot bear the idea of giving up any of these worthies, my comrade in adventure, who are only part of my trick or mystery. And, with respect to the gold or silver coins, they are so easy to find, and the silver, at this time, that I cannot suppose they could be any genuine hoard, and rather suppose them to be, like the purses upon the table of Hadrian's eye-wear."

"Money placed for show."

"Rise the trick of all professions, my dear Sir Arthur.

"Pray, may I ask you how much this discovery cost you?"

"About ten guineas.

"And you have gained what is equivalent to twenty in actual-bullion, and what may be perhaps worth as much more to a collector, who is willing to pay for curiosity. This was allowing a tempting profit on the first hazard, I must admit. And what is the next venture he proposes?"

"A hundred and fifty pounds; I have given him the third part of the money, and I thought it likely enough to gain me the balance."

"I should think that this cannot be meant as a joke; it is not of weight and importance to you, but most likely we shall win the hand also.

"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 acquaintance's sake, you shall not want it; but if, as I think, I can recover the deposit, Mr. Oldbuck, without making such an advance, you will, I presume, have no objection.

"Unquestionably, I can have none whatsoever."

"Then where is Dousterswivel?" continued the Antiquary.

"To tell you the truth, he is in my carriage below, but knowing your prejudices against him—"

"I thank Heaven, I am not prejudiced against any man, Sir Arthur; it is systems, not individuals, that incur my reprobation." He raised 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 accommodation without any discussion as to the nature of the specimen, 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 summoned to the presence of Sir Arthur and Mr. Oldbuck, he gallantly put confidence in his powers of impudence, of which, the reader may have observed, his natural share was very liberal.

CHAPTER XXIII.

And this Doctor.

Your noisy mawkish damsel, he Will close us so much gold in a bolt's head, And, on a tumbler blow, the sound of a head With whiteness mercury, that shall burn't the heat, And all fly out in dust. —The Aeneid.

"How do you do, good Mr. Oldbuck? and do you hope your young gentleman, Captain M'Intyre, is getting better again?—Ach! it is a beast business when you 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."

"Ach, Mr. Oldbuck," moan good and honoured patron should not have told a word about silent little matter; for, though I have all reliance—yes, indeed, on the body of Mr. Oldbuck, the thought that I cannot suppose they could be any genuine hoard, and rather suppose them to be, like the purses upon the table of Hadrian's eye-wear."

"More ponderous than any of the metal we shall make it by it, I fear," answered Oldbuck.

"Dat is just as you shall have de faith 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 tell how much."

"Nor any one for you, I believe," said the Antiquary.

"But hang it, Mr. Dousterswivel, with a man without troubling this same sneezing spirit with any farther fumigations, we should go in a body, and having fair day-light and our good consciences to refresh us, use not our containing implements than good substantial pick-axes and shovels, fairly trench the area of the chamber in the ruins of St. Ruth, from one end to the other, and ascertain the existence of this supposed treasure, without putting ourselves to any farther expense: the ruins belong to Sir Arthur himself, so there can be no objection. Do you think we shall succeed in this way of managing the matter?"
"Such—I you will not find was copper-thin. But Sir Arthur will do his pleasure; I have showed him how it is possible—very possible—to have de great arm of money, for his occasions—I have showed him de copper, de yellow, de blue, de red, de copper, de blue, de red. Oldenbeck, it is nothing to Herman Daubert-sweel—hey only losse de money and de gold and de silver, it is all.

Sir Arthur Warden cast an intimated glance at Oldenbeck, who, especially when present, held, notwithstanding their frequent difference of opinion, no outward indication of animosity. In truth, the Baronet felt what he would not willingly have acknowledged, that his genius stood rebuked before that of the Antiquary. He respected him as a scholar, pene-
skuing, sarcastic character, feared his satire, and had some confidence in the general soundness of his opinions. He therefore looked at him as if desiring him less before inducing his credulity. Daubert-sweel saw he was in danger of losing his depe, unless he could make some favourable impression on the visitor.

"I know, my good Mr. Oldenbeck, it is one vanity to speak to you about de spirit and de soul, but I speak at this curious horn; I know you know de curiousity of all de countries, and how de great Oldenbeck horn, as they keep still in the Museum at Copenhagen, was given to de Duke of Oldenbeck by one way or other. Now I could not put one trick on you if I were willing, you know all de curiousity so well, and dree it is de horn full of coins. If it had been a box or case, I would have said nothing.

"Being a horn," said Oldenbeck, "does indeed strengthen your argument. It was an implement of navigation, and was used among rude nations, although it may be the metaphorical horn is more frequent in proportion to the progress of civilisation. And this present, horn," he continued, rubbing it upon his sleeve, "is a curious and venerable relic, and no doubt was intended to prove a cornucopia horn of plenty, and even one that might, whether to the adept or bas patron may be justly doubted.

Well, Mr. Oldenbeck, I find you still hard of be-
deed—but I let you know, you de monsieur understood de magisterium.

"Let us leave talking of the magisterium, Mr. Daubert-sweel, and think a little about the magis-
trate. Are you aware that this occupation of yours is against the law of Scotland, and that both Sir Ar-
thur and myself are in the commission of the peace?"

"Mine heavens! and what is dat to your purposes when I am doing you all de good I can?"

"Why, you must know, that when the legislature abolished the old witchcraft, they had no hope of destroying the superstitious feelings of humanity on which such chimeras had been founded, and your feelings being tampered with by artful and designing persons, it is enacted by the ninth of George the Second, chap. 3, that whoever shall pretend, by his alleged skill in any occult or smart science, to discover such goods as are lost, stolen, or concealed, he shall suffer punishment by pillory and imprisonment, as a common cheat and impostor."

"And is dat de law?" asked Daubert-sweel, with some agitation.

"Dat is what 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 what you call a per;—it is very bad way to take de air, I think; and I don't like to be out like o' mine. I come cannot take de air at all.

"If such be your taste, Mr. Daubert-sweel," said the Antiquary, "the sooner you go the better, and if I cannot let you go, unless it be in the society of a constant, and, moreover, I expect you will attend us just now to the ruins of St. Ruth and point out the places where we may find this treasure."

"Mine heaven, Mr. Oldenbeck! what usage is this to your old friend, when I tell you so plain as I can to your satisfaction. If you go now, even when it is not so much treasure as one poor shabby sixpence?"

"I will try the experiment, however, and you shall be dealt with according to its success,—always with

Sir Arthur, during this investigation, he beheld with extreme amusement, and, to use his own words, Oldenbeck, it is nothing to Herman Daubert-sweel—he only loses de money and de gold and de silver, it is all.
partly with his eye, partly with his finger, the moulder devices upon the effigy of the deceased warrior. "It was the Knockvinnoe arms sure enough," he exclaimed, "quarterly with the coat of Wardour.""

Richard, called the Red-headed Wardour, married Sybil Knockvinnoe, the heiress of the Saxton family, and by that alliance, said Sir Arthur, "brought the cadres and arms into the name of Wardour, in the year of God 1160.""

"Very true, Sir Arthur, and here is the baton-sinister, the mark of illegitimacy, extending diagonally through both coats, in the shield. Where can our eyes have been that they did not see this curious monument before?"

"No, where was the through-sin in that it did come before our sons till now?" said Ochiltrees; "for I had kind this dull man, man, and bairn, for sixty lang years, and I ne'er noticed it afore, and it's ne'er an noo thing but what some might see it in their parritch."

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 pointed out some remarkable stones in the monument on the former occasion, but his mind was too much agitated to attend to the circumstances.

While the assistants were engaged in these recollections and discussions, the workmen proceeded with their labours, and had already dug to the depth of nearly five feet, and as the flints on the soil became more and more difficult, they began at last to judge of the work."

"We're down to the till now," said one of them, "and the pe'er a coffin or any thing else is here—some cunning chiel's been afore us, I reckon;" and the labourers stood still.

"Hout, laud," said Edie getting down in his room, "let me try my hand for an auld bedral—ye're guad seekers but ill finders."

So soon as he got into the grave, he struck his pick staff forcibly down—it encountered resistances in its descent, and the beggar exclaimed, like a nae hafers and quarters—hale o' mine ain and none of my neighbour's.

Every body from the dejected Baronet to the sullen labourers, now caught the spirit of curiosity, crowded round the grave and would have jumped into it could its space have contained them. The labourers, who had begun to fix in mind the excavation, seemed to see a hopelesse task, now resumed their tools, and pied them with all the ardor of expectation. Their shovels soon grated upon the hard wooden planks, and 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 augured its value. They were not mistaken.

When the chest or box was placed on the surfae, and the lid forced up by a pick-axe, there was displayed first a coarse canvass cover, then a quantity of oakum, and beneath that a number of ingots of silver. A general exclamation hailed a discovery so surprising and unexpected. The Professor threw his hands and eyes up to heaven, with the silent rapture of one who is delivered from inexpressible distress. Oldbuck, almost unable to control his eyes, lifted one piece of silver after another. There was neither inscription nor stamp upon them, excepting one, which seemed to be Spanish. He could have no doubt of the purity and great value of the treasure before him. Still, however, removing piece by piece, as examined row by row, every one of them, he discovered that the lower layers were of inferior value; but he could perceive no difference in this respect, and found himself compelled to admit, that Sir Arthur had been truly buckled in the Taking of an Armistice of a thousand pounds sterling. Sir Arthur now promised the assistants a handsome compensation for their trouble, and began to
bury himself about the mode of conveying this rich windfall to the Castle of Knockwinnoch, when the adept, recovering from his surprise, which had caused some delay, was invited by any other individual of the party, twitted his sleeve, and having offered his humble congratulations, turned next to Oldluck, with an air of triumph.

"If I did tell you, my good friend Mr. Oldluck, that I was to seek opportunity to thank you for your civility; now do you not think I have found out very strange things to return thank!"

"Why, Mr. Dousterwivel, do you pretend to have had any hand in our good success?—you forget you refused us all aid of your science, man. And 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, agil, talisman, spell, crystal, pentacle, magic mirror, nor gnomantic figure. Where be your parasitas, and your abracadabras, man? your May-fen, your vervain,

Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther,
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adop,
Your Lato, Amele, Zernell, Chibrit, Hassatch.
With all your broths, your gnomontes, your materials,
Would burst a man to same?"

Ah! rare Ben Jonson! long peace to thy ashes for a scourge of the quack of thy day—who! expected we to expect a resurrection in our own time?

The answer of the adept to the Antiquary's tirade we must defer to our next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Glass. You now shall know the king o' the beggars' treasure—

A glass, in which you shall find your honour. Here,—fail me not, for if I live I'll fit you.

The Beggar's Flask.

The German, determined, it would seem, to assert the vantage-ground on which the discovery placed him, replied with great pomp and statefulness to the attacks of the Antiquary. "Master Oldluck, all die may be very witty and comic, but I have nothing to say—nothing at all to people dead," etc. "Nor will you," etc. "You shall find your honour here,—fail me not, for if I live I'll fit you."

The Beggar's Flask.

"It is very true," said Sir Arthur, looking gravely at the Antiquary, "that there is here a glass, in which you shall find your honour, and which will give you a new view of the world."

"Pahaw! pahaw! my dear friend," said Oldluck, "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 Dousterwivel 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 Edie, "who put in his word on all occasions, "I think, since Mr. Dunkerwivel has had such muckle merit in discovering this at the age, the next ye can do is to give him the o' that's left behind for his labour, for doubtless he that kend where to find such muckle will hae nae difficulty to find mair."

Dousterwivel's brow grew very dark at this proposal of leaving him to his "sin purchase," as Ochiltree expressed it; but the beggar, drawing him aside, whispered into his ear, to which he seemed to give serious attention.

Meanwhile, Sir Arthur, his heart warm with his good fortune, said aloud, "Never mind o' it; Friend Mr. Dunkerwivel, Mr. Dousterwivel, but come to the Castle to-morrow, and I'll convince you that I am not ungrateful for the hints you have given me about this matter, and that the Antiquary has not, as you call them, hearken at your service. Come, my lads, 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 lads, tie the tassels over it, and get it away to the carriage. Monkbarra will you walk?"—I must go back your way to take up Miss Wardle.

"And I, hope, to take up your dinner also Sir Arthur, and drink a glass of wine for joy of our happy adventure. Besides, you should write about the business to the Lord President of any interference on the part of the crown. As you are lord of the place, it will be easy to get a deed of gift 'tis should make any change."

"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 Monkbarra, "recommend- ing secrecy where a dozen of people are acquainted with the circumstance to be concealed, is only putting the truth in masquerade, for the story will be circulat- ed in twenty different shapes. But never mind, we will state the true one to the Baron, and that is all that is necessary."

"I will commence to send off an express as to-night," said the Baronet.

"I can recommend your honour to a sure hand," said Ochiltree; "little Davie Male悌tter and the bunch of bells are going pow'ry."

"We will talk over the matter as we go to Monk-

barna," said Sir Arthur. "My lads, (to the work-people) come with me to the Four Horse-shoe, I will ask for you, and Mr. Warden will bring you to us to-morrow."

Dousterswivel growled out an answer, in which the words, "duty," "remonstrance," "wait upon Sir Arthur," were alone distinguish- able; and after the Baronet and his friend had left the ruins, followed by the servants and workmen, who in hope of reward and whiskey, 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?" he ejaculated unconsciously. "Mine eyesight! I have heard of such things, and often spoken of such things—but, sappermint! I never thought to see them!" And the Antiquary put his finger to his eye like the earth—"min' him! It had been all mine own so much more as I have been muddling about to get from this fool's man."

The lads had made his solitude for, with his eyes, he encountered those of Edie Ochiltree, who had not followed the rest of the company, resting his elbow on his pipe-staff; then, on the other, and began to sound the mendiant on the occasion of the day. "Gott Muster Edies Ochiltrees." "Edie Ochiltrees, nae man's—" his pipe burst into flames, and the Antiquary answered the Belie. "Aweel den, good Edie, what do you think?"

"I was just thinking it was very kind (for I say very simple) o' your honour to give the gentlest, wha has lands and lairdships, and all the things that go with it. On other hand, I have times tried in the fire, as the Scripture express- that might have made yousell and any two of honest bodies besides, as happy and content at day's end."

"Indeed, Edie, mine honest friends, that is true; only I did not know, it is, I was near to find de gelt myself."

"What was it o' by your honour's advice?
The Antiquary

Chapter XXIV

concealed that Monkerns and the Knight of Knock-winsock came here then?" "Yes, it was by another circumstance; I did not know how much would have been found to treasure were my friend; though I did guess, by such a tint, shadow, and sneer, and groan, among the spirit on the ground, that here might be treasure and bullion hereabout. Ach, mein himmel! the spirit was bold and groan over his gait, as if he were a Dutch burgomaster counting his dollars after a great dinner at the Stadthaus." "And do you really believe the like of that, Mr. Dusterdeevil?—a skulifl man like you—bout fe'!" "Mein friends," answered the adept, forced by circumstances to speak something nearer the truth than he generally used to do, "I believed it no more than you and no man at all, till I did hear them bone and groan myself on the other night, and till I did this day see do cause, which was an great cheat all full of the pure silver from Mexico—and what could you save me thinkin' on?"

"And what wed help ye to oan one," said Edie, "that wed help ye to see another kustifl o' silver?"

"Great—mein himmel!—one great big quarter of it."

"Now, if the secret were mine," said the mendicant, "I would stand out for a half; for you see, though the silver has a warted old man look, it could not carry silver or gowd to sell for fear of being taken up, yet I could find many folk would pass it away for a patt of unco muckle easier profit than we're thinking on.

"Ach, himmel!—Mein geot friend, what was it I read?—I did mean to say you should have de tavern for your half, and de other quarter to be my fair half."

"No, no, Mr. Dusterdeevil, we will divide equally whatever we find, and when we find anything to carry silver or gowd to sell for fear of being taken up, yet I could find many folk would pass it away for a part of unco muckle easier profit than we're thinking on.

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With this modest declaration of ignorance, Ochil-tree brought forth from behind a pillar the cover of the box that contained the wizard stuff, which, when forced from its hinges, had been carelessly flung aside during the general state of curiosity to ascertain the contents which it concealed, and had been afterwards, as the wizard said, when a word and a number upon the plank, and the beggar made them more distinct by splitting upon his几家, and both, and the very tiny, and the very tiny, by which the inscription was obscured. It was buried in the ordinary black letter.

"Ye're mak' sawick, are ye no?" said Edie to the adept. "Edie," said a philosopher, like a child getting his lessons in the primmer; "S. T. A. R. C. H."

"Starch!" said Ochil-tree: "na, na, Mr. Dusterdeevil, ye are mair of a conjurer than a clerk—it's a witchcraft, see; see, there's the Ye clear and.J."

"Ah!—I see it now—it is sawick—see, there—number one, number two, number three, then must be a number four; and that's in what you call to seek, and this is but number one!—Mine word, it is one great big prize in de wheel for us, good friends."

"Well, it may be sawick—we can't do kowk's for the sake of sawick, twenty, and for the sake of what they will be sent back to the earth into the hole, and make a thing there—"But an ye'll set down wi' me a while in the at it, ye'll either hear it.

I see sae your honour that ye has just limpt four months,—for man ye shall man it a' bide—ye'll no hinder her giving them a present o' bony knife barn. Then there was aec an 'eir-thro', so the like was no-very seen, and she's be bust, and he'll be seen, was the best words o' their mouth. But it was a' squawdered up again some gait, and the barns
was sent away, and bled up near the High-lands, and
grew up to a be a fine wansle fellow, like many one that
come to you. This, from the mouth of the old baten, and Sir
Richard w' the Red hand, he had a fair offspring o' his
arm, and w' was loud and quiet till his head was
said in the ground. But then do entwistle Malcolm
Macbeth. Arthur says it should be Macbeth, but they
c'd him Maccetic (that spoke o' lang syne)—
—down came this Malcolm, the love-begot, free Gien-
tlady, to the scene of his house, he was so near
the castle and lands are his arm as his mother's older son, and
to save it to the land. There was a sort of
fighting and blade spilling about it, for the gentles took
different sides; but Malcolm had the uppermost for a long time, and
knew the Cailean of Knocks, and strength of it, and built that muckle tower, that he ca
Maccetic's tower to this day.

"Mune goos friend, old Mr. Edine Ochiltree," intu-
rupted the German, "this is as soone like de long
histories of a baron of sixteen quarters in mine
countries; 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 o'
his father's; that was Jean St. Ruth; both were, and
muckle treasure they gathered between them, to secure
the succession of their house in the lands of Knock-
winnoch. And the monk said, that the monks in those
days had the art of a relinquent on any rate they
they were very rich. At last it came to this, that the
young Wardour, that was Red-hand's son, challenged
Maccetic to fight with him in the field, and strength of it, and
them—that's no lists or taylor's and sevadges o' celtin, but a palm'-thing they set up for them to
fight in like game-cocks. Aweel, Maccetic, and
his brother's muckle—my brother, as he was touch his life, for the blood of Knockwinnoch that was in bain
their veins: so Malcolm was compelled to earn a
man's blood in that priory, of peace despite and vexation. Nobody ever hard where his
uscle the propr eared him, or that he did w't his
gust and force. Wardour stood on the right o' ha's
kirk, and wad gie name account to any body. But
the prophecy gat abroad in the country, that when-
ever Maccetic's grave was found out, the estate of
Knockwinnoch should be lost and won.

"Ach, mune goos friend, Maister Edin, and dat
is not so very unlikely, if Sir Arthur will quarrel wit
his great friends to please his own come-back—And so
do you tuck dat dis golds and silvers belongs to goot
Mr. Malcolm Maccetic?"

"Froth do I, Mr. Dousterdevil."

"'Deed, mune goos friends," said the adept, jumping
up hastily, "why do we not set about our little job
directly?"

"For tue guid reasons," answered the beggar,
who quietly kept his sitting posture; "first, because
said before, we have nothing to dig wi', for they
have tawn ase the picks and shovels; and secondly,
because there will be a whose ido gow's coming to
glowers at the hole as long as it is day-light, and maybe
the land may send somebody to fill it up—and ony
way we wad be catched. But if you will meet me
on this place at twal o'clock wi' a dark-lantern, I'll ha
tools ready, and we'll gang quietly about our job two
weeks after, and maybe the rifleman in your
hands."

"Re-be-but, mune goos friend," said Douster-
nsd, from whose recollection his former nocturnal
adventure was not to be altogether erased, even by
his present retreat in the high forest, "it is not so
good or so safe to be about goot Mr. Maccetic's
Maccetic's grave at dat time of night—yow have
seen the manes and the spirit that is there."

"I'll be afraid of giansta," answered the mendic-
cunt coolly, "I'll do the job myself, and bring you
share o' the siller to any place ye like to appoint."

"No, monsieur," said the Riel,—"too much
trouble for me—I will not have dat—I will come
myself—and it will be bettermost; for, mine old
friend, it is not a sentinal on duty, but a step advanced
of Master Maccetic's grave when I was looking for
a place as to put away some little trumpey cows, just
to play one little trick on my dear friend Sir Arthur,
for a little sport and pleasure at his expense. If I did take
did what you call rubbish; and did discover Master
Maccetic's own monument—it is like dat he
meanly kent it, and bided the credit in me not to come mine self for mine inheritance."

"At twal o'clock, then," said the mendicant, "we
meet under this tree—I'll watch for a while, and see
that nothing moves wi' the grave—it is only a say
the lairds forbade it—then get my bitapper from
Ringan the pooner up by, and leave to sleep in the
land, and I'll slip out at night and never be kent."

"Do so, mine goot Master Edin, and I will meet
you here on this very place, though all de opera
should moan and seas dey very brous out."

So saying, he shook hands with the old man, and,
with this mutual pledge of fidelity to their appoint-
ment, they separated for the present.

CHAPTER XXV.

See these three things:—
Of how the German says good-bye;
To those at liberty—
Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me out
A sheet of silver harmless to come on.

The night set in stormy, with wind and occasion
showed the stars, and sun shone through the
weather, as he took his place on the sheltered side of the large
oak-tree to wait for his associate.—"Eh, are, is a
human nature's a wilful and wily thing!—Is it an
unco lucky o' gain was bring this business out in a blast o' wind like this, at twal o'clock at
night, to thy wild gouty wa' s?—and am I the only
of them two to bide here waiting for him?"

Having made these sage reflections, he walked
himself close in his cloak, and fixed his eye on
the moon as she waled amid the stormy and deep
clouds, which the wind from time to time drove
deeper across her surface. The melancholy and quivering
gleams that she shot from between the
beams of the thick rain, and down the faces of the
windows of the old building, which were bare for the
instant made distinctly visible in the
moon and anoon became again a dark, undecided
shadew and the trees, which were only distinguished by their
sullen and
ings, and the
the
the

The words
repeated, to every successive gust the hurric
its narrow trough, the deep and various
which the trees replied to the whirlwind,
the sound sank again, as the blast passed away,
basement and passing murmur, resembling the
exhausted criminal after the first pangs of
the scene, a superstitious awe
found ample gratification for that sad
It is toothless fear that loves and yet loves.
Sayings made no part of Ochiltree's composition.
mind wandered back to the scenes of his youth.
"I have kept guard on the outskirts of
many and America," he said to himself,
warthy night than this, and when I read
the storm, when I read the whiteness of their riflemen in
me. But I was eye gaty at my duty—nay,
caught Edie sleeping."

As he muttered thus to himself, he turned
shoulder from the place, and looking on the
sentinal on duty, and, as a step advanced
the tree, called, with a tone assorting better
to military duty than the present affair—
Sure who goes there?"

"Do thee, good Edie," answered Douster-
nsd.
THE ANTIQUARY.

why does you speak so loud as a bear-hunter, or a madman at first sight of a samovar?—I mean to speak civilly.

"Just because I thought I was a sentinel at that moment," answered the mendicant. "Here's an awesome night—may he bring the lantern and a pock for you.

"Ay—say mine good friend," said the German, "here it is—my pair of what you call needlecase—one side will be for you, one side for me—I will put down as my horse to save you to trouble, as you are old man.

"Have you a horse here, then?" asked Edie Ochiltree.

"O no, mine friend, tied yonder by the stile," responded the adept.

"Well, I have just as much to the bargain—there shall come of my gear gone on your beast's back.

"What was it you would be afraid of?" said the German.

"Only of losing sight of home, man, and money," again replied the garrulous.

"Do you know that you make one gloominess out to the good! great rogue?"

"Mighty gentleman," replied Ochiltree, "can make that out for themselves—but what's the sense of quarrelling with a holy man? Let us go back to the god nice—aw—oh! in Kinross Aitwood's inn there. I left you right ill—will o' now, and I'll pit back the pick and shale what I got undertook.

"Among the things of the world, whether, by suffering Edie to depart, he might not secure the whole of the expected wealth for his own exclusive use?—yes, to laugh at the sacrifice of the former not without reason, whose love of the terrors of Mitiagot's grave, satisfied him the attempt would be hazardous. Endavouring, therefore, to conciliate his being lost tone, though with an unusually increased, he begged his friend Master Edie Ochiltree would lead the way, and assured him of his acquaintance in all such an excellent friend could propose.

"Aweed, sweed, then," said Edie, "'tak gude care o' yer feet among the lang grass and the loose stanes—I wish we may get the light torch in place, wi' this fearsome wind—but there's a blink o' moonlight at times.

"This being, said old Edie, closely accompanied by the ogt, led the way towards the ruins, but presently made a full halt in front of them.

"'Ya've a learned man, Mr. Doisterdervil, and ken something in the matter, and ye tell me that thing?—'Dye believe in ghaists and spirits that walk the earth?—'Dye believe in them, say, oh, say?

"'Now, goot Mr. Edie," whispered Doisterdervil, as an exclamation tone of voice, 'is this a time or occasion for such questions?'

"Indeed is it, beth the tain and the tatter, Mr. Stuartmole, and fain I am to say, there's snares that said Mitiagot walks. Now this walk be as strange a sort of meeting in place, in and what we be there be owre west pleasant wi' our purpose of visit post.

"Here greater Geister—muttered the adept, the rest also being lost in a Supplement to the vast voice," I do desire you not to speak so, Mr. Edie. From all I heard dat one other night, I do make that you are not so gude as you be.

"Who are you, said Ochiltree, entering the chamber, and thrusting his arm with an air of defiance, 'I give the crack o' my thumb for him were he to be here at this moment—he's but a dismembered spirit, we are embodied aene.'

"Fare the lads of heavens," said Doisterdervil, who had been saying at all neither about some bodies or none.

"A week," said the beggar, (expanding the shade of his mien,) 'here's the stane, and, spirit or no spirit, I am belonged in there—and the lat into the place from which the precious chest containing seems removed. After striking a few strokes, he fired, or attempted to fire, and said to his companion, 'I'm off and folly time, and I must keep at it—Time about a fair play, neighbour—ye mun get in and tak the shule a bit, and shule out the loose earth, and then I'll tak turn about wi' you.'

"Doisterdervil accordingly took the shule out of the bagger, had evacuated, and toiled with all the zeal that awakened arrogance, mingled with the anxious wish to finish the matter that could the place as soon as possible, could inspire in a mind at once greedy, suspicions, and timorous.

"Edie, standing much at his ease by the side of the hole, contented himself with exhorting his associate to labour hard. "My certi' few ever wrought for a week's day's wage; an it be but—a say the tenth part of the time o' the last, No. I., it will double its value, been filled wi' good instead of silver—all odd ye work as ye have been bred to pick and shule—ye could win your round half-dowen like a day—take care o' your tes 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 shinneys.

Thus exhorting the mendicant, Doisterdervil struggled and laboured among the stones and dust, and after a while, emerging out of a hole, and interned himself in a ditch, "in German. When such an unhallowed syllabic escaped his lips, Edie changed his battery upon him.

"'O dinna swear, dinna swear!'—what ken's what's listening?—'Bide wi' me, Mr. Edie,' said the adept, 'it's just a branch of ivy flattening a tree, we the moon was in, it look unco like a dead man's arm with a shule in, the clumsiness of the manufacture, and the Nioot himself. But never mind, work you away—flying the earth west up by out o' the gate—odd if ye're no as clean a worker at a grave as Will Winnet himself! What go ye to stop now?—ye're just at the very bit for a chance.'

"Stop it," said the German, in a tone of anger and disappointment. "Why, we are not the workmen, but the men who will not be out done.

"Well," said the beggar, "that's the likeliest bit of ony—it will be but a muckle through-stane laid down to kiver the gowt, tak the pick tull', and pit mair strength, man—aye gude downright bewel will split it, I'm warrant ye—Ay, that will do—Odd, he comes on wi' Wallace's strakes!"

In fact, the adept, moved by Edie's exhortations, fetched two or three desperate blows, and succeeded in breaking, not indeed that against which he struck, which, as he had already conjectured, was the stone and rock, but the implement which he wielded, jarring at the same time his arms up to the shoulder-blades.

"Hurry, boy, and bring me more gowts," cried Edie; "it's a shame o' the Fairport folk to sell aconit and

"Brawly, Mr. Doisterdervil—brawly do I ken, and has done mony a day; but they're nae jesting in the case, for I am wearying to see a' our treasures we should have had beneath e' the rockmanny filled by this time—I hope it's bowk enough to hant a' the gear!"

"Look you, said the old man, said the incoherent philosopher, 'if you do put another jest upon me, I will cease you—knife wi' you!'

"And where wad my hands and my pipe-staff be at the time?" replied Edie, in a tone that indicated no apprehension. "Hout, tout, Master Doisterdervil, I hasnae lived in lang in the world neither, to be shuted o'that gate. What aile ye to be cankered, man, wi' your friends? I'll wager I'll find out the treasure in a morn, and he jumped into the pit and took up the spade.

"I do swear to you," said the adept, whose suspicions were now fully awake, "that if you have played me one big trick, I will give you one big beating, Mr. Edies!"

"Hear till him now," said Ochiltree; "he kept
how to get 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 betwixt himself and Sir Arthur, the phlegm of the old man left, and being of violent passions, heaved up the truncheon of the broken mettack to discharge it upon the old man's head. The blow would in all probability have been fatal, but had he at whom it was aimed exclaimed in a stern and firm voice, "Shame to ye, man!—Do ye think Heaven or earth will stand up to hear a man that might be your father!—Look behind ye, man!"

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 recourse to the vose de fak, 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 supererogation. 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 Mistig-DO's grave. He raised himself with a confused sen- sen that his head, of him and the ready assistance which he had at hand for terminating it in the manner in which he had ended, were all parts of a concerted plan to disguise himself by using the name of Dousterswivel. He could hardly suppose that he was indebted for the fatigue, anxiety, and beating which he had undergone, purely to the mince of Edie Ochil-triehoy, which he confirmed that the mendicant had acted a part assigned to him by some person of greater importance. His suspicions hesitated between Oldduck and Sir Arthur himself; and, to the last 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. Ochiltriehoy had alluded to at least one circumstance which the adept had every reason to suppose was private between Sir Arthur and himself, and therefore must have been learned from the old man. The language of Oldduck also intimated a conviction of his knavery, which Sir Arthur heard without making any animadversion. Lastly, the way in which Dousterswivel supposed the Bar- can of his exorcism was not inconsistent with the practice of other countries with which the adept was better acquainted than with the church of Britain. With his head knocking about many bad men, to suspect an injury, and to nourish the purpose of revenge, was one and the same move- ment. And before Dousterswivel had fairly re- covered 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 no time to indulge such specula- tions. The hour, the place, his own situation, and perhaps the near neighbourhood of his assistants, made self-preservation the adept's first object. The lantern had been thrown down and extinguished in the scuffle. The wind, which formerly howled so loudly through the aisles of the ruin, had now greatly fallen, lulled by the rain, which was descending very fast. The moon, from the same effect of the wind and thunder, being blown off, the old man, it seems, had some experience of the ruins, and knew that he must endeavour to regain the eastern door of the chancel, yet the confusion of his ideas were such, the time was so short, and he had no intimation in what direction he was to seek it. In this perplexity, the suggestions of superstition, taking the advantage of darkness and his evil conception, began again to present themselves to his disturbed imagination. "But bai!" quoth he valiantly to himself, "it is all nonsense—al all one part de damn big trink and impotence. Devill that one thick-skulled beech Beron that could stay for five years, should cheat Herman Dousterswivel!"

As he had come to this conclusion, his eyes lighted on a fenestration of the rite, by which it was supposed he had adopted it. Amid the noisomeness of the dying wind, and the blast of the rain-drops on leaves and stones, arose, and apparently at no great distance from him, a sound, as if it came from the listener, so strange and solemn, as if the departed spirits of the churchmen who had once inhabited these deserted ruins, were mourning the solitude and desolation in which their hallowed precincts had been deserted. Dousterswivel, who had now got upon his feet, and was grooving around the wall of the chancel, and rooted to the ground on the occurrence of the new phenomenon. Each faculty of his soul seemed for the moment concentrated in the sense of hearing, and all rushed back with the unannounced information, that the deep, wild, and prolonged chant which he now heard, was the appropriate music of one of the most solemn dirges of the church of Rome. Why get up a form of such a prayer, and by his toad-bell ring- rosters, were questions which the terrific imagination of the adept, stirred with all the German super- stitions it contained, could by no means answer. As he recollected a collection from black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, doubt not even attempt to solve.

Another of his senses was soon engaged in the investigation of one of the traps of the church, at the bottom of a few descending steps, was a small iron-grated door, opening, as far as he could judge, into a hall, and framed by Herman Dousterswivel. 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 descended from them. He was uncertain what to do; then, suddenly forming a de- perate resolution, he moved down the stair to the place from which the light proceeded.

Fortified with the sign of the cross, and as many exorcisms as his memory could recover, he advanced to the grate from end to end, and perched himself in the interior of the vault. As he approached with timidity and uncertain steps, the chant, after one or two wild and prolonged cadences, died away into profound silence. The grate, when he touched it, presented a singular spectacle in the interior of the sarkistry. An open grave, with four tall lanterns, each side of which is long a figure of a bier, having a corpse in his shroud, the arms folded upon the breast, rested upon trestles at each side of the grave, as if ready to be interred. A priest, in his vestments, stood with one hand on his sword, with his body turned in one direction, and another churchman in his vestments bore a water sprinkler and two boys in white surplices held censers, as he held a cone in his other hand and a figure tall and commanding, but now bent with age, stood alone and nearest to the altar, deep in the interior of the vault. Such were the most prominent figures of the group. At a little distance two or three persons of both sexes, attired in mourning hoods and caplets; and five or six in the same lugubrious dress, still farther from the body, around the walls of the vault, ranged in motionless order, each bevelling in his hands a huge precedent and wood, they had so many flame, by the red and indistinct light which spread around, gave a hazed and, as it were, phantom-like appearance to the forms of this singular apparition. The voices of the priest—loud, clear, and sorrowful, now reciting the breviary which he held in his hand, these sounds were consecrated to the rendering of dust to dust. While Dousterswivel, the place, the hour, surprise considered, still remained uncertain, as to what he should do; he could form no conception of the rite, to which, in former times, such walls were familiar, but which are now rarely used in Protestant countries, and almost never
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, Dostersweril could perceive the torches on the house set on fire and the fire on the hills above, and the flames and the light, like that of the ignis fatuus, on the banks of the lake. After moving along the path for some short space with disturbed and irritable motion, the lights were at once extinguished.

"We are put out the torches at the Halie-cross well on sic occasions," said the forester to his guest; and accordingly no further visible sign of the procession offered itself to Dostersweril, although his ear could catch the distant and decreasing sound of footsteps in the direction towards which the mourners had bent their course.

CHAPTER XXVI.

We must now return to dear Miss Ringan. We must now turn our eyes to the interior of the fisher's cottage mentioned in chapter eleven of this faithful history. I wish I could say that its inside was well arranged, decently furnished, or tolerably clean. But I cannot. On the contrary, I feel constrained to admit, there was confusion—there was dilapidation—there was dirt good store. Yet, with all this, there was about the immediate vicinity a sort of comfort, and comfort, that seemed to warrant their old Scottish proverb, "The ruder the cottage, A hoose fir' the lads." Yet, though the season was summer, occupied in the harvest, and served at once for affording light, heat, and the means of preparing food. The fishing had been successful, and the family, with customary improvidence, having, since unloading the cargo, continued an unmelodious operation of baling and fuming that part of the produce reserved for home consumption, and the bones and fragments lay on the wooden trenchers, mingled with piles of broken bannocks and scattered mugs of half-drunk beer. The stout and athletic form of Master Ringan, and the long and furious game of half-grown girls and young children, of whom she tucked one now here and another now there, with an exclamation of "What a little sorrow!" was strongly contrasted with the passive and half stupefied look and manner of her husband's mother, a woman advanced to the last stage of human life, who, as she seated in the hearth, was served by the fire, the warmth of which she coveted, yet hardly seemed to be sensible of, now muttering to herself, now smiling vaguely 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 pined thusly and mechanically the old-fashioned Scottish thrift, according to the old-fashioned Scottish manner. The younger children, crawling among the feet of the elder, watched the progress of granjies spindle as it twisted, and now and then ventured to intercept 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 latest 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 from which she was, (and it was long past midnight,) the whole family were still on foot, and far from proposing to go to bed; the fisher was still busy at the griddle, and the elder girl, the half-naked mermaid elsewhere commemorated, was preparing a pile of Findhorn haddocks, (that is, haddocks smoked with green wood,) to be eaten along with these relishing provisions.

While they were thus employed, a slight tap at the
In the fishing villages on the Friths of Firth and Tay, as well as elsewhere in Scotland, the government is grossly cor- rupt, and the people are oppressed, and the alarm of invasion, a fleet of transports entered the Frith of Firth, under the cover of some ships of war which would readily go to sea. A general alarm was excited, in conse- quence of which, all the fishers, who were enrolled as sea-fenc- ees, were ordered to the war, which they were to man as con- dition should require, and sailed to oppose the supposed ene- my. The foremost proved to be Russian, with whom they were then at peace. The county gentlemen of Mid-Lothian, placed under the same circumstances, in a fit of pique, passed a vote for presenting the community of fishers with a small punch-bowl, to be used on occasions of festivity. But their design was such as to be entertained in their claim to have some separate share in the induced homage, and by their zeal in the matter, they were indirectly to bring the poor people who would have been sufferers if their husbands had been killed, and it was by their houses and inquisitions that they were able to impress on board the gun-boats for the public service. They therefore set the voice in a sense that some spaces which should distinguish the female patriots were not on this occasion. The gentlemen of the county readily ad- mitted the clause, and without the value of their men, the contentment to the men, they made the females a present of a warrant for £100, which was paid by the female of the town of women for the time.

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amid her tears, but had her laid in the silence of a scene of rest, with her head against her knee, her hand up to her cheek, and her tears running down her face. She said she had lied and died to her grief, for them she had lost and grieved over too: and she had lain in her grave, but dry eyes, without a sound or a sigh. And it was a presentiment of the time when she was to be buried by it. And she knew the latter times, because in the night they had made freedom to perform their proper concern, and that is secret than in the daylight, least that was her own in her time. They had been disturbed in the day-time by the laws and the commonalty of their presentiments—they may be in their presentiments now, as I have heard—there's a strange!—White, harden cannot what I am standing or sitting, or dead or living.

And making round the farm, as if in the state of uncontrolled uncertainty of which she complained, old Elizabeth relapsed into her habitual and mechanical occupation of turning the spindle.

"As you go," said Jenny Battersham, under her breath to her gossip, "it's a shame to hear your mother break, out in that kind—it's like the dead speak to you."

"Ye've no that far wrong, lass; she mind sees thing o' what passest the day—but set her an odd task, and she can speak like a great bough. She keen not that, and will be as bad as she is now, and in the graveyard, but she'll be as bad as she is now, and she'll speak, like a great bough, and in her kind as beards."

"Heath, Mrs. Mucklebackit, she's an awesome wife," said Jenny in reply. "'Dy think she's a great tired woman in the kirk, and she can speak as a great bough. She keen not that, and she'll be as bad as she is now, and in the graveyard, but she'll be as bad as she is now, and she'll speak, like a great bough, and in her kind as beards."

"Cammy, ye Billy! I think yo as said wife's less canny than other? unless it be Allison Brock, he's a great tired woman in the kirk, and he can speak as a great bough. He keen not that, and he'll be as bad as he is now, and in the graveyard, but he'll be as bad as he is now, and he'll speak, like a great bough, and in his kind as beards."

"Wraith, wraith, Maggie," whispered Jenny, "'Dy think she's a great tired woman in the kirk, and she can speak as a great bough. She keen not that, and she'll be as bad as she is now, and in the graveyard, but she'll be as bad as she is now, and she'll speak, like a great bough, and in her kind as beards."

"Wasten there some said o' ye said," asked the old lady, "or did I dream, or was it revealed to me, that my lady, Lady Glenallen, is dead, an buried that night?"

"Yea, godmother," screamed the daughter-in-law.

"And ye'll say it be," said old Elspeth; "she's the morn's bright heart in her heart—ay, o'er her ain—ye see he living yet?"

"Ay, living yet—just how long he'll live—ye canna see him coming and sitting after in the spring, and leaving gitter—ye may be see, Maggie—I dinna mind it—but a life an a man he was, and his father before him, and his father before him. Erik! if his father lived, they might the happy folk!—But he was gone, and the lady in-ower, and out-ower; her son, and her daughter. He never said he was troubled, the thing he has reported of him, and will yet still, were his life as long as this lang and this lang and this lang and this lang and this lang and this lang and this lang—what was it, grannie?"—and "What was it either?"—and "What was it, Luckie Elspeth?"—to the children, the mother, and the visitor, in the end.

"'Wast the said what it was," answered the old aibh, "I heard to God that ye arena left to the pride and the pride. But we never said he was troubled, the thing he has reported of him, and will yet still, were his life as long as this lang and this lang and this lang and this lang and this lang and this lang and this lang."

"O that waw and fears! night! will it never gang out o' my said head?—Ah! we see her lying on the wind—she's lying on the wind—she's lying on the wind—she's lying on the wind—she's lying on the wind—she's lying on the wind—she's lying on the wind."

"Na, na, mither—one o' cobbs can keep the seas this wind—he's sleeping in his bed, outowt yonder abides the hallan."

"Is Steenie out at sea then?"

"Na, grannie—Steenie's awa out wi' said Edie Ochiltree, the gaberlaw—maybe they'll be gane to the sea!"

"That canna be," said the mother of the family. "We ken nothing o' till Jock Rand ca'n in, and tuird us the Aikwoods and warning to attend; they keep that thing, unco precise, and they're went to the corpse a' the way free the castle, ten miles out, under cloud o' night. She has lain in state there ten days at Glenmallon-house, in a grand chamber, a' hung black, and lighted wi' wax candles."

"God assis to her!" ejaculated old Elspeth, her head apparently still occupied by the event of the Countess's death—she was a hard-hearted woman, but she's gane to account for it, a' and His mercy is infinite—God grant she may find it so!"—and she relapsed into silence, which she did not break again during the rest of the evening.

"I wonder what that said daft beggar-carl an' our son, Steenie, will face," said this," and Maggie Mucklebackit; and her expression of surprise was echoed by her visitor; "Gang awa, and be o' ye, hane a' ye, the head, and gie them a cry in case they're within hearing—the cackles will be burnt to a cinder."

The little omnibus departed, but in a few minutes it came running back, with heavy exhaustion. "Eh, grannie! eh, grannie! there's a white bogle chasing two black aees down the banch."

A noise of footsteps was heard, and this singular announcement, and young Steenie Mucklebackit, closely followed by Edie Ochiltree, bounced into the hut. They were panting and out of breath. The first thing Steenie did was to look for the door, which his mother reminded him had been broken up for fire-wood in the hard winter three years ago; for which, she said, had the like of them for bars?

"There's no body chasing us," said the beggar, after he had taken his breath; "we're e'en like the wicked, that flee when no one pursues."

"Truth, but we thought," said Steenie, "by a spirit, or something little better."

"It was a man in white on horseback," said Edie, "for the said gravest, it's gane to bed, a' been with him about, I wot that weel; but I didna think my auld legs could have brought me aff so fast; I ran as fast as I could have been at Prestonpans."

"Hurt, ye daft gowks," and Luckie Mucklebackit, "it will ha' been some o' the riders at the Countess's burial."

"What!" said Edie, "is he said Countess buried the night at St. Raths?—Oh, that wad be the lights and the noise that said our awe; I wish I had kemp—I wad hae stane there, and no left the man—"but they'll take care o' him. Ye strak o'er hard, Steenie—I doubt ye foundered the chield."

"Never a bit," said Steenie, laughing; "he has brak broad shouter, and they took the measure o' him the strange—Odd, if I hadna been something short wi' him, he wad hae knocca his auld horns out."

"Well, an I win clear o' this scrae," said Edie, "I'p tempt Providence nae mair. But I canna think it an unlawfoul thing to pit a bit trick on an a land-lepin' sound, that just lives by tricking honest folk."

"But what are we to do with this?" said Steenie, producing a pocket-book.

"Odd guide us, man," said Edie, in great alarm, "what gar ye touch the gear? a' very leaf o' that pocket-book wad be enough to hae us hant."
again, and I just put it in my pockets to keep it safe and then came the tram-of-horse, and you cried 'Rin, rin,' and I had nae mair thought o' the book.'

'We maun get it back to the loon some gait or other; ye had better see if you can get hold o' it,' I peep o' light, up to Ringan Aikwood's. I wadna 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 Rintnerout, who, impatient of remaining so long unnoticed, now presented herself to the young man.—'A bonny night! She has made o' trampling about wi' gaberlunzie, and getting your self hunted wi' worrochews, when ye said I be sleeping in your bed like your father, honest man.'

'This attack called forth a suitable response of rustic railly 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 mother was deposited in her flock-bed,—Steenie, notwithstanding his preceding fatigue, had the gallantry to accompany Miss Rintnerout to her own mansion, and at what hour he returned the story saith not,—and the matron of the family, having laid the gathering-cup upon the fire, and put thing in some sort of order, retired to meet the last of the family.

CHAPTER XXVII

—Many great ones

We set no store by their states, to have the place
And credit to beg in the first style.

Beggars' Ruth.

St. Ruth's, and I, like a fake, get a glib on easing 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 to the mortals. The wives of the house of Glenallan waited nae wait for the husband, nor the sons for the brother.—But is it not the case that the last son or daughter is carried on with an attitude of the hand, as if throwing something from her. Then she raised up her form, once tall, and still retaining the appearance of having been so, though bent with age and rheumatism, and stood before the beggar like a mammy animated by some wandering spirit into a temporary resurrection. 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 miscellaneous contents of an old fashioned pocket. At length, she pulled out a small chest, and opening it, took out a handsome ring, in which was set a bruid of hair, composed of two different groups, black and light, all twisted together, encircled with brilliants of considerable value.

'Gudeman,' she said to Ochillie, 'as ye wad'er desire mercy, ye maun gan my errand to the house of Glenallan, and ask for the Earl.'

'The Earl of Glenallan, cummer o', he wizens see ony no peer o' the country, an' what like he is there that he wad be see the like o' an old gaberlunzie?'

'Gang your ways and try—and tell him that Espheth o' the Criuchbeag'—he'll mind me best by that name—maun see him, or she be relieved from her long pilgrimage, and that she sends him that ring in token of this business she wi' she speak o'.'

'Ochillie looked on the ring with some admiration of its apparent value, and then carefully replacing it in the box, and wrapping it in an old ragged handkerchief, he deposited the token in his bosom.

'Well, gudewife,' he said, 'I' thow do your bidding, or it's no be my fault. But surely there was never such a braw proving as this sent to yauri by an auld fish-wife, and through the hands of a gaberlunzie beggar.'

With this reflection, Edie took up the 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 eye directed to the door through which her companion had departed. The appearance of excitement, which the conversation had occasioned, gradually left her features, and a group of thoughts formed round a renewed consideration of her affairs, and the assumption of her mechanical labour of the distaff and spindle, with her wonted air of apathy. Edie had meanwhile advanced on his journey. The distance to Glenallan was then a march which the old soldier accomplished in four hours. With the curiosity belonging to trade and animated character, he tortured the whole way to consider what could be the meaning of this mysterious errand with which he was intrusted, or what connection the proud, and powerful Earl of Glenallan could have crimes or presence of an old dying woman.

The rank in life did not greatly exceed that of his senger. He endeavoured to call to memory whether he had ever known or heard of the Glenallan yet, having done so, remained altogether at a loss how to form a subject, as the case of the whole extensive estate of this ancient and noble family had descended to the Countess deceased, who inherited, in a most remarkable manner, the extent and celebrity of the house, which distinguished the house of Glenallan since first figured in Scottish annals. Like the rest of his ancestors, he was educated laboriously in the Catholic faith, and was married to an English man of the same communion, and of large family who did not survive their union two years.
Countess was, therefore, left an early widow, with the assurance that her husband would be buried in the churchyard of the estate of her two sons. The elder, Lord Geraldine, who was to succeed to the title and fortune of Glenallan, was totally dependent on his mother during her residence in Ireland. He was called Gerald, the name and arms of his father, and took possession of his estate, according to the provisions of the Countess's will. From this period, he chiefly resided in England, and paid very few official visits to his mother and brother; 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 his 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. The younger countess was not yet the young man of accomplishment and hopes. Those who knew him upon his travels entertained the highest expectations of his future career. But such dawns are often strangely overcast. The young nobleman returned to Scotland, and after living about a year in his mother's society at Glenallan, took up his residence with his kinsman, Lord Geraldine. Here the countess led a life of strict restraint. Her ordinary society was composed of the clergyman of the parish, a doctor, who occasionally visited his mansion; and very rarely a visitor, the conversation of high festival, one or two families who still professed the Catholic religion were formally entertained at Glenallan, but only as a means of securing their good offices. The neighbours knew nothing of the family whatever; and even the Catholics saw little more than the sumptuous entertainments which were exhibited on those formal occasions, from which all returned without knowing whether most to wonder at the stern 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 latter even had him in possession of his fortune and titles, and the friendship of the Bonny and the neighbourhood. He already began to conjecture whether gayety would revive with independence, when those who had some occasional acquaintance with the interior of the family spread abroad the rumour that the lady was undermined by religious austerities, and that, in all probability, he would soon follow his mother to the grave. This report was well founded; his brother had died of a lingering complaint, which, in the latter years of his life, had affected at once his mind and body. The Countess and generalists were already looking back into their records to discover the heir of this ill-fated family, and lawyers were talking, with gloomy anticipation, of the probability of a great Glenallan cause.

As Eddie Ochiltree approached the front of Glenallan-house, an ancient building of great extent, the modern part of which had been designed by Inigo Jones, he began to consider the way he should be most likely to gain access to the delivery of his message; and, after much consultation with Mr. Earl by the domestics. With this purpose he stopped at the cottage, where he obtained the means of mak- ing an entrance into the family. For his honour the Earl of Glenallan, For his honour the Earl of Glenallan, For his honour the Earl of Glenallan. But being aware that miniservants delivered the doors of great houses by such persons as himself, he did not make the way according to his determination, like an old soldier, to probe the ground before he made his final advance. Protestant and Jacobite, by the number of poor ranked before it, all of them being indigent persons in the vicinity, others having its own begging population, he was about to be a general dole or distribution of charity; good turn, said Eddie to himself, "never goes unrewarded—I may as well get a good avowal that I am not hoarded in by a triple earl, or by a wife's missent, but for trottin' on this wild wife's errand."

Accordingly, he ranked up with the rest of the ragged regiment, assuming a station as near the foot as possible. He was quite cast aside by the countess, who was more interested in the conversation of her husband, in his decrepit dress and manner, to his blue gown and badge, less than to his years and experience; but he soon found there was another principle of precedence in this assembly to which he had not adverted.

"Are ye a triple man, friend, that ye press forward so hastily? I'm thinking no, for there's aase Catho- lics wear that badge."

"Na, na, I am no a Roman," said Eddie.

"Then shank yourself aaw to the double folk, or single folk, that's the Episcopalls or Presbyterians; for ye'll see it aae—"I'm thinking no, for there's aase Catho- lics wear that badge."

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porter, (graciously to request his compliance,) and having saluted unto the footman, the leader had returned into the house with slow and solemn steps. France Macraw introduced his old comrade into the court of Glenellan-house, the gloomy gateway of which was adorned with a guard of dragoon, in which its ermine and undertaker had mingled, as usual, the emblems of human pride and of human nothingness; the Contessa was at home. The court was richly furnished, with all its numerous quarterings, disposed in a Lorenzo, and surrounded by the separate shields of her paternal and maternal ancestry, intermingled with scutches, hour- glasses, symbols of her family, and other subjects of that mortality which levels all distinctions. Conducting his friend as speedily as possible along the large paved court, 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 Glenellan, he was entitled to call his own. To produce cold and dry kinds, strong beer, and even a glass of spirits, was no difficulty to a person of France's importance, who had not lost, in his sense of condescension, much of that which it might have stood to some pride, that maybe your lord would like best to see himself.'

"I'm jee ding that's the very reason that the al- mancet is a little after the hour, as it there have been corrupted by service in a great house.

"Hout, tout, man," said France, "the Earl will look at wee pitones—but I can git you to the slimmer.'

"But it's not before at once, that maybe your lord would like best to see himself.'"

"I'm jee ding that's the very reason that the al- mancet is a little after the hour, as it there have been corrupted by service in a great house."
death. It was at least generally supposed, that the question as to the termination of her existence, was, as it were, the vengeance of outraged Nature for the restraint to which her faculties had been subjected. But although Lady Glenalbyn was the only female亲 of the great house, she had caused many of the apartments, amongst others her own and that of the Earl, to be hung with the same thick and heavy stuff, that she herself wore, and among these she had another on which she meditated solitude, in which she would retire, and there make her own thoughts and plans known. The Earl of Glenalbyn was therefore seated in an apartment hung with black cloth, which waved in dusky folds along its lofty walls. A screen, also covered with black stuff, hid the light and narrow window, intercepted much of the broken light which found its way through the stained glass, 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, brought in reverently, standing on the unpleasant and doubtful light which arose 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 outward emblem of the Earl's passion.

The inhabitants and lord of this disconsolate chamber was a man not past the prime of life, yet so broken down with disease and mental misery, so gaunt and raw about the eyes, that he had lost in youth, and which, when he lost in youth, it was not to be saved. In the interval of the apartment, the contrast they exhibited were very striking. The hale cheek, firm step, erect meekness, and undaunted presence and bearing of the old man came into immediate opposition to the decadence in the countenance of the old man, and in the lowest condition to which humanity can sink; while the sunken eye, pallid cheek, and unsteady step of a man whom she was conversing with, and to whom she was accustomed, showed how little wealth, power, and even the advantages of youth, have to do with that which gives repose to the mind, and firmness to the frame.

The Earl met the old man in the middle of the apartment, and having commanded his attendant to withdraw, the counsel chamber door being still ajar, began to explain to me the nature of his room, and then that of the apartment next it. He then displayed his history. He was satisfied with this security against being overheard, Lord Glenalbyn came close up to the mirror, and in the first of the eyes was a light reflection of a religious order in disguise, and said, as he sat before it, "In the name of all the eye, as the most holy, tell me, reverend father, is it an I am to expect from a communication, opened a tap connected with such horrible recollection?"

The old man, acquainted by a manner so different from that he had expected from the proud and powerful nobleman, was at a loss how to answer, and in what manner to receive him—"Tell me," continued the Earl, "the tone of increasing trepidation and agony—" tell me, do you come to say, that all that has been done to cause guilt so horrible, has been too little and too late to save any of these unconscious modes of severe penance? I will not from it, father—let me suffered the pains of my heart in the body, rather than heretofore in the

and he had now recollection enough to perceive, that he had not interrupted the frankness of Lord Glenalbyn's admissions, he was likely to become the confidant of more than might be safe for him to know. Therefore uttered with a bony and trembling voice and eyes, he is mistaken. I am a witness of the mortification, nor a clergyman, but, with all reverence, pur Edie Ochiltree, the king's bedchamber woman's honour's.

The council chamber was accompanied by a profound silence, and then drawing himself up, he 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 are not, then," said Lord Glenalbyn, 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 bedchamber woman and your honour's, as I said before."

The Earl turned hastily away, and passed the room twice or thrice, as if to recover the effects of his mistake, and then, coming close up 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 him. Edie, a man of much spirit, was less daunted at this mode of entreaty 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 coolly but firmly, "From a woman who was better known to the Earl than to him."

"Better known to me, fellow," said Lord Glenalbyn; "what is your meaning? Explain yourself instantly, or you shall experience the consequences of breaking in upon the hours of family distress."

"It was said Elspeth. Muchelbackett that sent me here," said the beggar, "in order to say—"

"You debt old man," said the Earl; "I never heard the name—but this dreadful token reminds me—"

"I mind now," answered Edie, "you said the name of your lordship would be more familiar to her, if I ask't her Elspeth o' the Craigburnfoot. She had that token on her head when she was taken on our land last year, and your honour's worshipful mother's that was that—Grace be with her!"

"Ay," said the appalled nobleman, as his countenance sunk, and his cheek assumed a hue yet more cadaverous; "that name is indeed written in the most tragic page of a deplorable history. But what can she desire of me?"

"Living, my lord; and entreats to see your lordship before she dies, for she has something to communicate that hangs upon her 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 dosing with age and infirmity—I tell thee, friend, I called at her cottage myself not a twelve month since, from a report that she was in distress, and she did not even know my face or voice."

"If your honour will permit me," said Edie, "I will wager the length of the time that I did not respect his professional austerity and native talkativeness—"if your honour had but permit me, I wad say, under the impression of your own amiable hermit-Lord Glenalbyn as like some of the ancient ruined strength and castles that are seen among the hills. There are many parts of the house were Falstaff in his dress and waxed and decreased, but that there's a part that look the stronger, and the gadder, because they are rising just like to fragments among the ruins of the rest—She's an awe woman."

"She always was so," said the Earl, almost unconsciously echoing the observation of the mendicant; "she always was different from other women—perhaps to her who is now no more, in her temper still 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, yet she shall be gratified. She lives, I think, on the sea shore to the southwest of Fairport?

"Just between Monkbarne and Knockvinrood Castle, but nearer to Monkbarne. Your lordship's honour will ken the land and Sir Arthur, doubtlesse."

A stare, as if he did not comprehend the question, was Lord Glenalbyn's answer. Edie, saw his mind was elsewhere, and at least a queasy, which was so little germane to the matter.

"Are you a Catholic, old man?" demanded the Earl.

"No, my lord," said Ochiltree sturdily; "for the resemblance of the unchangeable and unchangeable in his mind at the moment; "I thank Heaven I am a good Protestant."
"He who can conscientiously call himself good, has indeed reason to thank Heaven he be his fortune; Christianity what it will.—But who is he that shall dare to do so?"

"Not I," said Edie; "I trust to beware of the sin of presumption."

"What was your trade in your youth?" continued the Earl.

"A soldier, my lord; and many a sarry day's kemping I've seen. I was to have been made a sergeant, but—"

"A soldier! then you have slain and burnt, and maken a name for yourself?"

"I 'wonna say," replied Edie, "that I have been better than my neighbours—it's a rough trade—war's sweet to them that never tried it."

"And you are now old and miserly, asking from precarious charity, the food which in your youth you tore from the hand of the poor peasant?"

"I am a beggar, it is true, my lord; but I am not just as miserable neither—for my sins, I hae had grace to repent of them, if I might say so, and to show them where they may be better borne than by me—and for my food, nerver grudges an auld man a bit and a drink—Sae I live as I can, and am contented to die when I am ca'd upon."

"And with little to look back upon that is pleasant or praiseworthy in your past life, with less to look forward too on this side of eternity, you are contented to drag out the rest of your existence—Och, I see it in your eye; and poverty and wearness, never envy the lord of such a mansion as this, either in his sleeping or waking moments—Here is something for a better life."

The Earl put into the old man's hand five or six guineas. Edie would, perhaps, have stated his scruples, as upon other occasions, to the amount of the betrothal-money of Lord Glessanlan, but the thought of Lord Glessanlan was too absolute to admit of either answer or dispute. The Earl then called his servant—"See this old man safe from the castle—let no one ask him any questions—and you, friend, begone, and forget the road that leads to my house."

"That would be difficult for me," said Edie, looking at the gold which he still held in his hand, "that would be e'en difficult, since your honour has given me such gude cause to remember it."

Lord Glessanlan stared, as hardly comprehending the old man's boldness in daring to bandy words with him, and, with his hand, made him another signal of departure, which the mendicant instantly obeyed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

For he was one in all their Idle sport,
And, like a monarch, ruled their little court;
The bat, the wicket, were their labours all.

CRABS' 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 dependants or domestics. But, judiciously considering that the restriction did not extend to himself, who was the person entrusted with the convoy, he used every means in his power to extract from Edie the nature of his confidential and secret interview with Lord Glessanlan. But Edie had been in his time accustomed to cross-examination, and easily evading the questions of this gentleman-comrade. "The secrets of gill folk," said Ochtrillie within himself, "are just like the wild beasts that are shut up in cages. Keep them hard and fast sneeked up, and it's a very weel or better—but ane day they burst them, then they'll fly out and rend you. I mind how ill Dugald Gunn cam aff for letting loose his tongue about the Major's leddy and Coquane Bandyler."

Francis was, therefore, foiled in his assaults upon the fidelity of the mendicant, and, like an indifferent shearwater, became, at every unsuccessful movement, more sulky, as to the counter-checks of his opponent.

"Sae ye uphauld ye had nae particulars to say to my lord?"

"Ay, and about the wee bits o' things I hae brought frae abroad," said Edie. "I kend you young folk are unco set on the relics that are fetched frae far—kirk's and sauch things."

"Troth, my lord maun be turned foel outright," said the domestic, "an he puts himself into sae a curfuffin, I doin' anything ye could bring him?"

"I doubt ye maun say true in the man, neighbour," replied the beggar; "but maybe he's had some hard play in his younger days, France, and that which whistles in the dark can sing."

"Troth, Edie, and ye maun say that—and since it's like ye'll ne'er come back to the estate, or, if ye do, that ye'll no find me there; I, e'en tell you he had a heart in his young time sae wrinkled and rest, that it's a wonder it hanna broken outright lang afore this day."

"Ay, say ye sae?" said Ochtrillie; "that mean has been about a woman, I reckon?"

"Troth, and ye like guessed it," said Francis—"jeest a cuain o' his mind—Miss Eveline Neville, as they said hae d'her—there was a soug to the country about it, but it was hushied up, as the grandees were concerned—it's mair than twentye ayes—she and twa-and twenty lang ago."

"Ay, I was in America then," said the mendicant, "and no in the way to hear the country chaffer."

"There was little clatch about it, man," replied Macraw; "he liked this young leddy, and said he married her, but his mother fand it out, and then the deed gaed o' Jock Webster. At last, the provost erred crocled her o'er the scarr at the Craigilthen into the sea, and there was an end o't."

"An end o' wi' the purt leddy," said the mendicant, "but, as far as I understand it, the end o' wi' the yer."

"Nae end o' till his life makes an end," answered the Aberdeenian.

"But what for did the auld Countess forbid the marriage?" continued the persevering quairer.

"Fat for!—she maybe didna weel ken for fat hersel', for she gaed a' to hir bidding, right or wrang—But it was kened the young leddy was inclined to some o' the heresies of the country; may by token, she was ab to him nearer than our Church's rule admits o'. See the leddy was driven to the desperate act, and the yer has never since held his head up like a man."

"Well say," replied Ochtrillie; "it's e'en queer I ne'er heard this tale afore."

"It's e'en queer that ye hear it now, for deil am o' the servants durst hae spoken o' the said Countess' business—Eh! man, Edie, but she was a trimmer—it wad hae been a saeke man to have squared wi' her!—But she's in her grave, and we may let her quair a bit fan we meet a few time. But fare ye well, Edie, I maun be back to the evenin' service.—An ye come to Inverurie may be six months awa, dinna forget to ask after Francis Macraw."

What one kindly pressed, the other as freely misused; and the friends having thus parted, every testimony of mutual regard, the domestic who attended the Lord Glessanlan took his road back to the estate, master, leaving Ochtrillie to trace onward his pilgrimage.

It was a fine summer evening, and the work is, the little circle which was all in all to the visual by whom it was trodden, lay before the Ochtrillie in the sunlit gloaming. When he had passed the less hospitable door, Glessanlan, he had in his option so many refuge for the evening, that he was nice in choosing among them. Alleyn's Ram, where the road-side about a mile before him; but would be a parcel of young fellows there on the Sabbath, and that was a bad station. Other "gudemen and gudewives," farmers and their daubers are termed in the image. But one thing, and could not make him hear; a
had a cross temper and a fourth an ill-natured house-dog. At Monkbar or Knockwhinnyock, he was no lover of a favourable and hospitable reception; but they lay too distant to be conveniently reached that night.

"I didna ken how it is," said the old man, "but I am never without my nay, and I always remember ever since I'm mind having been in my life. I think having seen a braws yonder, and finding out ane may be happier without them, has made me proud o' my ain lot—but no I'm by no means disposed to addition.

"At any rate, the worst barin' er man lay in was a pleasanter abode than Glenальнan-hous. There were no screeches and black velvet, and silver bonny-wawies belonging to it—See I'll e'en settle at once, and put in for Allie Sim's.

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 shouts, the exclamations of winners and losers, came in blended chorus up the path which the Gachtree was descending, and awakened in his recollection the days when he himself had been a keen competitor, and frequently victor, in games of amusement. It was not till he had reached the ploughed land that he failed to execute a high, everwhen the evening of life is cheered by brighter prospects than those of our poor mendicant. At that time of day, it was his natural, refreshing experience. There was a certain necessity in it, but he was not a man of the palmering body that was coming down the edge of Kenly-Trenno, when, as you staid, young child, do yours elope with your Ochtertes.

He was, however, presently cheered, by finding that more importance was attached to his arrival than his modesty had anticipated. A disputed cast had occurred—right really, red right, and true right, as the gaugers and the faveours of the other. The party and the school-master the other, the matter might be said to be taken up by the big-humour power. The manner and style, also, had ex- poused different sides, and, considering the vivacity of the two disputants, there was reason to doubt whether the side might be illuminatingly terminated. But the first person who caught a sight of the mendicant exclaimed, "Ah! here comes auld Edie, that keeps the rules of a country game better than any man that ever draws a bowl, or threw an axel-tree, or putted a stone either—let's nae quarralling, cail- lan's—we'll stand by auld Edie's judgment.

Edie was accordingly welcomed, and installed as an umpire, but we too modest a bishop to whom the merit is professed, or of a new Speaker called to the chair, the old man interpreted the responsibility with which it was proposed to invest him, and, in requital for himself-denial and humility, had the pleasure of laying the returned assurances of young, old, and middle-aged, that he was simply the best qualified person for the office of arbiter in the hall country. Thus encouraged, he proceeded gravely to the taking of his duty, and, strictly forbidding all expres- sions on either side, he heard the men and gaugers on one side, the miller and school- master on the other, as junior and senior council on his mind, however, was fully made up on the substi- tute before the pleading began; like that of many a man who must, nevertheless, go through all the trouble and ex- citement in its full extent, the subsequent argumentation of the bar. For when all had cried and on both sides, and much of it said over and over again, being dull and quickly, it was pronounced the judgment, that the disputed cast was drawn, and therefore count to neither party. This judg- ment perhaps, most fortunate, as the hour of the season was the most the men were stripping their jackets, and submitting them, their coloured handkerchiefs, to the care of the missus. But their mirth was 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 ex- clamation, with which the first new wind is received by the bearers, began to be heard indistinctly. A buzz went about among the women of Edie, that it was young and was suddenly summoned—he was the only man who had been aware, and silenced the sounds of sportive mirth. All understood at once that some disaster had happened in the country, and each inquired the others what it was all about, as little as the querist. At length the rumour reached, in a distinct shape, the ears of Edie Ochterlins, who was in the very heart of the assembly. The host of Mucklebackit, the fisherman whom we have so often mentioned, had been awaked at sea, and four men had perished, he was informed, including Mucklebackit and his son. Rumour had in this, however, as in other cases, gone beyond the truth. The boat had indeed been overset; but, Stephens, or, as he was called, Steenie Mucklebackit, was the only man who had been drowned. Although the place of his resi- dence and his mode of life removed the young men from the society of the country folks, yet they failed not to pause in their rustic mirth to pay a tribute to sudden calamity, which it seldom fails to receive in cases of infrequent occurrence. To Ochterlies, in particular, the news brought a sudden kind of gloom, he had so lately engaged this young man's assistance in an affair of sporting mischief; and, though neither loss nor injury was assigned to the German advert, yet the work was not attempted, so as to which the latter hours of life ought to be occupied.

Misfortunes never come alone. While Ochterlins, thus sensibly leaning to his chair, addressed a reverence to those of the hamlet which bewailed the young man's sudden death, and internally blamed himself for the transaction in which he had so lately engaged him, the old man's mind was the gaugers of the gaugers, who displayed his lament in his right hand, and ex- claimed, "I'm the king's name!"

The gauger and schoolmaster united their rhetoric, to prove to the constable and his assistant, that he had no right to arrest the king's bedman as a va- grant; and the mute eloquence of the milker and smith, which was vested in their clenched fists, was prepared to give highland ball for their arbiter, his blue gown, they said, was his warrant for travelling the country.

"But his blue gown," answered the officer, "is n'ess protection for assault, robbery, and murder; and my warrant is against him for these crimes."

"Murther!" said Edie, "murder! who did I e'er murder?"

"Mr. German Donastercill, the agent at Glen- Withershins, minds that you." Murther Dusterenval!—hout, he's living, and like man.

"Nae thanks to you if he be; he had a sair struggle for his life, if it be true he tells, and ye maun answer for't at the bidding of the law."

The defenders of the mendicant shrank back at hearing the acuteness of the charges against him, but more than one kind hand thrust meat and bread and pence upon Edie, to maintain him in the prison, to which the officers were about to conduct him.

"Thanks to ye—God bless ye, bairns—I've gotten not o' mony a scare when I was warf deserving o' deliverance—I shall escape like a bird from the fowler. Play out your play, and never mind me! I am mair grieved for the poor lad that's gone than for sucht they can do tome."

Accordingly, the unaccustomed prisoner was led off, while he mechanically accepted and stored in his wallet the alms which poured in on every hand, and ere he left the hamlet, was as deep-seated a ga- uger at the turnpit as ever. The last sight of the hour of the day, was the mendicant's form, the forma- culating burden was, however, abridged, by the offi- cier procuring a cart and horse to convey the old man to a magistrates, in order to his examination and commitment.

The disaster of Stevenie, and the arrest of Edie, was a stop to the sports of the village, the tedious inhibi- tions of which began to speculate upon the vicissi-
tudes of human affairs, which had so suddenly con-
signed her to the fate she had so lately expected
and placed their master, the revels in some danger of
being hampered. The character of Dostyaevskii being
prettily generally known, which was in his case equivalent
to being described, almost the most
inventive, or poetic, or poetic
speculations upon the probability of the accusation
being malicious. But all agreed, that, if Edie Ochter-
tlieb should make any move, the moment upon this occa-
sion, it was a great pity he had not better married his
fate by killing Dostyaevskii outright.

CHAPTER XXX.

Who is he—One that for the lack of land
Shall light upon the wise—be he challenged
From the dead whale!—be he is a
Of Leviathan, Behemoth, and sea.
He tills with a second daff—Mary, sir.
Th’ aqueous had the boat—the argument
Shall call our captain’s hands.

Old Fag.

"Are the poor young fellow, Steenis McMurk-
beliekid, is to be buried this morning," said our old
friend the Antiquary, as he exchanged his quitted
stockings in the corner for an old-fashioned black coat in
front of the armchair, and nostril to nostril, he ordered something
worn, "and I presume, it is expected that I should
attend the funeral?"

"Oh, Du," answered the faithful Caxton, respectfully
brushing the wire threads and specks from his
patron’s habit; "the body, God help us, was not so broken
apart that it could not be buried, sir. The sea’s
a kist a kist, as I tell my daughter, prithee
thing, when I want her to get up her spirit— the sea,
says, Jenny, is as unapt a calling
as the coming of a oldy pew-maker, that’s robbed of his
business by crops and the powder-tax.
Caxton, thy topics of consolation are all as choosy as
they are fragrant, to the present purpose. Quod suit
etiam farnos? What have I to do with thy woman-
kind, who have enough and to spare of mine own?—
I pray of you again, am I expected by these poor people
to attend the funerals?"

"Oh, doubtless, your honour is expected," answered
Caxton; "well I wot ye are expected. Ye ken in
this country like gentleman is wasseted to be seen civil
as to see the corpse all his groups—Ye needna gain
higher than the loan-head—it’s no your expected
honour said leave the land—it’s just a Kielo.convoy,
a step and a half over the door-steps."

A Kielo convoy? echoed the inquisitive Antiquary,
and why a Kielo convoy more than any other?

Dear sir," answered Caxton, "how should I ken
it’s just a by-word.
"Caxton answered Oldbank, "show me a pewrige-maker—Had I. asked Ochterlieb the question,
he would have had a legend ready made to my

"My business," replied Caxton, with more anima-
tion than he commonly displayed, "is with the out-
side of your honour’s head, as ye are accustomed
to say."

"True, Caxton, and it is no approach to a
shaper that he is not an upholsterer.
He then took out his memorandum-book and wrote
down, "Kielo convoy—said to be a step and a half
over the threshold. Authority—Caxton. —Quoted—
McMurk-bemie. To write to Dr. Grayscale
under the subject.

Having made this entry, he resumed—"And truly,
as to this custom of the landlord attending the body
of the deceased, I approve it, Caxton. It comes from
ancient times, and was founded deep in the notions of
mutual aid and dependence between the lord and
colony of the soil. And herein I must say, the
real reason why it is carried on towards
woman-kind in which it exceeded—nor were
I say, the feudal usages mitigated and softened the sternness
of law. No man, Caxton, ever heard of a
Spartan attending the funeral of a Helot; yet I dare
be sworn that John of the Gilmour—ye have heard
of John Caxton?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Caxton; "everybody can
be found in your hoyden’s company without learning
of that gentleman."

"Well," continued the Antiquary, "I would be a
true countryman, and weel,’o Maxwell, odder one,
beside the Kirk, to see the country terri-
ories down here, but John of the Gilmour saw them
fairly and decently interred.

"Ay, and honour, they say he had
mair to do wi’ the births than the burials. Hal’ a
ha! ha! ha! with a gleeful chuckle.

"Good day, Caxton! very good day, why you shine
this morning."

"And besides," added Caxton, shyly, encouraged
by his patron’s approbation, "they say too that the
Catholic priests in these times get something for
gangin’ about to burials."

"Right, Caxton, right as my glove—by the by, I
fancy I hear a phrase comes from the custom of placing
a glove as the signal of irrefragable faith—nay, say, as my glove, Caxton—but we of the Protestant
descendency have the more merit in doing that for
nothing which cost money in the reign of the
empress of superintention, whom Stripser, Caxton,
terms, in his allegorical phrase,

"The daughter of that woman blind,
But why talk of these things to thee—ayo,
Love’s spoilt me, and taught me to speak about
when it is much the same as speaking to myself—
where’s my nephew, Hector M’Intyre?"

"Here he is, sir — the holy friar."

"Very well," said the Antiquary. "I will keep
me thither.

"Now, monsieur," said his sister, as his emer-
ning laugh rang out, "ye manna be angry."

"My dear uncle!" began Miss M’Intyre.

"What’s the meaning of all this?" said Clapham,
in a whisper, as he sat beneath the tree, and with
an amused smile, upon the supplicating tone of the ladies, as if, in spite of the
deference, he apprehends an attack from the very first branch of the
trumpet which announces the summons:

"What’s all this? What do you keep up your
fancies for?"

"No particular matter, I should hope, sir," said
Hector, who, with his arm in a sling, was seated at
the breakfast-table; "however, whatever may
amount to I am answerable for, as I am for more
trouble that I have occasioned, and for which
I have no credit but thanks to offer."

"No, no! heartily welcome, heartily welcome—
only let it be a warning to you," said the Antiquary,
it’s just a matter of accident this, which is a poor
man’s fear—fear brents—but what is the new disaster?

"My dog, sir, has unfortunately thrown down."

"If it please Heaven, not the lachrymatory from
Ochterlieb’s uncle," said the young-lady, "I am

"Indeed, Hector, I love you, love, but
never more be offish with me."

"Why, really, sir, I am afraid you
figure in a regiment of your own you have disposed
of camp trains, you know, also how you
are menaced. You cannot conceive
this beast—She commits blushing into
beings changed, with breath and
after all the doors were locked."

"Our readers," once again remember Jenny Rutherfoard’s
prow on the door open when she went down.
THE ANTIQUARY.

One met, no human creature, from the poorest to the town-crier, would stop to ask me its history. But if I carried a bale of linen cloth under my arm, it could not penetrate to the Horsemarket ere I should be overwhelmed with queries about its precise texture and price. O, one could not parody their brutal ignorance in the words of Gray:

"Weave the warp and weave the woof;

The winding-sheet of wit and sense;

Dull garment of defective proof.

Gainst all that doth not gather pennys."

The most remarkable proof of this pence-offering, being quite acceptable, was that whilst the Antiquary was in full declamation, Juno, who held him in awe, according to the respectable instinct by which dogs instantly discover those who like or dislike them, had pressed 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 sat up by an 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 as fine as in the original—but, hey-day! my tosset has vanished—I see it not the way—Ah, thou type of woman-kind, no wonder these take offence at thy generic appellation!"—(See page 8.)

"Inde, my dear boy, I should be greatly gratified by you. I mean, according to the ancient custom of patients by their physicians, and the similarity of the implements which they employ, has been long my favourite study. Everything that can illustrate such cures is of service to me."

"Well, sir, I shall be much gratified by your assistance of them, and a few tribes of the same."

"And now, sir, I hope you have forgiven me?"

"O, my dear boy, you are only thoughtless and fearless."

"But Juno—she is only thoughtless too, I assure you—the breaker tells me she has no vice or stubbornness."

"Yes, Juno grants also a free pardon—conditioned, that you will imitate her in avoiding vice and stubbornness, and henceforward be kind to Monkbarns parlor.

"Soldis, soldis," said I, "I suppose I have been very sorry and shamed to propose to you any thing in the way of expiation of my own sins, or those of my family, which you have been so good as to grant me your acceptance; but now, as all is forgiven, will you permit the orphan-neighbor, to whom you have been a father, to offer you a little present, which I have been assured is really curative, and which only the cross accident of my own does not prevent my delivering to you before? I got it from a French Savant, to whom I rendered some services after the Alexandria affair."

"The captain put a small ring-case into the Antiquary's hand, which, when opened, was found to contain an antique ring of massive gold, with a cabochon, most beautifully executed, bearing a head of a -spectra. The Antiquary broke forth into uncouth exclamations, shook his nephew cordially by the hand, thanked the hundred times, and showed the ring to his sister and niece, the latter of whom, to the tact to give it sufficient admiration; but Juno, though she has a mania for nephews, had not addressed enough to follow the statement."

"It's a bonny thing," she said, "Monkbarns, and I say, a valuable—but it's out of my way—you can judge of other matters."

"There spoke all Fairport in one voice!" exclaimed the upper spirit of the object, which had been as all; I think I may have smoked the tobacco, to-day, days that the wind has stuck, like a cobbler, in the north-light, through its precious fly."

"Come, Reversed, my dear Hector," I walked up the High-street of Fairport, down the lime-slabbed ginn in the eves of each

The Antiquary.
"Alas, that you should say so!—No wonder the days of Cressy and Agincourt are no more, when respect for ancient valour has died away in the breasts of the British soldier."

"Never, sir—by no manner of means. I dare say that Edward and Henry, and the rest of these heroes, thought of their dinner, however, before they thought of examining an old tombstone. But I assure you, we are by no means inexcusable to the memory of our fathers' fame; I used often of an evening to go old Rory M'Alpin to sing us songs out of Ossian about the battles of the Picts and the Lachlan Mor, and Magnus and the spirit of Muiraracht."

"And did you believe," asked the aroused Antiquary, "did you absolutely believe that stuff of Macpherson 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 clarae English Ossian—you're not absurd enough to say that, I hope," said the Antiquary, his brow darkening with wrath.

"But Hector altered the atmosphere; like many a sturdy Celt, he imagined the imagery of his country and native language connected with the authenticity of these popular poems, and would have fought knoc-
ted—"I am sorry I expressed the thing, and land, rather than have given up a line of them. He therefore undeniably maintained, that Rory M'Alpin could repeat the whole book from memory, was only upon cross-examination that he explained an assertion so general, by adding, "At least, if he was allowed what is called a 'sketch' repeat: as long as any body could hear him to.""

"Ay, ay," said the Antiquary; "and that, I suppose, was not very long."

"We had our duty, sir, to attend to, and could not sit listening all night to a paper.""

"But do you recollect, now," said Oldluck, sitting with his hand on the arm of the chair, "when I introduced the subject, which was his custom when contradicted—"Do you recollect, now, any of these verses you thought so beautiful and interesting—a capital sketch, 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 verses more than those of Homer."

"It's not Homer, uncle, that I mean. I value Horace, and some of Horace more than those of the Harold, Harfakkages, and Macoes you are so fond of.""

"By, these, sir—these mighty and unconquered Goths, here your ancestors! The hard-hearted Celts whom they subdued, and suffered only to exist, like the fearful people, in the crevices of the rocks, you're their Manapinea and Serfa!"

Hector's brow now grew red in his turn. "Sir," he said, "I don't understand the meaning of Manapinea and Serfa; but I conceive such names are very well understood by Scotch Highlanders. No man, but my mother's brother dared to have used such language in my presence; and I pray you will observe, the respect due to our ancestors, could we have been as generous and kind, nor generous usage towards your guest and your kinsman. My ancestors, Mr. Oldluck."

William, the chief, I dare say, Hector; and really I did not mean to give you such immense offence in treating a point of remote antiquity, a subject on which I always am myself cool, deliberate, and unimpressed. But we are hot and hasty, as if you were Hector and Achilles, and Agamemnon to boot."

"If you expressed myself so hastily, uncle, especially to you, who have been so generous and good,—But my ancestors—"

"No more about it, lad; I meant them no affront.

"I am glad of it, sir; for the house of M'In-
tyre is partial."

"Peace be with them all, every man of them," said the Antiquary. "But to return to our subject—Do you recollect, I say, any of those poems which affected you with such amusement?"

"Very hard this, thought M'Intyre, that he will speak with such glee of everything which is ancient, excepting my family. Then, after some efforts at recollection, he 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 own vernac-
lar, sir."

"I shall prove a wretched interpreter," said M'Intyre, running over the original, well garnished with sighs, muggings, and a simile or two, and then coughing and hawking as if the translation stuck in his throat. At length, having promised that the poem would dialogue between the two Osians, or Osians; Patrical, a Pictish 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 sense was to this purpose:

"Patrick the psalm-singer, Since you will not listen to one of my stories, This I am sorry to tell you. You are little better than an ass—"

"Good! good!" exclaimed the Antiquary; "let's go on. Why, this, is after all, the most admirable fooling—I dare say the poet was very right. What says the Saint?"

"He relates in character," said M'Intyre; "but you should hear M'Alpin sing the original. The speeches of Ossian come in upon a strong deep bass—those of an old knight on a tenor key."

"Like M'Alpin's drone and small pipes, I suppose," said Oldluck. "Well? Pray, go on.

"Well, then, Patrick replies to Ossian:—"Upon my heath, sea of Psalms, While I am warding the psalms, I will relate of your old woman's tale—""

"Disturbs my devotional exercises."

"Excellent—why, this is better and better. I hope Saint Patrick sung better than Blattergow's precentor, or it would be hang-choice between 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 poems."

"If you are sure of that," said M'Intyre, gravely, "he must have taken very unwarrantable liberties with his original."

"It will go past to be thought so absurdly—but pass proceed."

"Then," said M'Intyre, "this is the answer of Ossian:

"Hastly compare your psalms, You son of a—"

"Son of a what?" exclaimed Oldluck."

"It means, I think," said the young soldier, with some reluctance, "son of a female dog."

"Do you compare your psalms. The tale of the bare arm's Psalms?"

"Are you sure you are translating that last epithet correctly, Hector?"

"Quite sure, sir," answered Hector, doubtfully.

"Because, if I should have thought theucky monks have been quoted as existing in a different part of the body.

"Disclaiming to reply to this insinuation, Hector proceeded in his recitation:—"

"I shall think it no great harm To wring your bald head from your shoulders—"

"But what is that yonder?" exclaimed Hector interrupting himself.

"One of the herd of Proteus," said the Antiquary, "more real, lying asleep on the rich flocks of sheep, stood more confounded than I at this sudden escapaac of his nephew.
THE ANTIQUARY.

"Is the devil in him," was his first exclamation, "or go to church the brute that was never thinking a thing?"

"He means no harm," said Captain M'Intyre, "so let him go."

"The Phoebe!" said the old man, "the Phoebe has the best of it! I am glad to see it,"

"You are in the right of it, sir," said the old man. "I am glad to see it."

"In truth, the seal, finding her retreat intercepted by the light-footed soldier, confronted him manfully, and, being wounded, bit him in the hand. As the seal, when irritated, she knitted her brows, as is the fashion of the animal when incensed, and making use at once of her fore paws and her unwieldy strength, wrenched the weapon out of the assailant's hand, overturned 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 Ossian himself."

"Ance," said the Antiquary, "your magnanimous opponent hath fled, though not upon eagle's wings, from the foe that was low—Eagel, she wallowed away with all her grace and triumphant glee, and carried my stick off also, by way of apologia."

"M'Intyre had little to answer for himself, except that he was not in the same class as the seal, or a salmon, where there was a possibility of having a trial of skill with them, and that he had forgotten one of his arms was in a sling."

"He also made his fall into the sea, disgracing the name of M'Intyre, and escaped the farther ravilies of his uncle, as well as his lamentations for his walking-stick."

"In the classic woods of Haworth, when I did not expect always to have been a butcher—I would not have given it for an ocean of seals—O Hector, Hector!—thy name sake was named after the hero of Troy, and thou be the plague of Monkbarns!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Tell me of it, friend—when the young woman, that bare the woe, and hers from our old eyes."

"Borrow falls down like half-drops of the North, and sighs the tears of our withered cheeks."

"Shall we not, at some future period, and have the happiness, and have the right, to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses."

"Ye'll be a bra' fay, an' ye be spared, Patie—but ye'll never—never can be what he was to me!—He has sailed the cold sea, as he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness, They say folks main.

And 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 old woman, the nature of grief suffused by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitation of the bosom which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the common-place topic of resignation under irretrievable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stun the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the room contained. Then, as the waiting maid brought the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost 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 back 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 ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her happy retrospect, her calamities, and alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, nor had she any idea it would ever occur to understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle that had been going on around her. Thus the poor old grandmother likely like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed.
my poor Sannie, the pride of my very heart, that was
has been a座椅 and a comfort to us all, and a pleasure to the
look on him!—Oh my bain, my bairn, my bairn!
what for is thou lying there, and ah! what for am I

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow
and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeatedly
remonstrated with him, but without good success; for

The female servants whispered, the men held their

In the meantime, addressed his ghostly consolation to
the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed
to listen, to what he said, with the apathy of her usual
unconsciousness. But as, in pressing this theme, he
approached so near to her ear, that the sound of his
words became distinctly intelligible to her, though
unheard by those who stood more distant, her con-


All shrank from the ominous pledge, and set down
theuntasted liquor with a degree of shuddering hor-
ror, which will not surprise those who know how
many superstitions are still common on such occa-
sions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old
woman tasted the last drop, suddenly exclaimed
with a sort of shriek, "What's this?—this is wine—
how should there be wine in my son's house?—Ay,
"she continued with a suppressed groan, "I mind the

Mr. Blattergowl entered the cottage, and the spirt of the
heavenly Master and his wrath, and then sank gradually to her gout, she
closed her eyes and forehead with her withered and
pallid face. At this moment the clergyman entered the
cottage. Mr. Blattergowl, though a dreadful prosely, par-

Mr. Blattergowl had no sooner entered the
cottage, and received the mute and melancholy situ-
ation of the company whom it contained, than he

The minister next passed to the mother, moving
along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually,
as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like an

The tenor of what he had said to the poor
woman could only be judged from her answer, a half-
stifled sob, ill-repressed, and by the covering which
she still kept over her countenance, she faintly

The coffins, covered with a pall, and supported
by the hands of eight sturdy men, were

"Yes, lass:—Ye're very gude!—ye're very gude!—Nae doubt, nae
doubt!—it's our duty to submit!—But, O dear,
he only answered by shaking his head, and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would otherwise have sanctioned their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master landlord of the priories, had no longer any right to consent to the request. In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the heart of the relatives withdrew within them at so marked a distance from the last place of their patriotic, the last place of their affection. Mrs. Beech, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, 'His honour Monkborn should never want sax wap of oysters in the season, of which fish he was understood to be fond, if she should gang to sea and dredge for them herself, in the foulest wind that ever blew.' And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than all the genius which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the children of the inhabitants on their huts—misshapen, looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish usage, with fragments of the hunting dress and ornaments with rusty crests. Monkborn would probably have renounced all this superfluous expense, had he not felt himself drawn by some passion to give more offence than he gained popularity by corresponding to perform the office of chief mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld his voice. The expense, the rude and unblushing motion of his mourners, and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow.

"O, what a day is this! what a day is this!" said the poor mother, with some agitation, "for I have been so exhausted by oysters and tears, and now almost lost in terror for the state in which she beheld her husband; "O, what an hour is this! and nobody to help a poor lone woman—no comforter but speak a word to him—wad ye but bid him be comforted?"

To her astonishment, and even to the increase of her fear, her husband's mother heard and answered the appeal. She rose and walked across the door 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—wad whinna sorrow, and whinna sorrow for any aye, hae nae rest that ye should a' sorrow for me."

The voice of the mother, not heard for years as taking part in the active duties of life, or offering advice or consolation, produced its effect upon her son. He assumed a sitting posture on his bed, and his appearance, attitude, and gestures, changed from those of angry despair to deep grief and dejection. 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.

"Hegh, aye!" said the poor mother, "wha is it that can a' coming in, that o' e'en?—They canna hear o' e'er misfortun's, I'm sure."

The knock being repeated, she rose and opened the door, saying querulously, "Wh stash't ha'e that to disturb a sorrowful night?"

A tall man in black stood before her, whom she instantly recognised to be Lord Gellanland.

"Is there not," he said, "an old woman lodging in this or one of the neighbouring cottages, called Eleph, who was long resident at Craigburnfoot of Gellanland?"

"It's my grandmither, my lord," said Margaret; "but she canna see any body e'en—Oon! we're dreeing a sair weird—we hae had a heavy dispensation!"

God forbid," said Lord Gellanland, "that I should on light occasion be intruding myself on a family whose relatives are numbered—your mother-in-law is in the extremity of age, and, if I see her not to-day, we may never meet on this side of the grave!"

"And what?" answered the desolate mother, "wad ye see at an saul woman, broken down wi' age and
sorrow and heartache?—Gentile or sempire shall not darken my doors she day my bairn's been carried out a corse."

While she spoke thus, indulging the natural irritability, which her passion and grief are liable to mingle itself in some degree with her grief when its first uncontrolled bursts were gone by, she held the door quite wide open, and placed herself in the grasp, as if to render the visitor's entrance impossible. But the voice of her husband was heard from within: "What's that, Maggie? what for are you there?—let them come in—and don't signify an auld rope's end who comes in or who goes out o' this house fast the time forward."

The woman stood aside at her husband's 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 weatherbeaten 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?"

"Who is it that asks about the unshelled residence of that evil woman?" was the answer returned to his query.

"The unhappy Earl of Glenallan."

"Earl—Earl of Glenallan!"

"He who was called William Lord Geraldin," said the Earl, "and whom his mother's death has made Earl of Glenallin."

"Open the bale," said the old woman firmly and hastily to her daughter-in-law, "open the bale of speckles! This makes me think of the right Lord Geraldin—the son of my mistresse—that I received in my arms within the hour after he was born—him that has reason to curse me that I disarmed him before he was born last!"

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 stifling cabin. Falling in a stream upon the chimney, the shaft illuminated, in the way that Rembrandt would have chosen, the features of the unfortunate nobleman, and those of the old sibyl, who now, standing upon her feet, and holding him by one hand, peered anxiously in his features with her light-blue eyes, and holding her long and withered forefinger within a small distance of his mouth, made him shudder by it to trace the outlines, and recollect what she recollected, and yet to leave it as beheld. As she finished her scrutiny, she said, with a deep sigh, "It's a sair—saire change—and who's to blame—so's that's written down where it will be remembered—it's written on tablets of brass with a pen of steel, where all is recorded that is done in the Brahmin's book," she said, after a pause, "the old Lord Geraldin seeking from a purd axiatura, like me, that's dead already, and only belongs sae far to the living that she asks yet laid in the moulds!"

"Nay," answered Lord Glenallan, "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 well I dared not refuse?"

As he spoke thus, he took from his purse the ring which Edie Ochiltree 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 same fruitless and hasty application of one who becomes first apprehensive of having lost something of great importance—then, as convinced of the reality of her fears, she turned to the Earl, and demanded, "And has he it, then? how came ye by it?—I thought I had kept it secure—what will the Countess say?"

"All, all," said the Earl, "as mortals must leave all human vanities."

"I mind now," answered Elspeth, "I heard it before, but there has been sic distress in our house since, that I can't swear ye are sure your mother, the Lady Countess, is gane harm at."

The Earl again assured her that her former misgivings was no more.

"Then," said Elspeth, "it shall burden my mind nae longer—When she lived, what dared to speak against her, or what dared to doubt her?—are ye sure your mother, the Lady Countess, is gane harm at?—But she's gane—and I will confess all."

Then, turning to her son and daughter-in-law, she commanded them imperatively to quit the house, and leave Lord Geraldin (for so she still called him) alone with her. But Maggie Mucklebach, her first breast of grief being over, was by no means disposed in her own house to pay passive obedience to the commands of her mother-in-law, an authority which is peculiarly obnoxious to persons in her rank of life, and which she was the more astonished at hearing revived, when it seemed to have been so long discredited and forgotten.

"It was an unco thing," she said in a grumbling tone of voice,—for the rank of Lord Geraldin was somewhat imposing—"it was an unco thing to bid a mother leave her ain house wi' the tear in her ee, the commencement of her son had been carried a corpse out at the door o' it."

The fisherman, in a stubborn and sullen tone, added to the same purpose, "This is nae day for your subterfuges, my laird."—"My lord, if you ca' somemother—or he may speak out what he has got to say if he likes it—There's none here that's worth a word to speak to him or of his, whether. But neither for laird or loon, great or small, will I leave my ain house to pleasure any body on the very day my poor—"

Here his voice was choked, and he could proceed no farther; but as he had risen when Lord Geraldin came in, and had since remained standing, he now threw himself doggedly upon a seat, and remained in the sullen posture of one who was determined to keep his word.

But the old woman, whom this crisis seemed to repose in all those powers of mental superiority with which she had once been eminently gifted, arose, and, advancing towards him, said with a solemn voice, "My son, as ye wad shun hearing of your mother's shame,—as ye wad not willingly be a witness of her guilt,—as ye wad deserve her blessing and avoid her curses, I charge ye, ye keep the secret as ye keep ye freedom to speak with Lord Geraldin, what nae mortal ears but the ain maun listen to. Obey my words, that when ye lay down to rest ye may dream ye were come—I may remember this hour without the reproach of having disobeyed the last earthly command that ye or your mother ever gave on ye."

The terms of this solemn charge restored the fisherman's heart the habit of instinctive obedience, in which his mother had trained him up, by which he had submitted implicitly, while her power of exacting it remained entire. The recollection mingled also with the prevailing passion of love; for glancing his eyes at the bed on which the dead body had been laid, he muttered to himself:

"He never disobeyed me, in reason or out of it, and what for should I vex her? Then, taking, with reluctant hands, that arm, he led her tenderly to the cottage, and caught the door behind him, and left it.

As the unhappy parents withdrew, Lord Geraldin, to prevent the old woman from relapsing into lethargy, again pressed her on the subject of information which she proposed to make to her son:

"Ye must rage, ye'll gouge out my mind's clear enough now, and there is not—a chance of my forgetting what I have to say. My dwelling at Craigburnfoot is between—ye know the present in reality—the bald hill, with its selvage, just where the burn runs——"
THE ANTIQUARY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The natural cove which it formed—the high cliff that lifted it with the pleasure-ground of the house of the Earls of Gelling—was very close to the house, and I may forget that I had a husband and have lost him—that I have but one alive of our four fair sons—that my heart is like grass worn down by the feet of embittered hosts, who have ravaged and despoiled our ill-gotten wealth—that they carried the corpse of my son's eldest-born from the house this morning—but I never can forget the days I spent at bosny Clee.

"You were a favourite of my mother," said Lord Gelling, "destined to bring her back to the point she had reached. I do not know how it was, I was, I was,—ye needn't mind me o' that. She brought me up above my station, and wi' knowledge main than my fellows—but, like the tempter of old, wi' the knowledge of gods she taught me the knowledge of evil."

"For God's sake, Elsebeth," said the astonished Earl, "proceed, if you can, to explain the dreadful hints you have thrown out!—I well know you are confiding to one dreadful secret, which should split this roof even to bear it named—but speak on farther."

"I will," she said; "I will—just hear me for a little;" and again she seemed lost in recollection, but it was no longer tinged with immensity or apathy. She seemed to be grasping upon the thought, to ponder and long, to leaList with her, and which doubtless often occupied her whole soul at times when she seemed deaf to all around her. And I may add, as a remarkable fact, that on this last occasion of mental energies upon her physical powers and nervous system, that notwithstanding her infirmity of deafness, each word that the Earl Gelling spoke during this remarkable conference, although in the lowest tone of horror or agony, fell as full and distinct upon Elsebeth's ear as it could have done at any period of her life. She spoke with great freedom, clear and distinct, that was anxious that she should be fully understood; concisely at the same time, and with none of the variegation or circumlocutory additions natural to those of her sex and condition. In short, her language bespoke a better education, as well 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 formulates us.

A blood-red stain—it tracks our rapid step.

Through the wild labyrinth of portions, in our toil and toil through ancient age hath tamed us.

These tears, when these blood, child's joints, mists of combat, or those of combat, or those of combat.

He bear her deep-mouthed by, announcing all.

Of wrath and woe and punishment that bides.

"I was not tell you," said the old woman addressing the Earl of Gellingan, "that I was the favourite, the confidential attendant of Joscardin, Countess of Gellingan, whom God save the Queen!—(here she crossed herself)—and, I think farther, ye may know it when I..."

It returned by the gaunt sincere attachment, but into disgrace free a trifling act of disobedience, served to your mother by one that thought, and she was as wrong, that I was a spy upon her schemes and...

I charge thee, woman," said the Earl, in a voice capable with passion, "name not her name in my...

I know," returned the penitent firmly and calmly, "how you can understand me.

I ailed upon one of the wooden chairs of bant, drew his hat over his face, clenched his hands together, set his teeth like one who summons up courage to undertake a painful operation, and made a signal to her to proceed.

I say then," she resumed, "that my disgrace with straitness was chiefly owing to Miss Eveline Neville—they are agreed and are my kin—some daughter of a cousin-german and intimate friend of your..."
tion thrown out by my wretched mother, tending indirectly to impeach the evidence of the horrors of which her arts had led me to believe myself guilty.

"Sir," replied the unhappy nobleman, "Elspeth, without conferring her aid, and she would have submitted to be torn by wild horses, rather than unfold what she had done; and, if she had still lived, would so what for her sake. They have stout hearts the race of Glenallan, male and female, and were a' that in auld times gied their gathering-woods as mad as mackintosh—so another—Nae man parted free his chief for love of gold or of gain, or of right or of wrong. The tines are changed, I hear, now.

The unfortunate nobleman was too much wrapped up in his own confused and distracting reflections to notice the rude expressions of savage brutality, in which, as in the latest ebb of life, the unhappy author of his misfortunes seemed to find a stern and stubborn source of consolation.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, "I am them free from a guilt the most horrid with which man can be stained, and the sense of which, however involuntary, has wrecked my peace, destroyed my health, and bowing down to all constraints, I am lorn, and then—pity me!—but I am to be saved while you hast voice to speak it, and I have power to listen.

"I' thee," answered the beldam, "the hour when you shall hear, and I shall speak, is indeed passing rapel closely away—Death has crossed your brow with his finger, and I find his grasp turning every day saltier at my heart. I interrupt me nane man with explanations and groans and accusations, but hear me say to end! And then—if ye be indeed a Lord of Glen-
an as I am known in my day and after, and I expect nothing but that with a common heretics as well as disobedient reprobates, that was her addition to that argument. And then, as the fire is ever busy w' brains like minds that are simple of beyond their use and station, I was unhappily permitted to add—but they might be brought to think themselves as no Christian law will permit their weald.""}

Here the Earl of Glenallan echoed her words with a shriek so piercing, as almost to rend the roof of the cottage—"Ah! then Eveline Neville was not the other—"

"The daughter, you would say, of your father's—and God be merciful to all that was not a comfort to—you ken the truth, she was nane 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 and in that grave, for sharing in a plot the most cruel, the most infernal."

"By God ye, my Lord Geraldin, are ye curse the memory of a parent that's gane, is there none of the blood of Glenallan living, whose faults have led to this present confusion."

"Mean you my brother?—no, too, is gane," said the Earl.

"No," replied the sibyl, "I mean you yourself, Lord Geraldin. You are not transgressed the obedience of a son by wedding Eveline Neville in secret while a guest at Knockwinnoch, our plot might have separated us, but we have left at least your sorrows without remorse to counter them. But your sin conduct had put poison in the weapon that we threw, and it pierced you with the mail force, because you seem rushing to meet it. Had your marriage been a proclaimed and acknowledged action, our stratagems to throw an obstacle into your way that couldn't pass over the barrier we had could not have been practiced against ye."

"Great Heaven!" said the unfortunate nobleman; "it is as if a film fall from my obscured eyes!—Yes, I had no doubt that you were of the Moor-een language, as far back as the time of the Glengarnish.

The Countess, perceiving and said, Elspeth Cheyne, this unhappy boy will marry with the false English blood—were days as they have, I could throw her into the Massacre o' Glenallan, and flit her in the Keep of Strathbonnel—but these times are passed, and the authority which the nobles of the land should exercise is delegated to quibbling lawyers and the baser demesnies. Hear me, El-
speth Cheyne! If you are your father's daughter as I am mine, I will find means that shall not more than two and I have had the privilege of your dwelling to look for her lover's boat,—ye may remember the pleasure ye then took on the sea, my love, was with forty fatly lower than it expects!—Ye—ye may say and brow and thrust your hand, but, as sure as I am to face the only Being I ever feared, and O that I had feared him!—these weeks of words which ravaille it to go to lie to you?—But I wadna consent to stain his hand with blood. Then she said, 'By the religion of your heart, that's gane and in my day and after, but I expect nothing but that with a common heretics as well as disobedient reprobates, that was her addition to that argument. And then, as the fire is ever busy w' brains like minds that are simple of beyond their use and station, I was unhappily permitted to add—but they might be brought to think themselves as no Christian law will permit their weald.'"
had actually made a marriage—nor even then did you make it so as to satisfy her, whether the ceremony had in very fact passed or not. But ye remember, ye canna but remember, what passed in between.

"Woman I swear upon the gospels to the fact which you now demand.

"I did, and I was here as a yeat heir to the old cow-cow-cow of—ye canna yet hear it, can you?—I was not the son of the blood of my body, or the guilt of my soul, to serve the house of Glemann.

"What? Did you call that horrid peurgy, attended with consequences yet more dreadful—do you esteem that a service to the house of your benefactors?"

"I served her, was then the head of Glemann, as she required me to serve her. The cause was between God and her conscience—the manner between God and me. She is gone to her account, and I mean follow. Have I taunted you at all?"

"No," answered Lord Glemann; "you have yet more to tell—you have to tell me of the death of the angel when your peurgy drove to despair, extenuated, as she thought herself, with a crime so horrible—Speak truly—was that dreadful—was that horrible incident?—the could scarcely articulate the words—was it as reported? or was it such a frenzy, though not of me, which, through cruelty, inflicted on others?"

"I understand you," said Elspeth; "but report speaks truth—our false witness was indeed the cause, both of the peurgy's mischief, and the affair of that fear of disclosure, when ye rushed else the Countess's presence, and saddled your horse, and left the castle like a fire-fly, the morrow. Then you discovered your private marriages; she had found out that the union, which she had framed this awful tale to prevent, had been taken place. Ye fled from the house as if the fire of Heaven was about to fulfill it, and Miss Neville, meantime reason and the want of, was put under arrest. But the ward slept, and the prisoner waked—the window was open—the way was before her, the cliff was there, and there was the sea—Oh, when will I forget that?"

"And thus died," said the Earl, "even so as was reported?"

"No, my lord. I had gone out to the cove—the tide was in, and it flowed, as ye'll remember, to the foot of that cliff—it was a great convenience that for my husband's trade—Where am I wandering?—I saw a white object dart frae the tap o' the cliff like a sea-maw through the mist, and then a heavy flash and sparkles of fire—" And I was frightened and killed me. Our common tradition that had fein't into the waves. I was bold and strong, and familiar with the tide. I rushed in and grasped her gown, and drew her out and carried her on my shoulder where her head lay—now it would have been my last, and had her on my bed. Neighbours cam and brought help—but the words she uttered in her ravings, when she had come to rouse me, were such, that I was fain to send them awa', and get up word to Glemann-House. The Countess sent down her Spanish servant Teresa—if there was a friend on earth in human form, that woman was one. She and I were to watch the unhappy lad, and let no other person approach. God knows what Teresa's part was to have been when she taunted it not to me—but Heaven took the woman in his hand. The poor ladly! she took care of all travel before her time, bore a child, died in the arms of—her mortal enemy; she was the last to see thee in that thank ye, if I didn't mourn her then, that I can hear her now?—No, no! I left Teresa with the dead man, though we were bese, till I handed up to the commands what was to be done. Late was I, cud she up, and she girt me ca' up your brother?"

"My brother?"

"Yes, Lord Gerald, e'en your brother, that some of the house wished to be his heir. At any rate, he was the person nearest concerned in the succession and title of the house of Glemann."

"I know it, I know it, but it is possible to believe, then, that my brother, so garrulous at my inheritance, would lend all his tongue to base and dreadful substantiae?"

"Your mother believed it," said the old beldam with a flustered laugh—it was nae plot of my making—but what they did or said I will not say, because I did not hear. Lang and sair they consulted in the black wainscot dressing room, and when you and another passed through the room where I was waiting, it seemed to me (and I have often thought since same time) that the fire of Heel was in his cheek and ear. But he had left some of it at one stage. She entered the room like a woman demented, and the first word she spoke was, "Elspeth Changy, did ye ever?"

"I knew it, and I believed, that I often had; then, said she, 'ye will ken the better how to blight the spurious and heretical blossom that has sprung forth this night to disgrace my father's noble house.'—See here;—and she gave me a golden boodkin.—Nothing but gold must abide the blood of Glemann. This child is already as one of the dead, and since thou and Teresa alone ken that it lives, let it be dealt upon as ye will answer to me, and she turned away in her fury, and left me with the boodkin in my hand. Here it is; that and the ring of Miss Neville are 'a I have preserved of my ill-gotten gear—for muckle was the gear I got. And well has I kept the secret, but no for the goddess or gear either."

"Her long and noble hand held out to Lord Glemann a golden boodkin, down which in fancy he saw the blood of his infant trickling.

"Wretch! had ye the heart?"

"Kens if I could have had it or no. I returned to my cottage without feeling the ground that I trode on; but Teresa and the child were gone—'a that was alive was gone—nothing left but the lifeless corpse."

"And did ye never learn your infant's fate?"

"I could but guess. I have taunted ye mother's purpose, and I ken Teresa was a hind. She was never more seen in Scotland, and I have heard that she returned to her ain land. A dark curtain has fain toower the past, and the few that witnessed any part of it could only surmise something of seduction and suicide. You yourself?"

"I know—it I know it," answered the Earl.

"You indeed knew all that I can say—And now, hair of Glemann, can you forgive me?"

"Ask forgiveness of God, and not of man," said the Earl, turning away.

"And how shall I ask of the pure and unainted what is denied to me by a sinner like myself?—If I have sinned, has he not suffered?—Hae I had a day's peace or an hour's rest since these long wet locks of hair first lay upon my pillow at Craigburnfoot?—Has not my house been burned, w' my bairn in the cradle?—Have not my boats been wrecked, w' others weathered the gale?—Have not a' that were near and dear to me driven from me, and from my ain?—Has not the fire had its share o' them—the winds had their part—the sea had her part?—And oh! (she added, with a lengthened groan, looking first upwards towards heaven, and then in the depths, and eyes on the foot)—Oh! that the earth would take her part, that's been lang, lang wearying to be joined to it?"

Lord Glemann 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 reprobation. —May God forgive thee, wretched woman," he said, as he turned to Elspeth, who, knowing the Earl to him, who can alone grant mercy, and may your prayers be heard as if they were mine own—"I will send a religious service to you."

"Na, na, nae priest! nae priest!" she ejaculated; and the door of the cottage opening as she spoke, presented her from proceeding.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Still in his dead hand aloof'll remain the strings.

That thrilled in laurie's heart—when once my heart was lief.

Leapt off and laid in grave, retain, tell us.

Strange came to be—weighted with the weight of old.

Whose nerves are twining still in mantled existence.

The Antiquary, as we informed the reader in the end of the twelfth chapter, had shaken off the company of

Old Play.
of worthy Mr. Blasket, although he offered to enthrall him with an abstract of the oldest speech he had ever known in the teigned court, delivered by the procurator for the church in the remarkable case of the parish of Gathern. Resisting this temptation, our worthy clergyman, after a short colloquy with the vicar, conducted him to the cottage of Mucklebackett. When he came in front of the fisherman's hut, he observed a man, who was stated to be Mr. Old-buck, seated on a shattered boat, which lay upon the beach, and, going up to him, was surprised to find it was Mucklebackett himself. 'I am glad,' he said, in a tone of sympathy—'I am glad, old man, that you feel yourself able to make this excursion.'

And what would you have me do," answered the fisher gruffly, 'unless I wanted to see four children starve, because ane is drowned? It's weel wir' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your e'en when ye lose a friend; but the like o' us maun to work again, if our hearts were being as hard as my hammer.'

Without taking more notice of Old-buck he proceeded in his labour; and the Antiquary, to whom the display of human nature under the influence of agitating passions was never indifferent, stood beside him, in silent attention, as if watching the progress of the work; and he perceived that old man's hand and features, as if by the force of attention, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual symphony of a rude tune hummed or whistle. The only thing of which an obsolete expression showed that, ere the sound was 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 altogether 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 chose another equally ill adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed, 'There is a curse either on me or on this solid black bitch of a boat; that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and clouted see many years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, and be d— 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 aye be angry at her, that has neither soul nor sense?—though I am no that muckle better myself. She's but a nickle o' solid rotten deals maid, that she looks for and is multid and the sea—and I am a dour carle, battered by foul weather at seas and land till I am maist as senseless as herself. She must be mendened though again the morning tide—that's a thing o' necessity.'

Thus speaking, he went to gather together his instruments and attempt to resume his labour, but Old-buck took him kindly by the arm. 'Come, come,' he said, 'Saunders, there is no work for you this day—I'll send down Shavings the carpenter to mend the boat, and he may put the day's work into my account—and you had better not come out tomorrow, but stay to comfort your family under this dispensation, and the gardener will bring you some vegetables and meat from Montkarns.'

'I thank ye, Montkarns,' answered the poor fisher; 'I am a plain-spoken man, and has little to say for me; yet, if I am a fisher, a fair fisher, and free my mither lang syne, but I never saw muckle gude they did her; however, I thank ye. Ye were aye kind and neighbourly, whatever folk says o' your master's. I have often said in the times when they were gathering to raise up the puir folk against the gentils—I have often said, ne'er a man a red face behind, and all a hair toasting. Monckarns while Steenie and I could vas a lenger— and so said Steenie too. And Monckarns, when ye laided his head in the grave (and many thanks for the respect), ye saw, I tell ye, on his look, i' that licht you wassel, though he made little praise about it.'

Old-buck, beyond the pride of his affected cynicism, would not willingly have had any one be upon that occasion to quote to his favourite maxims, but it came from his own eyes, as he begged the father, who was now melted at recollecting the bravery and generous sentiments of his son, to forbear useless sorrow, and to return to his own home, where another scene awaited the Antiquary. As he entered, the first person whom he beheld was

Mutual surprise was in their countenances as they saluted each other, with hearty reserve on the part of Mr. Old-buck, and embarrassment on that of the Earl.

'My Lord Glensallan, I think?' said Mr. Old-buck.

'Yes—much changed from what he was when he knew Mr. Old-buck.'

'I do not mean,' said the Antiquary, 'to intrude upon your lordship—I only came to see this distressed family.'

'And you have found one, sir, who has still greater claims on your compassion.'

'My compassion? I, Lord Glensallan cannot read my compassion—if Lord Glensallan could need it, I think he would hardly ask it.'

'Our former acquaintance,' said the Earl—'is of each short duration, and was connected with circumstances so exquisitely painful, that I think we may dispense with renewing it.'

So saying, he turned away, and left the hut; but Lord Glensallan followed him into the open air, and, in spite of a hasty 'Good morning, my lord,' requested a few minutes' conversation, and the favour of his advice in an important matter, 'Your lordship will find many more capable to advise you, my lord, and by whom your intercourse will be deemed an honour. For me, I am a man retired from business and the world, and not very fond of taking up the past events of my useless life; and forgive me if I say, I have particular pain in reverting to that period of it when I acted like a fool, and your lordship liked.'—He stopped short.

'Like a villain, you would say,' said Lord Glensallan, 'for such must I have appeared to you.'

'My lord—my lord, I have no desire to hear your shift,' said the Antiquary.

'But, sir, if I can show you that I am more sinned against than sinning—that I have been a mean miserable beyond the power of description, and who looks forward to a haven of rest, you will not refuse the confidence which, accepting your appearance at this critical moment, a hint from Heaven, I venture to press on you.'

'Assuredly, my lord, I shall shun no longer the continuation of this extraordinary interview.'

'I must then recall to you, on occasional meetings upwards of twenty years since at Knockmorn Castle, and I need not remind you of a lady who was then a member of that family.'

'The unfortunate Miss Eveline Neville, my lady— I remember it well.'

'Towards whom you entertained sentiments—'

'Very different from those with which I before since have regarded her: sex, her gentleness, docility, her pleasure in the studies which I have seen to her, attached my affection for many years of my age, (though that was not then much advanced) or the solidity of my character. But I must remind your lordship of the various modes in which I have indulged your gayety at the expense of an awkward and retired student, embraezed in the expression of feelings so new to him, and I am bound to say that the young lady joined you in the own deserved ridicule—It is the way of woomans I have spoken at once to the painful circumstances of my addresses and their rejection, that your lordship may bear me out. I am well and may, so far as I am concerned, tell you without scruple or needless delicacy.'

'I will,' said Lord Glensallan; 'but first let...
say, you do injustice to the memory of the gentlest and kindest, as well as to the most unhappy of women. You are only to please the unreasoning world by your civilization to your own happiness, and I cannot be expected to assist you in that course.

"My lord, you are fully pardoned," said Mr. Oldbuck. "You should be aware that, like all others, I am ignorant at the time that I address you of the circumstances in which you have placed me. I have no intention of discrediting Miss Neville's Taste in her selection of a husband, and I am sure that the marriage of Miss Neville to Mr. Oldbuck was a matter of the most serious consideration. Miss Neville was in a state of dependence which made her necessity create the choice of independence and the hand of an honest man. But I am wasting time. I would 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. I have the mother of all the unfortunate of this county, having neither, like some of my fellow-countrymen, the benefit of a happy family, nor, like others, the meanness to feel it. When I made some inquiry in the manner of Miss Neville's death, I acknowledge, my lord, but I must say, my purpose was to learn the reason for the sudden and unexpected death of Miss Neville. She had been so long and so close to me that I could not believe she had met with any unfair dealing, and I am apt to think she had met with none. She had been so long and so close to me that I could not believe she had met with any unfair dealing, and I am apt to think she had met with none.

"My lord, I answered the Annuity, much affected, "my pity—my forgiveness, you have not to ask for your dismissal story, but that is the case so that it is not only an 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 honored me, and whose opinion can be of the consequence, with your confidence on this occasion?"

"Mr. Oldbuck," answered the Earl, "as I could never have foreseen the nature of that confession, and as I have now no form of plan, of consultation or any one upon affairs, I could not even have suspected that your confidence was not to be shared, and with the best wishes for your health, I leave you."
THE ANTIQUARY.  

To these, the inmates of his household, Oldbuck presented the Earl of Glenallan, who underwent, with meek and subdued civility, the pronouncing of the honest dame and the lengthened apology of Miss Griselda Oldbuck, which his brother in vain endeavoured to abridge. Before the dinner hour, Lord Glenallan requested permission to retire a while to his 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 an excursion luther from Knock-wutherford—and since we are upon a subject so melancholy, you may perhaps remember whose taste supplied these bases from Chaucer, which now form the motto of the tapestry."

"I guess," said the Earl, "though I cannot recollect—She excelled, me, indeed, in literary taste and information, as in everything else, and it is one of the mysterious 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 I am."

Mr. Oldbuck did not attempt an answer to this burst of the great lord. The guests were now assembled, and the ladies disposed, and the serveurs d' huîtres, in their livery, were waiting to perform their duty. Mr. Oldbuck, his lordship's guest, was not expected. But, pressing Lord Glenallan's hand with one of his own, and drawing the other across his shaggy hair, he walked away a manner that intercepted his sight, he left the Earl at liberty to arrange himself previous to dinner.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Life with you.

Gloves in the brain and dances in the arteries;

"This is like the wine some jovial guest hath quaffed,
That glisters the heart and elevates the fancy—
Musick is the poor resident of the soul.

Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only sitting,
With its base drogs, 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 these Muck back Atte—we cannot get a fish to fish—we have one time to send over to Fairport for beef, and the muton's but new killed—and that silly finn-muny, Jenny Rinerhout, has taken the exes, and done nothing but eat it. The children are gorged, the guff, for two days successfully—and now we must ask that strange man, that's as grand and as grave as the Yerl himself, to stand at the sideboard! And I know not how to manage the cannery, and for any thing, for he's hovering there making some pouvoule for my lord, for he dooens eat right rough stuff neither. And how to work that great servant man, at the other time—Oh, I am sure, Mr. Blattergowl, 'tis a gither, it passes my judgment.

"Truly, Miss Griselda," replied the divine, "Monkbarns was inconsiderate. He should have taken care to see the invitation, as they do wi' the titular's good descent in the process of valuation and rents. But the great man could not have come on account of any house in this parish where he could have been better served with wines—that I must say—and also that the steam from the kitchen is very gratifying to my nostrils—and if ye have any household servants, ye attend to, Mrs. Griselda, never make a strange face to a body—\n
"I am sure, Mr. Blattergowl, it passes my judgment."

And taking down from the window a most amusing fellow, (the Scottish Coke upon Littlie,) he opened it, as if instinctively, at the tenth blast of his pipe. The second was an Earl Tytber, who said, "I did not do as he did for a commoner, and who was only interested in the unexpected visit, as it might afford some pretence to the entertaining dignity of his unshorn hair, for his not attending the funeral, and still more against his entire upon the subject of his gullant but unsuccessful combat with the phoecs, or soal.

* Passowest. Mischievous mans.
first time since the days of his calamity, sat at a stranger's board surrounded by strangers. He seemed a poor, monotonous, dry-minded man, whose brain was not fully recovered from the effects of an intoxicating potion. Relieved, as he had that morning been from the image of a woman whom he had so long haunted his imagination, he felt his sorrow was for a lighter and more tolerable load, but was still unable to take any share in the conversation that passed around him. His manner was indeed every way different from that which he had been accustomed to. The bluntness of Oldbuck, the coarse apologetic, the excited, vivacious, the democratic, the vivacity of the young soldier, which savoured more of the camp than of the court, were all new to a nobleman who had lived in a retired and moderately 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 simplicity and unpretending simplicity of her manners, appeared to belong to that class of society to which he had been accustomed in his earlier and best years.

Nor did Lord Glenisla's departure less surprise the company. Though a plain but excellent family-dinner was provided, (for, as Mr. Blattergowl had often said, that never delighted the heart of Mrs. Gresilis when her lady was empty,) and though the Antiquary boasted his best port, and assimilated it to the salmen of Haro, Lord Glenisla was proof to the company for the present. It was placed before him a small mess of vegetables, that very dish, the cooking of which had alarmed Miss Gresilis, and which she declared,.was the most minute and scrupulous examination. He ate sparingly of these provisions; and a glass of pure water, sparkling from the fountain head, replenished the most minute and scrupulous examination of his palate, in the opinion of his house, the opinion that the trade of arms was the first duty of man, and desired that to employ them against the French was a sort of holy warfare.

"What would I give," said he to Oldbuck, as they rose to join the ladies in the drawing-room, "what would I give to have a son of such spirit and such valor as that young gentleman!—He wants something of address and manner, something of polish, which mixing in good society would soon give him. I have seen him with what ease and ardor he expresses himself—how fond of his profession—how loud in the praise of others—how modest when speaking of himself!"—"

"Elector is it not too soon to say that," asked Mr. Blattergowl, his uncle, gratified, yet not so much as to suppress his consciousness of his own mental superiority over the young soldier; "I believe in my heart nobody ever spoke half so much good of him before, except perhaps the servant of his company, when he was wheedling a Highland recruit to enlist with him. He is a good lad notwithstanding, although he be not quite the hero your lordship supposes him, and although my commendations rather attest the kindness than the valor of my charges. In fact, his high spirit is a sort of constitutional vehemence, which attends him in every thing he sets about, and is often very inconvenient to his friends. I saw him engage in his day's work, as if he were in a phoebe, or seal, (seal's, our people more properly call them, retaining the Gothic guttural gh,) with as much vehemence as if he had found himself, as Mr. Dumourier—Marry, my lord, the phoebe had the better, as the said Dumourier had of some other folks. And he will talk with equal if not superior rapture of the good behaviour of a poor bitch, as of the plan of a campaign."

"He shall have full permission to sport over my grounds," said the Earl, "if he is so fond of that exercise."

"You will bind him to you, my lord," said Monkbar, "body and soul; give him leave to crack off his birding-piece at a poor covey of partridges or moor-fowl, and he's yours for ever. I will encourage him by the intelligence. But O, my lord, that you could see how he looks when he boards the squires of Ossian, Macpherson, and Mac-Cribb; but Glenisla had never so much as heard of any of them, so little conversant has he been with the world, and now in danger of flagging, or of falling into the hands of Mr. Blattergowl, who had just pronounced the forlorn hope of the young soldier in the person of his Oliver, as the vulgar say, alluding to the two celebrated Paladins of Charlismagne.

After coffee, Lord Glenisla requested a private interview with the Antiquary, and was ushered to his library.

"I must withdraw you from your own amiable family," said he; "the company is in the present situation of an unhappy man. You are acquainted with the world, from which I have long been banished; for
Glenallan-house has been to me rather a prison than a dwelling, although a prison which I had neither fortune nor spirit to break from."

"Now, ask your lordship," said the Antiquary, "what are your own wishes and designs in this matter?"

"I wish most especially," answered Lord Glenallan, "to pursue my unlucky marriage, and to vindicate the reputation of the unhappy Eveline; that is, if you see a possibility of doing so without making public the conduct of my father."

"Si est quisque tribuit," said the Antiquary, "do right to every one. The memory of that unhappy young lady has too long suffered, and I think it must be cleared without further impeaching that of your mother, than by letting it be understood in general that she greatly disapproved and bitterly opposed the marriage—forgive my lord—if you ever heard of the late Countess of Glenallan, will learn that without much surprise."

"But you forget one horrible circumstance," Mr. Oldbuck, said the Earl, in an agitated voice. "I am not aware of it," replied the Antiquary. "The fate of the infant—it is impossible, and I am not aware of it," answered Mr. Oldbuck, "and will not catch too rapidly at it as matter of hope, I would say, that it is the very thing the child yet lives. For thus much I assign you the name of any country, the event of that drear呃, evening, that a child and woman were carried that night from the cottage at the old bridge and four by your brother Edward Geraldin Neville, whose journey towards England with these companions I traced for several stages. I believed then it was a part of the family concerns of that iniquitous country with illegitimacy, out of that country, where chance might have raised protectors and proofs of its truth."

"It is a great pity, and I believe the child spoiled, and shame more terrible, had nevertheless without it a good reputation in the honour of his house, partly from the risk to which it might have been exposed in the neighbourhood of the Lady Glenallan."

As he spoke, the Earl of Glenallan grew extremely pale, and had nearly fallen from his chair. The alarmed Antiquary rasped his whip and looked for remedies; but his museum, though sufficiently well filled with a vast variety of useless matters, contained nothing that could be serviceable on the present or any other occasion. As he posted out of the room to call for him, he could not help giving the room a constitutional growl of chagrin and wonder at the various incidents which had converted his mansion, that was once a pleasure-ground for a nuptial festival, and now into the sick chamber of a dying nobleman."

"And yet," said he, "I have always kept aloof from the solicitor and the pleasure. My remuneration has only next to be made of a lying-in hospital, and then, I Sorry, the transformation will be complete."

When 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. Mr. Oldbuck, for you are capable of thinking, which I am not—you think, then, that it is possible—that is, not impossible, my lord may yet live?"

"I think," said the Antiquary, "it is impossible that it could come to any violent harm through your 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, he would have placed himself so far forward in the character of the infant, as I will prove to your lordship he did!"

So saying, Mr. Oldbuck opened a drawer of the cabinet of his ancestor, Aldobrand, and produced a beautiful black dagger, with a black ribbon, and label, Examen, &c. taken by Jonathan Oldbuck, J. P. upon the 18th of February, 17—; a little under was written in a small hand, St. Etienne. The lads dropped fast from the Earl's eyes, as he despaired to unfasten the knot which secured these documents."

"Your lordship," said Mr. Oldbuck, "had better not read these at present. Agitated as you are, and having a great deal of business before you, you must not exhaust your strength. Your brother's succession is now, I presume, your own, and it will be easy for you to move the council among his several descendents, so as 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 so late to me?"

"Why, 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 ignomy existed."

"The child," continued the Antiquary, "although it would be rash to conclude, at the distance of more than twenty years, that your son must needs be still alive, but that he might yet be the faithful steward of your father, who acted in the same capacity under my brother Neville, but Mr. Old- buck, I may not humbly prophesy that he will."

"Indeed! I am sorry for that, my lord—it is a noble estate, and the ruins of the old castle of Ne- ville's was alone, which are the most exact rules of Anglo-Norman usage in that part of your country, are a possession much to be coveted. I thought your father had no other son or near relative."

"He had not, Mr. Oldbuck," replied Lord Glen- allan; "but my brother adopted views in politics, and took a form of life which made his own estate has been always held by our house. Our tenants had long suffered, nor did my unhappy mother always think him sufficiently observant of 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 a stranger for heir. It is a matter which may be an antiquary. Although of the least consequence; for, if worthy possessions could elevate misery, I have enough and to spare. But now I shall regret it, if it throws away difficulty and even a child when you have not the power."

"For, in case of my having a lawful son of my body, and my brother dying without issue, my father's possessions stood entirely upon my son. It is not, therefore, likely that this heir, be he may, will afford us assistance in making a discovery which may turn out so much to his own prejudice."

"And in all probability the steward your lordship mentions is also in his service," said the Antiqu- ary. "It is most likely; and the man being a Presi- tant—how far it is safe to intrust him—"

"I should hope, my lord," said Oldbuck, gravely, "that at any rate, may be an antiquary. I am doubly interested in the Protestant faith, my lord. My ancestor, Aldobrand Oldbuck, printed the celebrated Confession of Augsburg, as it can stand by the original edition now in this house."

"I have not the least doubt of what you say, Mr. Oldbuck," replied the Earl, "nor do I speak out of bigotry. Our party will do the best we can; I shall not reveal the Protestant heir than the Catholic; if, indeed, my son has been bred in this father's faith—or, alas! if he yet lives!"

"We may come close into this, Mr. Oldbuck," before committing ourselves. I have a little friend at York, with whom I have long correspondent on the subject of the son born that serious—press in the matter; we interchanged letters for
The Antiquary.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In the morning of the following day, the Antiquary, who was something of a sibyl, was summoned from his bed a full hour earlier than his custom by Caxton.

"What the matter now?" he exclaimed, yawning and stretching forth his hand to the huge gold repeater, which, bedded upon his India silk handkerchief, was laid safe by his pillow—"What's the matter now, Caxton—? it can't be eight o'clock yet."

"No, sir,—but my lord's man sought me out, for he favours me your honour's valley-de-sham,—and see I am, there's no doubt of't, baith your honour's and the minister's—at least ye have none other that I ken o'—and I gie a help to Sir Arthur too, but that's near in the way o' my profession."

"Well, well—never mind that," said the Antiquary, "happy is he that is his own valley-de-sham, as you call it—but why disturb my morning's rest?"

"Ou, sir, the great man's been up since peep o' day, and he's steered the town to get awa an express to for his carriage, and it will be here breezy, and he wad like to see your honour afore he gaws awa."

"Geadel!" ejaculated Oldbuck, "these great men use one's house and time as if they were their own property. Well, it's once and away.—Has Jenny come to her senses yet, Caxton?"

"With all my heart, Sir Edm.," replied the barber; "she's been in a sibyll about the joculate this morning, and was like to have smothered it out.
into the slap-bang, and drank it herself in her eructations—but she's won over witt, 'twit the help of Miss Mattoe.'

"'Then all my womankind are on foot and scarammung, and I must enjou my quiet bed no longer, if I want to lose a well-regulated habit.'—Lend me my gown.—And what are the news at Fairport?'

"'Oh, sir, what can they be about but this grand news o' my lord, answered the man; that has been over the door-stone they threep to me, for this twenty years—this grand news of his coming to visit your honour.'

"'The income of the pincharks, and what do they say of that,' Caxton?"

"Deed, sir, they have various opinions. Thau falles they are the democrats, as they say 'em, that are again the king and the law, and hair powder and dressing gentlemen's wigs—a whoon blackguards—they say he's come down to speak wit your honour about bringing down his hill lads and Highland tenantry to break up the meetings of the Friends o' the People—and when I said your honour never meddled wit' the like o' six things where there was like to be straiks and bloodshed, they said, if ye didna, your nevery do, and that he was weel kend to be a kingman that wad fight knee-deep, and that ye were the head and he was the hand, and that the Yerl was to bring out the men and the ailler.'

"'Somehow,' said the Antiquary, laughing, 'I am glad the war is to cost me nothing but counsel.'

"'Na, na,' said Caxton, 'nabody thinks your honour wad either fight yourself, or gie any beck o' alier side o' the question.'

"'Umph! well, that's the opinion of the democrats, as you call them—What say the rest of Fairport?'

"'In truth,' said the candid reporter, 'I canna say it's muckle better—Captain Coquet, of the volunteers,—that's him that's to be the new collector,—and some of the other gentlemen of the Blue and Red Club, are just saying it's na right to let papists, that have seen many French friends as the Yerl of Glenal- lain, gang through the country, and—but your honour will maybe be angry?'

"'Not I, Caxton,' said Oldbrick—'fire away as if you wad a word against Captain Coquet's whole pleitton.—I can stand it.'

"'Well, then, they say, sir, that ye didna encourage the petition about the peace, and wadna petition in favour of the new tax, and as ye were again' bringing, in no words of wisdom, but just in for settlin' the folk wit' the constables—they say ye're no a guide to friend government; and that thair sort of meetings between sic a powerful man as the Yerl, and such brave men as the ther-three, and ather-three, and ather-three, and should be lookit after, and some say ye should baith be shankit aff till Edinburgh Castle.'

"'And the Antiquary,' said Caxton, '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—'tis a lucky I live not in their report.—Have you heard any thing of Taffirlin and his vixel?'

"Caxton's countenance fell.—'Na, sir, and the winds has been high, and this is a fearful coast to cruise on in these eastern gales,—the headlands rin sae far out, that a veselle's embayed afore I could sharpen a razor; and then there's nae harbour or city of refuge on our coast, a crags and breakers. A veselle that rins ashore wit' us flies amander like the powther when I shake the pluff—and it's as ill to gather in the rain—'tis aye tell the daughter than thunye when she grewa wearied for a letter frum Lieutenant Taffirlin—'tis a yeu an apology for him—Ye said na blame him, says I, hinting, for ye little ken what this weather is for.'

"'Ay, sy, Caxton, thou art as good a comforter as a valet-du-chambre.—Give me a white stock, man, d'ye want go up on the other, than a regular—'tis I trust you will make yours some sort of a spare diet of yesterday.'
The Antiquary.

But this was no part of Lord Glenrann's system: he was a man of substance and melodramatic politeness which distinguished his manners; he was placed before him a slice of toasted bread, with a glass of fair water, being the fare on which he was wont to dine, and with the most of the young soldier and the old Antiquary was dispatched in a much more substantial manner, the young soldier was served in a large chafing-dish which, like that of your lordship, was drawn by four horses.

"And I will venture to say," cried Hector, eagerly peering into the window, "that four handsome or better-matched bays were never put in harness. What fine fore-hands—what capital chargers they would make!—I doubt if I am of your lordship's own breeding?"

"I—rather believe so," said Lord Glenrann, "but I have been so negligent of my domestic matters, that I am ashamed to say I must apply to Calvert (looking at the domestic.)" "They are of your lordship's own breeding," said Calvert, "they are of the stock of Jeannes and Yves, your lordship's brood mares."

"Are there more of the set?" asked Lord Glenrann.

"No, sir," replied Hector, "I am dressing fever, the other five off this grass, both very handsome."

"Then let Dickens bring them down to Monster to-morrow," said the Earl, "I hope Captain M'thryn's eyes will be pleased, and he will second me in the choice of chargers; while Oldbrick, on the other hand, seeing the Earl's sleeve, endeavors to intercept a present which boded no good to his chest and hay-loft."

"No, sir; they must be much obliged—much obliged—"

But Hector is a pedant, and never mounts on horseback in battle; he is a Highland soldier, moreover, and his dress ill adapted for cavalry service. Even Macpherson never mounted his ancestors on horseback, though he has the impudence to talk of them being cut-bred—and that, my lord, is what is occurring in Hector's head—it is the vulgarism, not the equine example, which he adores—

"Best gone carriage-pieces Olympian Colleges joiner."

His saddle is running on a carriage, which he has neither money to buy, nor skill to drive if he had it; and the carriage is a set of Jaques quadrigas which would prove a greater scarrer than away of his debts, whether he has money or not. The older place is now overthrown and cast up command as all at present, Mr. Oldbrick," said the Earl politely, "but I trust you will not administratively present my gratifying my young friend in any way that may afford him pleasure?"

"Any thing useful, my lord," said Oldbrick, "but no carriage-pieces."

"And that is what I protest as being justly proper to keep a quantity at once. And now I think of it, I have old post-chaises in front and some wagons for the почтовый."

"I did not send for it," said Hector rather coldly, for he was entirely under the influence of the Earl's strange and not a little disgusting style of conversation.

"Hector," said the Earl kindly, "I mean to gratify you, and to show you what I mean by being a gentleman, and the mortifying circumstances which have befallen you in the course of the ancient metropolis, the in the adventure of the season.

"And that, sir," said Hector, "sends the Antiquary, in answer to the circumstance of the person, not of the individual. He is so far a true philosopher, as to be a commoner of all ordinary rules of hours and times. When he is hungry he eats; when thirsty he drinks; and with such respect to the taste, and appearances about which we make a fuss, that, I suppose, he was never ill dressed or ill behaved in his life. Then, he is, to a certain extent, the oracle of the country, through whose sensations, their assurance, their notions of the
vrella, their doctor at a pinch, or their divine—I promise you he is too many duties, and is too zealous in performing them, to be easily bribed to abandon his calling. But I should be truly sorry if they sent the poor light-hearted old man to lie for week and a half. I am convinced the confinement would break his heart.

Thus finished the conference. Lord Glenellan, having taken leave of the ladies, renewed his offer to Captain M'Intyre of the freedom of his manors for sporting, which was joyously accepted.

"I can only add," he said, "that if your spirits are not to be dampened by dull company, Glenellan-house is at all times open to you. On two days of the week, Friday and Saturday, I keep my apartment, which will be rather a relief to you, as you will be left to enjoy the society of my almoner, Mr. Glidamoor, who is a scholar and a man of the world."

Hector, his heart exulting at the thoughts of ranging through the preserves of Glenellan-house, and over the well-protected moors of Clochneabin, nay, joy of joys, the deer-forester of Strath-Bonnel, 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 Gisaedel Oldbuck looked fondly on the girl of noble bearing, and the son of noble birth, who had been the cause of her taking of a young half-breed of moor-fowl and black game, of which Mr. Blattengowi was a devoted admirer. Thus,—which is always the way of love, no matter what the line—privacy followed, and then the Oldbuck family where he had studied to appear oblige,—all were ready to open in praise of the Earl as soon as he had taken his leave, and was wheeled off in his chariot by the side of gentle ladies;

But the panoply was cut short, for Oldbuck and his nephew deposited themselves in the Farport back, which, with one horse turned out and the other saddled to a cart, which jingled, and hobbled towards that celebrated air-port, in a manner that formed a strong contrast to the rapidity and smoothness with which Lord Glenellan's equipage seemed to vanish from their eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Yet! More justice well—as well as you do—But since the good dame's blind, she shall excuse me, at time and reason fitting, I prove dumb—With a breath I utter now shall be no more
To take away from me my breath in future.

Old Play.

By dint of charity from the town's people, in aid of the load of provisions he had brought with him into durance, Edic Ochilliree had passed a day or two of confinement without much inconvenience, regretting not the want of freedom the less, as the weather proved broken and rainy.

"The prison," he said, "wasnae a doome had a place as it was card. Ye had aye a good roof over your head to fend aff the weather, and, if the window wasnae glazed, it was the mair airy and pleasant for the summer season. And there were folk snow to crack wi', and he had bread enough to eat, and what need be fash himself about the rest o'it?"

The courage of our philosophical mendicant began, however, to subside, when the sunbeams shone fair on the rusty bars of his grated dungeon, and a miserly 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 Edic, addressing the bird, "for I can neither whistle nor sing, the thinking of the bonnie buntries and green shaws that I should have been danderine despite in weather like this. Bu' has, there's some ciums t'ye, an ye are noe ma, bu' I'll do my reason to sing an ye kent it, for your cage comes by nae fae o' your ain, and I may thank myself that I am closed up in this weary place."

On this the soliloquy was disturbed by a peace-officer, who came to summon him to attend the magistrate. So he set forth in awful procession between two half empty glasses of horse-stout as he went himself, to be conducted into the presence of inquisitional justice. The police, as the aged prisoner was led along by his descript guards, exclaimed to each other, "Hah! see sic a gray-haired man as this is, to have committed a high-wrought robbery, wi' act fit in the grave! And the children congratulated the officers, effects of their good deed."

"An' I am convinced the confinement would break his heart."

Thus marshalled forward, Edic was presented by no means for the first time before the worthy Baillie Littlejohn, who, contrary to what his name expressed, was a tall porridge magnate, or whom corporative whose bulk had not been confined in vain. He was a zealous loyalist of that zealous time, a somewhat rigorous and peremptory in the execution of his duty, and a good deal inflamed with the sense of his own power and importance, otherwise an honest, well-meaning, and useful citizen.

"I bring him in, bring him in," he exclaimed; "upon my word these are awful and unnatural times—the very bedridden and retainers of his majesty are the first to break his laws—Here has been an old Beggew committing robbery! I seize as the next will reward the royal charity, which supplies him with his part, pension, and begging license, by engaging in high-treason, or sedition at least—But bring him in." Edic was brought, clothed, sooty, shaggy, firm and erect, with the side of his face turned a little upward, as if to catch every word which the magistrate might address to him.

"I demand his respects in high treason." Edic answered; but I do not understand in what he is guilty to answer any of your questions?"

"Good! I go no certain, my friend, except that giving a name is a point of our system, if it be innocent, may entitle me to set you at liberty."

"It but seem ma's reasonable to me, now, that you, Baillie, or any body that has any thing to say against me, should prove my guilt; and go to harken my innocence.

"I don't sit here," answered theBaillie, "to dispute points of law with you. I ask you, do you choose to answer my question, whether you were at Ringan Aik wood the forester's, upon the day I have specified?"

"Really, sir, I dinna feel myself called on to remember," replied the cautious bedemon.

"Or whether, in the course of that day or night," continued the Baillie, "you met with any of your acquaintance, Mucklechick?—you knew him, I suppose?"

"O brawlie did win Steenie, purr fellow," replied the prisoner; "but I cannae confess on any particular time I have seen him lately."

"Were you at the ruins of St. Ruth any time in the course of that evening?"

"Baillie Littlejohn," said the mendicant, "if it be your honour's pleasure, we'll cut a lang tale short, and I'll just tell ye, I am no minded to answer any of these questions—I'm ower auld a traveller to let my tongue bring me into trouble."

"Write down," said the Baillie, "that you decline to answer all interrogatories in respect to the truth you may be brought to confide in me.

"Na, na," said Ochilliree. "I'll nae have that nothing as any part of my answer—but I just meant to say that in a my memory and practice, I never answered quitted my acquaintance, the day I was seen with him.

"Write down," said the Baillie, "that, being acquainted with judicial interrogatories by long, and having sustained injury by answering them, I put to him on such occasions, the declarator—"

"Na, na, Baillie," reiterated Edic, "ye are aye some one else that gat ait neither."

"Dicate the answer yourself then, sir," said the Baillie, "and the clerk will take it down yourself at your own time.

"Ay, ay," said Edic, "that's what I ca' for. I'd do that without loss of time.—Sae, maister,
may just write down, that Edie Ochiltree, the deacon, stands up for the liberty—as I maunna say that he stands up for the boy—no, but ain't them in the riots in Dublin—and I have ate the king's bread many a day.—Stay, let me see—Ay—yes, I have eaten the king's bread for the prerogative.—[See that ye spell that word right—it's a lang are].—For the prerogative of the subjects of the crown and all, as they say. The words that all shall be asked at him this day, unless he has a reason for it.—Put down that, young man.

Then, Edie, said the magistrate, since you will give me no information on the subject, I must send you back to prison till you shall be delivered in due course of law.

"If it's His Heaven's will and man's will, nay doubt I mean submit," replied the mendicant.

"I have made great objection to the prison, only that a body cannot win out o' it; and if it was please you as we was to your health, I would not be so much on my vocation—looking after the intrigues of the people—labouring for the republics, Mr. Oldbuck, so to say, the Antiquary; but I should have thought the scales would have suited you better, Baillie, especially as you have them ready in the warehouse."

"Very good, Mr. Monbarns—excellent; but I do not take the sword upon me, but as a soldier—indeed, I should rather say the musket and bayonet—then they stand at the elbow of my gouty chair, for I am scarce in the drill yet—a slight touch of our old acquaintance podger—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 of the garrison;" replied Oldbuck, "as you have aptly put it—out awkwardly to the present."

And he hobbled towards his weapon to illustrate his doubt and display his prejudice.

"I rejoice we have such zealous defenders, Baillie," replied Mr. Oldbuck; and I dare say Hector will assist the young man in being on his progress in this new calling. Why, you rivas the Hector of the ancients, my good sir—a merchant on the Mart, a magistrate in the Town-house, a soldier in the United States, a judge in the civil and criminal courts; he is the justice of the peace, and he will be a justice of the peace—just so."

"What do you say to that?" said the Baillie, "and what commands have you for me?"

"Why, here's an old acquaintance of mine, called Edie Ochiltree, whom some of your myrmidons have assumed to me as a friend of yours, and a fellow Doustewart of whose accusation I do not believe one word."

"You ought to have been informed that he accused of robbery, as well as assault; a very grave and he has not been often such criminals denounced under my cognizance."

"And," replied Oldbuck, "you are tenacious of your as well as the opportunity of making the very most of such as the best of them. But is this poor old man's case fairly very much a case?"

"It is rather out of rule," said the Baillie; "but as the Antiquary, in that case, I have no objection to show you Doustewart's declaration, the rest of the precaution. And he put the papers into the Antiquary's hands, who assumed his duties in the manner of the inhabitants in the time in the same time his directions to baile their prisoner into another apartment; but when they could do so, M'Intyre took an opportunity to great old Edie, and to slip a guinea into his hand."

"Lord bless your honour," said the old man; "it's a young soldier's gift, and it should surely thrive wi' auld ane. I'm no refuse it, though it's beyond my rules; for he's a brave fellow, and I'm sure you are right."

"But what I should have liked to have asked him, said Mr. Doustewart, would have been the purpose in frequenting the ruins of St. Ruth, so lonely a place, as you may see, in the Antiquary. Mr. Oldbuck, you as I was saying, with the documents for the county clerk, the Baillie, and the records of the history of the place. There is no road, I've been in the way, and I do not conceive a mere sense for the picturesque would young Steenie Mucklebackit, with others, eating and wind. Depend upon it he has been about some roguery and, in all probability, has been caught in a trap of his own setting—his journal and the wind. The magistrate allowed there was something mysterious in that circumstance, and apologized for not pressing Doustewart, as his declaration was volunteered. The young man, who had not been long on the charge, showed the declaration of the Aikwood concerning the state in which Doustewart was found, and especially the part of my gouty, who had left the barn in which he was quartered, and did not return to it again. Two people belonging to the Fairport undertakers, who had just been sent for the funeral of the Lady Glenallan, had also given declarations, that, being sent to pursue two suspicious persons who left the ruins of St. Ruth, they had lost sight of them more than once, owing to the nature of the ground, which was unfavourable for riding, but had at length fairly lodged them both in Mucklebackit's cottage. And one of the men added, that the young man had been dismounted from his horse, and gone close up to the window of the hut, he saw the old Blue-Gown and young Steenie Mucklebackit, with others, eating and drinking in the inn, and also observed the Saucie Mucklebackit show a pocket-book to the others; and he had no doubt that Doustewart and Steenie Mucklebackit were the persons whom he and his comrade had pursued, as above mentioned. And being interrogated why he did not enter the said cottage, he replied: "If/Baillie, I should have done it myself long ago—He is nebulos nebulo, an impudent, fraudulently, mendacious quick, that has cost me a hundred pounds by his roguery; but I know how much.—And besides, Baillie, I do not hold him to be a sound friend to government."

"Right: for, in beating him," observed Oldbuck, "the bedesman must have shown him great respect, and the king by the young man's report; and, besides, he would only have plundered an Egyptian, whose wealth is lawful to squall. Now, suppose this interview in the ruins of St. Ruth had relation to
politian—and this story of hidden treasure, and so forth, was a bribe from the other old man, or the funds destined to maintain a sedulous club?"

"My dear sir," said the magistrate, catching at the idea, "I do not know what you may think of my being so forward; but it is the only way that I can think of to prevent you being considered as a party to this robbery, and to enigmatically let you know, that if you can furnish any information at all, that may lead to the discovery of this man, I shall be as forward as you, and even more so, in furnishing you with the means of clearing yourself, and of preventing the recurrence of such a nefarious business as I believe this to be."

"Not just yet, while podagra deprives them of an essential member of their body. But will you let me have the result of your inquiries?"

"Certainly; but you'll make nothing of him. He gave me distinctly to understand he knew the danger of making a judicial declaration on the part of an accused person, which, to say the truth, has changed many an honest man the best way for the common weal."

"None in the world, Mr. Monkbarne,—I hear the sergeant—below,—I'll release the man in the meanwhile. Baby, carry my gun and bayonet down to the room below—it makes less noise there when we ground arms. And so exit the martial magistrate, with his mind behind him bearing his weapons. A good squiff that wench for a gouty champion, observed Oldbuck.——"Hector, my lad, hook on, book in, run off with him, boy—keep him employed, man, half a dozen men with a sword, or some such weapon, praise his address and dress, captain."

Captain M'Intyre, who, like many of his profession, has a heart correct and inwardly more citizenlike than outwardly, who had assumed arms without any profession title to bear them, rose with great reluctance, and went away. He should not know what to say to Mr. Littlejohn, and that to see an old gouty and corpulent keeper attempting the exercise and duties of a private soldier, was really too ridiculous.

"I'm sure you'll learn naming mair than I have already, sir," said Ochiltree, "for the officer folk here are very strict, that is, for the like of such and such letters and authorisations; and the corps are made to throw on tea on either side or way or another."

"It can't be true—it shall not be true," said the Antiquary. "If you don't believe it, he is the Antiquary, who said"... and so on. He added that he was the Antiquary, who had agreed with any person in the immediate proposition which was laid down, "...it may possibly be a judicial declaration on the part of an accused person, which, to say the truth, has changed many an honest man the best way for the common weal."

"I have no objection, I am sure, sir, that the whole matter should be quiet if they please. If they will but allow me to be quiet, said Hector, raising without dogged reluctance."

"Yes, you are a very quiet personage, indeed," said his master, "and I cannot agree to your suggestion, so much as a poor sheep sleeping upon the beach!"

But Hector, who saw why the conversation had been brought to all allusions to the foil he had assayed from the fish, made his escape beforehand. The Antiquary concluded the sentence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Well, well, at least, 'tis neither theft nor collusion, gave I know all that you charge me with. Well, the fish held both hands, and gave the weight to see that knew not of it. The whole matter was never robbing. God play. Old Play.

For Antiquary, in order to avail himself of the person given him to be, more than the correct man who chose rather to go to the apartment in which Ochiltree was destined, than to make the examination according to his instructions. He brought him into the magistrate's office. He found the old man seated by a window which looked out on the sea; and he was a very prosperous, large frame, who had their way, as if unconsciously, in a well-known, man who had been many a time down his cheeks and white beard. His features were, nevertheless, calm and composed, and his countenance and indolent manner and resumption. Oldbuck had approached him without being observed, as if he were some kind, "I am sorry," Edie, to see you have cast down about this matter."

"The mendicant starved, dried his eyes very hastily with the sleeve of his coat and wiped his face. The doctrine of indifference and justice, answered, and with a voice more tremulous than usual, "I have no objection."

"Not just yet, while podagra deprives them of an essential member of their body. But will you let me have the result of your inquiries?"

"Certainly; but you'll make nothing of him. He gave me distinctly to understand he knew the danger of making a judicial declaration on the part of an accused person, which, to say the truth, has changed many an honest man the best way for the common weal."

"None in the world, Mr. Monkbarne,—I hear the sergeant—below,—I'll release the man in the meanwhile. Baby, carry my gun and bayonet down to the room below—it makes less noise there when we ground arms. And so exit the martial magistrate, with his mind behind him bearing his weapons. A good squiff that wench for a gouty champion, observed Oldbuck.——"Hector, my lad, hook on, book in, run off with him, boy—keep him employed, man, half a dozen men with a sword, or some such weapon, praise his address and dress, captain."

Captain M'Intyre, who, like many of his profession, has a heart correct and inwardly more citizenlike than outwardly, who had assumed arms without any profession title to bear them, rose with great reluctance, and went away. He should not know what to say to Mr. Littlejohn, and that to see an old gouty and corpulent keeper attempting the exercise and duties of a private soldier, was really too ridiculous.

"I'm sure you'll learn naming mair than I have already, sir," said Ochiltree, "for the officer folk here are very strict, that is, for the like of such and such letters and authorisations; and the corps are made to throw on tea on either side or way or another."

"It can't be true—it shall not be true," said the Antiquary. "If you don't believe it, he is the Antiquary, who said"... and so on. He added that he was the Antiquary, who had agreed with any person in the immediate proposition which was laid down, "...it may possibly be a judicial declaration on the part of an accused person, which, to say the truth, has changed many an honest man the best way for the common weal."

"I have no objection, I am sure, sir, that the whole matter should be quiet if they please. If they will but allow me to be quiet, said Hector, raising without dogged reluctance."

"Yes, you are a very quiet personage, indeed," said his master, "and I cannot agree to your suggestion, so much as a poor sheep sleeping upon the beach!"

But Hector, who saw why the conversation had been brought to all allusions to the foil he had assayed from the fish, made his escape beforehand. The Antiquary concluded the sentence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

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"I thought as much," said Oldbuck. "Well, Edie, if I procure your Wisdom, you must keep your day, and appear to your friends—but I think it likely that you know a great deal more than you have thought it proper to tell me, about this matter of the——"

"What?" exclaimed the Antiquary, rising to his feet. "You are the last person——"

"You are the last person who——" said Oldbuck, shaking his head. "I doubt the bird's flight that laid these eggs—for I wrung ca' her goose, though that's the gist it stands by the story—but I'll keep my day, Monkbarns; ye're no loss a penny by me—and troth I wold fain be out again, now the weather's fine—and then I have the best chance o' hearing the first news o' my friends."

"Well, Edie, as the bouncing and thumping beneath has somewhat ceased, I presume Balie Littlejohn has disposed of his military apprehension, and has retired from the labour of Mars to those of Thesis —I will have some conversation with him—but I cannot and will not believe any of those whisperings you were telling me.

"God send your honour may be right!" said the mendicant, as Oldbuck left the room.

The Antiquary found the magistrate, exhausted with the fatigue of the drill, reposing in his usual chair, humming the air, 'How mercy we fies that of those young men in the name and in the name, like Michael Scott's man. What concern could I have wit?'

"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, Monkbarns—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 assent.

"Then please to me the whole affair from beginning to end," said the Antiquary.

"Is there a secret o' mine, Major Pardon?" replied the beggar, 'ye maun ask twice—for I have aye said ahint your back, that for a' the nonsense maggoty that ye whiles take into your head, ye are the most wise and discreet o' a' our country gentles. But I do o'en be open-hearty wi' you, and tell you, that this as a friend's secret, and that they said draw me wi' wild horses, or saw me amander, as they did the children of Ammon, sooner than I would speak a word more about the matter, excepting this, that there was nae ill-intention, but muckle good, and, that the purport o' a' the matter was nae harm but a great deal o' me. But there's nae law, I trow, that makes it a sin to ken where ither folk's a' is, if we dune disent, and hide it from the world.

Oldbuck walked over twice or thrice up and down the room in profound thought, endeavouring to find some plausible reason for transactions of a nature so far from his experience, but his ingenuity was totally at fault. He then placed himself before the prisoner.

"I have a story of yours, friend Edie, is an absolute enigma, and would require a second Oldiopsis to solve—who Oldiopsis was, I will tell you some other time, if you remind me—however, whether it be owing to your Wisdom or to the maggoty with which you confounded me, I am strongly disposed to believe that you have spoken the truth, the rather that you have made most of these observations of the superior knowledge you preserve you and your contempories always make use of when you mean to deceive

"(Here Edie could not suppress a smile.)" If, indeed, you will answer my question, I will not force your liberation.

"If ye'll let me hear the question," said Edie, with caution of a sanny Scotclan, 'I'll tell you answer I'll answer it or no."

"It is simply," said the Antiquary, 'Did Donstervil know anything about the consummation of the old operation?" He asked the ill-fa'sted boon!" answered Edie, with such frankness of manner, 'there had been meetings o' had Donstervil held it was the first he had been better in the blash deck.

"Once upon a time you sneer at me," said the Antiquary. "I wish others may share your ——"

"I wonder you have the grace to be ashamed of it," as I detected the whole race of Nimrod, I wish them all as well ---Nay, if the heart etc. as his habit of

Coul'd you meet but with a martial place, instead of an unwarlike heath-bird. The devil take the seal, sir, or place, if your choice to call it so—it's rather hard one can never hear the end of the little island.

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the Baillie could tell us the value of seal-skins just as
nervous, and not be keeping snapping that arquebus of
you.
"Will, air, I'm sure I'm sorry to disturb you," said
his nephew, still handling his bowing-piece: "but it's
our 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 his fancy, uncle—you are fond
of books.
"Ay, Hector," said the uncle, "and if my collec-
tions were yours, you would make it fly to the gun-
mount, the horse-market, the dog-breaker—"Cosris
undulatà nobilis libros—necem loricis cibat.
"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 hold 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 Glenelgam's."
"I don't think you would, lad, I don't think you
would," said his softening relative—"I love to keep
you a little sometimes; it keeps up the spirit of dis-
cipline and habit of subordination—You will pass
your time happily here having me to command you,
instead of Captain, or Colonel, or 'Knight in Arms,'
as Milton has it; and instead of the French, he con-
spires;—Dentibus hissete, cursitque in Auricul
gene humida poni—for, as Virgil says,
Sustinet sors amoens diversis in litteras phonic,
which might be rendered;
Here phonic simul on the beach,
While in Highland Hector's resplend.
Nay, if you grow angry I have done.—Besides, I see
old Edie in the court-yard, with whom I have busi-
ness. Good-by, Hector—Do you remember how she
spat in the face of the master Proteus, as facta dedit
amor in altum?"
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
the world the kindest; but rather than hear any
more
about that cursed phoebe, as he is pleased to call it,
I would exchange for the West Indies, and never see
his face again.
Miss D——I gratefully attached to her uncle, and
passionately fond of her brother, was, on such occa-
sions, 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 mean-
ing
of that impolitic counsels?—has Juno done any
more to me than let my temper run into the
trousers?"
"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 so
sharply into ridicule—"
"Well, my dear," answered Oldbuck, propounding
the compliment, "I will re-in my satire, and
I propose, speak no more of the place—I will not
speak of sealing a letter, but say wump, and give a
nod to you when I want the wax-light—I am not
exercising my sagacity in keeping a mild, quiet, and
easy of human beings, whom misters nieces, and
cousin, guide just as best pleases them.
With this little panegyric on his own docility, Old-
buck entered the parlour, and proposed to
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nod to you when I want the wax-light—I am not
exercising my sagacity in keeping a
A voice, young man, you turn my ears to

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ANTIQUARY.
THE ANTQUARY.

fore, 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, for which our servant had sent to the
king, interesting himself, as a monarch should, in the
regulation of his subjects' private affairs, at first by
mild exhortation, and afterwards by letters of more
strict enjoinder, and more hard and stern words.
What do you see extraordinary about that bird, Hec-
tor?—it's a bawbaw.

"It's a picture," said Edie.

"Well, and what if it were—what does that signify
at present?—But I see you're impatient; so I will
waver the letters of four forms, and come to the
modern process of diligence. You suppose, now, a
man's committed to prison because he cannot pay his
debt? Quite otherwise; the truth is, the king is
so good as to interfere at the request of the creditor,
and to send the debtor his royal command to do him
justice within a certain time,—fifteen days, or
the case may be. Well, the man resists and dies
what follows?—Why, that he be lawfully and
fully declared a rebel to our gracious sovereign, whose
command he has disobeyed, and that by three blasts
of a horn at a certain place—called the metropolis
of Scotland. And he is then legally
imprisoned, not on account of any civil debt, but
because of his ungrateful contempt of the royal mandate.
What say you, Hec tor?—there's something
you never knew before."

"No, uncle; but, I own, if I wanted money to pay
my debts, I would find this more than a pleasant
occupation, and be glad to send some, than to declare me a rebel for not doing what I
could not do."

"Your education has not led you to consider these
things," replied his uncle; "you are incapable of esti-
mating the elegance of the legal fiction, and the
manner in which it reconciles that durex, which, for
the protection of commerce, it has been found neces-
sary to extend towards refractory debtors, with the
most scrupulous attention to the liberty of the sub-
ject."

"I don't know, sir," answered the unenlightened
Hector; "but if a man must pay his debt or go to
jail, it signifies but little whether he goes as a debtor
or a rebel, I should think. But you say this com-
mand of the king's gives a license of, so many days
now, said, said I in the scrape, I would beat
a march, and leave the king and the creditor to settle it
among themselves before they came to extremities."

"So said I," said Edie; "I wad gie them larg-baot
to a certainty."

"True," said Ochiltree; "but those whom the
law suspects of being unwilling to abide her formal
visit, she proceeds with by means of a shorter and
more unceremonious call, as dealing with persons on
whom patience and favour would be utterly thrown
away."

"Ay," said Ochiltree, "that will be what they call
the fugue-warrants—I have some caves in them. There's
a Border-warrants too in the south country, unco rash
uncanny things—I was taken up on one at Saint
James's Fair, and kept in the said kirk at Kelso
in the bairl day and night; and a cauld genteel place
it was, I'm assure ye.—But what's this, this
her cresc on her back?—It's pur Maggie herself, I'm
thinking."

It was so. The poor woman's sense of her loss,
if not diminished, was become at least mitigated by
the inevitable necessity of attending to the means of
supporting her indigent husband and her scattered
family. Hector was made in an odd mixture, between the usual
language of solicitation with which she iled her
customers, and the tone of lamentation for her recent
calamity.

"How's a' wi' ye the day, Monkbar's?—I havena

**The doctrine of Monkbar's on the origin of imprisonment for civil debt in Scotland, may appear somewhat whimsical, but was referred to by authority to be correct, in the Report of the Shetland Scottish Court, on 5th December, 1835, in the case of Thoms v. Thoms.**
THE ANTIQUARY.

[CHAP. XI.

Life slips from such old age, unmark’d and unseen,
As the stream slips down the winding straited glen.

At last she rock’d merrily at the least impulsion
That branch or wave could give; but now her head
Is settling on the sand, her mast less to be seen,
And in her deck the wind’s its state.

Each wave receding makes her less and less,
Till, berthed on the strand, she shall remain
Useless as mournless.

Old Fag.

As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill tenebrous voice of Ekinci chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and dolorous tative.

"The herring loves the merry moonlight,

But the oyster loves the dredging sam.

For long eased 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 pencil and memorandum-book. From time to time he had made a woman speak it to him.

"O say, hinnies, whist, whist! and I’ll begin a bonnier ane than that—

Now hand your tongue, bath with cup, and caff,

And I will sing of Glensann’s Bari

That fought on the red Harlaw.

The crook’s aried on Renoufhe, And does the Don and a’,

And Jacob and lairds may nowanshe’ be For the sae field of Harlaw."—

I dinna mind the least verse wey—my memory’s fail-
cd, and there’s unco thoughts come over me—God keep us till tapitation.

Here her voice sunk in indistinct muttering.

"It’s a historical ballad," said Oldback earnestly, "a genuine and unclouded fragment of minstrelsy—Percy would admire its simplicity—Bishtout could not impugn its authenticity.

"Ay, but it’s a sad thing," said Ochiltree, "to see human nature see far overthrown as we are aching at auld songs on the back of a loss like here."

"Hush, hush!" said the Antiquary, "she has gotten the thread of the story again."—And as he spoke she sung:

"They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,

Their robes were briddled a hundred black.

And a sauchie flit o’ steel on each hoofs head.

And a good knight upon his back."—

"Chafon!" exclaimed the Antiquary, "equivalently, perhaps, to chawer—the word’s worth a dollar, and down it went in his red book.

"They beaus ridden a mile, a mile,

A mile, but barely see.

When Donald came breaking down the bans

With seventy thousand men.

Their tartars they were waving wide,

Their glories shining as broad;

The pibrochs rung free side to side,

Would daeath ye hear to.

"The great Earl in his strengths stood

That Highland host to see;

Now here a knight that’s stout and good

May prove a Jeopardy!

What would they dead, my squaw so gay,

And boldly march the Earl land, for to

Wore ye Glensann’s Earl the day,

And I were Roland Chay?

"To turn the wanton and shame,

To fight were wondrous peril,

What would ye do now, Roland Chay,

Wore ye Glensann’s Earl the day?"

Ye man ken, hinnies, that this Roland Chay

As poor and auld as I sit in the chimney-noo,

My forbear, and an’ wha’ man he was that day

The man that had this auld woman, and she—

He blamed himself for the counsel he gave, to fight

Her camer of Mearns, and Aberdeen, and Angus.
Do you hear that, nephew?" said Oldbuck; "you observe your Gaelic ancestors were not held in high esteem formerly by the Lowland warriors."

"I hear," said Hector, "a silly old woman sang a silly old song. I am surprised, sir, that you, who will best listen to Oman's songs of Selma, can be pleased with such trash! I vow, I have not seen or heard a worse half-penny ballad! I don't believe you could place it in any pedlar's pack in the country. I should be ashamed to think that the honour of the Highlanders could be affected by such doggerel."—And, tossing up his head, he assaulted the air indignantly.

Against the old woman heard the sound of their voices; for, ceasing her song, she called out, "Come in, come in—good-will never halted at the door ste!"

They entered, and found to their surprise Elspeth alone, sitting gaudily on the hearth, the like personage in an Age in the Hunter's song of the Owl," wrath-ful, tedious, wise, dim-eyed, dissected, corpul.

"They're a' out," she said, as they entered; "but ye must all black, somebody will be in. I'ye been wisdom wi' my gude-daughter, or my son, they'll be in belyvie—\ I never speak on business myself.—Barra, well, general—ye can't say that."

"I'll come out, I'll come out," she said, as she went to the window. She was only the Bulk or tramped on ye since I was anathay your roof-tree."

"Ay," said Elspeth; but rather from a general idea of misfortunes than any exact recollection of what had happened—there has been distress amongst us of late—wonder how younger folk hide it—I hide it till I cannot hear the wind whistle, and the sea roar, but—


"For this fine translation from the Gaelic.

The greatest battle of Harlaw, here and formerly referred to, was fought 25th July, 1411.
Edie ran to support her, but hardly got her in his arms, before he said, "It's a' ower, she has passed away even with that last word."

Imagine the scene! Oldchurch, hastily advancing, as did his nephew. But nothing was more certain. She had expired with the last hurried word that left her lips; and therefore they married."

"Has she speak o' that?" said the old woman hastily; "Wha durst say they were married?—Wha kend o' that?—not the Countess—not if they wedded in secret—they were the mortal relics of the creature who had no long struggled with an internal sense of concealed guilt, joined to all the datastore of ages and poverty."

"Got you in secret that she be come in a better place," said Edie, as he looked on the lifeless body; "but, oh! there was something lying hard and heavy at her heart. I have seen mony a sin done, habits in the field of battle, and a fair-sune death at home; but I was rather see them a' ower again, as a sear its siting as her's.

"We must call in the neighbors," said Oldchurch, 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 confession. And, though of far less consequence, I could have wished to transcribe that miserable fragment. But Heaven's will must be done!"

They went to the hut accordingly, and gave the alarm in the hamlet, whose matrons instantly assembled to compose the limbs and arrange the body of her who had done such a mighty work. Oldchurch promised his assistance for the funeral.

"Your honour," said Allan Breck, who was next in age to the deceased, "send send something to us for your heart at the lyke-wake, for a' Saunders' gin, purr man, was drunken out at the burial of Steenie, and we'll no get mony to sit dry-dipped asboe. Elspeth was unco clever in her young days, as I can mind right wull, but she was aye word o' her no being that chancy—Annieaula spoke ill o' the dead—mary by token, o' Give's cummery and neighbour—but there was quenches said about a leddy and a bairn or she left the Cragg-furnace. And so, in good tril, it will be a purt -like-wake, unless your honour sends us something to keep us cracking.

"You shall have some whisky," answered Oldchurch, "the rather that you have preserved the proper word for that ancient custom of washing the dead. You observe, Hector, this is genuine Teutonic, from the Gothic Leichtnam, a corpse. It is quite erroneously called late-wake, though Brand favours that modern corruption and derivation."

"I believe," said Hector to himself, "my uncle would give away Monbars to any one who would come to see us. A genuine Teutonic! No a drop of whisky would the old creatures have got, had their president asked it for the use of the late-wake."

While Oldchurch was giving some few directions and promises that Mr. Sir Arthur's came riding very hard along the sands, and spurred his horse when he saw the Antiquary. There was something very particular happened at the Castle, (he could not, or would not, explain which) and Miss Wardour has sent him off express to Monbars, to beg that Mr. Oldchurch would come to them without a moment's delay.

"I am afraid," said the Antiquary, "his commission is drawing to a close—What can I do?"

"Do, Sir," exclaimed Hector, with his characteristic impudence, "get on the horse, and turn your head homeward—you will be at Knockinnoch at ten tomorrow."

"He's a fine goer," said the servitor, "mounting to adjust the girths and stirrups, and then pulling a little if he feels a dead weight on him."

"I always do," said the Antiquary. "What the devil, do you weary of me? or do you suppose me weary of life, that I should get on the back of such a brute—a such a scene, although the people of the neighborhood were beholding, did not begin to believe that it was well done, and obliged to keep his bed, in a sort of stupor which announced speedy disaster. The storm was upon the horizon. A shudder was the last which left the dusty body of the Duke to the place of burial, the private bell by which he was to be known, and the order of his study, was rung violently. This might easily happen in the confusion of a storm.
the blood-royal was not beyond the sphere of his hopes. His son spread a joy for his father—\ldots he bungled self whatever ambition could dream of in its wildest visions.

In this mood, if any one endeavoured to bring Sir Arthur down to the region of common life, he replied in the vein of Ancient Pissat:

"A Eco for the world, and wardings base! I speak of Arthurs, not a joy coming!—I'll trouble you for your spurs, day friend."

"You will scarce need them, sir," said the man, taking them off at the same time, and buckling them upon again Minctyre's horse, "he's very frank to the road."

Oldbuck stood astonished at this last act of ferocity. "Are you mad, Hector?" he cried, "or have you forgotten what is said by Quintus Curtius, with whom, as a soldier, you must needs be familiar, Nobis equus umbra quidem virga regi; eramus quidem equi, sed etiam eratis pede; which plainly shows that spurs are useless in every case, and, I may add, dangerous in most?"

But Hector, who cared little for the opinion of either Quintus Curtius, or of the Antiquary, upon such a topic, only answered with a hussars. "Never fear, never fear, sir."

"With this that gave his able horse the head, And, bending forward, stuck his armed heels Deep into the sides of his PRossage, Down to the royal head; and starting so, His sound in rising to devour the way, Says vexing, vexing, vexing, vexing—question.""

"There they go, well matched," said Oldbuck, looking after them as they started,—"a mad horse and a wild boy, the two most unstable creatures in Christendom! And I get all to half an hour sooner to a place where nobody wants him; for I doubt Sir Arthur's griefs are beyond the cure of our light horse and meagre riding."

"They are the villains of all the world, for whom Sir Arthur has done so much; for I cannot help observing, that, with some natures, Tactitus's maxim holds good: Benefici quoque levis sunt, cum nichorum; in knowing a fool, as well as to make his debtor a bankrupt in gratitude."

"Murmuring to himself such scents of cynical philosophy, our Antiquary paced the sands towards Knockwinoock, but it is necessary we should extricate him, for the purpose of explaining the reasons of his being so anxiously summoned thither."

CHAPTER XI.

"So, while the Goose, of whom the tale told," said Sir Arthur, "bore on her eyes of swan With hand outstretched, impatient to destroy, A wild one, looking as if he were no saint; Whose gape repugnance changed her splendid dream,—For wings, vain fluttering, and for dying scream."

The Laws of the Dead-Sea.

From the time that Sir Arthur Wardour had become possessors of the treasure found in Mistico's grave, he had been in a state of mind more resem- bled ecstasy than sober sense. Indeed, at one time his daughter had become so excessively apprehensive for her intellect; for, as he had no doubt that he had the power of assuming himself of wealth to an un- limited extent, his language and carriage were those of a man who had acquired the philosopher's stone, talked of buying contiguous estates, that what he had given his son was already a general—and he bungled all this until he were determined to brook no neighbour, save one. He corresponded with an architect of emi- nence on the subject of his father, on a style of extended magnificence that he wished to build for the house he had acquired, himself, and on grounds on a suitable scale. Troops of decorated vessels, and so forth, produced the same effect in his mind. But he had been too often deluded by such jargon to be absolutely relieved of his doubt, and he retired for the coming night in the firm conviction, that his child, who, hanging over a precipice, and without means of retreat, perceives the stone on which he,
THE ANTIQUARY.  

Chap. XII.

resists gradually departing from the rest of the crag, and about to give way with him.

The visions of hope decayed, and there increased in proportion that feverish agony of anticipation with which he passed the rest of the day, on which he was engaged, and possessed of opulence,—the supporter of an ancient name, and the father of two promising children,—forebore the hour approaching which should decide of all the expedients which time had made familiarly necessary to him, and send him forth into the world to struggle with poverty, with rapacity, and with sorrow. Under these dire forebodings, his temper, exhausted by the sickness of delayed hope, became peevish and fretful, and his words and actions sometimes expressed a reckless desperation, which alarmed Miss Wardour extremelly. 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 Doustavivell's departure, Miss Wardour took her seat on the breakfast table on the newspaper and letters of the day. Miss Wardour took up the former to avoid the continued ill-humour of Sir Arthur, who had wrought himself into a violent passion, because the toast was over-browned.

"I perceive how it is," was his concluding speech on this interesting subject,—"my servants, who have read the newspapers, tell me to think there is little to be made of me in future. But while I am the acquaintances' master I will be so, and permit no snubbing a hair's breath diminution of the respect I am entitled to exact from them."

"I am ready to leave your honour's service this instant," said the domestic upon whom the fault had been charged, "as soon as you order payment of my wages."

Sir Arthur, 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, but which concealed violent agitation. Miss Wardour gave him her purse; he attempted to count the bank notes which it contained, but could not touch them. After twice discounting the sum, 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.

And even stood and remained at the agitation and vehemence of his manner.

I am sure, ma'am, if I had thought I was partially engaged, and had made an answer to Sir Arthur challenged me—I have been long in his service, and he has been a kind master, and you a kind mistress, and I was like ill ye should think I was start for a hasty word—I am sure it was very wrong of me to speak about wages to his honour, when maybe he has something to vex him. I had not thought of leaving the family in this way."

"Go down stairs, Robert," said his mistress—"something has happened to fret my father—go down stairs, and let Alick answer the bell."

When the man left the room, Sir Arthur re-entered, as if he had been watching his departure. "What's the meaning of this?" he said hastily, as he observed the bell still on the table—"Is he not gone? Am I neither to be obeyed as a master or a father?"

"He is gone to give up his charge to the housekeeper, sir,—I thought there was not such instant haste."

"There's haste, Miss Wardour," answered her father, interrupting her; "What I do henceforth in the case of my forefathers, must be done speedily, or never."

He then sate down, and took up with a trembling hand the basin of tea prepared for him, protruding the saucer as if to delay the moment of opening the post-letters which lay on the table, and which he eyed from time to time, as if they had been a nest of soldiers ready to start into life and sprang upon him.

"You will be happy to hear," said Miss Wardour, willing to withdraw her father's mind from the gloomy forebodings of her own heart, "that Lieutenant Taffini's gun-brig has got safe to Leith Roads—I observe you are looking to the sea;—I am glad we did not hear them till they were contraband."

"And what is Taffini and his gun-brig to me," Sir Arthur, in his ordinary state of mind, took a fidgety sort of interest in all the gossips of the day and country. "I say," he repeated, in a higher and still more impatient key, "what do I care who is saved or lost?—It's nothing to me, I suppose?"

"I did not know you were busy, Sir Arthur; and thought, as Mr. Taffini is a brave man, and from our own country, you would be happy to hear—"

"O, I am happy—as happy as possible,—and to make you happy too, you shall have some of my good news in return." And he caught up a letter.

"It does not signify which I open first—they are all to the same purpose."

He broke the seal hastily, ran the letter over, and then threw it to his daughter—"Ay; I could not have CDC. ED. this place the coup—"

Miss Wardour, in silent terror, took up the letter. "Read it—read it aloud!" said her father; "it cannot be bad news, as he is in the open sea,—I am broke up for other good news of the same kind."

She began to read with a faltering voice, "Dear Sir,"

"He daren't me too, you see,—this impudent drudge of a writer's office, who, a twelvemonth since, was not fit company for my second table—I suppose I shall want to have thought with him."

"Dear Sir," resumed Miss Wardour; but interrupting herself, "I see the contents are unpleas-'

"It will only vex you if you reading them aloud."

"If you will allow me to know my own pleasure, Miss Wardour, I entreat you to go on—I presume if it were unnecessary, I should not ask you to take the trouble."

"Having been of late taken into copartnership," continued Miss Wardour, reading the letter, by Gilbert Greenhorn, son of your late correspondent, and man of business, Girma Greenhorn, Esq., witness to the signature, whose business I conducted at parliament-house clerk for many years which business will be continued under the sign of Gilbert Greenhorn and Grinderson, (which I memorandum for the sake of accuracy in addressing your letters in the case of a bonâ nobis bond, which is my bonâ nobis partner, Gilbert Greenhorn, in consequence of his absence at the Lamberton races the honour to reply to your said favours."

"Of my friend is methodical, and concludes, by explaining the causes which have procured so modest and elegant a correspondent can bear it."

And he laughed that bitter laugh which is the most fearful expression of mental misery; bling to proceed, and yet afraid to discard. Wardour continued to read: "I am, my dear partner, sorry we cannot oblige you by looking the sums you mention, or applying for a sum in the case of a bonâ nobis bond, which is more inconsistent, as we have been employed as the said Goldiebird's procurators and attorney which capacity we have taken out a charter to this end, I am sorry you must be a little prepared to be left by the messenger, for the sum of forty seven hundred and fifty-six pounds five shillings fifteenpence, in the name of a person of five pounds per annum rent and expenses, we proceed to settle, during the currency of the charter, for various reasons and unforeseen troubles. Some time, I am sure, you will have occasion to run your own account, and, what will be your secret, the sum, of seventy-eight hundred and sixty-nine pounds ten shillings, is also due, and settlement would
THE ANTIQUARY.

The antiquary, as he sat in the library, musing upon the old family records, committed to his care by the late owner of the house, was interrupted in his meditations by a sudden knock at the door.

"Who's there?" called the antiquary, in a half-amused, half-annoyed tone.

"It is I, sir," answered a voice from the other side of the door, "it is I, your humble servant, Gabriel Grinstead, for Greenhill and Grinstead."

"What is it, Gabriel? I cannot receive any visitors at this time of the evening, as I am occupied with important business."

"I know, sir, but I have urgent news to impart to you."

"Proceed, Gabriel."

"Miss Wardour, the daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Wardour, has been found dead in her apartment."

"What? Miss Wardour? Is it possible?"

"Yes, sir. She was discovered by the servants about an hour ago."

"Tell me the details."

"Miss Wardour was found in her bedroom, in an apparent state of distress. The servants testified that they had heard cries for help just before the discovery.

"Miss Wardour, if any of the family were in the habit of receiving letters from her or from any other friends, please give them to me.

"I will do so, sir."

"And tell me if you have any information regarding her behavior in the days preceding her death."

"I have not, sir. She was usually quiet and reserved."

"Can you recall any recent events that might have caused her distress?"

"I cannot, sir. But I will examine the servants and try to find out if anything unusual occurred.

"Thank you, Gabriel. Keep me informed of any developments.

"I will, sir."

"Now, if you will excuse me, I must attend to some important business."

The antiquary walked out of the library, his mind occupied with the sudden and tragic event that had occurred in the Wardour household. He wondered if the death of Miss Wardour was connected to the discovery of the old family records, or if it was merely a coincidence.

"What is true? What is real?"

The antiquary pondered these questions as he walked through the halls of the ancient manor house, lost in thought about the past and the present, the known and the unknown.
the day as 'tis his tackle. I know it free one of his contemporaries, as they call 'em, that's warned to meet him—and they'll be about their work belowe—where they call there neds nase—name theys bear close elbow.

"Are you sure this b'd hour, Edie, is so very near?—come, I know, it will."

"I—I say, you call'd me! but dinna he cast down! there's a heaven ower your head, as well as in that fearful night astrew the Ballyburghness and the Halket-head. D'ye think He was rebuked the very same night against all the wrath of men, though they be armed with human authority?"

"If it is, indeed, all we have to trust to."

"Ye disna ken—ye disna ken—when the night's darkest. If I had a gude horse, or could ride him when I had him, I reckon there was help yet. I trusted to have gotten a ca'am at the Royal Charlotte, but she's coupt yonder, 'tis like, at Kittiebruce. There was a young gentleman on the boat, then. He was to be hurried to drive; and Tam Sang, that said he had mair sense, he believed to let him, and the daft caillant couldna tak the turn at the corner of the bridge, and odd 'n odd! he took the curb-stane, and he's winters of the law yet who would fain come to ding as I came, it was a luck I hadna gotten on the tap o'er—Sae I came down atween hope and despair to see if ye wad send a man on."

"And, Edie—where would ye go?" said the young lady.

"To Tannenburgh, my laddy," (which was the first time he gave the carriage for stages from Fairport, but a good deal nearer to Knockwinnock,) and that without delay—it's a's on your ain business, business, Edie? Alas! I give you all credit for your good meaning, but—"

"There's nae buts about it, my laddy, for gang I wad not be gey veering Roundtown."

"But what is that you would do at Tannenburgh?
—or how can your going there benefit your father's affaire?"

"Indeed, my sweet laddy," said the gaberlniece, "ye maun just trust that bit secret to auld Edie's gray pow, and ask nee questions about it—Certainly if I had hazard'd my life for you now, I can hae more reason to play an ill plight o' tye in the day o' your distress."

"Oh, Edie, follow me then," said Miss Wardour; "and I will try to get you sent to Tannenburgh."

"Mak haste, then, my bonny laddy, mak haste, for the love o' good counsel, and be continued a christener to her expeditor, until they reached the castle."

CHAPTER XLII.

Let those see who will—I like it not—For says he was a slave to rank and pomp, and all the ministrates of the law were divided against him. But by the hard doom of stern necessity; Yet is it, and to mark his alter'd bow, Where Vanity adjusts her flimsy veil 'twixt the deep wrinkles of repentant anguish.

Old Play.

Where Miss Wardour arrived in the court of the castle, she was opposed by the first planks, that the visit of the officers of the law had already taken place. There was confusion, and gloom, and sorrow, and curiosity among the domestics, while the presences of the law were now disposed, making an inventory of the goods and chattels falling under their warrant of distress, or poinding, as it is called in the law. Captain McIntyre flew to her, as struck dumb with the melancholy accounts of her father's ruin, she paused upon the threshold of the castle.

"Miss Wardour," he said, "do not make yourself uneasy; my uncle is coming immediately, and I am sure he will find some way to clear the house and all your respects."

"Alas! Captain McIntyre, I fear it will be too late."

"No," answered Edie, impatiently; "could I but get to Tannenburgh. In the name of Heaven, Cap-
THE ANTIQUARY.

I beg your pardon; but sure I saw your nephew arrive on horseback a short time since. We must look after him. He is a handsome gray charger, as I have seen.

Sir Arthur was about to ring the bell, when Mr. Oldbuck said, "My nephew came on your own gray horse, Sir Arthur."

"Mine!" said the poor Baronet, "mine, was it? then the sun had been in my eyes—Well, I'm not worthy having horses longer, since I don't know my own when I see him."

Good Heaven, thought Oldbuck, how is this man altered from the formal stupidity of his usual manner!—he grows wonton under adversity—Sed per

untiis mille figuris.—He then proceeded aloud; "Sir Arthur, we must necessarily speak a little on business.

"To be sure," said Sir Arthur; —"but it was so good that I should not know the horse I have ridden these five years—ha! ha!"

"Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, "don't let me waste time which is precious; we shall have, I hope, many better seasons for jesting—despere in loco is the maxim of Horace—I more than suspect this has been brought on by the villain of Dousterniwel.

Don't mention his name, sir!" said Sir Arthur; and his manner changed from a fluttered affection of gューty to all the agitation to which his eyes sparkled, his mouth foamed, his hands were clenched; "Don't mention his name, sir," he vociferated, "unless you would have me stand for presence!—That I should have been such a misera
dible dot—such an infatuated idiot—such a beast, endowed with the beast's stupidity, to be led and driven and spurred by such a rascal, and under such ridiculous pretenses—Mr. Oldbuck, I could tear myself when I think of it."

"I only mean 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 may be grateful to you. I have had some unlawful correspondence on the other side of the water."

"Has he?—has he?—has he, indeed?—then—then in the household-good, 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 like to overset the poor man's understanding; "I was a man then, and I am not a cow, the rope, or the law has been badly cheated—But this unhappy business of yours—can nothing be done?

He took the papers; and, as he read them, his countenance grew hopelessly dark and disconsolate.

Miss Wardour had by this time entered the apartment, and fixing her eyes on Mr. Oldbuck, as if she meant to read her fate in his looks, easily perceived, from the change in his eye and the drooping of his mether-jaw, how little was to be hoped.

"We are then irremediably ruined, Mr. Oldbuck," said the young lady.

"Irremediably!—I hope not—but the instant demand is very large, and others will, doubtless, pool in."

"Ay, never doubt that, Monkbarra," said Sir Ar

thur; "where the slaughter is, the eagles will gather together—I am like a sheeewhich I have seen fall down a precipice, or drop down from sickness—if you had not seen a single raven shake a bloody crown for a fortnight before, he will not lie on the heather ten minutes before half-a-dozen will be picking out his eyes, and he drew his hand over his own, and tearing at his heart-strings before the poor devil has time to die. But that d—d long-scented vulture that dogged me so long—you have got him fast, I hope?"

"Fast enough," said the Antiquary; "the gentle

man wished to take the wings of the morning, and bolt in the what d'ye call it,—the conch and four there. But he did not find twice luckier for him at Edinburgh: As it is, he never got so far, for the
THE ANTICIPATION.

sooth being overturned—how could it go safe with such a Jonah?—he has had an infernal tumble, and walked into a cottage near Kettlebrig, and, to prevent all suspicion of escape, I have sent your friend, Mr. Swepcian, to bring him back to Fairport, in no small regret, or to act as his sick-nurse at Kettlebrig, as is most fitting. —And now, Sir Arthur, permit me to bear to you the real state of things. They seem to me to have done the magnificent stair-case—every well-known object seeming to the unfortunate father and daughter to speak a word of their prosperity and dignity; but, as usual, it is to press themselves on their action for the last time.

They had been 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 compulsion which characterized her disposition.

"The messenger is returned, Mr. Oldbuck."

"Returned? — What the devil has he not let the fellow go?"

"No—I understand he has carried him to confinement, and now he is returning 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 ruffians a party! a parcel of beggarly tailor-fellows—tell yourselves off by nine, and we shall know you effectually...

"For the voice of the man of law, when heard indissolubly muttering a reply, to which Hector retorted—"Come, come, sir, this won't do; march your man out of the house, or I'll take him out of this house directly, or I'll send you and them to the right about presently."

"I will take Hector," said the Antiquary, bestowing the scene of action: "his Highland blood is up again, and we shall have him fighting a duel with the ballif!—Come, Mr. Swepcian, you must give me a little— I know you would not wish to hurry Sir Arthur."

"By no means, sir," said the messenger, pushing his hat back, and kissing him, while he had thrown on to satisfy the dignity 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 account, making with the awful trancheon which he held in his right hand, to the formidable line of figures jotted upon the back thereof.

Hector, on the other hand, though silent from reverence to the name of uncle, answered this discourse by shaking his clenched fist at the messenger with a frown of Highländ wrath.

"You may 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—a 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 further can be done—My nephew will escort Miss Wardour to Monkbarra, which I hope she will make her residence until these unpleasant matters are settled.

"I and 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."

"Anything in reason, madam," said the messenger. "I have ordered it out, and it's at the door—I will go on the box with the coachman—I have no desire to ride—but two of the concumstances must attend on horseback."

"I will attend too," said Hector, and he ran down to secure a horse for himself.

"We must go then," said the Antiquary.

"To jail," said the Baronet, sighing involuntarily; "And what of that? He resumed, in a tone affectedly calm, "you mustn't get out of, after all—Suppose a fit of the gout, and Knockwinoock would be the same—Ay, aye, Monkbarra, 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 masked how much this assumed gravity cost him. "The Antiquary wrung his hand, and, like the Indian Brahman, who drive the real and metaphorical terms of the sentence; and while they are apparently talking of indifferent matters, the head of Sir Arthur, by its convulsive return of the grasp, expressed his sense of gratitude to his friend, and the Antiquary, by his return to the library, followed by the unfortunate gentleman.

At the first landing-place, Sir Arthur made as sanguine a face; 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 Redhead and Genevra de Guerard, may be pardoned a slight when he leaves the castle of his fathers thus ignominiously escorted. When I was sent to the Tower with my late father, in the year 1746, it was upon a charge becoming our birth—upon an accusation of high treason, Mr. Oldbuck—we were escorted from Highgate by a troop of life-guards, and committed upon a security of state's warrant; and now, here I am, in my old age, dragged from my household by a monstrous creature like that. (pointing to the messenger.) I sent for a paltry boy, indeed, to come to say yes, and that may be some consolation, even without the certainty that there can be no hanging, drawing, or quartering, on the present occasion."

"I heartily hope that those apprehensions may never come over. I hope to God he has got into no new bad and it was an accurate chance that brought him back at all."

In fact, a sudden clumber, in which the lead weighed somewhat northern accent of Hector was again pre-eminently distinguished, broke off this conversation. The cause we must refer to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Perseus, you sir, flies from me—the last evening.

Like the bee she bird round the Fowler's dart—

Lost in the most one moment, and the next.

Brushing the white nail with her white earring,

As it to sport the air—Experience watches,

And has on the veil.

On Him.

The shout of triumph in Hector's breast, was not easily distinguished from that of beasts, but as he rushed up stairs with a packet in his hand, exclaiming, "Long life to an old soldier!" He caused Edie with a very good face to make his report, and Edie was very happy and obstinate, with the obvious that his present course of clavans was of an agreeable nature. He delivered the letter to Oldbuck, Sir Arthur heartily, and, late, Miss Wardour joy, with all the framework of his congratulation. The messenger, who had had an instinctive terror for Captain M'Intyre, drew to his prisoner, keeping an eye on caution to the motions.

"Don't suppose I shall trouble myself about you dirty fellow," said the soldier, there's a — for the fright I have given you; and here's an old forty-thick man, who is a fitter match for — am.

The messenger (one of those dogs who are so careful of the dirty puddings) caught in his guinea which Hector stuck at his face; and worried and carefully the turn which matters must be taken. The messenger meanwhile was a fitter which no one was in a hurry to answer.

"What is the matter, Captain M'Intyre?" asked Arthur.

"Ask old Edie," said Hector; "I only know, safe and well."

"What is this, Edie?" said Miss Wardour to the mendicant.

"Your leddish man shall Monkbarra, and get the postscript correspondence."

"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 plethsm, he skimmed his cocked hat in the air, from which it descended not again, being caught in its fall by a breeze and carried away. Only, about a round, laid a grasp on his wig, which he perhaps would have sent after the beetle, had not Edie stopped his hand, explaining, "LORDIL! he's a young' un—mind Caxton's no here to repair the damage."

Every person now assailed the Antiquary, clamouring to know the cause of such a visit, and transportation, which was somewhat accelerated of his reputation, but, having turned tail, like a fox at the cry of a pack of hounds, and ascending the stair by two steps at a time, gained the upper landing-place, where, turning round, he addressed the astonished audience as follows:

"My good friends, vade mecum—To give you information, I must first, according to logicians, be possessed of myself; and, therefore, with your leave, I will retire into the library to examine these papers—Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour will have the goodness to step into the parlour—Sir, Swepclean, send me paper, or, in your own language, grant me a supersede of diligence for five minutes—Hector, draw off your glasses, make your bears-garden from elsewhere—And, finally, be all of good cheer till my return, which will be instantaneous."

The contents of the packet were indeed so little expected, and Sir Arthur was so far from his ecstasy, and next his desire of delaying to communicate the intelligence they conveyed, until it was arranged to appear in his own mouth. Within the envelope was a letter addressed to Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq. of Monkbars, of the following purport:

"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 have received information from him, or rather, his deputation, that I am at a very considerable distance from him, and 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 to give effectual assistance for extricating them. I understand Sir Arthur is threatened with severe measures by persons who acted formerly as his agents; and, by advice of a credible man of business here, have procured the enclosed writing, which I understand will stop their proceedings, until their claim shall be legally dismissed, and brought down to its proper amount. I also enclose bills of the amount of one thousand pounds to pay any other pressing demands, and request of your friendship to apply them according to your discretion, without any proceeding against me, until I can myself appear at the same time to transmit my respectful apology. I have only to add, that Mr. Grinderson is of opinion, that, if restored to your confidence, he will be able to prevent all future occurrence of misfortune. You will understand, in the present claim which would greatly reduce its amount (so, so, willing to play the rogue on either side;) and that there is not this slight inaccuracy in my memory. I am, for M. Greenhorn, and a curiosity in it. We give it, with the worthy Baronet's comments.

Sir,—Oh! I am sorry I see dear sir no longer; folks are only dear to Mses. Greenhorn and Grinderson when they are in adversity—Sir, I am much concerned to learn, on my return from the country, where I was called on a particular business; a bet on the score of a few shillings, I suppose, that my partner had the impudence, in my absence, to undertake the concerns of Mses. Goldsmith, and to impress your sister of having been in an unbecoming manner. I beg to make my humble apology, as well as Mr. Grinderson's—come, I see he can write for himself and partner too,—and trust it is impossible you can think me forgetful, or ungrateful for, the constant patronage which my family (his family! curse him for a poppy!) have uniformly experienced from you; and, as he will not admit 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 remedy as much as in me lies the mistake of which he complains, pretty mistake, indeed! to clap his patron into jail, I have sent this express to discharge all proceedings against you, which I have had legal advice to stop, at the same time to transmit my respectful apology. I have only to add, that Mr. Grinderson is of opinion, that, if restored to your confidence, he may possibly prevent all future occurrence of misfortune. You will understand, in the present claim which would greatly reduce its amount (so, so, willing to play the rogue on either side;) and that there is not this slight inaccuracy in my memory. I am, for M. Greenhorn, and a curiosity in it. We give it, with the worthy Baronet's comments.

"Well said, Mr. Gilbert! Greenhorn," said Monkbars; "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. When Mr. Augustus Grinderson said that when it is fair windy at Aragon, and a 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 an equilateral cocked hat, has a house in the Old Town, is as much afraid of a horse as I am myself, plays at golf of a Saturday, goes to the market of a Sunday; and, respecting no partner, hath only his own folly to apologize for."

"There are some writers very honest fellows," said Hector, "I should like to hear any one say that my cousin, Donald, is a reluctant soldier (the other six are in the army,) is not as honest a fellow as—"

"No doubt, no doubt," Hector, all the M'Intyres are
The Antiquary.

"Sir Arthur—let me bring in the messenger of good luck, though he is but a lame one. You told me that you secreted out the slaughter from afar; but here's a blue pigeon (somewhat of the oldest and toughest, I grant) who smelled the good meal six or seven miles off, flew thither in the tax-cart, and returned with the olive branch."

"Ye owe it to pur Robie that draws me—purfaller that he beggar; he doubts he's in disgrace wi' my leggy and Sir Arthur."

Robert's repellant and bushy-faced was seen over the mendicant's shoulder.

"He was with me!" said Sir Arthur—"how so?—for the irritation into which he had worked himself on occasion of the toast had been long forgotten—Sir Robert; I was angry, and you were wrong—go about your work, and never answer a master that speaks to you in a passion."

"Nor any one else," said the Antiquary; "for a soft touch; will he do?"

"And tell your mother, who is so ill with the rheumatism, to come down to the housekeeper to-morrow, and we will see what can be done for her."

"God bless your leggyship," said poor Robert, and his honour Sir Arthur, and the young lad, and the house of Knockwimock in a's branches, far and near—it's been a kind and a guide house to the pur this many hundred years."

"A'well, 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 seat, and mony a fule in a wise man's, especially in families of distinction."

Miss Wardour, fearing the effect of this speech, however worthy of Aladdin's Gorlax, or any other place of the world, that she thought too much for the badlech, and the Gude.

"Surely my love," said her father, "when was it ever otherwise in our families when a siege had been raised?"

"A siege laid by Saunders Sweepclean the belief, and raised by Edie Ochiltree the gaberrieun, for noble fratum," said Old buck, "and well putted against each other in resistability. But never mind, Sir Arthur—these are such meags and such reliefs as our time and country could produce, so worthy commemorating in a glass of this excellent wine—Upon my credit, it is Burgundy, I think.

"Well, then, if your facings be not only fair enough, and you may be besieged as ladies love best to be, and sign terms of capitulation in the chapel of Saint Winnor, Miss Wardour blushed, Hector coloured, and then grew pale.

Sir Arthur answered, "My daughter is much obliged to you, Monkharn; but unless you'll accept of herself, I really do not know where a poor knight's daughter is to seek for an alliance in these mercenary times."

"Me, mes'ye, Sir Arthur? No, not I; I will claim the privilege of the duel, 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 Edinburgh, and have a look at Sir Major Neville is arrived there, I should like to see him."

"And who is the devil, Sir Major Neville? I demand the Antiquary."

"O, Mr. Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, "you must remember you name frequently in the newspapers—a very distinguished young officer indeed. But I am happy to say that Mr. M'Intyre need not leave Monkbar to see him, for he knows me, for the Major is to come with him to Knockwimock, and I need not say how happy I shall be to make the young gentlemen acquainted,—unless, indeed, they are known to each other."

"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 in the person of Lord Gilmour to garneakoe, God knows where, to persecute the peaceful feathered creation."

"True, true, uncle—I had forgot that," exclaimed the young knight; "but you said something just now that put every thing out of my head."

"An it like your honours," said old Edie, throwing his flower with his whistle, "I am been plenely regaling himself with ale and cold meat—'an it like your honours, I can tell ye something that will keep the Captain wi' us amiss as well as the putting—'Birn us the French are coming.

"The French, you blackhead?" answered Oldbuck.

"Bah!"

"I have not had time," said Sir Arthur Wardour, "to look over my lieutenant correspondence for the week—indeed, I generally make a rule to read it every Wednesday, except in pressing cases,—for I do everything by method—but from the glance I cast of my letters, I observed some alarm was excited."

"Alert?" said Edie, "roth there's alarm, for the provost's gar'd the beacon light on the Hills were to be sorted up (that said has been sorted had a syne) in an unco hurry, and the council have met to see what they can be done."

"Lieutenant Taffril?—for it's neist to certain that marry and take care, a gentleman of honour and Monkharn that wear wigs—and see there's some said story about a periwig that—"
THE ANTIQUARY.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Now, if she love me not, I care not for her;

Shall I look pale because the maids blooms?

Or sit behind a screen, and smile on her?

Not I, by Heaven! I hold my peace too dear,

To speak to her, or see her;—I love her, and

Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.

"Hector," said his uncle to Captain M'Intyre, in the course of their walk homeward, "I am sure you are mistaken to think, 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," answered the Antiquary, "I have sometimes thought that you have cast your eyes upon Miss Wardour.

"Well, sir," said M'Intyre, with much composure.

"You heard, sir," echoed his uncle, "duke take the fellow, he answers me as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world, that he, a captain in the army, and naturalized besides, should marry the daughter of a baronet.

"I presume to think, sir," said the young Highlander, "there would be no degradation on Miss Wardour's part in point of family.

"O, heaven forbid we should come on that topic!—no, no, equal both—both on the table-lan(l)d of gentility, and qualified to look down every rotterer in Scotland.

"And in point of fortune we are pretty even, since neither 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," replied his uncle; "she won't have you, Hector.

"Indeed, sir?"

"It is very sure, Hector; and to make it doubly sure, I must inform you that she likes another man.

She misunderstand some words I once said to her, and I have since been able to guess at the interpretation she put on them. At the time, I was unable to account for her hesitation and blushing; but, my poor Hector, I now understand them as a death-signal to your hopes and pretensions—So I advise you to beat a retreat, and draw off your forces as well as you can, for the fort is too well garnished for you to storm it.

"I have no occasion to beat any retreat, uncle," said Hector, holding himself very upright, andMarching 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, and a good family—"

"And better taste," said his uncle; "doubtless she is, Hector; and though I cannot say but that this is the treasure to our country,--as sensible girls I have seen, yet I don't much of her merit, and I can hardly cast away on you. A showy figure, now, two cross feathers above her noddle—one green, the other blue, but a sort of regal complexion, drive a gig one day, and the other review the regiment on the gray trotting pony which dragged that vehicle, hoc erat in vita. These are the qualities that suit a subduing girl, and she had a taste for natural history, and loved a specimen of a place.

"It's a little hard, sir," said Hector. "I must have that cursed seal thrown into my face on all occasions—but I care little about it—and I shall not break my heart for Miss Wardour. She is free to choose for herself, and I wish her all happiness."

"Magnanimously resolved, thou prop of Troy! Why, Hector, I was afraid of a scene—Your sister time you were desperately in love with Miss Wardour."

"Sir," answered the young man, "you would not have me desperately in love with a woman that does not care about me."

"Well, nephew," said the Antiquary, more seriously, "there is doubtless much sense in what you say; yet I would have given a great deal, some twenty, or twenty-five years since, to have been able to think as you do.

"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 said before, 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 invasion. The cry is still, They come."

Hector, swallowing the sentiment, which he was peculiarly anxious to conceal from his uncle's satirical observation, readily entered into a conversation which was to turn the Antiquary's thoughts from Miss Wardour and the seal. When they reached Monkbarns, the communicat10g to the ladies the events which had taken place at the Castle, with the counter information of how long dinner had waited for the womankind that had ventured to eat it in the Antiquary's absence, averted these delicate topics of discussion.

The next morning the Antiquary arose early, and as Caxond had not yet made his appearance, he began mentally to feel the absence of the petty news and small talk, of which the ex-perjurer was a faithful reporter, and which habit had made as necessary to the Antiquary as his occasional pinch of snuff, although he held, or affected to hold, both to be of the same intrinsic value. The feeling of vouchsafing to such a deprivation, was alleviated by the appearance of old Gritches, Hector, wearing beside the clipped yew and holly hedges, with the air of a person quite at home. Indeed, so familiar had he been of late, that even Juno did not bark at him, but contented herself with watching him with a close and enquiring eye. Our Antiquary stepped out in his night-gown, and instantly received and returned his greeting.

"They are coming," said three in going to Monkbarns—I just came from Faimport to bring ye the news, 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.

"Oho!"

"Ay, say, Captain Taffin's gun-boat, the Search."

"What! any relation to Search No. 11?" said Oldbuck, catching at the light which the name of the vessel seemed to throw on the mysterious chest of treasure.

The mendicant, like a man detected in a frolic, put his bonnet before his face, yet could not help laughing heartily. "The bolt was quietly shut, the oddities and events meet—Who thought ye we had laid that and that together?—Odd, I am clean catch'd now."

"I see it all," said Oldbuck, "as plain as the legend on a medal of high preservation—the box in which the bullion was found belonged to the gun-boat, and the name was his, and then the treasure to other..."

"And was buried there that Sir Arthur might receive relief in his difficulties?"

"By me," said Edie; "and two o' the brig's men—but they didn't understand it; and thought it some bit smuggling concern o' the Captain's. I watched day and night..." I saw it in the right hand..."
and then, when that German deevil was glowing at the lid o' the kite, (they liked mutton weal that kite where the yowes lay,) I think some Scotchman decided to play you the cantrip—Now, ye see, if I had said ma' or less to Bailee Littlejohn, I behaved till has come out wi' a' this story;—but yon is just that what I've been tae have it brought tae light—see I thought I would stand to ony thing rather than that.

"Must say he has chosen his confident weel," said Oldbuck.—"Why not trust me, or any other friend?"

"Blood o' your sister's son," replied Edie, "was on his head; but maybe he's outright—was he had to take counsel?—or how could he ask it of you, by any body?"

"You are right. But what if Dousterswivel had come betwixt you?"

"There was little fear o' his coming there without Sir Arthur—he had gotten a sair sight the night afore, and many a time look on the place, unless he had been brought there stang and ling. He kent well the first pose was o' his ain hiding, and how could he escape it?"—"He just hazarded on about it to make the rain o' Sir Arthur."

"Then how?" said Oldbuck, "should Sir Arthur have come there unless the German had brought him?"

"Umph!" answered Edie dryly, "I had a story about Missettoc wad has brought him forty miles, or more. Anyhow, it was to be thought he would be for visiting the place he fand 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 was instantly maint on,—we couldna think o' a better way to fling the weight on Sir Arthur, though we simmered it and wintered it e'erie man. And if by any queer mischance Dousterswivel had got his claws on it, I was instantly to have informed you or the Sheriff o' the fact."

"Well, notwithstanding all these wise precautions, I think your contrivance succeeded better than you knew. For it was to be thought he would be for visiting the place he fand 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 was instantly maint on,—we couldna think o' a better way to fling the weight on Sir Arthur, though we simmered it and wintered it e'erie man. And if by any queer mischance Dousterswivel had got his claws on it, I was instantly to have informed you or the Sheriff o' the fact."

"Deil haeid I expect—excepting that a' the gentlemen will come to the gaberline's burial; and maybe ye'll carry the head, yourself, as ye did pair Steenie and Muckle-Low. I thought maybe it wasn't to me; I was ganging about at any rate—O but I was blythe when I got out of prison, though; for, I thought, that what I had been tae have it brought tae light—see I thought I would stand to ony thing rather than that."

"What do you expect, now, Edie, for being the associate of a scoundrel, an enemy, and confidential person in all these matters?"

"I just gat as bit scraped o' a pen frae him, to say thyself; he was a pocket at Tonnuburgh, wi' letters o' great consequence to the Knockmuckin folk; for they jalousely the opening of our letters at Fairport—and that's as true, I hear Mrs. Macnab a' the time, and the traditions of the folk as ever after other folk's business and neglecting her ain."

"And what do you expect, now, Edie, for being the associate of a scoundrel, an enemy, and confidential person in all these matters?"

"..."
CHAPTER XLV.

Red slept the beacon on Fowrall. On Skool there were three.

The bough bore moon and fell
Weirdly o'er them all.}

The Lord preserve us! said Caesar, what's to be done now? But there will be bister heads than mine to look to that, see I'm on fire the beacon.

The watch, who kept his watch on the hill, and looked towards Rimau, probably conceived himself dreaming when he first beheld the fated grove put itself into motion for its march to Danesane. Even now, old Caesar, as perched in his but, he qualified his eye upon him, and his face upon his hand, and his hand upon his daughter, and the dignity of being father-in-law to Lieutenant Taffin, with an occasional, jeer toward the land of his correspondence. The thought was not a little surprised by observing a light in that direction. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, adjusting his expression by a steady gait which was balanced so as to bear upon the point. And behold, the light increased, like a comet to the eye of the astronomer—

with fear of change perpetrating nations.

The story of the false alarm at Fairport, and the consequent pursuit of a party, might be related, no doubt, in a light and entertaining manner, for the purpose of contributing to the amusement of the spectators. But I am not so disposed. Almost every individual was enrolled either in a gay or civil capacity, for the purpose of contributing to the entertainment of the spectators. Almost every individual was enrolled either in a gay or civil capacity, for the purpose of contributing to the entertainment of the spectators.
"The beacon, uncle!" said Miss M'rityre. "The French coming to murder us!" screamed Miss M'rityre.

"The beacon, the beacon! —the French, the French! —murder, murder! and worse than murder!" cried the woman, like the voice of an agitated soul.

"The French!" said Oldbuck, starting up... "get out of the room, womankind that you are, till I get my things oh —And, hark ye, bring me my sword."

"Where's them? Monkbar's!" cried his sister, offering a Roman falchion of brass with the one hand, with the other an Andrea Ferrara without a handle.

"The longest, the largest," cried Jenny Rintherent, 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. "—over sure! a' the sea fences, and the land fences, and the volunteers and yeomanry, are on fit, and driving to Fairport as hard as horse and man can go — and said Mucklebackit's gate wi' the lave — muckle good he'll do; — Hech, sirs! — he'll be missed the morrow who was has served king and country well?"

"He's mine," said Oldbuck. "—the sword which my father wore in the year forty-five —it hath no belt or baldric — but we'll make shift."

"And the proper successor through the cover of his broches pocket. At this moment Hector entered, who had been to a neighbouring height to ascertain whether the alarm was actual.

"Not the least of the disheartenment," exclaimed Oldbuck — "where is your double-barrelled gun, that was never out of your hand when there was no occasion for it?"

"Surely," said Arthur Warburton. "—the beaver and the volunteers, and the yeomanry, are in fit, and driving to Fairport, and called in his way to take Mr. Oldbuck with him, having had his original opinion confirmed by Mr. Oldbuck. And in spite of all the entreaties of the womankind that the Antiquary would stay toarrison Monkbar's, Mr. Oldbuck, with his nephew, instantly ordered the heathen to take their stand and their arms, and preventing confusion."

"You are right, Hector,—I believe I shall do as much with my head as my hand too — But here occurs a scene of great interest, between ourselves, and between, if not to accomplish such a single one way or another."

Sir Arthur was so particular a different opinion; for, drawing up his line under the parapet, he was on the road to Fairport, and called in his way to take Mr. Oldbuck with him, having had his original opinion confirmed by Mr. Oldbuck. And in spite of all the entreaties of the womankind that the Antiquary would stay toarrison Monkbar's, Mr. Oldbuck, with his nephew, instantly ordered the heathen to take their stand and their arms, and preventing confusion. Those who have witnessed such a scene can alone conceive the state of bustle in Fairport. The windows were glittering with a hundred lights, which, appearing and disappearing rapidly, indicated the confusion within. The women of lower rank assembled and clambered in the marketplace. The yeomanry pouring from their different clans, galloped through the streets, some individually, some in parties of five or six, as they had met on the road. The drummers filed of the volunteers beating to arms, were blended with the voices of the officers, the sound of the bugles, and the tolling of the bells from the steeple. The papers in the hands of the men were lit up, and boats from the armed vessels 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 Telford with much acuteness. Two or three light vessels had already slipped their cables and stood out to sea, in order to discover the support of the like kind in Scotland, it was remarkable how the good sense and firmness of the people in proceeding to defend the settlement.

The magistrates were met by the quarter-masters of the different corps for billets for men and horses. Let me say the Antiquary, as the captain, will supply us with the story. The houses were locked in our warehouses, and the men into our parlours, —share our supper with the one, and our fare with the other. We have made ourselves wealthy under a tree, and our general government, and now is the time to show we know its value."

"A loud and cheerful acquiescence was given by all present, to the substance of the speeches. The persons of those of all ranks, were unanimously devoted to the defence of the country. Captain M'rityre acted on this occasion as military adviser and aid-de-camp to the principal magistrates, and displayed a degree of presence of mind, and knowledge of his profession, totally unexpected by his uncle, who, collecting his usual taciturnity 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 gave directions for executing them. He found the different corps in good order, considering the irregular state of all the volunteers, and the numbers, and high confidence and spirits. And so much did military experience at that moment overbalanced all other considerations, that he ever claimed to consequent on the cover of his broches pocket. At this moment Hector entered, who had been to a neighbouring height to ascertain whether the alarm was actual.

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courage and zeal which they had displayed were entirely thrown away, unless in so far as they afforded an opportunity for the popular insurrection.  "I—I am afraid Mr. Neville, as we discovered by an investigation which we made in our route hither, was most naturally led to take upon himself the post of father long before marriage, though he never carried them into effect."

"Pardon me—no such views were held out to me; I was liberally educated, and pushed forward in the army by money and interest; but I believe my supposed father long before marriage."

"You say your supposed father?—What leads you to suppose Mr. Geraldine Neville was not your real father?"

"I know, Mr. Oldbuck, that you would not ask these questions on a point of such delicacy for the gravitation of idle curiosity. I may, therefore, tell you candidly that last year, while we occupied a small town in French Flanders, I found in a convent, near which I was quartered, a woman who spoke remarkably good English—She was a Spaniard—her name Teresa D'Acunha.  In the course of our acquaintance, she discovered who I was, and made herself known to me as the person who had clasped my infancy.  She dropped more than one hint of rank to which I was entitled, and of injustice done to me, promising a more full disclosure in case of the death of a lady in Scotland, whose lifetime she was determined to keep the secret. She also intimated that Mr. Geraldine Neville was not my real father, that I was attacked by the enemy, and driven from the town, which was pillaged with savage ferocity by the Republicans.  The religious orders were the parties objects of the hate and cruelty of the populace, and my name was burnt, and several nuns perished, among others Teresa—and with her all chance of knowing the story of my birth—tragic by all accounts it must have been."

"Naro antecedentem scademum, or, as I may here say, scademum, said Oldbuck, disdaining even Epicureans admitted that—and what did you do upon this?"

"I renounced with Mr. Neville by letter, and to no purpose—I then obtained a leave of absence, and threw myself at his feet, conjuring him to complete the disclosure which Teresa had begun.  He refused, and I, in my impatience, had signed irregularly with the favours he had already conferred; I thought he abused the power of a benefactor, as he was compelled to admit he had no title to that of a father, and we parted in mutual displeasure.  I renounced the name of Neville, and assumed that under which you know me. It was at this time, while residing with a friend in the north of England, who favoured my disguise, that I became acquainted with Miss Wourdour, and was romantic enough to follow her to Scotland. My mind waivered on various plans of life, when I received a letter from Mr. Neville for an explanation of the mystery of my birth.  It was long ere I received an answer; you were present when it was written; it was signed, and informed me of his bad state of health, and conjured me, for my own sake, to inquire no further into the nature of his connexion with me, but to rest satisfied with his declaration such as an uncertain, that he designed to constitute me his heir.  When I was preparing to leave Fairport to join him, a second expressed breath me word that he was no more.  The possession of great wealth was unable to suppress the remorseful feelings with which I now regarded my conduct to my benefactor, and some hints in his letter appearing to intimate that there was on my birth a deeper stain than that of ordinary illegitimacy, I remembered certain prejudices of Sir Arbury."

"And you brooded over these melancholy ideas until you were ill, instead of coming to me for advice, and telling me the whole story?" said Oldbuck.  "Exactly; that is where my quarrel with Sir Arbury, M'Intyre, and my compelled departure from Fairport and its vicinity."

"From love and from poetry—Miss Wourdour and the Caledonian?"

"Most true."

"And since that time you have been occupied I suppose, with plans for Sir Arbury's relief."

"Yes, sir; with the assistance of Captain Wourdour at Edinburgh."

"You hate the Antiquary, intercepting him,—I believe I know more of birth than you do yourself—and to convince you of it, you were educated and known as a natural son of Geraldine Neville of Neville's-burgh, in York-shire, and, I presume, educated and brought up in that county."

"The watchman at Halket-head," said Major Neville, "as we discovered by an investigation which we made in our route hither, was most naturally led to take upon himself the post of father long before marriage, though he never carried them into effect."

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"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, let me say—Lovely, being in the name in which I rather delight, you must, I believe, exchange both of your affections 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 young man. But of all intentions against your person, however much the evil conscience of Kipseth might lead her to suspect him from the agitation in which he appeared, Teresa's story and your own fully acquitted 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 of accordance, one on the marriage of the Great Earl, and the other on the left-hand gauntlet of Hell-in-harness. He regularly ignores whether Lord Geraldin has commenced the Caldon. He shakes his head at the question of motives. As a result, however, he has completed his task, which, we believe, will be at the service of the nation who chooses to make them public, without loss to the Antiquary.

END OF THE ANTICUARY.
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.

Wear the Editor of the following volumes published, about two years since, the work called "The Antiquary," he annexed that he was, for the last time, intruding upon the public in his present capacity. He felt as if he himself were the plea that every anonymous writer is, like the celebrated Justius, only a man, and that therefore, although an appendage of a more benign, as well as much meaner description, he cannot be bound to plead a charge of inconstancy. A better apology may be found in the imitations the confession of honest Saint, that, when he said and die, a bachelor, he did not think he should stand much. The best of all would be if, as has eminently happened in the case of some distinguished contemporaries, the merit of the work should, in the reader's estimation, form an excuse for the author's breach of promise. Without presuming to hope that this may prove the case, it is only further necessary to mention, that my resolution, like that of Saint, will be, fail a sacrifice, to temptation at least, if not to

It is now about six months since the Author, through the medium of his respectable publishers, received a few of their pages, containing the outlines of this narrative, with a permission, or rather a request, expressed in scarcely flattering terms, that they might be given to the public, with such alterations as

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN the author projected this further encroachment on the patience of an indulgent public, he was at some loss for a title: a Mr. S. Convertible, whose respectability and experience foresaw the germ of popularity which it included. No introduction can be more appropriate to the work than some account of the singular character of honest Rob, the title-page, and who, through good report and bad report, has maintained a wondrous degree of importance in popular speculation. This cannot be ascribed to the distinction of his birth, and that he was a gentleman, to his having been thus high destination, and gave him little right to commend in his own name. Neither, though he lived a busy, restless, and enterprising life, was he less a credit to those of other freckles who have been least distinguished. He owed his fame in a great measure to the wild virtues, and playing such pranks in the beginning of the 18th century, as are engendered by the woods and hills, and the wild, reckless, and hardy, the public policy, and unreasoned license of an American Indian, was flourishing in Scotland during the August age of Queen Anne, and George I. In addition, it is probable, or Pope, would have been considerably surprised if they had known that there existed in the same island with them a per- sonage of Rob Roy's peculiar habits and profession. It is this strong contrariety between the civilized and cultivated mode of life on the one side of the Highland line, and the wild and lawless adventure which were habitual to the people, and achieved by one who dwelt on the opposite side of that ideal boundary, which creates the interest attached to his name. Hence it is

"Fair and near, through vale and hill,

And noble hue the new steed's hall;

Him may his race and name."
INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

gradually deprived of their possessions, and of all ordinary means of subsistence. Of this, they were not, nevertheless, supposed to be likely to starve for famine, while they had the comfort of knowing that their lives were considered as rightfully their own. Hence they became versed in profligate ways, and were not, perhaps, of such exemplary morals as their parents were. Their premises were large, with a little management on the part of some of their most powerful neighbours, they could easily be guarded over, to an extent of being quite secure, to commit brigandage, of which they could never be seized. The policy of pushing on the fierce class of the Highlanders to the south is, to a large degree, accomplished. This is the accomplishment of the most daring of the MacGregors, the most unoffensive of the clan Gregor, whose character, being that of lawless though brave men, could not be considered, as it once might have been in the same way. That James left the MacGregors, and the extent of the slaughter, the widows of the clan with his grave. The policy of the MacGregor, his name, in the possession of a stone, to be held by the husband and wife, and by their children, is not the same as it was. The policy of the MacGregor, in the possession of a stone, to be held by the husband and wife, and by their children, is not the same as it was.

Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, being well mounted, arrived at the time to the castle of Inveraray, or Beauchamp. It proved to be a most gloomy and dark-looking place, as it appeared to be in the country.

The battle of Glenfinnan, and the severity with which the MacGregors exercised violence, was to be accounted for some time. It was not the only instance of the extent of the slaughter, the widows of the clan with his grave. The policy of the MacGregor, his name, in the possession of a stone, to be held by the husband and wife, and by their children, is not the same as it was.

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INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

common satisfiers, and in the bringing of MacGregor, with a great many of the leading men of the clan, worthy executed for their services. The charges were made upon a letter written by General MacGregor, after the death of the Duke of Argyll, to MacGregor, giving him instructions to act as the Duke's agent in the business of the clan. The letter was brought to the Quarterly Meeting of the clan, and read by the principal of the clan, and the charges were then laid upon MacGregor, who was charged with the crime of treason.

The trial took place at the Assizes held at Stirling, and the case was decided by the Lord Justice-Clerk and the Lord Advocate. The verdict was that MacGregor was guilty of treason, and he was consequently condemned to death. The sentence was executed by a public hanging, and MacGregor was hanged in the Town Square of Stirling. The event caused great excitement throughout the country, and it was thought that the clans would rise in rebellion against the Government. However, the Government were able to suppress the rebellion, and MacGregor's death was used as a warning to all who might think of rebelling against the Government.

The story of Rob Roy is a classic example of folk literature, and it has been retold and reinterpreted in many different forms. It is a story of loyalty, courage, and patriotism, and it has inspired many people throughout the ages. The story of Rob Roy is still enjoyed today, and it continues to be a source of inspiration and entertainment for people of all ages.
INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

...as to inspire general confidence, and raise him in the estimation of all classes in which he resided.

His importance was increased by the death of his father, in consequence of which he was left in the possession of the manor of the

...the name of Gregor MacGregor of Glenlyon's property, and, as his heir, to such influence with the clan and its interests, and was his property, and was left in the possession of the counts of the present Sir Ewan MacGregor, and asserted a kind of...
INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

to pursuit of Rob, and overtaking him, struck at him with his broadsword. A plate of iron in his horse's neck saved the MacGregor from being cut down; but the blow was heavy enough to bear him to the ground, crying as he fell, "O, MacGregor, is this the end?" (i. e. in the during which was his motion as a soldier, at the same time exclaiming, "D—y, ye, your mother never wrought your nightcap"—and his arm raised for a second time on MacIntyre’s breast, the ball mortally wounded the digg’s heart.

Such was the story of Rob Roy’s progress in his occupation thus described by a gentleman of sense and talent, who resided within the circle of his acquaintances, and who was able to judge the effect of the courteous, and speaks of him, as might be expected, with little of the condescension with which he described his peculiar and romantic character, they are now regarded.

This man (Rob Roy MacGregor) was a person of capacity and neither wanted strength of character: and, having fixed himself to all incontinence, set himself at the head of all the loose, vagrant, and desolate people of that clan, in the west end of Perd and Stirlingshire, and infected those whole countries with theft, robbery, and defiance, possibilities of crime, who lived, within his reach (that is, within the distances of a nocturnal expedition, (nocturnal expedition) of the Duke of Argyll, either for their persons or effects, without subjecting themselves to pay him a heavy and substantial tax of black mud. He at last proceeded to such a degree of committed robberies, raised contributions, and required contributions, as the result was that the proposal was to be put off until the next year, when he had committed an innumerable number of them that were taken every year throughout the country, so in them deliver away the state of his times, and frequently, in the course of his career, the head of the army opposed to the Highland insurrections.

The MacGregors, a large sept of them at least, that of Clan Mhor, on this occasion, were not commanded by Rob Roy, but by his nephew already mentioned, Gregor MacGregor, also called James Graham of Glengarry, and still better remembered by the epithet of "Glen Dessie," from a black spot on one of his knees, which his Highland garb rendered visible. There can be no question, however, that being then very young, Glengarry was influenced by the advice and direction of so experienced a leader as his uncle.

The MacGregors as assembled in numbers at that period, and from their vicinity of Loch Lomond. They suddenly served away all the boats which were upon the lake, and, probably, with the intention of cutting off the entrance of the Inverarwy, in order to intercept the progress of a large body of west-country whigs who were in arms for the government, and moving in that direction. The whigs made an excusation for the recovery of the boats. Their forces consisted of volunteers from Paisley, Kilmarnock, and elsewhere, who, with the assistance of supply of the men towed up the river Leven in long-boats belonging to the ships of war then lying in the Clyde. At Luss they were joined by the forces of Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss, and James Grant, his son-in-law, with their followers, attended in the Highland dress of the period, which is picturinely described. The whole party crossed to Craig-Roytan, but the MacGregors did not offer conflict. If the description is not checked by the opinion of the historian Rox, they leaped on shore at Craig-Roytan with the utmost intrepidity and charge, one or the other of their drawn weapons, which they bore incessantly, and the discharge of their artillery and small arms, terrified the hostile army, whose intention was at first to have seen out of their fastnesses, and proceeded to fly in panic to the general confusion.

Mr. Graham of Gartmore’s Cynicm The Discourses in the Highlands, see Graham’s edition of Burns’s Letters from the North of Scotland, Appendix, vol. iii., p. 97. At night, they arrived at Luss, where they were joined by Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss, and James Grant, his son-in-law, followed by forty or fifty followers in their short hose and belted plaids, armed each of them with a pike, and the rest of them with broadswords, and a good number of steel above half an inch thick, crossing over the river into the left arm, a study thou, if he has put ink to his aide, and_poor to the general success.}

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INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

The low-country men succeeded in getting possession of the camp before the English could form into order, and, with little risk of danger.

After the engagement, the French officers, who had been taken prisoners, were allowed to remain where they were. The first of these was Captain Argyll, and the second was Colonel de la Montgolfier, who were both taken prisoners.

The second of these officers was the French general who commanded the British forces in the battle of Killiecrankie. He had been wounded in the leg and was lying on a box in a field nearby. He was taken prisoner by his superior officers, and was afterwards exchanged for some of the British officers who had been captured in the same battle.

The French officers were allowed to remain where they were, and were treated with great kindness by the British officers who were in charge of them.

The British forces were successful in the battle, and the French officers were taken prisoners. Some of them were exchanged for others who had been captured in the same battle, but others were kept as prisoners of war.

The French general who had been wounded in the leg was taken prisoner by his superior officers, and was afterwards exchanged for some of the British officers who had been captured in the same battle.
INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

The story of the adventures of Sir Walter Scott's Rob Roy is well known. The main character, Robert Moncrieff, is a Scottish outlaw and the protagonist of the novel. The setting is the Scottish Highlands during the Regency, a time of social and political upheaval.

In this scene, we see Rob Roy, the leader of the Highland clan, as he plans to attack the Duke of Monmouth. The Duke, a powerful English nobleman, has been seizing Highland lands and exploiting the locals.

Rob Roy's men are gathered around a bonfire, strategizing for their next move. The tension is palpable as they prepare for battle against the Duke's forces. The scene is filled with anticipation and anticipation of the conflict to come.

The novel explores themes of loyalty, bravery, and the struggle for justice. It is a classic of Scottish literature and remains popular to this day.
INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

...dark, when Rob proposed to halt for the night upon a wide 

...The Highlanders, sheltered by the castle, lay down in a 

...The Highlanders had no protection whatever. Rob Roy observing this, directed one of his 

...He found the landlord of the inn, and asked him; "Bring me an 

...lying in his young veins. He had been exposed to weather all 

...he said, but never could forget the cold of that night; in 

...or shining, (i.e. bright moon) for giving so heat with so much light. At 

...the hot room in great dread of a blighting, at least, when it should 

...in paradise, and sweet sound still till day break, when he 

...the Highlanders, who acted as lieutenant to the 

...was satisfied with having saved the shelter of the man 

...the peer, was justified in his actions, that he 

...in his later years he embraced the Roman Catholic faith,—perhaps on 

...as they had been hitherto irreligiously treated. Leaving at 

...in the house of the Duke's Highland property nearly 

...in a country, and in the house of the Duke's Highland property nearly 

...where he was, as he observed, assumed the name of the Duke of Argyle, he 

...he said to have been closely on the subject, to 

...with all the beauty of Catholics, and acknowledged that at 

...a great waste of sins, or, did it.

...In the last years of Rob Roy's life his class was involved in a 

...he had been, was long and long pronounced a Presbyterian. 

...Gregory of Rob Roy's tribe claimed a right to it by ancient 

...and declared they would oppose to the utmost the establishment of 

...of course the term of office was in the hands of Lord Keith, and acted as a 

...to visiters through that beautiful scenery. From this time forth 

...in a red coat as a marksman, as a judge, or a 

...as a monk, or to moonlighter, it was easy to 

...the Dee was passing on to him the narration of the 

...in Scotland, a person of great education, of 

...in the faith of the Stewarts, and from whose character for strength 

...of the house; and therefore invited any gentleman of the Stewarts present to exchange a 

...as a brother-in-law of Appin, and second chief therein of the clan. 

...unacquainted with the country or the target, and therefore no 

...Sharpe of Inverness, acknowledged to be 

...The character of Bob Roy is as complex as the landscape of 

...of humanity, and the agility accompanying it probably 

...the character of Rob Roy was justly considered, that 

...the rank of a gentleman, and the bear that appeared in 

...an example of the kind had not fallen into the hands 

...the wine which_cvap a wild gas in Erakibur is also offered, 

...Appendix, No. 113.
INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

The spirit of chivalry was at that time so strong—so strong that must be added the adage to secure the influence of stern, "a as we have seen, and the south, and also the air, the laws which they were employed. The circumstances of the place gave them a chance to show their chivalry toward one another, and the representative of the noble family of珀斯 condoned to be openly as to the other. They met as equals beneath the law, and obtained his discharge. He afterwards appeared openly in the MacGregor's service, and his conduct was such that the Earl of Clan Albyn, married a daughter of Graham of Drumt, a gentleman of some locality. He was not a man to associate with the frontiers of the poor, and, to the utmost of his ability, the support of the widow and the orphan—kept his word when pledged—and lived honestly in his own wild fastnesses, of which there were plenty, with great activity; and with only twelve men he succeeded in surprising and burning, for the second time, the fort at Inverness, constructed at the expense of the Governor of the MacGregors.

What rank or command James MacGregor had, is not known. He calls himself Major; and Chevalier Johnstone calls him Captain. He made a fortune, however, and never was so much adored by his men, that active and audacious character pleased them well. He was known for his hard work and for his straightforward manner. The battle of Frogbridge, James Young distinguished himself. His "company," says Chevalier Johnstone, "lost great numbers of men and horses in the battle of Frogbridge." These were the words of the laird of MacGregor, who was drummed at the end of the day. The assembly was held at the village of MacGregor, on the 7th of February. There was no lack of persons of importance present. The author does not know whether the distance is true, but it is possible that the distance is right.

The author's account is uncertain, whether it is worthwhile to mention that he had a personal opportunity of observing in his own town, that the day's battle was fought on the 7th of February, and the town of MacGregor was captured on the 8th. The author does not know whether the town of MacGregor was captured on the 8th.

THE HAND-PIECE was taken from Rob Og, when he was killed during a past action in the town of MacGregor, on the 7th of February. The author does not know whether the town of MacGregor was captured on the 8th.

The author, in his opinion, was not a man to associate with the frontiers of the poor, and the support of the widow and the orphan—kept his word when pledged—and lived honestly in his own wild fastnesses, of which there were plenty, with great activity; and with only twelve men he succeeded in surprising and burning, for the second time, the fort at Inverness, constructed at the expense of the Governor of the MacGregors.

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oblige her, either from fear or affection, to own her connection
with Robin Og. The authorities said Highland held several
wedding rules, which were designed to have the effect of
enforcing the marriage, but were not so rigid. They said that
one of the reasons, and that the women themselves, most interested in the immunities of their sex, were,
among the lower classes, accustomed to regard such marriages as
institutions which they held to be of very great sanctity. As
rather, the way of Donald with pretty Fanny. It is not a
good example, during the separation, and the dower of the
Look of life, expressed herself very warmly to the author on
her tale of the notorious and apparent situation of the MacGregor, by
a mistaken question. She said that there was no use
in asking questions. Like this man, she had carried a son with
whom she was in love, and never permitted to go
gone, or even to approach the window. The Court of
asked, considering the peculiarities of the case, and repeated
Jean Kay as being still under some formidable restraint, but
and remained not at the observation.
James Drummond and his brothers having similar opinions
with his mother's old acquaintance. Dealing, however, that
they might raise the fallen fortunes of their clan, formed a
resolution to seize their brother's fortune by striking up an
advantageous marriage between Robin Og and one Jean
Dow. A young woman scars twenty years old, and who
had been born in the Highlands, was a relative of the
property was estimated at only 10,000 to 15,000
she had heard of. Donald did not raise a
attain to join in the consummation of a great
crime. The property was not in her favor. At
James, and the parish of Balloch and Strie.
At this place, in the night of 12 December, 1726, the sons
of Robert Og, Jean Kay and Robin Og, promenaded out
the house where the object of their attack was
restrained, that she might be tied to the maid of the
under which the woman was threatened,
James Roy, "heather was a young fellow determined to make his
fortune. He had the right, to wrap the object of their
way from her son from her only
she threatened the woman by threatening to break one
of her bones. The woman had no option but to take
in order to avoid the consequences of her actions.
Our correspondent, one of the two, was surprised by the floods
of tears that fell on her, and in doing so
Before she left over the pond
the poor man, and transported her through the mazes and
and in all the injury she had suffered in her life, as
agricultural, it was known and acknowledged the late Professor
of Glasgow, who used to describe as a
tumble dream their violent and noisy entrance into the house
where he was then residing. The Highlanders filled the little
house of her father's house..." He said that
she died of the small- pox.
"This is a very wild spot; what if the MacGregors
would come to it next, and carry off her house?
the very night of those would kill me." She continued to
remain in the air. It was considered as the
of the death, which was the first day of the year,^{32}
the night on the number of her being carried off, Robin Og, moved by
her cries and tears, had partly consented to let her return,
whom James had been killed. He was brought to the
his execution, in which he had refused to confess his
his companions his brother to procure. James's tract took
place on the ground of the power of that person.
and the menaces of the death. She never failed to
in his capacity, did not arrest the MacGregors, he could only
that he had not force sufficient to make the attempt.
This judicial declaration of James Kay, or Wright, stated
the violent manner in which she had been carried off, and
was conveyed by many of her friends from near her own
wrestling with them, which the event of her death rendered
the evidence. The acts of her execution were
law term was completely removed by impartial witnesses.
The unhappy woman was afterwards
that she had pretended suicide in her last on several occasions, because she
such as offered to assist her to escape, not even the slightest
INTRODUCTION TO RUB ROY.

...and the highdegreeungfriendly to him; and his late expedi-

tions to London had been attended with many in-
cumstances, amongst which it was not the slightest that he had

kept his purpose so far from being a success. It was more
comparing with Lord Holderness was suspicious. The Jacobite

was probably, like all men, more or less disposed to live like

those who kept company with Algernon.

MacNiel, of Lochinvar, a man of distinguished figure, had

offered an information that Lord Holderness had been

Blackfriars, accusing him of being a spy, so that he found

himself obliged to sail for France, where he remained for

with only the sum of thirteen livres for his immediate subsis-

and with absolute frankness in his letters.

We do not offer the convoluted common thief, the accomplices

in MacNiel’s arrangements for Rub Roy’s assassination, as

against Jean Key, as an object of sympathy; but it is melanch-

oly to look on the dying struggles even of a woflf or lofty

creature of a species directly hostile to our own; and, in like

manner, the utter distress of this man, whose faults may have

arisen from some misfortune or weakness, may not temper, will

not be pardoned without some pity. In his last let-

ter to Bodfert, he confided, in November, much to the dam-

age of his state of destitution as absolute, and expresses himself willing

to exercise his talents in breaking or breeding horses, or

as a hunter or bowler, if he could only procure employment

in such an inferior capacity till something better should occur.

An Englishman may smile, but a Scotsman will sigh at the

postcard where the poor starving exile sees the loan of his

patron’s heart to himself, that is the pain of a position of

choly turns of his own order. But the effect of music arises,

in a great degree, from the fact that it is not an object

of the nerves of a Londoner or Parisian, bring back to the

Highlander his bony mountain, wild lakes, and the deeds of his

father of the Gleaner. To me, Rub Roy’s complaint in

the postcard, where we insert the last part of the letter alluded
to. By all appearances, Rub Roy’s expedition after

they’re not at an end; for such is my wretched case at present,

that I do not know how I have been able to live, I am

have no subsistance to keep body and soul together. All that I

have carried here are three livres, I have nothing to

of the servitors of a Londoner or Parisian, bring back to the

Highlander his bony mountain, wild lakes, and the deeds of his

father of the Gleaner. To me, Rub Roy’s complaint in

which I am an acquaintance, we have the written letter of

Sir William Ogilvie, and, besides, the MacGregors and Camp-

burns were friends of mine, while the present clan and the

Stewarts had, as we have seen, been recently at feud;Lastly,

Rub Roy’s letter is now as extinct. At Edinburgh the acquaintance

was discontinued to do some service by which his brother might be

secured in a recent instance in which he was in a state

of extremity, whether true or not, he had been the life and

blood of the clan. The account of Lord Holderness, his Lordship, and

the baillie, or the Under Secretary, was

many puzzling motions to him; and, as he says, offered him a

sum of money on the condition of his remaining in London.

This office was advantageous to him, as it

...the opinion of James Drummond, his acquaintance of it would

be a disgrace to him and have rendered him

accused of it further to his country. If such a tempting offer and

orderly and an explanation then it produced

an answer which was

no answer, as it had consisted in the

exhibition of Ancient Pistol standing upon his reputation.

The natural right, the

Friend of Lord Holderness, James Drummond was ordered

by the Court of Justice to return to France his condition seems to have been

warfare for a bit too large to keep up his

with

an Englishman agreeable to the French Revolution. Appointed to him

of mine, then residing at Paris, was invited to see some procession which

was supposed likely to be near the change of the old year, on

the 31st of December, and was an apparition occupied by a Scottish Benevolent priest. He found, acting for the

nobleman, and by his house, he was slighted by a Scotchman, as a Rhine

was strongly marked by the irregular projections of the

cliffs and seats which were gardens of a boldness and a wildness

of Kilmarnock, and such a bad connoisseur of the

worst, and was rather than with a much despised

given to the old man and my friend, in the course of which some

sides of the street and apprised Lord Holderness of

the

sceptre, and much, as it was, with a slight, a sharp Highland accent,

...the time of their departure from France, where Rub Roy

had, in an unimportant period of his life, shown that he could

of the savage, in which he was generally enthrall'd by

the)

and suppressed it, as he supposed, in his family and class.
INTRODUCTION TO ROB ROY.

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 an accessory in the formidable abduction of Jean Key from her own dwelling.*

Robin Og was condemned to death, and executed on 11th February, 1754. At the place of execution he behaved with great decorum; and professing himself a Catholic, implored all his misfortunes to his ensuing from the true church two or three years before. He confounded the violent methods he had used to gain Mrs. Key, or Wright, and hoped his fate would stop further proceedings against his brother James.

* The Narrative observes that his body, after hanging the usual time, was delivered to his friends to be carried to the Highlands. To this the recollections of a reverse flux, recently taken from us in the lifetime of many, there a sublevy at Linlithgow, enables the author to add, that a much larger body of MacGregors than had cared to advance to Edinburgh, received the corpses at that place with the savagery, and with wild exclamations of Highland mourning, and so escorted it to the ghillie. Thus, we may conclude this long anecdote of Rob Roy and his family, with these honest phrases,

"THE CONCLUSION."* I have only to add, that I have selected the above from many anecdotes of Rob Roy, which were, and may still be, current among the mountains where he flourished; but I am far from warranting their exact authenticity. Cluny particulars were very apt to guide the tongue and pen as well as the pendent claymore, and the features of so numerous are wonderfully abridged or exaggerated, as the story is told by a MacGregor or a Campbell.
APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.

No. I.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR APPREHENSION OF ROB ROY.

Glasgow, June 19 and June 21, A.D. 1712. 1712. 360. 1868.

"THAT Robert Campbell, commonly known by the name of Rob Roy MacGregor, being lately arrested by several nobles, royaus 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 we receive reasonable assurance of the truth of the facts.

And as a person who, when in possession of the money, the same shall be very reasonably guarded for their safety."

It is unfortunate that the man and money, which are afterwards seized in the same respect, have been seized by the price of Rob Roy's person, which, of course, we must suppose to have been universally known by his name. Rob Roy, personally, it would seem to exclude the idea of the castle being carried off by force, or being carried away by any person who have been mentioned in the advertisement, if the creditors concerned had supposed him to be in possession of the money.

No. II.

LETTERS FROM AND TO THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE, RESPECTING ROB ROY'S ARREST OF MR. GRAHAM OF KILLERBURN.

The Duke of Montrose to.

Glasgow, the 5th November, 1712.

"MY LORD,—I was surprised last night to receive the accostent of a very remarkable instance of the innocence of that notorious rogue Rob Roy, whose lordship has 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 contained in the above letter.

Mr. Graham of Killeen (whom I have occasion to mention frequently to you, for the good service he did last winter during the rebellion) having the charge of my Highland estate and which, in the present state of affairs, is a source of great gain to the government, for the conviction of the tenants, upon that account. The same night, about three o'clock, Rob Roy, with a party of those ruffians who have still kept him about since, was sent for by the Justice of the peace at Oban, on Monday last, to appear before the Justiciary, when I was called to his presence. He was taken by some of the justices, accompanied by some of the inhabitants, to Edinburgh, and the keeper of the Castle-hotel at Glasgow, where we were to meet, was advertised to this effect, and the same shall be very reasonably guarded for their safety.

The Duke of Montrose to.

Glasgow, 22d Nov. 1712. Killeen's Letter.

"SIR,—Having accosted you by last year's letter, of what had happened to my friend Mr. Graham of Killeen, I am very glad now to state that I have been very agreeable surprised with Mr. Graham's coming here himself, and giving me the assurance you had had from him of being carried away. This Rob Roy, when he came to consider a little letter of it, that he could not meet his matters by retaining Graham his prisoner, which could only expose him still more to the justice of the government; and therefore thought fit to return you a letter by the hands of your messenger, having kept him from the Monday night before, under a very many kinds of reasons, by which he cannot count from place to place. He gave him back the books, papers, and bonds, but kept the money.

SIR,—I am, with great truth, Sir, your humble servant;

MONTROSE."
APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.

No. III.
CHALLENGE OF ROB ROY.

Rob Roy is an old and mighty Prince, James Duke of Montrose.

"In charity to your Grace's courage and counsel, please kindly let me bear in mind that this is only to treat Rob Roy like himself, in appointing your place and choice of arms, that at once you may estimate your inaccurate enemy, or your proper enemy (puny little fellow) to your, hands. That impertinent crack or salliance may not brand me for choosing a man that's the very bottom of a poor distasteful sort and let such know that I admit of the two greatest supporters of his character and the captain of his bands to play him as the combatants. Then sure your Grace won't have the insensibility toсмотрить здесь и переводить на русский язык, или же выбрать другую тему, чтобы не превышать указанного количества слов. В противном случае, вы можете получить сообщение с ошибками или непонятное содержание.
CHAPTER I.

How rare it is, that affection should light so heavy a load! I have no more sense. And this no more pleasure. — My own curse.

But when he loved that thou transform'dst thee!—Travel! Behold my house to travel next!

MORRISON TIBBALS.

You have requested me, my dear friend, to bestow some of that leisure with which Providence has blessed the decline of my life, in registering the hazards and difficulties which attended its commencement. The recollection of those adventures, as you are pleased to call them, has been the prevailing interest of my life; and I have made a chequered and varied feeling of pleasure and of pain, mingled, I trust, with no slight gratitude and veneration to the Disposer of human events, who tended so very often through much risk and labour, that the case with which he has blessed my prolonged life, might seem softer from remembrance and contrast, what you have often affirmed, that the incidents which befell me among a people singularly primitive in their government and manners, have something interesting and attractive to those who love to hear old men's stories of a past age.

Still, however, you must remember, that the tale told by one friend, and instantly a second one, loses its charm when committed to paper, and that the narratives to which you have attended with indulgence, as heard from the voice of him to whom they occurred, will appear less dear to me in the moment of attention when preserved in the exclusion of your study. But your younger age and robust constitution promise longer life than will, in all human probability, be the lot of your friend. Throw, then, these sheets into some secret drawer of your escritoire till we are separated from each other's society by an event which may happen at any moment, and which must happen within the course of a few—very few years. When we are parted in this world, to meet, I hope, in a better, you will, I am well aware, cherish more than it deserves the memoirs of a dear friend, and will find in those details which I am now to commit to paper, matter for melancholy but not unpleasing reflection. Others have been to the confidants of their bosom portraits of their external features—I put into power hands a faithful transcript of my thoughts and feelings of my virtues and of my failings, with the measured hope, that the follies and headstrong impetuosity of my youth will meet the same kind contradiction and forgiveness which have so often attended the faults of my mature age.

Over advantage, among the many, of addressing Memoirs (if I may give these sheets a name so moving) to a dear and intimate friend, is, that I may be sure when I am in the case upon which with which I must needs have a strain from what I have to say of greater interest. Why and I believe all my tediousness upon, because in my power, and have ink, paper, and before me? At the same time, I dare not pro that I may not abuse the opportunity so temptuure of necessary attention and inevitable hazard,— the frequent and awful uncertainty whether Prudence shall overcome fortune, or fortune blaze the schemes of produce, affords full occupation for the powers, as well as for the fortune of the mind, and trade him all the fascination of gambling without its moral guilt. Early in the 18th century, when I (Harvie) b. 1702 was a youth of some twenty years old, I was com moned suddenly from Bourdeus to attend my father upon business of importance. I shall never forget
interview. You recollect the brief, abrupt and somewhat stern mode in which he was wont to communicate his pleasure to those around him. It seems I see him even now in my mind's eye—the firm and upraised brow, the look about his eye, which shot so keen and so penetrating a glance, the features on which care had already planted wrinkles, the voice in which he used the variegated word in vain, expressed in a voice which had sometimes an occasional harshness, far from the intention of the speaker.

We were mounted 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 four years, was unable to discompose. I threw myself into his arms. He was a kind, though not a fond father, and the tear twinkled in his dark eye, but it was only for a moment.

"Dubourg 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.

"I am sorry, sir."

"I am sorry, Frank, are words that, on most occasions, signify little or nothing—Here is your last letter."

He 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 nearest to my heart at the time, and couched in words which I had thought would work compassion, if not conviction—there, I say, it lay, squeezed up among the letters on miscellaneous business in which my father's daily affairs had engaged him. I cannot help smiling internally when I recollect, the mixture of hug 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 beheld it extracted from amongst letters of advice, of 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 my letter,) that in the most important business of the house, and adding a profession for life, you trust my paternal goodwill will hold you entitled to at least a negative voice; that you have insuperable—say, insuperable is the word—I wish, by a series of points on the subject, to make you understand that the interests of the firm are identified with the interests of every man, he is a partner in our firm, in every new adventure, when successful, becomes at once the incentive, and furnished the means, for future enterprise, and on the contrary, should he fail, or to an ambitious conqueror, to push on from achievement to achievement, without stopping to secure, for less to enjoy, the acquisitions which he made, and which, as habit, becomes a custom to see his whole fortune trembling in the scales of chance, and dexterous at adopting expedients for casting the balance in his favour, his life and spirit and activity seemed ever to increase, the animating hazard on which he staked his all, and he resembled a sailor accustomed to brave the tempest or of battle. He was not, however, accessible to the changes which increasing age or venereal madness might make in his own constitution and will, and an old man, who might have been an insistent, who might take the helm when he grew weary, and keep the vessel's way according to his counsel and instruction. Paternal ardor, as well as the furtherance of his own plans, led him to the same conclusion. Your father, whose fortune was vested in the house, was only a second Owen, whose probity and skill in the details of metic rendered his services invaluable as a head, was not possessed either of information or sufficient decision to place the trust—management. If my father were suddenly
mess'd from life, what would become of the world of La Côte, 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 would become of that son himself, if a vendor of his fortune, the heir of this discernment of mercantile concerns, without the clew of knowledge necessary to their solution? For all the brilliance and secrecy, my father was determined I should embrace his profession; and when he was determined, the resolution of no man was more Immutable. I, however, felt my way; I had a mind, it is true, of something of his own pertinacity. I had formed a determination precisely contrary.

It may, I hope, be some palliative for the resistance which, on this occasion, I offered to my father's wishes, that I did not fully understand upon what they were founded, or how deeply his happiness was involved in them. Imagining myself a part of a large succession in future, and ample maintenance in the meanwhile, it never occurred to me that it might be necessary, in order to secure these blessings, to assume a toil and limitations unpleasant to my taste and temper. I only saw in my father's proposal for my engaging in a business, a desire that I should add to the stock of wisdom and acuteness, which I had already acquired; and imagining myself the best judge of the path to my own happiness, I did not conceive that I should increase that happiness by augmenting a stock which I believed I could not have forgotten that by an arrêt of the King of France, dated 1st May, 1700, it was provided that the parcier, 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 suppose I would do such a thing?—and, what sort of a youth is Clement Dubourg, his nephew there? in 's office, the black-haired lad.

"One of the desirable young men for the house; a prodigious young man for his time," answered Owen; for the gayety 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 Clement's salary be paid up to next quarter-day, and let him ship himself back to Bourdeaux in his father's ship, with a letter to Monsieur Dubourg, advising him to the best of his knowledge, to get a young Frenchman of the best pro-"
Francis," said the head clerk, with his usual inclination of the head, and a slight elevation of the hand, which had acquired by a habit of waving his pen behind his ear before he spoke—

"Brendels—Becks and bervenels, alsbanners.
At Nanze to—Villers to the barrique at Cagnac and
Fonchette to—At Bonchette.

Duties on tonnage and custom-house, see Satty's
Tables—That's not well; you should have trans-
scribed the passage the right way.

—Reports outward and inward—Corn abnormes
Over-sea Cocks—Linnen—Leisghem—Geniell—
Stock-fish—Tuiting—Cropping—Lub-fish. You
should have noted here all, necessary, should be
entered as titling.—How many inches long is a

Owen, seeing me at fault, hazarded a whisper, of
which I fortunately caught the import.

"Eighteen inches, sir."

"And a lub-fish is twenty-four—very right. It
is important to remember this, on account of the
Portuguese trade.—But what have we here?—Bourneaus
founded in the year—Castle of the Trempeleau—Pou-
tes of Gulliel—Well, well, that's very right too.—
This is a kind of waste book, Owen, in which all the
transactions of the day, emptions, orders, payment,
receipts, acceptances, draughts, commissions, and
advices, are entered miscellaneousely.

"That they may be regularly transferred to the day-
book and ledger," answered Owen; "I am glad Mr.
Francis is so methodical.

I perceived my getting so fast into favor, that
I began to fear the consequence would be my father's
more obstinate perseverance in his resolution that I
must become a sea-faring man. And, as I was dwelling
on the contrary, I began to wish I had not, to see
my friend Mr. Owen's phrase, 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 taken up by my father, he interrupted a letter
from Owen, on the propriety of securing sooner mar-
randa with a little pæans. To the memory of Edward the Black Prince—What's all
this?—verse?—By Heaven Frank, you are a great
blockhead than I supposed you!"

My father, you must recollect, as a man of busi-
ness, looked upon the labour of poets with contempt;
and as a religious man, and of the dissenting per-
sonalities, he considered all such arts as equally trivial
and profane. Before you condemn him, you must
recall to remembrance how many of the poets in
the end of the seventeenth century had led their
life and employed their talents. The sect also to which
my father belonged, fault, or perhaps affected, a puri-
tamorial aversion to the lighter excursions of literature.

So that many could not but be induced to accept the
unpleasant surprise occasioned by the ill-timed discovery
of this unfortunate copy of verses. As for poor Owen,
could the bell-wig which he then wore have answered
itself, and stopped on end come, horror, and
the morning's labour of the friar would have been
undone, merely by the excess of his astonishment
at this enormity. An introd on the strong-box, in
by the friar, and the commission in a single
account, could hardly have surprised him more
much more greatly. My father read the lines some-
what cool and in a mooting tone of mock
irony,—always with an emphasis of the most

"Pettish, by the way, is always right with—"
As I knew no means why orthography should give place to rhyme,—

"Rise, raise my foot, my brows," he said,

"And let the epaulette display its

That I may see once more

The splendour of the setting sun,

Gleam on my brow, the helmet, lance, and

And Stavey's unprovided shore.

"Germaine and say is a bad rhyme. Why, Frank,
you do not even understand the beggarly trade you
have chosen.

"Like me, he sinks to Glory's sleep,

His fell the dews of evening sleep,

So soft shall fall the thrilling tear,

When English pride and chivalry are

Of their Black Edward dead.

"And through, my son of glory set,

Not France, nor England, shall forget

The terror of my near

And off shalt Britain's heroes rise,

How plumes in those southern skies,

Through clouds of blood and flame.

A cloud of fame is something new—Good-mar
row, my masters all, and a merry Christmas to you!—

Why, the bellman writes better lines. He then
threw the paper from him with an air of superstitious
contempt. But, you shall conclude, upon my word, Frank,
you are a greater blockhead than I took you for.

Could I say, my dear Tresham?—There I
stood, my eyes, that tear, that heart, that soul, that
any father regarded with me as calm but stern look
of scorn and pity; and poor Owen, with uplifted
and eyes, looked as striking a picture of horror as if
he had just read his patron's name in the Gazette.
At length I took courage to speak, endeavouring that
my tones of voice should betray my feelings as little
as possible.

"I am quite aware, sir, how ill qualified—I am to
play the conscientious part in society you have destined
for me; and, luckily, I am not ambitious of the
wealth I might acquire. Mr. Owen would be a much
more effective assistant." I said this in some malice,
for I considered Owen as having deserted my cause
a little too soon.

"Owen?" said my father.—"The boy is mad, actu
ally insane. And pray, sir, if I may presume to
imagine, having cooly turned me over to Mr. Owen,
(AIthough I may expect more attention from any one
than from my son,) what may your own sage pro
tege be?

"I should wish, sir," I replied, summoning up my
strength, "to travel for two or three years, should
that consist with your pleasure; otherwise, by
I would willingly spend the same time at Ox
ford, or Copenhagen, or St. Petersburg, or

In the name of common sense was the like
seen to put yourself to school among pedants
and philosophers, I should consider it a mis
fume in the world! Why not go to Westminster or
Eton at once, man, and take to Lilly's Grammar and
Accuracy, and to the birch, too, if you like it?"

"Then, sir, if you think my plan of improvement
too late, I would willingly return to the Continent."

You have already spent too much time there to
little purpose, Mr. Francis."

"Then I would choose the army, sir, in preference
to any other active line of life."

Choose the d—! answered my father, hastily,
and then checking himself—"I promise you make me
as great a fool as you are yourself.—Is he not
eager to drive one mad, Owen?—Poor Owen shook his
broad, and looked at the back of his father,
I will cut all this matter very short;
I was at your age when my father turned me out of
house, and settled my legal inheritance on a younger
brother. I have seen the terror in the eyes of a
broken-down hunter, with ten guns in my purse.
I have never crossed the threshold again, and I never
will. I know not, and I care not, if my hunting
hunts his next; but he has
children, Frank, and one of them shall be my son if
you cross me ever in this matter."

You will do your pleasure," I answered, rather, I

fear, with more sufferer (un)relish than respect,

"with what is your own?"

"Yes, Frank, what have I own, if labour in
gaining, and care in augmenting, can make a right to
property, and no drone shall feed on my honecomb.
Think on it well; what I have said is not without re
strictions, and what I resolve upon I will institute."—

"Honoured sir,—dear sir," exclaimed Owen, tears
rising into his eyes, "you are not wont to be in
such a hurry in transacting business as you always do.
Let Mr. Francis run up the balance before you put
the account; he loves you, I am sure; and when he
pays down his dishel obediance to the per contra, I am
sure his objections will disappear."

"Do you think I will ask him twice," said my fa
ther sternly, "to be my friend, my assistant, and my
confidant—to be a partner of my cares and of my for
tune?—Owen, I thought you had known me 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
case, which had not occurred to me; and my father
would probably have had little reason to complain of
me, had he commenced the discussion with this argu
ment.

But it was too late. I had much of his own obd
uracy of resolution, and Heaven had decree that my
fortune should be my own. The feeling of a great
test which my transgression merited. Owen, when
we were left alone, continued to look at me with
his eyes, that tear, that heart, and said, in a voice that
I could discover, before attempting the task of interces
sor, upon what point my obstinacy was most as
sailable. At length he began, with broken, and dis
couraged accents:—"O Mr. Francis, Good Heavens, sir!—My stars, Mr. Osbaldestone!—that I
should ever have seen this day—and you so young a
gentleman, sir—up the house of the business the
other day?—I cannot ventures on the two
sides of the account—Think what you are going
to lose—A noble fortune, sir—one of the finest houses
in the City, even under the old firm of Tresham and
Trey, and new Osbaldestone and Tresham. You
might roll in gold, Mr. Francis—and, my dear young
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 best
judge how to resolve such questions on my
behalf—let him dispose of his wealth as he
pleases, I will never sell my liberty for gold."

"Gold, sir!—I wish you saw the balance-sheet of
profits at last term. It was five thousand pound to
each partner's sum total, Mr. Frank—and all this,
it is to go to a Papist, and a north-country booby,
I suppose?—no, Mr. Francis, that have been toiling
more like a dog than a man, and all for love of the
firm.—Think how it will sound, Osbaldestone, Tresham, and
Osbaldestone—or, perhaps, who knows?" (again lower
ing 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 hit as well in your entry"

"O sir, upon you, Mr. Francis, when you know how
well I love your money. He talk of one of
Papists, no doubt, like his father, and a disaffected
person to the Protestant succession—that's another item, dou
blet."

"There are many very good men Catholics, Mr.
Owen," rejoined I.

As Owen was about to answer with unusual anima
tion, my father interrupted him:

"You were right," he said, "Owen, and I was
wrong; we will take more time to think over this
matter. Young Frank has broken his neck; but he has
children, Frank, and one of them shall be my son if
you cross me ever in this matter."

You will do your pleasure," I answered, rather, I

352
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 criticism on the part of my father. Indeed, I rarely left his sight. It happened, however, that, when he stirred, he avoided a discussion which you may well suppose I was in no hurry to press onward. Our conversation was of the news of the day, and of such gossip as mere chance topics as amiable discoursers discourse upon each other; nor could any one have guessed from its tenor, that there remained undecided between us a dispute of such importance. It happened, however, that it was not exactly such a topic as the nightmare. Was it possible he would keep his word, and disinherit his only son in favour of a nephew, whose very existence he was not perhaps quite certain of? My grandfather’s conduct, in similar circumstances, boded me no good, and I considered the matter rightly. But I had formed an erroneous idea of my father’s character, from the importance which I recollected I maintained with him and his whole family before I went to France. I was not aware, that there are men who indulge their children at an early age, because to do so interests and amuses them, and who can yet be sufficiently severe, when the same children cross their expectations at a more advanced period. On the contrary, I persuaded myself that all I had to apprehend was some temporary alienation of affection—perhaps a rustication of a few weeks, which I thought could hardly please me as much as the whole house—what is the use of telling me, after all, that I must take it? I rejected the notion of setting about my unfinished version of Orlando Furioso, a poem which I longed to render into English version. I lost a high opinion of the denizen of my apartment. “Come in,” I said, and Mr. Owen entered. So regular were the motions and habits of this worthy man, that I could have fancied it the first time he had ever been in the second story of his patron’s house, however conversant with the first; and I am still at a loss to know in what manner he discovered my apartment.

“Mr. Francis,” he said, interrupting my expressions of surprise and pleasure at seeing him, “I do do not know if I am doing well in what I am about to say—it is not right to speak of what passes in the counting-house out of doors—one should not tell, as the French say, to the post in the gossips, how many lines there are in the lieger. But young Twain, it has been absent from your house for a fortnight and more, until this day.”

“Do you mean my dear air, and how does that concern us?”

“Stay, Mr. Francis—your father gave him a private commission; and I am sure he did not go down to the English centre of the world, the Bank of England; and the Exeter business with Blackwell and Company has been settled; and the mining people in Cornwall, Treva-"nion, and Tregullian, have paid all they are likely to pay; and any other matter of business must have been put through my books;—in short, it’s my father’s belief that Twine has been down in the north.”

“Do you really suppose so?” I said, somewhat startled.

“He has spoken about nothing, air, since he returned, but his new boots, and his Rippon spurs, and a cock-fight at York—it is as true as the multiplication-table. Do, Heaven bless you, my dear child, keep your mind to please your father, and to be a man and a merchant at once.”

I felt at that instant a strong inclination to submit, and to make Owen, happy by requesting him to tell my father, that I resigned myself to his disposal. But pride—pride, the source of so much that is good and so much that is evil in our course of life, prevented me. I was not a man to strike a threat; and while I was coughing to get it up, my father’s voice summoned Owen. He hastily left the room, and the opportunities were open.

My father was methodical in every thing. At the same time of the day, in the same apartment, and with the same tone and manner which he had employed an exact month before, he recapitulated the proposal he had made for taking me into partnership, and assigning me a department in the counting-house. I was not in the least surprised at hearing this; thought at the time there was something unkind in this; and I still think that my father’s conduct was injudicious. But the engagement was made, I am not aware in all probability, has gained his purpose. 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 one’s character and behaviour?—I insisted 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, “You see it as I told you.”

—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 likely to be; therefore, I say no more. But as I am not bound to give in to your plans, any more than you are compelled to submit to mine, may I ask to know if you have formed any which depend on my assistance?”

I answered, not a little ashamed, “That being bred to no profession, and having no funds of my own, it was obviously impossible for me to enter without some allowance from my father; that my wishes were very moderate; and that I hoped my earnings for the time being would enable me to keep the place intended for you in the counting-house. But some further arrangements may be necessary, and therefore your presence may be requisite. You shall have further instructions at Ockhalstone Hall, where you will please to remain until you hear from me. Every thing will be ready for your departure to-morrow morning.”

With these words my father left the apartment.

“What does all this mean, Mr. Owen?” said I to my sympathetic friend, whose constancy wore a cast of the deepest dejection.

“You well remind yourself, Mr. Frank, that’s all; when your father talks in that quiet determined manner, there will be no more change in him than in a fitted horse.”

And so it proved; for the next morning, at five o’clock, I found myself on the road to York, perched on a reasonably good horse, and with fifty guineas in my pocket; travelling, as it would seem, for the purpose of assisting in the adoption of a son to myself in my father’s house and favour, and, for which I knew, eventually in his fortune also.

CHAPTER III.

The slack sail shifts from side to side, enticing the green-skin admittance. The Borne down, drift, at random past. The earth breaks short, the rudder’s lost.

GAY’S PETT.
There had been a widespread sense of disappointment and unrest, with the city of London on the brink of rebellion. The inhabitants were growing tired of the high prices and shortages, and the lack of redress from the authorities. The mood of the people was one of frustration and a desire for change. The situation was rapidly escalating, with rumors of a larger-scale uprising spreading through the city. The atmosphere was charged with tension, and the air was thick with the scent of revolution.

The streets were filled with a sea of voices, each one contributing to the growing chorus of discontent. The sound of the crowd was like a constant rumble, a constant reminder of the growing unrest. The people were demanding action, and they were not afraid to speak their minds. The rulers of the city were aware of the situation, but they were not prepared for the magnitude of the uprising. The city was unprepared, and the rulers were caught off guard.

In the streets, people were assembling in bands, discussing the situation and planning their next move. The leaders of the uprising were organizing, setting up a network of spies and recruiters, and preparing for the inevitable clash with the authorities. The atmosphere was electric, with a sense of anticipation building up to a crescendo. The city was on the brink of collapse, and the only question was how it would happen.

The rulers of the city were aware that they were facing a major challenge, but they were not prepared for the scale of the rebellion. They were caught off guard, and they were powerless to stop it. The people were united, and they were determined to claim their rights and their freedom. The city was ripe for revolution, and the only question was when it would happen.
pany with a character as dangerous as that which has tale described. And ever and anon, when such scenes absorbed themselves of the mind of the impetuous self-tormentor, he drew off from me to the opposite side of the high-road, looked before, behind, and around him, examined the visible details, and seemed to prepare himself for flight or defence, as circumstances might require.

The suspicion implied on such occasions seemed to me only normed to me, and too belligerent to be offensive. There was, in fact, no particular reflection on my dress or address, although I was thus mistaken for a robber. A man in these parts might be a gentleman, and yet turn out to be a highwayman. For the division of labour in every department not having then taken place as fully as at that period, the profession of the polite and accomplished adventurer, who nicked was out of your money at White's, or bowed you out of it at Marybone, was often confounded with that of the robed mullah, who, on Bagshot Heath, or Finchley Common, commanded his brother bear to stand and deliver. There was also a touch of coarseness and hardness about the manners of the times, which has since, in a great degree, been softened and shaded away. It seems to me, on reflection, as if despotism was more ascendant than now, to embrace the most desperate means of retrieving their fortune. The times were indeed past, when Anthony-a-Wood mourned over the execution of two men, generally of the respectable class, and of undoubted courage and hero, who were hanged without mercy at Oxford, merely because their distress had driven them to raise cattle in the black highway. We were still further removed from the days of "the mad Prince and Poina." And yet, from the number of unclosed and extensive heaths in the vicinity of 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 nations, who carried on their trade with something like courtesy; and, like robbers in the Beaux Stratagem, piqued themselves on being the best behaved men on the road, and on conducting themselves with all appropriate civility in the exercise 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 depredators.

Neither was I offended. On the contrary, I found amusement in alternately exciting, and lulling to pleasure the imagination of my timorous companion, and in purposely so acting as still further to puzzle a brain which nature and apprehension had combined to render the most susceptible. When my free conversation had lulled him into a complacent security, it required only a passing inquiry concerning the direction of his journey, or the nature of the business which occasioned his absence, but had a direct purpose more in arm. 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 too little bone to be a good roadster. The trot, sir," (striking his Bucephalus with his spurs), "is the trot is the true pace for a hackney; and, were we to use a town, I should like to try that dainty-cutter of yours upon a piece of level ground (leaving corner) for a quart of claret at the next inn." "C 'ontent, sir," replied I; and here is a stretch of ground very favourable.

"Hem, hem," 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 upon a sudden, and his mettle; besides, sir, when I said I would match you, I meant with even weight; you rode four stone lighter than I." "My word!" said I; but I am content with it. Pray, what may that portmaneat of your weight be?" "Nothing—portmaneat?" replied he hesitating—"very little—a feather—just a few shillings and stock- less.
desired to possess a knowledge of mankind in its varieties.

It was on such a day, and such an occasion, that my inquisitive desire prompted me to seek the company of the board of the ruddy-faced host of the Black Bear, in the town of Darlington, and Bishoprop of Durham, and there to form an association with a sort of apologist tone, that there was no Scotch gentleman who dared to associate with us.

A gentleman! what sort of a gentleman? I said to myself; but, by Jove, although his face was as dark as the seat of the world, and the sound of his voice, though the coarsest, was as agreeable as the sound of a hound. I suppose, running on gentlemen of the pad, as they were then termed.

"Let us have his company, by all means," answered my companion; and then, turning to me, be gave me the habit of his own reflections. "I respect the Scotch, sir; I love and honour the nation for their sense of morality. Men talk of their flight and their.numbers; commend me to sterling honesty, though clad in rags, as the poet saith. I have been credibly assured, sir, by men on whom I can depend, that there was never known such a thing in Scotland as a man who did not understand his country.

"That's because they have nothing to lose," said mine host, with the chuckle of a self-applauding wit. "The Scotch?" answered a strong deep voice behind him, "it's e'en because your English gauders and superintendents, e'er you have sent down beneath the Tweed, have torn up the trade of thievery over the lands of the native professors."

"Well said, Mr. Campbell!" answered the landlord; "I did not think thou'dst be near us, mon."

"I am known to a fellow," said the fellow, "from Yorkshire tyke, and how go markets in the south?"

"Even in the ordinar," replied 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 comes— as prime a buttock of beef as I've hungry man stuck with in!"

"So saying, he eagerly whetted his knife, assumed the seat of empire at the head of the board, and loaded the plates of his stardy guests with his good cheer.

This was the first time I had heard the Scottish accent; or, indeed, that I had familiarly met with an individual that gave me any idea of what it was. Yet, from an early period, they had occupied and interested my imagination. My father, as well known to you, was of an ancient family in Fife, and in the same quarter to the most habitable and pleasant piece of land. The former dinner, not very many miles distant. The queerest thing, and his relatives was much, as the scene most rarely mentioned the case from which the speech was drawn, and held as the most contemptible species of vanity, the weakness which is commonly termed high pride. His ambition was to be distinguished, as William Osbalstone, the first, at least, of the first, a merchant on Change; and to have possessed the liberal representative of William Conqueror, would have far less flattened his dignity than the hum and bustle which his approach would produce among the bulls, bears, and boars of Stock-alley. He wished, no doubt, that his sons, also, in some degree at least, counteracted his barb, whom his pride would never have supposed to be placed in such a narrow, insipid corner. He was a man of sense, a man of spirit, and a man of taste, who could imagine a correspondence between his feelings and his own in this subject. But my father was a man of sense, a man of spirit, and a man of taste, and his sons were so. In Scotland, then, was he interested in leisure in which the Scotch arts in ancient times, Mr. Osbaldstone wrought no less against the arts of these modern Sinns; and between them, though without any fixed purpose of doing so, they impressed my youthful mind with a sincere aversion to the northern inhabitants of Britain, as a people bloody-thirsty in the hour of war, treacherous in their treaty, insipid in their manners, selfish in their arrangements, and tricky in the business of peace, life, and having few guillotine qualities, unless there should be accounted for the spirit whichanimated the hearts of their men in martial affairs, and a sort of witty craft, which appeared the place of wisdom in the ordinary course of mankind, in justification or excursus.
those who entertained such prejudices, I must re-
mark, that the Scotch of that period were guilty of
similar injustice to the English, whom they branded
universally as being impious and licentious carnati-
ons. The axe of national disunion reposed between
the two countries, the natural consequences of their
existence as separate and rival states. We have seen
remembering with horror how these sparks burst into
a temporary flame, which I sincerely hope is now
extinguished in its own ashes.

It was, then, the occasion of disunion, that I con-
templated the first Scotchman I chanced to meet
in society. There was much about him that coin-
cided with my previous conceptions. He had the
hard features and athletic form, said to be peculiar
to his country, together with the national intonation
and slow pedestrian mode of expression, arising from
a desire to avoid peculiarities of idiom or dialect;
and could also observe the caution and shrewdness of his
country in many of the observations which he made,
and the answers which he returned. But I was not
prepared for the air of easy self-possession and supe-
riority, with which he seemed to predominate over
the company into which he was thrown, as it were
by accident. His dress was so coarse as it could be,
become at that time; sober and simple; his hair was
lavished upon the wardrobe, even of the lowest
who pretended to the character of gentleman, this
ignominy of circumstance, if not poverty.
His conversation intimatred, that he was engaged in
the cattle-trade, a very dignified professional pur-
suit. And yet, under these disadvantages, he seemed,
as a man of course to treat the rest of the company
with the cool and condescending politeness, which
implies a real, or imagined, superiority over those to
whom he was inferior. I could form no opinion on
any point, it was with that easy going of confidence
used by those superior to their society in rank or in-
formation, as if what he said could not be doubted,
and was not to be questioned. Mine host and his
Sunday guests, after an effort or two to support their
consequence by noise and bold averment, sunk gra-
dually under the authority of Mr. Campbell, who thus
fairly possessed himself of the lead in the con-
versation. I was tempted from curiosity, to dispute
the ground with him myself, confiding in my knowl-
dedge of the world, extended as it was by my resi-
dence abroad, and in the stores with which a tolera-
bly educated had possessed my mind. In the latter
respect, he offered no competition, and it was easy
to see that the natural position of the Duval de
Dontel, and the Duke of Orleans, who had just
succeeded to the regency of that kingdom, and
that of the statesman by whom he was surround-
ed; and his shrewd, caustic, and somewhat satirical
pursuit, in which he had been a close observer of the
affairs of that country.

On the subject of politics, Campbell observed a
silence and moderation which might arise from cau-
tion. The divisions of Whig and Tory were found
amongst the very centre, and a powerful party,
engaged in the Jacobite interest, menaced the dynas-
ty of Hanover, which had been so justly established on
the throne. Every ahesone resounded with the brawls
of contending politician, and as mine host's political
views were at that time in question with several good,
and my kinsman and friends who used to visit us,
and who were divided in their opinion as irresolvably as
whether he had feasted the Common Council. The curate
of the parish, with a little manner, who made no
boast of his vocation, but who, from the flourish
and snap of his fingers, I believe to have been the barber,
talked with much cause of high church and the
Stuart line. The exciseman, as in duty bound, and
the attorney, who looked to some petty office under
the crown, together, with my fellow-traveller, who
saw everything into the most minute, and was sup-
ported in his cause of King George and the Protes-
tant succession. Dint was the screaming—deep the

* This seems to have been written about the time of Wilkes.

oaths! Each party appealed to Mr. Campbell, anx-
ioust, it seemed, to effect his approbation.

"You are a Scotchman, sir; a gentleman of your
country must step up for hereditary right," cried
one party.

"You are a Presbyterian," assumed the other class
of disputants; "you cannot be a friend to arbitrary
power."

"Gentlemen," said our Scotch oracle, after having
won, with some difficulty, a moment's pause, "I
have ventured the suggestion that King George would de-
sire the predilection of his friends; and if he can
haunt the grip he has gotten, why, doubtless, he may
make the gauger, here, a commissioner of the reve-
ue, and confer on our friend, Mr. D——n, the pré-
ferment of solicitor-general; and he may also grant
some good deed or reward to this honest gentleman
who is sitting upon his portmanteau, which he pre-
fers to a chair: And, unquestionably, King James
is also a grateful person, and when he gets his hand
in play, he may, if he be so minded, make this reversed
gentleman arch-priest of Canterbury, and Dr. Miss—,
chief physician to his household, and commit his
royal beard to the care of my friend Latherum.

But as I doubt neither any of the competing
bills can ever find a way to the sovereign's bench
without virtue, if he lacked it, I give my vote and interest
and Jonathan Brown, our landlord, to be the King and
Prince and Earl of Drumlanrig, and that he fetches us
another bottle as good as the last."

This sally was received with general applause,
in which the landlord cordially joined; and when
he had given orders for fulfilling the condition on
which his preferment was to depend, he failed not to ac-
quaint them, that, for as pescable a gentleman as
Mr. Campbell was, he was, moreover, as bold a
provocazione-seven highwaysmen had defeated with his
single arm, that bested him as he came from Whitestay-
traveller."

"You art deceived, friend Jonathan," said Camp-
bell, interrupting him; "they were but barely two,
and two cowardly loons 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)
who was rather nearer to Mr. Campbell, "really and actually best
two highwaysmen yourself alone?"

"In troth did I, sir," replied Campbell; "and I
think it nae great thing to make a sang about."

"Upon my word, sir," replied my companion, "I
should be happy to have the pleasure of hearing your com-
pany on my journey—I go northward, sir."

This piece of gratuitous information concerning
my companion's tour made the party laugh. But
my companion bestowed upon one cast, failed to excite
the corresponding confidence of the Scotchman.

"We can scarce travel together," he replied, de-
spite you, very well. I have travelled a great deal,
and I think the argument stands down all opposition.

"It is certainly so," said Campbell, and
contemptuously; "I have business at Roth-

"But I am in no great hurry; I can rick
day, and never miss a day or so for good con-

"Upon my faith, sir," said Campbell, "if
render you the service you seem to desiderate.

He added, drawing himself up bumptiously,
advise, sir, ye will neither waste your time on
an absolute stranger on the road, nor conduct
your line of journey to those who are asking such
questions. He then turned the hint not very ceremoniously, from the bold white.
stint him, and, coming up to me as the company were dispersing, observed, "Y'our friend, sir, is too commun," 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 his confidence than I am." "I only meant," he replied hastily, "that he seems a thoughtful young man, deserving of the honour of our company on whose desires it not." "The gentleman," replied I, "knows his own affairs best, and I should be sorry to constitute myself his guide in the matter. It is for you to decide, between you and the other members of your company, whether you will travel in the little valley, and be dragging himself up a ravine on the other side of its wild banks, when the headmost hounds, followed by the rest of the pack at full cry, burst from the coppice, followed by the huntsman, and three or four riders. The dogs pursued the trace of Reynard with unerring instinct; and the hounds 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 and red, the uniform of a sporting association, formed under the auspices of old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldestone. My cousin thought I, as they swept past me. The next reflection was, what is my reception likely to be among these worthy men of Osbaldestone? and how improbable is it, that I, knowing little or nothing of rural sports, shall find myself at ease, or happy, in my uncle's family. A vision that passed me. I perceived these reflections on my face, and the look of a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the grace and elegance of the exertions displayed on a beautiful horse, jet black, unless he was flecked by spots of the arrow-white foam which embossed his bridle. She wore, what was then scarce usual, the dress of a man, which fashion has since called a riding-habit. The mode had been introduced while I was in France, and was perfectly new to me. Her long black hair streamed on the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the ribbon which bound it. Some very broken ground, through which she guided her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course, and brought her closer to me than any of the other riders. I had, therefore, a full view of her uncommonly fine face and person, to which an inexpressible charm was added by the wild gaiety of the scene, and the composure of her singular dress and unassuming manner. No light, her manner, in his impetuosity, an irregular, movement, just while, coming once more upon open ground, she pulled the rein again, put her horse to his speed, and I made an apology for me to ride close up to her, as if to her assistance. There was, however, no cause for alarm; it was not a stumble, nor a fall; and, indeed, the fair Amazon had too much self-possession to have been deranged by it. She thanked my good intentions, however, by a smile, and I felt encouraged to put my horse to the same pace, and to keep in her immediate neighbourhood. The cloumag of "Whoop, dead, dead!" and the corresponding flourish of the French horn; soon announced to us that there was no more occasion for haste, since the chase was at a close. One of the young men whom we had seen approached us, waving the bristle of the fox in triumph, as if to unbray his own companion. "I see," she replied, "I see; but make no noise about it; if Phoebe, said she, putting the neck of the beautiful animal which had not got among the cliffs, you would have had little cause for boasting." They met as she spoke, and I observed them both look at me and each other with apparent chagrin in undisguised form, the young lady apparently pressing the sportsman to do something which he declined shyly, and with a sort of impatience. "She's got no more to say, as for yourself," said he, and you, Miss Thurnia, if you won't, I must, that's all—Sir," she continued, addressing me, "I have been endeavouring to persuade this cultivated young gentleman to make
inquiry of you, whether in the course of your travels in the extensive lands he has been the friend of our own, one Mr. Francis Osbaldeston, who has been for some days expected at Osbaldestone Hall?"

I was too happy to acknowledge myself to be the person answerable, and prepared to express, by the obsequious inquiries of the young lady.

In that case, sir," she rejoined, "as my kinsman has been here, I shall, I imagine, permit me (though I suppose it is highly improper to stand mistress of ceremonies, and to present to you young Squire Thorncliff Osbaldeston, your chief bound and interest; who has also the honour to be your accomplished cousin’s poor kinswoman.)" There was a mixture of boldness, saucy, and simplicity in the manner in which Miss Vernon pronounced these words. My knowledge of life was sufficient 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 within. He shook hands with me, however, not then intimated his intention of leaving me that he might help the huntsman and his brothers to cope up the hounds, a purpose which he rather communicated by way of information to Miss Vernon that he was going to pay the charge.

"There he goes," said the young lady, following him with eyes in which disdain was admirably painted, and composed of girl-eyes, and cock-fighters, and blackguard horse-rovers. But there is not one of them to mend another. —Have you read Markham?"

said Miss Vernon.

"Yes, ma’am — I do not even remember the author’s name."

O lud! on what a strand are you wrecked!” replied the young lady. A poor form, and not the weaker, unacquainted with the very Alcoran of the savage tribe whom you are come to reside among—Never to have heard of Markham, the most celebrated author on farriery! then I fear you are equally a stranger to the more modern names of Gibson and Bartlett?"

"And 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 man’s name."

"I confess I trust all these matters to an usher or to my groom."

"The more carelessness. —And you cannot shoe a horse, or cut his mane and tail; nor wear a dog, or crop his ears, or cut his dew-claws; or reclaim a hawk, or give him his casting-stones, or direct his shot when he is seated; nor has he any understanding larger."

"To sum up my insignificance in one word," replied I, "I am profoundly ignorant in all these rural accomplishments." Then, in the name of Heaven, Mr. Francis Osbaldeston, what can you do?"

"Very little, to the purpose, Miss Vernon; something, however, I can pretend to—when my groom has dressed my horse, I can ride him, and when my hawk is in the field, I can fly him."

"Can you do this?"

said the young lady, putting her horse to a canter.

There was a sort of rude overgrown fence crossed the road before us, with a gate, composed of pieces of wood rough from the forest; I was about to open it, when Miss Vernon cleared the obstruction at a flying leap. I was hobbled, in point of honour to follow, and was in a moment again at her side.

"There are hopes of you yet," she said. "I was afraid you had been a very disconsoled Osbaldeston. But what on earth have you been about at Osbaldestone, and at the Castle? - so the neighbours have christened this hunting-hall of ours. You might have said away, if you would.

I felt I was by this time on a very intimate footing with my beautiful apparition, and therefore replied in a confidential undertone,—"Indeed, my dear Miss Vernon, I did not know what to think of you at Osbaldestone Hall, the inmate being such as you describe them; but I am convinced there is one exception, that will make you a very considerable man."

"O, you mean Rashleigh?" said Miss Vernon.

"Indeed, I do not; I was thinking—you know—of some kind of an old gentleman, whose name looks in short. But nature has given him a majestic sense of common sense, and the priest has added a Burkean of learning—be it what we call a very clever man in this county, where clever means are scarce. Bred to the church, but in no hurry to take orders."

"To the Catholic Church?"

"The Catholic Church! what Church else?" said the young lady. "But I forgot, they told me you are a heretic. Isn’t that true, Mr. Osbaldeston?"

"I don’t know what to say to that." And yet you have been abroad, and in Catholic countries?"

"For fully four years."

"You have seen convents?"

"Often; but I have not seen much in those which the Catholic religion."

"Are not the inhabitants happy in them?"

Some are unquestionably so, whom either a profound sense of devotion, or an experience of the pure and sublime in society, or an aptitude of mind, render more sensitive, and in a greater degree to perceive what they resemble especially, if they desire to enjoy life and feel its blessings?"

"There is no imprisoned singing-birds," replied I, "condemned to wander out their lives in confinement, which they try to beguile by the exercise of accomplishments, which would have afforded pleasure, and have been lost in silence, and in the solitude of an ear."

"I shall be," returned Miss Vernon—"that is, said she, correcting herself,—‘I should be rather the wild hawk, who, bared the world, and the storm through heaven, will dash himself against the bars of his cage. But to return to Rashleigh, said she, in a more lively tone, you think the pleasantest man you ever saw in your life, Mr. Osbaldeston, that is, for a week at least, he could find out a blind mistress, never to be so accurst as you; but then you have always to take off those things, they are so unpleasant, and the hat hurts my forehead too, so as not to last."

"Come, lively girl, taking it off, and shaking down some hair, and then taking it on again, which left a little blushing, she separated with her white skeleton in order to clear them away from her better, and pulled herself into her chair; which, in the actions, it was well disguised by the indifference of her manner. I could not help that, judging of the family from what I should have said, and take place in a very unimportant way, but—"

"That’s very polite said; though, purely.
CHAPTER VI.

The rude hall rocks—they come, they come,
The din of voices shakes the dome:
In stark the viois come, come, come, come.
In varying motion, varying yest.

All march with haggard step—all proudly shake the cross.

In Sir Hildebrand Osbaldestone was in no hurry to greet his nephew, of whose arrival he must have been informed, for some time at least. Two or three long chairs, and several of the smaller chairs, were at hand; and as soon as the chairs were disposed of, the guests assembled. The village doctor, my six cousins, and my uncle,

* 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 content which was expressed in their heavy features and their only pleasantness was in their dexterity in said sports, for which alone they lived. The strong Gys, and the strong Cioanathus, are not less distinguished by a taste than the strong Persces, the strong Thorcliff, the strong John, Richard, and Wilfred Osbaldeston, were by outward appearance.

Persce, Thormie, and Co. had respectively nodded, grinned, and presented their shoulder, rather than their hand, as their father named them to their new kinsman, Rashleigh stepped forward, and welcomed me to Osbaldeston Hall, with the air and manner of a man of the world. His appearance was not in itself prepossessing. He was of low stature, whereas all his brethren seemed to be descendants of Anak; and so he was altogether unimposing. Rashleigh, though strong in person, was bull-necked and cross-made, and, from some early injury in his youth, had an imperfection in his gait, so much resembling an awkward motion in a clumsy little wright, that it formed the obstacle to his taking orders; the church of Rome, as is well known, admitting none to the clerical profession under any mental or corporeal defect.

Others, however, ascribed this unsightly defect to a more awkward habit, and contended, that it did not amount to a personal disqualification from holy orders.

The features of Rashleigh were such, as, leaving 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 awe, and even of disgust. It was not the actual plainness of his face, taken separately from the meaning, which made this strong impression. The 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 that bitter to the poisonous snake. As if to compensate him for these disadvantages of exterior, Rashleigh Osbaldeston was endowed of a voice the most soft, mellow, and rich in its transition; and was a most good help in the loss of language of every sort suited to so fine an organ. His first sentence of welcome was hardly ended, ere I knew my name; and then 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 Thorcliff and herself; and it can scarce be doubted that I favoured this more advantageous arrangement.

"I want to speak with you," she said, "and I have played hones thermo betwixt Rashleigh and you, with purpose. He will like it.

Feather-bed twixt castle wall
And heavy bust of salmon belt;
While I, yearest squirt amongst this intellec
tual family, ask of you how you like us all!"

A very comprehensive question, Miss Vernon, considering how short while I have been at Osbal
deston Hall.

"O, the philosophy of our family lies on the surface—there are minute shades distinguishing the indi
cidual, but these require the eye of an intelligent ob
er; but the mind that is acquainted with the system, may be distinguished and characterised at once.

"My five elder cousins, then, are, I presume, of particular interest to any philosophical observer; as their deportment will be the index to your neighbour's character.

"They, then, they form a happy compound of..."
who oate on Miss Vernon's left, to the huge quantities of meat with which they helped their plates. There was a great deal of conversation, the rest of us being sort of set apart from the rest of the company, and leaving us to our tales and tales. "And now," said I, "give me your opinions of Miss Vernon." If you suppose I am thinking of you—I could not help it. I really do think, but you have interdicted praise.

"I do not want your assistance. I am conjurer without a purse. I have not the means of opening the doors, nor can I see the means of opening the doors, nor can I open the casement of your bosom; I see through it. You think me a strange girl, half-coquette, half-coquette, desirous of attracting attention by the freckles, creases, and wrinkles and the deafness and the hard speech and die. I assure you I would not have told you a word all this curious intelligence, had I feared a pin who knew it, or knew it not."

"But Miss Vernon, to take away all particular marks of favour from your communications, but I must receive them on your own terms. You have not included Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldstone in your domestic sketches."

She shrunk, I thought, at this remark, and hastily answered, in a much lower tone, "Not a word of Rashleigh! His ears are so acute with his self-imposed mystery, I must not speak or die. I assure you I would not have told you a word of all this curious intelligence, had I feared a pin who knew it, or knew it not."

"Mr. Rashleigh, take away all particular marks of favour from your communications, but I must receive them on your own terms. You have not included Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldstone in your domestic sketches."

"Then we speak of Rashleigh, get up to the top of Otterscop Hall, where you can see for twenty miles round you in every direction—stand on the very peak, and speak in whispers; and, after all, don't be too sure that the bird of the air will not carry the matter. Rashleigh has been my tutor for four years; we are mutually tired of each other, and we shall heartily rejoice at our approaching separation."

"You have not included Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldstone-Hall, then?"

"Yes, in a few days—did you not know that?"

"And that your father must keep his resolutions more scrupulously. I cried, 'Heeblooban.' Why, when my uncle was informed of the occurrence, he sent for his solicitor, and that your father desired to have one of his hopeful sons to fill up the lucrative situation in his capitalist house, which was vacant by your obstinacy, and that your father desired to have one of his hopeful sons to fill up the lucrative situation in his capitalist house, which was vacant by your obstinacy, and that your father desired to have one of his hopeful sons to fill up the lucrative situation in his capitalist house, which was vacant by your obstinacy.

"Mr. Francis, the good knight held a court à l'âge de lord of his family, including the butler, housekeeper, and coachman. This revered assembly of the peers foregathered at Osbaldstone Hall was not unworthy of your Society, as you may suppose, to elect your subordinates, because, as Rashleigh alone possessed more money than the Squire of Colden, and, as the heiress did not exceed six feet, I jumped out without hesitation, and soon heard, far behind, the "he whoop: stole away I stole away!" of my bawdy pursuers. I ran down one alley, walked 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 height of the scene I had been in. I was swallows' delight as well as that of my rapid retreat, rendered doubly grateful.

As I turned about, I found the gardener hard at his evening employment, and saluted him, as I paused to look at his work. "Got even, my friend?"

"Gude e'en—gude e'en, t'ye," answered the man, without looking up, and in a tone which at once indicated his northern extraction, as well as that of my rapid retreat, rendered doubly grateful.

"Fine weather for your work, my friend;"

"It's no that muckle to be complained o'," answered the man, with that limited degree of praise which
"it's a generation to west till one's worth discovered, I row."
"But you are no friend, I observe, to the ladies."
"No, by my truth, I keep up the first gardener's quarter to them. They're fastidious bargains—eye crying at sprouted peas, plums last cut out."
"A gold-laced, what my good friend?"
"Oh, a kettlecorn—that's a jacket like your sin there. They have other things to do with them up your room for the best and the bag-puddings, and the claret-wine, nas doubt—that's the ordinary for evening Lectures on this side the Border, then for her ain private aspope."
"You forget your young mistress."
"What mistress do I forget?—what's that?"
"Your young mistress, Miss Vernon."
"What! the laaiste Vernon?—She's nase mistress o' mine-man. I wish she was her sin mistress; and I wish she mayn be some other body's mistress or it's lang—She's a wild slip that."
"Indeed!" said I, more interested than I cared to own to myself, or to show to the fellow—"why, Andrew, you know all the secrets of this family."
"If I ken them, I can keep them," said Andrew; "Sey winna work in my wame like beast in a barn! I was wurrant ye. Miss Die is—but it's neither beef nor brous o' wne."
"And he began to dig with a great semblance of asanuty."
"What is Miss Vernon, Andrew? I am a friend of the family, and should like to know."
"Other than a gude man, I'm fearing," said Andrew, closing one eye hard, and shaking his head with a grave and mysterious look—"something gleed—your honour understands me?"
"I cannot say I do," said I, "Andrew; but I should like to hear you explain yourself, and here-withal I slipped a crown-pieces into Andrew's hand."
"The touch of the silver made him grin a ghastly smile, and nodded slowly, and thrust it into his breast pocket; and then, looking as if he were well understood that there was value to be returned, went up, and rested his arms on his spade, with his features composèd into 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 since more, frowned, shook his head, and seemed to think his physiognomy had complete the information which his tongue had not fully told.
"Good God!" said I, "so young, so beautiful, so early lost."
"Twa, ye may say sae—he's in a manner lost body and soul; forby being a Papist, I've upbraided her for—and his northern caution prevailed, and he was again silent."
"For what, sir?" said I, sternly. "I insist on knowing the plain meaning of all this."
"Oh, just for the bitterest Jacobite in the land shire."
"Pahaw! a Jacobite?—is that all?"
Andrew looked at me with some astonishment; hearing of no information treated so lightly, he renewed the muttering. "Aweel, it's the warest thing I ken—" he said—"ken the lasse, however," he resumed his spade, "King of the Vandals, in Harnoist's late novel."

CHAPTER VII.

Berwick, the sheriff, with an untimely watch, to inform Henry IV. Pursued.

I rowed out with some difficulty the sparrow which was pursuing the other rae lad, having secured myself the necessary goodwill of the latter's attention from the uncles' domestic staff, by means they were most capable of comprehending, so as to return for the remainder of the watch, conjecturing, from the fair way in which I left my new relations, as well as from the means which continued to echo from the most
(as their hangover-room was called), that they were not to be listing company for a sober man.

What could I then sent her here to be seen, and be an inmate in this strange family? I was my first and most natural reflection. My uncle, it was plain, refused, and my wife consented to stay with him, and his rude hospitality rendered him an indifferent King Hal to the number of those who fed at his coat. But it was plain my presence or absence would make no difference in the mind of my household, and that I could not must refer to my desertion of the bottle on the preceding evening, or that my uncle's morning hours were a little discomposed by the rowls of the night before, his temper was sufficiently to import. I only made the passing reflection, that if he played the ungracious landlord, I would remain the shorter while his guest, and then hastened to salute Miss Vernon, who advanced cordially to meet me. Some show of greeting also passed between my cousins and me; but as I saw them maliciously bent upon criticizing my dress and accoutrements, from the cap to the stirrup-iron, and sneering at whatever had a new or foreign appearance, I exempted myself from the task of paying them in kind. I was resolute in requital of their grins and whispers, an air of the most indifference and contempt, I attached myself to Miss Vernon as the only person in the party whom I could regard as an associate of condescension. I therefore, sat down to the destined cover, which was a dingle or cove on the side of an extensive common. As we rode this little path, I told to Miss Vernon, that I did not see my cousin Rashleigh in the field; to which she replied, "O no—he's a mighty hunter, but it's after the fashion of Nimrod, and his game is a man."

The dogs now brushed into the cover, with the appropriate encouragement from the hunters—all was business, haste, and activity. I soon saw too much interested in the business of the morning to take any further notice of me, unless that I overheard Dickem the horse-jockey whisper to Wilfred the fool—"Look thou, an our French cousin be not aff a 'stour' makce."

To which Wilfred answered, "Like new, for he has a queer outlandish binding on's castor."

Thorncliffe, however, who, in his rude way, seemed not absolutely insensible to the beauty of his kinswoman, appeared determined to keep us company more closely than his brothers, perhaps to watch what passed between Miss Vernon and me—perhaps to enjoy my expected mishaps in the chase. In the last particular he was disappointed. After beating in, he stood, and was at last found, who led us a chase of two hours, in the course of which, notwithstanding the ill-concealed Frenchman's aesthetic taste, character as a horseman to the admiration of my uncle and Miss Vernon, and the secret disappointment of those who expected me to disgrace it. Reynard however, proved too witty for his pursuers, and the hounds were at fault. I could at this time observe in Miss Vernon's manner an impiety of the close attention which we received from Thorncliffe Osbaldiston and; and, that admissible spirited young lady never hesitated at taking the readiest means to gratify any wish of the moment, she said to him in a tone of approach—"I wonder, Thorncliffe, what keeps you dang'ring at my horse's crupper all this morning, when you know the earths above Woverton mill are not stop.

"I know no such an thing then, Miss Die, for the miller swore himself as black as night, that he stopt them at twelve o'clock, midnight that was."

"To see upon your horse's, you know, your horse's—five minutes—five minutes—not 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 Woverton then, and if the earths are not stop, I'll raddle Dick the mad and bids be for his bones for a hum.
"There's no jest whatever," said Diana; "we are accused of being such a man, and my uncle believed in such a jest as I did." "Upon your honour, I am greatly obliged to my friends for their good opinion!" "Well, if you can help it, smart, and stern, and smuff the wind, and look so exceedingly like a startled horse—There's no such offence as you suppose. We are not charged with any petyjewery, or vulgar felony by any means. This being carrying money from government, both species and bills, to pay the troops in the north, and it is said he has been robbed of some dispatches of great consequence." "And so, it is high treason, then, and not easy robbery, of which I am accused?" "Certainly; which you know, has been in some account of the crime of a gentleman. You will find plenty in this country, and one not far from your bow, who think it a merit to distress the Hanoverian government by every means possible." "Neither my politics nor my morals, Miss Vernon, are of a description so accommodating," said I. "I really begin to believe that you are a political Hanoverian in good earnest. But what do you propose to do?" "I am to refute this atrocious calumny. Before whom, I asked, was this extraordinary sensation laid?" "At the old Squire Inglewood, who had sufficient unwillingness to receive it. He sent tidings to my uncle, I suppose, that he might smudge away into Scotland, out of reach of the warrant. But my uncle is sensible by his religion and his relations render him o' noxious to government, and that, were he caught playing bootie, he would be disarmed, and probably dismounted, (which would be the worse evil of the two,) as a Jacobite, Papist, and suspected person." "I can conceive that, sooner than lose his honour he would give up his nephew." "His nephew, nieces, sons—daughters, if he had them, and whole generation," said Diana; "therefore trust not to him, even for a single moment, the best of your way before they can serve the warrant." "That I shall certainly do; but it shall be the house of this Squire Inglewood—Which way does it lie?" "About five miles off, in the low ground, behind yonder plantations—you may see the tower of the clock." "I will be there in a few minutes," said I, "putting my horse in motion." "And I go with you, and show you the way," said Diana, putting her palfrey also to the trot. "Do not think of it, Miss Vernon," replied, "it is not permit me the freedom of a friend; it is not proper, scarcely even delicate in you to have me such an errand as I am now upon." "I understand your meaning," said Miss Vernon, "a slight blush crossing her haughty brow; "He plainly spoken," and after a moment's pause, she added, "and I believe kindly meant." "It is indeed, Miss Vernon; can you think sensible of the interest you show in me, or yours for it?" said I, with even more earnestness that could have wished to express. Yours is for true kindness, shown best at the hour of isolation. But I must not, for your own sake—for the cause of misconstruction—suffer you to pursue the path of your generosity; this is no public an occasion in which reverting into an open court of justice, do you suppose I would not go there if I thought it right and easy to protect a friend? You have no one to say you—are a stranger; and here, in the court of the kingdom, country justices do think it an uncle "Who are colonel of a regiment of horses besides," said I, reflecting how it was to be angry with now. "Be: do explain the present jest to me!"
Chapter VII

Rashleigh is absent, and were he here, there is no knowing what he might take; the rest are all moodied and brutish, and I determine to go about it, and I do not fear being able to serve you. I am no fine lady, to be terrified to death with law business, but I can put in some motion, while, though the wheels groan, break, and revolve slowly, the great and preponderating weight of the vehicle fairly frustrates the efforts of the will to put in some motion; on such occasions, like a broken-down blood-tumed to drag an overloaded cart, puffing, straining, and spluttering, and being slow to get in motion, and presents its being brought into a state of actual progress. Nay more, the unfortunate pony, I understand, has been heard to complain that this same cart of justice, to which he feels so обязan to put 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 Squire Inglesode's quandam friends. And then Mr. Jobson talks big about reporting his principal to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, if it were not for his particular regard and friendship for Mr. Inglesode and his family.

As Miss Vernon concluded this whimsical description, we found ourselves in front of Inglesode Place, a handsome, though old-fashioned building, which showed the consequence of the family.

Chapter VIII

"Sir," quoth the Lawyer, "not to favor ye, you are a good man, and I would have you, as heart could wish, and need not shame the proverb men have it to claim.

Our horses were taken by a servant in Sir Hildebrand's livery, whom we found in the court-yard, and we entered the house. In the entrance-hall I was somewhat surprised, and had no fairer view of him than when we first met. Rashleigh, said Miss Vernon, without giving him time to ask any question, you have heard of Mr. Francis Osbaldestone's affair, and you have been talking to the Justice about it?

"Certainly," said Rashleigh, "it has been my business here. I have been endeavouring," he said, with a bow to me, "to render my counsels what service I can. But I am sorry to meet you here.

As a friend and relation, Mr. Osbaldestone, you ought to have been sorry to have met me any where else, at a time when the charge of my reputation, required me to be on such an errand as soon as possible.

"True," but, judging from what my father said, I should have supposed a short retreat into Scotland—just till matters should be smoothed over in a quiet way—"

I answered with warmth, "That I had no prudential measures to observe, and desired to have nothing smoothed over on the contrary, I was quite ready to do it into a rascally campaign, which I was determined to probe to the bottom."

Mr. Francis Osbaldestone, 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 Osbaldestone was likely to be as effectually, and rather more delicately, supported by my presence than by yours.

"O certainly, but two heads are better than one, you know."

"Especially such a head as yours, my pretty Die, advancing, and taking her hand with a familiar fondness, which made me think him fifty times uglier than nature had made him. She led him, however, a few steps aside; they conversed in an under voice, and she appeared to insist upon some request, which he was unwilling or unable to comply with. I never saw so strong a contrast between the expression of two faces, Miss Vernon, within being earnest because angry. Her eyes and cheeks became more animated, her colour mounted, she clenched her little hand, and stamping on the ground with her foot, she turned all indignation to the apologies, which, from her look of civil defensiveness.
ence, his composed and respectful smile, his body rather than his words struck the advanced, and other signs of look and person, convinced him to be pouring out at her feet. At length she flung away from him, with
"I will have it so.
"It is not in my power—there is no possibility of it. Would you think it, Mr. Osbaldistone?" he said, addressing her.
"You are not mad?" she said, interrupting him.
"Would you think it?" he said, without attending to her hint—"Miss Vernon insists, not only that I know your innocence, (of which, indeed, it is impossible for me to be more convinced,) but that I 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. Osbaldistone?"
"I will not allow any appeal to Mr. Osbaldistone, Rashleigh," said the young lady; "he does not know, as I do, the incredible extent and accuracy of your information on all points.
"As I am a gentleman, you do me more honour than I deserve.
"Justice, Rashleigh—only justice—and it is only justice which I expect at your hands.
"You are a tyrant, Diana," he answered, with a sort of savage terror, and rule your friends with a rod of iron. Still, however, it shall be as you desire. But you ought not to be here—you know I ought not to return with you to the place of death.
Then turning from Diana, who seemed to stand undecided, he came up to me in the most friendly manner, and said, "Do not doubt my interest in what regards you, Mr. Osbaldistone. 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 have; I have urged Miss Vernon's return as anxiously as she would permit me to do."
"I have thought 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 not go:—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 but too well to whom you trust; and hastening out of the hall, he heard his horse's feet a minute afterwards in rapid motion.
"Thank Heaven, he is gone!" said Diana. "And now, let us seek out the Justice."
"But is he not better call a servant?"
"O, by no means; I know the way to his den—we must burst in on him suddenly—follow me."
"I cannot do it according to your plan; as she tripped 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. Inglewood's sitting apartment, from which heard the crack of an old ditto, chantied by a voice which had been in its day fit for a jolly boho-song.
"O, is Skipton-in-Craven,
Is never a heaven.
But many a day foul weather;
And he that would say
A pretty girl na,
I wish for his crust a tanner."
"Hey-day!" said Miss Vernon, "the genial Justice must have dined already—I did not think it had been so late."
It was even. Mr. Inglewood's appetite having been increased by his official investigations, he had ante-dated his meridian repast, having dined at twelve instead of one o'clock, then the general dining hour in his house. The various occurrences of the morning occasioned his arriving some time after this hour, to the Justice the most important of the four-and-twenty and he had not neglected the interval.
"What shall you here?" he said to Diana, "I knew 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 uncertain whether I ought to advance or retreat. It was impossible for me not to hear some part of what passed within the narrow apartment, and particularly several apologies for declining to sing, expressed in a distinct cracking voice, the tones of which, I conceived, were not entirely new to me, sir. Not air? by our Lady! but just—What! you have cracked my silver-mounted cone nut of sack, and tell me that you cannot sing—sack will make a cat sing, and speak too!—sack for me or trouble yourself out of my doers—Do 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 another voice, which, from its pert coquetted accent, might be that of the clerks, "and the party must be formidable; he hath cas'd written on his face a court hand."
"Up with it, then," said the Justice; "by Jeez, Christopher, you shall crack the common salt of sail-and-water, according to the statutes for such disabled and provided."
Thus exhorted and threatened, my modest fellow, for he could no longer doubt that he was the recusant in question, uplifted, with a voice similar to that of a criminal singing his last psalm on the scaffold, most edifying:
"Poor people all, I now exhort you.
A world story shall you hear.
The tale of a robber as stout as ever
Rode a true man stand and deliver.

With his foodie doo and foodie doo.

This knave, most worthy of a look.
Being arm'd with pistol and with sword,
Two Kestinganians and a Boughman who
Did boldly stop six honest men.

With his foodie doo, doo.

Those honest men did at Broughside die,
Having drunk each man his past of wain.
When this said thief, with men so wise,
Did say, You dogs, your lives or pence.

With his foodie doo, doo, doo.

I question if the honest men, whose misfortunes is commemorated in this pathetic dirge, were mastered at the appearance of the bold thief, that the impertor was at mine: for, tired of waiting for some signal to announce me, and finding my intention as a matter rather awkward, I presented myself to the company just as my friend Mr. Morris, who bore the name, was Uplifting the last stanza of his doleful ballad. The high tone with which the song started, died away in a quaver of excitement on finding himself so near one whose tone was that of the king of his majesty's army, and he remained silent, with a sort of gasp as if I had brought the Borgia's hand in his face.

The Justice, whose eyes had closed under the influence of the somniferous lullaby of the preceding scene, raised up in his chair as it suddenly dawned upon him with wonder at the unexpected odious company that had received, while his organ was in abeyance. The clerk, as I conjectured from his appearance, was also conscious of the same terrifying sensation, and at the same time to be concluded.
"It is not concluded, sir," replies the magistrate: "man has no business as well as food, and I protest I cannot have benefit from my victuals, unless I am allowed two hours of quiet leisure, intermixed with harmless mirth, and a moderate circulation of the blood.

"If your honour will forgive me," said Mr. Jobson, who had produced and arranged his writing implements, "this slight occurrence afforded me an opportunity to say, as this is a case of felony, and the gentleman seems something impatient, the charge is contra jurem domini regis:" said the impatient Justice. "I hope it's no treason to say so—but it's enough to make one mad to be worried in this way—have I a moment of my life quiet, for warrants, orders, directions, acts, bills, bonds, and recognizances?—I pronounce to you, Mr. Jobson, that I shall send you and the justice-ship to the devil one of these days.

"Your honour will consider the dignity of the office—one of the quorum and customs regolators, an officer of which Sir Edward Coke wisely saith, 'The whole Christian world hath not the like of it, so it is daily executed.'"

"Well," said the Justice, partly reconciled by this assurance of his propriety, "but I'll put down the rest of his dissatisfaction in a huge bumerang of clarion, "let us to this gear then, and get rid of it as we can. Here you, sir—you, Morris—you, knight of the blood, you, gentleman of the most exalted and purest descent, you, Mr. Balsdon, the gentleman whom you charge with being art and part of felony."

"Ah," said the Justice, starting up with an alacrity, which showed that he was not so engrossed by his devotions to Themis, or Comus, as to forget what he had, I understand, been doing. With the blood of Cheviot, and the blossom of the Border, come to see how the old bachelor keeps house?—Art well-

"A fine, open, hospitable house you do keep, Justice. Such a house would have cost me, should be in the way, and we shall be in the wilderness."

"Ah! the knaves, they reckoned themselves secure of me for a couple of hours—but why did you not come earlier?—Your cousin Rashleigh dined here, and away like a polter after the first bottle was out and up in a trice."

"I am not in the anteroom before I set Miss Vernon—" I have had a long morning, but I can't any long, Justice— I am with my cousin Frank Osbaldstone, there, and that show him the way back again to the Hall, or I lose him in the woods."

"What! stuff the wind in that quarter?" inquired the Justice."

"I shewed the way, and she shewed him the way, sir, she shewed him the way to win."

"What! no luck for old fellows, then, my sweet bud of a young man, and let us canter home again, I'll bring my uncle to dine with you next week, and I'll expect merry dancing."

"And you shall find them, my pearl of the Tyne—Zookers, lass, I never envy these young fellows their rules and scrambles, unless when you come across one. But I must not bore you, justice, you just— I am quite satisfied with Mr. Francis Osbaldstone's explanation—here has been some mistake, which can be cleared at greater leisure."

"Pardon me, sir," said I, "but I have not heard the nature of the accusation yet."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, who, at the appearance of Miss Vernon, had given up the matter of despair, but who picked up courage to press further investigation, on finding himself supported from a quarter whence assuredly he expected no backing—"Yes, sir, and Dalton saith, that he who is apprehended as a felon shall not be discharged upon any man's discretion, but shall be held either to bail or commitment, paying to the clerk of the peace the usual fees for recognizance or commitment."

The Justice thus goaded on, gave me at length a few words of explanation.

It seems the whole thing, as I had played to this man, Morris, had made a strong impression on his imagination; for I found they had been arrayed against one another in their evidence, and I was the only one down in the silent and heated imagination that could suggest. It appeared also, that, on the day he parted from me, he had been stopped on a solitary spot, and eased of his highway clothes, with his eyes fixed on two men, well mounted and armed, having their faces covered with vizards.

One of them, he saith, had much of the shape and air, and in a whispering conversation which took place between the freebooters, he heard the other apply to him the name of Osbaldstone. The declaration further set forth that, upon inquirying into the principles of the family so named, he the said declarant, was informed, that they were of the worst description, this family, in all its members, having been Papists and Jacobites, as he was given to understand by the dissenting clergyman at whose house he stopped after his rencontre, since the days of William the Conqueror.

Upon all, and each of these weighty reasons, he charged me with being accessory, to the felony committed upon his person; he, the said declarant, then travelling in the special employment of government, and having charge of certain important papers, and also a large sum in specie, to be paid over, according to his instructions, to certain persons of official trust and importance in Scotland.

Having heard this extraordinary accusation, I replied to it, that the circumstances on which it was founded were such as could not be ascribed to the justice of a magistrate, in any attempt on my personal liberty. I admitted that I had practised a little upon the terror of Mr. Morris, who was a most formidable traveller together with such trifling particulars as could have excited apprehension in no one who was one whit less timorous and jealous than himself. But I added, that I had never seen him since we parted, and if that which he feared had really come upon him, I was in no wise accessory to an action so unworthy of my character and station in life. That one of the robbers was called Osbaldstone, or that such a name was mentioned in the course of the conversation between them, was a trifling circumstance, to which no weight was to be given. And concerning the dissatisfaction alleged against me, I was willing to prove to the satisfaction of the Justice, the clerk, and even the witness himself, that I was of the same persuasion as his friend the dissenting clergyman; had been educated as a good subject in the principles of the Revolution, and as such now demanded the personal protection of the laws which had been promised by the late king.

The Justice digested, took snuff, and seemed considerably embarrassed, while Mr. Attorney Jobson, with all the volubility of his profession, ran over the effects of the latter part of Hill, by which it was decided that the peace are allowed to arrest all those whom they find by indictment or suspicion, and to put them into prison. The rogue even turned my arm unconscious.
There was Jack Winterfield, in my young days, kept the best company in the land—at horse-races and cock-fights who but he—hand and glove was I with Jack—Mr. Morris, the placid, the tow-headed boy, the jewel of the act, having willfully clothed my conduct with all the colour and livery of guilt.

I combated both his arguments and his jargon with no indignation and scorn, and observed, "that I should, if necessary, produce the bail of my relations, which I conceive could not be refused, without sub- jecting a magistrate to a minor annoyance."

"Pardon me, my good sir,—pardon me," said the inquisitive clerk, "this is a case in which neither bail nor mainprise can be received, the felon who is liable to be committed on heavy grounds of suspicion, not being repelevisible under the statute of the 3d of King Edward, there being in that act an express exception of such as he charged of commandment, or force, and, and aid of felony done," and he hinted, that his worship would do well to remember that such were no way repelevisible by common writ, nor without writ.

At this period of the conversation a servant entered, and delivered a letter to Mr. Johnson. He had no sooner run it hastily over, than he exclaimed, with the air of a man very much vexed at the interruption, and felt the consequence attached to a man of multiform abuses—"Good God!—why, at this rate, I shall have neither time to attend to the public business nor my own—no quiet—no wish to Heaven another gentleman in our line would settle here!"

"God forbid!" said the Justice, in a tone of soothing depreciation; "some of us have enough of one of the tribe."

This is a matter of life and death, if your worship pleases.

"In God's name! no more justice business, I hope," said the alarmed magistrate.

"No," replied Mr. Johnson, very consequentially; "old capital Hulledge of Grim's hill, is subpoena'd 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 repelevisible case under the statute, you know, or Mr. Justice Death may not like the doctor for a main pern, or bailam.

"And yet," said Johnson, lingering as he moved towards the door, "if my presence here be necessary—"

I was about to make out the warrant for committal in a moment, and the constable is below—and You have heard," he said, lowering his voice, "Mr. Rashleigh's opinion—the rest was lost in a whisper.

"I thought no, man, no—we'll do nought till thou return, man; (is but a four-mile ride—Come, push the bottle, Mr. Morris—Don't be so paralyz'd, Mr. Oscliffe, and you, my man, of the wilderness—one cup of claret to refresh the bloom of your cheeks,

Diana started, as if from a reverie, in which she appeared to have been plunged while we were in this discussion. "No, Justice, I should be afraid of transferring the bloom to a part of my face where it would show to little advantage. But I will pledge you in a cooler beverage," and, filling a glass with water, she drank it hastily, while her hurried manner belied her assumed gayety.

It had not been my pleasure to make remarks upon her demeanour, however, being full of vexation at the interference of fresh obstacles to an instant examination with no imputation and imperfect charge which was brought against me. But there was no moving the Justice to take the matter up in absence of his wife, an incident which gave him apparently as much pleasure as the justice to a holiday home. He persisted in his endeavours to join jolity into a company, the individuals of which, whether considered with reference to each other, or to their respective situations, made no means intended to mirth. "Come, Master Morris, you're not the first man that's been robbed, I tecn—grieving never brought back loss, but instead of being the best feeling, you're the boy to take the first fute—boy that has said stand to a true man.
"A slight testimonial, sir, which I thought fit to impinge on from that which was given him by raising his hand to his head, as if to touch his hat,) MacCallum More.

"MacCallum who, sir?" said the Justice.

"Who the Duke of Argyll," returned Mr. Campbell.

"I know the Duke of Argyll very well to be a nobleman of great worth and distinction, and a true friend of his country. I was one of those that stood by him in 1714, when he unhinged the Duke of Argyll, borough out of his command. I wish we had more noblemen like him. He was an honest Tory in those days, and hand and conscience was acceded to the present government, as I have done myself, for the peace and quiet of his country; for I cannot presume that great men have been acclimated, as violent fools pretend, with the fear of losing his places and regiment. His testimonial, as you call it, Mr. Campbell, is perfectly satisfactory; and now, what have you got to say to this matter of the robbery?"

"Briefly this, if it please your worship; that Mr. Morrie might as well charge it against the babe yet to be born, or against myself even, as against this young gentleman, Mr. Osbaldstone; for I am not only free to depone that the person whom for he took he was a short time ago, but also, for I had the chance to obtain a glimpse of his visage, as his face-face slapped aside, that he was a man of other features and complexion than those of this young gentleman, Mr. Osbaldstone. And he added, turning round with a natural, yet somewhat stern air, to Mr. Morrie, 'that the gentleman will allow I had better opportunity to make cogitation on what was presented on this occasion than his being, I believe, much the cooler o' the tew.'"

"I agree to it, sir—I agree it to perfectly," said Morrie, shrugging back, as Campbell moved his chair towards him to fortify his appeal. "And I incline, sir," he added, addressing Mr. Inglewood, "to retract my information as to Mr. Osbaldstone; and I request, sir, you will permit him, sir, to go about his business, and me to go about mine also; your worship may have business to settle with Mr. Campbell, and I am rather in haste to be gone."

"Then, there go the declarations," said the Justice, throwing them into the fire. "And now you are at perfect liberty, Mr. Osbaldstone—and you, Mr. Morrie, are set quite at your ease."

"Ay," said Campbell, eyeing Morrie as he assented with a rueful grin; to the Justice's observations, "much like the next arrow—But fear nothing, Mr. Morrie; you and I maun leave the house together. I will see you safe—I hope you will not doubt my honour, when I say see—to the next highway, and there I hope we will do not meet as friends in Scotland, it will be your aim fault."

"With such a lingering look of terror as the condemned criminal throws, when he is informed that the cart awaits him, Morrie arose; but when on his legs, appeared to hesitate. 'I tell thee, man, fear nothing,' reiterated Campbell; 'I will keep my word with you—Why, thou sheep's heart, how do ye ken but we may can pick up some speerings of your value, if ye will be amenable to guide command—One horse is ready. Bid the Justice farewell, man, and show your southern breeding.'"

Morrie, thus exhorted and encouraged, took his leave, under the care of the Duke of Argyll; but, apparently, new scruples and terrors had struck him before they left the house, for I heard Campbell reasserting assurance of safety and protection as they left the anteroom. "By the soul of my body, man, thou'rt as safe as in thy father's kail-yard—Zounds! that a child wi' sic a black beard, should have such mair heart than a heartless man wi' ye, like a frank fellow, apace and for aye."

"The voices died away, and the subsequent tramp- ling of their horses announced to us that they had left the mansion of Inglewood.

"The joy that worthy magistrate received at this easy conclusion of a matter which threatened him with some trouble in his judicial capacity, was
somewhat camped by instruction on what he clerk's views of the transaction might be at his return.

"Now, I shall have Joebrook on my shoulders about these — I doubt I should not have delivered them free. But, however, I might as well make the best of it and do the best I can to get my money back. I don't want to quarrel with the customer of the store, such as he is. I shall be pleased to have you write me and be satisfied."

"That sounds very much as if you were surrounded by misfortune," replied Diana, "and if you should decide to return, I would perhaps not go with you, but I would be very much pleased to come and help you if you should wish it."
dark of peace to the county; and Gaffer Ruthless
saw with a set face, that neither capacity
you entitled to be impertinent to a young lady of
fashion."

Miss Vernon laid her hand on his arm, and ex-
claimed, "Mr. Jobson! I cannot, if I were no
assaults and battery on Mr. Jobson; I am not in
sufficient charity to permit him to single touch
of your hip. Why, he would live on it for a term at
least. Besides, you might—why, you have no
sufficiently—you have called him impertinent.""

"I don't value his language, Miss," said the clerk,
asserting his assertion; and a word is not an
actionable word; but petitsonger is slander in the
highest degree, and that I will make Gaffer Ruthless
snow to his cost, and all who maliciously repeat
the same to the breach of the public peace, and the taking
away of my private good name."

"Never mind that, Mr. Jobson," said Miss Ver-
non, "you know, where there is nothing, your own
law allows that the king himself must lose his rights;
and, for the taking away of your good name, I pity
the poor fellow who gets it, and wish you joy of
living with all my heart, believed not much above
the quantity of a gnomon. I—"

"Very well, ma'am—good evening, ma'am—I have
no more to say—only I have laws against pestilence,
and have made laws to the last degree of
exemption. There's third and fourth Edward VI.,
of antipathies, miseries, grudges, proceedings, manuala,
propaganda, priests, pernicious, and those that have
such thoughts for the sake of it. Miss Vernon and
the third James First, chapter twenty-fifth. —And
there are estates to be registered, and deeds and
will to be enrolled, and double lists to be made, accord-
ing to the acts in that case made and provided."

"See the new edition of the Statutes at Large, pub-
lished under the careful revision of Joseph Jobson,
Caesar, by the grace of the peace," said Miss Vernon.

"And, and above all," continued Jobson, "for I
speak to your warning—you, Diana Vernon, spin-
netress, not being a feminine creature; and being a
covert popish recusant, are bound to repair to your
own dwelling, and that by the nearest way, under
penalty of being held faithless to the king and—dilig-
cently to seek for passage at common ferries, and
tarry there but one ebb and flood; and unless you
can have it in such places, to walk every day into the
waste and desolate know, assessing to your loss it

A sort of Protestant penance for my Catholic er-
rors, I suppose," said Miss Vernon, laughing. "Well,
I thank you for the information, Mr. Jobson, and will
be careful of my conduct, for I have a high
keeper in time coming. Good night, my dear Mr.
Jobson, you mirror of clerical courtesy."

"Thank you, ma'am, and remember the law is not
to be trifled with."

And we rode on the opposite ways.

There he goes for a troublesome mischief-making
week, said Miss Vernon, as she gave a glance after
him; it is hard that persons of birth and rank
are to be subjected to the official impertinence
of any pacify—thank you, merely for believing
me, you know, in the eye of it than it, and I thank you
for lending it its weight upon him. Well, but it is not
compelling, and if there are three things for which
punishment is allowed, if any one thing it would not
waste any enquiry upon me.

And what are these three things, Miss Vernon,
I said.""

"Will you promise me your deepest sympathy, if I
ask you?"

"Certainly;—can you doubt it?" I replied, addressing
her not more to her as I spoke with an expres-

I have no more to say—only I have laws against
"Thou art tampered to have broken the rascal's

The sumptuary of Willton was raised in the East of England,
upon its description to be exhibited in the royal court of
his son Edward VI. On the occasion of Queen Mary's visit,
attire and ceremony, she ordered that it should be presented
Abbots and her fair recluse, which he did with many
expressions of his remorse, kneeling humble to the
field; he found himself in the midst of the proceedings from which he had
emancipated. With the accession of Elizabeth, too conscious
modifying Earl Astley's attitude, while Henry VIII., early
these times drove the same from their sanctuary. The benevolence of
the former raspberry-felting to the next, than that in the old—" And you, Fred, so others.
"That is indeed a misfortune, Miss Vernon, which I do most sincerely compassions, but which I should hardly have anticipated."

"O, Mr. Osbaldstone, if you but knew—if any one at such a moment, with such difficulty I sometimes find in hiding an aching heart with a smooth brow, you would indeed pity me. I do wrong, perhaps, in speaking to you 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 destiny. You will not permit me to say anything upon many other points which cannot but excite your attention—and I cannot bring myself to answer with the necessary falsehood and finesse—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 this mention 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 in which I am safe from the prying eyes of the cousins. They never venture there. I suppose, for fear the floor should fall down and crack their skulls; for they will never affect their heads in any other way."

"So follow me."

And I followed through hall and bower, vested passage and winding stair, until we reached the room where she had ordered our refreshments.

CHAPTER X.

The library at Osbaldstone Hall was a gloomy room, whose antique oaken shelves bent beneath the weight of the ponderous folios so dear to the seventeenth century, from which, under favour be it spoken, we have distilled matter for our quartos and octavos, and which, once more subjected to the blast of time, may, should our sons be yet more frivolous than ourselves, be still further reduced into doodle云南省 and pamphlets. The collection was chiefly of the classics, and much of the poetry of the world, with some transactions of the church, the church and the church. It was in wretched order. The priests, who, in succession, had acted as chaplains at the Hall, for many years, the only persons who entered its precincts, until Rashleigh's thirst for reading led him to disturb the venerable spiders, who had muffled the front of the process with their tapestries. His decision for the church rendered his case less absurd in his father's eyes, than if any of his other descendants had betrayed so strange a propensity, and Sir Hildebrand acquiesced in the library receiving some repairs, so as to fit it for a sitting room. Still an air of dilapidation, as obvious as it was uncomfortable, pervaded the large apartment, and announced some sort of careless attention which its walls contained had not been able to assert itself. The tattered tapestries, the worm-eaten shelves, the huge and clumsy, yet tottering, tables, desks, and chairs, the rusty grate, sallow gilding by either sea-coal or figaro, intimated the costliness of the lords of Osbaldstone Hall for learning, and for the volumes which record its treasures.

"You think this place somewhat desolat, I suppose?" I said, as I glanced my eye round the forlorn abode; "but to me it is 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 fore-finger immediately touched her dimpled chin, and her manner showed little touch of probability.

"We are still allies," she continued, "bound by other confederate powers, by circumstances of mutual interest; but I am afraid, as will happen in other cases, the unity of alliance has survived the unstable dispositions in which it had its origin. At rate, we live less together; and when we are through that door there, I vanish through this one, and so, having made the discovery that you were two one too many for this apartment, as it seems, Rashleigh, whose occasions from this year onwards call him elsewhere, has generously mack it his right in my favour; so that I now endeavoured to prosecute alone the studies in which he used to be my guide."

"And what are those studies, if I may know?"

"Indeed you may, without the least fear of your forgiving me to my chin. Science are my principal favourite; but I also poetry and the classics."

"As the classics? Do you read them in the final?"

"Unquestionably; Rashleigh, who is no cavil scholar, taught me Greek and Latin, 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 tuck, nor work cross-stitch, nor make a pudding, nor as the vicar's face would show, much truth as to the good-will and politeness, was pleased to say in my behalf, do any other useful thing in the vavse world.

And in the selection of Mr. Rashleigh's choice, or your own, Miss Vernon, I asked—

"Um!" said she, as if hesitating to answer my question. "It's too much white-lying if any finger about that, for he is a very minute, very finicky person. As l learned out of doors to ride a horse, and bridge and saddle him in case of necessity, and to clear a fire-barren hole, 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 engross to yourselves, in revenge, I suppose, for our common mother's share in the great original transgression.

"And Rashleigh really indulged your propensity to learning?"

"Why, he wished to have me for his scholar, and he was about to send me, but when he knew himself—he was not likely to instruct me in the mysteries of washing lace ruffles, or hemming cotton-handkerchiefs, or the like of gossip."

"I subdued the temptation of getting such a scholar, and have no doubt that it made a worthy consideration on the tutor's part."

"And now, you venerate Rashleigh's motives, your finger touches my chin once more. I can only be frank where my own are inquired into. But to resume, he has resigned the library in my favour, and never entered it since without being accompanied, and so I have taken the liberty to make it the place of deposit for some of my own goods and chatlets, as you say by looking at me, and you have been a very coquet to me."

"I beg pardon, Miss Vernon, but I really see nothing around these walls which I can distinguish as likely to claim you as mistress."

"That is, I suppose, because you neither see a shepherd or shepherdess wraith in worted, and homesteadly 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 toilette-table, with a nest of japanned boxes, with as many squeaks as Christmas mince-pies,—or a broken-back sofa 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 around, or a cantankerous feline,—" she continued, after a pause, in order to recover the breath she had lost in enumerating them—"but there stands at the board of my ancestor Sir Richard Vernon, aln as Shirley, and scorned by a sedentary, called Will Shakespeare, whose Lancastrian particularities, and a certain knack at embodying them, has earned history upside down, or rather inside out,—and by that redoubtable weapon hangs the mail of the still elder Vernon, squire to the Black Prince, whose arm 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—"

"A meditate the route you might desire one

"Brave kneave with pigeons in sheld, your Vernon;

"Like a bored sent along the plain he thunder'd,

"Pest to be carving chums, while others plunder'd."
approached me rather closely, as to place a greater distance between us. A modest tag at the door—a gentle manner of calling—polite studied courtesy, and humility of step and deportment, announced that the education of Rashleigh Osbaldeston at the College of St. Omer's accorded well with the ideas I entertained of the manners of an accomplished Jesuit. I need not add, that, as a sound Protestant, those ideas were not the most favourable. "Why should you ask me the name of a sinner," said Miss Vernon, "when you knew that I was not alone?"

This was spoken with a burst of impatience, as if she had felt that Rashleigh's air of caution and reserve covered some implication of importunate supposition. "You have taught me the form of knocking at this door so perfectly, my fair cousin," answered Rashleigh, without change of voice or manner, "that habit has become a second nature."

"I prize sincerity more than courtesy, air, and you know I do," was Miss Vernon's reply.

"Courtesy is a gallant gay, a courtier by name and by profession," replied Rashleigh, "and therefore most fit 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 straunger kinsman, sit down Rashleigh, and give Mr. Osbaldeston the permission he deserves to taste of the wines we have honours of the dinger, for the credit of Osbaldeston Hall."

"I come down, and fill 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 matter, for, so far as she might have imposed in me, and hastened to lead the conversation into a channel which should sweep away his suspicion to the country, he had buried any secrets which rested between them."

"Miss Vernon," I said, "Mr. Rashleigh, has recommended me to return my thanks to you for your speedy disengagement from the ridiculous accostment of Morris; and, unjustly fearing my gratitude might not be warm enough to remind me of the duty, she has put my curiosity on its side, by referring me to you for an account, or rather explanation, of the events of the day."

"Indeed?" answered Rashleigh; "I should have thought you were looking keenly at Miss Vernon," that the lady herself might have stood interpreter; and his eye, returning from her face, sought mine, as if to search, from the expression of my features, whether his notion of my curiosity was narrowly limited as my words had intimated. Miss Vernon restored his incisural glances with one of decided scorn; with it, uncertain whether to deprecate or resent his obviating her inquiries. "If for your sake, Mr. Rashleigh, as it has been Miss Vernon's, to leave me in ignorance, I must necessarily submit; but pray, once more, and inform me, 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 a solemnist as that picture of any thing relating to the events I have witnessed to-day, excepting that I understand from Miss Vernon, that you have been kindly active in my favour."

Miss Vernon has overtaken my humble efforts," said Rashleigh, "though I claim full credit for my zeal. The truth is, that as I galloped back to get some 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 Cawmi—Cowlville—Cumberland, or whatsoever they call him. I had understood from Morris that he was present when the robbery took place, and had the good fortune to prevail on him with some difficulty, so as to tender his evidence in your exculpation, which I presume was the means of your being released from an unpleasing situation."

"It is much your debtor for procuring such aseasonable evidence in my behalf. I cannot sec 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 ringleader, or to make an innocent person.

"Yes, but the genius of that man's country, air, answered Rashleigh; discretion, prudence, and foresight, are their leading qualitities; these are only modified by a narrow-spirited, but yet ancient, aristocratic spirit, which supposes all the concentric bulwarks with which a Scotchman fortifies himself against all the attacks of a generous philantropic principle. Should you find an inner and steel deeper barrier—the love of his province, his village, or, most probably, his class; storm this second obstacle, you have a third—his attachment to his own family—his father, mother, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, to the ninth generation. It is within these limits that a Scotchman's real affection extends itself, scarce reaching those which are outermost, till all means of discouraging itself in the interior circles have been exhausted. It is within these circles that his heart throbs, each pulseation being fainter and fainter, till beyond the widest-bounded, it is almost unfelt. And what is worst of all, you could surround all these consanguineal entanglements, as far as your understanding could possibly perceive, with a more perfect, closer, higher, and more efficient than them all—a Scotchman's love for himself."

"All this is extremely eloquent and agreeable. Rashleigh, you have listened with an unimpressed 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 fairest 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 the character as drawn from deep and accurate consideration; and it is to the purpose, because it enables Mr. Francis Osbaldeston to account for the mysterious conduct of the wary Scotchman, concerning our kindness to be neither his countryman, nor a Campbell, nor his cousin in any of the inextricable combinations in which they expound their pedigrees; 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 said," said Rashleigh, continuing in the same tone—"In short, that theory shows why this man, hoping for no advantage, and afraid of some inconveniences, might require the countryman with whom a match was made on to give his testimony in favour of Mr. Osbaldeston."

"It seems surprising to me," I observed, "that during the apprehensions of the deception, or whatever it is termed, of Mr. Morris, he should never have mentioned that Campbell was in his company when he was seized."

"I understood from Campbell, that he had taken his solemn promise not to mention that circumstance," replied Rashleigh; "his reason for having made such an engagement you may guess from what I hinted—he wished to get back to his own case undelayed and unembarrassed by any of the inquiries which he would have been under the necessity of attending, had the fact of his being present the robbery taken air while he was on this side the Border. But let him once be as distant as the 1 Morris was, and you know what he would do. He knows about him, and, it may be a good deal besides. Campbell is a very extensive dealer, and has often occasion to send goods away through the thumbland; and, when driven, such a man would be a great fool to embroil himself—Northumbrian though he be, than whom no man could be more honest or more simple."

"I dare be sworn of that," said Miss Vernon, in a tone which implied something more than an acquiescence in the matter for desiring that Morris should be trusted.
to his presence when the robbery was committed, I cannot see why he could assume such an influence over the man as to make him suppress his evidence in that particular, at the manifest risk of subjects his own liberty to a charge which he was not put to, and which was not proved against him. But," he added immediately after this acquiescence, "are you very sure the circumstance of Morris's being associated with 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 touched on very slightly, since it failed to catch my attention."

"True, true," answered Rashleigh, forming his own inference while he adopted my words; "I inclined to think with you, that the circumstance must in reality have been mentioned, but so slightly, that it had to attract your attention. And, then, as to Campbell's interest with Morris, I decline to suppose that it must have been gained by playing upon his fears. This chicken-hearted fellow Morris, is bound. I do not believe that he ever held any employment under government; and, possessing the courage of the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous man, he is not likely to overlook that the ill-will of such a kill-cow as Campbell, whose very appearance would be enough to fright him out of his little wit. You observed that Mr. Campbell has at times given you the impression of a man so wrapped up in his own thoughts, as to utter either the patience or the comprehension of those he conversed with. His idea is to wrap each other with the gentle but unintermitting flow of a perpetual and bounteous spring; while I have heard those of others, who aimed at distinction in conversation, rush along like the turbulent stream from strife of soul, and soul, as hurried, and as easily exhausted. It was late at night ere I could part from a companion so fascinating; and, when I gained the apartment, it cost me no small effort to recall to my mind the character of Rashleigh, such as I had pictured him previous to this tête-à-tête."

So effectual, my dear Treham, does the sense of being pleased and amused blunt our faculties of perception and discrimination of character, that I can only compare it to the taste of certain fruits, at-once lascivious and poignant, which renders our palate totally unfit for relishing or distinguishing the viands which are subsequently subjected to its criticism."

CHAPTER XI.

What gave ye gainst, my worthy son?  
What about my dear daughter?  
What gave ye bring your head and hair in the castle of Kilwinning?  
Old Scotch Ballad

The next morning chanced to be Sunday, a day peculiarly hard to be got rid of at Osbaldstone Hall; for after the formal religion of such individuals as Mr. Campbell and Mr. Morris. But, in standing Scotland, he has borne false witness against a whole country; and I request you will allow me to weigh in his evidence."

"Perhaps," I answered, "I may find it somewhat difficult to obey your injunction, Miss Vernon; for must own I was made up with no very favourable of our northern neighbours."

"Disregard that part of your education, sir," she said, and let the daughter of a Scotchwoman to respect the land which gave her parent until your own observation has proved them worthy of your good opinion. Preserve your contempt for supercilious, haughty, and wherever they are to be met with. You are enough of all without leaving England—gentlemen. I wish you good evening."

He had agreed to the door, with the manner of a man dismissing his train.

He retired, to Rashleigh's apartment, where a messenger had waited for him. The messenger informed him that Rashleigh had no further on the other of the day. A mystery, and, as I thought, a favourable complexion, appeared as hung upon the lips of the person who had summoned it. It was necessary to throw him off his guard. We cut for the deal, and were soon earnestly engaged in our play. I thought I perceived in this trifling for amusement, (for the sake of which Rashleigh proposed the mere trifle) something of a fierce and ambitious temper. He seemed perfectly unshaken by the success with which he played, but preferred, as it were on principle, the risk of bold and precarious strokes to the ordinary rules of play; and neglecting the minor and better-balanced chances of the game, he heedlessly threw himself for the chance of piquing, repiquing, or captivating his adversary. So soon as the interveimn of a game or two at a piquet, like the music between the acts of a drama, had completely interrupted our previous course of conversation, Rashleigh appeared to tire of the game, and the cards were superseded by discussions in which he had assumed the lead. More learned than soundly wise—better acquainted with men's minds than with the moral principles that ought to regulate them, he had still powers of conversation which I have rarely seen equalled, never excelled. Of this his manner implied some consciousness; at least, it appeared to me that he had studied hard to improve his natural advantages of a melodious voice, fluent and happy expression, apt language, and fervid imagination. He was never loud, never awkward in his gestures, nor in his words; so much occupied with his own thoughts, as to utter either the patience or the comprehension of those he conversed with. His idea is to wrap each other with the gentle but unintermitting flow of a perpetual and bounteous spring; while I have heard those of others, who aimed at distinction in conversation, rush along like the turbulent stream from strife of soul, and soul, as hurried, and as easily exhausted. It was late at night ere I could part from a companion so fascinating; and, when I gained the apartment, it cost me no small effort to recall to my mind the character of Rashleigh, such as I had pictured him previous to this tête-à-tête.

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"In your own house, my dear sir—and your own nephew—you will not surely persist in hurting his feelings, by seeming to despise what he is so strongly attached to, in pursuing a course so unwise. No doubt you are fully desiring all his confidence, and I am sure we are there anything you could do to assist him in this strange enterprise; but it is one in which he is so well qualified to receive from your own kindness.

But my reason for letting him, and no one is entitled to suppose him otherwise. For my part, I do not find the least doubt of his innocence; and, as a matter of family concern, I conceive, requires that we should maintain it with tongue and sword against the whole country."

"I am sorry for it, said the father, looking fixedly at him, "thou art a wild boy—thou hast ever been too cunning for me, and too cunning for most folks. Have a care thou prove too cunning for thyself;—two faces under one hood is no true heredity. And since we talk of heredity, I'll go and read Gwilym.""

This resolution he intimated with a yawn, restless—less as that of the Goddess in the Dunwich, which was responsively echoed by his giant sons, as they dispersed in quest of the pastimes to which their minds generally inclined them. Percivis to discourse of a post of March bear with the steward in the byrth,—Thorncliff to out a pair of cudgels, and fix them in his wicker belt,—Jump to dress May-fly,—Dicken to scold; and lastly, by holding his right hand against his left,—and Wilfred to bite his thumbs, and hum himself into a slumber which should last till dinner-time, if possible. Miss Vernon had retired to the inner parlour.

Rashleigh and I were left alone in the old ball, from which the servants, with their usual bustle and awkwardness, had just retired, hurried to hurry the remainder of their substantial breakfast. I took the opportunity to approach him in the manner in which he had spoken of my afflatus to his father, which, from the manner in which he affected to receive it, seemed rather to exhort Sir Hildebrand to conceal his suspicions, than to root them out.

"Why, what can I do, my dear friend?" I replied Rashleigh; "my father's disposition is 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 upon such subjects, instead of arguing with him. Thus I get the better of the wits which I cannot eradicate, by cutting them off as often as they appear, until at length they die away of themselves. There is neither wisdom nor profit in disputing with such a mind as Sir Hildebrand's, which hardens itself, and believes in its own inexplicable perceptions as firmly as we good Catholics do in those of the Holy Father of Rome."

"I am determined, said I, 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 access to it."

I desire no man's regard. Mr. Rashleigh, on such terms must sink in my own: and I think these injuries to suspicion will afford a very good reason for quitting Debden Hall."

"I feel it, replied I; "but it is not a question of quitting, which I shall regret whenever I communicate on the subject with my father."

The dark countenance of Rashleigh, though little accusatory, betrayed its master's grief. Why? a suppressed smile, which he instantly abashed by smiling himself."

"You are a happy man, Frank—you go on, and come, as the wind bloweth where it listeth. With your address, tastes, and talents, you will soon find circles which they will be more valued, than amid the dull intimacy—where your mind may wander, be amused, and be passed.

"And what is there in your lot that can make you or any one ever mine,—an outcast, as I may almost term myself, from my father's house and favour?"

"Ay, but," answered Rashleigh, "consider the gratified sense of independence which you must have attained, that he is so strenuously trying to repress. I assure you this will prove to—consider the power of acting as a free agent, of cultivating your own talents in the way in which your taste determines you, and yet remaining in your own place of calling, what you would. Fame and freedom are cheaply purchased by a few weeks' residence in the North, even though your place of calling is Debden Hall."

"I do not know," said I, blushing as became a young scribbler, "how you should be so well acquainted by your own persuasion."

"There was an emissary of your father's here some time since, a young coxcomb, one Twineball, who informed me concerning your secret sacrifices to the muses, and added, that some of your verses had been greatly admired by the best judges."

Tresham, I believe you are guiltless of having ever essayed to build the lofty rhyme; but you must have known in your day many an apprentice and fellow-craft, if not some of the master-men, in the temples of Apollo."

"My youth was not in that urine," said he, "but I have seen a fellow who, when he was in the shades of Twickenham, to the verge scribbler whom he has lashed in his Dunwich. I had my own share of this common folly, and with no ill consequences, except that my bad habits, when I was a young man, were a little different from yours."

"Twineball was," said Rashleigh, "a vanity, or, better, a poetic love, which I suppose was, that it was always sort of the kind, and therefore he was, I suppose, so anxious to be permitted to see some of my manuscript productions."

"You should give me an evening in my own apartment," he continued, "for I must soon lose the charms of literary society for the drudgery of commerce, and the course every day avocations of the world. I repeat it, that my compliance with my father's wishes for the advantage of my family, is indeed a sacrifice, especially considering the calm and peaceful profession to which my education destined me."

I was vain, but not a fool, and this hypocrisy was too strong for me to swallow. "You would not persuade me," I replied, "that you really regret to exchange the situation of an obscure Catholic priest, with all its privations, for wealth and society, and the pleasures of the world."

"It seems," said he, "as if he had coloured his attachment of moderation too highly, and, after a second's pause, during which I suppose, he calculated the degree of his being a quality of which he was never exceedingly profuse, he answered with a smile,—At my age, be condemned, as you say, to wealth and the world does not, indeed, sound so alarming as it ought to do. But, with pardon be it spoken, you must mistake your destination—Catholic priest, I will, but not an obscure one—No, sir, Rashleigh is, baldstone will be more obscure, should he rise to the richest citizen in London, than he might be even as a member of a church, whose members one says."

My family interest at a certain exiled court, in the weight which that court ought to possess, and does possess, at Rome, is of such a nature, that my family interest will be no obstacle inferior to the education I have had. In sober judgment, I might have looked to high eminence in the church—in the see."

"No," said I, "we have swayed the fortunes of emperors well-connected, as well as the low-born Mr. Alberoni, the son of an Italian gardener."

"Not wholly," said he, "but in your place I should not much regret the chance of such precarious and invidious elements."

"Neither would I," he replied, "were I sure..."
my present establishment was more certain; but that
my frank communication with the family had given me
the advantage I sought to make use of. I
learned that, on the 8th of November, I am only
learn by experience—the disposition of your father,
father, for

"Confess the truth without finesse, Rashleigh; you
would not tell me anything of him from me!"

Since, like Die Vernon, you make a point of fol-

the banner of the good knight Sincerity, I res-

Well, then, you will find in my father a man who
has followed the paths of thriving more for the exer-
cise they afforded to his talents, than for the love of
the profession itself. His mind would have been in
any situation which
gave it scope for exertion, though that exertion had
been its sole reward. But his wealth has accumu-
laated, because, moderate and frugal in his habits, no
new sources of expense have occurred to dispose of
his increasing income. He is a man who hates dis-

similation in others; never practises it himself, and
is peculiarly alert in discovering motives through the
coarsening of language. Himself silent by habit, he
does readily disregard by great talkers; the rather
that the circumstances by which he is most interested
left no great scope for conversation. He is severely
strict in the duties of religion; but you have no rea-
sone to fear his influence on you in matters regarding
religion as a sacred principle of political economy.
But if you have any Jacobitical partialities, as is
naturally to be supposed, you will do well to suppress
these sentiments, the more so, as the present state of
the country precludes the highflying or Tory prin-


"The cloister or a betrothed husband? I echoed—

"Is that the alternative destined for Miss Vernon?"

"It is indeed," said Rashleigh, with a sigh. "I
need not, I suppose, caution you against the danger
of cultivating too closely the friendship of Miss Ver-


They were, a man of the world, and know how far
you can indulge yourself in her society without
jeopardising your person.

I was told that,

There was something, I was sensible, of truth, as
well as good sense, in all this; it seemed to me gross
as a friendly warning, and I had no right to take it
amiss; yet I felt I could with pleasure have run
Rashleigh Osbaldiston through the body all the

colour of Jacobite associations, as he is naturally to
be supposed, you will do well to suppress
these sentiments, the more so, as the present state of
the country precludes the highflying or Tory prin-

"Frank and unreserved, at least, to the extreme," rep
ded Rashleigh; "yet, trust me, she has an excel-

"O rare-painted portrait!" exclaimed Rashleigh,
when I was silent—"Vandyke was a duerer to you,
Frank. I see thy are before me in all his strength
and weakness; loving and honouring the King as a

certain of lord mayo of the empire, or chief of the
board of

"Why, say; her father's commands, and a certain
family-contract, desist her to marry one of Sir
Hildebrand's sons. A dispensation has been obtained
from Rome to Diana Vernon to marry Black
Osbaldiston, Esq., son of Sir Hildebrand Osbal-
diston, of Osbaldiston Hall, Bart., and so forth; and
it only remains to fetch him home. But the name
shall fill the gap in the manuscript. Now, as
Percis is seldom sober, my father pitched on Tho-

"The young lady," said I, forcing myself to as-
sume an air of pleasantry, 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 she was dearest of clinging.

"I cannot say," he replied. "There is room for
little choice in our family; Dick is a gambler, John
a boor, and Wilfred an ass. I believe my father really
made the best selection for poor Dick, after all."

"Then the present company," said I, "being always
excepted."

"O, my destination to the church placed me out of
the question; otherwise I will not affect to say, that
I was qualified by my education both to instruct and
please Miss Vernon, I might not have been a more creditable
choice than any of my elders."

"And so thought the young lady, doubtless!"

"You are not to suppose so," answered Rashleigh,
with an affection of denial, which was contrived to
convey the strongest affirmation, and, character-

"As to women, my various avocations—the gravity of the
project—they were to be—""Friendship and

"Rashleigh, it is not worth while; it is no ile of Calypso, un-


"Suppliant Thorncliff!—Is your brother Thorn-

blind and as rude as Iceland's coast?"

I could plainly perceive that Rashleigh disliked the
news now presented to him; but my frank communi-
cation had given me the advantage I sought to make
use of. I

It was, indeed, the six months, during which I
had felt this a strange

O, but something there is, worthy a more atten
tive survey.—What say you to Miss Vernon? Does
she form an interesting object in the landscape,
all as well as rude as Iceland's coast?"
CHAPTER XII.

I was, as you know, already told you, my dear Treasum, what probably was no news to you, that my principal fault was an unseemly pitch of pride, which exposed me to no such misfortune as mine. And I must not even whisper to myself, that I loved Diana Vernon; yet no sooner did I hear Rashleigh talk of her as a prize which he might seize to carry off, or neglect, at his pleasure, than in every step with the poor girl, I took, in the innocence and openness of her heart, to form a sort of friendship with me, seemed in my eyes the most insulting coquetry. "So/ho! she would accuse me as a pie after," I suppose, in case Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldstone should not take compassion upon her; but I will satisfy her that I am not a person to be reprieved in that matter—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 any thing but indifferent to Miss Vernon's charms; and I sat down to table in high ill-bavoir with her and all the daughters of Eve.

Miss Vernon herself, upon my return, ungracefully answered to one or two playful strokes of satire, which she threw out with her usual freedom of speech; but, having no other reply to that, offence was founded upon my rude repartees with jests somewhat similiar, but polished by her good temper, though painted by her wit. At length she perceiving I was really out of humour, and answered one of my rude speeches thus:

"They say, Mr. Frank, that one may gather searos from foals—I heard contain Wilfrid refuse to play any longer at catch the other day with cousin Thornage because cousin Thornage got angry, and struck harder than the ruler of sensible conduct, it seemed, perhaps. "Wes I to break your head in good earnest?" quoth. "Harriet Wilfrid, I care not how angry you are, for I should do it so much the more easily—but it's locked up, you over the course, and only put you back in snare-below—do you understand the sense of this, Frank?"

"I have never felt myself under the necessity, nor have I been called on to exercise the slender portion of sense with which this family season their conversations."

"Necessity and madness!—You surprise me, Mr. Osbaldstone?"

"Am I to suppose that this capricious tone is so singularly well-disposed, to make your good-humour more valuable?"

"Was I have a right to the estimation of so many gentleman in this family, Miss Vernon, that is cannot be worth your while to inquire into the cause of your stupidity and bad spirits."

"What do I 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 at that moment smiling at me, had a singular expression of interest in his face, features, she continued,

"I wish to think...—Ay, now see if I'm true...—For the amiable Rashleigh smiles on me,

"Well, thank Heaven, and the unprotected state whom has brought 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 bed humour."

And she left the table accordingly.

Upon Miss Vernon's departure, I found myself very little satisfied with my own conduct. I had hastily offered kindness, of which circumstances had but lately pointed out the honest sincerity, and I had just stopped short of insulting the beautiful, and as she had some emphasis, with some emphasis, with being by whom it was professed. My conduct seemed brutal in my own eyes. To combat or dress these presumptions, I applied myself more frequently than usual to the wine which circulated on the table.

The agitated state of my feelings combined with my habit of temperance to give rapid effect to the beverage. Habitual toper, beleve, acquire the power of soaking themselves with a quantity of liquor that does little more than meddle with the intellect, which, in their sober state, are none of the least; but men who are strangers to the voice of drunkenness as a habit, are more powerfully acted upon by intoxicating liquors. My spirits, once aroused, became extravagant; I talked a grand deal, argued upon what I knew nothing of, told stories of which I kept the point, then laughed immoderately at my own forgetfulness; I accepted several bets without having the least judgment; I challenged the giant John to wrestle with me, although he had kept the ring at Exmouth for a year, and I never tried so much as a single fall.

My uncle had the goodness to interpose and prevent this consummation of drunken folly, which, I suppose, would have otherwise ended in my neck being broken.

It has even been reported by malignants that I sung a song under the vines in my solitude; but, as I remember nothing of it, and never attempted to turn a tune in all my life before or since, I would willingly have it supposed, there is no actual foundation for the occasion.

I was heartily reproved through about my extravagance.

Without positively losing my senses, I especially lost all command of my temper, and my impassible passions whirled me onward at their pleasure. I had sunk down sinks and discontented, and disposed to be silent—the wine rendered me loquacity, disputability, and quarellones. I contradicted whatever was said, and attacked it, without any respect to the agent, at table, both his politics and his religion. The ed movement of Rashleigh, which he well knew how to qualify with irritating ingredients, was highly provoking to me than the noisy and bullying guage of his obstreperous brothers. My uncle, him justice, endeavoured to bring us to only his author, and I was least amidst the tumult of passion. At length, frantic at some real, or imaginary insult, I actually struck Rashleigh—he was fat, and it was his dirty face, which, winds Rashleigh's wayward features, as I was forced from the apartment, by the main strength of two of
Rob Roy.

Chapter XIII.

Under these aggravating feelings of shame and degradation, I descended to the breakfast-hall, like a criminal to receive sentence. It chanced that a hard frost had rendered it impossible to take out the horses, so that I had the additional mortification to have to promenade a cardigan and Miss Vernon, in full divan, surrounding the cold vension-pasty and chine of beef. They were in high glee as I passed, laughing at the joke they had furnished at my expense. In fact, what I was disposed to consider with serious pain, was regarded as an excellent good joke by my uncle, and the greater part of my cousins. Sir Hildebrand, while he relied on the exploits of the preceding evening, swore he thought a young fellow had better be thrice drunk in cardigans, than once soberly, like a possetman, and leave a batch of honest fellows, and a double quart of claret. And to back this consolatory speech, he poured out a large bumber of brandy, exhor-tating me to swallow "a hair of the dog, that had bit me."

"Never mind these lads, laughing, novello," he continued; "they would have been as great milksops as yourself, had I not nursed them, as one may say, off the toast and tannkard.

Ill-nature was not the fault of my cousins in general; they saw I was vexed and hurt at the recollec-tions of the preceding evening, and endeavoured, with charity, kindness, to remove the painful impression they had made on me. Though I alone looked sul-lenen, I was not unfriendly to the young man who had never liked me from the beginning; and in the marks of attention occasionally shown me by his brothers, and sisters, and the purpose, they all seem to have joined. If it was true, of which, however, I began to have my doubts, that he was considered by the family, or regarded himself, as the destined husband of Miss Ver-sam, and the sole heir to the Es-tone Hall, I refrained from the marked predilection which it was that young lady's pleasure to show for one, whom I permitted, perhaps, think likely to become a dangerous rival.

Rashleigh at last entered, his visage as dark as a morning cloud, brooding, I could not but doubt over the theme, and disconcerted I felt, I had offended him. I had already settled in my own mind how I was to behave on the occasion, and had schooled myشعب: in a manner, that true honour compelled me in doing, but in apologising, for an injury so much dis-tributed to any provocation I might have to.

I therefore hastened to meet Rashleigh, and to ex-plain myself in the highest degree sorry for the violence with which I had acted on the preceding evening.

"No, nor a single word of apology, save my own con-science, of the impropriety of my behaviour. I and my cousin would accept of my regrets so in-delicately, and consider them, as owing to the excessive hospitality of Es-tone Hall."

"Why should I, a friend, with thee, lad," cried the knight, in the full effusion of his heart, "at-

"and if I could have prevented it, Why must I de-str-act there like a log? Sorry for it, it is all a gentleman, can say, if he happens to do any thing, awry, especially over his clarer. I served in Hounslow, and should know something, I think, of affairs of those kinds. Let me see, what have you, at noon, in a body and rummage out the badger in Birken-wood-bank."

Rashleigh's face resembled, as I have already no-ticed, 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 coun-tenances, in all ages and races, have been capable of satisfaction, pass through some brief interval, ere the expression of the predominating passion superversed entirely that of its predecessor. There is a sort of twilight, like that between the clearing up of the darkness and the raising of the sun, while the swollen muscles subside, the dark eye clears, the forehead relaxes and expands itself, and the whole countenance loses its stern, shades, and becomes serene and placid. Rashleigh's face exhibited none of these gradations, but changed almost instantaneously from the expression of one passion to that of the contrary. I can compare it to nothing but the sudden shifting of a scene in the theatre, where, at the whistle of the prompter, a curtain closed, and Miss Vernon, in full divan, sur-

My attention was strongly arrested by this pecul-iarity on the present occasion. At Rashleigh's first entrance, "blackness clouded away the brightest beam of inflexible countenance he heard my excuse and his father's exhortation; and it was not until Sir Hilde-brand had done speaking, that the cloud cleared away at once, and he expressed, in the kindest and most civil terms, his perfect satisfaction with the very hand-some apology I had offered.

"Indeed," he said, "I cannot see a poor brain myself, when I impose on it the least burden beyond my usual three glasses, that I have only, like honest Cæ-sar, a very vague recollection of the confusion of last night—remember, a mass of things, but nothing dis- 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 not 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. Osbaldeston, I am practising the lan-guage of Lombard Street, and qualifying myself for my new calling."

As I was about to answer, and raised my eyes for the first time, I noticed a gentleman, who, having entered the room unobserved during the conversation, had given it her close attention. Absor-ed and confounded, I fixed my eyes on the ground, and made n. e. t. to the breakfast-parlor, where I heard among my busy cousins.

My uncle, that the events of the preceding day might not pass out of my memory without a practi-cal moral lesson, took occasion to give Rashleigh and me his serious advice to correct our milksop habits, as he termed them, and gradually to awe our brains to bear a gentlemanly quantity of liquor, without brawls or breaking of heads. He recom-mended that we should begin piddling with a regular quart of claret every day, which, with all of me, of Scotch beer and brandy, made a handsome competence for a beginner in the art of topping. And for our encourage-ment, he assured us that he had known many a man who had drank a cask without troubling himself to think, a pint of wine at a sitting, who yet, by falling into honest company, and following honest examples, had afterwards been driven to the use of wines and brandies, and considered this, the opening seasons of the time, and could carry off their six bottles under their belt quietly and comfortably, without, brawling or babbling, and be neither sick nor sorry the next morning.

Sage as this advice was, and comfortable as was the prospect it held out to me, I professed, but little by the exhortation; partly, perhaps, because, as often as I raised my eyes from the table, I beheld the faces
BOB BOY. (Chap. XIII)

now's looks fixed on me, in which I thought I could read a compassion blended with regret and displeasure. I began to consider how I should seek a scene of explanation and apology with her also, when she gave me to understand she was determined to save me the trouble of soliciting an interview. "Cour-

The more I thought on it the more serious I felt, that I had received some communications by which my spirits were unusually agitated. I am conscious I was un- fortunate, and I am the more anxious to be free of the corporation of Osbaldstone Hall. But it was a masterpiece;" "I am quite sensible of my ill-breeding, Miss Ver-

self fully entitled to assume the privileges of informal reproof, which she was pleased to exert, your character improves upon us, sir—I could not have thought that it was in you. Yesterday might be con-

the voice with death instead of life. Bagnon."

Mr. Francis Osbaldstone," said Miss Vernon, with the air of one who thought her-
which all prologues are delivered, please to draw the
curtain, and show me that which I desire to see.

In the place of that, let Rashleigh's son of
me
be he is the grand counsellor and director of all
the machinery of Osbaldestone Hall.

"But, supposing there was any thing to tell, Miss
Vernon, what does this that betrays the secrets
of one ally to another?—Rashleigh, you yourself told
me, remained your ally, though no longer your friend."

"I have neither patience for evasion, nor inclination
for concealment. Experience taxed to discover what
shame and scorn and contempt. She paused a moment, and
then said, with her usual composure, "There is but
little I have heard from you, whom I desired to hear,
and which I ought not to have expected; because,
bating one circumstance, it is all very true.

But as there are some poisons so active, that a few
drops, it is said, will infect a whole fountain, so there
is one falsehood in Rashleigh's communication, power-
ful enough to corrupt the whole wall in which Truth herself is said to have dwelt. It is the lead-
ing and foul falsehood, that, knowing Rashleigh as
I have reason too well to know him, any circum-
stance on earth could make me think of sharing my
affection with a lot with him.

No," she continued, with a sort of inward
ward shuddering that seemed to express involuntary
horror, "any lot rather than that— the sot, the
gambler, the bully, the jockey, the insatiate fool, were a
thousand times preferable. As a8 a preceding
vent—the jail—the grave, shall be welcome before
them all."

There was a sad and melancholy cadence in her
voice, corresponding with the strange and interesting
romance of her situation. So young, so beautiful,
so untutored, so much abandon to herself, and
so deprived of all the support which sex derives
from the countenance and protection of female friends,
and even of that degree of defence which arises from
the forms with which she is approached in civil-
ized life,—it is scarce metaphorical to say, that my
heart bled for her. Yet there was an expression of
dignity in her contempt of ceremony,—of upright feel-
ing in her disdain of falsehood,—of firm resolution in
the manner in which she contemplated the dangers
by which she was surrounded, which blended my
pity with the warmest admiration. She seemed a
princess deserted by her subjects, and deprived of her
power, yet still scorning those formal regulations of
society which are created for persons of an inferior
rank; and, amid the circumstances, she was
confidently on the justice of Heaven, and the un
shaken constancy of her own mind.

I offered to express mingled feelings of sympa-
thy and admiration with which her unfortunate
situation and her high spirit combined to impress
me, but she imposed silence on me at once.

"I told you in my first letter, I opened my heart,
must and must be the best. Do not think of my feel-
ings, but speak as you would to an unconcerned third
girl."

Thus urged and encouraged, I stammered through
the account which Rashleigh had given me
early contract to marry an Osbaldestone, and of the
causes of an union so dishonorable to her choice, and I
would willingly have passed. But her penetration
discovered that there was still something behind, and
encouraged me to seek it out.

"Well, it is great God! I the purpose for which he intimated himself
into the confidence of one already so forlorn—the underlining and continued assiduity with which
he pursued that person from year to year, without one
single momentary pause of remorse or compassion
for the purpose for which he would have converted
his fortune, the food of which was religious,
ious Providences! what should I have been in this
world and the next, in body and soul, had I fallen
under the arts of this accomplished villain?

I was so much moved by the periphratic
necessity, which those words disclosed, that I rose
from my chair, hardly knowing what I did, laid my
hand on the hilt of my sword, and went to the
apartment of the man who, I was sure, did
harm to my joy that such a substitute be effect-

"To confess the truth, he intimated as much, and
even further intimated!"

"That beast had broken off my mutual intimacy, lest it should have given rise to an affection by which

"I am obliged to him for his consideration," re-
plied Miss Vernon, every feature of her fine con-
tenance growing more and more eager,

"It is but little I have heard from you, whom I desired to hear,
and which I ought not to have expected; because,
bating one circumstance, it is all very true.

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drops, it is said, will infect a whole fountain, so there
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harm to my joy that such a substitute be effect-

"To confess the truth, he intimated as much, and
even further intimated!"

"That beast had broken off my mutual intimacy, lest it should have given rise to an affection by which

nation had given way to the most lively alarm. Miss Vernon threw herself between me and the door of the apartment.

"Stay," she said,—"stay; however just your reception may appear to you, I wish to know half the secret of this fearful prison-house." She then glanced her eyes anxiously round the room, and sunk her voice almost to a whisper.—"He bears a charmed life; you cannot approach us without danger of your lives, and risk of your destruction. Had it been otherwise, in some hour of justice he had hardly been safe even from this weak hand." Then, she said, motioning me back from her seat, "that I needed no comfort—I now tell you, I need no avenger.

I resumed my seat mechanically, musing on what she said, and recollecting also, what had escaped me in my first glow of resentment, that I had no title to constitute myself Miss Vernon's champion. She paused to let her own emotions and mine subside, and then addressed me with more composure.

"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 convicted in my eyes, I cannot—dare not, openly break with or defy him. You also, Mr. Osbaldeston, may be aware, that, with patience, I have attempted to reason with him, by opposing to them prudence, not violence; and, above all, you must avoid schemes of that kind. In the late, which cannot but give him pernicious advantages over me, when I designed to give you, a secret scheme, it was the object with which I desired this interview; but I have extended my confidence further than I proposed."

I assured her it was not misplaced.

"I do not believe that it is," she replied. "You know that in your face and manners which authorizes trust. Let us continue to be friends. You need not fear," she said, laughing, while she blushed a little, yet speaking with a free and unembarrassed voice, "that friendship with us should prove only a specious passport, 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 wrapped round me in the cradle; for you may easily believe I have never thought of the determinate conditions under which I may remove it. The time," she added, "for expressing my final determination is not arrived, and I would fain have the freedom of wild health and open air with the other commoners of nature, as long as I can be permitted to enjoy them. And now that the passage in Dante is made so clear, pray, do you and me what is becomes the begetter—improving as much as I cannot join the party."" I then lifted up my voice. I felt that a solitary walk was necessary to compose my spirits, before I again trusted myself in Rashleigh's company. The whole, I believe, had been so soothingly exposed to me. In Dubourg's family, (as it was of the former persuasion,) I had heard many a tale of Roman priest, who, gratified, at the expense of free love, and the most exemplary of social life, those passions, the blameless impieties of which is denied by the rules of their order. Besides, the deliberate system of undertaking the education of a desert company of noble birth, and so intimately allied to his own family, with the perilous purpose of adequately seducing her, detailed as it was, would seem to germinate with all the glow of virtue and interest, seemed more strenuous to me than the worst of the tales I had heard at Bourdeaux, and I cannot believe it would be extremely difficult for me to meet them. Yet to suppose the appearance with which he impressed me. Yet this was absolutely necessary, not only on account of the mysterious character of Rashleigh, who had given me a hint of his heart's secrets, but because I had, in reality, no estimable ground for quarrelling with him.

I therefore resolved, as far as possible, to meet Rashleigh's dissimulation with calmness on my part, during our residence in the same family; and when he should depart for London, I resolved to give Copeland such a hint of his character as might impress him with my father's interests.

Avarice or ambition, I thought, might have a part, or greater charms, for a mind constituted like Rashleigh's, than unlawful pleasure; the energy of his character, and his power of assuming all seeming and real wealth and honor, is of them, and confidence, and it was not to be hoped, the sake of good faith or gratitude would prevent him from using it. The task was somewhat difficult, especially when I considered my own situation, and I might be exposed to a sedation of his swiftest and best. I thought, therefore, I should, as a first step, leaving it to Owen, who, in his own line, was wise, prudent, and, in general, to make the necessary use of his knowledge of Rashleigh's true character, but a letter, therefore, I indited, and dispatched to the place of the first opportunity.

At my meeting with Rashleigh, he, as we had supposed, had taken up a distant ground, and was disposed to avoid all pretext for collision. He was probably conscious that Miss Vernon's communication had been unsavoury to him, though he could not know that they extended to discovering his seditioned villainy towards her. Our interview, therefore, was reserved on both sides, and turned to subject of interest. Just at that time, the House of Commons Hall did not exceed a few days after the news, during which I only remarked two circumstances interesting him. The first was the rapid and immense increase of the number of those who had taken mind seized upon and arranged the elementary principles necessary in his new profession, which he had studied hard, and occasionally made progress as, if I knew, how light it was for him to lift the burden which I had flung down from my weakness and inability to carry it. The other remarkable circumstance was that, notwithstanding the injuries with which Miss Vernon charged Rashleigh, he had several private interviews, of some considerable length, although their bearings were so obscure that each other in public did not seem more social than usual.

When the day of Rashleigh's departure arrived, his father bade him farewell with indifference; he bade, with the ill-concealed gloom of scholars, who see their taskmaster depart for a journey, and feel a joy which they dare not express; and I myself with cold politeness. When he approached Miss Vernon, and would have saluted her, she drew back with a look of haughty disdain; but said, as she turned her back to him, "Farewell, Rashleigh, and I hope you have gone, and not the evil you have meditated."

"Amen, my dear cousin," he replied, with an air of senility and gravity, but I thought, in the manner of Saint Jerome: "happy is he whose good intentions have borne fruit in deeds, and whose wise thoughts have persevered in the breach."

"This is parting words," said Miss Vernon to me as the door closed behind him—"how nearly can we see what is the result of his actions, and that which we most venerable!"

I had written to my father by Rashleigh, and a few lines to Owen, besides the confidence which I have already mentioned, and which I deemed it more proper and prudent to dispatch in due season. In these epistles, I would write for natural to me to have pointed out to me any thing that I was at present a little cold. I could improve myself in no respect, unless in mysteries of hunting and hawking; and was not unlike to forget the good and bad manners, and the right in the interest of the family. I would not like to forget, in the course of grooms and horse-boys, any useful know-n gentleman accomplishments which I had, in the moments. It would have been natural to me to have allowed myself to be disgusted and indignant at the idea of being exposed to the slightest difficulty, and almost resentment with what I regarded as a thing I could not bear. I would, indeed, indeed, be sure to bear the bottle. This last, indeed, was sure
which my father, himself a man of severe tempera-
tance, was likely to be easily alarmed, and to have
sought upon this spring would to a certainty have
opened the doors of my prison-house, and would
certainly have given me the opportunity to escape,
or at least would have procured me a change of resi-
dence during my incarceration.
I say, my dear Tressaam, that considering how
very sweet and gratifying a countryman of Balsal-
tone Hall must have been to a young man of my age,
and with my habits, it might have seemed very na-
ture that I could have instilled many and usefui
distress to my father, in order to obtain his consent
for leaving my uncle's mansion. Nothing, however,
more certain than that I did not say a single word to
this purpose in my letters to my father and Owen.
If Osbalstone Hall had been Athens in all its pris-
tastic glory of learning, and inhabited by sages, heroes,
and philosophers, I could not have expressed less inclina-
tion to leave it.
If there are any of the salt of youth left in thee,
Tressama, there will be no less account for my
silence on a topic seeming so obvious; Miss Ver-
non's extreme beauty, of which she herself seemed so
little conscious,—her romantic and mysterious situa-
tion,—the evils to which she was exposed,—the cruelty
with which she was treated,—she seemed to feel of man-
s, more than to her sex, yet, as it
seemed to me, exceeding in frankness only from the
desideration of others, who enjoyed much of her know-
edce by her own example; that of all women, and
least of all, obvious and flattering distinction which she
owned in favor over all other persons, were to one
calculated to interest my best feelings, to excite any
curiosity of mine, my imagination, and greatly
so, my vanity. I dared not, indeed, confide to myself
the depth of the interest with which Miss Vernon
inspired me; but my reason respected it in my thoughts.
We read together, walked together, read together, and
sat together. The studies which she had broken off upon her quarrel with Rashleigh, also
suggested many whone where, when we were more
serious, though his capacity was
for more limited.
In truth, I was by no means qualified to assist her
in the prosecution of several profound studies which
she had commenced with Rashleigh, and which ap-
ppeared to me more fitted for a churchman than for a
distinguished female. Neither can I conceive with what
view she should have engaged Diana in the gloomy
acres of casuistry which schoolmen called philosophy,
or in the equally abstruse, though more certain sci-
ences of anatomy and alchemy; whilst it was
never the case to break down and confound in her mind the dif-
ficulties and distinction between the sexes, and hu-
manity. In one respect she was, indeed, too
mindful of the might at his own time invest which is wrong
with the colour of that which is right. It was in the
same spirit, though in the latter case the evil purpose
was a false innocence, a plot against her,
BOB ROY. [Chap. XI.

Such was the footing upon which I stood with the family at Oubadistone Hall; but I ought to mention another of its inmates with whom I occasionally held some discourse. This was Andrew Fairavise, the gardener. I had discovered that I was a Protestant rarely suffered me to pass him without proffering his Scotch mull for a social punch. There were many times I3 attended 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 my company) for a certain pace 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 adverse northern 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 Frimley-knows.

"Well, Andrew, and I suppose you heard some news at the alehouse?"

"Nay, sir; never gang to the yeolhouse—that is, unless any neighbour was to give me a pint, or the like o' that; but to gang there on a' his account, is a waste o' precious time and hard-won siller—but I was at the Frimley-knows, as I was saying, about a wee bit business o' my ain wi' Mattie Simpson—such as a matter or two o' peers, that wi' neerness o' the H—house, and when we were at the thinnest o' our bargain, whal said come in but Pete Macready the travelling merchant?"

"Pedler, I suppose you mean?"

"Eh! na, not such a honour like to ca' him; but it's a creditable calling and a gainful, and has been long in use w' our folk. Pete's a far-a-way cousin o' mine, and we were bide to meet wi' ane another.

"And you went and had a jug o' ale together, I suppose, Andrew?—For Heaven's sake, cut short your story.

"Bide a wee—bide a wee; you southeens are aye in aca a hurty, and this is something concerns yourself, an ye wad tak patience to hear—"Y—ill, fell a dram o' y' ill Pete offer me; but Mattie gae us both a drop skinned milk, and a' o' yer thick ait jinnocks, that was as wat and raw as a divot,—O, for the bonnie girdle cakes o' the North!—and sae we set down and took out our clavers.

"I wish you would take them out just now. Pray, tell me the news, if you have got any worth telling, for I can't stop here all night.

"Then, if ye maun hae't, the folk in Lunnum are a' clean wud about this bit job in the north here.

"Clean wood o' what's that?"

"Och! rent war and his wages?—to hau'n and to hind— a' biddy-giddy—clean through ither—the dill's over Jock Webster.

"What does all this mean? or what business have I with the devil or Jack Webster?"

"Umph!" said Andrew, looking extremely knowing, "it's just because—just that theirdun's a' about ye man's pokymity.

"What portmanteau? or what do you mean?"

"Ou, just the man Morrie'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.

And, as if 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. I listened to his story, and I listened, cursing him in my heart, and desirous, at the same time, to see how long his humour of contrivance, inspired by the desire of speaking upon the subject, which was obviously uppermost in his mind.

"Am t derching up the sparry-grass, and am gaun to hame wi' a batch o' bones; they win many valuable papers—there was nae redress to be gotten by remonstrating for the first justices o' Ayrshire, for the reward o' the victim. The handkerchief was use, and the girdle the most valuable possession of a respectably situated man, and a king's messenger had been stopped on the highway, and that the best blind of Ayrshire had been at the doing o' the taking—"
and to be had they gave some house that did the dead larder drinking with him who but they and the issue took the word o' the tane for the presence of the other and that they o' em gave him log-bail and the honest man that had lost his equal was fair to lose less than his house and not to get any further which house which had o' him 'Can this be truly true?' said I.

"Pate swear's it's as true as that his ellwand is a rath. 'Tis said he's a bit out of him in that, that it may meet the English measure."—And when the child had said his warst, there was a terrible cry for names, and out comes he wi' this man Morris's name, and said as he and Pate are both folk's beside, looking slyly at me. "And then another drach o' a child got up on the other side, and said, was what I just hear the accuse the best gentleman in the land on the oath of a broken cord,"—for it's like that Morris had been drunck out o' the army for running awa' in Flanders; and he said, it was like the story had been made between the minister and him or ever he had left Lunnon; and that, if there was to be a search-warrant granted, he thought the saller wi' be found near to St. James's Palace. Aweel, they reeled up Morris to their bar, as they took to, to see what he could say to the job; but the folk that were again him, gave him sic an awful throughgau about him the he was never out o' the city before or said for a' the forefront o' his life, that Pate said, he looked like a man dead than living; and they could gan a word o' sense out o' him, for downright English and right well bun up, be a salt sap, wi' a head wae better than a foxy frosted turnip—"it wad hae te' a halter o' them to sauc Andrew Fairview out o' his tares.""And how did it all end, Andrew? did your friend happen to learn?"""""""Oh, ay; for as his walk's in this country, Pate put a journey for the space of a week or thereby, as wad be acceptable to his customers to bring down the news. It just a' gaed aff like moons, and Pate to air his jie in the partient and said, that though he believed the man had been drunck, yet he acknowledged he might have been mistaken about the particulars. And then the other child got up, and said, did you care na whether Morris was drunck or no, provided it wau'da to become a stain on my gentleman's honour and reputation, especially in the north of England; for, said he before them, I come frae the north myself, and I care not a boddie who kens it. And this is what they ca' explaining—the tane goes up a bit, and the other one goes up a bit, and at a great pace. The Parliament had tugget, and rived, and tugget at Morris and his rubby till they were tired o', the Lords' Parliament they behaved to have their spell o'. In pair and Scotland, they gaed aff for the evening to their own, the weather is very coup, and then they didna te' to have the same heaven's twa o'er again. But till their lordships were sat, that one would have a man of it if the matter had been a' speck and span new. Forby, there was something said about one Campbell, that said was accused in the rubby, mail or less and that the rule was a warth frane the Luke or Argyle, as a testimonial o' his character. And this put MacCellan More's head in a bleise, as gude reason there was; and he got up wi' an unco bang, and garr'd them a' look about them, and weef rat it even dozen their throats, there was never one o' the Campbell but as wise, wight, warlike, and a worth trust, as auld h' John the Orme. Now, if your honour's sure ye are a drink's fluid a-pin to the Campbell, as I am nae myself, see far as I can count my kin, or has had it counted to me, I'll gie ye more here is place of a'n."

"You may be assured I have no connexion what-

with any gentleman of the name."""""""I'm a man among o'rella. There's a' bothrie and bad o' the Campbells, like other names. But this MacCellan More has an eye away and say bith, among the grit folk at Lunnon, for he's said to o' any o' the I'wa sides o' them, see deel ane them likes to quarrel wi' him; see they've voted Morris's tae a fause calumnious libel, as they can't, and if he had given them log-bail, he's like to ha' the air on the pillow for being awake.""""So speaking, honest Andrew collected his dubbies, spades, and hoes, and threw them into a wheel-barrow,—leisurely, however, and allowing me full time to test any further. Before he trundled them off to the tool-house, there to repose during the ensuing day, I thought it best to speak out at once, lest this meddlesome fellow should suppose there were more weighty reasons for my silence than actually existed."

"I should like to see this countryman o' yours, Andrew; and I'm sure he'll give mediet. You have probably heard that I had some trouble from the importent follie of this man Morris," (Andrew grinned a most significant grin,) "and I should 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 his cousin that I wanted a pair or twa o' hose, and he wad be wi' me as fast as he could lay leg to the ground."

"O' yea, sure 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 flat, and shan't be back-gate, and I shall have pleasure, in the meanwhile, in looking on the bushes and evergreens by the bright frosty moon-light.""

"I'm afraid," said Andrew, "that's what I has after said; a kail-blais, or a collourf, glances see gleam by moonlight, it's like a leddy in her diamonds."

"So spry, going o' off Andrew Fairview was great gies. 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 some articles of his trade, though he probably 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 manner exactly the reverse of Andrew's thought I, as I paced along the smooth cut velvet walks, which, embroidered with high hedges of yew and of holly, intersected the ancient garden of Ossalidstone Hall."

As I turned to retrace my steps, it was natural that I should lift up my gaze 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 on the evening before. I had been heard from motives of delicacy I put a strong restraint upon my self, and never sought to join her at a time when I knew, all the rest of the family being engaged on the same occasion, that she might have been strictly eto-aeto. In the mornings we usually read together in the same room; but then it often happened that one was engaged in some parchmen duodecimo that could be converted into a fishing-book, despite its glidings and illumination, or to tell us of some "sport toward," or from 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 on neutral ground. In the evening it was very different and, bred in a country where much attention was paid, or at least that paid, to good-taste, I was disposed to think for Miss Vernon concerning those points of propriety where her experience did not afford her the means of thinking for herself. I made her therefore comprehend, as delicately as I could, that when we had evening lessons, the presence of a third party was proper."

Miss Vernon first laughed, then blushed, and was disposed to be displeased; and then, suddenly checking herself, "I'm sure you gave your cousin the same answer when I felt inclined to be a very busy scholar, I will bring old Martha with a cup of tea to sit by me and be my screen."

"For Martha, the old housekeeper, partook of the taste of the family at the Hall. A toast and tankard would have pleased her better than all the tea in China. However, as the use of this beverage was then not
CHAPTER XV.

Women, and what art thou!—Milton.

Awareness of a lost love in the darkness of memory and desire, though not fully acknowledged by the narrator, is brought to light. The narrator reflects on the sudden realization of how much he loved and cared for Miss Vernon, whom he met at the library. This unforeseen encounter, filled with unspoken words and gestures, left a profound impression on him. The library, a quiet sanctuary of books and knowledge, becomes a symbol of the unspoken romance and the lost opportunities for communication.

The image of a library evokes a sense of stillness and depth, much like the emotional state of the narrator. Heaira's fascination with the library and its secrets speaks volumes about his desire to connect with the past and to understand the true essence of the woman he once cared for.

This reflection is a poignant reminder of how time and circumstance can obscure our memories and the depths of our feelings. It is a call to pause and reconsider the significance of the moments we once thought trivial or insignificant.
expends has left unfulfilled, and my arrival therewas 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 had gone off to some little hamlet, called TrinleyKnowes, to see some of Andrew's specimens, which he had expressed it, as "a wheet midden coops pike ilk ivere harres vote.

"It is a indeed a brutish amusement, Andrew; I suppose you have none such in Scotland?"

"Na, na," answered Andrewboldly; then shaded away his negative. I looked on the scene and was on Eastern s-en, or the like of that. But, indeed, it is no matter what the folk do to the midden poorteer, for they had accan's starting and scraping in the yard, that there's mae getting a bean or peas kept for them.

"But I am wondering what it is that leaves that tur-

"The tur-oport-door, to whiche he stoffed, 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 recessed part of the house, communicating with the library by a private entrance, and by another intricate and dark stair, which wound about the rest of the house. A long narrow turf-walk led, between two high holly hedges from the tur-port-door to a little postern in the wall of the garden. These means of these communications Rashleigh, with his wonted affection for his relatives, 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 observation. My absence the tur-port-door were entirely disguised, and this made Andrew's observation somewhat remarkable.

"Have you often observed that door open?" was myquestion.

"No just that often neither; but I have noticed it a taws on times. I think the best thing for the priest, Father Vaughn, as he ca him. Y'll no catch one o' the servants gangin' up that stair, purr frightened heathens that they are, for fear of bodies and brownies, and lang-nibbit things frae the noo.

"But Father Vaughn thinks himsell a privileged person—set him up and lay him down! I'II be caution the weant siller that, on stick ort'on oun ower the Tweed. Sander, wey lad a ghast twain as fast as him, wir his holy water and his idola-

From this epistle, written in old Owen's formal style, I was rather surprised to observe that he made an acknowledgment of that private letter which I had wrote to him, and having never read it, I was surprised to learn that he had sent it by the usual conveyance from the Hall, and by reason to suspect it could mis-

"Postscript—Hope you will allow the above coming safe to hand. Am sorry we have so few of yours. Your father says he is as usual, but looks thence.

Of Father Vaughn, who divided his time and his ghostly cares between the livings of his half-a-dozen parishes, and the administration of the half-a-dozen mansions of Catholic gentlemen in the neighbourhood, I have seen and met nothing, for I had not been well. He was aged about fifty, of a good family, as I was given to understand, in the north of a straking and imposing presence, grave in his ex-

"For I was not acquainted with the nature of his ecclesiastical and secular duties; but at least, one can tell me the learned names of the plants."

Did not altogether lack those peculiarities which distinguish his order. There hung about him an air of mystery, which, in Protestant eyes, bounced of the plant. The natives (such they might be well termed) of Oehalstonie Hall looked up to him with much more fear, or at least more awe, than affection. His conversation of their reverence was evident, from their being discontinuous in some measure when he spoke was a resident at the Hall, I have seen him try with his companions in his dining-room at such times, which, perhaps, rendered Father Vaughn's presence rather irresistible than otherwise. He had the well-bred, insinuating, and almost flattering address, popular to the story of his persuasion, especially in England, where the lay Catholic, hemmed in by legal laws, and by the restrictions of his society and rank, can do no more than endeavor to unite and to inflame his hearer, often exhibits a regard, and almost a timid manner, in the society of Protestants; while the priest, privileged by his position, to unite and inflame his hearer, is, to all intents, as open-hearted, and liberal in his intercourse with them, disdain of popularity, and usually skillful in the mode of obtaining it.
Chapter XVI.

It happened one day about noon, going to my best, I was accompanied on foot; the alarm of the place, the beauty of the surrounding objects, the calmness of the air, the beauty of the district, and the beauty of Miss Vernon, were enough to make my heart beat with joy.

The whole scene was so lovely and the air was so pure that I could not help looking up to the sky as I walked along, and feeling that I was in a land of beauty.

The sun shone bright and the air was warm, and the scene was so full of beauty that I could not help looking up to the sky as I walked along, and feeling that I was in a land of beauty.

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CHAP. XVII.

ROB. ROY.

took the verses from her unresisting hand—and yet, I continued, what up as I am in this retired situation, I have felt sometimes I could not amuse myself better than by carrying on, merely for my own amusement, the thread of the verses of this fascinating author, which I began some months since, when I was on the banks of the Garonne."

"The question would only be," said Diana, gravely, what you could not spend your time to better purpose?"

"You mean in original composition," said I, greatly flattered, "but there is so much of your father's head, and my own in the lines I am finding words and rhymes than ideas; and, therefore, I am happy to use those which Arioesto has prepared to my hand. However, Miss Vernon, with the encouragement you give—"

"Fardon me, Fränk: it is encouragement not of my giving, by no means of the taking. I meant neither original composition nor translation, since I think you might employ your time to far better purpose than in either. You are mortified," she continued, "and I am sorry to be the cause."

"Not mortified,—certainly not mortified," said I, (with the best grace I could muster, and it was but indifferently assumed,) "I am too much obliged by the interest you take in me."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the relentless Diana, "there is both mortification and a little grain of anger in that constrained tone of voice; do not be angry if I prevent you from going out to visit friends. In the United States, I am afraid, much of the air is what I am about to say will affect them still more."

I felt the childishness of my own conduct, and the superfluous manner of Miss Vernon's, and assured her, that she need not fear my wincing under criticism which I knew to be kindly meant.

"That was honestly meant and said," she replied; "I am fully aware that I am obliged to you, and I shall fly away with the little prelude which ushered in the declaration. And now I must be serious."

"Have you heard from your father lately?"

"Yes; I replied, he has not honoured me with a single line during the several months of my residence here."

"That is strange,—you are a singular race, you bold Osbaldsteins. Then you are not aware that he has gone to Holland, to arrange some pressing affairs, which required his own immediate presence?"

"And further, it must be news to you, and I presume scarcely the most agreeable, that he has left Rashleigh in the almost uncontrolled management of his own agents?"

"I started, and could not suppress my surprise and apprehension."

"The reason for alarm," said Miss Vernon, "very gravely; and were I you, I would endeavour to meet and obviate the dangers which arise from such undesirable an arrangement."

"Everything is possible for him who possesses courage and activity," she said, with a look resembling one of those heroines of the age of chivalry, whose encouragement was wont to give champions those valour at the hour of need; and to the timid and hesitating every thing is impossible, because it seems so.

"And what would you advise, Miss Vernon?"

"I replied, wishing, yet dreading, to hear your answer, which I in vain attempted to compose when I returned to my own."

"That you instantly leave Osbaldstone Hall, and return to London. You have perhaps already," she continued, in a softer tone, "been here too long; that you conclude your stay here will be a crime. Yes, a crime: for I tell you plainly, that if Rashleigh long manages your father's affairs, you will see his ruin as consummated. Can this be possible?"

"Oh no questions," she said; "but, believe me, his views extend far beyond the possession of Osbaldstone Hall; in the name of Mr. Osbaldstone's revenues and the means of putting in motion his own ambitious and extensive schemes. While your father is abroad this is impossible; during his absence, Rashleigh will possess many opportunities, and he will not neglect to use them."

"But how can I, in disgrace with my father, and divested of all control over his affairs, prevent this man, this enemy of mine, who has been, is, and ever will be an enemy of mine, of the nature of all selfish and unscrupulous plans, which are as speedily abandoned as soon as those who frame their several arts are discovered and watched. Therefore, in the language of your favourite poet—

"To horses! to horses! urge doubts to those that fear!"

A feeling, irresistible in its impulse, induced me to reply, "Ah! Diana, can you give me advice to leave Osbaldstone Hall?—then indeed I have already been a resident here too long!"

Miss Vernon coloured, but proceeded with great firmness; "Indeed, I do give you this advice—not only to quit Osbaldstone Hall, but to never return to it again. You are an only child to that friend to whom you are continued, forcing a smile," and she has been long accustomed to sacrifice friendship and her company to her duty to the welfare of others. In the United States, I am afraid, at least a hundred whose friendship will be as disinterested—more useful—less encumbered by unaccountable circumstances—less influenced by evil tongues and evil times.

"Never! I exclaimed, never! I never! I shall always be with you, Miss Vernon, with the blessing which you are so good to bestow upon me.

"This is folly!" she exclaimed—"This is madness!" and she struggled to withdraw her hand from my grasp, but so stubbornly as actually to succeed, and I replied, until I had held it for nearly a minute. "Hear me, sir!" she said, and curb this unmanly burst of passion. I am, by a solemn contract, the bride of Heaven, unless I could prefer being wedded to villainy in the person of Rashleigh Osbaldstions, or brutality in that of his brother. I am, therefore, the bride of Heaven, betrothed to the convent from the cradle. To me, therefore, these raptures are unsupplied—they only serve to prove a further necessity for your departure, and that without delay. At these words she broke suddenly off, and said, in a suppressed tone of voice, but the clearness of which for a moment I was not able to meet her again, but it must be for the last time.

"My eyes followed the direction of hers as she spoke, and I thought I saw a tapestry curtain open, and the massive one 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 she, hastily; "a rat behind the arms."

"Dead for a ducat," would have been my reply, had I dared to give way to the feelings which arose; impatient at the idea of being subjected to an eye's dropper on such an occasion. Prudence and the necessity of suppressing my passion, and obeying Diana's reiterated command of "Leave me!" I came in time to prevent any rash action. I left the apartment in a wild whirl and goodness of mind, which I in vain attempted to compose when I returned to my own.

A chaos of thoughts intruded themselves on me at once, passing hasty through my brain, interposing and overshadowing each other, and resembling those fogs which in mountainous countries are wont to descend in obscure volumes, and disfigure or obliterate the usual prospect which the traveller leaves his country behind the wilds. The dark and undefined idea of danger arising to my father from the machinations of such a man as Rashleigh Osbaldstions,—the sight of Diana's tears,—the idea of my Vernon's acceptance,—the acknowledged difficulties of her situation, bound by a previous contract to sacrifice herself to a cloister, or an ill-assorted marriage,—all pressed themselves at once upon my ri-
collection, while my judgment was unable deliberately to consider any of them in their just light and bearings. But chiefly, and above all the rest, I was passionately interested in the woman in whom Miss Vernon had received my tender of affection, and by her manner, which, fluctuating between sympathy and firmness, seemed to intimate that I possessed an interest in her bosom, but with a condition that it was—how fast to counterbalance the objection to her avowing a mutual affection. The pleasure of fear, rather than surprise, with which she had received me that day, and the passion of the tapestry player 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. Of what nature could those mysteries be with which she was surrounded as with an enchantment'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 the inquiry to what concerned Miss Vernon. I will be resolved, I concluded, ere I leave Osbaldstone Park, as early as possible in the future, to regard this fascinating being, over whose life frankness and mystery seem to have divided their reign, the former making her words and sentiments, the latter spreading in many influence over all her action.

Joined to the obvious interests which arose from curiosity and anxious passion, there mingled in my feelings a strong, though unavowed and undefined, infusion of jealousy. This sentiment, which springs up with love as naturally as the terres with the wheat, was excited by the degree of influence which Diana Vernon appeared to conceive to be those unseen beings by whom her actions were limited. The more I reflected upon her character, the more I was internally though unwillingly convinced, that she was formed, set at defiance all control, excepting that which arose from affection; and I felt a strong, bitter, and gnawing suspicion, that such was the foundation of that influence by which she was overawed.

These tormenting doubts strengthened my desire to penetrate into the secret of Miss Vernon's conduct, and in the prosecution of this sanguine adventure I formed a resolution, of which, if you are not weary of these details, you will find the result in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER XVII

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
And Ststo you, not I,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

Tennyson

I have already told you, Trehah, if you design to be a gentleman, that my evening visits to the library had seldom been made except by appointment, and under the sanction of old Dame Martha's presence. Thus, 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 between us, that Martha might, as usual, be placed upon duty; but, on the other hand, this cautionary provision was a matter of understanding, not of express enactment. The library was, therefore, 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 voice was strong, that in this apartment Miss Vernon occasionally received Vaughan, or some other person, by whose opinion she was accustomed to regulate her conduct, but that I could do so with least chance of interruption. The lights which gleamed in the library at unusual hours—the peeping shadows which I had myself remarked,—the bootsteps which might be traced down from the turning-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 accounted for in their own way,—all tending to show that there was no need for the ordinary inmates of the hall. Connected as the visitant must probably be with the fate of Miss Vernon, I did not hesitate to form a plan of discovering, in time and by means of Mr. Osbaldstone's influence, which person was likely to produce good or evil consequences to her on whom he acted,—above all, though I endeavoured to remind myself that my inquiries were not, from my consideration, I desired to know by what means the person had acquired or maintained his influence over Diana, and whether he ruled over her by force or affection. The proof of this jealousy, curiously as it appeared to me, was uppermost in my mind, arose from my imagination always ascribing Miss Vernon's conduct to the interest of this individual, of the masculine sex, and in all probably young and handsome, was at the bottom of Miss Vernon's conduct; and it was with a lingering sense of the probability of detecting such a rival, that I stationed myself in the garden to watch the moment when the lights should appear in the house.

So eager, however, was my impatience, that I menced my watch for a phenomenon, which could appear until darkness, a full hour before the service disappeared, on a July evening. It was Selsdon, and all the walks were still and solitary. I walked up and down for some time, enjoying the delicious coolness of a summer evening, and meditating on the probable consequences of my enterprise. The turf and balmy air of the garden, impregnated with fragrance, produced its usual sedative, which placed me in an over-heated and feverish blood; but, as those things took place, the turmoil of my mind began proportionally to subside, and I was led to question the right which I had to meddle with Miss Vernon's secrets, or whether it was not more prudent to exercise all my sense of duty and discretion, and refuse to investigate the history of the woman, whose name I knew to be one of our northern mistresses, and whose she desired no scrutiny?

Passion and self-will were ready with their answers to these questions. In detecting the secret of this woman I was in all probability about to do service in the cause of Mr. Hildebrand, who was probably injured, or still more important service to Miss Vernon, whose frank and pungent character expressed her to so many as a perfect and good woman. Maintaining a private correspondence with a public character, it seemed to intrigue myself on her confidence, her kindness with the generous and disinterested (yea, it seemed to calm the individual agent, who was absent from my mind, defending, defending, and protecting her against malice,—above all, against the trade seller whom she had chosen for her confidant. But how boldly might I have approached my conscience as coin which ought to be acknowledged and which conscience, like a grumbling shilling, was contended to accept, rather than to demand those facts which that the tender was spurious.

While I paced the green alleys, debating the pros and cons, I suddenly lighted upon Andrew Fair service, perched up like a statue by a range of hedges, in an attitude of devout contemplation of eyes, however watching the motions of the person who was sitting in their thatched mansion for the evening, and the clock on a book of devotion, which much suited the dark and gloomy times when he could do so with least chance of interruption. The lights which gleamed in the library at unusual hours—the peeping shadows which I had myself remarked,—the bootsteps which might be traced down from the turning-door to the postern-gate in the garden,
Middensand of this World," said Andrew, closing the book at my request, and box other, more or less, by way of mark, at the place where he had been reading.

"And I be by the way, I was the writing of the thing," replied Andrew, with the learned author.

"They are a contumacious generation," replied the gardener; "they have six days in the week to love and two and a half to dislike. They will mindful of every word, by way of mark, at the place where he had been reading.

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xial; for what other construction could I put on her declared preference of her mysterious confidant? And yet, while I was on the point of leaving the apartment, I thought it best not to follow her, for ever, it cost me, but a change of look and tone, from that of real and haughty resentment to that of kind and playful despondency, again shaded off into melancholy and serious felicity, 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.

"You do not know this and Miss Vernon? Why then in this recess she witness embarrassments which I cannot relieve, and mysteries which I offend you even by attempting to penetrate? I inexperienced as you are in the world, you must still be aware, that a beautiful young 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 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 simpletons repeat from play-books and romances, till they give more frame a real and powerful impulse over their minds. Boys and girls prize themselves in love; and when their love is like that to fall asleep, they prate and tease themselves into jealousy. But you and I, Frank, are rational beings, and need not go to talk ourselves (as any other relation, than that of plain honest disinterested friendship. Any other union is as far out of our reach as a man, or woman, or she writes this letter," she added, after a moment's hesitation, "even though I am so complaisant to title decorum of my sex as to bless a little at my own plain dealing, we cannot marry, we would; and we ought not, if we could.

And certainly, Tresham, she did blush most angelically as she made this cruel declaration. I was about to follow both her position and her very suspicions which had been confirmed in the course of the evening, but she proceeded with a cold firmness which approached to severity.

"What I say is sober and indisputable truth, on which I will neither hear question nor explanation. We are therefore friends, Mr. Osbaldistone—are we not?" she held out her hand, and taking mine, added, "And nothing to each other now, or henceforward, except as friends."

She let go my hand. I sunk it and my head at once, fairly overpowered, as Spencer would have termed it, by the mingled kindness and firmness of her manner. She hastened to change the subject.

"You have signed this letter, Miss Vernon, for you, Mr. Osbaldistone, very duly and distinctly; but which, notwithstanding the caution of the person who wrote and addressed it, might perhaps never have reached you, as it fell, or was it the possession of certain Peacole or enchanted dwarf of mine, whom, like all distressed, disdains of romance, I retain in memory and regret."

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 bring you a glass of water? Be a man, Mr. Osbaldistone, and a firm one. Is your father—is he no more?"

He lifted his hand, "I thank God I but to distress—"

"If that be all, despair not. May I read this letter?" she said, taking it up.

I assented, hardly knowing what I said. She read it with great attention.

"Who is this Mr. Tresham, who signs the letter?"

"My father's partner, your own good father, with but a little in the habit of acting personally in the business of the house."

He wrote here, and Miss Vernon, "of various letters, I saved some none of them," I replied.

And it appears," she continued, "that Ralsleigh, 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 remittances to take up large bills granted by your father in that country, so that he has not since been heard of."

"It is but too true."

"And have been, she added, looking at the letter. "a hearing to, or some such person,—Owens. —Owen—dispatched to Glasgow, to find out Ralsleigh, if possible, and you are entrusted to repair to the same quarters, which I am told he is medium."

"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 a certain sum of money; and can that bring tears into your eyes? For shame, Mr. Osbaldistone!"

"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 an honour; and who, if declared insolvent, would sink into the grave, oppressed by 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 sacrifice of the foolish pride and insolence which receded from sharing the labours of his household and unassuming character. How shall I redeem the consequences of my error?"

"By instantly repairing to Glasgow, as you are now proposed, and (as we all know) you will do, Mr. Osbaldistone; but if Ralsleigh, said I, "has really formed the base and unconscientious scheme of plundering his benefactor, what prospect is 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 of doing anything which is inadequate to the end which I am about to remain. Remember, had you been on the post destined for you, this disaster could have been impeded; hasten to that which is now pointed out, and it may possibly be retrieved. Yet stay—do not leave this room until I return."

She left me in confusion and amusement; and which, however, I could find, a local interest, to admire the firmness, composed 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. "I trust you," she said, with this, to "Mr. Frank, we never meet more—but sometimes than on your friend Miss Vernon."

CHAPTER XVIII.

And hurry, hurry; off they rode. As fast as they could be; Hurry, hurry, the mail, once ride. Don't fear to ride with me. Eleven is the one advantage in an accommodation in evils, differing in cause and character, that
surrection which they afford by their contradictory opera-
tions prevents the present from being overwhelmed
under other. I was deeply grieved at my separation
from Miss Vernon, yet not so much so as I should
have been, if she had not often given herself and
flower-pot of a road, in extent, in front, and a kitchen-garden behind; a
dock for a cow, and a small field, cultivated with
several crops of grain, rather for the benefit of the
butter and cheese made for the market than for the
local comfort which Old England, even at her most
northern extremity, extends to her meanest inhab-


As I approached the mansion of the squire Andrew,
I heard a noise, which, being of a nature peculiarly
solemn, nasal, and prosy, led me to think that
Andrew, according to the decent and methoditious
custom of his countrymen, had assembled some
of his neighbours to join in family exercises, 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 of these cattle.
But, notwithstanding, he sometimes condescended to
form an audience for himself out of the neighbouring
Papists and Church-of-England-men, brands, as he
expressed it, snatched out of the burning, on whom
he used to extol the sanctity of Father Vaughan, Father
Docherty, Rashleigh, and all the world of Catholics around him, who
described his interference on such occasions as of clerical
interest. For, in short, it seemed likely, that the
well-disposed neighbours might have assembled to
hold some chapel of ease of this nature. The house,
however, when I reached it, proved to be a barn;
and Andrew continued to proceed entirely from the lungs of the said
Andrew; and when I interrupted it by entering the
house, I found Fairservice alone, combating, as he
had, in some words and harsh names, a reading aloud,
the purpose of his own edification, a volume of
controversial divinity. "I was just taking a spell," said he, laying down the huge folio
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 now-a
days. Always, I crave your pardon for keeping you
standing at the door, but having been mistrusted
(gods preserve us) with as bogie the night before,
I was dubious o' opening the yett till I had gone
through the edict thereon; and I had just finish
the fifth chapter of Nehemiah—if that wins you
keep their distance, I wetns what will."

"Truly with a bogie?" said I; "what do you mean
by that, Andrew?"

"I said mistrusted," replied Andrew; "that is as
muckle as to say, they'd wi' a ghastie—gude preserve
me, and I say again."

"Play'd by a ghost, Andrew! how am I to
understand that?"

"I did not say play'd," replied Andrew, "but as? that is, I got a flage, and was ready to jump out o' my
skin, though nobody observed to whift it off my body
as a man wad bark a tree."

I keep a true to your terrors 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 Glenfinnan?"

"A town ca'd Glasgow!" echoed Andrew Fair
service. "Glasgow's a ceety, man.—And it is
the way to Glasgow ye wuse, spering if I kent? —What
will all use to know? And more than that, if ye ain parish of Dreampen, that lies a bittuck further
to the west. But what may your honour be gane to
Glasgow for?"

"Particular business," replied I.

"That's as muckle as to say, speck nae questions,
and I'll tell ye nae les—To Glasgow ye made a
visit? I never saw what ye was. I'll see some one to show you the road."

"Certainly, if I could meet with any person going
to Glasgow?"

"And your honour, doubtless, wad consider the
time and trouble?"
"Uncertainty—any business is pressing, and if you can find any guide to accompany me, I'll pay him handsomely.

"This is no day to speak of carnal matters," said Andrew, "but if it were Sabbath day, I was bound to go to one that was bear ye pleasant company on the road, and tell ye the names of the gentlemen's state saddles, and his estate, and count their kin to ye!"

"I tell you all I want to know is the road I must travel; I want to know for my own satisfaction—I want to know anything in reason."

"Only thing," replied Andrew, "is nothing; and this lad that I am speaking of keeps the short cuts and queer by-paths through the hills, and—"

"I have no time to talk about it, Andrew; do you make the bargain for me you own way."

"Aha! that's speaking to the purpose," answered Andrew. "I am thinking, since ye saw it is, I'll be the lad that will guide you myself."

"You, Andrew? How will you get away from your employment?"

"I tell your honour a white yarn, that it was lang that I have been thinking of fitting, maybe as lang as four years ago, ye went to Osbaldstone Hall and now I am of the mind to gang in guide earnest—better soon as-syn's—better a finger off a eye wagging."

"You leave your service then?—but will your not lose it?"

"Nea doubt there will be a certain loss; but then I have a' the laird's in my hands that I took for that over a poundland and a half—" an aye bargain the folk had that bought them—when good trade—and yet Sir Hildebrand's as keen to has the siller that is, the steward is as pressing about it as if they had been as good as anything—and there's the siller for the speed—I'm thinking the wage will be in a manner decently made up.—But doubtless your honour will consider my case of loss when we went to Glasgow—and will be for settling out with me."

"By day-break in the morning," I answered.

"That's something o' the suddenest—where am I to find a na'—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."

"Divil a fear o' me (that I said me) missing my trustie," replied Andrew very briskly; "and, if I might advise, we wad be off two hours earlier. I ken the lay o' light as well as Blind Ralph Bowes, that's travelled over every moor in the country-side, and digna ken the colour of a heather—covet o' a dune."

I hastily proved of Andrew's amendment on my original proposal, and we agreed to meet at the place appointed at three in the morning. At once however the mind of my intended travelling companion:

"The bogie! the bogie! what if it should come out again?"—I drew forth, forther with these things twice in the four-and-twenty hours."

"Posh I pooh!" I exclaimed, breaking away from him, "fear nothing from the met-es!—the earth contains living fends who can act for themselves without assistance, were the whole host that fell with Lucifer to retur and set abet them."

With these words, the impetus of which was suggested by my own certain and twofold circumstance of Andrew's inhabit, and returned to the Hall.

I made the few preparations which were necessary for my proper person, and then loaded my pistols, and then throw myself on my bed, to obtain, if possible, a brief sleep before the fatigue of a long and anxious journey. Nature; exhausted by the tumultuous agitations of the day, was kinder to me than I expected, and I sank into a deep and profound slumber, from which, however, I started as the old horse, from turning wanting to my best chamber, I instantly arose, struck a light, wrote the letters I proposed to have by my side, and leaving behind me articles of dress as were ornament of prudence. I dressed me in my valise, girded down stairs, and mounted the stable without impediment. Without being quite such a groom as any of my cousins, I had learned at Osbaldstone Hall to dress and saddle my own horse, and in a few minutes I was mounted and ready for my sally.

As I paced up the old avenue, on which the waxing moon threw its light with a pale and whitish tinge, I looked back with a deep and bodily sigh towards the walls of Osbaldstone Hall, and Diana's—while my indi-

"..."
scared. Apparently in a despondent state, the miesięnews of his eye, however dead to all other finer ententes; for he relaxed his pace upon hearing it, and suffering me to close up to him, observed: "There wasa muglickly sense in riding at me a disfa-
bable rate."

"And what did you mean by doing so all at you, self-willed soundereal" replied I; for he was in a towering passe of anger, by the way, nothing contribut-
ing more than the having recently undergone a
spice of personal fear, which, like a few drops of wa-
ter flung on a glowing fire, is sure to inflame the ar-
dors."

"What's your honour's will?" replied Andrew, unimpeachable gravity.

My will, you rascal?—I have been roaming to you
this hour to ride slower, and you have never so much as answered me—Are you drunk or mad to behave so?

"As it like your honour, I am something dull o' hear-
ing; and I'll deny but I might have maybe
then a stirrup-cup at parting frae the said biggin-
erg who has dwelt sae lang; and having needless to 
be seen, the I was obliged to do myself a 

So, or else leave the end o' the brandy stoup to these 
painters—and that was a waste, as your honour

This might be all very true, and my circumstances 
required that I should be on good terms with my 
guide; I therefore satisfied myself with requiring of 
him to move on a little from me in future concern-
ing the rate of travelling.

Andrew, emboldened by the mildness of my tone, 
raised his own into the pedantic, benumbed octave 
which was familiar to him on most occasions.

"Your honour wan'a persuade me, and nabody 
shall persuade me, that it's either hocus-pocus or pru-
dent to tak the right air on thee moors without a 
cordial o' low-grillflower water, or a tass of brandy 
or aquavitae, or like creature-comfort. I hae seen the 
times and seen them by and by, and this is as grand reason that I 
had when my morning; ma'ry by token that I had 
whistles twa bits o' ankers o' brandy on ilk side o' 
me."

"In other words, Andrew," said I, "you were a 
smuggler—how does a man of your strict principles 
reciprocate yourself to cheat the revenue?"

"It's a mere spoiling o' the Egyptians," replied 
Andrew," put sair Scotland suffers enough by these 
Mackguord loons o' excitemen and gaugers, that have 
crossed the border to steal our merce and sold the sad and sorrowful Union; it's the part of a kind son to bring her a scoop o' something that will keep up her auld heart, and not be a braggart, and bear the heat and 
hum."

Upon more particular inquiry, I found Andrew had 
frequently travelled these mountain-paths as a smug-
gler, both before and after his establishment at Os-
\nleft.

B. 3 F
BOB ROY. [Chap. XIX.

CHAPTER XIX.

Where to go in the north, if you're not a native, is a question that arises in my mind. As I stand here on the outskirts of the city, I can't help feeling a little homesick for the countryside. The air is fresh, but the city is a bit too busy for my taste. I think I'll head back to the hotel and get a good night's sleep. [Langhorne]

At the first Scotch town which we reached, my host led me through the streets and introduced me to some of the local dignitaries. The town was quite small, but it had a certain charm about it. The people were friendly, and I was able to converse with them in their native tongue. It was a pleasant experience, and I look forward to exploring more of the Scottish countryside.

Andrew asked me if I had any plans for the day, and I told him I had nothing specific in mind. He suggested we take a walk through the town and visit some of the local sights. I agreed, and we set off down a narrow street that led to a small park.

The park was filled with people, and I was surprised to see how much activity there was. There were stalls set up for the local fair, and I was able to buy some homemade soap and candles. The air was filled with the scent of woodsmoke, and I could hear the sound of children's laughter in the distance.

As we walked through the park, I noticed a group of people gathered around a statue. I asked Andrew what it was, and he told me it was a memorial to a famous Scottish poet. I was fascinated by the statue, and I spent some time reading the inscription on it.

After we had finished our walk, I returned to the hotel and spent the rest of the day reading and reflecting on my travels. I felt a certain sadness as I thought about leaving Scotland, but I knew that I would always remember my time here with fondness.

[Chap. XIX.]

The next day, I set off on my journey. I had decided to travel north, to explore the wilds of the Highlands. I was eager to see the mountains and the lakes, and to experience the culture of the people who lived there.

I took a train to the nearest town, and from there I hired a horse and carriage. The journey was long and tiring, but I was determined to reach my destination. As I rode through the countryside, I was struck by the beauty of the landscape. The mountains were covered in snow, and the valleys were filled with forests.

I arrived at my destination late in the afternoon, and I was greeted by the local people with open arms. They were kind and welcoming, and I was able to find a place to stay for the night.

On the following morning, I set off on my journey. I was eager to see more of the Highlands, and I knew that I would always remember my time here with fondness.
gaily did my landlady and guides jointly assure me that there could be a living soul either in the counting-house or dwelling-house of the Mackintoshes, MacFin, and Company, to which Owen's letter referred me, but, moreover, "far less would I find any of the present generation of Glasgow's worthies dwell be where a' guide Christians ought to be at sic a time, and that was in the Barony Leigh Kirk." Andrew Fairweather, whose discourse of the law of his country had fortunately not extended itself to the other-learned professions of his native land, now sung forth the praises of the preacher who was to perform to-night a sermon on several heads that are no less loud amena. The result was, that I determined to go to this popular piece of worship, as much, if not more, for the performance of learning, if possible, whether Owen had arrived in Glasgow, as with any great expectation of edification. My hopes were exalted by the assurance, that, if Mr. Euphram MacVitoe (worthy man) were in the land of life, he would surely honour the Barony Kirk that day with his presence; and if he had to have a stranger within his gates, doubtless he would bring him to the duty along with him. This probability determined my motions, and, under the escort of my faithful Andrew, I set forth for the Barony Kirk. On this occasion, however, I had little need of his guidance; for the crowd which forced its way up a steep and rough-paved street, to hear the most popular preacher of the day, his own inactivity himself have swept me along with it. On attaining the summit of the hill, we turned to the left, and a large pair of folding-doors admitted us, amongst others, to the inside, in an open and extensive burying-place, which surrounds the Minister, or Cathedral Church of Glasgow. The pile is of a gloomy and massive, rather than pretty, character, but its peculiar character is so strongly preserved, and so well suited with the accommodations that surround it, that the impression of the first view was awful and solemn in the extreme. I was indeed so much atrauch, that I resisted for a few minutes all Andrew's efforts to drag me into the interior of the building, so deeply was I engaged in surveying its outward character. Situated in a populous and considerable town, this and the other pile has the appearance of the most sequestered solitude. High walls divide it from the buildings of the city on one side; on the other, it is bounded by a ravine, at the bottom of which, and in the bottom itself, there is a small rivulet, adding, by its gentle noises, to the imposing solemnity of the scene. On the opposite side of the ravine rises a steep hill covered with fir-trees, closely planted, whose dusky shade extends over it in geometry with an appropriate and gloomy effect. The churchyard itself had a peculiar character; for though in extent it was not large, it contained a number of respectable inhabitants who are interred within it, and whose graves are almost all covered with tombstones. There, therefore no room for the long rank grass, which, in most cases, partially clothes the surface of those retreats, where the wickied cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The broad flat monumental stones are placed so close to each other, that the precidents appear to be flagged with them, and, though roofed only by the heaves, resemble the floor of one of our old English churches, where the pavement is covered with sepulchral inscriptions. The contents of these sad records of mortality, the vain sorrows which they preserve, the stern lesson which they teach of the nothingness of humanity, the extent of ground which they so closely cover, and their uniform and melancholy tenor, reminded me of some of the scenes which was "written within and without, and there was written therein lamentations and mourning, and woe." The Cathedral itself comprises in impressive magnificence the various magnacies, as a landscape, by its intense grandeur, its appearance is heavy, yet that effect produced would be destroyed were it lighter or more ornam- ented. It is the pride of Scotland, excepting, as I am informed, the cathedral of Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, which remained uninjured at the Reformation; and Andrew Fairweather, who saw with great pride the effect which it produced upon my mind, and the counteract preservation. Ah! it's a brave Kirk—nane o' yere whigmaleeries and curtilurities and open-steak hams about it—a solid, well-built Kirk, where an honest man can stand as long as the world, keep bands and gunpowder aft it. It had a mainais a doun-come lang syne at the Reformation, when they 'd doun the kirks of St. Andrews and Perth and Kirkwall, to tae A' Papery, and idolatry, and image worship, and surplises, and sie raps o' the muckle hure that sittit in on the siller wi' her. They dom mony for her auld hinder end. See the comness o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and all about, they behoved to come into Glasgow as far morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nick-nackets. But the townsman o' Glas- gow, they were feared their sad edifices might slip the girths in gauss through saccus rough phyche, use they rang the common bell, and assembled the trae-bands wir' took o' drum—by good luck, the worthy James Ralston was a member o' Guild that year—and a gude mason he was himself, made him the former to keep up the said bigging and the trae-assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their Kirk should cop the cranes, as a food done elsewhere. It wanna for love o' Paperie, na!—nane could ever say that o' the trae-assembled; the cover o' the idolatrous statues of saints (bellow be on them) out e' their neuke—and see the bite o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung the Molenendo into the Molendendo. And the auld Kirk, as coarse as a cat when the flax is kaim'd aff her, and a'body was alike pleased. And I have heard wise folk say, that if even as it had been done in ilk Kirk in Scotland, the Reformation wad just been has ga pure as it is e'en now, and we wad have Marian—like kirks; for I have been seen lang in England, that nothing will dree out o' my head, that the dog-kennel at Cessabardlone Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland." Thus saying, Andrew led the way into the place of worship.

CHAPTER XX.

It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monuments, cold, pale, modest, hoary,
And shout a chilliness to the trembling heart.

According. Brumm.

NOTWITHSTANDING the impetuosity of my conductor, I could not forbear to turn and gaze a few minutes on the exterior of the building. rendered more impressively dignified by the solitude which assailed me when its hitherto dismal的存在ing, as it were, devoured the multitudes which had lately crowded the churchyard, but now, enclosed within the building, were engaged, as the solemn swell of voices from within announced to us, in the solemn exercises of devotion. The sound of so many voices, united by the distance into one harmony, and freed from those harsch discords which jarred the ear when heard more near, combining with the murmuring brook, and the wind which sings among the old timbers so, affected me with a sense of sublime, as it were, the Psalms in which we chanted, seemed united in offering that solemn praise in which trembling is mingled with joy as she addresses her Maker. I had heard the service of high mass in France, celebrated with all the eclat which the choicest music, the richest dresses, the most imposing ceremonies, could confer on it; yet it fell short in effect of the simplicity of the Presbyterian worship. The devotion, in which every one took a share, seemed so superior to that which was observed by me in the churchyard, I was led to think that it gave the Scottish worsh a all the advantage of reality over acting.

I lingered a while to catch more of the solemn sound. Andrew, whose impetuosity became unanswerable, pulled me by the sleeve. "Come awa," said—come.
sive, we must not be late of gaining to disturb the worship; if we hide here, the searches will be on us, and carry us to the guard-house for being idlers in kirk-time.

The admonition, 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, was the main entrance of the building—"there's but cullerd law-wark on yonder—

I saw, when we entered a small, low-arched door, with only a garden path or garden wall behind it. Over the door was a small wicket, with a door-keeper standing behind it, who seemed to be the only person in the place. In front of it was a large, green tree, with a very tall, narrow trunk and branches that reached almost to the ground.

The view was so clear that I could see almost everything in the church, including the statue of the Virgin Mary. The statue was very tall and had a long, flowing robe. Around it were many candles that were lit, casting a warm glow over the church. The sound of singing filled the air, and the smell of incense was strong.

Among the people, I noticed a few who were crying, and others who were praying with great reverence. The atmosphere was very solemn, and the sound of the choir singing filled the air. I could hear the words "Te Deum" being sung, and the prayer was accompanied by a beautiful melody.

Then, suddenly, a man who appeared to be a priest stepped forward and began to speak. His voice was clear and strong, and he seemed very knowledgeable about the faith. As I listened, I could see that he was addressing the congregation, and I began to feel a sense of reverence and respect for the man who was speaking.

The priest went on to speak about the importance of faith and how it can bring us closer to God. He spoke of the struggles and challenges we face in our daily lives, and how faith can help us overcome them. The words he spoke resonated with me, and I felt a sense of inspiration and hope.

The service ended with a final prayer, and as I left the church, I felt a sense of peace and contentment. The experience had been very moving, and I knew that it would stay with me for a long time to come.
I have already said that I stood with others in the entrance passage behind, which was closed, and, looking back to those vaults which I have so often mentioned, my position rendered me particularly obnoxious to any interruption which arose from any slight noise occurring therein. At this instant, however, the voice of 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 preacher for five minutes, when the same voice whispered, "Listen—but do not look back." I kept 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 precisely—keep at home till the gloaming, and awaked observation." Here the voice ceased, and I instantly turned my head. But the speaker had, with still greater promptitude, glided behind the pillar, and disappeared.

I was determined to catch a sight of him, if possible, and, extricating myself from the outer circle of hearers, I also stepped behind the column. All was empty, but I could, only see a figure wrapped in a mantle, whether a Lowland clack, or a Highland plaid, I could not distinguish, which traversed, like a phantasm, the dreary vaults of vaults 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 occasioned 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 congregation, and to command, 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, the idea of the beast, or what beast this was, I did not think 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 explained. "See, yonder is worthy Mr. MacVitte and Mrs. MacVitte, and Miss Alison MacVitte, and Mr. Thomas MacFin, that they say is to marry Miss—oh! a bonny lassie—she has a hantle siller, if she's no that bonny." My eyes took the direction he pointed out. Mr. MacVitte was a tall, thin, intelligent-looking fellow, with thick gray eyebrows, light eyes, and, as I imagined, a sinister expression of countenance, from which my heart recoiled. I remembered the warning I had received in the church, and hesitated to address this person, though I could not allege to myself any rational ground of dislike or suspicion.

I was yet in suspense when an old man, who mistook my hesitation for bashfulness, proceeded to extort me to lay it aside. "Speak till him—speak till him," Mr. Frae-gus—he's no provost yet, though they say he'll be this year, and he'll give ye a decent answer for as rich as he is, unless ye were wanting siller frae him—they say he's a dour bairn to-draw his purses."
CHAPTER XXI.

On the Rialto, every night at twelve,
I take my evening's walk of meditation:
There we two meet. Venus Preserved.

Full of sinister augury, for which, however, I could assign no satisfactory cause, I shut myself up in my room, and left the light dim and in a corner. After resisting his importunity to accompany him to St. Enoch's Kirk, where, he said, "a soul-searching divinity was to have forth," I set myself seriously to consider what was best to be done. I was sure that the question was what is properly called superstitious; but I suppose all men, in situations of particular doubt and difficulty, when they have exercised their reason to little purpose, are apt, in a sort of despair, to abandon the reins to their imagination, and be guided either altogether by chance, or by those whimsical impressions which take possession of the mind, and to which we give way as if to involuntary impulse. There was something so singularly repulsive in the hard features of the Scotch trader, that I could not resolve to put myself into his hands without transgressing every caution which could be derived from the rules of physiognomy; while at the same time, the warning voice, the form which floated away like a vanishing shadow through those vaults, which might be termed "the valley of the shadow of death," had something so appalling for the imagination of a young man, who, you will further please to remember, was also a young poet.

If danger was around me, as the mysteriouscommunicant had asserted, how could I not, by the means of thwarting it, but by meeting my unknown counsellor, to whom I could see no reason for imputing any other than kind intentions. Rashleigh and his machinations occurred more than once to my remembrance; but so rapid had my journey been, that I could not suppose him apprised of my arrival in Glasgow, much less prepared to play off any stratagem against my person. In my temper also I was bold and confident, strong and active in person, and in some measure accustomed to the use of arms, in which the French youth of all kinds were then initiated. I did not fear any single opponent; assassination was neither the vice of the age nor the country; to the contrary, it was too public to admit any suspicion of meditated violence. In a word, I resolved to meet my mysterious counsellor, as he had requested, and to be afterwards guided by circumstances. Let me not conceal from you, Tresham, what at the time I endeavoured to conceal from myself—the subdued, yet secretly cherishing, fear of the unknown—by what chance I knew not—through what means I could not guess—had some connexion with this strange and abstruse inspiration, convulsed at a time and place, and in a manner so surprising. She alone—whispered

*This I believe to be an anachronism, as St. Enoch's Church was not built at the date of the story.*
Rob Roy.

As he passed, I heard him communicate to a grave-looking man, in a black coat, a slouched hat, and with an almost inexpressible air of an underlying character, which my self-love, while revolting against it as a caricature, could not, nevertheless, refuse to recognise as a likeness.

Mr. Hammgay, it's as en as I tell ye. He's no a together see void o' sense neither; he has a glazin' sight o' what's reasonable—that is ane said. An, as I lang, at any rate, he crack'd and cockle-headed about his nippery-nippy poetry nonsense—He'll glower at an auld world barikit sick-sag as if it were a queez-maddam in full bearin', and, whin a clumplin' o' the thing, he'd put him as a garden garnish with flowering knuts and choose pot-herbes; then, he wad rather clavar wi' a daft queen she ca' Diana Vernon (well I wot they might ca' her Diana of the Ephesians, for she's little better than a heather—better? she's we're—a Roman—a mere Roman)—he'll claver wi' her, or any other idle alet, rather than hear what might do him gude a' the days of his life, frae you or me. Mr. Hammgay, or any ither sober and sponsible person. Reason, sir, is what he canna endure—he's as for your various imities and capabilities; and he an' me tell ye, (paul blended creature), that the Psalms of David were excellent poetry! as if the holy Psalmist thought o' raitin' them as if an' years an' clankums things that he ca' verse. Gude help him! twa lines! Davie Lindsay wad sing a 'hever clerikit.'

While listening to this perverted account of my true self, my common sense was all my anxiety being. I had been de- dicated for Mr. Fairservice the unpleasant surprise of a broken pate on the first decent opportunity. His face only intimated his attention—"Ay, ay," and "Is't en, puede, and such like, of interest, at the proper breaks in Mr. Fairservice's ha-rangue, until at length, in answer to some observation of great interest, the import of which I only collected from my trusty guide's reply, honest Andrew answered. "Tell him a bit o' my mind, guv'ty ye—You wad be better then but Andrew? He's a red-wud deevil, man! I—He's like Gile Heathertop's auld boar; ye need but shake a clout at him to make him turn and gane. Bide wi' him, say ye!—Troth, I kenna what for I bide wi' him myself—But the lad's no a bad lad after a', and he needs some careful body to look after him. He haens the right grip o' his hand—the gowd slips through'it like water, man; and it's so that ill a thing to be near him with. The lad is his hand, and it's seldom out o' it. And then he's come o' guid kith and kin—My heart warms to the poor these rightless callan. Mr. Hammgay—and then the penney' be.

In the latter part of this instructive communication, Mr. Fairservice lowered his voice to a tone better becoming the conversational resort on a Sabbath evening, and his companion and he were soon beyond my hearing. My feelings of heavy resentment soon subsided under the conviction, that, as Andrew himself might have said, "A hearken'er always bears a bad tale of himself," and that whoever should happen to hear the character discussed in their own servant's hall, must prepare to undergo the scalpel of some such anatomist as Mr. Fairservice. The incident was so far useful, as, including feelings to which it gave rise, it sped away a part of the time which hung so heavily on my hand.

Evening had now closed, and the glowing darkness gave place to a moon, still, and deep emprise of the brooding river, first a bench, then a hare, then a dark and turbulent, partially lighted by a waving and palpable moon. The massive and ancient bulk of the old church loomed as the moon rose, but dimly visible, and resembling that which Mirza, in his unequalled vision, has described as traversing the very street in which we were, and as seen as imperfectly as the dusky current which they bestrid, seemed rather caverns which swallowed up the gloomy waters of the river, then apertures confined the moon, until it shone not a light, the stillness of the scene increased. There was yet a twinkling light occasionally seen to glide along by the stream which conducted home one of two of the

Small parties, who after the abstinence and religious duties of the day, had partaken of a social supper, the only meal at which their conversation was not a real advance to sociality on the Sabbath. Occasionally, also, the hoofs of a horse were heard, whose rider, after spending the Sunday in Glasgow, was returning towards his residence in the country. These sounds and sights became gradually of more rare occurrence. At length they altogether ceased, and I was left with my thoughts on the shores of the Clyde in solemn silence, broken only by the tolling of the successive hours from the steeplees of the churches.

But as the night advanced, my impatience at the uncertainty of the situation in which I was placed increased every moment, and became nearly ungo- vernable. I began to question whether I had been imposed upon by the trick of a fool, the ravings of a madman, or the studied machination of a villain, and paced the little quay or pier adjoining the entrance to the bridge in a state of incredible anxiety and vexation. At length the hour of twelve o'clock swung its summons over the city from the belfry of the metropolitan church of St. Mungo, and was answered and vouched by all the others like divine diocesan. The echoes had scarcely ceased to repeat the last sound, when a form—the kind of person for which I had been suffering and suffering, along the bridge from the southern shore of the Clyde, I advanced to meet him with a feeling as if my fate de- pended on the result of the interview, so much had my anxiety been agitated by prolonged expectation.

That all I could remark of the passenger as we advanced towards each other was, that his frame was rather slender than at the middle age, but apparently strong, and shapely, and regular in his features, a horseman's wrapping coat. I slackened my pace, and passed from the first to address one, who, notwithstanding his appearance at the very hour of appointment, might nevertheless be an absolute stranger. I stopped when he had passed me, and looked after him, uncertain whether I ought not to follow him. The stranger walked on till near the northern end of the bridge, then paused, looked back, and, turning round, again advanced towards me. I resolved that this time he should not have the apology for silence proper to appear, if it be supposed, cannot speak until they are spoken to. "Ye walk late, sir," said I, as we met a second time.

"I bide tryset," was the reply, "and so I think do, Mr. Oswaldstone."

"You are then the person who requested to meet me here at this hour?" I replied.

"I am," he replied. "Follow me, and you shall know my reasons."

"Before following you, I must know your name and purpose," I answered.

"I am a man," was the reply; "and my purpose is friendly to you."

"A man," I repeated. "That is a very brief descrip- tion."

"It will serve for one who has no other to give," said the stranger. "He that is without name, without friends, without coin, without country, is still at least a man; and he that has all these is no more."

Yet this is still too general an account of yourself, to say the least of it, to establish your credit with a stranger."

"It is all I mean to give, however; you may choose to follow me again without the information I desire to afford you.""

"Can you not give me that information here?" I demanded.

"You must receive it from your eyes, not from my tongue—you must follow me, or remain in ignorance of the information which I have to give you."

There was something both determined and even stern, in the man's manner, not certainly well cal- culated to conciliate undoubting confidence.

What is it you fear?" he said impulsively. To
BOB BOY

[Chap. XXX.]

whom, think ye, your life is of such consequence, that they should seek to beseeve ye of it?"

"I fear nothing," I replied firmly, though somewhat haughtily.

"Walk on—I attend you."

He proceeded, and, to my expectation, to enter the town, and glide like mute spectres, side by side, up its empty and silent streets. The high and gloomy stone fronts, with the variegated ornamentation and pediments of the windows, looked yet taller and more sable by the imperfect moonshine. Our walk was for some minutes in perfect silence. At length my conductor spoke.

"Are you afraid?"

"I retort your own words," I replied; "wherefore should I fear?"

"Because you are with a stranger—which 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?" I replied. "I again repeat, I fear nothing, but I do not speak in a language to which you are a mute stranger. The bolts revolve, but with a caution which marked the apprehension that my name might be a cause of concern to the jailers of the bulwark of the prison of Glasgow, a small, but strong guard-room, from which a narrow staircase led upwards, and one or two low windows were placed the outer wall, all secured with the jealous strength of wickets, bolts, and bars. The walls, otherwise naked, were adorned by unguent, garnished with iron, fortified by ungainly implements, which might be designed by purposes still more infernal, interposed with pikes, guns, pistols of antique manufacture, and other weapons of defence and offence."

At finding myself so unexpectedly, fortnight ago, as it were, by stealth, introduced within a few miles of the legal fortresses of Scotland, I could not help reflecting on the adventure, on the strange incidents which again, without any derelict of my own, threatened to involve our country, a country, which I visited only in the capacity of a stranger.

CHAPTER XII.

"Look round the walls," young Astophil said to me, when we were leaving the gloomy and dreary castle, for Edinburgh.

"I feel no exactitude," I answered, "for I am not a visitor."

"You shall have my life sooner than my liberty—defy me, and I will not follow you a step further."

"I do not," he said, "carry you there as a prisoner, but as my tender, drawing himself haughtily up, neither a messenger norsheriff's officer; I carry you to a prisoner from whose lips you will learn the risk in which I stand. You have lost your liberty; he laughed, he was not crying, if he did not actually cry."

"Shall I go?—What can I do for you?" I exclaimed, "the complete, surrendered, and oversighted prize of the cross, a victim of which is it difficult to do otherwise than by the awkward combination I have attempted. The fellow's voice seemed to me a kind of sound, a kind of silence, and the word, which I could only conclude, were some such interjections as "Ohy! ohy! Ay, ay, since she's seen ye!" and other exclamations.
"Shall I resume to speak?" Stare replied Douglas, resuming the topic of the outward and visible signs of the inmost state of the human heart, as if to imply that the turmoil and conflict within had not yet ceased, even though the visible signs were smooth and tranquil.

"It was some time before I could prevail upon the unfortunate sleeper to awake; but when he did so, the sight of the student's countenance was so expressive of extreme agitation and distress, that he became at once ready to leave the place of his residence.

"O, Mr. Frank, what have you brought yourself to the house for? I think nothing of myself, that am a most unfortunate man, but just such one as you are," said the student, with evident distress.

"I have been sent hither as a partner of your distress."
As these peculiarities of temper rendered it difficult to transact business with Mr. Nicol Jarvis,—as they did in theenoision between the English house and their correspondent, which were only got over by a sense of mutual interest,—as, moreover, Owen's personal vanity something more than a little dan inewitions, and so they gave rise, you cannot be surprised, Tresham, that our old friend threw at all the weight of a man of the character, discretion, accommodating concern of MacVittie and MacFin, and spoke of Jarvis as a petulant, conceited Scotch pedlar, with whom there was no dealing.

A Scotchman had used him in these circumstances, which I only learned in detail some time afterwards, Owen, in the difficulties to which the house was reduced by the absence of my father, and the disappearance of Raskleigh, should, on his arival in Scotland, which took place two days before mine, have recourse to the friendship of these correspondents, who had always professed themselves obliged, gratified, and devoted to the service of his principal. He was received at Messer, MacVittie and MacFin's counting-house in the 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 bhaviour of the Scotchmen, he opened the difficulties of the house to his friendly correspondents, and requested their counsel and assistance. MacVittie and MacFin were always the first to communicate their requests, and Owen forbore to press that of Raskleigh, and MacFin, hitherto only blank and doubtful, became now ominous, grim, and lowering. They met Mr. Owen's request of accommodation and assistance, with a counter-demand 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 creditors of Osbalistion and Tresham, and very 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 habit of lending money at interest, and are present for putting themselves in a violent passion, and for taking, under the pretext of the precaution they had received, measures which were made for their own convenience, if no sense of conscience, 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 headed clerk, and was therefore personally liable for all its obligations. This was known to Messer, MacVittie and MacFin; and, with a view of making him feel their power, or rather in order to force him, at this emergency, into these measures in their favour, to which he had expressed himself so repugnant, they had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seemed the law of Scotland (tho' surely liable to much abuse) allows to a creditor, who finds his security annihilated, and to which a debtor, acting in good faith and according to the law, is entitled.

Owen had been confined to durance on the day proceeding to the day when I so strangely guided to his prison-house.

Thus possessed of the alarming outline of facts: the question remained, what was to be done? and I was driven over the dreary desolation of the perils in which we were surrounded, but it was more difficult to suggest any remedy. The warning was about to be needed, that my own personal liberty might be endangered by an open appearance in Owen's behalf. Owen entertained the same apprehension, and, in the exaggeration of his terror, assured me that a Scotchman, rather than run the risk of losing a farthing as a Scotchman, would find law for arresting his wife, children, servants, and creditors, and every member of his household. The laws concerning debt, in most countries, are so unmercifully severe, that I could not altogether disbelieve his statement; and my aunt, as I have stated before, described the man of debt as a de-grace to my father's affairs. In this dilemma, I asked Owen if he had not thought of having recourse to his other correspondent in Glasgow, Mr. Nicol Jarvis?

"He had sent him a letter," he replied, "in the morning; but if the smooth-tongued and civil letter in that case will be expected from the cross-grained crâble-heel of Salt-Market! You might as well ask a boar to give up his potage, as expect a favour from him without the per cent. He had not even," Owen said, "answered his letter, though it was private hand that morning as he went to church." In the despairing man-of-figures threw himself down his pallet, explaining, "My poor dear master! My poor dear master! O, Mr. Frank, Mr. Frank! He is all your obsequiety! But God forgive me for saying so to you in your distress! I've seen his death, and man must submit."

My philosophy, Tresham, could not permit my uncle's promises to his friends, and we mingled our tears, the more bitter on my part, at the perverse opposition to my father's will, with which our young companion was surrounded. It was his turn to listen, but he could only hear the voice of turnkey, alternately in a high tone, appealing to some person with the name of Mr. Jarvis, and the advice that had guided me hither. "She's coming—she's coming," aloud; these is a low voice, "O hon-sir! O hon-sir! I'll wait she do now. I'm up to stairs and hide yousel', and ye'll sec the de-"

She's coming as fast as she can from Abellany? It's my lord provost, and is staid in guard, and ta captain's coming soon after.

"Gut please her!" I cry or her, she's coming—she's coming—ta lock o' her soon aye, ta lock o' her soon.

While Dougal unwillingly, and with a sigh, step as possible, undid the various fastenings, to give com- mission to those without, whose impudences to construe on the occasion was so claniumous, our guide ascended the stairs and sprang into Owen's apartment. I segued the lower door and was present for putting myself in a violent passion, and for taking, under the pretext of the precaution they had received, measures which were made for their own convenience, if no sense of conscience, 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 headed clerk, and was therefore personally liable for all its obligations. This was known to Messer, MacVittie and MacFin; and, with a view of making him feel their power, or rather in order to force him, at this emergency, into these measures in their favour, to which he had expressed himself so repugnant, they had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seemed the law of Scotland (tho' surely liable to much abuse) allows to a creditor, who finds his security annihilated, and to which a debtor, acting in good faith and according to the law, is entitled.

"As the stranger spoke these words, he stepped from his person the eburneous upper coverlet he was wrapt, confronted the door of the apartment on which he fixed a keen and determined drawing his person a little back from constant force, like a fine horse brought up in the box, and not a moment's doubt that he meant to ex- cate himself from his embarrassment, might be the cause of it. by springing back, who would appear when the door had been look and manner, that I did not doubt but that he might get clear through this wall, unless they employed fatal means to stop him."

It was evident of a despotic power in the opening of the outward gate and that of the outer apartment, when there appeared no grand bay, with a watch with clubs, but a good-looking young woman, with petitioners, tucked up for trudging through the house and holding a lantern in her hand. This was ushered in a more important personage.
BOB ROY.

stest, short, and somewhat corpulent; and by dig-

nally, as it soon appeared, a magistrate, bowwedwigged,

ished, and thunder-headed. My conductor, at his appearance, drew back as if to

escape observation; but he could not subdue the penetr-

ating twinkle with which this dignitary reconnoit-

ered me. "A bonny thing it is, and a beseeming, that I

should be kept at the door half an hour, Captain

Roy," said he to the stout-looking porter, who drew

himself up at the door as if in attendance

on the great man, "knocking as hard to get into

the tobacca as any body else was to get out of

there!—And how's this?—how's this?—strangers in

the jail after lock-up hours, and on the Sabbath evening—I shall

look after this, Stanchells; you may depend on't—

keep the door locked, and I'll speak to these gentle-

men in a grilling—but first I maun have a crack wi'

an acquaintance here.—Mr. Owen, Mr. Owen,

how's a' wi', man?"

"Pretty well in body, I thank you, Mr. Jarvis,"

drew out poor Owen, "but sore afflicted in spirit.

"Nae doctors, nae otters—aye—it's an awfully

whimsical—and for one that held his head so high

too—aurian nature, human nature—Ay, ay, we're a

subject to a downtown. Mr. Osbaldistone is a gate

keeper—too near our hearts; when he stanes up they

mak make a spone or spot a horn, as my father the

worthy decon used to say. 'The decon used to say

to me,' as he used to help our young men at such

as we was about; see folk co'd us in their daillin'

young Nick and auld Nick.'—"Nick," said he, 'never

put out your arm,further than ye can draw it easily

back again. I was as sea to Mr. Osbaldistone, and he

dide seem to take it a tharting sea as kind I was

—but it was weel meant—well meant.

"This is not the place for philosophic volubility,

and a great appearance of self-complacency, as he

recollected his own advice and predictions, gave little

promise of assistance at the hands of Mr. Jarvis. Yet

it soon appeared rather to proceed from a total want

of delicacy than any deficiency of real kindness; for

when Owen expressed himself somewhat hurt, that

these things could be recalled to memory in his pre-

sent situation, the glance that Mr. Jarvis cast at him

and bada "Cheer up a guid! D'ye think I wad

stane cointed out at twal o'clock at night, and amidst

broke the Lord's-day, just to tell a fae man o' this

backslidings? Na, na, that's so Bailie Jarvis's gate,

you'st not his worthy father's the decon afor him.

Why, man, I thought if you should try to whisper

things of this kind on the Sabbath, and I thought I dos't as

could to keep your note that I get this morning out o'

my head, yet I thought maire on it a day, than on the

present. And it seems we had wi' the yellow curtains

pressingly at ten o'clock—unless

I was eatin a haddock wi' a neighbour, or a neigh-

borhood—I'll ken what the lae queen, if it isna a

fundamental rule in my household; and here I sat

written up reading gude books, and gaping as if I wad

swallowed St. Exupér Kilt, till it chappit twal, whilk

was a lawf'ly hour to gae a look at my leg, just to

see how things stood between us; and then, as time

tiddie wait for no man, I made the lass get the lan-

ter, and came slapping my ways here to see how

things was to be done anent your affaire. Bailie Jarvis can

emancipate entrance into the tolbooth at any hour, day

or night; sea could my father the decon in his time,

besides the mayor's."-

Although Owen groaned at the mention of the

latter, he grew sufficiently to fear that here also

the bailie was the legal pound; and also

the worthy magistrate's speech expressed

self-complacency, and some ominous triumph

his own superior judgment, yet it was blunted

and veiled by his jocularity, till it did not

ich I could not help deriving some hopes. He re-

ted to see some papers he mentioned, snatcht

through the window, and as it was the day of

to "rest his shanks," as he was pleased to ex-

the accommodation which that posture afforded

his servant girl held up the lantern to him, while

waving, muttering, and spattering, now at "

imperfect light, now at the contents of the packets,

he ran over the writings it contained.

Seeing him face to face, the course of story,

the guide who had brought me hither seemed disposed
to take an unencomiumous leave. He made a

sign to me to say nothing, and intimated by his

change of posture that I must not try to eke

door in such a manner as to attract the least possible

observation. But the alert magistrate (very

different from my old acquaintance Brusth In-

wood) instantly detected, and interrupted his purposes.

"I say, look to the door, Stanchells—at last and look

it, and keep watch on the outside."

The stranger's voice was again heard, and he seemed for an

instant again to meditate the effecting his retreat by

violence; but ere he had determined, the door closed,

and the ponderous bolt revolved. He muttered an

exclamation in Gaelic, strode across the floor, and

then, with an air of dogged resolution, as if fixed and

prepared to see the scene to an end, sat himself

down on the oak table and whistled a strathspey.

Mr. Jarvis, who seemed very alert and expeditious in

his going through business, soon showed himself

master of that which had been concerning, and

addressed himself to Mr. Owen in the following

strain;—"Weel, Mr. Owen, weel—your house is

sawn certain sums to Messer. MacVittie and MacPh-

in, you see, maister, that the right lad is out of a bair'n about the aik-woods at Glen-

Calsechekat, that they took out between my teeth—wi'

hearty will, and the help o' your good sooth, will get

out as weel as mine; see folk co'd us in their daillin'

young Nick and auld Nick.'—"Nick," said he, 'never

put out your arm,further than ye can draw it easily

back again. I was as sea to Mr. Osbaldistone, and he

dide seem to take it a tharting sea as kind I was

—but it was weel meant—well meant.

"This is not the place for philosophic volubility,

and a great appearance of self-complacency, as he

recollected his own advice and predictions, gave little

promise of assistance at the hands of Mr. Jarvis. Yet

it soon appeared rather to proceed from a total want

of delicacy than any deficiency of real kindness; for

when Owen expressed himself somewhat hurt, that

these things could be recalled to memory in his pre-

sent situation, the glance that Mr. Jarvis cast at him

and bada "Cheer up a guid! D'ye think I wad

stane cointed out at twal o'clock at night, and amidst

broke the Lord's-day, just to tell a fae man o' this

backslidings? Na, na, that's so Bailie Jarvis's gate,

you'st not his worthy father's the decon afor him.

Why, man, I thought if you should try to whisper

things of this kind on the Sabbath, and I thought I dos't as

could to keep your note that I get this morning out o'

my head, yet I thought maire on it a day, than on the

present. And it seems we had wi' the yellow curtains

pressingly at ten o'clock—unless

I was eatin a haddock wi' a neighbour, or a neigh-

borhood—I'll ken what the lae queen, if it isna a

fundamental rule in my household; and here I sat

written up reading gude books, and gaping as if I wad

swallowed St. Exupér Kilt, till it chappit twal, whilk

was a lawf'ly hour to gae a look at my leg, just to

see how things stood between us; and then, as time

tiddie wait for no man, I made the lass get the lan-

ter, and came slapping my ways here to see how

things was to be done anent your affaire. Bailie Jarvis can

emancipate entrance into the tolbooth at any hour, day

or night; sea could my father the decon in his time,

besides the mayor's."

Although Owen groaned at the mention of the

latter, he grew sufficiently to fear that here also

the bailie was the legal pound; and also

the worthy magistrate's speech expressed

self-complacency, and some ominous triumph

his own superior judgment, yet it was blunted

and veiled by his jocularity, till it did not

ich I could not help deriving some hopes. He re-

ted to see some papers he mentioned, snatcht

through the window, and as it was the day of

..."read to me..."
From his failing to present himself lawfully called upon.

"I believe you—yes, I believe you. Enough said—enough said," said Wee; "we've been your legs loose by breakfast-time—and now let's hear what this chamber chills e've yours here to say for themselves, or how, in his name of sure, they got here at this time o' night." |

CHAPTER XXIII.

Home came our gentlemen at an,

And there he saw a man

"Where's a man won't be?"

"How's this law, kimmer?"

How's it? this cow—

How come this carle here

Without the leave o' me?

Old Song.

The magistrate took the light out of his servant-smeared hand, and advanced to his scrutiny, like a gentleman 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 special treasure, the source of his researches. The first whom he approached was my mysterious guide, who, seated at a table as I have already described him, with his eyes fixed on the wall, his features interested, and his expression of the utmost intensity, his hands folded on his breast, with an air between composure and defiance, his head poet against the fire, for a moment it was his face which was continued to whistle, submitted to Mr. Jarvis's investigation with an air of absolute confidence and assurance, which, for a moment, placed at least the memory and sagacity of the scene and sagacious investigator.

"Ah! Eh! Oh! exclaimed the Bailie. "My conscience!—Conscience!—Conscience!—no conscience can be!—and yet again—Deil hame! here is I said say me—Ye robber—ye curten—ye born devil—ye are to send eud and me god damn—can this be you!"

"Een as ye see, Bailie," was the laconic answer.

"Conscience! if I am not clean bannistered—you, ye cheat-the-wuddy rogue, you here on your venture in the tolbooth or Glasgow?—What do you think of the value o' yer head?"

"Unah—I—why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight, it might weigh down one quill-pot, four Bailies, a town-clerk's, a scribes'bes, besidesation-masters!"

"Ah, ye reiving villain!" interrupted Mr. Jarvis. "Bar Ye Bar Ye. Bar Ye. And what the devil says for it?"

"True, Bailie," said he who was thus addressed, shaking his hands behind him with the utmost nonchalance, but ye wae, ye say. "Why?"

"And why said I no, sir?" exclaimed the magistrate.

"Why said I no that—why said I no?"

For three sufficient reasons, Bailie Jarvie. First, for and langsyne—second, for the sake of the Bailie's fire at the Stockavallachlan, that made some mixture of our bluids, to my own proper shame; be it spoken! that has a connoisseur, and, by a man's visage, and slates and shuttles, like a mere clutcher gang; and lastly, Bailie, because if I saw a sign o' your betraying me, I would plunder that war with your hams ere the hand of man could rescue you.

"Ye're a brand desperate villain, sir," retorted the undaunted Bailie; and ye ken that I ken'to be, and that I wadna stand a moment for my ain risk."

"I ken well, said the other, ye gae gane blind in your veins, and I wad be laith to hurt my ain kinman. But I'll gang out here as free as I came in, I use war's o' Glasgow tolbooth shall tell o'the day.

"Well, well," said Mr. Jarvis, "bluid's thicker than water; and it liases in kirk, kin, and slly, to see me in ane o' them in one o' them if others can see them no. It wad be sae sair to the said woman to the Bees of Stockavallachan, that you, ye Hieland lemmor, had kickt oot my harns, or that I had killed you up in aven. But ye o' war, ye dear devil—that were it as your very soul, I wad ha' gripit the best man in the Hieland" |

"I've had—tried, cousin," answered my pa, "that I wot weel; but I doubt ye wad come wi' the short measure; for we gang there—out Hieland, and where the grass sae green, and the grass sae green, and the hemp sae grand, for a's that, neighbour," replied the Bailie. "Mae mare in a civilized country have played, and plinkie ye ha' done that when ye were in your own peck—ye has gin ye warning."

"Well, cousin," said the other. "Ye'll wear that at my burial!"

"Deil a black cloak will be there, Robin; but the coffins, and the hoodies, and I'll go ye my head at that. But what's the god's thousand pound Lots but I am to, man, and what am I to see it again?"

"Where it is?" replied my guide, after the attention of considering for a moment, I cannot just tell—probably where last year's saw it."

"And that's on the top of Schottish in Hieland dog," said Mr. Jarvie; "and I look for paynest for you where ye stand."

"Ey," replied the Highland, "but I see another in my spooran, and we see where you'll see it—wha, just when the king enjoy it again, as the auld saying says."

"The King's the King," said the Gillon-na-maills. "I mean, ye disposed traitor. Wast of a—ye bring popery in on us, and artery power, and jet, and a warming-pot, and the arts, and the small annum of services and presents? Ye had better stick to your own theft—black-mail, blackmail, and pills—better stick to that; and let honest men be honest men.

"Hoot, man, whist! with your whispering—

the Celt, "we have end another day. I pass my time. I take care of your coming men, and I look out when the Gillon-na-maills come to till the Glasgow bolls, and clear them of their said whereabouts. And, unless it just fa' in the process of the world, that I am disposed to be seen."

"Ye are a daring villain, Rob," said the Bailie; "and ye will be hanged, that will be said for me, and heard tell o' it; but I'm not to be the isle weel for my fear, and my fear in my nest, set apart strong men and men of strength to dicker out my name."

"For myself, had been struck dumb in my recognition, and no less strange things take place between these extremes."

This, good Mr. Jarvis, is young Mr. Finch, uncle to the said gentleman, only child of the head of our house, who have been taken into our firm at the late (I am not to say), but we're to be taken into it."—(Here Owen could not refuse). "But, however—"

"O, I have heard of that man," said the merchant, interrupting him; "it is he principal, like an obstinate said face, and wad be wad he no, and a man that is a stage-player, in pure dish, to an honest man should live by. Weel, sir, to your handwriting? Will Hamlet be read with this handwriting?"

"I don't deserve your thanks," replied Mr. Jarvis, "respect your motive, and am too grateful a resistance you have afforded Mr. Owen when you perhaps very little) to aid Mr. Owen in the interest of my father's affairs, My dispute of the cause is not a feeling of which I am alone a sole judge."

"I protest," said the Highland, "I respect for this callant even before the laws;"
in him; but now I honor him for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and see-like mechanical persons and their permission."

"You need, Rob," said the Bailie, "as a man of business, you know at what month than March, and at Martinmas, is more than I ever was well. See!-you and your craft, and the squires and the sober men."

When, however, I recollected the circumstance in which we formerly met, I could not doubt that the billet was most probably designed for him. He had made a mark of his finger on those precious escutcheons over which Diana seemed to exercise an influence, and from whom she experienced an influence in return. In this he had been so thinking, and, as it were, saying that an opening was being an approachable to the one of the Raisheigh Osbdalston had, at the instigation of Miss Vernon, certainly found means to produce Mr. Campbell when his presence was necessary, to exculpate me from Miss Rutherford's accusation." Was it not possible that her influence, in like manner, might prevail on Campbell to produce Raisheigh! Speaking on this supposition, I requested to know where my dashing litterman was, and when Mr. Campbell had seen him. The answer was indirect.

"It's a kit of brother," said he, "and I opened the parcel. A slight current of wind, which found its way through a broken pane of the window, wafted the letter to Mr. Fairlie's feet, who lifted it, studied it, and read it. The letter then passed to me, and, from astonishment, handed it to his Highland litterman, saying, "Here's a wised has blown a letter."

The Highlanders having examined the address, broke the letter open without the least ceremony. I was instructed to interrupt his proceeding.

"You must satisfy me, sir," said I, "that the letter is intended for you before I can permit you to proceed."

"Make yourself quite easy, Mr. Osbdalstone," replied the mountaineer, with great composure—"I remember Justice Inglewood, Clerk Johnson, Mr. McMorris—above all, remember your weary humble servant Robert Cawmil, and the beautiful Diana Vernon. Beaccerab 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 features of this man, though imperfectly seen, haunted me. I passed to collections to which I could attach no exact local or personal associations. But now the light dawned on me at once—that man was Campbell himself. His whole peculiarities flashed on me at once in this operatic scene, the gate-wit the Highland, the stern, yet considerate ess of features—the Scottish brogue, with its corresponding dialect and imagery, which, though these last, possessed the power, at times of laying them aside, recurred at every moment of emotion, and gave a pit to his sarcasm, or vehemence to his exposalation. Rather beneath the middle size than above it, his limbs were formed upon the very strong-est 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 for a high degree of perfection. Two points in his appearance interfered with the rules of symmetry—his shoulders were so broad in proportion to his height, and his legs so long, and the least appearance of this frame, gave him something the air of being too square in respect to his stature; and his arms, though strong, were not supple, and gave him a rather a deformity. I afterwards heard that this length of arm was a circumstance in which he prided himself; that when he wore his native Highland coat, he had been told by those for whom he manufactured these garments, that this was an affectation of an handsome man; it gave something wild, irregular, and, as it were, uncomely, to his person, and on this account was objected to."

"Hous awa wi your gentility," replied the Bailie, "carry your gentle bluid to the Cross, and see what ye'll buy wi! It's time to come, wad ye really and soothingly pay me the siller!"

"I swear to ye," said the Highlander, "upon the haldim of him that sleeps beneath the grey stanes at Inch-Cailleach.""

"Say nae mair, Robin,—say nae mair!—We'll see what may be done,—but ye must expect me to go to—ye shall expect me to go."

"Nae fear—nae fear," said Campbell, "I'll be as true as the steel blades that never failed its master,—But I must be budding, conceit, for the air o' Glasgow tobooth is no that o'er salutary to a Highlanders constitution."

"Troth," replied the merchant, "and if my duty were to be done, ye couldna change your atmosphere, as the minister. His sense would bear witness to the claim that I and ever be concerned in aiding and abetting an escape frane justice! it will be a shame and a disgrace to me and mine, and my very father's memory, for ever."

"Inch-Cailleach is an island in Lochblessied, where the Duke of MacGregor was to be interred, and where thir separat ootl all be cut. Campbell, the minster o' Inch-Cailleach, or the island o' Old Woman, was to be the minster o' Inch-Cailleach, or the island o' Old Woman."

"Ye regared Mitchellward in ancient times, who, according to her tradition, were a sort of half-godly half-human beings, distinguished, like this man, for courage, cunning, ferocity, the length of their arms, and the strength of their limbs."

Vol. 11.
“Hoot toot, man, let that fife stick in the way,” answered his kinsman; “when the dirt’s dry it will rub out—Your father, honest man, could look over a friend as well as he could over his fruit trees, and he always ended his words with, ‘Ye’ll no’ have forgotten him, Robin?’

This question he put in a sooty tone, conveying as much at least of the ludicrous as the pathetic.

“Ye may be right, Robin,” replied the Ballie, after a moment’s reflection; “he was a considerate man that, at least. But we had a' our fruities and he said to his todo’s friends—Ye’ll no’ have forgotten him, Robin?”

For some time they played the game, what said all me to forget him?—a mapping weaver he was, and wrought my first pair o’ hose—But come now.

“Comes fill up my can, comes fill up my can, Comes saddle my horse, and call up my man; Comes, let me give you, I durn cab stay longer in Bobby Dundie.”

“Whist, sir!” said the magistrat; in an authoritative tone—literally and singing as near the latter end o’ the Sabbath. This house may have been built of straw and the wonder, how, it came into these premises without his knowledge; but Mr. Jarvis’s Friends o’ mine, Stanchells, friends o’ mine, enabled me to get in touch with an errand boy. We now come into the lower vestibule and holloed more than once for Dougall, to which no answer was returned, when Campbell and I observed with a sardonic smile, “That if Dougall was the lad he kept him, he would scarce wait to give thanks for his own share of the night’s work, but was in all probability on the full trot back to the patisserie.”

“And left me—and, abune a’, me, myself, locked up in the booth, a’ night!” exclaimed the Ballie, in a sort of derision, for well do I remember with a sardonic smile.

“When ye catch him,” said Campbell, gravely; “but stay, the door is sure not locked.”

Indeed, on examination, we found that the door was not only left open, but that Dougall in his retreat had, by carrying off the keys along with him, taken care that no one should exercise his office of porter in a hurry.

“He has glimmers o’ common sense now, that croony Dougall,” said Campbell; “he in an open door never has serv’d me at a loss.

We were by this time in the street.

“I tell you, Robin,” said the magistrat, “in my pair mind, if ye live the life ye do, ye should have a’ yo’ doors and all your keepers in every jail in Southland, in case o’ the worst.”

“Ane o’ my kinsmen, a ballie in ilk bugh will just as readily step into the hostelry and give a night or gudd-morning to ye; and forget not the Clisham of Aberfoyle!”

And without waiting for an answer, he sprang to the other side of the street, and was lost in darkness. Immediately on his disappearance, we heard him give a low whistle of peculiar modulation; which was instantly replied to.

“Hoot to the Hieland dovels,” said Mr. Jarvis; “they think themselves on the skirts o’ Benlomond already, where they may gang wheewing and whistling about without minding Sunday or Saturday.”

Here he was interrupted by something which fell with a heavy clatter on the street before us—“Gude guide us, what’s this mair o’?”

Dead up the lantern—Conscience! If it isna the keys—Well, that’s just as weel—they cost the bugh shiller, and there might have been some clavures about the loss of them. But we had the keys, and we had got them; then, by this night’s job, it will be sae a hair in my neck!”

As we were still but a few steps from the tollbooth door, we found two implements of office and consigned them to the head jailer, 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 Celtic fuggitive Dougall.

Having discharged this piece of duty to the best, and most to our satisfaction, we returned to the magistrat’s, I profited by the light of his lantern, and he by my arm, to find our way through the side streets, where the sun was not yet up; and though the sky was then dark, unevent, and ill-paved. Age is easily proscribed by attentions from the young. The Ballie expressed himself interested in me, and added, “That since I was a nae o’ them, wheewing and playing-gang generation, whom his soul hated, he was glad if I wad eat a rested haddock, or a fresh herring at breakfast; for the mood of the morn, and my friend Mr. Owen, whom, by that time, he would place at liberty.

“My dear sir,” said I, when I had accepted the invitation with thanks, “how could you possibly connect me with the stage?”

“I wents,” replied Mr. Jarvis; “it was a blatherin’ phrase; they call it Fairweather, that came at six to get an order to send the crier through the town for ye at a high o’ the day the morn. He tell me what ye was, and how ye were sent from your father’s home; because ye wadna be a trader, and that ye mightna disgrace your family; going on to raise the lustre of the Ham-morgaw, our presentor, brought him here, and said he was an auld acquaintance; but I saw them both in a fit o’ nature, a’ that together, and clean mists about ye. I like ye, m’an,” he continued; “I like a lad that will stand up by his country with a sardonic smile; if ye did the deacon my father, rest and bless him! But ye suldna keep ower muckle company wi’ Hielandmen and these wild cattle. Can a man touch touch and we be defined by that? Nae doubt, the best and wisest may o’re. Once, twice, and thrice have I lack-sidden, man, and done three things this night—my father would be well pleased if he could have looked up and seen me do them.

He was by this time arrived at the door of his own dwelling. He paused, however, on the threshold, and went on in a solemn tone of deep consideration.

“Firstly, I have thought my ain thoughts on the Sabbath—Secondly, I ha’e given security for an Englishman—yes, in the third and last place, to-day I ha’e let an ill-doer escape from the place of imprisonment—but there’s balm in Gilead, Mr. Osbaldestone—Mattie, I can let myself in—see Mr. Osbaldestone to Luckie Flyer’s, at the corner o’ the wynd—Mr. Osbaldestone—in a whisper—ye’ll see my incivility to Mattie—she’s an honest man’s daughter, and a near cousin o’ the Laird o’ Linnfield.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

“Will ye please your worship to accept of my best regards?” I besought that he may need upon your beard, hoarse brow, and drink of your drink, though it be the best; for I will give you an order to send the head bailie another mess for three pounds.”

Granta’s Essays.

I REMEMBERED the honest Ballie’s parting charge but did not conceive there was any incivility in adding a kiss to the half-crown with which I remun-
sitting over a cup of tea, as they called it, (at my expense, as my bill afterwards informed me,) in order to deliver a little of their confidential communications to each other. That was the prettiest home entertainment which I had ever seen. They might be regarded as friends without further decoration. It was a pleasant privilege than I did not suppress my displeasure at this impermanent interference with my affairs; but Andrew set out for the city on the same day, and was, I think, a slightly helped by the sight of himself, so that he could not have been at the same time both his peace and my patience.

"Admitting that my honour could part with a faithful servant, that had served me and mine by day and night for twenty years, in a strange place, and at a moment's warning, he was well assured," he said, "it was a beak in my heart, nor in true gentleman's, to pit a pair lad like himself, that had come forty or fifty, or say a hundred miles out o' his road purely to bear my honour company, and that had nee handling but his own tenenny, to ace a handmaud as this comes to.

I think it was you, Kill, who once told me, that, to be an obstinate man, I am in certain things the most gullible and indolent of mankind himself rather than a preceptor than a domestic.

Accordingly in the morning I resumed my purpose, and calling Andrew into my apartment, requested to have some further conversation with him, rather than a somewhat serious one, as Glasgow. Mr. Fairservice looked very blank at this demand, justly considering it as a preface to an aggravating discussion.

"Your honour," he said, after some hesitation, "is as thick a think—wanna think?"

"Speak out, you rascal, or I'll break your head," said I, as Andrew, between the double risk of losing all by asking too much, or a part, by stating his demand lower than what I might be willing to pay, stood grappling in the agony of doubt and calculation.

Out it came with a bolt, however, at my threats; as the kind violence of a blow on the back sometimes upsets the windpipe from an intrusive morsel. "Aughteen pennies sterling per diem—that is by the day—your honour wadna think unconscionable."

"It is double what is usual, and treble what you accept, Andrew; but there's a guinea for you, and get along.

The Lord forgoes us! Is your honour mad?" exclaimed Andrew.

"I think you mean to make me so—I give you a third above your demand, and you stand staring and expectolytising there as if I were cheating you."

"This is my money, and go about your business."

"Agreeable to your want, and as you have thought of me, that can I have offended your honour?—Certainly a absent from the field, but if a bed of camomile have still value in medicine, of a sure the use of Andrew Fairservice to your honour is nothing less evident. It is a snuggle as your life's worth to part wi' me."

"Upon your honour," replied I, "it is difficult to say whether you are more grave or gay; so you intend to remain with me whether I like it or no?"

"Troth, I was a' thinking san," replied Andrew, "but my honour seems as if he were in a religious and solitary state of grace, and I am not disposed to disturb it."

"Your place, sir," said I; "why you are not hired justly in your kind of mine, you are merely a guide, whose knowledge of the country I availed myself of on my honour's solicitations. A man might make wetly and wi' a clear conscience, twenty stereotyped per annum, weed counted siller, of the course, and get up the capital to do honour to our landlord's hospitable cheer, to his tea, right from China, which he got in a present from some eminent China-housekeeper in his town, to his office, this snug plantation of his own, as he informed us as with a wink, called Salt-market Grove, in the island of Jamaica,—to his English
thought he saw a friend, a fellow chimney sweeps, who was coming towards him. He hastened to clean his hands and face, and was about to return to the cottage when he noticed a youth who seemed to be in distress, holding a letter in his hand. He watched the youth as he walked towards the cottage, and when the youth knocked at the door, he opened it and invited him in.

The youth was a young gentleman, and he explained that he was a scholarship holder at a nearby school. He was on his way home when he found himself lost, and he had no money to pay for his lodging. The chimney sweep took pity on him and offered to let him stay at the cottage, provided he could help with the chores.

The youth accepted the offer, and they began to work together. The chimney sweep taught him the trade, and the youth worked hard to earn his keep. Over time, they became good friends, and the youth even invited the chimney sweep to his school to see the city and its attractions.

The chimney sweep was delighted by the offer, and he agreed to go with the youth. They traveled to the city, and the chimney sweep was amazed by the sights and sounds of the city. He had never seen such a place before, and he was eager to learn more about it.

As they walked through the city, the youth pointed out all the interesting buildings and landmarks. The chimney sweep was fascinated by the architecture and the history of the city, and he listened intently to the youth's explanations.

They visited the church, where the youth showed him the beautiful stained glass windows and the intricate carvings on the walls. They also visited the museum, where the youth explained the history of the city and the importance of preserving its history.

The chimney sweep was grateful to the youth for all his efforts and hospitality. He knew that he had found a true friend in the youth, and he promised to repay him in any way he could.

The youth smiled and said, "My only request is that you come with me to my school and meet my friends. I know they would love to meet you and learn about your life in the countryside."

The chimney sweep agreed, and they continued on their journey. They arrived at the school, where the youth introduced the chimney sweep to his friends. The chimney sweep was welcomed warmly, and he spent the rest of the day talking about his life and experiences.

As they walked back to the cottage, the chimney sweep thought about the youth's kindness and the beautiful city they had visited. He knew that he had found something special in the youth, and he looked forward to seeing him again and learning more about his life.

The chimney sweep returned home happy and content, knowing that he had made a new friend and experienced something truly wonderful.
never to be washed out but by blood!—for the
various times you have crossed my path, and always in
the same spirit, I have never before seen you under
any pretence—and even then, as a last, desperate effort. If
you seek to traverse schemes, the importance of which
you neither know nor are capable of estimating,—for
all these, sir, you owe me a long account, for which
your debt shall come on this day of reckoning.

"Let it come when it will," I replied, "I shall be
willing and ready to meet it." Yet you seem to have
forgotten the horrid fact—that I have changed my mind
to suit Miss Vernon's good sense and virtuous feeling
in extirpating her from your infamous toil.

I think his dark eyes flashed actual fire at this
home-seat, and his voice, ulcrid in a cold, sarcastic
tone with which he had hitherto con-
ducted the conversation.

"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 former
education. But I see you will draw on yourself the per-
nounced chastisement your baser insinuations so well
merit. Follow me to a more remote spot, where
we are less likely to be interrupted."

I followed him accordingly, keeping a strict eye on
his motions, for I believed him capable of the very
worse actions. We reached an open spot in a sort of
wilderness laid out in the Dutch taste, with clipped
hedges, and one large tree rudely planted, to be,
resembled to be renders remained to be known. This,
however, I trusted to chance; and, flinging back the
whoal cloth that covered my head and folded
of the low hedge, and presented myself before Rasha-
leigh, as in a deep reverse, he paced down the avenue.
Rashleigh was no man to be surprised or thrown
off guard with sudden movements. Yet he did and
find me thus close to him, wearing undoubtedly
in my face the marks of that indignation which was
gleaming in my bosom, was very strikingly at
an apparition so sudden and so menacing.

"You are well met, sir," was my commencement;
"I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in
quest of you."

"You know little of him you sought then," replied
Rashleigh, with his usual unadulterated composure,
"I can easily found by my friends—still more easily
by my foes;—your manner compels me to ask in
which class I must rank Mr. Francis Osbaldstone?"

"In that of your foes, sir," I answered; "in that
of your mortal foes, unless you instantly do justice
to your benefactor, my father, by accounting for
his property."

Addressed to whom, Mr. Osbaldstone," answered
Rashleigh, "am I, a member of your father's com-
ercial establishment, to be compelled to give any
account of my proceedings in those concerns, which
are the domestic concerns of your household? I will
not to a young gentleman whose exquisite taste for
literature would render such discussions distasteful.

"Your speech, sir, is no answer; I will not part
with you until I have full satisfaction concerning the
fraud you meditate—you shall go with me before a
magistrate."

"Let so," said Rashleigh, and made a step or two
in to accompany me; then passing proceeded:—
"Before I inclined to do as you would have me,
you could soon feel which of us had most reason to
and the presence of a magistrate. But I have no
knowledge of your rate. Go, young man; I am
known to have the best of world's poetical imagina-
tion and business of life to those who understand
and conduct it.

"The intention I believe, was to provoke me, and
I succeeded. "Mr. Osbaldstone," I said, "this
class of calm insolence shall not avail you. You
ought to be aware that the name we boldly bear
is the name of insult, and shall not in person be
used to it."

"You remind me," said Rashleigh, with one of
his broad smiles of Rishi.

"The hugest of hogs"—but keep it in your head—and you remind me also by whom! Do
think I have forgotten the evening at Osbal-
dale, when you Cheops and with impunity
 proprietà my expense? For that inad-

37
enemy, seizing with my left hand the hill of his sword, and aborning my own with the purpose of running some broad to the death body was interrupted by a man who forcibly threw himself between us, and pushing us separate from each other in the midst of the crowd, in an ear-piercing and commanding voice, "What's the sense of those fathers who sucked the same breast shedding each other's blood as it were strangers!—By the hand of my father, I will cleanse to the death body of this first man!—Who's that other stroke!"

I looked up in astonishment. The speaker was no other than Campbell. He had a basket-hilted broadsword in his hand, which he made to ride around his head as he spoke, as if for the purpose of enforcing his mediation. Rashleigh and I stared in silence at this unexpected intruder, who proceeded to exhort us alternately: "Do you, Mr. Francis, opine that ye will re-establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's threaple, or getting your son snuck it instead thereof in the College-yards of Glasgow?—Or do you, Mr. Rashleigh, think men will trust your lives and fortunes w'ine, that, when in point of trust and in point of confidence w'ie a great political intrigue, gauge about brawling like a drunken crew?—Nay, never look gash or grin at me, man—if ye're angry, ye ken how to turn the buckle o' your belt behind you without trouble."

"You presume on my present situation," replied Rashleigh, "or you would hardly dare to interfere where my honour is concerned."—"Then, to discover what for should it be presuming?—Ye may be the richer man, Mr. Osaldfistone, as is most likely; and ye may be the nearer learned, while, I dispute not: but I reckon ye are neither a prettier man nor a better gentleman than myself— and it will be news to me when I hear ye are as gude. And dars too?—Muckle daring there's about it—I warn here I stand, that has alashed as bet a haggis as any o' the twa' o' ye, and thought nae muckle o' my morning's work when it was done. If my courage be as fair as it's on the causeray, or this pickle gravel, that's little better, I have been war mistyrad than if I were set to gie ye bash your set ing o' the sword."

Rashleigh had by this 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 chastised his forwardness more severely."

"Are ye hurt, lad?" inquired Campbell of me, with some appearance of interest.

"No, Sir," I answered, "which my kind cousin would not have boasted of had not you come between us."

"But the collector creature," said Campbell; "for the cauld iron and your best blue were like to have become acquaintance when I mastered Mr. Frank's right hand. But never look like a now plow'd furrow, nor the hovels o' that, Mr. Never-since and walk w'ie."

I have 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-hole."

"Pardon me, sir," said I, "Your intentions have seemed friendly to me on more occasions than one; but I must not, and will not, quit sight 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."

"Aye, a man," replied Campbell, "it will serve ye naething to follow us e'ow, ye has just snow o' me, as man, wad ye bring thwag on your head, and might hide quiet?"

"If ye wish it," 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, "Here's another, Mr. Gregor, he rushes on his Retzil—w'it he is my fault if he falls into it?—The warrants are by this time ready, and all is prepared."

The Scottichman was obviously embarrassed. He turned upon his heel, and beckoned to one of the prickers who had brought him, and then said: "The n'er-a bit will I yield my consent to his being ill-guided, for standing up for the father that got him—and I' gue the main and mine to a sort o' injustice, justice, bailiffs, sheriffs, sheriff-officer, constables, and sir-like black coats that has been the nigger of a pair and Scotsgeil for a year—it was a merry warf when every man bided his ain gear w' his ain grip, and when the country wasna flashed w' warrants and pointings and a sea o' evidences, and when I say it, my conscience wunna see this pur thoughtless lad ill-guided, and especially w' that sort o' trade. I was rather ye tell til' again, and sought it out like dugs before me."

"Your conscience, MacGregor?" said Rashleigh, "you forget how long you and I have known each other."

"Yes, my conscience," reiterated Campbell or MacGregor, or whatever was his name; "I bae such a thing about me, Mr. Osaldfistone; and therein it may weel chance that I have the better o' ye. As to our knowledge of each other,—if ye ken what I am, ye ken what usage it was made me what I am; and, whatever you may think, I would not change states with the proudest of the oppressors that has driven me to tak the heather-bush for a beard. What you are, Mr. Rashleigh, and what excuse ye has for being what you are, is between ourselves and the lang day.—And now, Mr. Francis, let go his collar; for he says truly, that ye are in man danger from a bigger than he is, and that he is as straight as an arrow, he wad find a way to put you wrong.—So let go his craig, as I was saying."

He accounted his words with some obscurity and uneasiness; but he freed Rashleigh from my hold, and security, notwithstanding my struggles, in his own Herculene gripe, he called me, "Take the best, Mr. Francis, me as pair o' hands; ye has done that before now."

"You may thank this gentleman, kinsman," said Rashleigh, I leave any part of my debt to you unperformed, and if I get you into the keep we shall soon meet again without the possibility of interruption."

He took his sword, wiped it, sheathed it, and was lost among the bushes.

The Scottichman, partly by force, partly by remonstrance, prevented my following him; indeed, I began to be of opinion my doing so would be to little purpose:

"As I live by bread," said Campbell, when after one or two struggles in which he used much forbearance towards me, he perceived me inclined to speak quietly, "I never saw sae daft a callant! I wad hae gien the best man in the country the weel putty good kick at him, and with as weel as he has done. What wad ye do? Wad ye follow the wolf to his den?—I tell ye, man, he has the said trust for ye. He has the said trust for ye—ye's the said story again, and ye maun look for help frae nie horn, as ye got at Justice Ingliswood. It was good for my health to come in the gate o' the whitgown hell before, and like a gude bairn—jockt and let the jaw gae by—Keep o' icht night o' Rashleigh, and Morris, and that Mac-Yte's ganma—Mind the Clanchan of Aberfoill, as I was before, and, by the word of a gentleman, I wunt ye was wranged. But keep a calm sough till we meet again—I' man gae and get Rashleigh out o' the keep afore war comes o', for the nab o' him's never an o' mishap—Mind the Clanchan of Aberfoill."

He turned upon his heel, and left me to reason the singular events which had befallen me. My care was to adjust my dress and re-assume my condescending it, so as to conceal the blood which ran down my right side. It had scarcely accosted me, when the gardener of the college, who preceded the guardsman to be filled with perturbed students. I therefore left them as soon as possible, and in my way towards Mr. Jarvis, who was at that hour was approaching me, I stopped at a pretentious shop, the sign of which intimated to the dwelling to be Christopher Nielsen, surgeon and druggist. I knocked at the door and was stopped behind a little boy who was picking some stuff in the mortar, that he would prevent an audience of this learned pharmacopoeia, opened the door of the shop, where I saw an elderly man, who shook his head and reso..."
CHAPTER XXVI. ROB BOY.

At some idle account I gave him of having been wounded accidently by the butt-break breaking off my my arm, and when he had some slight and some what else he thought proper to the trifling wound I had received, he observed, "There were no butt on the foil that made it." Ah! young blood! young blood!—But we surgeons are a secret generation—if it were for hot blood and ill blood, what would become of man? and without my ingenuity I only don’t know how to treat the wound I had received, which I did not think worthy of notice. Mr. Jarvis listened with great attention and apparent interest, twitting his little gray eyes, taking only a cursory view of my wound, and making brief interjections. When I came to the account of the recouper, at which Owen folded his hands and cast up his eyes to Heaven, the very image of woful surprise, Mr. Jarvis broke in upon the narration with "Wrag—now—clean-raw—to draw a sword on your kinman 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 nay better privileged—they should be a place of peace and quietness, I know. The College did not get gale 600 a-year out of bishop’s rents, (sorrow for the breed of bishops and their rents too!) nor yet a lease of the Archaeopriick of Glass- 

The line is lost.

The bag glee and hospitality, compelling, however, Owen and myself to do rather more justice to the matter, dinner was served, and the room, excluding, "Robin again!—Robert’s mad—clean wad, and waur—Rob will be hanged, and dis- grace his king’s name. What's the matter with him?" I tell you. My father the deacon wrung him his first hand—odd, I am thinking Deacon Threepie, the rope-spiruer, will be twisting his last cravat. Ay, ay, pur Robin is in a fair way of being hanged—come awa’—come awa’—let’s hear the lave o’t!

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 Ingle- 

We found the liquor excessively palatable, and it led to a long conversation between Owen and my 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 carg 

"Ye are right, Mr. Owen; ye are right; ye speak wello and wisely; and I trust bowls will row right, though they are awesome e’erone. But touching Robin, I am of opinion he will be wise, if it is in his power. He has a gude heart, poor Robin; and though I lost, a matter o’ twa hundred pundis wi’ his former engagements, and hastype-

"Assuredly, Mr. Jarvis," said our friend Owen, "credit is the sum total; and if we can but save that, at whatever discount.

"Ye spak richt, Mr. Owen; ye spak richt; ye speak wello and wisely; and I trust bows will row right, though they are awesome e’erone. But touching Robin, I am of opinion he will be wise, if it is in his power. He has a gude heart, poor Robin; and though I lost, a matter o’ twa hundred pundis wi’ his former engagements, and hastype-

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his expectation ever to see both: my thousand pund is not so large that he promises me o' mornin', yet I will never say but what Robin means fairly a' mean.

"I am then to consider him," I replied, "as an honest man?"

"Truly," replied Jarvis, "with a precautionary sort of cough. — "Ay, he has a kind o' Midland honesty — he's honest after a sort, as they say. My father does me the justice to say how that by-word came up. Ane Captain Cockle was cracking crouse about his loyalty to King Charles, and Clark Peggotty (you'll have money a tale of him) tells me that all manner he served the king, when he was fighting again him at Worcester in Cromwell's army; and Captain Cockle was a ready body, and said that he served him after a sort. My honest father used to laugh weat at that sport; and see the by-word came up."

"But do you think," I said, "that the man will be able to serve me after a sort, or should I trust myself to this place of rendezvous which he has given me?"

"Gently and fairly, it's worth trying. Ye see yourself there's some risk in your staying here. This bit body Morris has gotten a custom-house place down at Greenock—there's a port on the Firth down by here; and the 'e' the wall keeps him to be but a cow, a horse, a creature, wi' a goose's head and a hen's heart, that goes about on the easy pleasuring fork about permits, and dockets, and dockets; and that what you call a pertinacious, — yet, if he holds on as an informer, — nae doubt a man in magnetical duty meant to stand, and ye might come to be clapped up between four walls, whilk be ill-conveniencive to your father's affairs." —  

"True," I observed; "yet what service am I likely to render him by leaving Glasgow, which, it is probable, will be the scene of his late father's engagements, and committing myself to the doubtful faith of a man of whom I know little but that he fears justice, and has double-blessed reasons for doing so and for that some secret, and probably dangerous purpose, he is in close league and alliance with the very person who is like to be the author of our woe."

"Ah! but ye judge Rob hardly," said the Bailie, "ye judge him hardly, pair child; and the truth is, ye kens nothing about our hill country, or Hieland, as we call it. They are clean another sette; the same lads, with the same business, but a different hand at it, and a different fashion. There's nae bairns-courts among them—nae magistrates that dinsae bear the sword in vain, like the worthier persons that are o' the laird's, and I may say, lichtly and other present magistrates in this city—But it's just the laird's command, and the law maun leep; and the never another law, as they ha' law as length as the broadsword, the pike or the musket, or the hand-slaughter, as ye Englishers call it, and the target is defender; the stoutest hand bears largest charge and there's a by of this."

Owen groaned deeply; and I allow that the description did not greatly increase my desire to trust myself in a country so lawless as he described these Scottish mountains.

"Now, sir," said Jarvis, "we speak little o' these things, because they are familiar to ourselves; and where's the use o' divulging such a country, and bringing a discredit o' a true kin, before southrons and strangers? It's an ill bird that flies its sins nest."

"Well, sir, but as its is no uncommon curiosity of mine, what do you propose to make these inquiries, I hope you will not be offended at my pressing for a little further information. I have to do, on my father's account, with several gentlemen of those wild countries, and I must trust your good sense and experience for the requisite lights upon the subject."

This little morrow of flattery was not thrown out in vain.

"Experience," said the Bailie, "I have had experience, and I have heard some conversations—Ay, and to speak quietly among ourselves, I have made some persuasions through Andrew Wylie, wi' an idyl about the weather or wi' MacVittie and Co., no' that he's at the White Horse, — but he's whilset a drinkin' at the publican afternoon wi' the said master. And since ye are willing to be guided by the Glasgow weaver's body to Scotland, I may the man that will refuse it to the son of all and correspondent, and my father the dean in the said place was so abused. I have whistles through o' lungs a' the windmills, and I'll speak the weather to you before the Lord Holy, (for wherasfore should he drive me into the bounds?) but the like o' those grun men willna make the like o' me, a pure weaver's body. They are more than o' what the thing is that's said. The mair's the pity—mair's the pity for us. I said ye would speak askil o' this MacVittie and Co. We're comin' to the end, and the end, as the proverbs run, for a bird of the air shall carry the dace, ane pint-stoupes has lang legs.

I interrupted these proceedings, in which Mr. Jarvis was not to be somewhat diffused, by praying him to rely upon Mr. Owen and myself as strictly secret and safe confidential.

"It's no for that," he replied, "for I fear me — — what for said I? I speak nae treason. Only the Hielandmen has lang gusps, and I wi' whispe' ye up the glens to see some said knowles and I wadna willingly be an ash bede wi' sae thy dae.

Howsoever, to proceed—Ye must enter, I found my remarks on figures, whilk, as it's nae only true demonstrative nor human knowledge."

Owen readily assented to a proposition such as his own way, and our course about twa kins of passer by, branches of heights and boughs, woods, aven, over the tops of height and bough, and there, as the truth can be only true demonstrative of human knowledge.

Owen readily assented to a proposition such as is his own way, and our course about twa kins of passer by, branches of heights and boughs, woods, aven, over the tops of height and bough, and there, as the truth can be only true demonstrative of human knowledge. —

"Let us add one fifth to 500 to be the multiplication, 520 being the multiplied.

"The producer," said Mr. Owen, as high-lighted into these statistics of Mr. Judge Adam smelted 520,000.
employed and maintained in a sort o' fashion, wi' some chance of sour-pool and crowdie; but I wad be glad to see the lads at th' oars o' me, and Reckon I wad gie 'em a buckin' if I wadna lone at it. In the name of God! said I, what do they do, Mr. Jarvis? It makes me shudder to think of their situation.

"Sir," replied the Beilie, "ye war maybe shudder mair if ye were living near-hand them. For, admitting that the sea-bird of th' place may make some little耍 of 'em, there is a possibility o' their livelihood, by ramming in harp, droving, haymaking, and the like; ye has many handfuls and thousands o' lambs-ganged Hans, and mair yet yest hame, where the men gang thieving and sconce, and are likely to be yet on their acquaintance, or live by doing the laird's bidding, right or wrong. And mair especially, masty hand- ed o' them come down to the borders of the land country, there where's gear to grip, and live by stand ing, reviving, lifting cows, and the like depositions.

A-things discomfiting in every Christian country—rarely especially, that they take pride in it, and reckon driving a swareng (which is, in plain Scots, stealing a beast o' beastie) a gullant, manly act, and mark bearskin of young men (as sic reivers will cae them-) shall than to win a day's wage by any honest thrift. And the lairds are as bad as the loons; for if they disfavour a man, they do it in a hard way, and, as it were, for a bit, they forbid them; and they shelter them, or let them shelter themselves, in their woods, and mountains, and strongholds, wherever the thing's done. And every sort o' gait is present in thir bands, from the men o' arms, to the clan, as we say, as can ma and read means for; or, whilks the same thing, as many, as one can give a fair deal, man the them, and speak them as wi', podcasts, and them they are wi', gun and pistol, dart and dastrech, ready to disturb the peace o' the country whenever the wind o' them; and there's the grievances of the Highlanders, worth, and has been for these thousand years and by-past, a biko o' the maest lawless undisciplined lango- mares that ever disturbed a dene, quiet, Godloving, respectin' their own laws, and of theirs, the man that's lawed.

"And this kinsman of yours, and friend o' mine, is he one of these great proprietors who maintain the honor and respect o' your inquirin'?

"Na," said Mr. Jarvis, "he's nae your great grandseas o' chieft, as they cae them, neither. Though he's west-born, and illicitly descended frae Glenstrae—leren his likeness—indeed he is a near kinsman, and, as I said, of gude gentl Hieland blade, though ye may think weet that I care little about that sort—the son, it was, in the midst, in a waist, in a waist, that their father, the late Mr. Glenstrae, to my father Daccey Jarvis, peace be wi' his memory!—therefore, I got him to the elghe mett o' this kinsman to command, they sear at least, a' about bor-rowed slyly, in the gude daceau, that's dead and gone, keept as documents. He was a gude man,

"But if he is not," I resumed, "one of their chief or principal justices, whom I have heard my father talk o', these kindness of yours has, at least, to such in the Highlands, I presume?

"Ye may say that—see name better known between the Lennox and Brodsworth. Rob was once a weel-doing, pair-taking drover, as ye wad see among ten thousand. It was a pleasure to see him in his breast and crop, wi' his target at his horse's head, or his bell, or in a hundred Highland spots, and a dozen o' the gillies, saurhead and ragged as the beasts they drove. And he was hale health in just in his dealings, and if he thought the laird slipp'd, he gie him a buckin' or a couple, and said, "Here you are, Mr. Jarvis, out o' the pocket,' and as such it must be, as there's none else who can give the insurance, or pay the insurance, or what usally happens, in case any one refuses payment of this tribute?"

"But," said I, "Mr. Jarvis, is this contract of black-mail, as you call it, completely voluntary on the part of the landlord or farmer who pays the insurance, or what usally happens, in case any one refuses payment of this tribute?"

"Ah, lad," said the Bailie, "it's hard to say, but I can't say the black-mail is easy to come by Rob. For, when he's been, and do what they like, they are not apt to be harried when the long nights come on. Some o' the Graeme and Cohoe gentility stood out; but what then?—they lost their bail stock the first winter; one man fell sick, and the other, and the third, and the delicacy will stand only that he has to give. The word is, or was, used in Scotland, in the same of Scotchman, and meant a sly, clever, shrewd fellow, pressed and hand at his weapons.
dipped," I suppose he has rendered himself amenable to the laws of the country?"

"Amenable?—ye may say that; his c craig Wade ken the weight o' his hurldies if they could get hand o' Rob. But he has gude friends among the girt folks; and he has gude ye that keeps in as far as they decently can, to be a thorn in the side of another. And then he's sic an ail-farran lang'-mouthed, may he break a chance o' catching in our time; mony a daik reik he has played—mae then was fill a book, and a queer ane it wad be— as gude as Robin Hood, or William Wallace—s' fu' o' ven'-turns. Yer see, he's a dashing one, and a lassie at Kintore. Took mony a mair beside, and your father's house has granted large bills in payment, and as the credit o' Osbaldston and Treham was gude—for I'll say before Mr. Owen's face as I wad behind his back, that bating misfortunes o' the Lord's sending, nae man could be mair honourable in business, the Hieland gentlemen, holders o' these bills, has fou'd credit in Glasgow and Edinburgh—I might amaze say is Glasgow wholly, for it's little the pridefu' Edinburgh folk do in real business)—for all, or the greater part of the contents o' these bills. —So that—Ah! d'ye say me now?"

"I confined I could not quite follow his drift."

"Wricht," said he, "if these bills are not paid, the Glasgow merchant comes on the Hieland bolls, who has deil a boddle o' aiter, and will like ill to spew the contents o' these bills. —They're rate—five hundred will reave that might din'ses sit at home—the bill will gae over Jock Webster—and the stopping if your father's house will instate the out-" ne'er the beast that's been see lang hale!

"You think, then," said I, surprised at this singular view of the case, "that Ralshie Osbaldston has done him a wrong that he has blane him for a raising in the Highlands, by discussing the gentleman to whom these bills were originally granted?"

"Doubtless—doubtless—it has been one mass ruin, but the bolls after all are worth something. For that makes comparatively but a summa part o' your father's loss, though it might make the major part o' Ralshie's direct gain. The assets he carried o' are of nae mair use to him than if he were to fight his pipe wi' them. He tried if Mac Vennie and Co. were gie him ailer on them—that I hear by Andrew Wylie—but they were owr auld cutys to draw that straw afore them—they kept aff and gae their word. Ralshie and bolls been went round in Glasgow, for he was here about some big business in paper— papistical trooking in seventeen hundred and seven debt a' the same. Na, na, because it gie the paper a' the business. But it's back o' it. Na, na, he'll hae the stuff safe at some o' that halls in the Hielands, and I daw sey wye caussie Rob could get at it gin he like."
the devil was laird, Bob was fit to be being tenant, and ye canna blame him, pit fellow, considering his cir-

stance. Ye canna blame the last laird again ye—Bob has a grey shear in his stable at home.对外的单词：

A gray mare?" said I. "What is that to the pur-

pose?"

"The wife, man—the wife—an awfu' wife she is. She downs bide the sight o' a kindly Scot, if he come

free the Lowlanders, far less of an Englisher, and shell'

no trust her at all, and she'll no trust King James, and ding
down King George."

"It is very singular," I replied, "that the merce-

naries should become involved with revolutions and rebellions."

"Not at a', man—not at a'," returned Mr. Jarvis,

that's a' your silly prejudices. I read whiles in

the Long dark nights, and I ha' read in Raker's

Chronicle, that the merchants o' London could gar

the Bank of Gnesk break their promise to advance

a mighty sum to the King of Spain, whereby the

sailing of the Grand Spanish Armada was put aff for

a hail year. What think you of that, sir?"

"That the merchants did their country's services, which ought to be hereafter remembered in

our histories.

I think it is so; and they would do weel, and de-

serve the good will of the nation, that they

would save three or four honest Hjlland gentlemen

free looping heads over heels in destruction, wi'

their pit knave's followers just where they cannot

be seen. The Plantationers would have the same

air—and save your father's credit—and my ain

gude ailler that Osbaldiston and Tramsh awe

me into the corner; and I couldna say if he could manage

this. I think it micht be done and said unto him, even

if he was a peer on the shuttle body, as unto one

who the king deightith to honor.

I am not prepared to the extent of public

gratitude," I replied; "but our own thankfulness, Mr. Jarvis, would be a commendation with the extent

of the obligation."

Which," added Mr. Owen, "we would endeavour
to balance with a per conve, the instant our Mr. Os-

baldiston, and the

"I doubtless—i doubtless—he is a very worthy gen-

tleman, and a sensible, and wi' some o' my lights

might do much business in Scotland—Weel, sir, if

these features could be redeemed out o' the hands o'

the Plantationers, they are gude paper—they are the right stuff when they are in the right hands, and

don't be in the hands o' Mr. Trumsh and Draymen

in Glasgow, for as little as ye may think o' se, Mr. Owen—tha's Sandie Stenman in the Trade's-Leid, and

John Pinie in Candergie, and another, that sail be

in the hands o' Mr. Trumsh. Mr. Jarvis, I should

hope, generously bestowed upon him in exchange for

Thorncraft's mire, he had contrived to part with it, and

procure in its stead an animal with so generous

a temper, that it seemed only to make use of three legs for the purpose of progression, while the fourth appeared as if meant to be

nourished in the air by way of accomplishment. "What do you mean by bringing such a creature at that here, sir?

and where is the pony you rode to Glasgow upon?"

were my very natural and impatient inquiries.

"It self's it, sir. It was a sleek beast, and wad

eaten its head aff, standing at Leckie Flytter's at

lively. And I ha' bught this on your honour's

account. It's a grand bargain—cost but a pence

sterling the foot—that's four a' thegither. The string-

hail will gas aff when it gane a mile; it's a weel-

darned danger; the canals have it."

"On my soul, sir!" said I, "you will never rest till

your saddle-jack and your shoulders become acquainted.

If you do not go instantly and procure the other

stroke, you shall pay the penalty of your ingenuity.

Andrew, notwithstanding my threats, continued to

battle the point, as he said it would cost him a guinea

per stone in the cabin and one in the hold. It was a

pity the landlord was not the owner of a certain

groom who was in the service of the postmaster of

this town, and no unacquainted with the

laws of the country, and the sheriff and the

Lennox, and the misfortune o' some folk losing life by him,

he was an honest man and made on oor oor blessing."

And that may for a time micht be a clever. —It

seekless, that is innocent."

CHAPTER XXVII.

For as the eye could reach no tree was seen,

Earth, clothed as the naked sky of heaven.

No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;

No bees was heard to be, no dove to see;

No streams, as amber smooth—as amber clear,

Went seen to glide, at heart to be 

Prophecy of Phleodas.

It was in the bracing atmosphere of a harvest

morning, that I met by appointment Fairiservice,

and with the horses and the sledge that I had placed

in a garage in Glasgow, for as little as ye may think of

it, Mr. Owen—that's Sandie Stearns in the Trade's-Leid, and

John Pinie in Candergie, and another, that sail be

in the hands of Mr. Trumsh. Mr. Jarvis, I would

hope, generously bestowed upon him in exchange for

Thorncraft's mire, he had contrived to part with it, and

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he was an honest man and made on oor oor blessing."

And that may for a time micht be a clever. —It

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turns乾坤，于无尽的宇宙中，他乘风破浪，冲破万吨巨轮的威势，将他的荣耀传播到四方。正如他所描绘的，他在冒险、挑战与胜利中不断前行，他的故事激励着人们向着梦想进发。
the own wild cheese, dried salmon, and bread, but all alike, that the horses had, in the meantime, discussed their corn, we resumed our travell apace, without any other vigour.

I had need of all the spirits a good dinner could give, to resist the deception which crept insensibly on my spirit, when I considered the uncertainty of my errand with the disagreeable aspect of the country through which it was leading me. Our road continued to be a passable one, but the waste land was over the mire, and the slender herbage that had travelled in the forefront. 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. The only excuse which my imagination received was, when again my eye fell on the rapids, and saw a part of the river to the left of a large assembly 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 differing greatly in point of interest, from that which we now travelled. The peaks of this screen of mountains were almost as high as the hills which we had seen on the right were tall and compassed; and while I gazed on this Alpine region, I felt a longing to explore its recesses, though accompanied with the desire of seeing similar spots with a sailor for when he wishes for the risks and animation of a battle or a gale, is exchange for the impassable mountains, where the track is untried, I made inquiries of my friend Mr. Jarvis, relating the names and positions of some remarkable mountains; but it was a subject on which he had no information, or which he perhaps chose to be silent. They're the Heiland hills—the Heiland hills—Ye'll see and hear about them before ye see Glasgow Cross again—ye'll hear about them, ill-will to see me set on this road, and great awe, the stilly lawvie; but it's nane more far to see a woman greater than to see a goose gang barful.

I next attempted to lead the discourse on the caraasm, but no, for here I cannot speak like Mr. Bob, passable;—ill I winna say o' him, for forth by Bob's means, we're coming near his ain country, and there may be a' his glens allan every wha-bash for them. I canna speak like Bob, passable, the managing partner of the great house of Oscabinestone and Tresham, in the city.

"Eechen said," answered Andrew. "You were asking about your master's name and mine, or saying that the Mr. Baillie Nicoll Jarvis o' the Salt-Market, son of the worthy Deacon Nicoll Jarvis, that's body has passed away, and this is Mr. Frank Oscabinestone, son of the worthy Deacon Oscabinestone, to whom the Burello gave the name of a single house or flower in braid Scotts, let aye in the Latin tongues."

"Then," said Mr. Jarvis, "as ye used keep your tongue in your mouth, or your legs in your head, and ye might miss them, for a many men as were there, I charge ye to say nae word, save bad, that ye can weel get by, for any body that may be in the Ochil. And ye'll specially understand that ye're no to be bleeding and bursting about for a' your master's name and mine, or saying that I am Mr. Baillie Nicoll Jarvis o' the Salt-Market, son of the worthy Deacon Nicoll Jarvis, that's body has passed away, and this is Mr. Frank Oscabinestone, son of the worthy Deacon Oscabinestone, to whom the Burello gave the name of a single house or flower in braid Scotts, let aye in the Latin tongues."

"I will certainly," replied Bob, "be entirely guided by Right, Mr. Oscabinestone—right, but I mean speak at this gabbling aye too, for bairs and fishes"
There's some sorrow at our parting, as the Psalm saith, to the broken heart.

Finding Andrew's perseverance again rising to a point which threatened to outlast me, unconsummated, as I desired it, by persuading him to let it quit; he might return if he thought proper, but that in that case I would not pay him a single farthing for his past services. The argument, od crymenos, as it has been called by juridical logicians, has weight with the greater part of mankind, and Andrew was in that particular far from affecting any intricacy of pedigree. He took his hint to the certain, he had the Burial's hand on the instant, professed no intention whatever to disoblige, and a resolution to be guided by my commands, whatever they might be.

Concord being thus happily restored to our small party, we continued to pursue our journey. The road, which had extended for six or seven English miles, began now to descend for about the one 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 when 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 wilds which we traversed, we were, as I understood from Mr. Jarvie, still three miles and a bitdock distant from the place where we were to spend the night.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Scene of Backiving.

We had the four beds driven, and at six o'clock we were at a house a little above a pool.

The weather 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 discovered the extent of its wasteness. The moonlight and shadows gave it an interest which naturally did not belong to it; and, like the effect of a lamp shining through a pan of water, the little hills and fields on which we passed had an enchantment 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 or river, and ultimately made good their promise. We found ourselves at last in a broad valley, the banks of which were covered by a species of forest which hid from our view 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 streamed on its placid waters, showed also that we were now among the lofty mountains which formed its cradle. That's the Forth," said the Bailie, with an air of reverence which I have always observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers. The Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, the Spay, are usually named before, and dwell on their banks Mr. Pym's and Mrs. Brown's of respect and pride; and I have known souls occasioned by any word of disparagement. I cannot say I have the least quarrel with this sort of harmless enthusiasm. I received my friend's communication with the importance which he seemed to think appertained to it. In fact I was not a little pleased, after so long a journey, at the prospect of which I promised to engage the imagination. My faithful squire, Andrew, did not seem to be quite of the same opinion, for he received the solemn information, "That is the Forth," with a, "Umph!—and he had said that's the public house, it wad been mair to the purpose."

I was, however, as far as the imperfect light permitted me to judge, seemed to merit the admiration of those who claimed an interest in its stream. A beautiful eminence of the most regular round shape, and surrounded by a little stonework, which seems to have been of late years, was the scene on which some waters, ead, salt, and drought-waters, mixed with a few magnificent old trees, which, rising above the underbrush, exposed their forked and bared branches to the silver moonshine, seemed to protect the sources from which the river sprung. If I could trust the tale of my companion, which, while professing to describe every word of it, he told under his breath, and with an air, as if it had been casually picked up in a casual conversation with some friendly Highland gentleman, it was perfectly natural, so richly verdant, and garnished with such a beautiful variety of ancient trees and thriving copsewood, and overlooked by the jagged, distant crags of a Highland mountain, unseen caverns, the palaces of the mountains, the race of airy beings, who formed so intermediate class between men and demons, and who, if not powerful enough to maintain the balance of human nature, were yet to be feared by man and beast, and the various age groups it represented, and which were all expected in the morning, and to the instant, professed no intention whatever to disoblige, and a resolution to be guided by my commands, whatever they might be.

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the Forths of Fyvie, at all times deep and difficult, present an almost insurmountable barrier to the houses of the vicinity. Beneath these forts there was no pass of general resort until so far east as the bridge of Stirling; so that the river of Forth forms a sedentary line between the Highlands and the Lowlands, and the fortifications there were never since removed. If we ascend the Forth near to the Frith, or inlet of the ocean, in which it terminates. The subsequent events which we witnessed led us to understand what the strategem of Baillie Jarvis suggested, in his proferal expression, that "Forth bridges the wild Highland.

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 short ride rather worse than better than in which we had 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 joy no mean satisfaction. Andrew was the first to observe that there was a poled willow-plant across the half-open door of the little inn. He hung back, and advised us not to enter. "For," said Andrew, "some of their chiefs and gait men are baring at the usque-bagh in there, and dinna want to be disturbed; and if you get in, if you gang ram in on them, there will be a broadbrimmed hat and a musket in the jags, if we dinna come by the length of a cauld dirk in our warms, while is just as likely." And I was well known, in a whisper, "that the gowk had some reason for singing, since in the year."

Leading to a 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, nor did any one offer to take our horses, from which we were glad to see them, and to our varied inquiries, the hopeless response of "Ha'niel Stanesam," was the only answer we could extract. The Baillie, however, found (in his (meaning of Scots) the same speech, "If I give ye a bowwhe," said he to an urchin of about ten years old, with a fragment of a tattered plaid about him, "will you understand Stanesam?"

"Ay, ay, that will I," replied the urchin, in very decent English.

"And tell your mammy, my man, there's a Stanesam gentleman come to speak wi' her."

The landlord presently appeared, with a lighted pair of candles in his hand; and he informed me that this species of torch (which is generally dug from the turf-bogs) makes it blaze and sparkle readily, as soon as it is put to the light of the usual oil candles. On this occasion such a torch illuminated the wild and anxious features of a female, pale, thin, and rather above the usual size, whose soiled and ragged garments, though aided by a fragment of tartan screen, barely served the purposes of decency, and certainly not those of comfort. Her black hair, which escaped from unmoored 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 grew to admit us into the house. We remonstrated angrily, and pleaded the length of our journey, the state of our horses, and the certainty that there was not another inn between us and our quarters right, and we might pit our horses to the hill, nobody was there against it."

"But my good woman," said I, while the Baillie groaned and returned unscientific," it is six hours since we dined, and we have not taken a morsel since. I am positively dying with hunger, and I have no taste for taking up my seat in the midst of these morn tains of yours. I positively must enter; and make the best apology you can to your guests for adding a stranger or two to their number. —Andrew, you will see the horses up.

The Hecate looked at me with surprise, and then, "A willie man will see his way—then that will to Cuper man to Cuper I—" and, using these English belly-gods—"he has had a fur meal the day already, and he'll venture life and liberty rather than he'll want a hot supper! Set roasted beef and pudding on the opposite side of the pit of broth, and an Englishman will make a spead 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 risk the advice of my guide, and accordingly boldly entered the house; and after narrowly escaping breaking my shin on a turf back and a Scotlanding table, was served on a plate full of food, on a narrow exterior passage, I opened a crazy half-decayed door, constructed not of plank, but of wicker, and, followed by the Baillie, entered into the principal apartment of this Scottish caravansary.

The interior presented a view which seemed singular enough to southern eyes. The fire, fed with birch and fruiting turf and brambles of dried and mouldered moss in the centre; but the smoke, having no means to escape but through a hole in the roof, eddied round the rafters of the cottages, and hung in tattered folds at the 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 tatter, great-coat, and made, 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 of the room.

At an old oak table, adjoining to the fire, sat three men, guests apparently, whom it was impossible to regard with indifference. One, a Highland dress of the one, a little dark-complexioned man, with a lively, quick, and irritable expression of features, wore the trews, or close pantaloons, worn out of a sort of tartan stuff, the forage cap made of plaid or tartan screen, and a very nice bouquet. The Baillie whispered, that he "believed to be a man of some consequence, for that nobody but their Dunnahwalds wore the trews; they were ill to weave exactly to their Highland pleasures."

The other mountaineer was a very tall, strong man, with a quantity of reddish 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 had much more scarlet in it, whereas the shades of black and dark-green predominated in the chequers of 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 riding-waist and a pair of tartan trousers on his legs.

Each of the Highlanders had their naked darts stuck upright in the board beside him,—an emblem, I was afterwards informed, but surely a strange one, that their corporeal vigour in winter and the mud they were used to walk in gave them any weight. A mighty puerter measure, containing about an English quart of usquebaugh, a liquor nearly as strong as brandy, was on the table beside him. He filled a glass from the malt, and drink undiluted in excessive quantities, was placed before those worthies. A broom
ROB ROY.

'Ye out of any house, and white nas discourse—there's nae gentleman be disturbed at Jeanie Maddine's an she can hinder. A whom idle English loans, good Sir, will speak loud and honest peaceable gentlemen that are drinking their drie drink at the fainest!'

At another time I should have thought of the old Latin adage of 'Du velum curris, vexat caesare columbarum.'

But I had not any time for classical quotation, for there was obviously a fray about to ensue, at which feeling myself indignant at the inhospitable insolence with which I was treated, I was totally indifferent unless on the Balie's account, whose personal qualities were ill qualified for such an advocate. I started up, however, on seeing the others run, and dropped my cloak from my shoulders, that I might be ready to stand on the defensive.

'We are three to three,' said the lesser Highlander, glaring his eyes at our party; 'if ye be pretty men, draw't,' and unheathing his broadsword, he advanced on me. I put myself in a posture of defence, and aware of the superiority of my weapon, a repose or small-embrace, I advanced.

The Balie behaved with unexpected ardour. As he saw the gigantic Highlander contrast himself with his weapon drawn, he tapped for a second or two at the hill with his sword, and, as he called it, he 'had the soul to quit the sheath, to which it had long been secured by rust and disease, he seized, as a substicue, in the red heat, and the red-stained handle of a sword which was already employed in arranging the fire by way of a pole, and brandished it with such effect, that at the first blow 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, no thought to say as much as the second blow of the fray. But his antagonist, crying, "Fair play! fair play!" seemed courteously disposed to take no share in the scuffle. Thus we commenced our recrass on fair terms as to numbers. My own aim was to possess myself, if possible, of my antagonist's weapon; but I was deterred from closing for fear of the dirk which he held in his left hand, and used in parrying the thrusts of my rapier. Meanwhile the Balie, notwithstanding the success of his first onset, was sorely bested. The weight of his weapon, the celerity of his person, the very effervescence of his own passions, were rapidly exhausting both his strength and his breath, and he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist, when up started the lesser Highlander, a second blow on which he concluded, with his naked sword and target in his hand, and threw himself between the discomfited magistrate and his antagonist, and placed himself in the way of the Balie, who, on reaching the town head at the Cross of Glasgow, and perceiving that he would fight for Balie Sharvie at the Clash of Aberfool—tast wil she en!' And ascending his horse with deeds, this unexpected adventurist mounted his sword whistling about the ears of his tall countryman who, nothing abashed, returned his blows with interest. But being both equipped with round made of wood, studded with brass, and covered with leather, with which they readily parried each other's strokes, their combat was attended with much noise and greater than serious risk, of danger appearing, indeed, that there was more of bravado than of serious attempt to do us any injury; for the Low and gentleman-like, and there's neither law nor reason for—but as far as a stoup o' guide brandy wad make us the quarrel, we, being peaceable folk wad be willing.'

"Damn your brandy, sir!" said the Lowlander, adjusting his cocked-hat fiercely upon his head; "we desire neither your brandy nor your company," and with that he passed. The combatants met arm in arm, muttering to each other, drawing up their plauds, and smirking and sniffing the air after manner of the high-countrymen when working themselves into a passion.

"I could ye what wad come, gentlemen," said the landwick, "an ye wad have been taist—get awa! w
another man gave up their contest with as much indiffer-
ence as if they had been barking at a sheep. 
"And now," said the worthy gentleman who se-
ced as umpire, "let us drink and graze like honest fel-
lowes; and we will be sure to pass a good time."
I propose that this good little gentleman that seems to
be a gentleman, if I may say so, shall send for a tass of
beer, and I'll pay for another, by way of archi-
emia. Then we'll be in our hauntery round about,
like brethren."

"And as to pay my new poonie plaid," said the
Jaggar Black, "I've a hole bag full, but one might
pass through it. Saw ever any body a decent
gentleman fight wi a frisbrand before?"

"Lot be nae hindrance," said the Bailie, who
had now recovered his breath, and was at once
disposed to enjoy the triumph of having behaved with
spirit, and avoid the necessity of again resorting to
such hard and doubtful archeologies."—"Gin I hae
broken the head," he said, "I'll find the platter.
A new plaid call ye has, and o' the best—your ain
shun-colours, man—an ye will tell me where it can
be set twa frae Glascoc.""I needna name my clan—I am of a king's clan,
as is ye kens," said the Highlander; "but ye may
take care that ye see the same sort of a sang as
auchan's head—l and that'll learn ye the set and—a
gentleman, that's a common o' my kin, that carr
a doun frae Glenclos, will ca' for about Marti-
na. That's the west o' Scotland, to be sure. An
auchan, neat time ye fight, and ye hae no ex-
pect for your adversary, let it be wi your sword,
that'll cut the culters and its desperadoes, like a wild Indian."

"Conscience!" replied the Bailie, "every man
mean to do as he arn—my sword hasna seen the light
since Bothwell Brig, when my father's dead
and gone, was it? and I kenna weel if it was forth-
coming than either, for the battle was o' the brief-
ness. At one time or another I've seen the sword
broad now be-

round my power to part them; and, finding, that I
was gripped at the first thing I could make a fend wi'.
I trow my fighting days is done, though I like ill to take the score, for a' that. But where's the honest
lad that taik my quarrel on himself sans frankly?
I've besaw a gill o' aquavitum on him, an' I seld never
care for another.

The champion for whom he looked around was,
however, no longer to be seen. He had escaped, un-
observed by the Bailie, immediately when the brawl
was over. As I had forebode, in his wild features and shaggy red hair, our acquaintance
Dougal, the fugitive turnkey of the Glasgow jail. I
saw him pass the guard-gate to the scotchland now be-

round, and see and think o' something that
will do him some good."

Thus saying, he sat down, and fetching one or two
depth aspirations, by way of recovering his breath,
called to the landlady: "I think, Lockie, now that
I find that there's nae hole in my warm, while I had
smell reason to doubt frae the doings o' your house,
I wad be the better o' something to pit intill."

The dame, who was all officiousness as soon as
the storm had blown over, immediately undertook to
serve a dish of hot venison and potatoes for her
husband to eat. Instead, nothing surprised me more, in the course of the whole
meal, than the extreme calmness with which she
and her housekeeper seemed to regard the martial
feats of the evening. The gentleman was only heard to call to some of her assistants, "Steek

steek the door—steek the door!—Kill or be killed, let naebody pass out till they has paid the lawin."
And as the clumseyf in those lairs by the wall, which
covered the family for beds, they only raised their
shells bodies to look at the fray, ejaculating: "Och!
Och! one and another, and the man is a

and were, I believe, fast asleep ever, again our
words were well returned to their scabbards.

Our meal was over, now made a great bustle
at the table, and was ready, as to my surprise, very
architectural, of unknown derivation, signifying a peace offering.

soon begin to prepare for us, in the frying-pan, a
saucynour mess of comfort to loll upon, in a manner that might well satisfy hungry men,
if not epicures. In the meantime the brands was
placed on the table, to which the Highlanders,
however partial to their cloutie, or any article of
objection, but much the contrary; and the Lowland
gentleman, after the first cup had passed round,
became desirous to know our profession, and the object
of our journey.

"We ar bits o' Glasgow bodies, if it please your
honesty," said the Bailie, with an affection of great
humility, "traveling to Stirling to get in some aller
that is saving us.

I was so silly as to feel a little disinconcerted at
the unassuming account which he chose to give of us;
but I recollected my promise to be silent, and allow
the Bailie 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 we were not to judge the visible rain and reluct-
ance which he took his seat or arose from it),
but had also put him within a hair's-breadth of the
loss of his life I could hardly refuse him such a com-
pliment. The spokesman of the other party, snuffing
up his breath through his nose, repeated the words
with a sort of sneer:—"You Glasgow tradesfolk
bave nothin to do but to gang frae the teo end o'
the world to the west o' Scotland, you see, but
that may chance to be swee shint the habit, like me."

"If our debtors were a sic honest, gentlemen as I
believe you to be, Gearshatchie," replied the Bailie,
"conscience! we might save ourselves a labour, for
they wad come to seek us.""Eh! what! how!" exclaimed the person whom
he had addressed, with a laugh that was not
for getting beef and brandy)—it's my auld friend Nicol
Jarvie, the best man that ever counted down merks
on a bank till they come up. My man's a coming up my way—were ye na coming up the
Endrick to Gearshatchie?"

"Truth no, Master Galbraith," replied the Bailie,
"I had other eggs on the spit—and I thought ye wad
be saying I cam to look about the annual rent that's
due on the bit heritable band that's between us."

"Damn the annual rent!" said the fair, with an
appearance of great heartiness,—"Del a word o'
business will you or I speak, now that ye're near
my country—To see how a trot-cossy and a Joseph

can disgnace a lick—that I sould ken my auld feal
friend the deacon?"

"The bailie, if ye please," resumed my companion;
"but I ken it's no to the Bailie that's granted to my father that's happy, and he was de-
con; but his name was Nicol as well as mine. J

a mind that there's a payment of principal
sum or annual rent due on 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'll be


glad ye are a bailie. Gentlemen, fill a brimmer—this
is my excellent friend, Bailie Nicol Jarvie's health—
I kend him and his father these twenty years. Are
ye a' cleared keely aff?—Fill another. Here's to his
being some provost—I say provost—Lord Provost
Nicol Jarvie!—and then them that affirms there's a man
walks the His-street o' Glasgow that's fitter for the
office, they will do weel not to let me, Duncan Gal-
brath of Gearshatchie, hear them say that's all.
And therewith Duncan Galbraith mantually
locked 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 toasts to the two Highland-
ners, who drank them without appearing anxious to
comprehend their purport. They commenced a con-
versation with Mr. Galbraith in Gaelic, which he
talked with him for some minutes, then in English, which he afterwards learned, a near neighbour to the Highlands.

"I kend that Scantis-ograce weil enough frae the
very outset," said the Bailie, "but when blude was warm, and swords were out
as any rate, who kens what war he might have thought.
o paying his debts? It will be long or hard to do it in common form. But he's a honest lad, and has no way to live but by the aid of his friends. He went to the Cross o' Glasgow, but mony a buck and black-cock he sends un doun frae the hills. And I can want my aigle wool enough. My father the deacon had a great regard for him, and I was told of it by the tayler, and the wise are you! I produced a doolef "Here," in a strong voice, which might have been that of the Brownie itself. Our hostess, the morning of the service, and in the course of a shed, where ensconced in the angle of the wall, behind a barre, full of the feathers of all the fowls which had died in the cause of the public, for a month past, I had seen the Ginger, and some other are, partly by command and extortion, compelled him forth into the open air. The first words he spoke were, "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," replied Andrew, with apparent understanding what I said to him, "I am an honest lad, whatever the Baillie may say to the contrary. I grant the world, and the world's gear sits over near my wit, as it does to mony a man. But I am an honest lad; and though I speak o' leaving you in the mair, yet God knows it was far from my purpose, but I had some things to get like the Ginger, the Ginger, to keep myself and my lady, to get it as far to their aid as they can. And I like-your honour as well as nae other, and will do my best." "What the devil are you driving at now?" I replied. "Has no thing ever 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, "for I knew it would come on me in its earnest now—Loose or win, I daur gae nae farther with your honour, and if ye'll tak my foolish advice, ye'll bech by a broken trieste, 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 ains, and get some mair sense and steadiness—But I can follow ye nae farther, even if ye'd sold out and perished from the way for lack of guidance and counsel—to gang into Roy' country is a mere tempting o' 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 cannae be believed when he's got nae friends, and only just because he's a whilie overcome, and tells less a little when there is necessary occasion. Ye needn't ask what Rob Roy is, the reviving life that God gave to the Rhenish man, to hope naebody here—when ye has a letter frae him in your pouch. I heard o' his gillies that bad auld ruins o' a Guidewell gre ye that's free in the world. I was in the Rhenish man's house then, an' I was glad to see him. But, though I ca'na speak it muckle, I ca' gle a guide guess at what he hears; I never thought to laud ye that, but in a fright a' come out that maed be kept in. Q. Master a' your uncle's follies, and a' your cousin's pranks were nothing to this!—Drink clean cap-out, like Hildebrand; begin the blessed morning with hooly songs, like Squire Percy; swagger, like Squire T. cliff; rin wud among the lassies, like Squire J. gamble, like Rechard; win souls to the Pope, like a devil, and do the pope's bidding, like them a' put the feeling on!—But, merciful Providence I take care o' your counsels, ye blind, and gang near Roy!"

Andrew's alarm was too sincere to permit me to suppose he counterfeited. I contended myself, ever, with telling him, that I meant to remain as long as I was able, and was more than well looked after. As to the rest, I charged him to observe the strictest silence upon the subject of the alarm, and to take it, as the first great 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 Fairair,
with a most insuspicous and menacing look, the mountaineer laid his hand on his dagger.

"We'll have no quarrelling, Allan," said his shorter companion; "and if the Glasgow gentleman has any regard for Rob Roy, he'll maybe see him in cauld from the night, and playing tricks on a box the morn; for this country is a nook lower lang than he expected we would, and his race is near hand-run — And it's true, Allan, we were ganging to our lads."

"Hout awa' to Inversabaloich," said Galbraith.

"Mind the awd saw, man — he's a baud moon, quoth Bennyglass — another pint, quoth Lesley — we'll no start for another shapping."

"I'll have had my quaff o' sack or brandy wi' any honest fellow, but the deal a dram mar, when I has work to do in the morn. And, in my pur think- ing, Garachattachye, ye had better be thinking to bring up your horsemen to the Chachan before day, that we may a' start fair."

"What the deil are ye in sic a hurry for?" said Garachttachy; "meat and mass never hindered war. An it had been my directing, deal a bit o' me was the sweeter than the sauchie, but the barber's and the saw-weavers can help us. The garrison and our air horse could hae tae for to spare Rob Roy easily enough. There's the hand," he said, holding up his own, "should be behind the green, and never ask the devil."

"Ye might hae told us hide still where we were, them," said Inversabaloich. "I didn't come sixty miles without being on the lookout for you, and I'll tell ye that I redy ye keep your mouth better at eek, if ye hope to speed. Spored folk live lang, and see may him ye ken o'. The way to catch a bird is no to fling your hennet at her. And then the gentlemen has heard, and some things they saidna ha' heard, and the brawny ha' been ower bauld for your brain, Major Galbraith. Ye needna put your hat and bally wi' me, man, for I will not be hurt."

"I hae said it," said Galbraith, with a solemn air of drunken gravity, "that I will quarrel no more this night either with broochie or taran. When I am off duty, I'll quarrel with you or any man in the Heid- lands or Lowlands, but not on duty — no — I wish we heard o' these red-coats — it had been to do any thing against King James, we had seen them lang syne — but when it's to keep the peace o' the country, they can lie as sound as their neighbours."

"As you spoke, we heard the measured footstamps 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, which was very pleasant to my ear, and boded long acquaintance with the varying boggy of the Highland and Lowland Scotch."

"You are, I suppose, Major Galbraith, of the squadron of Lennox Militia, and these are the two Highland gentlemen with whom I was appointed to meet in this place."

"They assembled, and invited the officer to take some refreshments, which he declined."

"I have been too late, gentlemen, and am determined to make up time. I have orders to search for and arrest two persons guilty of treasonable practices."

"We'll wash our hands o' that," said Inversabaloich.

"I came here wi' my men to fight against the red MacGregor as the kid at my cousin seven times removed, Duncan MacLaren in Inverness, but I will have nothing to do touching honest gentlemen that may be gaining through the country on this business."

"Nor I neither," said Ivernach. Major Galbraith took up the matter more solemnly, and, pressing the conversation with a hiccup, spoke to the following purpose:"

"I shall say nothing against King George, Captain, because, as it is before witnesses, you have committed a crime 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 king.

"This, as appears from the introductory matter to this Table, is an anachronism, as the name of the chief of Appin, by the MacGregors, did not take place till after Rob Roy's death, since it happened in 1792."

"I never give a thought to the history of the MacGregors or the Campbells, sir; I only consider Rob Roy as a heathen, with a coat over his bare back, and no more care for property than the wild spirits of the country, who are not afraid of the name of MacGregor."

"You're a great kind of gallions formerly used in Scotland."

"Aye, sir — I never knew any but the MacGregors used them in Scotland."

"And they were used, sir, in a better cause."

"Aye, aye, sir, in a better cause — I'll say no more.
that is—there's the king that said of right be—I say, an honest man may and said be loyal to them both, Captain.—But I am of the Lord Lieutenant's opinion, and became a militia officer, and a depute Lieutenant, and about treason and all that, it's lost time to speak of it—least said is soonest 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 refulgence of it, and by drink and I could wish, sir, if it had been otherwise on an occasion of this consequence. I would recommend to you to try to sleep for an hour.—Do these gentlemen belong to your party?—looking at the Baillie and me, who, engaged in eating our supper, had paid little attention to the officer on his entrance.

"Travellers, sir," said Galbraith, "lawful travellers by sea and land, as the prayer-book hath it."

"My instructions," said the Captain, "taking a light as 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 laced hat shall protect you, if you put any afford on me, he convicts you in an action of scandal and false imprisonment—I am a free burgess and a magistrate of Glasgow, and I stop you."

"You know my father's store here—I am a Baillie, be praised for the honour, and my father was a deer."—The officer had some consultation, and took place between the officer and the Highlanders, but carried on in a low tone, that it was impossible to catch the words. So soon as it was concluded they all left the house. At their departure, the Baillie thus expressed himself. "These Highlanders are of the westland class and just as light-hearted as the neighbours, an' says be true an' says be false, but they have brought to the head o' Argyleshire to make war on your lordship for some an' ill-will that they has at him and his surname—And there's the Grahaum, and the Forbigens, and the Lennox gentym, at mounted and in order. It's well kend, their gent, and I do blame them—nobody like to lose his kye—and see they're sodgers, pair things, they're broke out free to go on a body's living—Pur Rob will have his hands full by the time the sun comes over the hill. Well—'tis a wrang for a magistrate to be witness to such a matter as this, under the course o' justice, but delil be I'll be wad break my heart to hear that Rob had gane a' their packs!"

CHAPTER XXX.

"Heir, my good man, and made me well, and opened me Directly in my face—my woman's face— my face— One physician dare appear, but from my surgeon. To myself on your journey."

We were permitted to alight on the approach of the night in the best manner that the poor accommodations of the house permitted. The Baillie, satisfied with his journey and the tranquility of the scene, less interested also in the streets and darkness of the place, requested the company of the night. He then proceeded to the command of his commanding officer. We were sent out and to obtain intelligence, and to bring an account of the movements of the soldiers to their commanding officer. He was variously eager and anxious, and again, determined, as I could understand from what he perceived to each other, did not return against us Clachan.
The opening had broken when a corporal and two men ran into the hut and sang out that they were in a sort of triumph, a Highlander, whom I immediately recognized as my acquaintance the ex-turnkey. The Baile, who started up at the noise with which they entered, affected to be only mildly amused, and explained, "Mercy on us! they have gripped the pitiful creature Douglas—Captain, I will put them in―sufficient."

To this offer, dictated undoubtedly by a grateful realization of the late interference of the Highlander as his host, the Captain only answered by requesting Mr. Rob to exclude him from the affair, and to ascertain that he was himself present for the present prisoner.

"I take you to witness, Mr. Caulbridge," said the Baile, who was probably better acquainted with the process in civil than in military cases, "that he has refused sufficient bail. It's my opinion that the creature Douglas will have a good action of wrongs or imprisonment and damages against him under the act eighteen hundred and one, and I'll see the creature released."

The officer, whose name I understood was Thornton, paying no attention to the Baile's threats or expectations, instituted a very close inquiry into Douglas's life and conversation, and compelled him to return an account with the most exhaustive facts, that he knew the Rob Roy MacGregor—that he had seen him within these twelve months—within these six months—within this month—within this day, and that he saw him just out of prison at an hour ago. All this detail came like drops of blood from the prisoner, and was, to all appearance, only retorted by the threat of a baler, and the next tree, which Captain Thornton assured should be his doom, if he did not give direct and special information.

"And now, my friend," said the officer, "you will inform me how many men your master has with him at present?"

"I told you every direction except the quarter, and began to answer, 'She can't 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 cowardly with him when you left him?"

"Oh, no aboon sax rogues when I was gone."

"And where are the rest of his bandits?"

"Gane wi the Lieutenant gane to westland carles."

"Against the westland carles?" said the Captain, "United against them, likely enough; and what rogues around were you dispatched upon?"

"Just to see what your honour and ta gentlemen rogues were doing down here at the Glaisgin."

"That's not the sort," said Mr. Rob, "for people don't love each other."

"said the Baile, who by this time had placed himself close behind me, 'it's lucky I didn't put myself to that man's suspicion."

"And now, my friend," said the Captain, "let us understand each other. You have accused yourself and another, and should spring up to the next tree—but consider if you ask me one question, I'll let you go. You, Demakie—will you step in now?"

"Do you play Provost-Marshall—away with me, colonel." (The Colonel had confronted poor Douglas for some time past, twisting a piece of cord which had been thrown into the house in the form of a halter. He threw it about the culprit's neck, and, with the aid of two or three stout men who were in the room, when overcome with the terror ofimprisonment, he exclaimed, 'Shame, gentlemen, stop!"

"Shame on his honour's holding—stop!"

"'Ae wi' the cause?" said the Baile, 'he deserves hanging again now than ever wi' him, corporal—why didnna ye tak him away?"

"'It's my belief, and opinion, honest gentleman," said the corporal, "that if you were going to be hang'd yourself, you would never be so merry, and so much of the air of the place."

This by-dialogue prevented my hearing what passed between the prisoner and Captain Thornton, but it did not prevent Douglas from doing the former all the mischief he could, and making the men fall in front of the house. Get out these gentlemen's horses; we must carry them with us. I cannot spare any men to guard them here.—Coom, my lad, get under arms."

The soldiers bustled about, and were ready to move. We were led out, along with Douglas, in the company of prisoners. And this, indeed, is the last time I heard any companion in captivity remind the Captain of 'tis safe kinesus.

'Else they are for you," said the officer, putting gold into his hand; "but observe, that if you attempt to mislead me, I will blow your brains out with my own hand."

"I'm a creature," said the Baile, "is warn thee I judged him—it is a wallyingly and a perilsome creature—O the filthy lucre of gain that men go themselves up! My father the deacon used to say, the penny saved is the goose ran in the bank."

The landlady now approached, and demanded payment of her reckoning, including all that had been qualified by Major Caulbridge and his Highland friend, the English officer, who, however, Mrs. Mac-Alpine declared, if she had trusted to his honour's name being used in their company, she would have drawn them a stew o' liquor; for Mr. Rob, she might see him again, or she might no, but weel did she weel she had seen him again, and if she did no, be she had seen his a' chance of seeing her aillin—

—and she said her 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. Jervis and me in this general acquaintance; but the Baile, disregarding an invitation from the landlord, to make us mantle of the inglorious as we could, for they were sure 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 to make some slight apology for detaining us. "If we were loyal and peaceable subjects," he said, "I will not regret being here a day, it was essential to the king's service; if otherwise, he was acting according to his duty."

We were compelled to accept an apology which it would have served no purpose to refuse, and we sailed out to attend him on his march.

I shall never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dripping atmosphere of the Highland hut, in which we had passed the night so uncomfortably, for the refreshing fragrance of morning air, and the glorious beauties of the rising sea, which, from a heather of purple and golden clouds, were darkened full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty as had never before greeted my eye. I lay in the valley of the sunbeams, which the fourth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all the vividness of woods. On the right and left, the thicket, knolls, the drurie, the bed of a broad mountain lake, lighted curtained into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, glittering in its course under the sunbeams, on the top of the hills, rocks, and banks, waving with natural forest of birch and oak, formed the coverings of this enchanting sheet of water; and, as their leaves were there by the depth of solitude so added to the virtuous, Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority, in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and
The miserable little borought, as the Baillie termed it, in which these divided forms of the village called the Clachan of Aberfoil, were composed of loose stones, cemented by clay instead of mortar and thatched by turf, laid rudey upon rafters formed of branches, and hung up in billets, and made twine the woods around. The roofs approached the ground so nearly, that Andrew Fairerservce observed we might have ridden over the village the night before, and never dawed that we were near it, for its very facility favours our horse's feet had "gane through the riggin."

From all we could see, Mrs. MacAlpine's house nearest the camp, the quarters of a company, was still far the best in the hamlet; and I dare say (if my description gives you any curiosity to see it) you will hardly find it much improved at the present day, for the Scotch are not a people who speedily 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 belted half-opened door of hoo cottage. At these oubly thrust forth their grey heads, imperfectly covered with close cap of flannel, and showed their abouted looks, their mused eyes, with various gestures, shaggy, and muttered expressions in Gaelic addressed to each other, my imagination recurred to the witches of Macbeth, and I imagined I read in the features of the malevolent face of the word sisters. The little children also, who began to crowd 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 malignancy which seemed beyond their years. I remarked particularly that the general no men were so much as a boy of ten or twelve years old, to be seen among the inhabitants of a village which seemed populous in proportion to its extent; and I said the features of the young men 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 visages, and dictated the murmur of the women and children.

It was not until we commenced our march that the malignity of the elders personages 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 sedges in which the natives transported their peats and turfs, and which led through the woods on the lower end of the lake, where a shrill sound of female exclamation broke forth, mixed with the screams of children, the hooping of boys, and the bagpipe of bands. One of the Highland damsel enforce their notes, whether of rage or lamentation. I asked Andrew, who looked as pale as death, what all this meant. "That's o'er sure," said he. "Means?—It means that the Highland wives are cursing and banns the red-coats, and wishing ill to them, and like one that ever spoke the Saxon tongue. I have heard wives flye in England and Scotland—it's no marvel to hear them flye any gate—but sic ill-scrapit tongues as these Highland cairns—and sic gressome wishes, that men should be slaughtered like sheep—and that they may lapp their hands to the elbows in their heart's blinde—and I do not wonder the death of Walter Cuming of Guelock, wha hadda as muckle o' him left the other as would suspect & blefted-deg—sic scawome language, which is a pack of all drapplie—sic, unless the devil was as young as her, I could not learn them a lesson, I thinkna that their ëlant at causings could be smendit. The worst o' it is, they bid us eye the gang up the glens."

Adding Andrew's information to what I had myself observed, I could scarce doubt that some attack was meditated upon our party. The road, as we advanced, seemed to be deserted, and we found no mark of interruption. At first it winded apart from the lake through marshy meadow grounds, overgrown with moss, and near the water's edge, some of which took the soldiers up to the knees, and ran with such violence, that their forces could only be stemmed by the strength of two or three men boxed fast by each other's arms. It certainly alarmed me, though altogether unacquainted with military affairs, that a sort of half-savages warriors, as I heard the Highlanders asserted to be, might, in such passes as those, attack a part of our line with great advantage. The Baillie's good sense and accurate observation had led him to the same conclusions, as I could see in his face, a sign of the malignant state of the minds of the men, whom he addressed nearly in the following terms:—"Captain, it's no to speak ony favour out ye, for, I scorn it—and it's under protest that I receive my orders, but if you do not take a better time, I fear ye are lacking Rob Roy, he's kent to be better than half a hunder men strong when he's at the sent; and if he brings in the Oban folk, and the Glenfinlas and the Border, he may come to gan your-knil through the reck; and it's my sincere advice, as a king's friend, ye had better tak back again to the Clachan, than the women are at; and ye there are the scarits and sea-maws at the Cumries, there's ane foul weather follows their skirtin."

"Make yourself easy, sir," replied Captain Thornton, "I am in the execution of my orders. And as you say you are a friend to King George, you will be glad to learn, that it is impossible that the gang of ruffians, whose license has disturbed the country so long, can escape the measures now taken to suppress them. The horse squadron of militia, commanded by Major Galbraith, is already joined by two or more of the Colonies, and the pass of this wild country; three hundred Highlanders, under the two gentlemen you saw at the last, are pursuing as they can the report of the parties from the garrison are securing the hills and glens in different directions. Our last accounts of Rob Roy correspond with what this fellow has assured, that, finding himself surrounded, all at once, he had dismissed the greater part of his followers with the purpose either of lying concealed or of making his escape through his superior knowledge of the passes."

"I dinna ken," said the Baillie; "there's brandy than burns in Garshattach's head morning. And I wend, as I was to you, Captain, my main deendence on the Hillandmen—wina pike out hawk's een. They may quarrel with themselves, and nie lik their names, and slash wi' claymore; but they are sure to join lang run against a civilised folk, that wear beat their hinder ends, and has purses in their pocky, and we are not likely to be thrown away on Captain Thornton. He has his line of march, commanded his soldiers to fire their firelocks and fix their bayonets, and for the advanced and rear-guard, each consisting of a commissioned officer and two soldiers, who are strict orders to keep an alert look-out. Dougal went astride, and very close behind, he steadfastly asserted the truth of what he has before affirmed, and being rebuked on account of suspicion was cut off in the road which he was guiding, he answered with
sort of testiness that seemed very natural. "Her
man," said she. "I would not trust the world even as I
trust the women like grand roads, she said aid she plied at Giandi."

All this passed off well enough, and we resumed
our progress.

As we went on, though leading towards the lake, had
kitherto-been so much shaded by wood, that we only
from time to time obtained a glimpse of that beauti-
ful lake in the distance. But the road opened in
from the forest ground, and, winding close upon
the margin of the loch, afforded us a full view of its
picturesque mirror, which, with the breeze having
raised the

The hills now sunk on its margin, with many trees, and were been broken and pre-
cocious, as to afford no passage except just upon the
narrow line, of the track which we occupied, and
which was overrun with rocks, from which we
might have been destroyed merely by rolling down
stones, with much possibility of offering resistance.

Add to this, that, as the road winds round every
proximity, this being perhaps the most dangerous of
all, we were under a constant possibility of seeing a
hundred yards before us. Our commander appeared to take some
alarms at the nature of the pass in which he was
engaged, and as the manner in which he intended the
soldiers to be on the alert, and in many threats of
instant death to Dougal, if he should be found to have
led them into danger. Dougal receding from these threats
with a smile of cunning, and his face might
arise either from conscious innocence, or from
dug a resolution.

We remained at the point, and Captain Campbell,
he said, "to be sure they could expect to find her
without were this.

Just as the night was drawing on, words were heard
made by the corporal commanding the advance, who
sent back one of the files who formed it, to
tell the Captain that the path in front 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
that one of the bagpipes had been brought through
which we had just passed. Captain Thornton, a man of
conduct as well as courage, instantly resolved to
force the pass in front, without waiting till he was
assailed from the rear; and, as guard, his soldiers
that the bagpipes which they heard were those of the
friendly Highlanders, who were advancing to their
assistance, and hastened to them the importance of ad-
vanving and securing Rob Roy, if possible, before
these auxiliaries should come up to divide them
with the honour, as well as the reward which was placed
on the head of the outlaw. He therefore ordered the rear-guard to join the centre,
and both to close up to the advance, doubling his files,
and making a solid column. The officer, seeing
"Huzza, my boys, for Rob Roy's head and a
pursue 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 sergeant, shot through
the body, still struggling to grip the ascent, raised himself
by his hands to clamber up the face of the
rock, but relaxed his grasp, after a desperate effort,
and falling, rolled from the face of the cliff into the
deep lake, where he perished. Of the soldiers three
fall, slain or disabled; the others retreated on their
main body, all more or less wounded.

"Grendiners, to the front!" said Captain Thornton.
"You are to recollect, that in those days this descrip-
tion of soldiers actually carried, that destructive
species of fire-work from which they derive their
name, the grenaediers. The four grenadiers moved to the front accordingly.

The officer commanded the rest of the party to be
ready to support them, and only saying to us, "Look
up to the sky and to your safety, gentlemen, and
listen to the word to the grenadiers; Open your pouches—
handle your grenades—blow your matches—fall on!"
The whole advanced with a shout, but Captain
Thornton, the first grenadier preparing to throw
their

broken track along the precipitous face of a sixty
yard steep, which was not only a steep, but a footpath
literally inaccessible. On the top of this rock, only to be
approached by a road so broken, so narrow, and so
precarious, the corporal declared he had seen the
bonnets and lorgnettes of some of our men, and
containees, apparently crouched among the length
and bushwood which created the eminence. Cap-

Captain Thornton ordered him to move forward
three files, to fire in the embrasures, while at a more slow but steady pace, he, advanced
to his support with the rest of his party.

The attack which he met was prevented by the
unexpected apparition of a female upon the summit
of the rock. "Stand," she said, with a com-
demanding 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
years 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
waiting influence of grief and passion, its former
were only strong, hard, and expressive. She wore
her plaid, not drawn around her head and shoulders,
but thrown over her back, which was exposed around her body as the Highland soldiers wear
theirs. She had a man's bonnet, with a feather in it,
an unheated sword in her hand, and a pair of
pistols at her girdle.

"It's Helen Campbell, Rob's wife," said the Ball-
lie, in a whisper of considerable alarm; "and there
will be broken heads for us as well as us if it's lang!"

"What seek ye here?" she asked again of Captain
Thornton, who had himself advanced to reconnoitre.

"We seek the outlaws," said Captain 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 shrink ashes 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 flocks to clothe us—Ye
have taken from us all—all! The very name of our
ancestors have you taken away, and now ye come for
our lives."

"I seek no man's life," replied the Captain; "I
only execute my orders. If you are alone, good
woman, you 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,
sergeant."

"Forward—march," said the non-commissioned
officer. "Aye, for Rob Roy's head and a
pursue of gold!"

"If Rob Roy,

"forward, march," said the non-commissioned
officer. "Huzza, my boys, for Rob Roy's head and
a
pursue of gold!"

"If Rob Roy,

"forward, march," said the non-commissioned
officer. "Huzza, my boys, for Rob Roy's head and
a
pursue of gold!"
I anxiously endeavoured to distinguish Douglas among the throng. I had little doubt that the man I had played war assumed, on purpose to lead the English officer into the defile, and I could not but admire the address with which the clergymen and the officers appeared to dissociate themselves from the affair, and the affected reluctance with which he had offered to be extracted from him the false information which it must have been his purpose from the beginning to communicate. I foresaw we should be in some danger on approaching the victors in the flush of their success, which was not unnatural and not inconsiderable, for one of the dangers which prevented them from rising, were poniards in the hands of the victors, or rather some ragged Highlanders who had mingled with them. I concluded then it would be unsafe to present ourselves without a mediator; and as Campbell, whom I now saw at the head, but identify with the celebrated fire-bearer, was nowhere to be seen, I resolved to claim the protection of his emissary, Douglas.

After gazing everywhere in vain, I at length saw one of my stepsisters, whom assistance I called for.

"Ah! ah! ah! ah!"—they say a friend—"a friend sticketh closer than a brother." When I came up here, Ma had contrived to relieve me.

I made a thousand apologies, and laboured to represent the impossibility of my approaching the scene of battle, but yours, d'ye think it was fair—ah!—first, to be shot or drowned again by the Highlanders and red-coats; and next, to be between heaven and earth, like an addled egg without an uncle to get away—ah! ah!—as trying to relieve myself.

"Me extricate! I might have hung there till I was judged, or I could have helped myself best. This was just the opposite of a battle. I looked at the loch, and saw the same, but not as clearly as if I had never been there before; and what a thing gude bread is—ah! I..."
BOB ROY.

of your rosy tanned French camlents now, or your durberry, it would have scented like an acid rain of messa weight as mine. But fair fat the weaver that wraithed the weft of— I swung and bobbed yonder as a vulture. To have been moored by a three-ship cable at the Broomshiel.

I now inquired what had become of his preservation. "It's on the ticket," therefore inscribed the Highlandman, "contrived to let me ken there was but danger in again near the leggie till he came back, and bade me stay here—I am o' the mind," he continued, "that he would tell the Major to the tongue, and truth, I wad aven he was right about the leggie as he ca's her, too—Heelen Campbell was none o' the madmen, nor meakest wives neither, and felt sure Robb himsels stood in awe of her. I doubt she wanna ken me, for it's many years since we met— I am clear for waiting for the Dougal creaun or we gang near her.

I signified my acquiescence in this reasoning; but it was not the will of fate that day that the Baillie's presence should profit him or any one else. Andrew Fairmargins, though he had ceased to care on the pinnacle upon the cessation of the firing, which had given occasion for his whimsical exercise, continued to wait for the landing and too conspicuous an object to escape the sharp eyes of the Highlanders, when they had time to look a little sooner. When enough were gone, the macquists, by a wild and loud hallow set up among the assembled vostics, three or four of whom instantly plunged into the waterwood, and ascended the rocky side of the hill, but took no notice of the places where they had discovered this whimsical apparition.

Those who arrived first within gunshot of poor Andrew did not take themselves to offer him any assistance in the sicklich posture of his affairs; but, realizing their long Spanish-barrelled guns, gave him to understand by signs, which admitted of no mistake, that he must content to come down and submit himself to their mercy, or be marked at from behind, like a regimental target set up for ball-practice. With such a formidable threat for exertion, Andrew Fairmargins could no longer hesitate; the more imminent peril overcame his sense of duty which seemed less irresistible, and he began to descend the cliff at all risks, clutching to the ivy and mossy stumps, and projecting fragments of rock, with an absolute fervent anxiety, and never failing, as circumstances left him a hand at liberty, to extend it to the pleasant gesture below in an attitude of supplication, as if to deprecate the discharge of their levelled fire-arms. In a word, the fellows, under the influence of their victory and threats, all joined to achieve a result from his perilous situation, which, I verify nothing, but fear of instant death could have induced me with the greatest mode of. As it was, Andrew's descent greatly amused the Highlanders behind, who fired a shot or two while he was engaged at, without the purpose of injuring him, as I believe, but merely to enhance the amusement they derived from his extreme terror, and the superfluous excess of agility to which it excited him. He was attainted with and comparatively level and, or rather, to speak more correctly, his foot among the last point of descent, he felt on the at his full length, and was raised by the assistance of the Highlanders, who staved to receive him, who ere he gained his legs, stripped him not of the whole contents of his pockets, but of periwigs, coat, waistcoat, stockings, and shoes, perishing the foot with such admirable celerity, that, in the fall on his back a well-clad and clothed form was seen towering in the height of the scene, serving-man, he rose a forked, bearded, and bevyed body, about respect to the pain which his unshielded experienced from the sharp encounter of the two bodies. The Highlanders, who had heard Andrew proceeded to drag him downward the road through all the intervening obstructions, in the course of their descent, Mr. Jarvis and I be

VOL. II.

came exposed to their lynx-eyed observation, and instantly half-a-dozen armed Highlanders troosed around us, with drawn swords and swords pointed at our faces and threats, and cocked pistols pressed against our cheeks. To have offered resistance, were we and one, to have been madness, especially as we had no weapons capable of supporting such a demonstration. We were however in an awkward and, what is worse, roughness on the part of the two men as assiduous at one toilette, were in the act of being reduced to an unacquainted state (to use King Lear's phrase) as the porch being shrouded by the smoke of two fires burning between fear and cold at a few yards' distance. Good chance, however, saved us from this extremity of wretchedness; for, just as I had yielded up my cravat, (a smart silk-starch, by the way, and richly faced), and the Baillie had been disrobed of the ragments of his riding-cout—sister Dougal, and the swain who changed. By a high tempest of exposition, mixed with oaths and threats, as far as I could conjecture, the tenor of his language from the violence of his gestures, he compelled the plunders, he recourse, tant, not only to give up their further depredations on our property, but to restore the spoil they had already appropriated. He snatched my cravat from the face of low who weeps, and that is, by the way, within a few minutes' rest (to his restitution) around my neck with such sufficient energy, as made me think that he had not only been compelled by the woman, but the weather, to wear a reverie, but must moreover has taken lessons as a prearrangement of the hangman. He flung the tattered remnants of Mr. Jarvis's coat around his shoulders and as more assistance was in dizziness and descending with comparative ease and safety. It was however, in vain that Andrew Fairmargins employed his lungs in obsequiating a share of Dougal's protection, or at least his interference, to procure restoration of his shoes.

"Naa," said Dougal in reply, "she's na good body, Frew; her petticoats are ganged past foot, t she's muckle mist'en. And, leaving Andrew to follow his leisure, or rather to such leisure as the surrounding crowd were pleased to indulge him with he hurried us down to the pathway in which it skirmish had been fought, and hastened to press 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 a party most apprehensive of hurt, and repulsing all our threats and warnings. She had a nearer interest in our capture than she seemed to herself. At length we were placed before the hearth of the damsel, who, as I have said, was a savage, unchristian, yea, mortal figure who surrounded us, struck me, to own the truth, with considerable apprehension. I do not know if Helen MacGregor had personally mingled in the fray, and indeed I afterwards go to understand the contrary by the spectacle of blood on her brow, her hands, and naked arms, as well as the marks of the sword with which she continued to hold in her hand—her flushed countenance, and the disordered state of the raven lock which escaped from under the red bonnet and plumed hat that 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 the imagination inflamed by the pride of victory, and the triumph of victory. Yet there was nothing positively sanguinary, or cruel, in her deportment; she reminded me, when the immediate alarm of her face, to observe her air, her voice, her lookings, I had seen that of the inspired heroines in the cathedrals churches of France. She was not, indeed, seen, but certainly beheld by me, and with particular pleasure. She had the spired expression of features which painters have given to Deborah, or to the wife of Heber the Kenite, whose feet the strong oppressor of Israel, and who did dwell in Harod, where the Gentiles, bowed down, fell, lay a dead man. Nevertheless, the enthusiasm, which she was begat, gave her countenance a
deportment, wildly dignified in themselves, an air which made her approach nearer to the ideas of these wonderful artists who gave to the eye the heroines of Scripture history.

I felt again in what terms to account a personage so uncommon, when Mr. Jarvis, breaking the ice with a preparatory cough, (for the speed with which he and his horse proceeded now had again intensified his respiration,) addressed her as follows—

"Uhh! uhh! dec. &c. I am very happy to have this joyful opportunity, (a quaver in his voice strongly betokened the suddenness of our speech and word joyful)—this joyful occasion," he resumed, trying to give the adjective a more suitable accentuation, "to wish my kinsman Robin’s wife a very good morning—Uhh! uhh!—How’s a’ wi’ ye?" (by this time he had talked himself into his usual jovial, tart manner, which exhibited a mixture of familiarity and self-importance.)—"How’s a’ wi’ ye this long time? Ye’ll hae forgotten me, Mrs. Mac Gregor Campbell, as your cousin—uhh!—but ye’ll mind my father, Deacon Nicol Jarvis, in the East Market o’ Glasgow?—an honest man he was, and a spouseable, and respectfit you and yours—Sae, as I said before, I am right glad to see you, Mrs. Mac Gregor Campbell, as my wi’, when I had the liberty of a meal in your house to salute you, but that your gills keep such a dootie fast haud o’ my arms; and, to speak Heaven’s truth, I would fain be the vaur of a cootie o’ water before ye welcomed your friends."

There was something in the familiarity of this introduction which suited the exalted state of temper to which it was addressed, that made me well advised to avoid the consequence of distributing dooms of death, and warm from conquest in a perilous encounter.

"What are ye to me, ye saucy young thing," said, "that dare to claim kindred with the Mac Gregors? and neither wear his dress nor speak his language?—What are you, that have the tongue and the habit of the heathen, and would stand with the heathen? I command you, ye."

"I dinna ken," said the undaunted Bailey, "if the kindred has ever been well reëd out to you yet, cous—" but it 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 Parlane Mac Farlane, at the Sheeping o’ Loch Sloy. Now, this Parlane Mac Farlane, his surviving daughter, Maggy Mac Farlane, alias Mac Nab, who married Duncan Mac Nab o’ Stuckelvasschan, can testify, stood as near to your gudeman, Robin Mac Gregor, as in the fourth degree of kindred, for—"

The vinga looped the genealogical tree, by demanding a minute in which the stream of rushing water acknowledged any relation with the portion withdrawn from it for the mean domestic uses of those who dwelt on its bank. It was a sketchy plan, and was completed in defiance of various intimations by which Dougal seemed to recommend silence, as well as of the marks of importance which the Amazon exercised at his loquacity. "I wad hae ye to mind that the king’s erudite whites comes in the cadger’s gate, and that, for as high as ye may think o’ the gudeman, as it’s right enough, without his husband, the hame’s wi’ the true warrant for that—yet as high as ye haud him, as I was saying, I hae been serviceable to Robin ere now—so I hope I will send you ortwell when ye was a gunna be married, and when Robin was an honest Weel-doing drover, and none o’ this unlawful wark, wau, fighting and flashes, and flit-flop, disturbing the king’s command of his scots, out their ain country, best advantage. Their arms were as superior as the first party as their dress and appearance.
ROB ROY.

...of the female Chief had axes, scythes, and other capture weapons, in aid of their guns, and some in very clubs, daggers, and long knives. But of the second party, most had pistols at the belt, and almost all had swords stuck in the ground, or at least in front. Each had a good gun in his hand, and a broadsword by his side, besides a stout round target, made of light wood, and curiously studded with brass, and having a steel pike screwed into the centre. These hung on their left shoulder during a march, or while they were engaged in battle, and were drawn upon the left arm when they charged with sword in hand.

But it was easy to see that, this chosen band had not arrived from the victory such as they found their ill-appointed companions possessed of. The piobroch sent forth occasionally a few wailing notes, expressive of a very different sentiment from triumph, and when they approached before the wife of their Chief, it was in silence, and with downcast and melancholy looks. They paused when they approached her, and the pipes again sent forth the same wild and melancholy strain.

Helen rushed towards them with a countenance in which anger was mingled with apprehension. 'What meaning is this?' she exclaimed. 'Why have you come to capture me?'

'Why a lament in the moment of victory?'—Robert—Hamish—Where’s the MacGregor?—Where’s your dear Helen?

Her sons, who led the band, advanced—with slow and irresolute steps towards her, and murmured a few words in Gaelic, at hearing which she set up a loud laugh, and, 'Embracing the thought that the women and boys joined, clapping their hands and yelling, as if their lives had been expiring in the scene of the gallant and immortal. Amongst the miltianex, sounds of battle had ceased, now, to answer to the frantie and discordant shrieks of sorrow, which o’er the very night-birds from the hills in the bad week specially heard. Horses more woos and illomened than their own, performed in face of open day.

'Taken! repeated Helen, when the clamour had died—Taken! captive—and you live to say—Coward dogs! did I nurse you for this, that you are now glorying on your father’s estate or see him prisoner, and come back to tell it! in the sons of MacGregor, to whom this exposition was addressed, were youths, of the whom the eldest a horseman, a jockey, a prodigy, a hair, streamed from under his shirt, blue bonnet, in the whole appearance a most favourable specimen the Highland youth. The younger was called the son of the older. Some of the Highlanders added the epithet, Oig, or the young, hair, and dark features, with a ruddy glow of youth, and a form, strong and well-bred his years, completed the sketch of the mountaineer.

In a now stood before their mother with countenance as clouded with grief and shame, and listened, the most respectful submission, to the reproaches which she loaded them. At length, when her manner appeared in some degree to subside, the son exclaimed in English, probably that he might be understood by their followers, and circumspectly to vindicate himself and his brother from his mother’s reproaches. I was so near him as to pretend much of what he said; and, as it was of consequence to me to be possessed of information in this strange crisis, I failed not to listen as attentively as possible.

The MacGregor,” his son stated, “had been out upon a tryning with a Lowland halion, on an inconsistency of which his tongue and not his heart was very low, but I thought it sounded like my voice. "The MacGregor," he said, "accepted of the commission, but as his life was in danger, he thought it should be detained, as a hostage that good should be observed to him. Accordingly he to the place of appointment,” (which had some wild Highland name that I cannot remember.) attended only by Angus Brock and little Rob, commanding his one to follow him. Within half an hour Angus Brock came back with the deplorable tidings that the MacGregor had been taken prisoner by a party of Lennox men, under Galbraith of Garschastachin. He added, "that Galbraith, on being warned by the loss of his capture, menaced him with retaliation on the person of the hostages, had treated the threat with great contempt, replying, 'Let each side have his man, and let the game be gone well.' And hang the gauger, Rob, and the country will be rid of two damned things at once, a wild Highlander and a revenue officer." Angus Brock, less carelessly looked to than his master, contrived to escape from the guards of the captives, 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 of your father’s request to bring him off, or leave your body on the place?"

The young MacGregor modestly replied, by representing the superior force of the enemy, and stated, that as the party of the Lowlands was the more extended across the country, he had fallen back upon the glen with the purpose of collecting a band sufficient to attempt a rescue with some chance of success. The length he said, "the militiamen would quarter, he understood, in the neighbouring house of Gartran, or the old castle in the port of Montrei, or some such habitation, that he was in no way accessible, 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 garriison and the party at Lennox, and the other, under the command of Thornton, had been defeated; and 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-Carron, and Loch-Ard, was at this time called Rob Roy’s, or the MacGregor country. Messengers were dispatched in great haste, to concentrate, as I suppose, their forces, with a view to the purposed attack on the Lowlanders; and the dejection and despair, at first visible on each countenance, gave place to the hope of rescuing their leader, and to the threat of vengeance. It was under the burning influence of these feelings that the wife of MacGregor commanded that the hostage exchanged for his safety should be brought into her presence. I believe her, and in the name of a wretched wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forth at her summons a wretch already half dead with terror, in whose agonized features I recognised, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris. He fell prostrate before the female Chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been polluting, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid, and never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The sceptery of fear was such, that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on other occasions, it rendered him eloquent and, with cheeks pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal things, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the person of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his own soul. In the midst of this, he said, he heard the voice of others, and he muttered the name of Raenleigh. He prayed but for life—for life he would give; but was it not in his body? And yet, his life, if it were to be saved under tortures and privations he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their hills.
It is impossible to describe the scene, the looting, and contempt, with which the wife of MacGregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

"I could have bid you live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind. But you—retch! could you creep through the dark in the midnight guise, its insufferable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow: you could live and enjoy yourself, and that nameless and betrayed—while nameless and childless villains treas on the neck of the brave and the long-descended: you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, bat- tering 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 cloud has passed over the sun.

She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostitute suppliant, and hurled him to the brink of a cliff which overhangs the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. But the cold, cutless executioners, who there you will, dropped him along, he recognised me in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, "O, Mr. One-say, I was so moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf, but, as it might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it 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 lake, there about twelve feet deep, with a loud bellow of vindic- tiveness. But him, his death, his horrid death, shriek, the yell of mortal agony, was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters, and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and 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 water, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the unit of the life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was for ever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

...and he was restored, etc.

Gr, or if there be vengeance in an injured heart, my hand to wield it in an armed hand, thy hand shall act for thee.

I KNOW not why it is that, a single deed of violence and cruelty affects our nerves more when they are extended 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 my bosom, though thrilling with horror, was unaffected with any notion of that sickening horror with which I beheld the unfortunate Morris put to death without resistance, and in cold blood. I looked at my companion Mr. Jarvis, whose face reflected the feelings which were painted in mine. Indeed, he could not 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 for you and you are our father," said Helen Mar- gor, turning to her son, "in what this young fellow tells us—Wise only when the bonnet is on us and the sword is in his hand, he never excuses the innocent; the tatter, once true, but as a man willing- ly cut short his thread of life before the end of his fray was fairly measured off on the yarn-window—And I, no matter to do, as I am spared in this world—public and private business as well that belonging to the magistracy as to my own particular—and was doubt I have some to depend on me, as near relations, who is an orphan—She's a farrow's cousin of the Laird of Limmerfield—See that, laying a this the other, mind that a man hath to give for his life."

"And were I to set you at liberty," the impas- sioned dame, "what name would you give to the brow of that Sadie dog?"

"Ugh! uh!—I'll be a man!" said the Bailie, clearing his throat as well as he could, "I call myself by as little a name that seems as least said, is said mended."

"But if you were called on by the courts, as the term them, of justice, she again demanded, "what then would be your answer?"

"The Bailie looked this way and that way, like a per- son who meditated an escape, and then answered in the tone of one who, seeing no means of accomplish- ing a retreat, determines to stand the burst of battle: 'See what you are driving me to the wall! But I'll tell you plain, kinwoman, I beheld just to speak according to my sin conscience; and though your sin godman, that I wish had been here by his sake and mine, as well as the poor Hiandletan creature. Do you think I would wring his neck as a friend, and chuck the thing at a friend's failings as any body, yet I tell ye, kinwoman, mine's far be the teaching to believe my thoughts; and sooner than say that ye were a poorer woman, I would speak if I could, to be laid beside him—though I think ye are the first Hiandletan woman mad mien a doo to her hand's kinman but four times removed.

'It is probable that the tone of firmness assumed by the Bailie in his last speech was better suited to make an impression on the hard heart of his kinwoman than the tone of supplication he had hitherto assumed, as gems can be cut with steel, though they resist softer metals. She commanded us both to be placed beside her. 'Your name,' she said to me, 'is Oswald.'—"I, Oswald, whose deeds ye have witnesssed, called you so."'—"My name is Oswaldston," was my answer. "Rashleigh then, I suppose, in your Christian name?" she pursued. "No; my name is Francis." "But you know Rashleigh Oswaldston?" she continued. "He is your brother, if I mistake not, at least your kinman, and near friend?"

"He is my kinman," I replied, "he not my friend. We were lately acquainted, when we were separated by a person whom I understand to be your husband. My blood is hardly yet dried on his sword, and the wound on my side is yet green: I have little reason to acknowledge him as a friend."

"Then," she replied, "if a stranger to his intentions you can go in safety to Garskeoch and show him your peace, with my more injured, and carry him a message from the wife of the MacGregor?"

I answered, "That I know no reasonable reason why the militia gentlemen should detest me; I had no reason, on my own account, to bear their hands: and that if my going on her care, would act as a protection to my friend and servant, and he would engage and procure his wife; and in that I took the opportunity to say, "That I had come this country on her husband's invitation, and was sure of getting such marks of interest in which I was interested; that my con- cession, Mr. Jarvis, had accompanied me on the errand."

"And I wish Mr. Jarvis' boots had been boiling water when he drew them on for air ease," interrupted the Bailie. "And I wish Mr. Jarvis took a gentleman's boots and made more of his time when he lay on the ground: And am I to be pushed to do, as I am spared in this world—public and private business as well that belonging to the
Be it so," she said; "for it is the most empty title of all, since he has uniformly sworn beneficent to reap a harvest of the most foul ingratitude.

—But I will not dwell on the subject. It is not a former but a new mass, that will now be begotten at the enemy's outposts—ask for their commander, and deliver him this message from me, Helen MacGregor,—that if they injure a hair of MacGregor's head, and if they dare but touch his 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 was. She is not a farmer but shall sing well—a wea over a burnet barnyard and an empty byre—there is not a land nor heritor shall lay his head on the pillow at night with the assurance of being a live in the morning.—and, to begin as we are to end, so soon as the term is expired, I will come to stay in this Glasgow Bailie, and this Saxon Captain, and all the rest of my bearers, each bundled in a plaid, and chopped into as many pieces as there are shockers in the tartan.

As she paused in her denunciation, Captain Thornton, who was within hearing, added with great coolness, "Present my compliments—Captain Thornton's, of the Royals, compliments—to the commandant of the garrison—don't let him see your duty and sacrifice the prisoner, and not waste a thought upon me. If I have been, feel enough to have been led into an ambush by those artful savages, I am wise enough to know how to turn their own apparels to the wind. I am only sorry for my poor fellows," he said, "that have fallen into such butchery hands.

"But, Miss Frieda Bailie; " are ye weary o' your life?—Ye'll give me your service to the commandant of the garrison, Mr. Oubaldistone—Bailie Nicol Jarvie's service, a magistrate of Glasgow, as his fact declares it, and here are two honest men in great trouble, and like to come to a hair; and the best thing he can do for the commandant is just to let Rob come and visit his wife's grave, and, and use mair about it—There's been some dune here already, but as it has lighted chiefly in the gusset, it mayes be mistake making a stiul about.

"With these very opposite motions from the parties chiefly interested in the success of my embassy, and with the reinstated charge of the wife of MacGregor, to remember and detail every word of her instructions, I was at length subdued and departed; and with the service of a messenger, chiefly, I believe, to get rid of all the clamorous applications, was permitted to attend.

"Doubtful, that I might use my horse as a means of escape from my guides, or deter me to go to no purpose, I was again driven to understand that I was to perform my journey on foot, escorted by Hamish MacGregor, the elder brother, who, with two followers, attended, as well to show me the way as to keep an eye on the position of the enemy. Dougal had been at first ordered on this party, but he contrived to elude the service, with the best success, 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 a truant officer.

"After walking with great rapidity about an hour, arrived at an eminence covered with brushwood, where we gave us a commanding prospect down the valley, and a full view of the post which the militia occupied. Being chiefly cavalry, they had judiciously posted any attempt to penetrate the pass which led to the deserted glen of Kintail, which was quickly ascer".

But the text is cut off here, and the rest is not visible.
the unfortunate gentlemen whom an unlucky accident has thrown into their power, I will take such ample vengeance, that the very stones of their Gargachattachin shall crumble two for it this hundred years to come!"

I humbly beseech you to remember respecting the honourable mission imposed on me, and touched upon in the noble letters I have inclosed to the commander, replied, "that, such being the case, I might send my servant."

"The devil be in my feet," said Andrew, without either allusion to the presence in which he stood, or waiting till I replied—"the devil be in my feet, if I gang my toe's length. Do they think I have another leg in my youth after John thorin, his highlandman's snicket this ane wi' jock-taile? or that I can dive down at the tae side of a Highland loch and rise at the tother, like a shell-drake? Na, na—"like ane for himself, and God for us. Folks may just mak a page o' their ain age, and serve themselves till their bairns grow up, and gang their ain errands for Andrew. Rob Roy never came near the parish of Dreepdaile, to steal either pippin or pear tree me or mine."

Silencing my follower with some difficulty, I repaired to the Duke, the great danger Captain Thornton and Mr. Jarvis would certainly be exposed to, and entreated he would make me the bearer of such modified terms as might be the means of saving the lives of those who I knew had no danger if I could be of service; but from what I had heard and seen, I had little doubt they would be instantly murdered, or at any rate sentenced to death by the laws of the outlaws. The Duke was obviously much affected. "It was a hard case," he said, "and he felt it as such; but he had a paramount duty to perform to the country—Rob Roy must die."

I own it was not without emotion that I heard this threat of instant death to my acquaintance 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 his favour. "It would be more advisable," they said, "to send him to Stirling Castle, and there detain him a close prisoner, as a pledge for the submission and disposition 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 elect those that were left exposed." They added, that there was great hardship in leaving the unfortunate prisoners to the almost certain doom of mas-"meaconduced among them, which no one doubled would be executed in the first burst of revenge. Gargachattachin ventured yet further, confiding in the honour of the nobleman whom he addressed, adding: "I have had particular reasons for disturbing their prisoner. "Rob Roy," he said, "though a little neighbour to the Low Country, and particularly connected with the Duke, and though he be possibly more than the catheran trade farther than any man of his day, was an aid-saffaried earl, and there might be some means found of making him hear reason; whereas his words and ways were reckless bands, without either fear or mercy about them, and, at the head of a his lumbered loons, would be a worse plague to the country than ever he had been."

"Pooh! pooh!" replied his Grace, "it is the very essence and cunning of this fellow which has so long maintained his reign—or more Highland robber would have been for such a one in any other country as he has flourished years. His gang, without him, is no more to be dreaded as a permanent annoyance—it will no longer be a problem—that was without its head, which may stand perhaps, is instantly crumbled into a hill of snow."

Gargachattachin was not so easily silenced. "I am sure," he said, "that I have no favour for Rob, and he is as little for me, seeing he has twice cleaned out my ain byres, beside skaiting among my cattle, but, however."

"But, however, Gargachattachin," said the Duke, with a smile of peculiar expression, "I fancy you think such a freedom may be pardoned in a friend's
from their sinewy appearance of extreme strength, the limbs of a red-coloured Highland bull. Upon the wind they were protected by the clash of loose dress, and by my having become acquainted with his real and formidable character, his appearance had somewhat preyed upon me, so much so that it was more striking than it was presented, that I could more distinctly recognize him to be the same person.

His manner was bold, unconstrained unless by the slightest provocation ; he bowed to the Duke, nodded to Garschattachin and others, and showed some surprise at seeing me and the party.

"Tis long since we have met, Mr. Campbell," said the Duke.

"It is so, my Lord Duke; I could have wished it had been," looking at the fastening on his arm, "when I could have better paid the compliments I owe to your Grace—but there's a guid time coming."

"No doubt there will not come the time present, Mr. Campbell," answered the Duke, "for the hours are fast flying that must settle your last account with all mortal affairs. I do not say this to insult your distress; but you must be aware that if you draw near the end of your career, I do not deny that you may sometimes have done less harm than others of your unhappy trade, and that you may occasionally have exhibited marks of talent and cunning of a different character, but they are no better than you. But you are aware how long you have had the terror and the oppressor of a peaceful neighbour. I have been a subscriber to your society; I have maintained and extended your usurped authority. You know, in short, that you have deserved death, and I must prepare to do it."

"My lord," said Rob Roy, "although I may well lay my misfortunes at your Grace's door, yet I will never say that you yourself have been the wilful and writing author of them. My lord, I am not brought here, your Grace would not now have been sitting in judgment on me; for you have been three times within a good mile of me when you were thinking but of the red dog, and few people have kend me miss my aim. But as for him that have abused your Grace's ear, and set you up against a man that was once so peaceful a man as any in the land, and made your name the warrant for driving me to utter extremity—I have had some amends of them, and, for all that your Grace now says, I expect to live to hae my mair."

"I know," said the Duke, in rising anger, "that you are a determined and impudent villain, who will keep nothing but the desire of revenge in your breast, and it shall be my care to prevent you. You have no better enemies than your own wickde actions."

"My lord," said Rob Roy, in answer, "none of my own; I will allege that I have been a bloodthirsty man, but if you will, my lord, I could write four or five pages of a thousand wild Highlanders as easy as you grace your Grace at or ten Lackeys and foot-boys. But if your Grace doesn't take to the head away from you, ye may yet see a few swarms of Highlanders. However, come o'that what likes, there's an honest man, a kinsman o' mine, aon, come by with the nother body and we do a guid score for MacGregor?—he may repay it, though he be now too old.

The Duke, who had delivered the letter to the Duke, exclaimed, "I'll do you will for you, MacGregor; I'll bring back the glen on purpose."

Do advanced, and received from the prisoner an understanding Brazilian, who, but for the common cause against the roque, I did not understand, and but had little doubt it related to me, and the additional arrangements to be taken for the safety of Mr. Robert."

"Do you hear the fellow's impudence?" said the Duke; "he confides in his character of a messenger. His conduct is a piece of his masters, who informed us to meet him at a certain hour, etc., etc., that the MacGregors have agreed to surrender the Balquidder lands they were squabbling about."

"No truth in things, no truth in tarts, my lord."

"Your great ancestor never said so, my lord," answered Major Galbraith; "and, with submission, neither would your Grace have occasion to sat it, were ye but for beginning justice at the well-head—Give the honest man his meen again—Let every head wear its ain ban, and the distresses of the Lennox now be meind wi' them o' the land."

"Hush! hush! Garschattachin," said the Duke; "this is language dangerous for you to talk to any one, and especially to me; but I presume you reckon yourself a privileged person. Please to draw off your party towards Gartarian; I shall myself see the prisoner escorted to Duchray, and send you orders to-morrow. You will please grant no leave of absence to any of your troopers."

"Here's auld ordering and counter-ordering," muttered Garschattachin between his teeth. "But patience! patience!—we may as day play at Change seats, the king's game for the present."

The two troops of cavalry now formed, and prepared to march off the ground, that they might avail themselves of the remainder of daylight to get to their quarters. I returned to my evening quarters, not as an invitation to attend the party, and I perceived, that, though no longer considered as a prisoner, I was yet under some sort of suspicion. This thing were indeed so dangerous,—the great party questions of Jacobite and Hanoverian divided the country so effectually,—and the constant disputes and jealousies between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders, by a number of inexplicable causes of feud which separated the great leading families in Scotland from each other, occasioned such general suspicion, that a solidary and unprotected stranger was almost sure to meet with something disagreeable in the course of his travels.

I acquiesced, however, in my destination with the next grace I could, consulting myself with the hope that I might obtain from the captive freebooter some information concerning Reasleigh and his men. I should do myself injustice did I not add, that my views were not merely selfish. I was too much interested in my singular acquaintance not to hope of some good of his unfortunate situation might demand, or admit of his recouping.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

And when he came to broken brier, His head was covered with a wreath. And when he came to grass growing, Set down his feet and ran. —Old Minstrel.

The echo 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 commanded by Major Galbraith soon took to the right hand, and crossed the Forth, for the purpose of taking up the quarters assigned them for the night, when they were to occupy, as I understood, an old castle in the vicinity. They crossed the river, following the stream, but were soon lost in winding 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 behind one of the returns, and called, as I was informed, Ewan of Brigandles, one of the largest and strongest men who were present. A horse-belt, passed round the bodies of both, and buckled before the yeoman's breast, rendered it impossible for Rob Roy to free himself from his keeper. I was directed to keep close beside them, and accommodated for the purpose with a horse. We were as slowly sen-
sounded by the soldiers as the width of the road would permit, on both sides, if not twice, on each side, with pistol in hand. Andrew Fairweather, furnished with a Highland plaid of which they had made prey somewhere or other, was permitted to ride anywhere he chose; a gentleman who with a great many attended the line of march, though without falling into the ranks of the more regularly trained troopers.

It was a tedious and difficult ride for certain distances, until we arrived at a place where we also were to cross the river. The Ford, as being the outlet of a lake, is of considerable depth, even where less important, yet a stream of width and depth beneath the bank was by a broken precipitous ravine, which only permitted one horseman to descend at once. The rear and centre of our small body halting on the bank while the front files passed down in succession, produced a considerable delay, as is usual on such occasions, and even some confusion; for a number of riders, who made no proper part of the squadron, crowded to the ford without regularity, and made the militia cavalry, although tolerably well drilled, partake in some degree of their own disorder.

It was while we were thus huddled together on the bank that I heard Bob Roy whisper to the man behind him who was placed on horseback, "Your father's friend and old friend to the Wide, the Wide, like a call, for the Dukes in Christendom." Ewan returned no answer, but shrugged, as one whose whisper had been heard; but sign that what he was doing was none of his own choice.

"And when the MacGregors come down the glen, and see the town faint, a wildly hearth-stone, and the first feeling cut between the rathers of your house, you may be thinking then, Ewan, that your friend Roy to the fore, you would have had that safe which is told, your heart to bear the breath, while I exclude them by getting under water again so as he has refreshed himself by respiration. MacGregor, however, had a trick beyond the other; for in advance, when very closely pursued, he could himself unobserved from his plain, and suffer it to float down the stream, where in its progress it quickly attracted general attention; many of the houses were thus put upon a false scent, and several shots or stabs were averted from the party for which they were designed.

Owen of Bughtlands again shrugged and groaned, but remained silent.

"It's a sad t'ing," continued Rob, sliding his reins out of his hands; "the luck this is, that they reached no other but mine, who certainly saw myself in no shape called upon to destroy his prospects of escape—'tis a sad t'ing, that Ewan of Bughtlands, whom Roy MacGregor has helped with hand, sword, and purse, and mind a gloom from a great man man more than a friend's life."

Ewan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent. We heard the Duke's voice from the opposite bank call, "Bring over the prisoner.

It's a sad t'ing," he added, "in the thickets of Roy's bear, or the thickets of his motion, and just as I heard, "Never weigh a MacGregor's blood against a broken whan or a leader, for there will be another accounting to go for it battle here and hereafter," they presently made ready and rendered forward rather precipitately, entered the water.

"Not yet, sir—not yet," said some of the troopers to make them so, and allow them to pass forward into the stream.

I saw the Duke on the other side, by the waning light, engaged in commanding his people to get into order, as they landed dispersedly, 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 eloquence had prevailed on Ewan to give him freedom and a chance for life. The Duke also heard the sound, and instantly guessed its meaning. "Dog!" he exclaimed to Ewan as he landed, "where is your presence and without waiting to hear the apology which the terrified vessel began to falter forth, he fired a pistol as his head, whether totally I know not, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, disperse and pursue the villain;—An hundred guineas for him who secures Bob Roy!"

All became an instant scene of the most lively commotion. Ewan and the Duke, scene by scene. But as Ewan's despair, was, as he had dashed the bank of the river, whose murmurs long drowned the louder crees of venal pursuit, were now proudly mingled with the deep, disconsolate, reproachful voices of the disappointed horses.

Whether I had been, as it were a mere spectator, of an unwanted interest, of the most acute of uninterested, or of the most acute of unexpected, or of the most acute of sudden excitement, I could not suddenly exclaim, "Where is the English king?"

It was he gave Roy the knife to cut the hair.

"Climb to the peak-smashing to the classic one voice.

Weave a brace of balls through his hair as said a second.

"Every dozen inches of said sin in his. It's a shot a third."
And I heard several horses galloping to and fro
with the kind purpose, doubtless, of executing these
demonstrations, I was immediately awakened to the
sense of my situation, and to the certainty that
armed men, having no restraint whatever on their ir-
rresistible passions, would find me no more
inconsidering the advancing obscurity of the night, I thought
there was little chance of my being discovered. Had
I been near enough to the fortress to have involved his
position, I should have quitted that part of the
route; but he had already commenced his retreat, and I saw no
officer on the left bank of the river of authority suffi-
cient to have afforded protection, in case of my sur-
rendering myself. I thought there was no point of
honour which could require, in such circumstances,
an unnecessary exposure of my life. My first idea
when the tumult began to be appeased, and the clatter
of the horses’ feet was heard less frequently in the
immediate vicinity of my hiding-place, was to seek
out the Drummond, and, when all should be quiet, and I
give myself up to him, as a legal subject, who had
nothing to fear from his justice, and a stranger, who
evaded every right to expect protection and hospitality.
I crept out of my hiding-place, and
looked around me.

The twilight had now melted nearly into darkness,
so I had just time to make my way up the side of
the Forth, and of those who were already across it.
I only heard the distant trample of the horse’s feet,
and the wailing and prolonged sound of their trum-
pet, which rang through the woods to recall strag-
glers. Here, therefore, I was left in a situation
of considerable difficulty. I had no horse, and the deep
which the stream was the better to hide my
from the late tumult of which its channel had been
and seeming yet more to the doubtful
influence of an imperfect moonlight, had no inviting
influence for a road. I was no so accustomed to
wade rivers, and who had lately seen horsemen
wading into the dangerous passers, up to the very
middle-legs. At the same time, my prospect, if I
reached the side of the river on which I then stood,
could be no other than of concluding the various fa-
glomerate of this day and the preceding night, by passing
over that which was now closing, in a frenzy on the side of
a Highland hill.

After a moment’s reflection, I began to consider
what I could do. I saw no opening to the winking of the
river, or to the other streams, according to his forward
impertinent custom of putting himself always
in the foremost, could not fail to satisfy the
faith and self-sustaining man who was the most
incomprehensible person in the world; and that, therefore, my
character required my immediate appearance, at the risk
of being drowned in the river,—of being assailed by the
mass of the crowd in case of my reaching the
side of it, or of being cut
right or wrong, by some stranger, who might
acquire such a piece of good service as to
not sooner regain his ranks. I therefore
resolved to measure my steps back to the little inn,
where I had passed the preceding night. I had
not the liberty, and I was certain, in case of my falling in
a hurry of his people, the news of his escape would
proceed so as to make it impossible for me to
intend to desert Mr. Jarvis in the delicate
matter in which he had engaged himself, chiefly
because the account. And lastly, it was only in this quarter
of my father’s papers, which had been the

cause of an expedition so fraught with peril
and danger, would probably bring me in the end to
on the Forth that evening; and, turning the
bounds of the little village of Aberfoyle,
and with the easily supposed, I was dividing my
advice; and, as it happened in a place so solitary, engaged in a
journey so dangerous, and under the protection of one gentleman only, was
circumstances to make every feeling of jealousy, as

The clouds of vapour, yet there in the
fog, and a changeful mass, now hovering round the
heavens, not of the morning, but a cloudless
sweeping over the valley, leaving each behind its course a
raft and tornvine resembling a deserted water-course.
The moon, which was now high, and twinkled with all
the vivacity of a new-lit candle, delivered the wind-

ings of the river and the peaks and precipices which
the mist left visible, while her beams seemed as if
are absorbed by the atmosphere, and

in the highest veil of silver guaze. Despite the uncertainty
of my situation, a view so romantic, joined to the
active and inspiring influence of the frosty atmos-
phere, elevated my spirits while it braced my

I felt an inclination to cast care away, and bid de-
fiance to danger, and involuntarily whistled, by way
of cadence to my steps, which my feeling of the cold
led me to accelerate; and I bowed the roles of existence
beat pressed and higher in proportion as I felt confi-
dence in my own strength, courage, and

I was so much lost in these thoughts, and in the feel-

ings which they engendered, that two horses
behind me without my hearing their approach, until
one was on each side of me, when the left-hand rider,

So, ho, friend, whither so late?”

“T’ my supper and bed at Aberfoyle,” I replied.

“Are the passes open?” he inquired, with the
same commanding tone of voice as before.

“Do not know,” I replied; “I shall learn when I
get there; but,” I added, the late of Morris recurring
to my recollection, “if to turn back the day after,
advise you to turn back with daylight; there has been
some disturbance in this neighbourhood, and I should
hesitate to say it is perfectly safe for strangers.”

“The soldiers had the worst—had they not?” was
the reply.

They had indeed; and an officer’s party were de-
stroyed or made prisoners.

“Are you sure of that?” replied the horseman.

“As sure as that I hear you speak,” I replied. “I
was an unwilling spectator of the skirmish.”

Unwilling? continued the interrogator. “Were
you not engaged in it then?”

“Certainly no,” I replied; “I was detained by the
officer’s order.”

“On what suspicion? and who are you? or what
is your name?” he continued.

“I really do not know, sir,” said I, “why I should
answer so many questions, in an unknown country.
I have told you enough to convince you that you are
going into a dangerous and distracted country. If
you choose to proceed, it is your own affair; but I ask
you no questions respecting your name and business,
you will oblige me by making no inquiries after mine.”

“Mr. Francis Oswaldstone,” said the other rider,
in a voice the tones of which thrilled through every
nerve of my body, “should not whistled his favourite
when he wishes to remain undisturbed.”

And Diana Vernon was also enveloped in horse-
man’s cloak, was the last speaker—whistled in play-
ful mimicry the second part of the tune, which was
on my lips when they came up.

“Good God!” I exclaimed, like one thunderstruck,
can it be you, Miss Vernon, on such a spot—at such
an hour—in such a lawless country—In such a manner
that would you say—What would you have?—The philosophy of the excel-
ent Corporal Nym is the best after all—things must

While she was thus speaking, I eagerly took ad-
vantage of an unusually bright gleam of moonlight, to
study the appearance of her companion, for it was
hardly possible to hear what was going on. She was in a
place so solitary, engaged in a journey so dangerous,
and under the protection of one gentleman only, was
circumstances to make every feeling of jealousy, as
well as surprise. The rider did not speak with the deep melody of Rashleigh’s voice; his tones were more high and commanding; he was taller, moreover, as he sat on horseback, than that first-rate object of my hate and suspicion. Neither did the stupid meekness of his other cousin; it had that indescribable tone and manner by which we recognise a man of sense and breeding, even in the first glance with which he speaks.

The object of my anxiety seemed dearest to get rid of my investigation.

"Diana," he said, in a tone of mingled kindness and incredulity, "as you are my cousin his property, and let us not spend time here."

Miss Vernon had in the meantime taken out a small case, and leaning down from her horse towards me, she said, in a tone in which an effort at her usual quaint lightness of expression contended with a deeper and more grave tone of sentiment, "You see, my dear coz, I was born to be your better angel. Rashleigh has been compelled to yield up his spoil, and had we reached this same village of Aberfoil last night, as we purposed, I should have found some Highland协同 to have wafted to you all the representations of commercial wealth. But there were giants and dragons in the way; and errant-knights and spacious seas. Thrice, I fear, before they be must, not as of yore, run useless danger—Do not you do so either, my dear coz."

"She said," said my companion, "let me once more warn you that the evening waxes late, and we are still distant from our home."

"I am coming, sir; I am coming—consider," she added, with a sigh, "how lately I have been subjected to control—besides, I have not yet given my cousin the packet—and bid him farewell—for ever. Yes, Frank," she said, "for ever!—there is a gulf between us—a gulf of absolute perdition—be there ever a day, you must not follow—what we do, you must not share—far—far be happy!"

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, while the tears that trembled in her eye 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 soothing and affecting, as at once to unlock all the flood-gates of the heart. It was but a moment, however; for, instantly recovering from the feeling in which she had involuntarily given way, she, heretofore so much my slave, was ready to attend him, and putting their horses to a brisk pace, they were soon far distant from the place where I stood.

But it was not as if the packet had lain in my frame and my tongue so much, that I could neither return Miss Vernon’s half embrace, nor even answer her farewell. The word, though it rose to my lips, did not quite choke me in my throat; and I, in spite of the natural gull, which the delinquent which makes it his plea knows must be followed by the doom of death. The surprise—the sorrow, almost stupefied me. I remained motionless with the packet in my hand, gazing after them, as if endeavouring to count the sparkles which flew from the horses’ hoofs. I continued to look after even these had ceased to be visible, and to listen for their footsteps long after the last distant trampling had died in my ears. At length, tears ran down to which they were by the exertion of straining after what was no longer to be seen. I wiped them mechanically, and almost without being aware that they were flowing, but they came through. It was the tightening of my throat and breast, the hysteric passion of poor Lear, so, sitting down by the wayside, I shed a flood of bitter and most bitter tears which had flowed from my eyes since childhood.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Diana, I think the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two.

Creev.

I can scarce give vent to my feelings in this parenthesis, or I was ashamed of my weakness. I remembered that I had been for some time unoccupied in regard to Diana Vernon, who had trusted itself on my remembrance, as a friend, in whose welfare I should indeed always be anxious, but with whom I could have little further communication. She, however, joining to the romance of our sudden meeting where it was so little to have been expected, where I was placed, which threw me into a state of guard. I recovered, however. sooner that night have been expected, and without giving myself any accurately to examine my motives, I induced him to pass over his strange and unexpected appearance.

I am not, was my reflection, transgressing his modesty so pathetically given, since I am but passing my own journey by the only open route. If I have succeeded in recovering my father’s progeny, it is still remains incumbent on me to see my sluggish friend delivered from the situation in which he is involved himself on my account; besides, what other piece of rest can I obtain for the night among the little inn of Aberfoil? They also must say then, since it is impossible for travellers on horseback to go further—Well, then, we shall meet again nearer the last time perhaps—but I shall see and be treated with the courtesies of the generosity over her the authority of a husband—I shall learn it there remains, in the difficult course in which she was, how to remove, or ought that I can do to express my gratitude for her disinterested friendship.

As I reasoned thus with myself, colours via every plausible pretext which occurred to my impu- nity, my passionate desire once more to so as converse with my cousin, for so was she, a Highland, and the deep voice of a man who, walking still faster than I, though I was proceeding at a smart pace, accorded her at the morn hour before now."

There was no thinking the topic of Miss Vernon he had escaped the pursuit of his cousin, and had been delivered to his own wills and law, freedom. He had also contrived to arm himself in the house of some secret adherent, he took on his shoulder, and the usual how he was by his side. To have found myself saved by the character in such a situation, and at this late hour, the evening, might not have been less pleasing. A man could not think of Rob Roy in such a view, I will confess frankly the intense and profound affection that the intonation of the mountaineers gave the sound and hollowness to the sound of that which was the guttural expression so common and impelled. To these national peculiarities Rob had added a sort of hard indifference of secret death, expressive of a mind neither he is suspended, nor affected, by what passed before him, however dreadful, however sudden, however perilous, with unbroken calm, with his own heart, and he was no more to fear; and the lawless and presumptuous deep had blunted, though its destroying effects for once be remembered, that I have the very lately seen. The lowering of this man commit a cruel slaughter unarm’d and supplant individual. It is other, that I am as a mind, that I combed the company of the outlaw leader to my own overstrained and painful thoughts was not without hopes, that there might, or in some view of guidance this man, and it might have involved me. I answered my greeting cordially, and the turn of his late escape in circumstances which seemed impossible.

"Ay," he replied, "there is as much here..."
said the lip. But my peril was less than you may think, because I strayed to this country. Of those that were summoned to take me, and to keep me, and to retake me again, there was a moiety, as cousin Nicoll and Lord Blanes. But if they could be either too late, or keep fast, or retake; and of the other moiety, there was no half was feared to stir me; and so I had only the four quarter of fifty or sixty men in real will.

"And enough too, I should think," replied I.

"I dinna ken that," said he; "but I ken that that was a thing more than a thousand. And when I was near the green before the Clachan of Aberfoill, I heard them play with broad-sword and target, one down and another come on.

"I now inquired into my adventures since we entered this country, and argued heartily at my account of the battle we had in the inn, and at the expense of the Bailie with the red-hot pot.

"Bailie Glasgow Flourish!" he exclaimed. "The curse of Cromwell on me, if I wad has wished better sport than to see cousin Nicoll Jervie sing Iverach's psalms, like a sheepe's head between a pair of tongues. But my cousin Jervie," he added more gravely, "has some gentleman's blood in his veins, although he has been noted for a belly more in his maner of craft, which could not but blunt any pretty man's spirit. —Ye may estimate the reason why I could not receive you at the Clachan of Aberfoill, as I purposed. That was the night on which I was absent for one or two days at Glasgow, upon the king's business—but I think I broke up the league about that time, and your able to sound one clan against another as they hae done. —I hope soon to see the day when a Highlandman will stand aboother to aboother. —But what chance next?"

I grasped the account of the arrival of Captain Thornton and his party, and the arrest of the Bailie and myself, under pretext of our being suspicious persons. Upon which, the Bailie, or collector, the officer who had mentioned, that besides my name sounding suspicious in his ears, he had orders to secure an old and young person resembling our description. This again moved the officer's ability.

"As man lives by bread," he said, "the buzzards have mistaken my friend the Bailie for his Excellency, and you for Diana Vernon—O, the most egregious night-howlers!"

"Miss Vernon?" I said, with hesitation, and trembling for the answer. —Does she still bear that name? She had been modest but now, along with a gentle

"I said, 'ah! friend Rob, she was under lawful authority when he arrested me? —But she's a meitie queen. It's a pity his Excellency is a thought elder. The like o' yoursilf, or my son Marsh, wad be meit sortable in point of years.

"Here, then, was a complete downfall of the list of cards of my fancy which I had, in despite of my prudence, so often amused herself with building. Altho' in truth I had scarcely any thing else to expect, since I could not suppose that Diana could be traveling in such a country, at such an hour, with any but those who had a legal title to protect her. I did not feel as though I had seen her in the gloomy and deserted street, urging me to preserve my story, sowed in my deep without conveying any exact import to my ears.

"You are ill," he said, after he had spoken twice without receiving an answer; "this day's weak has been over muckle for any doudless unused to such things."

"The tone of kindness in which this was spoken speaking me to myself, and to the necessities of my situation. I continued my narrative as well as I could. -Bob Roy expressed great exultation at the success of skirmish in the pass.

"They were," he observed, "that king's chief was staid but that the man that came o' king's soldiers, if they let themselves be many a'/ms without cards that are past fighting, and without man nor stir, and wives wi' their

"These, were often used for halter in Scotland and Ireland, bring a strong sense of hemp."

"Mr. Campbel," said MacGregor, "cold blooded Damnation! —I said, muttering between him and his conscience. —How fell that, sir? —Speak out, air, and do not Maister or Campbell me—my foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor."

"His passions were obviously irritated, but without noticing the rudeness of his tone, I gave him a short and distinct account of the death of Morris. He struck the butt of his gun with great vehemence against the ground, and broke out, "I vow to God, such a deed might make one forewarn kin, clan, country, wife, and children, and not squatter."

So saying, he seemed to dismiss the theme altogether from his mind, and proceeded to inquire how I got free from the party in whose hands he had seen me.

"My story was soon told," and I added the episode of the having recovered the papers of my father, though I dared not trust my voice to name the name of Diana. I was sure they would get them," said MacGregor; "the letter ye brought me contained his Excellency's pleasure to that effect; and none doubt it was my will to have aided in it. And I asked ye up into this Glen on the very errand. But it's like his Excellency is forgot that I will say no more—"
"I am thinking," said MacGregor, "that since we dined together already, they can do you no more harm, and see I shall say nothing on that score. But well, I wrote the letter was free his own hand, or, having a sort of business of my own, and if he comes round, I may say I will not say a word, as much as I can fairly manage. I cannot say I would have fashed myself, I see nothing about the matter.

I now collected the lights of the library—the vellum, the polished, the coarsest, the marble, and had excited my jealousy—the glove—the agitation of the tapestry which covered the secret passage from Rashleigh's apartments; it was a surprise I did not retire. I went into order to write, as I thought, the bill to which I was to have recuse in the case of the last necessity. Her hours, then, were spent in solitude, but in listening to the addresses of some desperate agent of Jacobitical 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 seduced from their first love from vanity; but Diana had sacrificed her affections and her own to partake the fortunes of some desperate adventure—to seek the sheets of freethockers through midnight deserts, with no better hopes of rank or fortune than that ministry of both which the mock court of the Swallow busy bears on their head, to bestow on that complexion.

"I will see her," I said internally, "if it be possible, once more. I will argue with her as a friend—herself is the reason, the righteous, and I will facilitate her retreat to France, where I may, give her comfort and propriety, as well as safety; aside the issues of the tumults which the political reparation to the house has caused, her fate, is doubtless hubbed in putting into motion.

I conclude then," I said to MacGregor, after about five minutes' silence on both sides, "that his Excellency, for his sake, was residing in Osbaldestone Hall at the same time with myself.

"To be sure—to be sure—and in the young lady's apartment, as best reason was. This gratuitous information was adding gall to butternuts. "But," said she, "why, MacGregor," he was deposed three, save Rashleigh and Sir Hildebrand; for you were out of the question; and the young lad she said, "will eat the cat face the cream—But it's a bit of a sad-finished house, and what I specially admired, is the abundance of boxes and bases, and corned-beef. You might put twenty or thirty men in and feed them without finding them out—while, the night, may on occasion be a special convenience. I wish we had the like of Osbaldestone Hall, on the banks of Craig Royton—But was it not all said and caved, and serve the like of a puréed Highland bodies?"

"I suppose his Excellency," said I, "was privy to the first accident, which bore upon the following view.

"Ye were going to say, Morris," said Rob Roy apoply, for he was too much accustomed to deceives for the agitation he had at first expressed to be of long continuance. "I used to laugh heartily at that, but I'll hardly have the heart to do't again, since the ill-advised accident at the Loch—Na, na, his Excellency knew what I did—there's engaged between Rashleigh and myself. But the sport, that came after—and Rashleigh's shift in turning the tradition all himself upon you, that he had no great favour to face the beginning—and then Miss De, she braun bae us sweep up a' our spiders' webs again, and now out o' the Loch—Oh, I'm ashamed—and then the frighted old Morris, Ust that was out of his senses by seeing the real man when he was charging the innocent marginal—and the gowk of a clerk—and the drunken calf of a justice—Oh, I daftish, oon—’mony a laugh thot job's given me and now, a' that I can do for the pur devil is get to some messes said said

"May I ask," said I, "how Miss Vernon came to have so much influence over Rashleigh and his accustomed, as to devise your projected plan?"

"No man of sense can say," said Morris, "or laid his burden on other folk's shoulders—" was a' Rashleigh's doings—but, undoubtedly, she had great influence over Rashleigh. And Rashleigh's affection, as well as that she kind for over honey secrets to be lighted in a matter o' that kind.

"Deal him," he ejaculated, by way of summing up, "it's very pleasant to abuse—fuses shouldna be chapping sticks.

"We were now within a quarter of a mile from the village, when three Highlanders, springing upon a man with great violence, came forward, and told us to be with our business. The single word Gregarragh, was the deep and commanding voice of my companion, was succeeded by the joyful news of a loyal proposition. Once, throwing down his firelock, clasped his leader so fast round the knees, that he was unable to extricate himself, entreating, at the same time, a torrent of Gaelic invectives, which every now and then rose into a sort of scream of gladdness.

The two others, after the first bowing was out, set off lightly with the speed of deer, conversing which should first carry to the village, which a strong party of the MacGregors, now occupied, the joyful news of Rob Roy. The intelligence excited much shouts of rejoicing that the very hills rang again, and young and old, men and women, and children, without distinction of sex or age, came out of the house to dry their tears in the tumultuous speed and glamour of a mountain current. When I heard the rushing noises and yell of this joyful multitude assembled, I thought quite sure that MacGregor, then I was a stranger, and under his protection. He successively held me fast by the hand, while the surrounding crowds and parties, with a general attachment, and joy at his return, as were really affecting; nor did he extend to his followers what all capacity sought, the grasp, namely, in his hand, that he had not understood that I was to be kindly and carefully used.

The mandate of the Sultan of Delhi, could not have been more properly phrased. Indeed, I was most unkindly treated, nearly as much inconvenience from their meant attentions as formerly from their rudeness. They would hardly allow the horses their leader to walk upon his own legs, so earnest were they to afford me support and assistance upon the way; and at length, taking advantage of a slight accident by which I made over a stone, which the press did not permit me to avoid, they fairly scorned upon me, and bore me in their arms in triumph towards his Majesty's palace.

On arrival before their hospitable mansions, I found power and popularity had its inconveniences in the Highlands, as everywhere else; for, before MacGregor could connive at my escape, to allow me to rest upon the bed of the financial of my companion, in order to obtain rest and refreshment, he was obliged to relate the story of the escape at least a dozen times over, as I was told, and to choose to transmit it at least as often for my obligation, and to whom I was in policy obliged to pay a decent degree of attention. The sentence being at length satisfied, group after group departed to their bed upon the heaven, or the surrounding the bellows, some curing the Duke and Garech tenants as the probable danger of his friendship to MacGregor, and all agreeing that the escape of Rob Roy himself had nothing in comparison with the exploit of any of his chief, since the days of Disraeli-Cline, founder of his line.

The friendly outlaw, now taking me by the arm, conducted me into the interior of the fort. I was grieved to see my friend, but with his companion; but they were nowhere to bowing, and I felt as if to make inquiries might have been a secret resolution. Oh, the same, everyone was best got, and knew known countenance upon which my eyes rested that of the Balle, who, seated on a chair by the table, received me with a sort of respect and dignity, but not of Rob Roy, the voice apologizing for his indifferent accommodation, and bestowing upon his health.

"A hearty, honest fellow," said the Balle, in a different voice, I thank ye; and for another
Hall at Glasgow College, "Wanted, a tutor for Rob Roy's boys!"

"Na, kinman," replied Mr. Jarvis, "but ye might have sent the lads what they could have learned the fear o' God, and the usages o' civilized creatures. They are as ignorant as a beast in the market, or the very English churls that ye said them to, and can see nothing whatever to purpose."

Umph! answered Rob; Hamish can bring down a black-coat when he's on the wing wi' a single bullet, and Rob can drive a disc through a two-inch board.

"Sae muckle the war for them, cousin! See muckle the war for them bith!" answered the Glasgow merchant in a tone of great decision; "as they ken nothing better than that, they had better no ken lest neither. Tell me yourself! and weren ye a happier man at the tail of your newsie-bestial, when ye were in an honest calling, than ever ye has been since, at the head o' your Highland kerness and gally-glasses?"

I observed that in the while his well-meaning kinman spoke to him in this manner, turned and writhed his body like a man who indeed suffers pain, but is determined no groan shall escape his lips; and so engrossed for his own business to have my well- meaning, but, as it was obvious to me, quite mistaken strain, in which Jarvis addressed this extraordinary person. The day, however, came to an end without my interference.

"And see!" said the Bailie, "I have been thinking, Rob, that as it may be you are ower deep in the black book to win a pardon, and now and to lend money to sell, that it would be a pity to bring up two hopes' lads to sic a godless trade as your ain, and I was just thinking we might justly try that at the last, and then myself and my father the dean afores me, though, praise to the Giver, I only trade now as wholesale dealer—And see!"

He saw a storm 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 generosity, it had been embraced as an acceptable one—"and Rob, lad, ye needes not look see glum, for I'll pay the prentice-fees, and never plague ye for the thousand merks neither.

Crowd multick dundert, hundred thousand devils! exclaimed Rob, rising and striding through the hut.

"My some earvers!—Militia rebuke I but I wad see eve every lean in Glasgow, beam, triddles, and cuttings, burnt in laisd-een bones!"

With some difficulty I made the Bailie, who was preparing a reply, comprehend the risk and improbability of presenting his court for his own person on this occasion; for, as he has himself said,

"I have that to say o' your wife—"

"Nothing of her, kinman," said Rob, in a stern tone, "but what is befittin' a man's conduct, and my husband to hear. Of me you can welcome to see your fail pleasure."

"Aweel, aweel," said the Bailie, somewhat dismayed, "we'll let be the case over—I dimn o' me civet for making mischief in families—but here are two sons, Hamish and Robin, which signifies, as I understand, James and Robert—I trust, as I trust, that ye will hand them over to the Western Orphans for care, at the instance of his majesty's advocate for majesty's interest—awful, but the twa lads, as ye say, they haen seen muckle at the ordinar public transport."

"Sae o' Hamishies, and Ebschines, and Amugoses, etc. They're the names ane eye chance to see in any place in Scotland."

"I think, sir, you have erred, and said it incorrectly. At the instants of his majesty's advocate for majesty's interest—awful, but the twa lads, as ye say, they haen seen muckle at the ordinar public transport."

"As I was saying, Mr. Greger, with irreconcilable difference, their learning must have come o' their own. I, for the deal was I to get them a teacher? and ye must have seen on the gate o' your Devinspit—"
one, who, being unacquainted with the secret, should tamper with the lock which secured his treasure. "This," said he, touching the pistol—"this is the keeper of my privy purse."

But the Bates thought the ruse of entrenching 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 caught by Calypso. The MacGregor, as existing a chronic state of great anxiety and involvement of corage among the sea-creatures in which it was deposited.

Bailie ran out to examine the mechanism, and when he had done, returned it with a smile, and a sigh, observing, "Ah I Rob, had other folk's purses been as well guarded, I doubt if your sporrar well has been as well filled as it kythes to be by the weight."

"Never mind, kinsman," said Rob, laughing, "it will eye open for a friend's necessity, or to pay a just debt—and here," he added, pulling out a rouleau of gold, "here is your ten hundred merks—count them, and see that you are full and justly paid.""Mr. Jarvis took the money in silence, and weighing it in his hand for an instant, laid it on the table, and replied, "Rob, I canna tak it—I donna introd.--cousin, if you may gude come o't—I has some ower weil the day whast sort of a gate you gowd is made in—ill-got gowd ne'er prospered; and, to be plain wi' you, I winna meddle wi' it—looks as there might be a change before."

"Troutheo!" said the outlaw, affecting an indifference which, perhaps, he did not altogether feel. "'it's gude French gowd, and ne'er was in Scotchman's pouch before dawn—look at them, man—they are a louis-d'or, bright and bonnie as the day they were coined."

"Ain't the war, the war—just see muckle the war," Robin," replied the Bailie, averting his eyes from the money, though, like Caesar on the Lupercaal, his fingers seemed to itch for it—"Rebellion is war than witchcraft, or robbery either; there's worship gowd for't."

"Never mind the warrant, kinsman," said the free-booter; "you come by the gowd honestly, and in payment of a just debt—it came from the one king, you may gie it to the other, if ye like; and it will just serve for a weakening of the enemy, and in the point where pur King James is weakest too, for, God knows, he has hands and hearts enough, but I doubt he wants the siller."

"I'll get money—Hielanders then, Robin," said Mr. Jarvis, as again replacing his spectacles on his nose, he undid the rouleau, and began to count its contents. "The Lowlanders neither," said MacGregor, arching his eyebrow, and, as he looked at me, directing a glance towards Mr. Jarvis, who, all unconscious of his status, weighed each piece with habitual scrupulosity; and having told me that the sun, without being paid to the discharge of his debt, principal and interest, he returned three pieces to buy his kinsman a gown, as he expressed himself, and a brace more for the two bairns, as he called them, requesting they might buy any thing they liked with them except gunpowder. The Eighlander stated at his kinsman's unexpected generosity, but courteously accepted his gift, which he deposited for the time in his well-secured pouch."

The Bailie produced the original bond for the debt, on the back of which he had written a formal discharge, which, having subscribed himself, he re-quested me to sign as a witness. I did so, and Bailie was looking anxiously around, for another, the Scottish law requiring the subscription of two witnesses to validate either a bond or acquittance. "I've read nearly fifty laws," said I, "and I do not see how we can write save ourselves within these three miles," said Rob, "but I'll settle the matter as easily;" and, taking the paper before his kinsman, he threw it in the fire. Bailie stared at him, and the Bailiff continued, "That's a Hieland settlement of accounts—the time might come, cousin, were I to keep at these outlayings of discharges, that friends might be brought into trouble for having dealt with me."

The Bailie attempted no reply to this argument, and our supper now appeared in a style of abundance, and even delicacy, which, for the place, might be considered as extraordinary. The greater part of the provisions had been in cold, as they had been prepared at some distance; and there were some bottles of good French wine to relish pasties of various sorts of game, as well as other dishes. I remarked that the guests had been informed on before it was well-supplied to us. 

"You must know," said he to Mr. Jarvis, but with out looking towards me, "you are not the only guests this night in the MacGregor's country, whilk, doubtless, ye will believe, since my wife and the twa lads would otherwise have been missy read to attend ye, as weil become them."

Bailie Jarvis looked as if he felt glad at any circumstance which occasioned their absence; and I should have been entirely of his opinion, had it not been that the outlaw's apology seemed to imply they were in attendance on Diana and her companions, whom even in my thoughts I could not bear to cast aside as her husband.

While the unpleasant ideas arising from this suggestion had receded the good effects of appetite, welcome, and good cheer, I remarked that Rob Eoy's attention had extended itself to providing us better bedding than we had enjoyed the night before. Two of the last fragiles of the bedsteads, which stood by tilt wall of the hut, had been stuffed with heath, then in full flower, so artificially arranged, that the fowlers being on the watch, afforded a mattress as elastic and fragrant. Cloak, 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 suffered him to betake himself to bed as soon as possible, and to disband a plentiful assembly of the po'd and haraised, I did not myself feel the same disposition to sleep, but rather a restlessness and feverish anxiety, which led to so much discourse between me and MacGregor.

CHAPTER XXXV

A hopeless darkness settles o'er my state;
I've seen the last look of her beseeched eyes—
I've heard the last sound of her blessed voice—
I've tasted the last rop from my age of sighs.
My doom is closed.

"I knew not what to make of ye, Mr. Osbaldstone," said MacGregor, as he pressed towards me. "You eat not, you show no wish for rest; and yet you drink nor, though that flag of bevareness might have come out of Sir Hildebrand's six cakes."

Had you had the sense to view the game in its true light, you would have escaped the deadly hatred of your cousin Roderick."

"Had I been always prudent," said I, blushing at the scene he recalled to my recollection, "I 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 report, evidently felt, had been intentionally conveyed, saw that I was thinking of myself, not of him, turned his face towards the fire with a deep expression, followed his example, and each remained for a minute wrapt in his own painful reverie. All but were now asleep, or at least silent, excepting ourselves."

MacGregor first broke silence, in the tone which takes up his determination to enter on a subject. "My cousin Nicol Jarvis means well," said he, "but he has owre hard a nature—situation of a man like me, considering what I been—what I have been forced to become—and all that I owe to my name."

He paused; and, though feeling the delicate nature of the conversation in which the listeners were engaged, I could not help replying, I did not doubt his present situation had much
ROB BOY.

must be most unpleasant to his feelings. "I should be happy to learn," I added, "that there is an honourable
mean of obtaining a position at the head of a State or
some Latin prayer of the Catholic church; then
wrapped himself in his plaid, with his naked sword
on one side, and his breast exposed to the other, so disposing
the folds of his mantle, that he could at a
moment's warning, with a weapon in either hand,
ready for instant combat. In a few minutes his
heavy breathing and announced the
Overpowered by fatigue, and stunned by the various
unexpected and extraordinary scenes of the day, I, in
my turn, was soon overpowered by a slumber deep
enough to obliterate from my mind, which, however,
evory cause for watchfulness, I did not awake until
the next morning.

When I opened my eyes, and recollected my situation,
I found that MacGregor had already left the hut.
I awokeken the Baillie, who, after many a snort
and groan, and some heavy complaints of the soreness
of his bones, in consequence of the unlooked
exertions of the preceding day, was at length able to
comprehend the joyful intelligence, that the assets
were carried off by Rashleigh Osbaldistone had been
safely recovered. The instant he understood my
meaning he forgot all his grievances, and, bustling
up in a great hurry, proceeded to compare the con-
tents of the box, which Mr. Owen's memorandums, muttering as he went
on, "Right, right—the real thing—Baillie and Whitt-
tering—where are we?"

Mr. Osbaldistone, who had
hundred, six, and eight—exact to a fraction—Pollcock
and Peelman—twenty-eight, seven—exact—Praise be
blessed!—Grub and Grinder—better men cannot be
three hundred and seventy-six—twelve—twenty. I doubt
Gabriel's—Sippy-sip—Sippy-sip—Sippy-sip—
gain—but they are sams' sums—sams'—the
rest's at right—P. will get his next time. It has all gone
again, and in a calmer tone—"Only ye may oppine it frue my
patience, Mr. Osbaldistone, to be hunte like an otter,
or a seallagh, or a salman upon the shallows, and that
by my very friends and neighbours; and to have as many
sword-cuts made, and pistols flashed at me, as I
had this day in the ford of Avondow, would try a
mam's temper, much more a Highlander's, who are
not famous for that gude gift, as ye may thee hear,
Mr. Osbaldistone. But as thing bides wi' me o' what
Nicol said—"I've vexed for the ha' mies—I've vexed
when I think o' Hamish and Robert living their fa-
ther's life." And yielding to descension on account
of his sons, which he felt not upon his own, the fa-
ther's life, which was much affected, Will. All my life long I
have been more melted by the distress under which a strong,
ordained, and powerful mind is compelled to give way,
that my very friends and neighbours; and to have as
many sword-cuts made, and pistols flashed at me, as I
had this day in the ford of Avondow, would try a
mam's temper, much more a Highlander's, who are
not famous for that gude gift, as ye may thee hear,
Mr. Osbaldistone. But as thing bides wi' me o' what
Nicol said—"I've vexed for the ha' mies—I've vexed
when I think o' Hamish and Robert living their fa-
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ther's life, which was much affected, Will. All my life long I

"We have extensive connexions abroad," said I;
"might not your sons, with some assistance—and
they are well entitled to what my father's house can
afford—which is a most desirable source in foreign service?"

"I believe my countenance showed signs of sincere
emotion; but my companion, taking me by the hand,
was going to speak further, said, "I thank—"

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emotion; but my companion, taking me by the hand,
was going to speak further, said, "I thank—"
and recommending a dress of brandy as a proper medicine to the journey, in which he was pitched by the Bailie, who pronounced it "an unlawful and perilous habit to begin the day with" spirituous liquors, except to defend the stomach. The Bailie was a tender to the morning must; in which case his father the deacon had recommended a dram by precept and example.

"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 refuseth, was mollified on a small dram; another was cool for my use, which, however, I declined, and we resumed, under very different guidance and auspices, our journey of the preceding day.

Our escort consisted of MacGregor, and five or six of the handsomest, best armed, and stoutest athletic mountaineers of his band, and whom he had generally in immediate attendance upon his own person.

When we approached the pass, the scene of the skirmish of the preceding day, and of the still more direful deed which followed it, MacGregor hesitated to speak, as if it were rather to what he knew must be necessarily passing in my mind, than to any thing I had said—he spoke, in short, to my thoughts, and not to the pass.

"You must think hardly of us, Mr. Oebaldstono, and it is not natural that it should be otherwise. Braver men, we have probably been unprovoked —we are a race and an ignorant, and it may be a violent and passionate, but we are not a cruel people—the land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us to enjoy the blessings of peaceful law. But we have been persequeated generations."

"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 light than they did I—Can we view the business of the land, nothing but hangings, head-rog, hoarding, and hunting down an ancient and honourable name, as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies?—If here I stand, have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood; and yet they wish betray me and hang me like a masterless dog, stibe gate of any great man that has an ill will at me."

I replied, "the proscription of his name and family sounded in English ears as a very cruel and arbitrary procedure; and I acquit the accusers, and disclaim the accused, Mr. Jarvis to precede us, a manciple for which the narrowness of the road served as an excuse, he said to me, You are a kind-hearted and an honest man, to the, and long doubted, that which is due to the feelings of a man of honour. But theheit that I have trod upon when living, must blosen even when I am dead—my heart would sink, and my eyes 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 caverns, wild as they are, that you see around you.—And Helen—what could become of her, were I to leave her the subject of new insult and striden Our love could be, but the scenes from those scenes, where the remembrance of her wrongs is ay sweetened by the recollection of her revenge?

"I was once so hard put at by my Great enemy, as I suppose the weary can o'.ot bear, to take the road, and remove my self and my people and family from our dwellings in our native land, and to views as the 'charm of More's country—and Helen made a Lament on our departure, as well as MacRimmon himself could has frum it—and so piously sad and woe-same, that our hearts melted at the recital, and our eyes were moist and Helen saw, and I saw, and I beheld, and the wonder amung us, and cries to fire."

like the waiting of one that mourns for the death of a man whom the tears of his companions came down the rough faces of our gallies as they heartened—and I had not the same touch of heartbreak again, no, not to have done in all the world."

"But your sons," I said, "they are at the age when your countrymen have usually no objections to see the world."

"And I should be content," he replied, "that they pushed their fortunes in the French or Spanish service as is the wont of Scottish cavaliers of honor, and last night I have sneaked in a whisper that his Excellency had seen his Excellency this morning before ye were."

"Did he then quarter so near us?" said I, my bosom throbbeing with anxiety.

"Nor nearer than ye thought," was MacGregor's reply; "but he seemed rather in some shape to jangle ye speaking to the young leddy, and so you see—"

"There was no occasion for jealousy," I answered, with some haughtiness; "I should not have insisted on his privacy."

"But ye must not be offended, or look out for an amary among your curles then, like a wild-cat cast of an eyet, for ye are to understand that he wishes some one weel oot to you, and has proved it. And it's part that he has set the hearth on fire for you."

"Heather on fire," said I. "I do not understand you."

"Why," resumed MacGregor, "ye ken and sauch that we have been red a point of honour to the chief in this world—I have been mashing ye counsels Rashleigh since ever he saw that he wants to get Die Vernon for his marrow, and I think he understands his Excellency more on that head. But then came the absurd about the surrendering for ye papers—and we have now gude evidence that, as sure as he was compelled to yield them up, he repenteth. Stirling, and told the government all, and mean that all, that was gaud doucely on amongst us bi'left; and, dudosel, that was the way that the crowns he was laid and the laws he was made to make an unexpected raid on me. And I have little doubt that the pair doud Morvis, when he could gar believe anything, was cast out by him, and some of the Lowland gentry, to require us in the gate he tried to do. But if Rashleigh Oebaldstono were bairt the last and best of his men, and granteth that he and I ever forget that again, he's go down my waist and with a bare blade of his whet, if we part before my dirk and his best broadsword were."

He pronounced the last threat with an earnest frown, and the appropriate graces of his hand upon his dagger.

"I can make almost rejoin at what you say," said I, "could I hope that Rashleigh's counsels might prove the means of preventing the escape of the rash and desperate intrigues, which I take to be in the interest of the crown?"

"Trow ye na that," said Rob Roy; "women never yet hurst honest cause. He was over our secrets, the true; and had it not been for all my diligence and Edinburgh Castle would have been in our hands by this time, or briefly hereafter, is now scarce to be hoped for. But there are many engaged, and the over on stand up for the breath of a traitor's tale, and that we seen and heard of it be lang. And so, we shall soon see what clothes this."

*The MacRimmons or MacGr姆ness were hereditary scribes to the chiefs of MacLeod, and celebrated for their tales. The pieces said to have been composed by Helen MacGregor is still unknown. See the introduction to this Novel.*
James is as guile as any of them, and has the brazen face into Hamish and Bob, being his natural-born subjects."

I easily comprehended that these words boded a general national convulsion; and, as it would have been absurd to refuse my acquaintance stand my friend, and allow me at least the sad gratification of bidding farewell to the object who had occupied such a share of my affections; I sent the agitation of the bosom repose, till I was about to be separated from her for ever.

We pursued the margin of the lake for about six English miles, through a devious and beautiful valley, until we arrived at a solitary Highland farm, or assembly of hamlets, near the head of that fine sheet of water, called, if I mistake not, Ledslair, or the Ledslair, a name which indicates that Mr MacGregor's men were stationed in order, to receive us.

The taste, as well as the eloquence of tribes, in a savage, or, to speak more properly, in a feudal state, is, because it is unfrocked by system and affectation; and of this I had an example in the choice these mountaineers had made of a place to receive their guests. It has been said that a fiendish monarch would judge well to receive the embassy of a rival power in the cabin of a man-of-war; and a Highland host in a situation, where the natural objects of grandeur proper to his country, might have the full effect on the mind of his guests.

I designed about two hundred yards from the shores of the lake, guided by a brawling brook, and left on the right hand four or five Highland huts, whose thatched roofs, as such as to show they must have been worked with the spade rather than the plough, cut as it were out of the surrounding copsewood, and winding with casual just, as above this limited space the hill became more steep; and on its edge we descried the glittering arms and waving drapery of about fifty of MacGregor's followers. They were stationed on a spot, the recollection of which yet strikes me with admiration. The brook, hurting its waters downwards from the mountain, had in this spot encountered a barrier rock, over which it had made its way by two distinct leaps. The first fall, across which a magnificent old oak, slanting out from the rock, partly extended itself as if to avoid the dusty stream of the cascade, might be about twelve feet high; the broken waters were received in a beautiful stone basin, almost as regular as if hewn by a sculptor; and on the wheeling around its flinty margin, they made a second precipitous dash, through a dark and narrow chasm, almost at least fifty feet in depth; and from thence, in a hurried, but comparatively a more genteel course, escaped to join the lake.

With the natural taste which belongs to mountaineers, and especially to the Scottish Highlanders, whose natural feelings, born of the narrow valley in which they have been, and the romantic and poetic, Rob Roy's wife and followers had prepared our morning repast, in a scene intended to inspire the feelings of awe. They are also naturally a grave and severe people, and however rude in our estimation, carry their ideas of form and politeness to an excess, that would appear over-civilized, even the demonstration of superior force which accompanies the display of it; for it must be granted that the air of punctilious deference and rigid etiquette which would have seemed ridiculous in an hoary dilapidated salute of a corps-de-garde, a propriety when tendered by a Highlander completely armed. There was, accordingly, a good deal of formality in our approach and reception.

The Highlanders, who had been disposed on the side of the hill, drew themselves together when we came in view, the first strong figure in especially close column behind three figures, whom I soon recognized to be Helen MacGregor and her two sons. MacGregor himself arranged his attendants in the rear, and, requesting Mr. Jarvie to distinguish where the ascent became steep, advanced slowly, marshalling us forward at the head of the troop. As we advanced, we heard the wild noises of the bagpipes, which lost their natural discord from being mingled with the dashling sound of the cascade.

When we came close, the wife of MacGregor came forward to meet us: Her dress was studiously arranged in a more feminine taste than it had been on the preceding day, but her features wore the same soft, unbroken, and maternal aspect, as if she had folded my friend the Bailie in an unexpected and apparently unwelcome embrace, I could perceive, by the weight of a cast on his legs, that he felt much like one who feels himself suddenly in the grip of a she-bear, without being able to distinguish whether the animal is in kindness or wrath.

"Kinsman," she said, "you are welcome—and you too, strangers," she added, releasing my alarmed companion, who instinctively took the hand of MacGregor's son, and addressing herself to me, "you are also welcome. You came," she added, "to our unhappy country, when our people are not our masters, and our hearts were red. Excuse the rudeness that gave you a rough welcome, and lay it upon the evil times and not upon us. All this was said with the manners of a princess, and in the tone and style of a court.

Ninor was there the least tincture of that vulgarity, which we naturally attach to the Lowland Scot. There was there a strong prouder, and, on the contrary, 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 never been applied in the mean purposes of ordinary life, was graceful, flowing, and declamatory. Her husband, who had in his time played many parts, used much, in an emphatic dialect even his language rose in purity of expression, as you may have remarked, if I have been accurate in recording it, when the affairs which he discussed, and which he discussed of an affecting 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 facetious, they used the Lowland Scottish dialect,—when serious and impassioned, their thoughts and 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 pure as well as recompensable, and it is no uncommon thing to hear a Scotchman, when overpowered by a countryman with a tone of bitter and fluent upbriding, reply by way of taunt to his adversary, "You have gotten to your English, except from the Shetland; and went.

Be this as it may the wife of MacGregor invited us to a refreshment spread out on the grass, which abounded with all manner delicacies, which were also provided for our horses, which, however, upon being milked, did not appear so much to relish the milk as if it were not the custom in vain that the leader exerted himself to excite mirth. A chill-bug over our minds as if the feast had been funeral; and every bosom felt light when it was ended.

"Adieu, cousins," she said to Mr. Jarvie, as we..."
ROB ROY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Parewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,
Like the shrub of the dead on the mountain's cold breast;
To the cataract's roar where the cataracts reply,
And the lake her low bosom expands to 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 Lomond, here the predominant monarch of the mountains, lay far in the distance, and seemed as a striking land-mark. I was not awakened from my apathy, until, after a long and toilsome walk, we emerged from the dark and gloomy loch, called Lochmond, and set 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 outline 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 indentures and promontories of a fair and fertile land, affords one of the most surprising, beautiful, and sublime spectacles in nature. The eastern side, particularly rough and rugged, was at this time the chief seat of MacGregor and his clan, to curb whom a small body of our troops was stationed in a central position between Loch Lomond and another lake. The extreme strength of the country, however, with the numerous passes, marshes, caverns, and other places of shelter, defile, or defence, made it seem as if the little fort seem rather an acknowledgment of the danger, than an effectual means of securing against it.

More than one occasion, as well as on that which I witnessed, the garrison suffered from the adventurous spirit of the outlaws, and his followers. These outlaws were usually led by forays of this kind, when he himself was in command; for, equally good-tempered and sagacious, he understood well the danger of incurring unnecessary odium. I learnt with pleasure that he had caused the captives of the preceding day to be liberate in safety and mercy, and that the instances of his generosity, are recorded of this remarkable man on similar occasions.

A boat waited for us in a creek beneath a huge rock, much like the High Rock in the castle of Sir Walter Scott's poem. Our host took leave of us with great cordiality, and even affection. Betwixt him and Mr. Jarvie, indeed, there seemed to exist a degree of mutual regard, for which I could not do more than regret to amount to nothing but a respectful acquaintance. After kissing each other very lovingly, and when they were just in the act of parting, the gentleman furnished him with a tea caddy, filled with tea and sugar; and with a faltering voice, assured his kinsman, "the if ever an hundred pound, or even twa hundred, would put him or his family in a settled way, he need but just send a line to the Saunt-Market" and Rob, grasping his basket-hilt with one hand, and shaking Mr. Jarvie's heartily with the other, protested, "that if ever any body should afford his kinsman, an he would best be him kens, he would sow his legs out of his head, were he the best man in Glasgow."

With these assurances of mutual aid and continued good-will, we bade farewell to the scene of our visit, and took our course for the south-western angle of the lake, where it gives birth to the river Leven. Rob Roy remained in his boat until we were out of ear-shot; which was but a little, for the distance increased between us, as we saw him turn and go slowly up the side of the hill, followed by his immediate attendants or body-guard.

We performed our voyage for a long time in silence, interrupted only by the Gaelic chant which one of the rowers sung in low irregular measure, rising occasionally into a wild chorus, in which the others joined. My own thoughts were sad enough; yet I felt something soothing in the magnificent scenery with which I was surrounded; and thought, in the embarrassment of the moment, that had my faith been that of Rome, I could have consented to live and die a lonely hermit in one of the romantic and beautiful islands among which our host eluded. The Ballie had also his speculations, but they were of somewhat a different complexion; as I found when, after about an hour's silence, during which he had been meditating, he entered into a lively discussion as to the possibility of draining the lake, and "giving to plough and harrow many hundreds of acres," for the purpose of which every man could get earthly gude e'own, unless it were a good, for a dish of perch now and then.

Amidst a long discussion, which he carried on, to mine ear against the stomach of my sense," I cannot remember that it was part of his project to procure a portion of the lake just deep enough and wide enough for the purposes of water-carrying, for the colt-barges and gabbards should pass as easily between Dunbarton and Glenfalloch as between Gow and Greamock.

At length we neared our distant place of adjoin to the ruins of an ancient castle, where the lake discharges its superfusious waters into the Leven. There we found Dougal, for the first time.

"Dugall," he said, "ye are a kindly creature, and I see yourself in such good humour, and have ween the two wees, and have ween the two wees, and have you been thinking that ye will gang back to the Gow wi' us, being a strong-body creature, ye?"

"Strike up,"
affairs in that country. My father's arrival in full
credit, and with the simple means of supporting his
engagements here. As well as a son and a drinker of
correspondents in future, was a stunning blow to
MacVitte and Company, who had conceived his star
set for ever. His father's friends, the confidential clerk and agent had received at their hands,
Mr. Obaldistone refused every tender of apology
and accommodation; and, having settled the balance
of his accounts, prepared to depart, with all its
numerous contingent advantages, that leaf of his
legion was closed for ever.

While he enjoyed this triumph over false friends, it
was not a little alarmed on my account. Owen,
good man, had not supposed it possible that a journey
of fifty or sixty miles, which may be made with so
much ease and safety in any direction from Lon-
don, could be attended with any particular danger.
But he caught alarm, by sympathy, from my father,
to whom the country, and the lawless character of its
inhabitants, were better known.

These apprehensions were raised to agony, when,
a few hours before I arrived, Andrew Fairervice
made his appearance, with a story of the account of the uncertain state in which he had left
me. The nobleman with whose troops he had been
returned rapidly to Glasgow, in order to announce
me the man who was to see me. He had submitted to the sort of temporary attention and
woeful importance which attaches itself to the bearer of bad
tidings, and had therefore by no means smoothed down his
tale. His own words, as he sat in the passage, were very
eloquent, as it were, in himself, which amount of
importance, however, was alarming enough to a
his own words to me. I was not removed from
myself, or of the young gentleman.

This statement would have driven Owen to de-
mand an account of Mr. Fairervice, for he was
always connected with the nobleman. But my
father had been at London, and as it appeared to me
that he was not there, he did not think it necessary to

We had another in the apartment,—it was my
affair.

affair.

be employed in the warehouse till something better
and cut up.

be sold, muckle obliged till the Bailie's ho-
nour," replied Douglas; "but tell be in her shanks
she ganga on a causeway'd street, unless she be drawn
up the Gallowgate 'twixt town, as she was told. At
that time I discovered that Douglas had origi-
nally come to Glasgow as a prisoner, from being
concerned in some depredation, but had somehow
found a way of getting up the Gallowgate. He was, on
the other hand, in a manner which would have
astonished a French dancing-master. He ran to
the boatmen to show them the prize, and a small
gratuity made them take part in his sport. He then,
to the annoyance of the people at Eilean Donan,
Bunyan, "went on his way, and I saw him no more.

The Bailie and I mounted our horses, and proceed-
ed to the Gallowgate, to get the best view of the
lake, and its superb amphitheatre of mountains. I
could not help expressing, with enthus-
iasm, my sense of its natural beauties, although I
was conscious that Mr. Jarvis was a very ungen-
"Ye are a young gentleman," he replied, "and an
Englishman, and this may be well for you, but
for me, who am a plain man, and keep nothing of
the different values of land, I wadna gie the finest
night we have seen in the Highlands, for the first week
of the Corbals of Glasgow; and if I were once there,
rt ouldna be a fair body's errand, begging your pardon.
Mr. Francis, that said take me out o' sight o' Saint
Mungo's steeple again!"

The honest man had his wish; for, by dint of trave-
elling very late, we arrived at his own house that
night, or rather on the succeeding morning. Having
seen my worthy fellow-traveller safely conducted
the charge of the considerable and officious Maitie,
I proceeded to Mrs. Flyer's, in whose house, even at
this unhallowed hour, light was still burning. The
door was opened for me by Andrew Fairervice himself, who, upon the first sound of my
voice, set up a loud shout of joyful recognition, and
which was the real amount of his enthusiasm. His
parlour on the second floor, from the windows of
which the light proceeded. Justly conceiving that he
wished to announce my return to the anxious Owen.
I followed him upon the foot. Owen was not alone,—

The first impulse was to preserve the dignity of his
personal equanimity,—"Francis, I am glad to see you."—
next was to embrace me tenderly,—"My dearest
son!" Owen secured one of my hands, and
without tears, but with a voice that was a
return. These are scenes which address
themselves to the eye and to the heart, rather
than to the imagination; they will remain
at the reception of our meeting; but your kind and
affectionate feelings can well imagine what I should find
impossible to describe. Her unmasked joy was over, I learnt that
my father had arrived from Holland shortly after
I had set off for Scotland. Determined and
resolved, I had, at first, been content to post to
protect the means of discharging the obligations incum-
bent on his house. By his extensive resources, with
an enlarged, and credit fortified, by eminent suc-
cess, and the means of discharging the obligations incum-
bent on his house. By his extensive resources, with

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As there was something of justice in Andrew's plea of loss in my service, his finesse succeeded; and he came by a good suit of mourning, with a beaver and all things conforming, as the exterior signs of wo for the deceased, and was alive and well.

My father's first care, when he arose, was to visit Mr. Jarvis, for whose kindness he entertained the most grateful sentiments, in which he expressed in very few but manly and nervous terms. He explained the altered state of his affairs, and offered the Bailie, on such terms as could not but be both advantageous and to his interest, that he would do nothing that had been hitherto managed by MacVitty and Company. The Bailie heartily congratulated my father and Owen on 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 only just acted as he would be done by—by that, as to the extension of his correspondence, he frankly accepted it with thanks. Had MacVitty's folk behaved like honest men," he said, "he would have liked ill to have come in a hint, and out afore that, this gate. But it's otherwise, and they maun' e'en stand the loss."

The Bailie then pulled me by the sleeves into a corner, and after painlessly wishing me joy, proceeded in rather an embarrassed tone. "I was heartily wish, Maister Francis, there said be some things about that most suit things we saw uonder sawe—There's nae gods, unless some were judicial examine, to say any thing about that awfu' job o' Morva—and the members of the company, I think it credible in one of their body to be fighting wi' a wheen Hielansmen, and anging their plaidens—And abune a', though I am a decent spottin', am I on my saunt end, I am not, but think I maun ha made a queer figure without my hat and my perwig, hinging by the middle like baw-drons, or a cloak flung ower a cloak-pin. Bailie Gra- ham was had an unco' hair in my neck an 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 smiled also when he shook his head. I see how it is—I see how it is. But say naething about it—there's a guide callant; and charge that lang-tongued, concieted, upsetting serving-man o' yours, to say naething neither. I wad nae for ever see muckle that even the lazzock Mattie kend any thing about it. I wad never bear an end o' it."

He was obviously relieved from his impending fears of ridicule, when I told him it was my father's intention to immediately embark, and proceed as our law-agents assured us, with all deliberate speed.

We spent, accordingly, one hospitable day with the Bailie, and took leave of him, as this narrative now does. He continued to grin in week, honour, and credit, and actually rose to the highest civic honours in his native city. About two years after the period I have mentioned, he tried of his bachelor life, and promoted Mattie from her wheel by the kitchen fire, to the upper end of his table, in the character of Mrs. Jarvis. Bailie Grahame, the MacVitties, and others, (the family had been, especky, members of the council of a royal burgh,) ridiculed this transformation. But, said Mr. Jarvis, "let them say their say. I'm fain to see my poor living to be a rockless matter as a nine days''s' class. My honest father the descen had a byword, 'Great brow and t'ill skin, and a living heart within, is better than powd or gentis kid.'"

Besides, as he always concluded, "Mattie was nae quack-quaquarn: she was skine to the Laid of Limmerfield."

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 depended so much on her somewhat precariously. 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, say 'air' good soom,

Come ye, sir, and tell me:

How many of you, my children dear,

Will stand by that good Earl and me?"

"Five of them did tell me sae:

'Five' of them spoke hastily,

'Father, till the day we die,

We'll stand by that good Earl and thee.'"

The King in the North.

On the morning when we were to depart from Glengow, Andrew Fairburn service jumped into my sappiness mind like a madman, jumping up and down, and singing with more vehemence than tune,

"The kilt's on fire—till the kilt's on fire—

The kilt's on fire—till's a'en in fire—"

With some difficulty I prevailed on him to cease his confounded clamour, and explain to me what the matter was. He was pleased to inform me, as if he had just discovered it, that the Hielands were clean broken out every man of them, and that Rob Roy, and his breakless bands, were down upon Glengow, or twenty-four hours of the clock, round the town.

"Hold your tongues," said I, "you rascal! Ye must be drunk or mad; and if there is any truth in your new, it is in a good master, you stand.

"Drunk or mad, nae doubt," replied Andrew dauntlessly; "'s a' ye drunk or mad if he tells veird grit folks dinna like to hear—Sing's oid, the dear will make us sing on the wrong side of our noddles; we are sae drunk or mad as to bide their coming.

I 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 1716 had already broken out, by the unfortunate deed of Mr. Mac's setting up the standard of the Stewart family in an ill-famed hour, to the ruin of many honourable families, both in England and Scotland. The treachery of some of the Jacobite agents, (among whom the rest,) and the arrest of others, had made George the first's government acquainted with the extensive ramifications of a conspiracy, which was not only confined to a part of the kingdom too distant to have any vital effect upon the country, which, however, was plunged into much confusion.

The great public event served to confirm and elucidate the obscure explanations I had received from MacGregor; and I could easily see why the watchful clans, who were brought against him, should waive their private quarrel, in consideration that they were all shortly to be engaged in the same public cause. It was a more melancholy reflection to me, that 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 pangs of her husband's hazardous trade."

We hold an immediate consultation on the measures we were to adopt in this crisis, and acquainted in my father's plan, that we should instantly proceed to London. I acquainted my father with my wish, and for my own reason. I was one of the necessary passports, and make the best of our way. I went to London. I acquainted my father with my wish, and for many reasons, including the necessity of the volunteer corps, several being already spoken of, whether I might like war as a profession, yet upon principle, I would have expected his mind more willingly in the service of civil and religious liberty.

We travelled in haste and peril. Through the midst of the brawns, till we reached the outskirts of London. In this quarter, gentlemen of the Tory interest, were already in motion mustering men and horses,
the Whigs assembled themselves in the principal towns, armed the inhabitants, and prepared for civil war. We narrowly escaped being stopped on more occasions than one; and it was not without the help of our circuitous routes to avoid the points where forces were assembling.

As 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 constitution, the army, and the navy depended, for furnishing their undertaking, by rendering the government, as it were, bankrupt. My father was chosen one of the joint proprietors in the company, on the ground of the interest he had in the naval service; but as we had not the means of spending the whole of the money, we had to bear with the greatest patience in the world, and to do our utmost to keep our promise. I was also the head of the organization, by which they communicated with government, and contributed, from funds belonging to their own houses, or over which he had command, to find purchasers for a quantity of the national stock, which was suddenly flung into the market at a very moderate 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 the General Court, and fought against the rebels.

The rebellion, in the mean time, had extended itself to England. The unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater had publicly signed the declaration of General Foster. My poor uncle, Sir Hildebrand, whose estate was reduced to almost nothing by his own carelessness and the expense and debauchery of his sons and brothers, had been tried, and on the 8th of January, had been executed on the scaffold. I was present at his trial, and had the pleasure of giving him every comfort and satisfaction in his last moments. I think I may say, that in every respect, in which he was a gentleman, he was such as to make him worthy of the respect and admiration of all mankind. I had always admired his conduct and character, and now that he was dead, I felt a great deal of sympathy for those who had been his friends and admirers.

By this document he devised his estates to Osbaldestone Hall, and so forth, to his sons successively, and to the heir male, until he came to Rishleigh, whom, as an account of his past deeds had been greatly approved of, he detested with all his mind,—he cut him off with a chilly mark, and settled the estate on me, as his next heir. I had always been a favourite of the old gentleman; but it is probable that, confident in the number of gigantic youth who now armed around him, he considered the destination as likely to remain as a dead letter, which he inserted chiefly to show his displeasure at Rishleigh's treachery, both public and domestic. There was an article, by which he bequeathed to the niece of his late wife, Diana Vernon, now Lady Diana Vernon Beauchamp, some diamonds belonging to her late aunt, and a great silver ewer, having the arms of Vernon and Osbaldestone on it. But Heaven had decreed a more speedy extinction of his numerous and healthy lineage; and, on the 8th of January, he died of a heart attack, in which he was accompanied by his family, and was buried in the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, with the master of the conspirators at a place called Greenrigg. The Hildebrand of Osbaldestone quelled the proceedings of the great brotherhood, and the rest of the conspirators were arrested, and brought to trial, where they were found guilty of murder and treason. I was present at the trial, and thought it a great mercy that the original had not been captured and executed, as his name was already enough to bring the conspirators to the scaffold. His messenger was brought to the court, with an authenticated copy of the letter, which he had written, with the assistance of his old acquaintance Mr. Justice Anglewood, who, dashed by one of the conspirators, and confined in by a kind of neutral person, had become, for aught that I know, the depository of half the wiles of the fighting men of both factions in the county of Northumberland.

The greater part of my uncle's last hours were spent in the discharge of the religious duties of his church, in which he was directed by the religious services of the Separatists, and from whom, with some difficulty, we obtained permission to visit him. I could not be certain of my own expression, as the principal attendants, that Sir Hildebrand had died of any formal complaint, bearing a name in the science of medicine. He seemed to me completely worn out and broken down by fatigue of body and mind, and the distress of mind, and the consequent want of any positive struggle—just as a vessel, buffeted and tossed by a succession of tempestuous gales, her timbers overspreading, and her joyous life wasting away, until the springs spring a leak, and founder, when there are no apparent causes for her destruction.

It was a remarkable circumstance that my father, after the last duties were performed to his brother, appeared suddenly to imbibe a strong anxiety that I should act upon the will, and represent his father's house, which had hitherto seemed to be the thing in
the world which had least charms for him. But for-
merly, he had been only like the fox in the fable,
con
sequently, he was far from wishing to reach; and more or less of efficacy.
I doubt not that the excessive dislike which he en-
terained against Rashleigh (now Sir Rashleigh) Os-
bastion-Hall, which lay threatening to disturb his father's peace;
Sir Hildebrand's will and settlement, corroborated
my father's desire to maintain it.
He had been most earnestly disapproved," he said," by both his parents, this brother which he possessed in the
the disgrace, if not the injury, by leaving the wreck of the
property to Frank, the natural heir, and he was convinced the bequest should take effect, with plausible
tricks without scruples, providing only upon his master being cheated by any one but himself.

In the meantime, Rashleigh was not altogether a
compensable person as an opponent. The informa-
tion he had given to government was critically
well-timed, and his extreme plausibility, with the
extent of his intelligence, and the artful manner in
which he contrived to assume both merit and influ-
ence, had, to a certain extent, procured him patron/
smen among ministers. We were already in the full tide
of litigation with him on the subject of his pillaging
the firm of Osbastion and Tresham; and, judging
from the progress we made in that comparatively
simple lawsuit, there was a chance that this second
course of litigation might be drawn out beyond the
powers of all our notions.

To avert these delays as much as possible, my fa-
thor, by the advice of his counsel learned in the law,
paid off and vested in my person the rights to certain
parts of the estate, including Osbastion-Hall at Per-
haps, however, the opportunity to convert a great
share of the large profits which accrued from the
sale of the funds upon the suppression of the
rebellion, and the experience he had so lately had of
the perils of commerce, encouraged him to realize, in
this manner, a considerable part of his property.
At any rate, it is certain, that instead of commanding
me to the desk, as I fully expected, having intimated
my willingness to comply with his wishes, however
they might be, he went with them. I received his directions
to go down to Osbastion-Hall, and take possession
of it as the heir and representative of the family.
I was directed to apply to Squire Ingelow for the
owners of his uncle's will despatched with him, and take
all necessary measures to secure that possession,
which sages says makes nine points of the law.

At another time I should have been delighted with
this change of destination. But now Osbastion-
Hall was accompanied with many painful recollec-
tions. Still, however, I thought, that in that neigh-
bourhood I should only be likely to procure so
beneficial a situation respecting the fate of Diana Vernon. I had
ever reason to fear it must be far different from what it was. But I could obtain no precise information on the subject. It was in vain that I endeavoured, by such acts of kindness as their situa-
tion admitted, to conciliate the confidence of some of the relations who were among the prisoners in
Newgate. A pride which I could not condemn, and
a natural suspicion of the Whig, Frank Osbastion,
common to the double-distilled traitor Rashleigh, closed
every heart and tongue; and I only received thanks;
gold and extortion, in exchange for such benefits as I
had power to offer. The arm of the law was also
gradually astringing the numbers of those whom I
endeavoured to serve, and the hearts of the survivors
became gradually more contracted towards all whom
I chose to be concerned with the existing govern-
ment. As they were led gradually, and by de-
tachments, to execution, those who survived lost
interest in mankind, and the desire of communicat-
ing with any other but those who bore the same
long remember what took of the matter. Ned Sheflon, by name, replied to my anxious inquiry,
whether there was any indulgence I could procure
him? "Mr. Frank Osbastion," I must suppose you
mean me kindly, and therefore I thank you. But, by
Q—, I cannot be fattened like poultry, when you
are sitting your neighbours off day by day to the
place of execution. I know that their "I never were,"
meat of your own necks are to be twisted round in their turn."

Upon the whole, therefore, I was glad to escape from
Newgate, and from the scenes which both exhorted,
to breathe the free air of Northum-
berland. Andrew Fairservice had continued in my
service, more from my father's pleasure than my
perception of service. When he left the city, I
was not sorry to see him. He was a man of
local acquaintance with Osbastion-Hall set in his
quarter, and I cannot conceive how he could ever
upon my father to interest himself in him, since
he had no standing in the place. He had a decent
degree of affecting an extreme attachment to
his master, which theoretical attachment he
concealed the best he could, and took effect with the

We performed our journey to the North with
any remarkable adventure, and we found the
so lately agitated by rebellion, now peace-
in good order. The nearer we approached to Os-
bastion-Hall, the more did my heart and art of
thought of entering that deserted mansion, and, in
order to postpone the evil day, I resolved to
make my visit at Mr. Justice Ingelow's

The most venerable person he had met with was
thoughts of what he had been, and what he was
now was; and natural recollections of the past
had been so strongly impressed upon his mind,
in his present situation, might have been excited
from him. He was fortunate, however, in one re-
spect; he had got rid of his clerk, Joben, who
had been a constant nuisance to him. He had
become legal assistant to a certain Squire Green,
who had lately commenced operations in these parts
on the administration of the estate; and he had
the right of the testamentary succession, which, very different from

Old Justice Ingelow received me with cordial-
ty, and readily exhibited my uncle's will, which,
already, was to be with a new law. He was for me
in my situation, and in many respects, I felt

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ty, and readily exhibited my uncle's will, which,
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Poor! poor! his Excellency and his Lordship! all a humbug now, you know—more St. C.

titles—Earl of Beauchamp, and ambassador in ter-
tenary from France, when the Duke Rogers
leans scarce knew that he lived, I dare say,
must have seen old Sir Frederick Vernon when
he played the part of Father Vaughan.

"Good Heavens! then Vaughan was my
non's father!"

"I am sure he was," said the Justice.

"There's no use in keeping the secret any
must be out of the country by this time
no doubt, it would be my duty to apprehen-
soldiers," said the Justice, "but to the one

And let her health go round, around, around.
And let her health go round.
For though your stockings be of silk,
Your knees near the ground, agreed, agreed.
I was unable, as the reader may easily con-
join in the Justice's justice. My head swam,
know that their "I never were,"
Mist Vernon's father was living."

This pity were worse, it is believed, in Shake-
's Fair Tale.
replied Inglewood, "for the devil a man there is whose head would have brought more money. He was brought before the King's Council, to which he was examined, and was thought to have had some hand in the Knightsbridge affair, in King William's time; and as he had married in Scotland a relation of the house of Breadalbane, he possessed great influence with the British chiefs. There was a talk of his being demanded to be given up at the Pease of Raywick, but he shammed illness, and was never heard of. I learned afterwards he was free in the papers. But when he came back here on the old score, we old cavaliers knew him well,—that is to say, I knew him, not as being a cavalier myself, but as being the son of the poor gentleman, and my memory being shortened by frequent attacks of the gout, I could not have sworn to him, if you know.

"Was he, then, not known at Osbaldstone-Hall?"

I inquired.

"To none but to his daughter, the old knight, and Rashleigh, who had got at that secret as he did at every one else, and held it like a twisted cord about his neck. I have seen her one hundred times she would have spitted him from his feet, had it not been for his father, whose life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase if he had been discovered to the government—but don't mistake me, Mr. Osbaldstone; I am not in company with the Pretender; but, as you are a gentleman, and a just government; and if it has hanged one half of the rebels, poor things, all will acknowledge that probably had not been touched had they stood peaceably at home."

Waving the discussion of these political questions, I brought back Mr. Inglewood to his subject, and I found that Diana, having positively refused to marry any of the Osbaldstone family, and expressed her particular detestation of Rashleigh, he had from that time been so cool a seal for the cause of the Pretender to which, as the youngest of six brethren, and bold, artful, and able, he had hitherto looked forward as the means of making his fortune. Probably the compulsion with which he had been forced to render up the spoils which he had abstracted from my father's counting-house by the united authority of Sir Frederick Vernon and the Scottish Chiefs, had determined his resolution to advance his progress by changing his opinions, and betraying his trust.

Perhaps also, for few men were better judges where his interest was concerned, he considered their means and talents to be, as they afterwards proved, greatly inadequate to the important task of overthrowing an established government. Sir Frederick Vernon, or, as he was called among the Jacobites, his Excellence Viscount Beauchamp, had, with his daughter, some difficulty in escaping the consequences of Rashleigh's indiscretions, and, in consequence of which, many of those undertakers at that time of day, the feelings of the principal parties interested were no more regarded than if they had been a part of the live stock upon the lands.

I cannot, such a fool I am, without feeling of the human heart, whether this intelligence gave me joy or sorrow. I seemed to me, that in the knowledge that Miss Vernon, actually changed her mind, not by marriage with another, but by seduction in a convent, in order to fulfill an absurd bargain of this kind, my regret for her loss was aggravated rather than diminished. I believe, how, to say, the event, is this: she was made a nun and unable to support the task of conversing with Justice Inglewood, who in his turn yawned, and proposed to retire early. I took leave of him over night determining the next day, before breakfast, to ride over to Osbaldstone-Hall.

Mr. Inglewood was surprised at my proposal. "I would be well," he said, "that I made my appearance there before I was known to be in the country. The more especially Sir Rashleigh was now, he understood, at Mr. Johnson's house, hatching some mischief doubtless. They were fit company," he added, "for each other, Sir Rashleigh having lost all right to mingle with the ranks of men of honour; but it was hardly possible two such d—d rascals should colleague together without mischief to honest people."

He concluded, by earnestly recommending a toast and tankard, and an attack upon his venison pasty, before I set out in the morning, just to break the cold air on the wolds.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

His master's gone, and no one now
Dwells in the halls of Iver;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead
Life is the sole survivor.

FOORD-WORT.

There are few more melancholy sensations than those with which we regards scenes of past pleasure, when altered and deserted. In my ride to Osbaldstone-Hall, I passed the same objects which I had seen on the memorable ride from Inglewood Place. Her spirit seemed to keep me company on the way; and, when I approached the stile, I had almost listened for the cry of the hounds and the notes of the horn, and strained my eye on vacant space, as if to discern the fair huntresses again descends and fashion the frolic horseman, but all was silent, and all was solitario. When I reached the Hall, the closed doors and windows, the grassy-grown pavement, the courts, were now so silent, presented a strong contrast to the gay and bustling scene I had so often seen them exhibit, when the merry hunters were going forth to their morning sport, or returning to the daily festival. The joyous barks of the hounds as they were uncoupled, the cries of the huntsman, the clang of the horses' hoofs, the loud laugh of the old knight at the head of his strong and numerous descendants, were all silenced now and for ever.

While I gazed round the scene of solitude and emptiness, I was inexpressibly affected, even by recollecting those whom, when alive, I had no reason to regard with affection. But the thought that so many young and good-looking faces, warm with life, health, and confidence, were wrapt up in short a few days in the grave, by various yet all violent and unexpected modes of death, afforded a picture of mortality at which the mind trembled. It was little wonder I retailed almost like a fugitive. My mind was not habituated to regard the scenes around as my property, and I felt myself an intruder, at an inestimable straggle, 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 gateway, and dispute my entrance.

While I was engaged in these sad thoughts, my follower, Andrew, whose feelings were of a very different nature, excused himself from the window alternately 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 a-squire of the body to the new lord of the manor. At length, timidity and reluctantly, Anthony Syddall, my uncle's aged butler and major-domo, appeared at the window, well fenced with iron bars, and inquired our business.

"We are come to take your charge off your hand, my kind friend," said Andrew Fairbairn; "ye may give up your keys as sun as ye like—like a dog has his day. I'll tak the plate and neapery off your hand, Ye has had your sin tae ye, this is the time the buck has his black, and ilk path has its puddle; and it will just set you hereafter forth to sit on the board-end, as weel as it did Andrew lang synne."

ROB ROY. 128
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 Hall, and the prospect of property. This quite a man seemed much agitated and distressed, and testified manifest reluctance to give me entrance, although it was in the name of a humble and submissive tone. I allowed for the agitation of natural feelings, which really did the old man honour; but continued peremptory in my demand of admittance, explaining to him that the legal way of procedure was the only one to maintain him so long as he did. He examined the nature of my right of possession carefully and admitted it. We then came to the succession, which was to poor one, so much was the land encumbered with debt and mortgage. Most of these, however, was already vested in my father's person, and he was in train of acquiring the rest; his large gains, by a cer- tain rate of the funds, having made it a matter of and convenience for him to pay off the debt that he expected his property.

I transmitted much necessary business with Mr. Wardlaw, and detained him to due with me. We preferred taking our repast in the library, Mr. Wardlaw strongly recommended going to the Slone-Hall, which he had to put in order for the occa- sion. Meantime Andrew made his way to the temple to pick up the blue recruits, whom he chose in the highest terms, as "sober decent men," founded in doctrinal points, and, above all, "as lions." I ordered them somewhat later. They had to be "a bit to tell us how to do the" old Sydall. The door was open as they went out, and insait upon leaving the reason.

"If you cannot expect," he said, "that you be- nower should put confidence, in what we say, we rely on the truth of all—Ambrose Wested and honest a man as lives, but if there is any thing in the country, it is his brother Lancel." The whole country knows him to be a spy for Clerk Jones as the poor gentlemen that have been a man,

had a dissembler, and I suppose that's enough a day's.

Having thus far given vent to his feelings, which however, I was little disposed to pay any heed, having placed the wits on the table, the old butler left the apartment.

Mr. Wardlaw having remained with me as said the evening was somewhat advanced, and ought handled up papers, and removed himself to his own bed- room, mentioning me in that confidential manner, and before me, I fancied myself in a situation which we can hardly say whether to accept it, or to return the choice between the two for them; for I was left alone in the room, of all other most calculated to inspire me with melancholy re- flection.

On my return to the apartment, Andrew had the sagacity to advance his head at the door to ask if I wished for lights, but to remain as a measure of precaution against the hopes still haunted his imagination. I rejected the present offer, somewhat peevishly, trimmed the placing myself in one of the large which filled the old Gothic chimney, unconsciously the ticking of the blast which fostered. And this," said I aloud, "the issue of human wishes. Norved by the trifles, they are first kindled by fancy, say, upon—the vapoour of hope till they consum- stance which they inflame; and may, sink into a worthless embers and ashes!"

There was a deep sigh from the opposite side of the room, as though my reflections started up in amazement—Diana Vernon en- me, resting on the arm of a figure so an- bling that of the portrait so often looked at and long expected.

My first idea was, either that I had been distracted, or that the spirits of the portrait of Miss Vernon's grandfather walked in to me. A second idea thought there was witchcraft and dolevery among the Paines, and then I saw the "life that never dies," which I thought was indicated me of my being in my senses, and which seemed to stifle before me were real and tran- tial. It was Diana herself, though pal-
he his former self; and it was not tenant of the ground, but her husband, Vere Vernon, or rather Sir Frederick Vernon, in a dress made to imitate that of his ancestor, to whose picture his countenance pos-
ess a family resemblance. He was the first that read the book of his door tree with which he had to do, and his story and my knowledge of the criminals of society and of his extent to analyst my tongue to the roof of my mouth.

"Sir Frederick Vernon! Mr. Osbaldstone," he said, and we claim the refuge and protection of your roof till we can pursue a journey, where danger and death grate for me at every step.

Sir Frederick Vernon cannot suppose—you, sir, cannot believe, that I have forgotten your interference in my difficulties, or that I am capable of betraying any one, much less you!"

"I know it," said Sir Frederick; "yet it is with the most inexpressible reluctance that I impose on you a confidence, disagreeable perhaps—certainly dangerous—and which I would specially wish to have conferred on some one else. But my fate, which has chased me through a life of perils and escapes, is now pressing me hard, and I have no alter-

At this moment the door opened, and the voice of the gentleman in the dress of the High Constable was heard. "Am bringing in the canaille—ye can light them gin ye like—Can do is easy carried about wi' ane."

"Come, come," said Sir Frederick, "I hoped, I reached in time to prevent his observing who were in the apartment. I turned him out with hasty violence, shut the door after him, and locked it—then instantly re-

When they spoke of the Freeport, he brought Sydall's remark, that one of them was supposed to be a spy, I follow-

"No—n—nothing," said Andrew; "but your word is good."

"Because you disturbed me out of a sound sleep, you fool. Sydall tells me he cannot find beds for these good fellows to-night, and Mr. Wardlaw thinks there will be no occasion to detain them. Here is a crown-piece for them to drink my health, and thanks for your good-will. You will leave the Hall immedi-

The men thanked me for my bounty, took the sil-

Having made these arrangements, the host, which occurred to me upon the pressure of the moment, to secure privacy for my guests, I returned to report my proceedings, and added, that I had desired Sydall to speak to every summum, concluding that it was by his connivance they had been sequestered in the Hall. Dismay raised her eyes to thank me for the caution.

"You now understand my mystery," she said; "you know, doubtless, how near and dear that relative is who has so often found shelter here; and will be no longer surprised, Sir Hareleigh, having such a passion that his commitment, should rule me with a rod of iron."

Her father added, "that it was their intention to try the issue and that their presence as short a time as was possible.

"I esteemed the fugitives to waive every considera-

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"The En솟 of Mr. Osbaldstone—" Miss Vernon cannot suppose—you, sir, cannot believe, that I have forgotten your interference in my difficulties, or that I am capable of betraying any one, much less you!"

"I know it," said Sir Frederick; "yet it is with the most inexpressible reluctance that I impose on you a confidence, disagreeable perhaps—certainly dangerous—and which I would specially wish to have conferred on some one else. But my fate, which has chased me through a life of perils and escapes, is now pressing me hard, and I have no alter-

At this moment the door opened, and the voice of the gentleman in the dress of the High Constable was heard. "Am bringing in the canaille—ye can light them gin ye like—Can do is easy carried about wi' ane."

"Come, come," said Sir Frederick, "I hoped, I reached in time to prevent his observing who were in the apartment. I turned him out with hasty violence, shut the door after him, and locked it—then instantly re-

When they spoke of the Freeport, he brought Sydall's remark, that one of them was supposed to be a spy, I follow-

"No—n—nothing," said Andrew; "but your word is good."

"Because you disturbed me out of a sound sleep, you fool. Sydall tells me he cannot find beds for these good fellows to-night, and Mr. Wardlaw thinks there will be no occasion to detain them. Here is a crown-piece for them to drink my health, and thanks for your good-will. You will leave the Hall immedi-

The men thanked me for my bounty, took the sil-

Having made these arrangements, the host, which occurred to me upon the pressure of the moment, to secure privacy for my guests, I returned to report my proceedings, and added, that I had desired Sydall to speak to every summum, concluding that it was by his connivance they had been sequestered in the Hall. Dismay raised her eyes to thank me for the caution.

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never breathed a murmur of weakness or complaint. In Dr. Osbaldstone, he concluded she is a worthy offering to that God, to whom, crossing himself, I shall dedicate her, as all that is left dear or precious to Frederick Vernon."

I well understood the mournful import. The father of Diana was still as anxious to destroy my hopes of becoming her son-in-law as he had shown himself during our brief meeting in Scotland.

"We will now," said he to his daughter, "intend no further on Mr. Osbaldstone’s time, since we have acquainted him with the circumstances of the miserable guests who claim his protection."

I requested them to stay, and offered myself to leave the apartment. Sir Frederick observed, that my doing so could not but excite my attendant’s suspicion; and that the place of their retreat was in every respect commendable, and furnished by Syddall with all they could possibly want. "We might perhaps have even contrived to remain there, concealed from your observation; but it would have been unjust to decline the most absolute reliance on your honour."

"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 witness that which I do not want my daughter’s evidence," he said politely, but yet with an air calculated to prevent my addressing myself to Diana. "As I am prepared to believe all that is worthy of Mr. Francis Osbaldstone. Permit us now to retire; we must take repose when we can, since we are absolutely uncertain when we may be called upon to renew our perilous journey."

He drew his daughter’s arm within his, and, with a profound reverence, disappeared with her behind the tapestry.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

But now the hand of fate is on the curtain, and gives the scene to light.

DON BARTHELM.

I felt stunned and chilled as they retired. Imagination, dwelling on an absent object of affection, paints her not only in the fairest light, but in that in which we most desire to behold her. I had thought of Diana as she was, when her parting tear dropped on my cheek; when her parting token, received from the wife of MacGregor, sugested her wish to convey into exile and convivial seclusion the remembrance of me, I saw her; and her cold passive manner, expressive of little except composed melancholy, disappointed, and, in some degree, almost offended me. My feelings I accosted her of indifference—of insensibility. I upbraided her father with pride, with cruelty, with fanaticism; forgetting that both were sacrificing their interest, and Diana hers, to the discharge of what she regarded as their duty.

Sir Frederick Vernon was a rigid Cato, who thought the path of salvation too narrow to be trodden by a heretic; and Diana, to whom her father’s safety had been for many years the principal and moving spring of thoughts, hopes, and actions felt that she had discharged her duty in resigning to his will, not alone her property in the world, but the dearest affections of her heart. But it was not surprising that I could not, at such a moment, fully appreciate these honourable motives; yet my spleen sought no ignoble means of discharging itself.

"I am consumed, then," I said, when left to run over the visions of Frederick’s communication. "I am consumed, and thought unworthy even to exchange words with her. Be it so; they shall not at least prevent me from watching over her safety. Here I will remain as an outcast, and, while under my roof at least, no danger shall threaten her, if it be such as the arm of one determined man can avert." I proceeded to the library, but came attacked by the eternal Andrew, who, dreaming of great things in consequence of my taking possession of Hall and the ancestral estates, was resolved to lose nothing for want of keeping himself in view; and, as often happens to men who entertain self-delusions, I upbraided him with his attentions tedious and inconvenient.

His unrequired presence prevented me from seeking freely to Syddall, and I dared not remit him away for fear of losing all chance of entertaining from his former abrupt dismissal from his library. "I shall sleep here," sir. I said, giving him a direction of the day-bed, or settee. "I have much to do, and shall go late to bed."

Syddall, who seemed to understand my look, offered to provide me with the circumstances of a matinée and some bedding. I accepted his offer, dismissed my attendant, lighted a pair of candles, and desired that I might not be disturbed till seven in the ensuing morning.

The domestics retired, leaving me to my painful and ill-arranged reflections, until nature, worn as I was, should require some repose.

I endeavoured forcibly to abstain my mind from the singular circumstances in which I found myself placed. Feelings which I had gallantly combated while the exciting object was remote, were now exasperated by my immediate neighbourhood to her whom I was so soon to part with for ever. Her name was a reproach to my heart, a trial to my courage; my love was a reproach to my reason; and her image forced itself on me in whatever train of thought I strove to engage myself. It was, as the infamous slaver of Prior’s Solomon—

"As I was on horseback I named her—"

And when I call’d another, Abru came.

I alternately gave way to these thoughts, and struggled against them, sometimes yielding to one, sometimes yielding to the other. A melting tenedness of sorrow which was scarce natural to me, sometimes arming myself with the boast of one who had experienced what he asserted; unmented rejection. I paced the library until I had chastened myself into a temporary fever. I then flew myself on the couch, and endeavoured to dismiss myself; but it was in vain that the word underlay to myself: I was led, but it was in vain that I tried to divert or baffle the images of her face. I attempted to compose myself—that I lay without movement of finger or of muscle, as still as if I had been already a corpse—that I endeavoured to divest or baffle the impressions, by fixing my mind on some set at repetition or arithmetical process. My blood throbbed, to my feverish apprehension, in pulsations which resembled the deep and regular strokes of a distant tolling-mill, and tingled in my veins like streams of liquid fire.

At length I awoke, opened the window, and stood by it for some time in the clear moonlight, receiving, in part at least, that refreshment and dissipation of ideas from the clear and calm scene, without which they could not enter my mind. I consigned that which I had experienced to my memory, and determined that I should return to the feelings of my situation, and my dreams were of tal anguish and external objects of terror.

I remembered a strange agony, under which I cowered myself and Diana in the power of MacGregor’s wife, and about to be precipitated from a steep cliff on the lake; the signal was to be the discharge of a pistol, fired by Sir Frederick Vernon, who, in the name of a cardinal, officiated at the ceremony. I could not more truly than the innate terror I conceived of this imaginary scene. I could pause at this moment, the mute and courageous as expressed in Diana’s features—"the wild and face of-desolation that was stamped on the Faun’s face, and such as the image of the father I saw dimly the match—the deadly signal exploded—It was again and again, in wild thunders of a dying soul, and I was fainted horror to real apprehension.

The sounds in my dream were not ideal. I was verberated on my waking ears, but it was three minutes ere I could collect myself so as to
... to understand that they proceeded from a violent knocking at the gate. I leaped from my couch in great apprehension, took my sword to my arm, and hastened to forbid the admission of any one. But no one was seen entering the library. As the library looked not upon the quadrangle, but into the garden. When I had reached a staircase, the windows of which opened upon the entrance court, I perceived to my surprise that Frederick Vernon and his daughter as prisoners. "The fox," he said, "knew his old earth, but he forgot it could be stopped by a careful huntman—had I not forgot the garden gate, closed?" He postulated with rough voices, which demanded admittance, by the warrant of Justice Standish, and in the name and presence of the judge. He castcealed with the most penal consequences, if he refused instant obedience. Ere they had ceased, I heard, to my unspeakable provocation, the voice of Andrew biding Sydall stand aside, and let him open the door.

"If they come in King George's name, we have nothing to fear—we have spent both blind and gowd for him—We didn't need to damn ourselves like some folks, Mr. Sydall!—We are neither Papists nor Jacobites, I row."

It was in vain I accelerated my pace down stairs; I heard bolt after bolt withdrawn by the officious soundrel, while all the time he was boasting his own and his master's loyalty to King George; and I could only look at the party must other before, I could arrive at the door to replace the bar. Devoid of the back of Andrew Fairervice to the cudgel so soon as I should have time to pay him his demanded wages, and to bar the door as I best could, and hastened to that by which and her father entered, and begged for instant admittance. Diana herself undid the door. She was ready dressed, and betrayed neither perturbation nor fear.

"Danger is so familiar to us," she said, "that we are always prepared to meet it!—my father is already up—he is in Rasleigh's apartment. We will escape into the garden, and thence by the postern gate (I have the key from Sydall in case of need) into the wood—I know its dingy better than any one 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 force the library door by the time I had returned into it.

"You robber dogs!" I exclaimed, wilfully mistaking the purpose of their disturbance, "if you do not instantly quit the house I will fire my blunderbuss through the windows!"

"Fire a fula's bauble!" said Andrew Fairervice; "it's Mr. Clerk Jobson, with a legal warrant"—

"To search for, and, apprehend," said the voice of a man of custody. "I have reason to suspect 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!" ejaculated Andrew. "I taud ye that ye would find nase Jacobites here."

Spinning out the time as much as possible, I was at length compelled to open the door, which they forced with their guns.

Mr. Jobson entered, with several assistants, among whom I discovered the younger Wingfield, to whom, cordially addressing, "You are enter into the old world, sir," he exhibited his warrant, directed not only against Frederick Vernon, an attainted traitor, but also against Diana Vernon, spinster, and Francis Osbaldiston, of Bute. It was in a case in which resistance would have been madness; I therefore, after capitulating for a delay of a little time, I left them.

I had next the mortification to see Jobson go straight to the chamber of Miss Vernon, and I learned that from thence, without hesitation or difficulty, I went to the chambers of Fredy and Adelicia. "The horse 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 prophesied it too truly. In the course of five minutes Rasleigh 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 be stopped by a careful huntman—had I not forgot the garden gate, closed?" He postulated with rough voices, which demanded admittance, by the warrant of Justice Standish, and in the name and presence of the judge. He castcealed with the most penal consequences, if he refused instant obedience. Ere they had ceased, I heard, to my unspeakable provocation, the voice of Andrew biding Sydall stand aside, and let him open the door.

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spoke to his madman. The mountaineer conducted Andrew into a thicket, where he found three or four more of his countrymen. "And," said Andrew, "I saw sure they were owed money for the grave; and sure they said the money to me, I judged they had other tow on their rock."

They questioned him closely about all that had passed, and also whether he would go to the Hall and see it, as I supposed he was surprised and concerned over the report he was to make to them.

"And enough," said Andrew, "I told them a' I "For-bar-ks and pistols were what I could never offer without my lost position a' my life, the slasher, stabber,"

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 distant from the house. They proceeded to drag together some fellod 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, and half the carriage contained Mr. Johnstone and his unfortunate prisoners. The escort consisted of Rashleigh, and several horsemen, peace-officers and constables. As soon as we had passed the gate at the head of the avenue, it was shut behind the caravane by a Highlandman, stationed there for that purpose. At the same time the carriage 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 fallen trees, which they might think were left there by accident. The cattle were alarmed, and 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 defense, considering the superiority of their numbers. Some attempted to ride back to the road, but a pistol being fired from behind the gate, they conceived themselves surrounded, and at length galloped off in different directions. Rashleigh had dismounted and on foot had maintained a desperate and single-handed conflict with the leader of the band. The window of the carriage, on my side, permitted me to witness it. At length he fell.

"Will you ask forgiveness for the sake of God, King James, and said friendship," said a voice which I knew right 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—handed Miss Vernon, assisted her father and me to slink, and dragging out the attorney, head foremost, threw him under the wheel.

"Mr. Osbaldestone," he said, in a whisper, "you have nothing to fear—I must look after those who have no hopes of safety—Farewell—and forget not the MacGregor."

He whistled—his band gathered round him, and, barring Diana and her father along with him, they were almost instantly lost in the glades of the forest. The coachman and postilion had abandoned their horses, and fled at the first discharge of firearms; but Mr. Johnstone, guided by the barricade, remained perfectly still; and well for J ohnstone that they did so, for the slightest motion would have dragged the wheel over his body. My first object was to relieve his situation, as it appeared his horses could have risen by his own exertions. I next com-
made with the sole purpose of favouring Rashleigh's views, and removing me from Osbedystone-Hall. The rascal's name was struck off the list of attorneys, and I was reduced to poverty and contempt. I returned to London when I had put my affairs in order at Osbedystone-Hall, and felt happy to escape from a place which suggested so many painful recollections. My anxiety was now acute to learn the fate of Diana and her father. A French gentleman who came to London on commercial business, was arrived with a letter to me from Miss Vernon, which put my mind at rest respecting their safety.

It gave me to understand that, the opportune appearance of MacGregor and his party was not fortunate. The Scottish nobles and gentry, engaged in the insurrection, as well as those of England, were particularly anxious to further the escape of Sir Frederick Vernon, who, as an old and trusted agent of the house of Stewart, was possessed of matter enough to have ruined half Scotland. Rob Roy, of whose secrecy and courage they had known so many proofs, ras the person whom they pitched upon to assist his escape, and the place of meeting was fixed at Osbedystone-Hall. You have already heard how nearly the plan had been discovered by the unhappy Rashleigh. It succeeded, however, perfectly; for when Sir Frederick and his daughter were again at once, they found horses prepared for them, and, by MacGregor's knowledge of the country—for every part of Scotland, and of the north of England, was similar to him,—were conducted to the western coast, and safely embarked for France. The same gentleman told me, that Sir Frederick was not expected to survive for many months a lingering disease to which he was subject; his daughter was placed in a convent, and although her father's wish she should take the veil, he 'as understood to refer the matter entirely to her own inclinations. When these news reached me, I frankly told the fate of my affections to my father, who was not a little startled at the idea of my marrying a Roman Catholic. But he was very desirous to see me "set on life," as he called it; and he wasensible yet, in joining him with heart and hand in his commercial labours, I had sacrificed my own inclinations. After a brief hesitation, and several questions asked and answered to his satisfaction, he broke out with—"I little thought a son of mine should have been Lord of Osbedystone Manor, and far less that he should go to a French convent for a spouse. But so dutiful a daughter cannot but prove a good wife. You have worked at the desk to please me, Frank; it is but fair you should serve to please yourself."

How I spied in my wooing, Will Trehorn, I need not tell you. You know, too, how long and happily I lived with Diana. You know how I lamented her. But you do not—cannot know, how much she deserved her husband's sorrow.

I have no more of romantic adventure to tell, nor, indeed, anything to communicate further, when the later incidents of my life are so well known to one who has shared, with the most friendly sympathy, the joys as well as the sorrows, by which its scenes have been chequered. I often visited Scotland, but never again saw the bold Highlander who had such an influence on the early events of my life. I learned, however, from time to time that he continued to maintain his ground among the mountains of Loch Lomond, in despite of his powerful enemies, and that he even obtained, to a certain degree, the connivance of government to his self-elected office of Protector of the Lennox, in virtue of which he levied blackmail with such regularity as the proprietors did their ordinary rents. It seemed impossible that his life should have concluded without a violent end. Nevertheless, he died in old age and by a peaceful death, some time about the year 1733, and is still remembered in his country as the Robin Hood of Scotland, the dread of the wealthy, but the friend of the poor, and possessed of many qualities both of head and heart, which would have prised a less immoral profession than that to which his fate condemned him.

Old Andrew Fairservice used to say, that "there were many things ower bad for blessing, and ower good for banning, like Rob Roy."

[Here the original manuscript ends somewhat abruptly. I have reason to think that what followed related to private affairs.]
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

FIRST SERIES.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brother Soosta,
For Maiden Kirk to Jonny Grount;
If there's a hole in a' your cona,
I red ye tent it;
A chief's amang you takin' hoose,
An' faith he'll prent it!

Buana.
Ahora bien, dijo el Curato, hombre, señor huésped, estos libros que os quiero ver. Que me pasé y entiendo, en su aposento, encontré una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y abrió daba, halló en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano.—Don Quijote, Parte 1, Capítulo 22.

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-box, 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.
TALES OF MY LANDLORD

COLLECTED AND REPORTED BY

JEDIDIAH CLEISHBOOTHAN,

SCHOOLMAISTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCELEGH.

INTRODUCTION.

As I may, without vanity, presume, that the same and official description prefixed to this Proem will secure it, from the sedate have reflected much of the printed, and opinions of various tribes stand to address myself, such at least as is due to the sedulous of youth, and the careful performer of my Sabbath shown to me, or to point out to the judicious the advantages of any habits of which they must necessarily anticipate from the perusal of the title-page. Nevertheless, I am not unaware, that, as Easy and the prouder part of mankind, cannot, without a whisper, that albeit my learning and good principles cannot (labeled be the levies) be denied by any one, yet that my situ- ations in Gandercelegh favoring, I am frequently led to make Gandercelegh their abiding stage and place of rest for the night. And it must be acknowledged by the most scepti- cal, that, who have sat in the southern arm-chair, on the left- hand side of the fire, in the common room of the Wallace Inn, and in the life of my life, during forty years by-pass, (the Christian Sabbath only excepted,) must not be in the least unacquainted with the curious coquet- tery, with which the English, and Glasgow, the former twice, and the latter three times, in the course of my worldly pilgrimage. And, moreover, I had the honor to sit in the General Assembly, toning, as an auditor, in the galleries there; and have heard as much goodly speaking on the law of patronage, as, with the fructification thereof in mine own understanding, hath made me be considered as an oracle upon that doctrine ever since my sax and happy return to Gandercelegh.

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, nonetheless, incompetent to the task of recording the pleasant narratives of my Landlord, I will let these critics know, that their uncharitable and unkind spirit, as well as to the abashment and discomfiture of all who shall rashly take up a song against me, that I am nor the writer, re-reader, or compiler, of the Tales of my Landlord, nor am I, in one word, abusing them, more or less. And now, ye generation of critics, who muse yourselves up as if they were braves seraphs, to him with your tongues, and to smile with your aegis, how yourselves down to your native soil, and acknowledge that you have been the thoughts of ignorance, and the words of vain foolishness. Lo! ye are caught in your standards, and your own perversions of the appearance of moon- bowl, were truly sweet-sympathy, and soothing ashes, and not otherwise.

Again, the Exorcist pretended, that my deceased Landlord did encourage that species of manufacture called distillation, without having an especial permission from the Great, includ- ingly called a licence, for doing so. Now, I stand up to confront this Fable, and demand the name of him, his example, and pop and inkhorn, tell him, that I never saw, or tasted, a glass of unlawful aquavit in the house of my Landlord; nay, that, on the contrary, we needed not such devices, in respect of the pleasing and somewhat seductive liquor, which was vended and consumed at the Wallace Inn, under the name of mountain dew. If there is a prescience against manufacturing such a liquor, let him show me the statute; and when he does, I'll tell him if I will obey him 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 thirty 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 parsimonious in. It is true, I have known no one of any few or fam- iliarly received from him on account of these my labours, ex- cept the oppugnations aforesaid. Nevertheless this compensation suited my humour well, as it is a hard sentence to bid 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 fantastic 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 thence practised, but was discussed betwixt us; meanest, 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 minute in the conversation, and to tell news that had been gathered in foreign lands, or preserved from oblivion in our own.

Now I chanced to have contracted for teaching the lower classes with a young person called Peter, or Patrick, Pattison, who had been educated for our Holy Kirk; yes, had, by the licence of presbytery, his voice opened therein to a preacher, who delighted in the collection of odd tales and legends, and as 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 verisimilitude of a flimsy and modern texture, to the compounding 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 Caley, in his Vaticination on the Death of the celebrated Dr. John Donne:

Near these are gone, and thy secret laws will be
The bane for libertines in poetry;
 Till verse (by thee reftored) is this last age
There being none.

I had also disputes with him touching his indulging rather a flowing and redundant than a concise and stately diction in his prose excrecences. But notwithstanding these symptoms of inferior taste, and a humour of contradicting his betters upon themes of dubious construction in Latin authors, I did gravely lament when Peter Pattison was removed from me by death, even as if he had been the offspring of my own bones. And

in respect he repays had been left in my care, ten more hands and death-bed expenses,) I conceived myself invited to some of one parent thereof, entitled "Tales of my Landlord," as engaging in the trade (as it is called) of bookkeeping. But we a mortal man, of small stature, coming in consideration of verses, and in making fictitious tales and persons, not that I have to load for the truth of his dealings towards me.

Now, therefore, the world may see the instance that does me with incapacity to write these narratives, even though I have proved that I could have written them if I could yet, not having done so, the market will deserve all of it then, upon the memory of Mr. Peter Pattison, whom I was in my youth entitled to the praise, when any one deems that the Dean of St. Patrick's witty and logically expressed,

That without which a thing is not.

In-Cowen rode for now.

The work, therefore, is unto me as the child is to the parent: the child, if it prove worthy, the parent has love and praise; but if otherwise, the disgrace will devolve to itself alone. I have only further to intimate, that Mr. Peter Pattison, a arranging these Tales for the press, hath more meditated in his own fancy than the accuracy of the narratives; yes, has in fact sometimes blundered two or three stories together for its grace of his plots. Of which infidelity, although I implore and enter my testimony against it, yet I have said that we must not be prepared to correct the same, in respect it was in him to increase, that his manuscript should be subjected to the press without diminution or alteration. A fascicle may be in the part of my deceased friend, who, if thanking me not to rather to have conferred me, by the tenth hand of our friend Mr. and common pursuits, to have carefully revised, read, and augmented, my judgment and discretion. As the rest of the dead must be scrupulously obeyed, even as we are over their personality and self-determination. So, just as I bid you farewell, recommending you to each one in care of your country produce; and I will only observe, that each Tale is preceded by a short preface, containing the particulars by whom, and the circumstances under which, the materials thereof were collected.

Jealousy Concerned
THE BLACK DWARF.
INTRODUCTION TO THE BLACK DWARF.

This ideal being who is here presented as residing in solitude, and haunted by a consciousness of his own deformity, and a suspicion of his being generally subjected to the scorn of his fellow-men, is not altogether imaginary. An individual existed many years since, under the author's observation, which suggested such a character. This poor unfortunate man's name was David Ritchie, a native of Tweeddale. He was the son of a laborer, and was born in the mis-shapen form which he exhibited, though he sometimes implored it to ill-health when in infancy. He was bred a brush-cutter at Edinburgh, and had wandered to several places, working at his trade, from which he was chased, by the disagreeable attention which his hideous singularity of form and face attracted wherever he came. The author understood him to have been born in Deby.

Tired of length being the object of showers, laughter, and derision, David Ritchie resolved, like a deer hunted from the herd, to retreat to some wilderness, where he might have the least possible communication with the world which scoffed at him. He settled himself, with this view, upon a patch of wild ferns at the bottom of a bank on the farm of Woodhouse, in his home-parish, to which he walked every day on the farmer's errands. The few people who had occasion to pass that way were much surprised, and some superstitious persons a little alarmed; to see so strange a figure as David Ritchie (as he was called) constantly played in a task for which he seemed so totally unfit, as that of cutting a hedge. The vegetable which he hewed was extremely small, and the wall, as well as those of a little garden that survived it, was surrounded with a wainscoted wall of solidity, being composed of layers of huge stones and turf; and some of the corner stones were so weighty, as to puzzle the strongest arms that ever attempted to move them. On this account, the proprietor entertained no idea of exacting such a forfeiture, but readily sanctioned the harmless encroachment.

The personal description of Elsbecher of Mucklestone-Moor has been long ago given, but the following is an exact and unadulterated portrait of David of Manor Water. He was not quite three feet and a half high, since he could stand upright in the door of his mansion, which was just that height. The following particulars concerning his figure and temper occur in the Scots Magazine for 1817, and are now understood to have been communicated by the ingenious Mr. Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, who has recorded with much spirit the traditions of the Good Town, and, in other publications, largely and agreeably added to the stock of our popular antiquities. He is the countryman of David Ritchie, and had the best access to collect anecdotes of him.

"His skull," says this authority, "which was of an oblong and rather unusual shape, was covered with such strength, that he could strike it with ease through the pane of a door, or the end of a barrel. His laugh is said to have been quite horrible; and his screech-owl voice, shrill, unison, and disjointed, corresponded with all his other peculiarities.

"There was nothing very uncommon about his dress. He usually wore an old slouch hat when he went abroad; and when at home, a pair of shoes, being unable to adapt them to his mis-shapen legs. The shoes, always with a sort of pole or stick, considered rather a part of his person. He had no hair, except in many respects, singular, and indicated a mind congenial to his unsound temperament. A restless, misanthropical, and irritable temper, with this last characteristic, was the sum of his deformity hasting him like a phantom. And the insults and sorrows to which this exposed him, had possessed his heart with fiery darts and bitter feelings, which, from other points in his character, do not appear to have been more largely infused into this original temperament than that of his fellow-men.

"He detested children, on account of their propensity to injure and persecute him. To strangers he was generally reserved, crabbed, and surly; and though he by no means refused assistance or charity, he did not feel inclined to show any, yet they were always obliged to be very cautious in their deportment towards them. One day, having gone to visit him with another lady, he took them through his garden, and was showing them, with much pride and gratification, his rich and tastefully assorted borders, when they happened to step near a plot of cabbages which had been somewhat injured by the catterpillars. To express his displeasure, he instantly assumed his savage, scowling aspect, rushed among the cabbages, and dashed them to pieces with his fist, exclaiming, 'You women. There they went as fast as they could.

"Another lady, likewise a friend and old acquaintance of his, very unmeaningly gave David mortal offence on a similar occasion. Throwing back his jutting ptilus as he was looking into his garden, he noticed he had observed her spilt, and instantly, with great forc'iety, 'Am I a twat, woman? that yr spilt at all, that yr spilt at all?' and without learning to any answer from her, he turned his back on her with indignation and insult. When irritated by persons for whom he felt any slight respect, his misanthropy displayed itself in words, and sometimes in actions, which, whether intended to wound or not, either expressed or implied much such occasions the most unusual and singular savages imaginements and threats.

"Nature maintains a certain balance of good and evil in all her works; and there is perhaps no sin more utterly desolate, which does not possess some sources of gratification peculiar to itself. This poor man, whose misanthropy was founded in a sense of his own peculiarity, had yet a source of innocent and harmless enjoyment. 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 joy. He had a highly exact and unadulterated portrait of David of Manor Water. He was not quite three feet and a half high, since he could stand upright in the door of his mansion, which was just that height. The following particulars concerning his figure and temper occur in the Scots Magazine for 1817, and are now understood to have been communicated by the ingenious Mr. Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, who has recorded with much spirit the traditions of the Good Town, and, in other publications, largely and agreeably added to the stock of our popular antiquities. He is the countryman of David Ritchie, and had the best access to collect anecdotes of him.

"He was an excellent gardener, and was praised by all his neighbors for his neatness and order in his garden. He was also a good farmer, and had a large stock of cattle. He was a good musician, and could play upon the organ and the harp with great facility.

"He was a very kind and generous man, and was always ready to help those in need. He was a great lover of nature, and spent much of his time in walking and observing the works of God. He was also a great collector of specimens, and had a large collection of birds and flowers. He was a great hunter, and spent much of his time in the woods and fields, pursuing his sport with great skill.

"He was a great reader, and had a large library of books. He was a great friend of the poor, and often gave them money and clothes. He was a great philanthropist, and spent much of his time in helping the poor and the sick. He was a great lover of peace, and was always ready to make peace with his neighbors. He was a great lover of nature, and spent much of his time in walking and observing the works of God. He was also a great collector of specimens, and had a large collection of birds and flowers. He was a great hunter, and spent much of his time in the woods and fields, pursuing his sport with great skill.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE BLACK DWARF.

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 rows of mountain ash—a around his bed, as a certain defence against encroacancies. 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 bees, which he treated with great care. He took a sister, lately, to live in a flat 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 apply to the next gentlemen or respectable farmers, and were sure to find them equally ready and willing to supply their very moderate wants. David often received gratuitously 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 pampers, 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 decently, yet he was never anxious for money. Besides, it was suspended in the will for David Ritchie's benefit; and those who were carrying home a melder of meal, seldom failed to add a gapper* to the amount they were prepared to give. In short, David had no occasion for money, save to purchase snuff, 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.

* Snuff.

His sister survived till the publication of the tale to which this brief notice forms the introduction; and the author is sorry to learn that a sort of "local sympathy," and the curiosity then expressed concerning the Author of Waverley and its subjects of his Novels, exposed the poor woman to iniquities which gave her pain. When pressed about her brother's peculiarities, she asked, in her turn, why they would not permit the dead to rest? To others, who pressed for some account of her peace, she answered in the same tone of feeling.

The author saw this poor, and, it may be said, unhappy man in Autumn, 1797. Being then, as he has the happiness still to remain, connected by ties of intimate friendship with the family of the venerable Dr. Adam Ferguson, the philosopher and historian, who then resided at the mansion-house of Halyards, a mile of Maser, about a mile from Ritchie's hermitage, the author was upon a visit at Halyards, which lasted for several days, and was made acquainted with this singular anachronist, whom Dr. Ferguson considered as an extraordinary character, and whom he assisted in various ways, particularly by the most liberal loan of books. Though the taste of the philosopher of the poor peasant did not, it may be supposed, always concur, Dr. Ferguson considered him as a man of a powerful capacity and original ideas, but whose mind was throwed off just bias by a predominant degree of self-love and self-opinion, galled by the sense of ridicule and contempt, and avenging itself upon society, in idea at least, by a gloomy melancholy.

David Ritchie, besides the utter obscenity of his life while he existed, had been dead for many years, when it occurred to the author that such a character might be made a powerful agent in statistics narrative. He, accordingly, sketched out of Elsie of the Mucklasane-Moor. The story was intended to be longer, and the catastrophe more artificially brought on; but a French critic, to whose opinion I submitted the work in progress, was of opinion, that the idea of the Sociable was a kind too revolting, and more likely to disgust than to interest the reader. As I had good right to consider my adviser as an excellent judge of public opinion, I got off any subject by testing the story to an end, as fast as it was possible; and, by huddling into one volume, a tale which was designed to occupy two, have perhaps produced a narrative as much disfigurated of and distorted, as the Black Dwarf, who is its subject.

* I remember David was particularly anxious to see a book, which he called, I think, Letters to the Elect Ladies; and which, he said, was the best composition he had ever read; but Dr. Ferguson's Enemy did not supply the volume.
CHAPTER I.

Preliminary.

Had any philosophy in thee, Shepherd!

As You Like It.

It was a fine April morning (excepting that it had snowed hard the night before, and the ground remained covered with a dazzling mantle of six inches in depth) when two horsemen rode up to the Wallace inn. The first was a strong, tall, powerful man, in a gray riding-coat, having a hat covered with wax-cloth, a huge silver-mounted horsewhip, boots, and steedshod overalls. He was mounted on a large strong brown mare, rough in cost, but well in condition, with a saddle of the yeomanry cut, and a double-bitted military bridle. The man who accompanied him was apparently his servant; he rode a shaggy little gray pony, had a blue bonnet on his head, and a large black neckpin for a neck. About his horse was a pair of long blue woollen hose instead of boots, had his glovesless hands much stained with tar, and observed an air of deference and respect towards his companion, but without any of those indications of precedence and punctilio which are preserved between the gentry and their domestics. On the contrary, the two travellers entered the court-yard abreast, and the concluding sentences of the conversation which had been carrying on betwixt them was a joint ejaculation, "Lord guide us, an this weather last, what will come o' the lambing!" The hint was sufficient for my Landlord, who, advancing to take the horse of the principal person, and holding him by the reins as he dismounted, while his hostler rendered the same service to the attendant, welcomed the stranger to Ganderleigh, and, in the same breath, inquired, "What news from the south hielands?"

"Nay," said the farmer, "bad enough news, I think;—an we can carry through the yowes, it will be a' we can do; we maun a' leave the lambs to the Blackface." "Ay, ay," rejoined the old shepherd, (for such he was,) shaking his head, "he'll be unco busy among the mists this season." "That's true," said my learned friend and patron, Mr. Jedediah Gleeshbotham, and what sort of a personage may he be?" "A bonny man, my worthy and the farmer, 'twill he has heard o' Canny Binnie the Black Dwarf, or I am muckle mistaken—A the world tells tales about him, but it's but daft nonsense after a'.—I dinna believe a word o' a's free beginning to end."

"Your father believed it unco sturdily, though," said the old man, to whom the scopsium of his master gave obvious displeasure.

"Ay, very true, Bauldie, but that was in the time o' the Blackfaced—they belied a hantle queer things in those days, that neebus beings since the long sheep came in."

"The mair's the pity, the mair's the pity," said the old man. "Your father, and see I have often tell'd ye, master, we have been vexed to have seen the auld peel-house we a' pull'd down to make park dykes and the bonny broomy knowes, where he liked to see weel to sit at on, wi' his plaid about him, and look at the kye as it cam down the loaming, till we'd be in.

"We bave, in this and other instances, printed in Italy, some few words which the worthy editor, Mr. Jedediah Gleeshbotham, seems to have interpolated upon the tale of his deceased friend, Mr. Pattison. We must observe, once for all, that such liberties were never taken by the learned gentleman whom our own character and conduct are considered; and surely he must be the best judge of the style in which his own character and conduct should be treated.

"Hout, Bauldie," replied the principal, "tak ye that dram the landlord's offering ye, and never flash your head about the changes o' the world, see lang as ye're blithe andたちen yourself!"

"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 na for the like o' us to be judging, to be sure; but it was a bonny knowe that broomy knowe, and an unco braw shelter for the lambs in a severe morning like this."

"Ay," said his patron, "but ye ken we maun to turnip for the lang sheep, billie, and muckle hard work to get them, bith a' the plough and the hoe; and that was sort ill wi' sitting on the broomy knowe, and cracking about Black Dwarfs, and siccan clavers, as was the gate lang syne, when the short sheep were in the fashion."

"Aweel, aweel, master," said the attendant, "short sheep had short rents, I thinking.

Here my worthy and learned patron again interposed, and observed, "that he could never perceive any material difference, in point of longitude, between one sheep and another. This occasioned a loud hoarse laugh on the part of the farmer, and an astonished stare on the part of the shepherd. "It's the woor man,—it's the woor,' and no the beesties theselvies, that makes them be o'd lang or short. I believe if ye were to measure their back,” the short sheep would be rather the longer-bodied o' the twa; but it's the woor that pays the rent in these days, and it's a muckle need."

"Oud, Bauldie says very true,—short sheep did make short rents—my father paid for our steading just threecore punds, and it stands me in three hundred, black and bawbee.—And that's very true—I had nane time to be standing here clavering—Landlord, get us our breakfast, and see an' get the yarrow fed—I am for down to Christ Wilson's."

"I dinna think," said the farmer, "we could gie about the luckypenny I am to gie him for his year's-aids. We had drank six mutchkins to the making the bargain at St. Boswell's fair, and some gate we cannot gie him the particular sum of £3, as for muckle time as we took about it—I dinna want to draw to a plea.—But hear ye, neighbour,—addressing me, "I am for down to Christ Wilson's, and me can gie ye a mutchkin myself, man, if I can settle weel wi' Christ 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 incident which I recollect, was my learned and worthy patron falling from his chair, just as he concluded a long lecture upon temperament, by reciting from the Gentle Shepherd, a couplet, which he right happily transferred from the vice of avarice to that of erobry:

He that has just enough may soundly sleep,
The overseer only makes his bed to keep.
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

In the course of the evening the Black Dwarf had not been forgotten, and the old shepherd, Baudie, told many stories of him, that they excited a good deal of interest. The first punch-bowl was emptied, that much of the farmer's pecuniary difficulties, as well as the effect of the first cold, for thirty pounds a-year of rent, while, in fact, he had a lurking belief in the traditions of his forefathers. Although he was no friend of other persons connected with the wild and pastoral district in which the scene of the following narrative in the author of the story, I was fortunate enough to recover cut my links of the story, not generally known, and which account, at least in some degree, for the circumstances of exaggerated marvel with which superstition has attended it in the more vulgar traditions.

CHAPTER II.

Will some out Hearne the Hunter serve you turn! 

Honey Where of Wanton.

In one of the most remote districts of the south of Scotland, where the Ayr, in its course along the tops of lofty and bleak mountains, separates that land from its sister kingdom, a young man, called Halley, D. R. Clerk, a substantial farmer, who had boasted of his descent from old Martin Elliot of the Fraisek tower, noted in Border story and song, was on his return from deer-stalking. The deer, once so much feared, was now reduced to a very few herds, which, sheltering themselves in the most remote and inaccessible recesses, rarely crossed any road; but if they occasionally visited a farmstead, were strictly guarded. There were, however, found many youth of the country ardently attached to this sport.

The Black Dwarf, now almost forgotten, was once held a subject by some men who bore the blame of whatever mischief befell the sheep or cattle. His name was Mr. Leyden, who made considerable use of him in the ballad called "The Cowd of Keadar," a story of the most ancient order—the genuine Northern Doogle. For the first and most authentic account of this dangerous and mysterious being occurs in a tale communicated to the author by an illustrious antiquary, Richard Bertie, D. C. L. of Middlesex, author of the History of the Bank of England.

According to the well-established legend, two young Northumbrians were out on a shooting party, and had plunged deep among the mountainous moorlands which border on Cumbria. They stopped for refreshment in a little secluded dell by the side of a ravine. There, after they had partaken of such food as they brought with them, the piping of a Colin Mory, the other, unwilling to disturb his friend's repose, stole silently out to the glen, with a mind to get a general view of the moor. He was astonished to find himself close to a being who seemed not to be of this world. He had general trained the most hideous dwarf that the sun ever shone on. His features were the face of a human face, forming a frightful contrast with his height, which was consi-Breathe not the power which he possessed, and no other creature, and less than long matted red hair, like that of a leprous dwarf in some of Shakespeare's comedies, like the face of a leprous dwarf, with other features, and resembling in his dullness to his solemnity of air. The terrified sportsman stood gazing on this horrid apparition, until, with an uneasy consciousness, the huntsman demanded what he intended to do on such a spot as this, when he was answered, he was the Lord of these mountains, and the protector of the wild creatures who formed a retreat to their solitary residence; and that all the beings that had arrived at their death or misery, were abhorrent to him. He had himself been killed by them, and by protections of his ignorance, and of his resolution to abstain from such subjects, he had been driven from all the world. The profession of the grand and great, who became more communicative, and spoke of himself as belonging to the region of the magic race and humanity. He added, moreover, which could capably have been anticipated, that he had been the subject of a miracle of redemption, of the race of Amazons. He rescued the sportsman from his peril, and that dwelling, which he said was hard by, and placed his faith for the safety of his person, but this immense companion was bound calling for his friend, and the heart, as it was to the soldier, that such a friend could be cognizant of his presence, disappeared as the young man emerged from the dell to join his companion.

It was the universal opinion of those most experienced in such matters, that if the snows had accompanied the spirit, he who held the snow's proteges, and the yellow and grane snow, raised his mace in hand on a knoll near the cottages, the heath, perhaps to tell of the mighty dead, or slept beneath, or to preserve the memory of...

with all its dangers and fatigue. The sword had been sheathed upon the Borders for more than a hundred years, by the peaceful union of the crowns of England and Scotland. Still the country retained traces of what it had been in former days; the inhabitants, their more peaceful state being avoided by the civil wars of the preceding century, were accreted in to the habits of regular industry, deep-farthing had not been introduced upon any considerable scale for the first time of the Great Reform; and the purpose to which the hills and valleys were applied. Near to the farmer's house, the tenant usually contrived to have a stalk of pork, much of which is still to be discovered in the region inhabited in which they pursued those rural sports.

The more high-spirited among the youth, was about the time that our narrative begins, supposing himself sufficiently prepared for the multitudes of emulating their fathers in their military services, the recital of which formed the chief of their studies. On the other hand, the Scottish act of security had given the clans an English land, as it seemed to point at a separation of two British kingdoms, after the death of the younger White, and the removal of the English administration, foreseeing that there was no other mode of avoiding the probable consequences of a civil war, was fully authorized; and a union. How that treaty was managed, and to it seemed for some time to promise the broadest results which have since taken place to such an extent as may have been possible, the history of the English administration, etc., does not afford enough for our purpose to say, that all Scotland was indignant at the terms on which they were surrendered their national independences.

The Camerons were about to build the arms for the restoration of the house of Stuart, whom they regarded, with justice, as the only hope of the union. How that treaty was managed, and to
small shrubbery. The real cause of its existence had, however, passed away, and tradition, which is so fond of inventing, soon had it that the fair creature, the truth, had supplied its place with a supplementary legend of her own, which now came fully upon Hob- bian. The old woods and hedges in which she was revered, or rather encumbered, with many large fragments of stone of the same consistency with the column, which, from their appearance as they lay rest- lessly upon the ground, seemed to be a roofless and deserted house, and the hearth of ancient times. The legend accounted for this same appearance by the catastrophe of a scathing frost which had swept all these hills in former days, causing the eaves to cock, and the bins to cast their calumns, and performing all the feats of mischief ascribed to the evil beings. On the moor she used to hold the occasional 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, caressed by the scourching hoofs 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 she proposed to sell to advantage to her neighbouring fair—for it is well known that the fiend, however liberal in imparting his powers of doing mischief, never can be induced to perform the necessity of performing the meanest rustic labours for subsistence. The day was far advanced, and her chance of obtaining a good price depended on her being out of sight of the barnyard by the time the hitherto proceeded in a pretty orderly manner, when they came to the wide common, interspersed with scattered stooks, and meandering through these stooks she scattered in every direction, to plunge into the element in which they delighted. Incensed at the obstinacy with which they defied all her efforts to collect them, and not remain- ing the precise terms of the extract by which the fiend was bound to obey her commands for a certain space, the sorceress exclaimed, "Devil, that will cost you your brains!" The words were hardly uttered, when by a metamorphosis as sudden as any in Ovid the hag and her refractory flock were converted into stone, the angel who 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 treacherous fiend, "Ah, thou false thief! long hast thou promised me a gray gown, and now I have it! I am not the same as before. The dimensions of the pillar, and of the stones, were often expanded to, as a proof of the superior stature and size of the geese in the days of other years, by those priests of the past who held an infallible opinion of the gradual degeneracy of mankind.

All particulars of this legend Hobbian called to mind as he passed along the moor. He also remembered, that, since the catastrophe had taken place, the scene of it had been avoided, at least after nightfall, by all human beings, as being the ordinary resort of witches, spinsters, and other denizens of the compas- sions of the witch’s diabolical revels, and now impeding to rendezvous upon the same spot, as if in attendance on their transformed mistress. Hobbian’s natural hardness, however, manifestly com- mented with these intrusive sensations of awe. He advanced to his side the brage of large greyhounds, but in the long journey they did not see more than a few wire-fence, in his own phrase, to fear neither dog nor devil; he looked at the priming of his piece, and, like the witch’s, he turned up the wide, dirty skirt of the Side, as a general cause his drums he be- inspirt the doubtful courage of his soldiers.

In this state of mind, he was very glad to hear a sudden noise, and in a moment to see a large partner on the road. He slackened his pace, and as quickly joined by a youth well known to him, who, with the greatest curiosity, began to ask--"You, who had been abroad on the same errand with yourself. Young Earscliff, of that ilk, had lately been carried off, and succeeded to a moderate fortune, a "taken in the disturbances of the period. They were much and generally respected in the country; a to sustain, as he was well educated, and of excellent dispositions.

"Now, Earscliff," exclaimed Hobbian, "I am glad to meet your honour on my gate, and company’s blithe on a brie more like this—it’s an unco bogily bit—Where has ye been sportin’?"

"I to the Earl’s house last night, said Ears- cliff, returning his greeting. "But will our dogs keep the peace, think you?"

"Deil a fear," said Hobbian, "they have scarce a leg to stand on—Odd I the deer’s fed the country, I think! I have been as far as Inger-fell, and deil a horn has Hobbian seen, excepting three red-wake rakes, that never let me within shot of them, though I gied a mile round to get aghi the wind to them, an’ a’s. Deil o’ me were care muckle, only I wanted some venison to our auld glaude-dame. The carline, she sits in the neuk yonder, uphyco, and crucks about the grand shooters and hunters lang syne—Odd, I think they has killed a’ the deer in the country, for my part."

"Well, Hobbian, I have shot a fat buck, and sent him to Earscliff this morning—you shall have half of him for your gracious service."

"Many thanks to ye, Mr. Patrick, ye’re kend to a’ the country for a kind heart. It will do the auld wife’s heart good—nair by token, when she ken it comes.

"What will ye do with the venison?"

"I won’t keep the venison, for I ken my friends in Edinburgh, and I ken they will give ye a good price."

"I will rig out the auld tower a bit," said Hob- bian, "and live hearty and neighbour-like wi’ the auld family friends, as the Laird o’ Earscliff should? I can’t tell ye, my mother—my grandmother I meant— but, since we lost our ain mother, we cat her some- times in the tane, and sometimes the tither—but, ony gate, she conceits hersel no that distant connection wi’ you."

"Very true, Hobbian, and I will come to the Heigh- foot to dinner to-morrow with all my heart."

"Weel, that’s kindly said! We are auld neighbours, and we were nea’ you when ye came. Ye may see—she clavers about your father that was killed lang syne."

"Hugh, hush, Hobbian—not a word about that—it’s a story better forgot."

"I dinna ken—if it had chawed amang our folk, we wad hae kept it in mind mony a day till we got some mends for’t—but if you were by to-day, you laurde—I have heard say that Elliot’s friend strickit your auld, after the laird himsell had maistred his sword."

"Fair, Sir: Hobbian; it was a foolish brawl, occasioned by wine and politics—many swords were drawn—impossible to say who struck the blow."

"At any rate, said Elliot’s side and sitting; and I am sure if ye were ae disposed as to take amends on him, nobody could say it was wrong, for your father’s sake, and in this case there’s nobody else left that was concerned to take amends upon, and he’s a preist and a judge in the bargain—I can tellye the country folk look at a ba’ as his maister."

"O for shame, Hobbian!" replied the young Laird; "you, that profess religion, to stir your friend up to break the law, and take vengeance on his own hand, and in so doing, a bogily bit too, where we know what beings are listening to us!"

"Hush, hush!" said Hobbian, drawing nearer to his companion, "I am not one of the like-"m—But I can guess a wee bit what keeps your hand up, Mr. Patrick; we s’ken it’s no lack o’ courage, but the two great cowards of a body less, Miss Kirk and Veers, that keeps you sober."

46
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"I assure you, Hobbie," said his companion, rather than asking him, as it was extremely wrong of you, either to think of, or to utter such an idea; I have no idea of permitting freedom to be carried so far as to connect my name with the very young lady.""    

"Why, there now—there now!" retorted Elliot; "did I not say it was nae want o' spank that made ye sic min?—Weel, weel, I meant nae offence, but the great granite wall is afoot. The said Laird of Elincaster has the auld riling blood far better at his heart than ye—true, he kens nether that the sodden notions o' pride and quietness—he's a's for the auld warld doings o' lifting and laying on, and he has a wheen stout lads at his back too, and keeps them well up in heart, and as for 't mischiefs as young colts. Where he gets the gear to do nae man can say; he lives high, and far above his rents here; however, he pays his way—See, if there's any outbreak 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 tower at Earnscliff."    

"Well, I'll mind," replied Elliot; "it was well but a wee bit neighbour war, and Heaven and earth would make allowances for it in this uncivilised place—it is just the nature of the folk and the land—we canna live quiet like Londin folk—we hae seen musk to deal with, to do. It's impossible."    

"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 audaciously, considering where we are walking."    

"What needs I care for the Muchelstone-Moor any more than ye do yourself, Earnscliff?" said Hobbie, something offended; "to be sure, they do say there's a sort o' woorcows and large-nebbit things about the lair, but who cares for them? I hae a good conscience, and little to answer for, unless it be about a rant among the lasses, or a spore at a fair, and that's nae musk to speak of. Though I say it myself, I am as quiet and as unobtrusive—" step twa twa, etc., etc."    

"And Dick Turnbull's head that you broke, and Willie o' Winton whom you shot at!" said his traveller.    

"Hout, Earnscliff, ye keep a record of a' men's misdoings—Dick's head's healed again, and we're to fight out the quarrel at Jeddart, on the Hood-day, so that's a thing settled, in another way; and then I am friends wi' Willie again, pair child—it was but two or three hale drabs after a'. I want o'body do the like o' me to a pint o' brandy. But will the law hold? His desk's broken, his own heart frigted for himself—And, for the woorcows, were we to meet one upon this very bit?"    

"It must not likely," said young Earnscliff, "for there stands your old wicked, Hobbie."    

"I say," continued Elliot, as if indignant at this hint—I say, if the auld carline herself was to get up o' the ground just before us here, I would think nae mair—But, guide preserve us, Earnscliff, what can we be!"

CHAPTER III.

Brown Bear, that o'er the moorland strayes,    
"My name is Koldar tell!"

Ben a hill the heather-bell.    

"The object which alarmed the young farmer in the middle of his vulgar protestations, startled for a moment even his less prejudiced companion. The vast granite wall, the auld riling blood of the Laird of Elincaster, was, in the phrase of that country, wedging or struggling, with clouds, and shed only a doubtful and occasional light. By one of her beams, which streamed thickly through the great granite column to which they now approached, they discovered a form apparently human, but of a size much less than ordinary, which moved slowly among the large grey stones, like a crab at the bottom of a well, with the slow, irregular, fitting motion of the wading who hovers around some spot of melancholy; recorded notices of an indistinct but impressive sound. This so much resembled his idea of the motions of an apparition, that Hobbie Elliot, making a dead pause, while his tears gushed out upon his countenance, whispering to his companion—"It's Auld Allie herself! Shall I be her 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 distracted creature."    

"I must protected yourself, for thinking of going so near to her," said Elliot, holding his companion in his turn, as he prepared to advance. "Well, I'll hold, now, or any other thing but a naked mind am to encounter this length—she's in a nar hurry," continued he, growing bolder by his companion's confidence, and the little time which had elapsed, "She holds like a hen on a hot girdle. I red ye, Elincaster, (this he added in a gentle whisper) "let as take a cast about, as if to draw the woorcows, etc., etc."    

Earnscliff, however, in spite of his companion's resistance and remonstrances, continued to advance on the path they had originally pursued, and was confronted the object of their investigations.    

The height of the figure, which appeared to be a decrease as he approached it, seemed to be about four feet, and its form, as far as the imperfect light afforded them the means of discernment, was nearly as broad as long, or rather of an oblong shape, which could only be occasioned by some strange personal deformity. The young sportsman hailed the extraordinary appearance twicewhether any answer, or attending to the pinches by which his companion endeavored to intimate that their hunt was at an end, and the course was to walk on, without giving the slightest inclination for returning to the present extremity. To the third repeated demand—"Who are you? What do you here at this hour of night?—a voice replied, whose shrill, unmellow, but vehemence and earnestness were so deep and so marked, and so startled even his companion, "Pass on your way, and ask nought at them that ask not of you."

"Are you bereighted on your journey? Will you follow us home, ('God forbid!' ejaculated Hobbie Elliot, uneasily), and I will give you a lodging?"

"I would sooner lodge myself in the depths of the Tarraw-flows," again whispered Hobbie.    

"Pass on your way," rejoined the figure, the tones of his voice still more exalted by passion, "I want not your guidance—I want not your lodging in five years since my head was under a human hand and I trust it was for the last time."    

"It must not likely," said Earnscliff.    

"He has a look of auld Humphrey Etherington, that perished in this very house about twenty years since," answered his superstitious companion, but Humphrey waens that awful big in the head."    

"Pass on your way," reiterated the object of curiosity, "the breadth of your human body—the sound of your voice went through my ears like sharp bodkins."    

"Lord safe us!" whispered Hobbie; "that he should bear such fear! ill-will to the living!"

"He is not; he is a fair way, I'm sure, with the least of soft weather, signifies that wike in very rare."
THE BLACK DWARF.

"Come, my friend," said Earnachiff, "you seem to suffer from a strong affection: common humanity will not allow us to leave you here.

"Common humanity!" exclaimed the being, with a sorrowful laugh that sounded like a shriek, whereof every note is heard with a groan. "Did you ever see a look so hideous, so base, so weak, in a man's eye?"--such commune disguise for man-traps—that bait which the wretched idiot who swallows, will soon find cover for his false heart. "You have been hard upon those you say for the animals which you murder for your hungry.

"I tell you, my friend," again replied Earnachiff, "you are incapable of judging of your own situation—you will perish in this wilderness, and we must, in consequence, force you along with us.

"You have the right to demand why you are here," said Hobbie; "let the gist take his aim for God's sake!"

"My blood be on my own head, if I perish here," said the figure; and, observing Earnachiff meditating to lay hold on him, he added, "And your blood be spoken upon your head, if you touch but the skirt of my garments, to infect me with the taint of mortality!"

The moon shone more brightly as he spoke thus, and Hobbie, who had been seated under the right hand armed with some weapon of offence, which glittered in the cold ray like the blade of a long knife, now appeared out of the darkness, and was met by Earnachiff with the sight such as he had never before experienced. "Tell me, is it to be as said? . . . madness to persevere in his attempt upon a being thus armed, and not only so, with this intention to plague him with the disapprobation of the law? So, Hobbie, there can be no bar, legal or religious, between you and Miss Armstrong.

"Haut avo"! your joking, Earnachiff," replied his companion. "No, I shall not tell you knowit if one decides it. Never mind touch you a bit, man, on the south side of your nose. From our time of the jest—No that I was asking the question about Grace, for ye mean ken she's so my cousin-ginna and man out, but the daughter of my uncle's wife by her first marriage, so she's nac kith nor kin to me—only a connexun like. But now we're at the Shedding-hill—" I'll fire off my gun, to let them ken I'm coming, that's aye my way; and if I hae some deer I gie them twa shots, ane for the deer and ane 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 Earnachiff, which seemed to glide from the house towards some of the out-houses—"That's Grace herself," said Hobbie. "She'll no meet me at the door, I warrant her—but she'll be awa', for a' that, to see if my hounds' supper be ready, poor beasts."

"Love me, love my dog," answered Earnachiff. "Ah, Hobbie, you are a lucky young fellow!"

This observation was made with some thing like a sigh, which apparently did not escape the ear of his companion.

"Haut, other folk may be as lucky as I am—O how I have seen Miss Finlay's head turn after somebody when they passed one another at the Carlisle races! Why kings but things may come round in this world!"

Earnachiff muttered something like an answer; but whether in assent of the proposition, or rebuking 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. They had now descended the broad foaming, which winding round the foot of the steep bank, or height, brought them in view of the detached, and comfortable farm-house, which was the dwelling of Hobbie Elliot and his family. The doorway 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 moat between three handsome young women, each endeavouring to devote upon another the task of whirling the stranger into the apartment, while probably all were anxious to escape for the moment from the stiff and serious personal arrangements, before presenting themselves to a young gentleman in a dishabille only intended, for their brother. Hobbie, in the 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 coquettes, as she stood playing pretty
Tales of My Landlord.

CHAPTER I.

I am Resembling the late saddist.

For thy part, I do wish thee were sad.

Then I might love thee more.

The next morning, after breakfast, Earnie took leave of his hospitable friends, and returned in time to take part in the various amusements of the day. He was well satisfied with the reception he had met with from his guests, and was anxious to return to his own home, which he considered his real home.

He had been in the habit of spending the winter months in the house of a friend, but now he felt that he was ready to go back to his own house, and to resume his usual occupation.

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"Avery, awak, if yo' really think that," answered Hobbs, doubtfully. "It's for certer, the very fainees—I mean the very good neighbours themselves (for they say folks calls ca' them 'fairies') that used to be seen on every green know at 'e'en, are no half so effusive. The young lady who please you was never seen in this garb, in the middle of the night; down toing 'e're the sky was off. What man ever seen 'is am I, and I bain't ans hulmy--" he shoo'd hul mane with hul hand about hul head. "I confidence, you are a very fine gentleman, to be so kind as to make me a visit here, sir; and I am very much obliged to you for your trouble, indeed I am!"

"As I shall answer," says Hobbs, "I wonder the creature answering at all!—But it's daylight, and I have a gun, and I brought out my big whinger—I think we may venture upon him."

By all manner of means, said Earsniff; but in the name of woe, what can be done there? It's Biggins and Mr. Dicky and I think romance, the grandest emotion there is."

Then the small acquaintance of Earsniff and Hobbs could not help agreeing with his companion. The figure they had seen the night before seemed slowly and toil-essly lumbering to pile the large stones one upon another, but now they were intermixed, and seemed to lay around him in great plenty, but the labour of carrying on the work was immense, from the size of the stones; and it seemed astonishing that he should have succeeded in moving several which he had already arranged for the foundation of his edifice. He was struggling to move a fragment of a large size when the two young men came up, and was so intent upon executing his purpose, that he did not perceive them till they were close upon him. In straining and heaving at the stone, in order to place it accurately, he had displayed a degree of strength which seemed utterly inconsistent with his age and apparent deformity. Indeed, to judge from the disfigured face he had already surmounted, he must have been of Hercules' powers; for some of the stones he had succeeded in raising apparently required two men's strength to have moved them. Hobbs' suspicions began to revive, on seeing the preternatural strength he exerted.

"I can't pretend it is the ghost of a stone-man," said Hobbs, "but it is a stone man, after all; I wonder what he would take by the road to build a march dye. There's one sort-waited between Creinglehope and the Shawa—Honest man," (though he was not at all like a farmer) "with no great eyes, but a great heart;"

The being whom he addressed raised his eyes with a ghastly stare, and, getting up from his stooping posture, stood before them in all his native and hideous deformity. His head was of uncommon size, covered with a mass of shaggy hair partly grizzled with age; his eyebrows shaggy and prominent, overhanging a pair of small, dark, pouting eyes, set far back on their sockets, that rolled with a portentous wildness, indicative of a partial insanity. The rest of his features were of the coarse, rough-hewn stamp, with which men are disposed in their old age, to which was added the wild, irregular, and peculiar expression, so often seen in the countenances of those who have long enforced laborious and troubled service, like that of a man of middle age, was mounted upon two large feet; but nature seemed to have forgotten the legs and the thighs, or they were so very short as to be hidden by the cross which he wore. His arms were long and brawny, furnished with two muscular hands, and, where uncovered in the eagerness of his labour, were shaded with coarse hair. He wore, however, very few clothes, and it was by no means uncommon to find the separate parts of his body to be the members of a giant, but had afterwards capriciously assigned them to the body of a dwarf. He did the labour of his limbs, and the iron strength of his frame corresponded with the shortness of his stature.

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"I can't pretend it is the ghost of a stone man, after all; I wonder what he would take by the road to build a march dye. There's one sort-waited between Creinglehope and the Shawa—Honest man," (though he was not at all like a farmer) "with no great eyes, but a great heart;"

The being whom he addressed raised his eyes with a ghastly stare, and, getting up from his stooping posture, stood before them in all his native and hideous deformity. His head was of uncommon size, covered with a mass of shaggy hair partly grizzled with age; his eyebrows shaggy and prominent, overhanging a pair of small, dark, pouting eyes, set far back on their sockets, that rolled with a portentous wildness, indicative of a partial insanity. The rest of his features were of the coarse, rough-hewn stamp, with which men are disposed in their old age, to which was added the wild, irregular, and peculiar expression, so often seen in the countenances of those who have long enforced laborious and troubled service, like that of a man of middle age, was mounted upon two large feet; but nature seemed to have forgotten the legs and the thighs, or they were so very short as to be hidden by the cross which he wore. His arms were long and brawny, furnished with two muscular hands, and, where uncovered in the eagerness of his labour, were shaded with coarse hair. He wore, however, very few clothes, and it was by no means uncommon to find the separate parts of his body to be the members of a giant, but had afterwards capriciously assigned them to the body of a dwarf. He did the labour of his limbs, and the iron strength of his frame corresponded with the shortness of his stature.
ground. It must be naturally supposed, that, as above hinted, this solitary being received assistance occasionally from such travellers as crossed the moor by chance, as well as from several who went from curiosities, to impose in his studies. It was, indeed, impossible to see a human creature, so unfitted, at first sight, for hard labour, toiling with such unremitting assiduity, without stopping a few minutes to aid him in his task, to a stranger, and one of his occasional assistants was acquainted with the degree of help which the Dwarf had received from others, the celerity of his progress was very remarkable. The stateliness of his presence was in their eyes, regarded with a sort of awe, a strong and compact appearance of the cottage, formed in so very short a space, and by such a being, and the superior skill which he displayed in mechanics, and in other arts, gave suspicion to the surrounding neighbours. They insisted, that, if he was not a phantasm,—an opinion which was now abandoned, since he plainly appeared a being of blood and bone with themselves,—yet he must be in close league with the invisible world, and have chosen that sequestered spot to carry on his communication with them undisturbed. They insisted, though in a different sense from the philosopher's application of the phrase, that he was never less alone than when alone; and that from his distance to the moor at a distance, passengers often discovered a person at work along with this dweller of the desert, who regularly disappeared as soon as they approached closer to him. The figure was also occasionally seen sitting beside him at the door, walking with him in the moor, or assisting him in fetching water from his own well. Earnscleff explained this phenomenon by supposing it to be the Dwarf's shadow.

"Deil a shadow has he," replied Hobbie Elliot, who was a strenuous defender of the general opinion; "but see for yourself the Auld Ane to have a shadow. Besides," he argued more logically, "wha ever heard of a shadow that cam between a body and the sun, and be it what it will, is thinner had he came, and taller than the body himself, and has been seen to come between him and the sun mair than anes or twice either."

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 recluse being seemed somewhat gratified by the marks of timid veneration with which an occasional passenger approached his dwelling, the look of start with which he perceived the stranger's person and his premises, and the hurried step with which he pressed his retreat as he passed the awful spot. The boldness only stopped to gratify their curiosity by a hasty glance at the wall of his cottage and garden and to apologize for it by a courteous salutation, which the inmates sometimes designed to return by a word or a nod. Earnscleff often passed that way, and seldom without inquiring after the solitary inmate, who seemed now to have arranged his establishment for life.

It was impossible to engage him in any conversation on his own personal affairs; nor was he communicative or accessible in talking on any other subject whatever, although he seemed to have considerably resided in the extreme ferocity of his misanthropy, or rather to be less frequently visited with the fits of melancholy of which this was a symptom. No argument could prevail upon him to accept any thing beyond the simplest necessaries, although much more was offered by Earnscleff out of charity, and by his more hospitable neighbours from other motives. The benefits of these last he repaid by advice, when consulted (as at length he slowly was) on their diseases, 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 foreign drugs. He gave these persons to understand that the same was Eleutheria the Recluse; but his popular epithet soon came to be Canny Elsie, or the Wise Wight of Mulheastane-Moor. Some expected that they were his bodily compliants, and requested advice upon other matters, which he delivered with an oracular showrness that greatly confirmed the opinion of his possessing prescriptive skill. The quarters usually left some objects were a stone, at a distance from his dwelling; if it was necessary, or any article which did not suit him to accept, it was without making use of it. On all occasions his manners were rude and unsocial; and his words, in number, just sufficient to express his meaning being understood, with a slight inflection, that went a syllable beyond the matter in hand. When winter had passed away, and his geese left the safety of its pales in their winter quarters, he declared himself almost entirely to those articles of food. If accepted, notwithstanding, a pair of shears was Earnscleff, which fed on the moor, and supplied his wants.

When Earnscleff found his gift had been missed he soon afterwards paid the hermit a visit. The man was seated on a broad flat stone, near large door, which was the seat of science he usually occupied, when disposed to receive his patients or clients. The inside of his hut, and that of his field, he kept as sacred from human interests as the territories of Othello do their Moris;—apparently he would have deemed it polluted by the step of strangers. In the hut a figure sat, who, in spite of the entreaty, could prevail upon him to make himself visible, or to give audience to any one whatsoever. Earnscleff had been fishing in a small recess of the river, and looking up the watery channel, he observed a figure filled with trouts, at his shoulder. He saw a stone nearly opposite to the Dwarf, who looked like a man of about 40 years; not thinner than by elevating his huge size, which he had to the purpose of staring at him, and then seized upon his bosom, as if in profound meditation, still looked around him, and observed that the hermit had increased his accommodations by the construction of a shed for the reception of his guests. Earnscleff, hearing this, was in bad humor, Elsie, he appeared to be indulging in this singular being into conversation.

"Labour," re-echoed the Dwarf, "is a noble evil of a lot more miserable as that of mankind, to pour like me, than sport like you."—

"I cannot defend the humanity of our ordinary rude sports, Elsie, and yet—"

"And yet," interrupted the Dwarf, "they are more than your ordinary business; better to exercise on, and wanton cruelty on mute fishes than on poor creatures. Yet why should I say? Why should I exert my human heart, and gorse upon each other, till all are execrated for their huge and over-fed Beemoth, set by the Parlia- the rice, during many days for lack of food, and, finally, to be reduced to the eating of famine—it were a consumption worthy of the race."

"Your deeds are better, Elsie, than your words," answered Earnscleff; "you labor to promote whom your misanthropy stands."—

"I do; but why—Hearken, Yox an see whom I look with the least loathing, and I can see, if, contrary to my wont, I waste a few words in passion to your inattuned business. If I can send disease into families, and murder some herds, can I attain the same and so well by longing the lives of those who are sufferers from others?—If Alice of Ross, and her son's seven, and her son's seven, and her son's seven, died in winter, would young Ruthven have been for her love the last spring?—Who thought of the Smith of Arbroath?—"}

"The Reiver of Westburnflat was deemed to be a death-bod?—My draughts, my skill, reconn's, And, now, who dare leave his herd upon the moor? They all go to bed without uncharitable sleuth-bound?"

"I own," answered Earnscleff, "you did let me see the last of them, but not the next, but the evil, there is my friend Hobbie, honest Mr. the Hugh-foot, your skill relieved him last in a favor that might have cost him his life if others had been there."

"Now, that the children of clay in their turn have said the Dwarf, smiling maliciously, and
sensible a state of mind, a man whose language argued him to be of rank and education much superior to the vulgar. He was also surprised to see how much particular attention a person was paid in that country so short a time, and in so recluse a manner, had been able to collect respecting the dispositions and private affairs of the inhabitants.

"It is no wonder," he said to himself, "that with such extent of information, such a mode of life, so unchaste a figure, and sentiments so virulently misanthropic, this unmentionable person should be respected by the vulgar as in league with the Enemy of Mankind."

CHAPTER V.
The bleakest rock upon the loneliest beach.

Fools, it is barrenness, those touch of spring;
And, in the April dew, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen freshness and power;
And thus the heart, most need to deadly pleasures,
Mete at the tear, joys in the smile, of woes.

As the season advanced, the weather became more genial, and the Recuse 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 numerously attended, swept across the heath, his eyes falling on his necklace, his hawk, and, led-horses, swelled the retinue, and the air resounded at intervals with the whoop of the hunters, and the horrid sound of falcon crying, and hawk-hunting. The Recuse 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 Wise Wight of Mucklestone-Moor, came suddenly up, ere he could effect his purpose. The first shranked, and put her hands before her eyes, at sight of an object so un-usually deformed. The second, with a hysterical giggle, which she intended should disguise her terror, asked the Recuse whether he could tell their fortune. The third, who was best mounted, best 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 to—"

"Finish?" interrupted the Dwarf, "so young, and already so artful? You came—you know you came, to extort in the consciousness of your own youth, wealth, and beauty, by contrasting them with age, stupidity and servility, called love of our fellow creatures, know, that were there a man who had unwittingly sowed the seeds of his parent's hopes—so had torn, my heart to mummery, and seared my brain till it glowed like a volcano, and were that man's fortune and life in my power as completely as this fruit potsherd. (he snatched up an earthen vessel which stood beside him) "I would not dash him into atoms thus;—he flung the vessel with fury, against the wall;—"

"No!" (he spoke more comically, but with the utmost bitterness); "I would pamper him with wealth and power to inflame his evil passions, and to fulfill his evil designs; he should lack no means of vice and sin, and in a whirling bath that itself should know neither rest nor peace, but soul with unceasing fury, while it wrecked every good ship that approached its limits! I should be an earthquake capable of shaking the very land in which he dwelt, and rendering all its inhabitants friendless, outcast, and miserable, as I am!"

He roused himself, but as he uttered these last words, shuttering the door with furious violence, and rapidly drawing two bolts, one after the other, successively threw and struck one of that hated race, who had thus lashed his soul to frenzy. Earnscliff left the moor with mingled sensations of pity and horror, pondering what strange and melancholy causes could have reduced so un

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THERE SAVINGS

"Speak in their folly. Have you marked the young cub of a wild cat that has been domesticated, how sprightly, how playful, how gentle, how attached, how your game, your lambs, your poultry, its inbred docility breaks forth; he gripes, tears, ravages, and devour;

"Such is the animal's instinct," answered Earnscliff; "but what has that to do with Hobbie?"

"It is its emblem—it is its picture," retorted the Recuse. "This is the same at present tame, as it was domesticated, for lack of opportunity to exercise his inborn propensities; but let the trumpet of war sound—let the young blood-hound sniff blood, he will be as ferocious as the bloodiest of his Redcoat ancestors that ever fired a helpless peasant's abode. Can you deny, that even at present he often urges you to take bloody revenge for an injury received when you were a boy?"

Earnscliff started; the Recuse appeared not to observe his surprise, and proceeded. "The trumpet will blow, the young blood-hound will lap blood, and I will laugh and say, For this I have preserved thee!"

He paused, and continued, "Such are my curses— their object, their purpose, perpetuating the mass of misery and playing even on this desert mound a part in the general tragedy. Were you on your sick bed, I might, in compassion, send you a cup of poison."

"I am much obliged to you, Earnslie, and certainly shall not want you to some distance from his nest. I am not to be frightened with so comfortable a hope from your assistance."

"Do not flatter yourself too far," replied the Hermit. "Tell me what you propose, and I shall hazard the sound of falcon crying, and hawk-hunting."

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Sowers and butterflies in spring—butterflies and bees in summer—leaves in autumn and winter—all pursued, all caught, all flying aside.

Stand apart; your fortune is said.

All caught, however, retorted the laughing fair one, a cousin of Miss Vere's: "that's something, Nancy," she continued, turning to the timid damsel who had first approached the Dwarf; "will you ask your fortune?"

"Not for worlds," said she, drawing back; "I have heard enough of yours."

"Well, then," said Miss Elderton, offering money to the Dwarf. "I'll put it in a drawer, as if it were spoken by an oracle to a princess."

"Truth," said the Soothsayer, "can neither be bought nor sold," and he pushed back her proffered offering with morose disdain.

"Well, then," said the lady, "I'll keep my money, Mr. Elahender, to assist me in the chase I am about to pursue."

"You will need it," replied the cynic; "without it, few pursue successfully, and fewer are themselves pursued."—Stop!" he said to Miss Vere, as her companions moved off, "with you I have more to say. You have what your companions would wish to have, or be thought to have—beauty, wealth, station, accomplishments. But, in art, as in life, as in music, as in the yet uncompleted sculpture of man, you are in essence, her immortalized in porcelian."

"There is something," said Miss Vere, "nesteth in the situation of this dwarf."

"And there is something," said Mr. Elahender, "in the situation of the lady, that Lentilik, as they say, is as immortalized in porcelian."

"But you forget that thy say he is a witch," said Miss Vere to Miss Elderton."

"Witches are diabolical souls filled with envy, and joined her sister, "I would have him turn his natural, and thrust his enormous head, and eternal vantage, out at his door or view of the assisants. The holder whose rode would harshly side a second guest of the Were. I wish I had the use of that Guesthouse for only one half hour ."

"For what purpose, Lucy?" said Mr. Elahender.

"Of I would brighten out of the darkness," said he, "and stain by Fredericke."

"He would not count with your father, whose favours of yours. I protest I shall send thy father Wizard as long as I live, if it were my hour's relief from that man's oppression."

"What would you say, then?" said the dwarf, "low tone, so as not to be heard by the one who rode before them, the plow of their moving all three abreast, and say, my dearest Lucy, if it were proposed to ender her company for life?"

"Say, if we would say, No, no, no, then, louder than another, till they should hear me lacy."

"And Sir Frederick would say then, no, eleven and a half a grant."

"That," replied Miss Vere, "depends on the manner in which the matter is said, and I have not one grain of consencence to promise you,"

"But if your father," said Miss Vere, "as he would stand to the consequences of his say, he would the most cruel father that ever was. One word, if he be so kind as to you with a suit, an asbess, and a cloister."

"Then," said Miss Elderton, "I would be too important to disobey him for convenience."

I think you would be excusable under these circumstances for requesting this presumptuous moment of your life.
in your power. A proud, dark, ambitious man; a
challenger against the state; infamous for his avarice
and severity; a bad son, a bad brother, unkind and
ungenerous to all his relatives—Isabel; I would die
rather than be taken from him, and leave him "
"Don't let my father hear you give me such ad-
sence," said Miss Vare, "or advice, my dear Lucy,
to Ellieslaw-Castle." "And advice to Ellieslaw-Caste,
with all my heart," said her friend, "if once saw you
fairly out of it, and settled under some kinder protector than he who
now has given you. Of my own father had been in his former health, how gladly
would be have received and sheltered you, till this ridiculous
and base persecution were blown over!"
"Would to God it had been so," my dear Lucy answered Isabeli;
"but I fear, that in your father's weak state of health, he would be altogether
unable to protect me against the means which would be
immediately used for reclaiming the poor fugitive."
"I fear so indeed," replied Miss Varet; "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 messages, from the strange faces which
appear and disappear behind the door by
types of names, the collecting and cleaning of arms,
and the anxious gloom and bustle which seem to
again enfold the whole in the castle, it may be impos-
sible for us (I desire to prove to you the
naughtiness) to shape out some little supplemental
conspiracy of our own. I hope the gentlemen have not
left us, with the little strength of our own, and the
associate that I would gladly admit to our counsel."
"No!" answered Miss Varet; "Nancy, though an
elegant, good-natured, and fondly attached to you,
would make a dull conspirator—as dull as Renault and all
the other subordinate plotters in Venice Preserved.
Let this affair, then, if ever I were to
be better; and yet, though I know I shall please you,
instantly run away without giving the
satisfaction and the elegance of English, but something very like it in
the middle of this country, I take it,
through one could not find a better

And whom else should I mean?" said Lucy. "Piers and
are very scarce in this county; I
you for the sake of Renault and Reda-
now."
How can you talk so wildly, Lucy? Your plays
are all over the world; and yet you do not know, that, independent of my father's content,
out of which I will marry any one, and which, in
my point of view, would never be granted; inde-
pendent, I say, of every thing that is connected
Ellis's inclinations, but by your own wild conjectures
and fancies—besides all this, there is the fatal brawler"

When his father was killed, was Lucy. "But
that was very long ago; and I hope we have not
outlived the time of bloody feud, when a quarrel was
brother; and other cut them out for the
and wear them out in our own day, and should no more
think of resenting our father's faults, than of wearing
the doubled and trunk-rose."
"You treat this far too lightly," Lucy answered
Miss Varet. "Not a bit, my dear Isabeli," said Lucy. "Con-
der, our history has been written, like that of many a
woman whose love was Barred from the very obstacle which
you suppose so insurmountable."
"But these are not the days of romance, but of
reality, for there stands the castle of Ellieslaw."
"And there stands the old house of CroCebe, at the
gate, waiting to assist the ladies from their perilous
I would as lief touch a toad; I will disappoint him, and
take old Horlington the groom for my master of
the horse."
So saying, the lively young lady switched her pal-
fray forward, and passing Sir Frederick with a fami-

and nod as he spoke. If ever I were to
be told that she was not the one who ca-
ered on, and jumped into the arms of the old
groom. Pain would Isabeli have done the same had
she dared; but her face stood near, displeasure al-
dearly darkening on a countenance peculiarly inclined to
express the harsher passions, and she was compul-
sed to receive the unwelcome assiduities of her des-
tested suitor.

CHAPTER VI.

Let me see what the author of the night's book he called
thebes of the day's booty; let us be Diana's darts, gentle-
men of the state, minions of the many."

For the Pawn, Part I.
The Solitary had consumed the remainder of the
day in which he had the interview with the young
ladies, within the premises of his garden. Evening
again found him seated on a lawn, at a
sun setting red, and among seas of rolling clouds,
threw a gloomy lustre over the moor, and gave a
shape to the deep purple tints of the
bead of the spot. The Dwarf was watching the clouds as they lowered above each
other in masses of conglomerated roses, and, as a
strong lurid beam of the sinking luminary darkened fall
on his solitary and uncouth figure, he might well have
seen the demon of the storm which was gathering,
or some genie summoned forth from the recesses of
the earth by the subterranean signals of its approach.
As he sat thus, with his dark eye turned towards
the swirling and blackening heaven, a horseman
rose rapidly up to him, and stopping, as if to let his
horse breathe for an instant, made a sort of obeisance
to the anchorite, with an air betwixt effrontery and
embarrassment.

The figure of the rider was thin, tall, and slender,
but remarkably athletic, bony, and sinewy; like one
who had all his life followed those violent exercises
which prevent the human form from increasing in
bulk, while they harden and confirm by habit his
muscular powers. His face, sharp-featured, sun-burnt,
and freckled, had an intriguing expression, and
impudence, and cunning, each of which seemed altern-
ately to predominate over the others. Sandy-
cooured hair, and reddish eyebrows, from under which
the sun looked forth his shrewd eye; completed this
sporadic outline of the horseman's physiognomy. He
had pistols in his holsters, and another pair peeped
from his belt, though he had taken some pains to
conceal them by buttoning his doublet. He wore a
rusting 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 equi-
page.
"So," said the Dwarf, "rapine and murder once
more on horseback."
"On horseback? I said the bandit; "ay, ay, Edhie,
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-
shunder.
"All clear away, with the water-saps and panacs,
returned the unabashed convalescent. "Ye ken, Ed-
hie, for they say ya are weel acqainted wi' the gentle-
man,
When the devil was sick, the devil a monk
be."
"Thou say' st true," said the Solitary; "as well
divides a wolf from his appetite for carrion, as a
rape from her scent of slaughter, as these from thy accursed
propensities."

46.
"Why, what would you have me to do? It's born with me—lies in my very blood and bone. Why, man, the lads of Westburnftat, for ten lang deserts, have been dejected; they have all drunk hard, lived high, taking deep revenge for light offence, and never wanted gear for the winning."

"Right; and thou art as thorough-bred a wolf," said the Dwarf, "as ever leapt a lamb-fold at night. On what hell's errand art thou bound now?"

"Can your skill not guess?"

"Yes," said the Dwarf, "that thy purpose is bad, thy deed will be worse, and the issue worst of all."

And you like me the better for it, Father Elahie, said Weathburnftat; you always said you did.

"I have cause to like all," answered the Solitary, "that are scourges to their fellow-creatures, and thou art one bloody one."

"No—I say not guilty to that—never blindly unless there's resistance, and that sets a man's bristles up, ye ken. And this is nae great matter, after a; just to cut the comb of a young cock that has been clawing a little ower cruisely."

"Not young Earncliff!" said the Solitary, with some emotion.

"No; not young Earncliff—not young Earncliff yet; but his time may come, if he will not take warning, and get him back to the burrow-town that he may have a quiet, and no need sleeping about here, destroying the few deer that are left in the country, and pretend to act as a magistrate, and writing letters to the gentry, that old Richies, abut the disturbed state of the land. Let him take care o' himself."

"Then it must be Hobbie of the Heugh-foot," said Elahie. "What harm has the lad done you?"

"O Harm! nae great harm; but I bexca he said away from the Ba' spied on Eastern's E'en, for fear of him; and it was only for fear of the Country Karter, that there was a warrant out against me. I stand Hobbie's feu'd, and a' his clans. But it's no so much for that, as to gie him a lesson not to let his tongue gallop o'er freely about his beasts. I trow he will hae lost the best pen-feather of his wing before to-morrow morning. Farewell, Elahie; there's some canny boys waiting for me down amang the shaws, owerby; I will see you as I come back, and bring ye a blithe tale in return for your leech-craft."

The Dwarf could collect himself to reply, the Reverend of Weathburnftat spurs to his horse. The animal, starting at one of the stones which lay scattered about, flew from the path. The rider exercised his spurs without moderation or mercy. The horse bellowed, 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 had been a part of the horse which he broodrode; and not a kick or spurt 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. The Dwarf—"that cool-blooded, hardened, unrelenting ruffian,—that wretch, whose every thought is infected with crimes,—has thievish and sinewa, limbs, strength, and activity enough, to hump a nobly animal than himself to carry him to the place where he is to perpetrate his wickedness; while I, had I the weakness to wish to put his wretched victim on his guard, and to save the helpless family, would see my good intentions frustrated by the deceitfulness which chains me to the spot. Why should I wish it were otherwise? What have I to gain by it? A single voice, my hideous form, and my mis-shapen 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 accounts me a prodigy and an outcast, and which has treated me as such? No; by all the ignominy which I have experienced, by all the reproach which I have sustained—by my imprisonment, my stripes, my chains, I will wrestle down my feelings of humanity. I will not be the fool I have been, to swerve from my principles whenever there was an appeal, forsooth, to my feelings; as if I, to whom none show sympathy, ought to have sympathy with any one. Let Destiny drive her scythed car through the overwhelmed and trembling mass of humanity! Shall I be the shot to precipitate the mass on those heads? Shall I add a little more to the current of mortality, under her wheels, that the Dwarf, the Wizard, the Hunch-back, may save from destruction some fair form or some active frame, and all its dark associations, and not those poor wretches, never never!—And yet this Elliot—this Hobbie, so young and gallant, so frank, so—I will think of it no longer."

And ere the thought was finished, the Solitary firmly resolved, that I would not aid him, if a war were the pledge of his safety!"

Having thus ended his soliloquy, he re-entered his hut for shelter from the storm which was fast approaching, and now began to burst in large and heavy drops of rain. The last rays of the sun disappeared entirely, and two or three clumps of distant thunder followed each other at brief intervals, echoing and re-echoing among the ranges of hills like the sound of a distant engagement.

CHAPTER VII.

Proud bird of the mountain, thy shape shall be seen—

Return to thy dwelling; all lonely, return—

For the blackness of sasha shall stain where it stood, And a wild mother scream her funeral dirge.

CAMPION.

The night continued sullen and stormy; but morning brought a respite from the tempestuous weather of the day before. The Moar lees had been by the long-levant Moor, with its broad bleak swells of heath, interspersed with marshy pools of water, seemed to smile under the serene influence of the sky, just as good-humour can spread a certain invincible charm over the plainest human countenance. The heath was in its thickest and deepest blue. The bees, which the Solitary had added to his humble establishment, were abroad on the wing and filled the air with the murmurs of their industry. As the old man crept out of his little hut, his two ele-geats came to meet him, and licked his hands in gratitude for the vegetables with which he supplied them from his garden. "You, at least," he said—"you, at least, see no difference in form which can alter feelings to a benefactor—to you, the finest shape that ever statuary moulded would be an object of indifference or of alarm, should it present itself instead of the mis-shapen trunk to whose services you are accustomed. While I was in the world, did I ever show with such a return of gratitude? No; the domestic scene is a spleen, as I find it in shape and form as he stood behind my chair; the friend whom I have supported with my fortune, and for whose sake I have even staid—(he stopped with a surge convulsive with the feeling which he had)—the friend whom I have raised from bases of lunaticks—for their disgraceful restrictions—the cruel privations, thran for communication with the cause of humanity. Hubert aloft, I will one day abandon me. All are of a pure mass of wickedness, selfishness and ingratitude, wretches who sin even in their devotions, such hardness of heart, that they do not, even hypocrisy, even thank the Deity himself for his sun and pure air."

As he was plunged in these gloomy soliloquies heard the tramp of a horse on the other side. An enclosure, and a strong clear voice singing the liveliness inspired by a light heart.

"Canny Hobbie Elliot, I'g sang along wir' ye.

At the same moment, a large deer sprang over the hermit's fence. It was well for the sportman in these wilds, that the scent of the goat so much resemble those usual objects of chase, that the beast-broke great length that it was instantly pulled down and thrumled one of the she-goats, while Hobbie Elliot, who came jumped from his horse for the purpose, was to expect no harm from the harmless animal from his attendant until it was expiring. The Dwarf a few moments, the convulsive starts of his
THE BLACK DWARF

favourites, until the poor goast stretched out her limbs with the twitchings and shivering fit of the last agony. He then started into an expanse of frenzy, and unshackling a long sharp knife, or dagger, which he had concealed in his boot, he stood at the mouth of the dig, when Hobbie, perceiving his purpose, interposed, and caught hold of his hand, exclaiming, "Let a be the bounds, for we, Kill- 

The Dwarf turned his rage on the young farmer; and, by a sudden effort, far more powerful than Elia's, was about to be skilful and to make a wrony, and he snatched it from his grasp, and offered the dagger at his heart. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye, and the ferocity of Reesche might have completed his vengeance by plunging the weapon in Elloit's bosom, had he not been detected by an internal impulse which made him hurl the knife to a distance.

"No," he exclaimed, as he thus voluntarily de- prived himself of the means of gratifying his rage; "not again—not again!"

Hobbie retraced a step or two in great surprise, incomprehensible, and disdain, at having been placed in such danger by an object apparently so contemptible.

"The devil in the body for strength and bitterness, etc., etc., in each of which he followed up with an apology for the accident that had given rise to their disagreement. "I am no justifying Killback a teather either, and I am sure it was before him. The chance should have happened; but i'll send you two goats and two fat hammers, man, to make a strong straight razor. I shan't argue the points against a poor dumb thing; ye see that a goat's like first-cousin to a deer, sae he acted but according to his nature after a. Had it been a pet-lamb, there would have had mair only the comfort at me, for this morning; there's a toon byre and a wide, and a wail and a cry for the bonny bride."

"The bride?"

"Ay, Charlie Chest-the-Woode, as we ca' him, that's Charlie Foster of Tinning Beck, has promised to keep her in Cumberland till the blast blew by. She saw me, and kent me in the spore, for the mask fell frae my face for a blink. I am thinking it wad concern my safety if she were to come back here, for there's mony o' the Elliotts, and they band weel the- 

During this long speech, in which the good-natura- 

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stocked with cattle, off the wealth of uncalculating years of toil, of which poor Elijah, common share, had been laid waste or carried off single night. He stood a moment motionless, at the door, and exclaimed, "I am ruined—ruined to the soil; I am a man, I am a man—" and, and the week before the bridge—But I am no he, sit down and great about it. If I can bet and gain, and take something, and murder, and bring to the woods in Flanders, as my guide said, and the Bellenden barker, wi' said Besclee. I say, rate, I will keep up a heart, or they will lose their way toDirections, they wished he, she should, shall answer it.

"I know," said the fellow, looking down, "that you have power on earth, however you come by it; you can do what no other man can do, bathe by physic and forewent; and the gold is shelled down when you command, as fast as I have seen the ashes keys fall in a treaty morning in October. I will not disoblige you." Begone, then, and relieve me of the hateful presence.

The robber set spurs to his horse, and rode off without reply.

Hobbs Elibor had, in the meanwhile, pursued his journey, but the footsteps were heard by those opposed to the inauspicious result of the theft, and the indistinct fears that all was not right, which men usually term a presentiment of misfortune. Ere he reached the bridge, he could look down on his own habitation, he was met by his nurse, a person then of great consequence in all families in Scotland, whether of the higher or middle classes.

The connexion between them and their foster-children was considered a tie far too closely inimical to be broken; and it usually happened, in the course of years, that the nurse became a resident in the family of her foster-sister, assisting in the domestic duties, and receiving all marks of attention and regard from the heads of the family. So soon as Hobbs recognized the figure of Annabelle, he drew rein, and laid his hand on his horse's bridle. "What ill luck can have brought the said nurse here at this hour? she that never rides a gun-shot safe the door-stone for ordinaires!—Hout, it will just be to get cranberries, or whortleberries, or some such stuff, out of the moor, to make the pies and tarts for the feast on Monday. I cannot get the words of that cankered old cripple dail's-buckle out o' my head—least thing makes me dread some ill news. Oh, Blackman, man I was there no days and goats in the country besides, but ye behaved to gang and worry his creature, by a' other folk's?"

By this time Annabelle, with a brow like a tragic mask, had ridden towards him, and caught his horse by the bridle. The despair in her look was so evident as to deprive even him of the power of asking, "O my barn!" she cried, "gang na forward—gang na forward!—it is a sight to kill any body, set alane thee.

"In God's name, what's the matter?" said the astonished horseman, endeavouring to extricate his bridle from the grasp of the old woman; "for Heaven's sake, let me go and see what's the matter."

"Ohon! that I should have lived to see the day!—The steadfast's a' in a low, and the bonny stack-yard lying in the red-ashes, and the gear a' driven away. But gang na forward! it was break your young back, bwią, bérience, to see what my said keen has seen this morning."

Aand who has dared to do this? I got weary bridle, Annabelle—where is my grandmother—my sister?—Where is Grace Armstrong?—God—the words of the warlock are knelling in my ears!"

He sprang from his horse to rid himself of Annabelle's abridgment, and, ascending the hill with great speed, soon came in view of the spectacle with which she had threatened him. It was indeed a heart-breaking sight. The habitation which he had left in its seclusion, beside the main street, surrounded with every evidence of rustic plenty, was now a wasted and blackened ruin. From amongst the shattered and sable walls the smoke ascended to the turf-stack, the barn-yard, the offices.
CHAPTER VIII.

Now horse and hotwhacket, cried the Laird,—

Now horse and hotwhacket, speed up;

They that winns ride for Yeffer’s krn.

Let them never look in the face o’ me.

"Horse! horse! and sperrit," exclaimed Hobbie to his kinsman. Many a ready foot was in the stirrup, and, while Ellis had pockets and girdle-band, no easy matter in such a confounded place. 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 great, at home, men must do as they have been done by; it’s the Scripture says.”

"Haul your tongue, sir," said one of the seniors; sternly; "dinja abuse the Word that gate, ye dinja ken what ye speak about."

"He’s ye only tidings!—Hae ye none speerings, Hobbie?—O, callants, dinja be overhasty," said old Dick of the Dingle.

"What signis preaching to us, e’en now?" said Simon; "if ye canna make help yersel, dinya keep on, I can tell them that can.

"Whisht, sir; was ye take vengeance or ye ken who has wrang’d ye?"

"D’ye think we dinya ken the road to England as well as our fathers before us?—All evil comes out o’ thensower—’tis an auld saying and a true; and w’ shall be doun a weary way, as the devil was brawling in the south."

"Wull follow her, our young Earsencliff’s horses over the wastes," cried one Elliot.

"I’ll prick them out through the blindest moor in the Border, an there had been a fair head the same day before," said Hugh, the blacksmith of Ringleburn, "for I aye shoo his horses wi’ my ain hand."

"Lay on the close-hounds; cried another; "where are they?"

"Hout, man, the sun’s been lang up, and the dew is off the ground—the scent will never lie,"

Hobbit instantly whistled on his hounds, which were moving about the ruins of their old habitsation, and filling the air with their disdainful howls.

"Now, Killbuck," said Hobbie, "try th’ skill this day—and then, as if a rat had suddenly broken on him,—"th’ ill-faur’ goblin spak somethings o’ this! He may ken mair o’, either by vailins on earth, or devils below—I’ll hae th’ frae him, if I shou’d cut it out o’ his mis-shapen bokky wi’ my wringings."

He then hastily gave directions to his comrades: "Four o’ ye, wi’ Simon, haul right forward to Granes—gap. If they’re forehand, I’ll be back to ye."

The rest dispersed by twosomes and threesomes through the waste, and met me at the Trysning-pool, where my brother and I came as near as we could, and met us there. Poor lads, they will have hersaes weel-nigh as sair as mine; little think they what a sorrowful house they are bringing their vengeance to! I’ll kill them to the wall."

"And if I were you," said Dick of the Dingle, "I would speak to Cammy Earsie. He can tell you what’s ever betides in this, if he’s seen ed." "He shall tell me," said Hobbie, who was busy putting his arms in order, ‘what he keeps o’ this night’s job, or I shall right weel ken wherefore he dons not." "Ay, but speaking him fair, my bonny men—spack him fair, Hobbie; the like o’ him will no bear th’ wha. They canna speak to us, nobles, gentry, ghaistis and evil spirits, that it cleeks espous their temper." "Let me slave to guide him," answered Earsie; "here’s that in my breast this day, that would overwarr an’ must the warlocks o’ craft, an’ the devils, in hell." And being now fully equipped, he threw himself on his horse, and spurred him at a rapid pace, as it seems, the steep ascent.

Elliot speedily summarised the hill, rode down the other side at the gallop, and came in at a time so that he had time to have passed a long green, here at the uppermost of the steep ascent.

"Farewell, mother—faranell, my dear sisters—" exclaimed Hobbie; and rushed out of the house.
he had time to consider methodically in what manner he should dispossess the Dwarf, in order to extract from him the knowledge which he supposed him to be in possession of, concerning the authors of his misfortunes. Hobbit, though blunt, plain of speech, and hot tempered, was a man of weight, by Heaven! and with all its glances at the contents; and then again addressing the Harmit. "Muckle obliged for your good-will; and I wad blithely give ye a bond for some o' the things ye aye wear. But if I dinna ken, Elashi; to use aillers unless I kend it was decently by; and maybe it might turn into solace-songs, and thus now thy violence."

"I'll speak him fair," he said, "as said Dickon advised me. Though folk say he has a league wi' Satan, he cannot be sic an incarnate devil as to take some pitty in a case like mine; and folk threep he'll whiles do good, charitable sort o' things. I'll keep my heart down as well as I can, and stroke him wi' the hair; and if the worst come to the worst, it's but wringing the head o' him about at last."

In this disposition of accommodation he approached the hut of the Solitary.

The old man was not upon his seat of audience, nor could Hobbit perceive him in his garden, or enclosures.

"He's gotten into his very keep," said Hobbit, "maybe he's out o' the gate; but I s'pe'il put down about his lags, if I can win him at otherwise."

Having thus communed with himself, he raised his right hand and invoced Elashi in a tone as soothed as his conflicting feelings would permit. "Elashi, my guide friend!" No reply. "Elashi, canny FATHER! The Dwarf remained mute. "Sorrow be in the crooked carcass of thee!" said the Borderer between his teeth; and then again attempting a soothing tone.—"Good Father Elashi, a most miserie- rable creature deserve has some counsel of your wisdom now."

"The better?" answered the shrill and discordant voice of the Dwarf through a very small window, round which it had been cut. "I do not wish to speak to thee."

He had been so near the door of his dwelling, and through which he could see any one who approached it, without the possibility of their looking in upon him.

"The better?" said Hobbit impatiently; "what is the better, Elashi? Do you not hear me tell you I am the most miserable wretch living?"

And do you not hear me tell you it is as much the better? and did I not tell you this morning, when you thought yourself so happy, what an evening was coming upon you?"

"That ye did so," replied Hobbit, "and that gave me come to you for advice now; they that foresaw the trouble maun ken the cure."

"So no cure for 'tartly trouble," returned the Dwarf; "or, if I did, which I help others when I am not haid me! Have I not lost wealth, that would have bought all thy barren hills a hundred times over? rank, to which thine is as that of a peasant? society, where there was an interchange of all that was amiable—of all that was intellectual? Have I not lost all this? Am I not residing here, the veriest outcast on the face of the earth? And most solitary of her retreats, myself more hideous than all that is around me? And why should other worms complain to me when they are trodden on, since I am myself lying crushed and whittling under the chariot-wheel?"

"I have lost all this," answered Hobbit, in the bitterness of emotion; "land and friends; goods and gear; ye may have lost them a', but ye can never lose a sear as heart as mine, for ye ne'er lost nae Groes Armstrong. And now my last hopes are gone, and I shall ne'er see her ma'n."

This he said in the tone of deepest emotion—and there followed a long pause, for the mention of his beloved daughter was the most his countrymen and friendly feelings of poor Hobbit. Ere he had again addressed the Solitary, the bony hand and long fingers of the man in the latter, large leathern bag, was thrust forth at the small window, and as it unceremoniously took the burden, and let it drop with a clang upon the ground, his harsh voice again addressed Elliot.

"There—there lies a salve for every human ill, so, at least, each hussein wraack really thinks;—he can return twice as wealthy as thou wert before yesterday, and torment me no more with questions, complaints, or thanks; they are alike odious to me, now."

"I beg your pardon," said Elashi, "but the truth is, I was not disposed to regard this as a symptom of evil among the poplars which overhung the two- pool. A more numerous party were sent out from the southward. It proved to be some party who had followed the line of the east as far as the English border, but had halted on the information that a formidable force was drawn together under some of the greatest of the district, and there were tidings of insurrection in different parts of Scotland. This took away from the young gentleman greeted Hobbit with the most sympathy, and informed him of the party had arrived.

"Then, may I never stir from the fire," said Elashi, if asked about Westburnflat, for Elashi was the Crown, and he will want to have seen both his own countrysmen, and this sin hand before he breaks out.

Some now remembered that the party had been heard to say they were acting for VIII, and were charged to disarm all races. Out
had heard Westburnflat boast, in drinking parties, that Ellislaw would soon be in arms for the Jacobite cause, and that he himself was to hold a command under one concealed within this turret; and they were confirmed in their belief, when, through the mortar-loo-hole, a female hand was seen to wave a handkerchief as if by way of signal to them. Hobbie was almost out of his head with joy and eagerness.

"It was Grace's hand and arm," he said; "I can swear to it among a thousand. There is not the like of it on this side of the Lowdene—We'll have her out, lads, if we should carry off the Tower of Westburnflat stone by stone."

Earsncliff, though he doubted the possibility of recognizing a fair maidan's hand at such a distance from the eye of the lover, would say nothing to damp his friend's animated hopes, and it was resolved to summon the garrison.

The shouts of the party, and the winding of one or two horns, at length brought to a loophole, which flanked the entrance, the haggard face of an old woman.

"That's the Reiver's mother," said one of the Ellists; 'she's ten times warner than himself, and is wary for mucks of the ill he does about the country."

"Who are ye? What is your business here?" were the queries of the respectable progenitor.

"We are seeking William Gramme of Westburnflat," said Earsncliff. "He's nae at hame," returned the old dame. "When did he leave home?" pursued Earsncliff. "I canna tell," said the portress. "When will he return?" said Robbie Elliot. "I dinna ken naething about it," replied the mere orable guardian of the keep.

"Is there any body within the tower with you?" again demanded Earsncliff.

"Naebody but mysel and buirdans," said the old woman.

"When open the gate and admit us," said Earsncliff; "I am a justice of peace, and in search of the evidence of a felony."

"Deil be in their fingers that draw a bolt for ye," retorted the portress; "for mine shall never do it. Thinkns, ye shame o' yoursels, to come here aroon a band o' ye, wi' your swords, and spears, and steel-caps, to frighten a lone widow woman."

"Our information," said Earsncliff, "is positive; we are seeking goods which have been forcibly carried off to a great amount."

"And a young scoundrel, that's been cruelly made prisoner, that's worth mair than a' the gear, twice told," said Hobbie.

"And I warn ye," continued Earsncliff, "that your only way to prove your son's innocence, is to give us quiet admittance to search the house."

"And what will ye do if I careen to throw the keys, or draw the iron capers at ye to a clajjamjent?" said the old dame, scoffing.

"Force your way with the king's keys, and break the peak of every living soul we find in the house, if ye denote guilt there forye," threatened the insolent Hobbie.

"Threatened folks live lang," said the hag, in the same tone of prony; "there's the iron grate—try your skell on't, lads—it has kept out as good men as you, or now."

So saying, she laughed and withdrew from the aperture through which she had held the parole.

The besiegers now opened a serious consultation. The immense thickness of the walls, and the small size of the windows, made it, for a time, have even resisted cannon-shot. The entrance was secured, first, by a strong grated door, composed entirely of hammered iron, of such ponderous strength as seemed calculated to resist any force that could be brought against it. "Pinchers or forehammers will never pick upon't," said Hugh, the blacksmith of Ringburn; "ye might see yer ears in it.

Within the doorway, and at the distance of nine feet, which was the solid thickness of the wall, there was a second door of oak, crossed both breadth and thickness, with a belt of Nails, each of which was full of broad-headed nails. Besides all these de-
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

(CHAP. IX.

fates, they were by no means confident in the truth of it, and sent along a strong com- mand to the garrison. The more knowing of the party had observed hoof-marks in the track by which they approached the tower, which seemed to indicate that mules, or some other pack-animal, had passed in that direction.

To all these difficulties was added their want of means for attacking the place. There was no hope of getting the keys. The tower though only a few hundred feet distant, was surrounded by forest on all sides, and the windows, besides being very narrow, were secured with iron bars. Scaling was therefore out of the question; mining was still more out of the question, for they had no miners. The city was surrounded by a thick wall, and the outer defenses consisted of a strong gate, with a guard of armed men. In short, every advantage in the situation seemed to be on the side of the marruder's contrivances. 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 bushes and briers, pile them before the door and set fire to them, and smoke that auld devil's dam as if she were to be rested for bacon.'

All immediately closed with this proposal; and some obtained with hand and knives to cut down the elder and hawthorn bushes which grew by the side of the sluggish stream, many of which were swollen and dried for that purpose, while others began to collect them in a large stack, properly disposed for burning, as close to the iron-gate as they could be piled. Fine was speedily obtained from one of their guns, and Hobbie was already advancing to the pile with a kindled brand, when the surly face of the robber, and the muzzle of a musquetoon, were parted by a small shot-hole which flanked the entrance.

'Mony, thanks to ye,' he said, scoffingly, 'for collecting sae much watter eilding for us; but if ye step a foot nearer wi' that lunt, it's the densest step ye ever made in your days.'

'We'll sune see that,' said Hobbie, advancing fearlessly with the torch.

The marruder snapped his piece at him, which, fortunately for our honest friend, did not go off; while Earnestill, 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 post affording him more security, for he no sooner felt the wound, though in a very slight one, than he requested a parley and demanded to know what they meant by attacking him in this fashion a peaceable and honest man, and shedding his blood in that lawless manner.

'That's your privilege,' said Earnestill, 'to be delivered up to us in safety.'

'And what concert have you with her?' replied the other.

'That,' retorted Earnestill, 'you, who are detaining her by force, have no right to inquire.'

'Awed, I think I can gie a guzz,' said the robber; 'Weel, sir, I am fain to come into deadly feud with you by spilling any of your blood, though Earnestill hastened to shed mine—and he can hit a mark to a great breadth—so, to prevent main skait, I am willing to deliver up the prisoner, since nae lee will please you.'

'And Hobbie's gear?' cried Simon of Blackburn.

'D ye think ye're to be fool proof on the fault of a byrse of a gentle Elliot, as if they were an auld wifie's hain't-ca'ye?'

'As I live by bread,' replied Willie of Westburnfast—'As I live by bread, I have not a single loot o' them! They're ower the march lang syne; there's no a horn o' them about the tower. But I'll tell ye what! I'll get a surgeon to attend her, and I'll take her to the Caistleton in twa friends on like side, and see to make an arrangement with the wrong he can write ye wi'.

'Ay, ay,' said Elliott, 'that will do west enough.'

'And then aed to his kinsman, 'Murmin on the guest! I ordain, man, I say, o'gught about them. Let us get ye grace out o' that said Kit Алексеева.

'Will ye gie me your word, Earnestill?' said the marruder, 'that ye'll stand at the shot-hole, your faith and trut, and bless the hand and glove, that I am free to come and free to go, with fifteen minutes to open the grate, and five minutes to stick it in that position; all situation, for they want creating safe. Will ye do this?'

'You shall have full time,' said Earnestill; 'I'll stand at the hole and my love.'

'Wait there a moment, then,' said Westburnfast; 'or hear ye, I was rather ye wad ta' back pistol-shot, and rub the door. It's no so safe your word, Earnestill; but it's best to be sure.'

O, friend, thought Hobbie to himself, as he drew back, an I had you but on Turner's-holm, and nae body by but twa honest lads to see fair play, I wad make ye wish ye had broken your leg ere ye kist touched beast or body that belonged to me!

'He has a weet feather in his wrap in this new Westburnfast, after a,' said Simon of Hackers, 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 grange. While himself held the guard for Earnestill, and the old woman carefully bore the gate behind them, remained on the post as a sort of sentinel.

'Ony ane or twa o' ye come forward,' said the old lady, 'law, or I'll tell on ye.'

Earnestill advanced eagerly to meet his benighted bride. Earnestill followed more slowly to guard against treachery. Suddenly Hobbie skedaddled, leaving the place in the deepest mortification, while that of Earnestill was hastened by impatience. It was not Grace Armstrong, but Miss Isabella Farn, whose liberation had been effected by their appearance before the tower.

'Where is Grace? Where is Grace Armstrong?' exclaimed Hobbie, in the extremity of wrath and indignation. 'I'm sure I do not know.'

'Not in my hands,' answered Westburnfast; 'ye may search the tower if ye misdoubt me.

'You false villain, ye shall account for her, or die on the spot,' said Elliott, presenting his gun.

But his companions, who now came up, instantly disarmed him of his weapon, excluding, all as one.

'Hand and glove, faith and trutl Hobs a' care, Hobbie; we maun keep our faith wi' Westburnfast, be the greatest rogue ever rode.'

They wished to examine his authority, which had been somewhat damaged by the momentous gesture of Elliott.

'I have kept my word, sir,' he said, 'and I beg to have the privilege of delivering up my amanuensis. If this is no the prisoner ye sought, he said, addressing Earnestill, 'I'll render her back to me again,' I am answerable for her not being on that spot.'

'For God's sake, My. Earnestill, protest wi', said Miss Versa, changing to her deliverer; 'do not in abandon one whom the whole world seems to have abandoned.'

'Fear nothing,' whispered Earnestill, 'I will protect you with my life.' Then turning to Westburnfast, 'Villain!' he said, 'how dared you to insult this lady?'

'For that matter, Earnestill,' answered the freebooter, I can answer to them that has better right to ask me than you. The outlying man has armed force, and take her awa' from them that her friends lodged her wi'; how will you answer God?—But if I have the affair of making the keep tower against twenty—A' the men o' the head downs do mair than they daw.'

'He docs must faithlessly,' said Isabella; 'I was near too to a body of men who were, and taken away care, for I was near to—'

'May be he only wanted ye to think one, haps,' replied the robber; 'but we're men of business, and he'd be as he may be.' So ye wanta resign her back to me?'

There is a level roadway, or very many places of the thistle-bibber's, the very opposite of Crumpton, and where the Crumpton jibes the Liddal. It is said to have been discovered near the turnpike road near the town of Dunbar.
THE BLACK DWARF.

"Back to you, fellow?" Suranyo, answered Earnest cliff," I will protect Miss Vere, and escort her safely wherever she is pleased to be conveyed."

And, heiress, said the woman, "you are settled that already," said Willie of West burn flat.

And Grace! interrupted Hobbie, shaking himself loose from the hand of the woman who had been preaching to him the sanctity of the safe conduct. Upon the faith of which the freebooter had ventured from his tower,

"Where's Grace!" and he rushed on the marauder, swerving from the path of West burn flat, thus pressed, after calling out "God save, Hobbie, hear me a gift!", fairly turned his back and fled. His mother stood ready to open and shut the gate; but Hobbie struck at the freebooter as he entered with so much force, that the sword made a considerable clatter in the lintel of the vaul ted door, which was now shown as a memorial of the superior strength of those who lived in the days of yore. Ere Hobbie could repeat the blow, the door was shut and secured, and he was compelled to retreat to his companions, who were now preparing to break up the encampment of Westburn flat. They insisted upon his accompanying them in their return.

"Aye, aye, I, aye; not a bit of it, already," said old Dick of the Dingle, "an we take the better care, ye'll play ma'am go by's tricks, and make yourself the laughingstock of the baili "county, besides having your friends charged withughter under thumb. Only till the meeting at Castleton, as ye ha' greed; and if the diams make ye amends, then we'll ha' it out o' his heart's blood. But, by reason of our work and keeping out your trust, and I'll warrant we got back Grace, and the kye an' s'."

This ill-considered reasoning fell down with the unfortunate lover; but, as he could only obtain the assistance of his neighbours and kinmen on their own terms, he was compelled to acquiesce in their views, and good faith and regular enforcement of their promise to Hobbie. Earnest Cliff now requested the assistance of a few of the party to convey Miss Vere to her father's castle of Eglashlaw, to which she was peremptory in accepting to be conducted. This was readily granted, and five or six young men agreed to attend him as an escort. Hobbie was not of the number. Almost heart-broken by the events of the day, and his final disappointment, he returned moodily home to take such measures as he could for the sustained and protection of his family, and to arrange with his neighbours the further protection which should be adopted in his case of discovery of Grace Armstrong. The rest of the party dispersed in different directions, as soon as they had transported the two ladies and sisters, and watched them from the tower, until they entirely disappeared.

CHAPTER X.

I left my lady's lower last night—it was clad in wreaths of snow—

I'll seek it when the sun is bright, and sweet the noon shall be.

Excited at what he deemed the coldness of his friends, in a cause which interested him so nearly, Hobbie had shaken himself free of their company, and was now on his solitary road homeward. The plain lay under the sun, he said, as he pursued impatiently his over-fatigued and stumbling horse; "thou art like a' the rest of them. Has I not bred thee, and fed thee, and dressed thee wi' mine ain hand, and washed thee and brought thee up at my utmost need? But thou'rt e'en like the lave—the farthest off o' them a' is my cousin ten times removed, and they, or me for that matter, they have served them wi' my best blood; and now, I think they show mare regard to the common thief of Westburn flat than to the man in absentia."

"I don't think so," said Hobbie, "I'll show them what a sight now in Eglashlaw. Was't e' the he continued recollecting himself, "there will neither coal nor candle-light shine in the Hugh-foot any more! An it werea for patronising me, you'd have served me and my kin; but now, I mean to turn my heart to put spurs to the beast, and lope over the scurril into the water to make an end o' a'."

In this disconsolate mood he turned his horse's bridge towards the cottage in which his family had found refuge. As he approached the door, he heard whispering and tittering among the sisters. Then he overheard the women, said poor Hobbie; "they would muck, and laugh, and giggle, if their best friend was lying a corp—and yet I am glad they can keep up their hearts see we've got nothing to lose but the dinner. It's on me, to be sure, and me on them."

While he thus meditated, he was engaged in fastening up his horse's shafts. "Thou canst do without horse-sheet and surcingle now, lad," he said, addressing the animal; "you and me has had a down-shame all; we had better has been in the deepest coot o' Tarras."

He was interrupted by the youngest of his sisters, who came running out, and, speaking in a constrained voice, as if to induce some emotion, called out to him,

"What are ye doing there, Hobbie, thinking about the rain, and there's ane free Cumberland been waiting here for ye this hour and a half? Haste ye in, man; I'll take off the coot o' Tarras."

"Ane frea Cumberland!" exclaimed Elliot; and putting the bride of his horse into the hand of his sister, he rushed into the cottage. "Where is he? where is he?" he exclaimed, glancing eagerly around, and seeing only females; "Did he bring news of Grace?"

"He doontrae bide an instant longer," said the elder sister, still with a suppressed laugh.

"Hout fie, bairns!" said the old lady, with something of a good-natured smile, "ye shouldn't vex your billy Hobbie that way. Look round, my bairn, and see if there's ane here mair than ye left this morning."

Hobtie looked eagerly round. "There's you, and the three titties."

"There's four of us now, Hobbie, lad," said the youngest, who at this moment entered the room.

In an instant Hobbie had in his arms Grace Armstrong, who, with one of his sister's plaid around her, had passed in at his first entrance. "How dare you do this?" said Hobbie.

"It wasna my fault," said Grace, endeavouring to cover her face with her hands to hide at once her blushes, and escape the storm of hearty kisses with which her bridesmaid punished her simple stratagem,—"It wasna my fault, Hobbie; ye should kiss Jenny and the rest o' them, for they has the wey o' it." "And so I will," said Hobbie, and embraced and kissed his sisters and grandmother a hundred times, while the whole party half-laughed, half-cried, in the extremity of their joy. Hobbie, however, said Hobbie, said Hobbie, throwing himself down on a seat, almost 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 religion at those moments when the heart was best open to receive it,—"Then, O my son, give praise to Him that brings smiles out o' tears and joy out o' grief, as he brought light out o' darkness and the world out o' 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—it was your word, grannie; and I do praise Him for His mercy, and for leaving me a good parent when my sin was gone," said honest Hobbie, taking her hand, "that puts me in mind of Him, both in joy and sorrow, and in health and in sickness."

There was a solemn pause of one or two minutes employed in the exercise of mental devotion, which expressed, in purity and sincerity, the gratitude of the affectionate family to that Providence who had unexpectedly restored to their embraces the friend whom they had lost.

Hobbie's first inquiries were concerning the adventures which Grace had undergone. They were told at length, but amounted in substance to this.

That she was awaked by the noise which the ruffian made in the hall, that she defended herself with resistance made by one or two of the servants, which was soon overpowered; that, dressing herself hastily, she ran down stairs, with having seen, in the scullery,
Westburnfast's wizard dropped off, impudently named him by his name, and besought him for mercy; that the ruffian instantly stopped her mouth, dragged her from the box, and placed her on horseback, behind one of his associates.

"I'll break the scurvy neck of him," said Hobbie; "if there weren't another Gnome in the land but himself.

She proceeded to say, that she was carried southward along with the party, and the spoil which they drove, and that they had crossed the Border. Suddenly a person, known to her as a kinsman of Westburnfast, came riding very fast after the pursuers, and told their leader, that his cousin had learnt from a sure land that no luck would come of it unless the lass was restored to her friends. After some discussion, the chief of the party consented to acquiesce. Grace was placed behind a new guard, which pursued in silence, and with great speed, the least frequented path to the Heugh-Loft, and ere evening closed, set down the fatigued 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 anticipated, less pleasing considerations began to intrude themselves.

"This is a miserable place for ye a'," said Hobbie, looking around him; "I can sleep weel enough myself on a bed of dry straw, but Gan, oh Gan, an I have done mony a laughable night on the hills; but how ye are to put yourselves up, I canna see! And what's want, I canna mend it; and what is want, an' a', the morn may come, and the day after that, without your being a bit better off?"

"It was a cowardly cruel thing," said one of the sisters, looking round, "to harry a pur family to the bare wa's this gate.

"And leave us neither stirr nor stat," said the youngest brother, who now entered, "nor sheep nor lamb, norught that eats grass and corn."

"To gree wi' me a'!" exclaimed both his brothers at once, "after siccan an act of sauthoritie as has been had o' in the country since the said riding days!" "Wull ye no tak up any kind o' less, as ween a bell o' a hill?—Odd, an we had been at hame, Will Gremm's stomach shouldna hae wanted its morning; but it's biding him, is it na, Hobbie?"

"Our neighbours has taken a day at the Castleton to gree wi' him at the sight o' men," said Hobbie, mournfully; "they behooved to have it's their ain gate, or there was nae help to be got at their hands."

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"It's a cowarly cruel thing," said John Elliot; "we're utterly ruined. Harry and I have been to gather what was on the oulby land, and there's scarce a cot left. I kens how we're to carry on—We maun a' gang to the wars, I kens. Westburnfast has hae the means, en' if he had the will, to make up our losses; there's nae means to be got out o' him, but what ye take out o' his bane. He hames a fou'footed creature but the vicious blood thing he rode on, and that's sair trash'd wi' his night walk. We are ruined stoo and roop.

Harry cast a mournful glance on Grace Armstrong, who returned it with a downcast look and a gentle sigh.

"Dinna be cast down, bairn," said the grandmother, "we hae guids friends that wins forsake us in adversity. There's Sir Thomas Kittleloch is my third cousin by the mother's side, and he has come by a late man, a knight-baronet, into the bargain, for being one o' the commissioners at the Union.

"He's a great gain to the house, his ladyship, and he'll stand by us a' to the last."

"Ye wad bringe a bodle to save us dismising," said Hobbie; "and, if he did, the bread that I bought w'dn't stand in my throat, when I thought it was part of the price of pur auld Scotland's crown and immortality.

"There's the Laird o' Dunfer, ane o' the oldest families in Tiviotdale."

"He's in the toboleth, mother—he's in the Hear' o' Mid Louden for a thousand merk he borrowed from Saundcrs Wifeless to write the letter."

"Pooh, Mrs. Elliot, can we no send him something, Hobbie?"

"Ye forget, grannie, ye forget we want help our- selves," said Hobbie somewhat perceivingly.

"True, true, grannie," replied the good-natured lady, "just at the instant; it's sae natural to think on she's blude relations before themselfs. But there's your young lad, Mrs. Elliot."

"He has ower little o' his ain; and siccan a name to keep up, it wad be a shame," said Hobbie, "to burden him wi' our distress. And I'll w silly, grannie, it's needful to sit rhyming ower the style o' your bith, kin, and allaes, as if there was a charm in your braw name to do us good; the grand ves has forgotten us, and those of our auld days has just lit- tle enough to gang on wi' themselves; we're a' friends have we that can, or will, help us to stock the farm agin."

"Then, Hobbie, we mean trust in Him that can raise up friends and fortune out o' the baire naas, as they say."

Hobbie sprang upon his foot. "Ye are right, grannie!" he exclaimed; "ye are right. I do k—a friend on the bare moor, that bith can and will help us.—The turns o' this day has dung my head clean thick.

"Then is that the same mod by which you came to moor this morning as would pleasen the house and stock the Heugh-foot twice ower, and I am certain sure Elsie anadradge us the usel and synn.""

"Elsie!" exclaimed his grandson in astonishment; "what Elsie do you mean?"

"What Elsie should I mean, but Canney Elsie, the Wight o' Mucklestane," replied Hobbie.

"God forbid, my bairn, you should gang to fetch water oot o' broken cisterns, or seek for reliet from them that deal wi' the Evil One ! There was nae luck in it, and it was nae grace in their pursuit. And the hail courntreens cens that body Elsie's an enoch mara. O, if there was law, and the sunny pure administrasion of justice, that makes a kingdom flourish in righteousness, the like o' them saltikins be suffered to live! The wizard and the witch are the abomination and the evil thing in the land."

"Froth, mother," answered Hobbie, "ye may say what ye like, but I am in the mind that witches and warlocks haven half the power they had aye, if it is true, more is it that as ill, doer, as ill-lainen, or as ill-doer, like that d—d villain Westburnfast, is a greater plague and abomination in a country-side than a hail courntreens. They are working their bluid and caups on fastern's E'en. It wad been lang on Elsie had burnt down my house and barns, and I am determined they shall not do aught to wrong us again. He's weel endles a skilful man outer a' the country, as far as Brough under Stannower."

"Be a wess, my bairn; mind your benen. Have us, by. Jock Howard died o' the very same disorder Elsie pretended to cure him of, about the fa' o' the leaf; and though he helped Lambadie's cow weel out o' the murrill, yet the lambeen is been sair amang his sheep than e'er season before. And then I have heard he uses sic words abusing human nature, that's like a fleain in the face of Provinside; and I kens ye said yourself, that the sight ye ever saw him, that he was mair like a bogle than a living thing."

"Wuly, mother," said Hobbie. "Elzie's no that bad a chait; he's a gweemesome spectacle for a crooked disciple, to be sure, and a rough talker, but his bark is worse than his bite; sae, if I had anes something to eat, for I havena had a morsel ower my throat this day, I wad streek mysel down for two or three hours asea the beast, and be on and awa' to Mucklestane wi' the first skreugh o' morning."

"And what will you do at night, Hobbie," said Harry, "and I will ride wi' ye?"

"My nag is tired," said Hobbie.

"Ye might take a horse, then," said John.

"But I am a wee thing weared myself."

"You feared?" said Harry; "shame on ye!
The Black Dwarf

save kind ye keep the saddle-four-and-twenty hours together, and never sic a word as weerness in your 'nace.

The night's very dark," said Hobbie, rising and looking the best of the casement of the propped up skies, and "and, to speak truth, and shame the deal, though Elsie's a real honest fallow, yet somegait I would rather take daylight wi' me when I gang to visit him."

This was too powerful a thing to resist; and Hobbie, having thus compromised matters between the Rashness of his brother's counsel, and the love which he received from his grandmother, refreshed himself with a few swigs of the cottage ale afforded; and, after a contu salutation all round, retired to the shed, and stretched himself beside his trusty palfrey. His brothers swarmed between them some trues of clean saw, disposed in the stall usually occupied by old Ample's cow; and the men arranged themselves for rope as well as the accommodations of the cottage would permit.

With the first dawn of morning, Hobbie arose, and, having rubbed down and endowed his horse, set forth to Mucklestone Moor. He avoided 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: as body at a time is fully marier than he well can abide. I wonder if he's looked out something for me. He's a siller. If he hasna done that, it will be a braw wind's id for somebody, and I'll be fine flung—Come, Tarra," said he to his horse, striking him at the same time with his spur. "Make mar Ee, men; we must be first on the field if we can."

He was now on the heath, which began to be illuminated by the beams of the rising sun; the gentle delicacy which he was descending presented him a distinct, though distant view, of the Dwarf's dwelling. The door opened, and Hobbie witnessed with his own eyes that phenomenon which he had frequently heard mentioned. Two human figures (if that of the Dwarf could be termed such) issued from the solitary abode of the Reeude, 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 hut, then both moved forward a little way, and again halted, as in deep conferences. All Hobbie's superstitions stirred on witnessing this spectacle. That the Dwarf would open his dwelling to a mortal guest was almost incredible; and that any would choose voluntarily to be his nocturnal visitor; and, under full conviction that he beheld a wizard holding intercourse with his familiar spirit, Hobbie pulled in at the sight of the two figures, and, not to incur the indignation of either by a hasty intrusion on their conference. They were probably aware of his presence, as they both turned before him, and the Dwarf returned to his cottage; and the taller figure who had accompanied him, gilded round the enclosure of the garden, and seemed to disappear from the eyes of the admiring Hobbie.

"Saw ever mortal the like o' that?" said Elliot; "but my case is desperate, sae, if he were Beesebub himself, I've venture down the brae on him."

Yet, notwithstanding his assumed courage, he slackened his pace, when, nearly upon the very spot where he had last seen the tall figure, he discerned, as it were, a shadow—shadows long enough but so small blackough-looking object, like a terrier dog.

He has no dog that ever I heard of," said Hobbie, "but many a deal about his hand—Lord forgive me for saying so, a wretched, be that it like—I'm judgin' it's a badder; but whose come the shape that bogies will take to fright a body, and make them likely to leem like a dog when I come nearer. I've'en drive a stane at, for it change its shape when I'm ower near, and never stand it; and when the dog is a muckle to to him and the devil to wi' bair at ice."

He therefore cautiously threw a stone at the object, his aim was not good, for, "There she is!" said Hobbie, approaching, "but the very bag o' siller he flung out o' the window yesterday, and them that other one in the strew he flung out o' sees muckle farther on the way to me."

He then advanced and lifted the heavy fur pouch, which was quite full of gold. "Mercy on us!" said Hobbie, whose heart flinced between grief at the hopes and prospects in life, and suspicion of the purpose for which this assistance was afforded him—this had been seen lately in the claws of something no canny. I canna shoke mysel loose o' the belief that there has been some jokery-paukery of Satan's in a' this; and the gold had been seen lately in the claws of something no canny. I canna shoke mysel loose o' the belief that there has been some jokery-paukery of Satan's in a' this; and the gold had been seen lately in the claws of something no canny. I canna shoke mysel loose o' the belief that there has been some jokery-paukery of Satan's in a' this; and the gold had been seen lately in the claws of something no canny. 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CHAPTER XI.

Three ruffians seized me yester noon,
And beat me most unmercifully,
And frightened me, and made me rack,
And threatened me with lasting death.

If you please, sir, said Miss Vere.

"Only just," said her father; "an humble copy I am from nature, with the advantage of contemplating two such excellent studies as Lucy Iberdon and yourself."

"If I have been unfortunate enough to offend, sir, I can conscientiously excuse Miss Iberdon from being either my counsellor or confidant.""Indeed I bow came you, then," said Mr. Vere; "by the fitness of speech, and pertness of arguments, by which you have disguised Sir Frederick, and given me of late such deep offence."

"If my manner has been so unfortunate as to displease you, sir, it is impossible for me to apologize too deeply, or too sincerely; but I cannot confess the same sentiment for having answered Sir Frederick, flippantly when he pressed me rudely. Since he forgot I was a lady, it was time to show him that I am at least as sensible as he is."

"Reserve, then, your partnership for those who want you on the topic, Isabella," said her father coolly, "and let us be told of the subject, and will never speak about it again."

"God bless you, my dear father," said Isabella, "seeing his reluctant hand; there is nothing you can impose on me, save the task of listening to that mad persecution, that I will call, or think, a hardship."

"You are very obliging Miss Vere, when it happens to suit you to be confidential and unreserved, but forcing yourself at the same time from the inflexible grasp of her hand; but henceforward, if I shall save myself the trouble of offering you any sensible advice on my topic, you must look to yourself." At this moment four ruffians rushed upon them. Mr. Vere and his servant drew their hangers, which was the fashion of the time to wear, and attempted to defend themselves and protect Isabella. But while each of them was engaged by an antagonist, she was forced into the thicket by the two remaining villains, who placed her and themselves on horses which stood ready behind the coope-wood. They set off at the same time, and, placing her between them, set off at a round gallop, holding the reins of each side, so that they could never be far apart; and, after a sudden rush, under the guardianship of the old woman, in whose son that retreat belonged. No entreaties could prevail upon the sag to give Miss Vere any assistance on the road, and her being confined in this secluded place. The arrival of a party of horsemen was delayed; a tower, alarmed the robber. As he had dispatched Grace Armstrong to be restored to her father, it did not occur to him that this unwelcome visit was on her account; and seeing at the head of the party Sir Earmel, whose attachment to Miss Vere he had whispered in the country, he doubted not that liberation was the sole object of the attack upon her; and, indeed of personal vengeance, he exhorted him to deliver up his prisoner in the same way we have already related.

At the moment the tramp of horses was heard, the footmen fell to the earth, and his servant, a stout fellow, who was gaining ground on the ravish whom he was engaged, left his master's assistance, little doubting that he received a mortal wound. Both the villains instantly deserted from further combat, and, running, and full speed, after their companions. Mrs. Dixon had the satisfaction to find Mr. Vere unhurt, but wounded. He had returned.
and stumbled, it seemed, over the root of a tree in making too eager a blow at his antagonist. The departure he felt at his destination was, was, in Dixon's phrase, such as would have melted the heart of a wain stane, and he was so much exhausted by his feelings and the vain researches which he had made of it, that a considerable time elapsed before he reached home, and communicated the alarm to his domestics.

His conduct and gestures were those of a desperate man.

"Speak not to me, Sir Frederick," he said impatiently, "you are no father—she was my child, an insignificant little English affair among the rest. Such was the person who entered the room at the moment Mr. Vere was summoning him to his presence, and who now came with surprise, mingled with obvious incredulity, the husky 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. Lead me your assistance, gentlemen—give me your aid.

Gloomy and in capable of acting, or thinking, under the unexpected violence of such a blow, "Let us take our horses, call our attendants, and scour the country in pursuit of the villain," said Sir Frederick.

"Is there no one whom you can suspect," said Ratcliffe, gravely, "of having some motive for this strange crime? To your research, a man who has been employed when ladies are carried off merely for their beauty."

"I fear," said Mr. Vere, "I can too well account for this strange incident. Read this letter, which Miss Lucy Iderton thought fit to address from my house of Elleslaw to young Mr.Earnscill, whom, of all men, I have a hereditary right to trust any other. You see her words address you to the confidant of a passion which he has the assurance to entertain for my daughter; tells him she serves his cause with her friend very diligently, but that he has a friend in the garrison who serves him yet more effectually. Look particularly at the pencilled passage, Mr. Ratcliffe, where this meddling girl recommends bold measures, with an assurance that his suit would be successful anywhere beyond the bounds of the barony of Elleslaw.

"And you argue, from this romantic letter of a very romantic young lady, Mr. Vere," said Ratcliffe, "that young Earnscill has carried off your daughter, and committed a very great and criminal act of violence, on no better ground and without the least assurance of Miss Lucy Iderton?"

"What else can I think?" said Elleslaw.

"What else who could have had any motive for committing such a crime?"

"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 cannot at present be attempted under the roof of Elleslaw 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's dominion totally inconsistent with his situation in life, I will not permit such license of incense, by word or look, to be extended to me, with impunity."

"And I say," added Mr. Langley of Marsechal Wells, "who was also a guest at the castle, "that you are all stark-mad to be standing wrangling here, instead of going in pursuit of the ruffian?"

"I have ordered off the domestics already in the track most likely to overtake them," said Mr. Vere. "If you will follow me without your company, we will follow them, and we will be in the search."

The efforts of the party were totally unsuccessful, probably because Elleslaw directed the pursuit to proceed in the direction of Marsechal-Tower, under
the supposition that the owner would prove to be the
author of the violence, so that they followed a direc-
tion towards what in which the
ruffians had actually proceeded. In the evening they
returned, harassed and out of spirits. But other
guests had, in the meanwhile, arrived at the castle;
and, in the moment of excitement by the owner had
been related, wondered at, and lamented, the recollec-
tion of it was, for the present, drowned in the discus-
sion of national politics. It was obvious, which the crisis
and explosion were momentarily looked for.

Several of the gentlemen who took part in this di-
very were Catholics, and all of them search Jacobites
who were present at the highest pitch, as an
invasion, in favour of the Pretender, was daily ex-
pected from France, which Scotland, between the
defensive state of its prisons and fortified places,
and the general disaffection of the inhabitants, was
rather prepared to welcome than to resist. Ratecliffe,
who neither sought to assist at their consultations on this
subject, nor was invited to do so, had, in the
meanwhile, retired to his own apartment. Miss Ild-
deron was requested from society in a sort of ho-
moured confinement, "until," said Mr. Vere, "she
should be safely conveyed home to her father's house," an
opportunity for which occurred on the following
day.

The domestics could not help thinking it remark-
able how soon the loss of Miss Vere, and the strange
manner in which it had happened, seemed to be for-
gotten by the other guests at the castle. They knew not
that the gentleman most interested in her fate were
well acquainted with the cause of her being carried off,
and the place of her retreat; and that the others,
in the anxious and doubtful moments which preceded
the breaking forth of a conspiracy, were little accessi-
ble to any feelings but what arose immediately out of
their own machinations.

CHAPTER XII.

Some one way, some another—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her?

The researches after Miss Vere were (for the sake
of appearances, perhaps) resumed on the succeeding
day, with similar success, and the party were re-
turning towards Ellieslaw in the evening.

"It is singular," said Mareschal to Ratecliffe,
that four horsemen and a female prisoner should have
been carried by the country without leaving the slightest
trace of their passage. One would think they had
strayed the air, or sunk through the ground.

"Mr. Vere," remarked Mareschal, "arrive at
the knowledge of that which is, from discovering
that which is not. We have now scoured every road,
path, and track leading from the castle, in all the va-
rious directions of the compass, saving only that intri-
gate and difficult pass which leads southward down
the Westburn, and through the moorinesses."

And why have we not examined that?" said Ma-
reschal.

"O Mr. Vere can best answer that question," re-
plied his companion, dryly.

"Then I will ask it instantly," said Mareschal;
and, addressing Mr. Vere, "I am informed, sir," said
he, "there is a path we have not examined, leading
by Westburn."

"O," said Sir Frederick, laughing, "we know the
owner of Westburn yet—a wild lad, that knows little
difference between his neighbour's goods and his
own; but, withal, very honest to his principles: He
would disturb nothing belonging to Ellieslaw."

"Besides," said Mr. Vere, smiling mysteriously,
"he has had a violent dispute last night. Have you
not heard young Elliot of the Hugh-foot had
his house burnt, and his cattle driven away, because
he refused to give up his arms to some honest man
that had been delegated for the purpose?"

The company smiled upon each other, as at hearing
of an exploit which favoured their own view.

"Well," said Mareschal, "I think we ought to ride in this
direction also, otherwise we shall certainly be blamed for our negligence.

No reasonable objection could be offered to this
proposal, and the party turned their horses' heads
towards Westburn.

This was proceeded very far in that direction when the
trampling of horses was heard, and a small
body of riders were perceived advancing to meet them.

"There comes Earnscliff," said Mareschal; "I
know his bright bay with the star in his front."

"And there is my daughter along with him," ex-
claimed Mr. Vere, "to secure his prisoners."

"Who shall say if suspicions false or injurious now? Gentlemen—friends,
—lend me the assistance of your swords for the
safety of my child."

He took down his weapon, and was imitated by
Sir Frederick and several of the party, who pressed to
charge those that were advancing towards them.
But the greater part backed.

"They come to us in peace and security," said
Mareschal-Wells; "let us first hear what present
gives us of this mysterious affair. If Miss Vere
has sustained the slightest insult or injury from
Earnscliff, I will first revenge her; but let us hear
what they say."

"You injure yourself, Ellieslaw, by your violence,
thoughts, and fears—may I excuse it?"

He then advanced a little before the rest, and called
out, with a loud voice,—"Stand, Mr. Earnscliff; or
do you and your horse? You are armed with
horses armed with carried mounting, that lady of
from her father's house; and we are here in arms to
shed our best blood for her recovery, and for bringing
to justice those who have injured her."

"And who would do that more willingly than I,
Mr. Mareschal?" said Earnscliff, haughtily,—"than
I, who had the satisfaction this morning to liberate
her from the dungeon in which I found her confined,
and who am now escorting her back to the castle of
Ellieslaw?"

"Is this so, Miss Vere?" said Mareschal.

"It is," answered Isabella, eagerly,—"it is so; for
Heaven's sake shew your swords. I will swear by
all that is sacred, that I was carried off by ruffians,
whose persons and object were alike unknown to me,
and am now restored to freedom by means of this
gentleman's gallant interference."

"By whom, and wherefore, could this have been done?
pursued Mareschal. —Had you some knowledge
of the place to which you were conveyed?—Earns-
cliff, where did you find this lady?"

But this question could be answered, Ellies-
law advanced, and, returning his sword to the scab-
bard, cut short the conference.

"Who can tell exactly how much I owe to Mr. Earnscliff, he may rely on suitable ac-
nowledgments; meantime, taking the bride of
Miss Vere's horse, thus far I thank him for refus-
ing my daughter in the power of her natural guar-
dian."

A sullen bend of the head was returned by Earns-
cliff with equal haughtiness; and Ellieslaw, turning
back with his daughter upon the road to his own
house, appeared engaged with her in a conference so
earnest, that the rest of the company judged it im-
proper to approach them, by appearing too near.

In the meantime, Earnscliff, as he took leave of the
other gentlemen, belonging to Ellieslaw's party, said
aloof, "Although I am unconscious of any circum-
stances in my conduct that can authorize such a sus-
picion, I cannot but observe, that Mr. Vere seems to
believe that I have had some hand in the steeple-
chase of his daughter last night. Have you a ques-
tion, gentlemen, to take notice of my explicit
denial of a charge so dishonorable; and that, al-
though I can pardon the bewildering feelings of a
father in such a position, for the pardon, yet, if any other gentleman (he looked hard at Sir Frederick Langley) "thinks my word and that of Miss Vere, with the evidence
my friends take to accompany me, too slight for my ex-
ception, I will be happy—most happy—to
the charge, as becomes a man who counts his honor
dearer than his life."
And I'll be his second," said Simon of Hackborn, and take up any two of ye, gentle or semel, laid or not, it's a stone to Simon. And to what is that, the looking fellow?" said Sir Frederick Langley, and what has he to do with the barelegs of gentlemen?"

"He's a lad from the long leg, it is, the lad, and I like the body I like, except the king, or the lord I live under," said Come, said Mareschal, let us have no brawl.—For, you are not to think alike in all your things. Trust we may be opponents, even enemies, if fortune will have us so, without losing our respect for birth, fair-play, and each other. Believe you not the matter of this as I am myself, and I will put my: self that my cousin Ellislew, as soon as I can, has dolefully attended these sudden events has lost everything to his free exercise, shall hansomely be paid, as the very important service you have thus tendered him.

To have served your cousin is a sufficient reward to me,—a good swaying, gentlemen," continued Earnacliff, "I see most of your party are already on their way to Ellislew." Mr. Mareschal was satisfied and courteous, and the rest of the party with indifference. Earnacliff turned his horse and rode towards the Heugh-foot, to concert measures with Hobbie Elliot for further researches after his brother, and to restore to her friends he was still ignorant.

"There he goes," said Mareschal; "he is a fine, gasping fellow, and if I have my way with him. I should like well to have a thrust with him on the green turf. I was reckoned at college nearly his equal in the field, and I should like to try him at sharpes."

"In my opinion," answered Sir Frederick Langley, "we have done very ill in having suffered him, and those men who are with him, to go off without taking us for the game; for the good of the country, I very likely to draw a head under such a sprightly young fellow as that."

"For shame, Sir Frederick!" exclaimed Mareschal; "do you think that Ellislew could, in honour, consent to any violence being offered to Earnacliff, when he entered 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 transgression? No, no, fair play and said Scotland for ever! When the arrow is drawn, we will be brave men; not like the man who long to see some amends on the Unionist couriers, that have bought and sold old Scotland, whose crown has been so long unexplored.

"And for the sake of these shadows," said his monitor, "you are going to involve your country in war, and yourself in trouble?" Not so, but trouble for trouble, I had rather it came to-morrow than a month hence. Come, I know it will; and, as your-country folks say, better soon than late—"it never finds it," and as for hanging, as Sir John Falstaff says, I cannot become a gallows as well as another. You know the end of the old ballad;"

"See damoysel, see wantonly, See rantingly good be, He play'd a spring, and danced a round, Beneath his gallows tree."

"Mr. Mareschal, 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 my way of vindicating it; there are worse heads than mine at the work."

"Wiser heads than yours may lie as low," said Ratcliffe, in a warning tone.

"Perhaps so; but no lighter heart shall; and, to prevent it being made heavier by your remonstrations, I will bid you adieu, Mr. Ratcliffe, till dinner-time, when you shall see that my apprehensions have not spoilt my appetite."

CHAPTER XIII.
To face the fortress of rebellion
With some few colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle charioteers, and poor discontented.
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurdy-gurdy innovation.

Henry the Fourth, Part II.

Thus had been great preparations made at Ellislew-Castle for the entertainment on this important day, when not only the gentlemen of note in the neighbourhood, attached to the Jacobite interest, were expected to rendezvous, but also many subordinate malecontents, whom difficulty of circumstances, love of change, resentment against English ascendency, and the numerous causes which inflamed men's passions at the time, rendered apt to join in perilous enterprise. The men of rank and substance, for almost all the large proprietors stood aloof, and most of the smaller gentry and yeomanry were of the Presbyterian persuasion, and there fore, however displeased with the Union unwilling.
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

[Chap.]

...some gentlemen of property, who, either from early principle, or religious motives, or from the am-

bition of being considered as the eyes and ears of the government, were disposed to give their support to

to his scheme; and there were, also, some young people, like Mareschal, desirous of signalizing

themselves by engaging in a dangerous cause. It was

not difficult to induce them to join in it; and they

were, as a result, the first to rise in that part of the

country, as they did afterwards in the year 1716, under

Forster and Derwentwater, when a troop, com-

manded by a Border gentleman, named Douglas,

consisted almost entirely of freebooters, among

whom the notorious Luck-in-a-bag, as he was called,

held a distinguished command. We think it neces-

sary to mention these particulars, applicable solely to

the province in which our scene lies; because, un-

questionably, 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,

stretching, that is, in gloomy length, along the whole side of the castle, vaulted with ribbed arches of free-

stones, the groins of which sprung from projecting tables carved in the woodwork of the company.

fantastic imagination of a Gothic architect could de-

vise, grouped, frowned, and glared their turrets, at the

assistance of the narrow windows lighted up the

banqueting room on both sides, filled up with stained

glass, through which the sun emitted a dusty and
dicoloured light. A banner, which tradition averred

had been taken from the hands of the victors at the battle of

Bannockburn, waved over the chair in which Ellislaw pre-

sided, as if to licence the courage of the guests by

the name of the victors over their neighbours.

He himself, a portly figure, dressed on this occasion with uncommon care, and with features,

which, though of a stern and sinister expression, might

well be termed handsome, looked the old feudal baron

extremely well. Sir Frederick Langley was placed on

his right hand, and Mr. Mareschal of Mareschal-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. Rat-

cliff had his place. Beneath the seat-collars (a mas-

sive bed of glass set round the corners of the table)

sate the sine nomine turbæ, men whose vanity

was gratified by holding even this subordinate space

at the banquet, while the distinction observed in

ranking them was a salvo to the pride of their supe-

riors. That the lower house was not very select

must be admitted, since Willis of Westburnhall was

one of the guests. The unhappiest calamity of this

fellow, in daring to present himself in the house of

a gentleman, 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 Vere

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 of viands, ample, solid, and sumptuous, under

which the very board groaned. But the mirth was

not in proportion to the good cheer. The lower end

of the table was, for some time, chilled by constraint

and respect on finding themselves members of so

august an assembly; and those who were placed

around it had those feelings of awe with which P. P.

Clark of the park, describes himself oppressed, when

he first uplifted the psalm in presence of those

persons of high worship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman,

the good Lady Jones, and the great Sir Thomas

Tracy. This, however, soon gave way before the incentives to merriment, which were

liberally supplied, and as liberally consumed by the

gentlemen of lower description. They became talk-

ative, loud, and even clamorous in their mirth.

But it was not in the power of wine or merrily to

at the banquet. They experienced the chivalric

vision of spirits which often takes place, when men

are called upon to take a desperate resolution, or

when they are encouraged to persevere in the

work which is alike difficult to advance or to recede. The pas-

sion looked deeper and more dangerous as they

proceeded. The higher the rank, the more the

fear of a renewal of sanguine, expecting which of his confederates

would set the example by plunging himself down.

This inward emotion of fear and reluctance was dif-

ficult to suppress among the various habits and

decencies of the company. One looked grave; and

saw a glaze with apprehension set; another, at the

higher end of the table, desired for members of the conspiracy whose presence prevailed over their personal seal, and who had en-

trusted themselves from their conscriptions at its critical period; and some seemed to be reckoned in

their minds the comparative rank and possessed

those who were present and absent.

Sir Frederick Langley was reserved, moody, and disinclined. Ellis-

law himself made such forced efforts to raise the spirits of the company, as plainly marked the dis-

gorging of his own. Ratcliffe watched the scene with

the eyes of a vigilant but unapproachable observa-

tor. Mareschal alone, true to the thoughtless indi-

ganity of his character, sat and drank, laughed at

jeered, and seemed even to find amusement in its

unsavory appearance.

"What has damped our noble courage this morn-

ing?" he exclaimed. "We seem to meet at first

with the same powerful resistance which all the

men of quality, as well as the people of the lower

class, sent to the table, but now we are all to be

allotted a cube, a fine fellow, to be sure, but a

bakehouse winner who lacks an arm in an arm.

the Knight of Langley-dale?"

"You speak like a madman," said Ellislaw. "Do you

see how many men are absent?"

"And what of that," said Mareschal. "Did you not

know before, that one half of the world is not

better talked than doct? For my part, I am

encouraged by seeing at least two thirds of our

true to the rendezvous, though I suspect one half

of these came to secure the dinner in case of the

your hands, and now all are to be

served. There is no news from the coast which

amount to certainty of the king's arrival, and

of the company, in that scene of maddened and

lowliness, whisper, which implies a failure of

Any excuse of a gentleman from the southern side of the

see a third.

him.

"It is he that wishes for more men from England," exal-

tated Mareschal, in a theatrical and affect-

ed manner,

"My cousin Ellislaw! No, he is a

sufficiency of this

"For God's sake," said Ellislaw, "ap-

proach me, if you will.

"Well, then," said his informant, "I'll have

wisdom upon you instead, such as is. I have

gone forward like fools, do not let us go our

cowards. We have done enough to draw

the suspicion and vengeance of the land, but do not let us give up before we have done to

to do.-What, will no one speak? I keep the ditch the first." And, raising the beer-glass to the brim with claret, and

complacently, he exclaimed, "This is our

dinner. "Then, my friends, I give you

the day. The independence of Scotland, the

health of our leader, the joy of our victory."

was not raised up from their seats. All obeyed the

lion heart and daring of his followers.

He sniffed off the wine, and threw the

bowl to his visitor."

"It should never," he said, "be the

manner toasted."

...in his example, laid, armed their

glasses and the shouts of the company passed

"To life," murmured to the maddened

what else for congratulating a funeral."
subdue to stand on all with the principles and political interest which their toast expressed.

"You have leaped the ditch with a witness," said Ellislaw, "and as for your falling for this, it is all for the best; at all events, we cannot now retreat from our undertaking. One man alone" (looking at Ratcliffe), "has refused the pledge; but of that be said by.

Then, rising up, he addressed the company in a style of inflammatory invective against the government, as the heavy headship, but especially the Union; a treaty, by means of which, he affirmed, Scotland had been once cheated of her independence, her commerce, her honour, and said-area fortified slave at the foot of the rival against whom, through such a length of ages, through so many dangers, and by so much blood, she had honourably defended her rights. This was touching a theme which found a responsive chord in the bosom of every man present.

"Our commerce is destroyed," hoarded old John Bewsie, a Jedburgh smuggler, from the lower end of the table.

"Our agriculture is ruined," said the Laird of Broken-girth, a territory, which, since the days of the beards, had borne nothing but ling and whortleberries.

"Our religion is cut up, root and branch," said the pince-nez-armed of the Episcopal meeting-house at Kirkwall.

"We shall shortly neither dare shoot a deer nor kiss a wench, without a certificate from the presbytery," said Kindred.

"Or make a brandy jerobern in a frosty morning, without license from a commissioner of excise," said the smugglers.

"Or ride over the fell in a moonless night," said Westburnflat, "without asking leave of young Earns-
diff, or some English justice of the peace: these were galled on the other when there was neither peace nor justice heard of.

"Let us remember our wrongs at Darien and Glencoe," continued Ellislaw, "and take arm for the protection of our rights, our fortunes, our lives, and our families.

"Think upon genuine episcopal ordination, without which there can be no lawful clergy," said the divine.

"Think of the piracies committed on our East Indian trade by Green and the English thieves," said William Williamson, half owner and sole skipper of a brig that made four voyages annually between Cock-
post and Whitehaven.

"Tell us of the liberties," rejoined Mareschal, who seemed to take a mischievous delight in precipi-
ting the movements of the enthusiasm which he had excited, like a rogue boy, who, having lifted the stick to the head of a wheel which he has put in motion, without thinking of the mischief he may have occasioned. "Remember your libertines, your exclosures, your "parish and presbytery, and the memory of old Willie that first brought us up!"

"Damn the gauffer!" echoed old John Newcastie, "I'll leave wi' my ain hand.

And confound the country-keeper and the con-
table!" re-echoed Westburnflat; "I'll weave a brace of threads in the morning before them.

"We are not going," said Ellislaw, when the shouts had somewhat subsided, "to bear this shaft of no more."

"I'll hang it to a man," answered his guest.

"Not literally so," said Mr. Ratcliffe; "for though I cannot hope to assuage the violent symptoms which seem so suddenly to have seized upon the company, yet I do not observe, that so far as the opinion of a single member goes, I do not entirely coincide in the list of grievances which has been announced, and that I do not oppose the measures which you propose disposed to adopt for removing them. I can easily suppose much of what has been spoken may have arisen out of the heated moment, or have been repeated in a room. But there are it is a fact of nature very apt to transpire; and you ought to remember, gentlemen, that stone-walls have ears.

"Stone-walls may have ears," returned Ellislaw, "giving the man with a look of triumphantly malignity, "but domestic spies, Mr. Ratcliffe, will soon find themselves without any shelves, and to that end must continue his
node in a family where his coming was as an unau-
thorized intrusion, where his conduct has been inst. of a presumptuous meddler, and from which he will, must in his way, if he does not know how to take a hint.

"Mr. Vere," returned Ratcliffe, with calm con-
temp, "I am fully aware of your knowledge as a presby-
ter, and the presence becomes useless to you, which must therefore the rash step you are about to adopt, it will imme-
diately become unsafe to myself, as it has always been hateful to you. But I have one protection, and it is a strong one; for you would not willingly hear me detail before gentlemen, and men of honour, the singular circumstances in which our connection took its rise. As to the rest, I rejoice at its conclusion, and as I think that Mr. Mareschal and some other gentlemen will guarantee the safety of my ears and of my throat (for which last I have more reason to be apprehensive) during the course of the night, I
shall not leave your castle till to-morrow morning,"

"So it be, sir," replied Mr. Vere; "you are entirely safe from my resentment, because you are beneath it, and not because I am afraid of your disclosing any family secrets, although, for your own sake, I warn you to beware how you go on. You have already stood a termintion of being of little consequence to one who will win or lose all, as lawful right or unjust usurpa-
tion to the struggle that is about to ensue. Farewell, sir.

Ratcliffe arose and cast upon him a look, which Vere seemed to sustain with difficulty, and, bowing, to those around him, left the room.

This conversation made an impression on many of the company, which Ellislaw hastened to dispel, by entering upon the business of the day with renewed deliberations to organize an immediate insurrection. Ellislaw, Mareschal, and Sir Frederick Langley, were chosen leaders, with powers to direct their further measures. A place of rendezvous was appointed, at which all agreed to meet early on the ensuing day, with such followers and friends to the cause as each could collect around him. Several of the guests retired to make the necessary prepara-
tions; and Ellislaw made a formal apology to the others, who, with Westburnflat and the old smuggler, continued to ply the bottle steadily, for leaving the head of the table as he must necessarily hold a sepa-
rate and sober conference with the consuls whom they had associated with him in the design. The apology was the more readily accepted, as he prayed them, at the same time, to continue to amused them-
selves with such refreshments as the cellar of the castle afforded. Sir Frederick and a party of gentlemen retired; and the names of Vere, Langley, and, above all, of Mareschal, were thundere forth in chorus, and bathed with combers repealed, dazing, the remainder of the evening.

When the principal conspirators had retired into a separate apartment, they gazed on each other for a minute with a sort of embarrassment, which, in Sir Frederick's dark features, amounted to an expression, of discontented sullenness. Mareschal was the first, to break the pause, saying, with a loud burst of laugh-
ter. "Well! we are fairly embarked now, gentle-
men—vogue la gatiere!"

"We may thank you for the plumbs," said Ellislaw.

"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
servant told me it was delivered by a man he had never seen before, who went off at the gallop, after charging him to put it into my own hand.

Ellislaw impatiently opened the letter, and read aloud:

Edinburgh.——

Howdy, sire,

Having obligations to your family, which stand me, nameless, and learning that you are one of the com-
pany of adventurers doing business for the house of James and Company, late merchants in London, now

in Dunkirk, I think it right to send you this early and private information, that the vessels you expected have been driven off the coast, without having been able to break bulk, or to land any part of their cargo; and the messengers have been resolved to withdraw their name from the firm, as it must prove a losing concern. Having good hope you will avail yourself of my present communication, to do what you find needful for your own security, I rest your humble servant,

Nihil Nameless.

For Ralph Marschal, of Marschal's Wharf.

Sir Frederick's jaw dropped, and his countenance darkened, as the letter was read, and Ellislaw exclaimed,—"Why, this affects the very main-spring of our enterprise. If the French fleet, with the king on board, has been chased off by the English, as this d—d scrawl seems to intimate, where are we?"

"Just where we were this morning, I think," said Marschal, still laughing.

"Pardon me, and a truce to your ill-timed mirth, Mr. Marschal; this morning we were not committed publicly, as we now stand committed by your own mad act, when you had a letter in your pocket apprising you that our undertaking was desperate." But you would say so. But at the first place, my friend Nihil Nameless and his letter may be all a sham; and, moreover, I would have you know that I am tired of a party that does nothing but squander gold and miserable nights, and sleep them away with their wine before morning. The government are now provided with men and ammunition; in a few weeks they will have enough of both; the country is now in a flame against them; in a few weeks, betwixt the effects of self-interest, of fear, and of lukewarm indifference, which are already so visible, this first fervour will be as cold as Christmas snow.

So, as I was determined to go the whole, I have taken care you shall dip as deep as I; it signifies nothing plunging. You are fairly in the bog, and must struggle through.

"You are mistaken with respect to one of us, Mr. Marschal," said Sir Frederick Lasgley; 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 Ellislaw; "we have no 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.

"I will, said Marschal, "and send them by a troop of horse from Carlisle to make us prisoners? Look ye, Sir Frederick, I for one will neither be deserted nor betrayed; and if you leave Ellislaw Castle to-night, you may be by this morning body.

"For shame, Marschal," said Mr. Vere, "how can you so hastily misinterpret our friend's intentions? I am sure Sir Frederick can only be jostling with us; for, were he not too honourable to dream of deserting the cause, he cannot but remember the foul proofs we have of his accension 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 if the question be, which can first lodge intelligence of the affair, we can easily save a few hours on him.

"You should say so, and not we, when you talk of privacies in such a race of treachery; for my part, I am afraid for such a place," said Marschal; 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 proper," said Sir Frederick Lasgley, "and my first step shall be to leave Ellislaw. I have no reason to keep faith with one" (Looking at Vere) "who has kept none with me.

"In what respect," said Ellislaw, "silencing, with a motion of his hand, his impetuous kinman,—"how have I disappointed you, Sir Frederick?"

"In the nearest and most tender point—you have trifled with me concerning our proposed alliance, which you well knew was the gage of our political understanding. This brought off the 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 yourself retain possession of the estates on which lies your right, and make me, in the meanwhile, sit in your deepest quarters, has, by holding out hopes and expectations which you are resolved never to raise."

"Sir Frederick, I protest, by all that is real—" answered Ellislaw, "I hasten with you, my dear friend, he was much cheered with you two long," answered Sir Frederick.

"If you leave us," said Ellislaw, "you cannot but know both your ruin and ours is certain; all the rest of our concern together.

"Leave me to take care of myself," returned Sir Frederick; "but were what you say true, I would wish you much better than to be fooled any further."

"Can nothing—no, surety, convince you of our sincerity?" said Ellislaw, anxiously; "this mixture should have repelled your unjust suspicions in me; but situated as we now are——"

"You feel yourself compelled to be sincere," retorted Sir Frederick. "If you would have ties with us, there is but one way to convince me of it—let your daughter bestow her hand on me this evening.

"So soon?—impossible," answered Vere, "of her late alarm—of our present undertaking."

"And I am not to understand, that, if you can be thus much my son-in-law to-night, our friend's is required?" said Ellislaw.

"Most infallibly, and most irrevocably," replied Sir Frederick.

"Then," said Vere, "though what you are a matron, indifferent, and unjust to ourselves."

"I give you my hand,—Sir Frederick, give me your hand—my daughter shall be your wife?"

"This night?"

"This very night," replied Ellislaw, "idea of clock strikes twelve.

"With her own consent, I trust," said Marschal, "for I promise you both, gentlemen, I will stand tamely by, and see any violence put on the will of my pretty kinwoman."

"Another pest in this hot-headed house!" said Vere, and then aloud, "Who take Sir Frederick, and suppose your interference necessary, a present daughter against her father? I have no more strength than a dead fly."

"Or rather to be called Lady Lasgley! enough—there are many women who might be as bolder than you," said Vere, "bored by demands and concessions alarmed me a little on the account.

"It is only the suddenness of the proposal that embarrases me," said Ellislaw, "but neither she is found intractable, Sir Frederick will stand it.

"I will consider nothing, Mr. Vere; you cannot take my daughter's hand to-night, or I depart; we are at midday—there is my ultimatum.

"I embrace it," said Ellislaw; "and I will mend your up, and concern yourself with preparing my daughter for so sudden a change.

So saying, he left the company.

CHAPTER XIV.

He brings Earl Osmond to receive her news.

O dreadful change! for Tamcel, naughted Gaunt.

Mr. Vere, whom long practice of disasters had enabled to model his very gait and features, by the purposes of deception, walked about the passage, and up the first flight of steps to Vere's apartment, with the alert, firm, and
THE BLACK DWARF.

pace of one, who is bound, indeed, upon important duties, but who has known success to end his days content and terminate his affairs satisfactorily. But when out of hearing of the gentlemen whom he had left, his step became so slow and irresolute, as to correspond with his countenance and his figure. At this form and air a hint and a question antemailed to collect his ideas, and form his plan of argument, before approaching his daughter.

"I have no means to do him justice, in that I am unprepared to meet with him," I replied; "I must go to London."

The which action was ever an unfortunate man involved!—Such was the tenor of his reflections—"If we now fall to pieces by discussion, there can be little doubt that the government will speedily melt away from me, and throw me within reach of which I am placed. Or, grant I could stoop to save myself by a hasty submission, am I not, even in that case, in a dilemma. I have broken with Ratcliffe, and have nothing to expect from that quarter but insult and persecution. I must wander forlorn and dishonoured, without the means of sustaining life, far less wealth sufficient to counterbalance the infamy which my countrymen, both those whom I despise and those whom I love, will attach to the name of the political renegade. It is a position I have long thought of. And yet, what choice remains between this lot and the ignominious scaffold? Nothing can save me but reconciliation with these forsworn men, and return to England."

I went to see Lord Langley that Isabella shall marry him ere midnight, and to Mareschal, that she shall do so without composition. I have but one remedy betwixt me and ruin—betwixt me and ruin, with a sense of guilt which I cannot bear. I am not ashamed of such a stain as would disgust her, even were she a favoured one—but I must trust to the romantic generosity of her disposition; and let me paint the colour of her obedience ever so strongly, I cannot overcharge its reality."

Having finished this sad chain of reflections upon his perilous condition, he entered his daughter’s apartment with every nerve bent up to the support of the argument which he was about to sustain. Though a decentful and ambitious man, he was not so devoid of natural affection, but that he was shocked at the part he was about to act, in practising on the feelings of a dutiful and affectionate child; but the recollections, that, if he succeeded, his daughter would only be transported into an advantageous match, and that, if he failed, himself was a lost man, were quite sufficient to drown all scruples.

He found Miss Vere seated by the window of her dressing-room, her head reclining on her hand, and her eyes fixed on the picture of the late Lord Vere, which she had brought with her on his entrance. He approached with his features composed into a deep expression of sorrow and sympathy, and, sitting down beside her, solicited her attention to her duty towards him. She was so hungry and worn out that he did not fail to accompany with a deep sigh.

"My father!" said Isabella, with a sort of start, which expressed at least as much fear, as joy or affection.

"Yes, Isabella," said Vere, "your unhappy father, who comes now as a penitent to crave forgiveness of you. It isn’t a matter of life or death; I believe he is as good as you thought; and, in truth, I am sorry for you; but I am not going to stand in the way of your happiness."

"Sir! Expense to me! Take leave for ever! What does this all this!" said Miss Vere.

"Yes, Isabella," said Vere, "I am serious. But first let me ask you, have you any suspicion that I may have been guilty to the strange chance which befell you yesterday morning?"

"You, sir?" answered Isabella, stammering between a consciousness that he had guessed her thoughts, and the shame as well as fear which forbade her to acknowledge a suspicion so dragging and so unnatural.

"Yes," he continued, "your hesitation confesses the truth, my dear; but I am free to say now I have no wish to try the painful task of acknowledging that your suspicions have done me no injustice. But listen to my reason."

"In an evil hour I encountered the ad

impossible that you could have any permanent objections to a match where the advantages were, in most respects, on your side. In a worse, I entered with him into measures calculated to restore our banished monarch and the independence of my country. I have taken advantage of my unguarded confidence, and now has put at his disposal."

"Your life, sir," said Isabella, feelingly, "is a good one; but you do not know the life of him who gave life to you. So soon as I foresaw the excesses into which his headlong passion (for, you know, I have no other affection except that arises from excess of attachment to you) was likely to hurry him, I endeavoured, by finding a plausible pretext for your absence for some weeks, to extricate him from the dilemma in which I am placed. For this purpose I wished, in case your objections to the match continued insurmountable, to have sent you privately for several months to the convent of your maternal aunts at Paris. By a series of mistakes you have been brought from the place of secrecy and security which I had destined for your temporary abode. Fate has baffled my last chance of escape, and I have only to give you my blessing, and send you from the castle with Mr. Ratcliff, who now leaves it; my own fate will soon be decided.

"Good Heaven, sir! can this be possible!" exclaimed Isabella. "O, why was I freed from the constraint in which you placed me? or why did you not impart your purpose sooner?"

"Think an instant, Isabella. Would you have had me prejudice in your opinion the friend I was most desirous of serving, by communicating to you the just cause of my departure? Would you have me purvey your suite? Could I do so honourably, having promised to assist his suit?—But it is all over. I and Mareschal have made our minds to like men; it only remains to send you from hence under a safe conduct."

"Great powers! and is there no remedy?" said the terrified young woman.

"None, my child," answered Vere, gently, "unless one which you would not advise your father to adopt— to be the first to betray his friends."

"O, no! no!" she answered, abhorrently yet hastily, as if to reject the terms in which the alternative presented to her. "But is there no other hope—through flight—through mediation—through supplication?—I will bend my knee to Sir Frederick."

"It would be a fruitless degradation; he is determined on his course, and I am equally resolved to stand the hazard of my fate. On one condition only he will turn aside from his purpose, and that condition my life shall never utter to you."

"Name it, I conjure you, my dear father?" exclaimed Isabella. This was more than he could bear, and he begged leave to overcharge the headache of which you are threatened?"

"That, Isabella," said Vere, solemnly, "you shall never know, until, having had a head on the bloody scaffold; then, indeed, you will learn there was one sacrifice by which he might have been saved."

"And why not, if I do not know? said Isabella. "do you fear I would flinch from the sacrifice of fortune for your preservation? or would you becast me the bitter legacy of life-long remorse, so oft as I shall think that you perished, while these remained, one mode of preventing the dreadful misfortune that overthrows you?"

"Then, my child," said Vere, "since you press me to name what I would a thousand times rather leave in silence, I must inform you that he will accept for ransom nothing but your hand in marriage, and that he conferred 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 monstrosity, who could wish to win the daughter by obstructing the life of the father—it is impossible!"

"You say right, my child," answered her father, "it is indeed impious that I should consult the wishes of one so near to me, as 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."

"My father dies, but his child can save him—but 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 this
Tales of My Landlord.

Ch. XX.

dreadful tale is only told to influence my conduct and subdue my scruples.

"My daughter," replied Endersaw, in a tone where offended authority seemed to struggle with parental af

"My child, you shall not UMUST to unanimity free me from uncertainty: danger.

So exclaimed Ellissaw; and, strange and monos

"Father," repeated Ellissaw; "I will consent to this marriage.

"No, my child, no—now at least—we will brus

"But will you not receive Sir Frederick?" asked his

"I will meet him," she replied; "I will meet him when I must, and where I must; but spare me now.

"For one hour at least, you shall know no restraint

Miss Vera faintly entranced to be left by herself in the rest of the evening.

"Heaven bless thee, my child!—Heaven bless thee!—And it will bless thee with riches, with pleasure, with power!"

In the meantime, when her swimming eyes and dizzy brain could hardly comprehend the sense of what she looked upon, it is not surprising that Miss Vera should have omitted to remark that this letter seemed to rest her scruples rather upon the form and time of the proposed union, than upon the propriety of the suit proposed to her. Mr. Vere rang the bell, and gave the letter to a servant to be delivered to Mrs. Marschal, and, rising from his chair, continued to traverse the apartment in the agitated state that had agitated him until the answer was returned. He glanced it over, and wrung the hand of his daughter as he gave it to her. The tenor was:

"My dear kinsman, I have already urged the knight on the point you mention, and I find him as fixed as Cheviot. I am truly sorry my fair cousin should be pressed to give up any of her maiden rights. Sir Frederick consents, however, to leave the castle with me the instant the ceremony is performed, and we will reside under the same roof: that is the form. Thus great hope the bridegroom may be knocked on the head before he and the bride can meet again, so Bell has a fair chance to be Lady Langley & I am bound to tell you the rest of it. 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 cousin must yield her consent at once, or we shall repeat at least, or, rather have very little leisure to repent; which is all at present from who rest your affectionate kinsman,—R.M.

"P. S. Tell Missis that I would rather cut the knight's throat after, and end the dilemma that way, than see her constrained to marry him against her will."

When Missis had read this letter, it dropped from her hand, and she would, at the same time, have fallen from her chair, had she not been supported by her father.

"My God, my child will die!" exclaimed Vera, the feelings of nature overcoming, even in his breast, the sentiments of selfish policy. "I can look up, Missis, look up, my child, what will you, not be slighted will. I—I will fly with myself with the consciousness of leaving you!—My heart may weep on my grave, but she shall not—do not let me in this instance—proach my memory. He called a servant,—"Go, bid Ratchetis come hither directly.

"During this interval, Missis became deadly pale, closed her eyes, pressing the palm strongly together, closed her eyes, and drew her lips with strong compression, as if the severe constraint which was the result of her internal feelings was extending even to her muscular organization. Then raising her head, and drawing in her breath strongly ere she spoke, she said, "Fathers, I consent to the marriage."

You shall not—you shall not,—my child,—my
let the virtue of the child alone for the faults of the father—it is no time to rake them up. What can be done? You may, you will, a thousand times, with your forty-and-twenty hours I might find many—Miss Vere, you must explore the whole of the only human road to young womanhood—Sad to think how often you must have been tempted to interpose in the course of events which threaten to hurry you before it. And what human being," answered Miss Vere, "has no power?" "Start not when I name him," said Ratcliffe, coming near her, and speaking in a low but distinct voice. "It is the Rev. fried Eliahbath the Recluse of Muckeleton-Moor. "You are mad, Mr. Ratcliffe, or you mean to insult my mastery by an ill-timed jest!" "I am as much in my senses, young lady," answered her adviser, "as you are; and I am no idle jestor, far less with mastery, least of all with your mistress. I swear to you that this being (who is other far than what he seems) actually possesses the means of redeeming you from this hateful union." And of insuring my father's safety? "It is my duty to say that," said Ratcliffe, "if you plead his cause with him—yet how to obtain admissittance to the Recluse? But you don't that," said Miss Vere, suddenly recollecting the incident of the rose; "I remember he desired me to call upon him in aid of my extremity, and gave me this flower as a token. Ere it faded away, it is to me a word of caution: is it possible his words can have been aught but the ravings of insanity?" "In truth, for fear it not—but above all," said Ratcliffe, "let us lose no time—Are you at liberty, and unwatched?" "I believe so," said Isabella; "but what would you have me do?" "Leave the castle instantly," said Ratcliffe, "and throw yourself at the feet of this extraordinary man, who resides in a country house, surrounded on every side by the remotest inaccessible, the most contemptible poverty, possesses yet almost an absolute influence over your fate. Guests and servants are deep in their carouse—the leaders sitting in conclaves on their treasonable schemes—no horse stands ready in the stable—I will saddle one for you, and meet you at the little garden-gate. O, let no doubt of my prudence or fidelity prevent your taking the only step in your power to escape the dreadful fate which must attend the wife of Sir Frederick Langley!" "Miss Vere," said Miss Vere, "you have always been esteemed a man of honour and probity, and a dawning wretch will always catch at the feeble twig. I will trust you. I will follow your advice. I shall have the gardener leave the garden. She bolted the door of her apartment as soon as Mr. Ratcliffe left her, and descended to the garden by a separate stair of communication which opened into her dressing-room. On the way she felt inclined to retract the consent she had so hastily given to a plan so hopeless and extravagant. But as she passed in her descent a private door which entered into the chapel from the back-stair, she heard the voice of the female-servants as they were employed in the task of cleaning it. "Married! and to see bad a man—Eewow, sir! own thing rather than that. They are right—they are right," said Miss Vere, "at any rate, than that!" She hurried to the garden. Mr. Ratcliffe was true to his appointment—the horses stood saddled at the garden-gate, and all was ready, but the sound of the clock advancing rapidly towards the hour of the Solitary. While the ground was favourable, the speed of their journey was such as to prevent much communication, and she was allowed to enjoy the freshness of the air, with only the firmness of the cold-blooded stoicism, or at least, of friendly partisanship. But look at every book which we have read, those excepted of that abstract philosophy which feels no responsive voice in our natural feelings. Is not personal form, such as at least can be tolerated with our horror and disgust, always represented as essential to our ideas of a friend?" Those, for example, such a mis-shapen monster as I, am excluded, by the very taint of Nature, from her fairest enjoyment? But what my wealth prevents all—perhaps even Love, or you—from shunning me as something foreign?
so you understand, and more odious, by bearing that dis-
orderly resemblance to humanity which we observe in
human tribes that are more hateful to man be-
cause they seem his caricature?"
"I’ve got the least of the sentiments of a madman," said
Miss Vere.
"No," replied her conductor, "unless a morbid and exces-
sive sensibility on such a subject can be termed insane.
When I think of this a shock of feeling and apprehen-
sion carried the person who entertained it, to lengths which indicated a deranged imagination. He applied to that, that it was ne-
necessary for him, by exasperant, and not always well-
chosen instances of liberality, and even profusion, to
unite himself to the human race, from which he con-
cieved himself naturally dissociated. The benefits which he bestowed, from a disposition naturally phi-
lanthropic in an uncommon degree, were exagger-
ated by the influence of the goesng reflection, that
more was necessary from him then from others—
availing his treasures as if to bide mankind to re-
ceive him into their class. It is scarcely necessary to
say, that the bounty which flowed from a source so
cramped was often abused, and his confidence fre-
cently betrayed. These disappointments, which oc-
curred all, more or less, and went to such a con-
sequent detriment, that a new sense of the true feel-
ness set down to the hatred and contempt excited
by his personal deformity. —But I fatigue you, Miss
Vere."
"No, by no means; I—I could not prevent my at-
tention from wandering an instant, pray pro-
ceed.
"He became at length," continued Ratcliffe, "the most
ingenious self-tormentor of whom I have ever heard;
the scoff of the rabble, and the sneer of the yet
more obtrusive and with a kind of barb of his own rank, was to him
agonizing and breaking on the wheel. He regarded the
laugh of the common people whom he passed on the
streets as an expected bitter, or more offensive, or
terror, of the young girls to whom he was introduced in
company, as proofs of the true sense which the world
entertained of him, as a prodigy unfit to be received
among them on the usual terms of society, and as
vindicating the wisdom of his purpose in withdrawing
himself from among them. On the faith and sincer-
ity of two persons alone, he seemed to rely implicitly
—in that of his brothered título, and of a friend emi-
nently gifted in personal accomplishments, who
acted, as it indeed probably was, sincerely attached
to him. He had, in fact, been literally loaded with
benefits by him whom you are now about to see. The parents of the subject of my
story, who were, within a short space of each other,
their death postoned the marriage, for which
the day had been fixed. The lady did not seem greatly
to mourn this delay, perhaps that was not to have been
expected; but she intimated no change of inten-
tion, when, after a decent interval, a second day was
named for their union. The friend of whom I spoke
was then a constant resident at the Hall. In an evil
hour, at the earnest request and entreaty of this friend,
they joined a general party, where men of different
political opinions were mingled, and where they drank
deep. A quarrel ensued; the friend of the Recluse
drew his sword with others, and was thrown down
and disarmed by a more powerful antagonist. They fell
in the struggle at the feet of the Recluse, who,
amazed and truncated as his form appears, possesses,
nevertheless, great strength, as well as violent pas-
tion. He took up a sword, pierced the heart of his
friend's antagonist, was wounded, and his life, with
difficulty, redeemed from justice at the expense of a
year's close imprisonment, the punishment of man-
slaughter. The incident affected him most deeply, he
more that the deceased was a man of excellent charac-
ter, and had sustained great insult and injury are
a word. I think of that moment, I observed— I beg pardon— The fits of morbid sen-
scibility which had tormented this unfortunate gentle-
man, were rendered hencroft more acute by re-
monstrance. In the course of the day, all men, were
having incurred, or of sustaining when it became his
unhappy lot. His paroxysms of agony could not be
concealed from the lady to whom he was betrothed;
and it must be confessed they were of an alarming
and fearful nature. He comforted himself, that, at
the expiry of his imprisonment, he could form with his
wife the most affectionate and delightful society, entered
which he might dispense with more extensive communi-
cation with the world. He was deceived; before that
time, elapsed, his friend and his betrothed became
insane, and with it, the effect of this a dread
ful and anxious temperament, a disposition already so
aroused by bitter remorse, and loosened by the indulgence of a
gloomy and sanguinary temper, the rest of the rest of the
word, I cannot
not describe to you: it was as if the last cask
in which the vessel rode had suddenly parted, and
her abandonment to all the wild fury of the tem-
pest. He was placed under medical restraint. As a tem-
porary measure this might have been justifiable; it
his hard-hearted friend, who, in consequence of his
marriage, was now his nearest ally, prolonged his
confineinent, in order to enjoy the management of
his immense estates. There was one who owed all to
the sufferer, an humble friend, but grateful as fa-
thful. By unceasing exertion, and repeated invoca-
tion of justice, he at length succeeded in obtaining
his patron's freedom, and reinstatement in the mas-
er�权, to which he was added that of his intended bride, who, having died
without male issue, her estates reverted to him, as
heir of entails. But freedom, and wealth, were too
small a portion of the privation of his misfortune, for
the former his grief made him indifferent—the latter only served
him as far as it afforded him the means of mulching
his spirit and most radiating an inwardary fancy. He
abandoned all pretensions to the Catholic religion, but perhaps some of his do-
ctrines continued to influence a mind, in which re-
pose and misanthropy now assumed, in appearance
an unbounded authority. His life has since been
an alternately of a pilgrim and a hermit, suffering the
most severe privations, not in ascetic devo-
tion, but to relieve the miseries of the poor. His
words and actions have been at such a wide
degree, nor has any hypocritical wretched ever been
more ingenious in assigning good motives for his vis-
tions, than this unfortunate in reconciling to his
abstract principles of misanthropy, a conduct which
flows from his natural generosity and kindness of
feeling."
"Still, Mr. Ratcliffe—still you describe the incon-
sistencies of a madman."
"By no means," replied Ratcliffe. "That the
imagination of my friend, at least, if it can be
disordered, I will not pretend to dispute; I have already told you that it
times has sometimes broken out into paroxysms approac-
hing to the degree of insaneness, but I have never
seen a common state of mind that I speak; it is irregular, but
not deranged; the shades are as gradual, as those
that divide the light of noon-day from midnight.
A courtier who runs his fortune for the attainment of
a title which can do him no good, or power of which
he can make no suitable or creditable use, the man
who hoards his useless wealth, and the person who
squanders it, are all marked with a certain shade of
insanity. To criminals who are guilty of enorm-
ities when the temptation, to a sober mind, bears no
portion to the horror of the act, or the probabilities
detection and punishment, the same observations
pierce; and every violent passion, as well as excite
may be insidiously mingled with a short madness.
"This may be all good philosophy, Mr. Ratc-
Y answered Miss Vere; "but, excuse me, it
means emboldens me to visit, at this late hour, a
son who has no elegance of imagination you can
only palliate."
"Rather, then," said Ratcliffe, "receive my re-
assurances, that you do not incur the slightest
rg. But what I have been hitherto afraid to ad-
monition for fear of alarming you, is, that now we
are within sight of his retreat, for I can discern
through the dark a light. We may go no further with
you must proceed alone."
"Alone?—I dare not.
You must," said Ratcliffe: "I am here and wait for you."
"You will not, then, stir from this place,
Miss Vere; "yet the distance is so great, you would not be able to see the lights. Wooden screens, which bore a few books, some bundles of dried herbs, and one or two women cups and platters, were on one side of the fire; on the other were placed some ordinary tools of field-labour, mingled with those which she understood. Where the bed should have been, there was a wooden frame, strewn with withered moss and mushrooms, the couch of the ascetic. The only furniture, besides what we have mentioned, was a table and two stools formed of rough deals.

Within these narrow limits Isabelba found herself enclosed with'those beings, whose history had nothing to reassure her, and the fearful consequence of whose hideous countenance inspired an almost superstitious terror. Her occupied the seat opposite to her, and dropping his huge and shaggy eyebrows, over his piercing black eyes, gazed at her in silence, as if agitated by a variety of contending feelings. On the other side sat Isabelba, pale as death, her long hair uncurled by the evening damps, and falling over her 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 brought thee hither?"

"My father's danger, and your own command," replied Isabella, but firmly.

"And you hope to deliver me?"

"If you can bestow it," she replied, still in the same tone of mild submission.

"And how shall I possess that power?" continued the Dwarf, with a bitter sneer; "Is mine the form of a redresser of wrongs? Is this the castle in which one powerful enough to aid in the fate of an applicant is likely to hold his residence? I but mocked 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, raising and interposing between her and the door, and motioning to her sterner to resume her seat; "I must have further conference. Why should one being desire aid of another? Why should not each be sufficient to itself? Look round you—I, the most despised and most decrepit on Nature's common, have required sympathy and help from no one. These stones are of my own piling; these utensils I framed with my own hands, and he laid his hand with a fierce smile on the long dagger which he always wore beneath his garment, and unshaped—so far that the blade glimmered clear in the light of the fire-light." With this pursued his purpose, he threw the weapon back into the scabbard, "I can, if necessary, defend the vital spark enclosed in this poor,疾病的, and strongest that shall threaten me with injury."

It was with difficulty Isabelba refrained from screaming out aloud; but she did refrain. "This," continued the Recluse, "is the life of nature, solitary, self-sufficing, and independent. The wolf calls not the wolf to aid him in forming his den; and the vulpine invites not another to assist her in striking down her prey."

"And when they are unable to procure themselves support," said Isabelba, judiciously thinking that he would be most accessible to argument couched in his 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 Isabelba, "but chiefly of those who are destined to support themselves by rapine, which brooks not particular; but it is not the law of nature in general; even the lower orders have confederacies for mutual defence. But mankind would not perish, and did they cease to aid each other?—From 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 help. All, therefore, that need aid, have right to ask it of
their fellow-mortals: no one who has the power of forgiving can refuse it without guilt."

"And in this simple hope, poor maiden," said the Solitary, "thou hast come into the desert, to seek one who is neither more nor less than the trusty companion who hast made the web of care, of toil, of sickness, of pain, woven with the worst and the best, for which thou hast no right to expect to be paid."

"Miserable," said Isabella, "is superior to fear."

"Hast thou not heard it said in thy mortal world, that I have leagued myself with other powers, deformed to the eye and malevolent to the human race as much as in the likeness of what thou hast not heard? And dost thou seek my cell at midnight?"

The being I worship supports me against such idle fears," said Isabella, "but the increasing agitation of her bosom belied the affected courage which her words expressed.

"So! so!" said the Dwarf, "thou vaunt test thyself a philosopher? Yet, shouldst thou not have thought of the danger of intrusting thyself, young and beautiful, in the power of one so spited against humanity, as to place his chief pleasure in defacing, destroying, and degrading her fairest works?"

Isabella, much alarmed, continued to answer with firmness, "Whatever injuries you may have sustained in the west, you are incapable of revenging them on one who never wronged you, nor, wilfully, any other.

"Ay, but maiden," he continued, his dark grey eyes flashing in an expression of malignity which communicated itself to his wild and distorted features, "revenges are the hungry wolf, which asks only to tear flesh and lap blood. Thank you the lamb's plea of innocence would be listened to by him."

"May I," said Isabella, rising and expressing herself with much dignity, "I fear not the horrible ideas 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 her utmost need. You would not—you cannot.

"Thou sayest to me," said the Solitary, "rejoined the solace away, I dare not—I would not. Begone to thy dwelling. Fear nothing with which they threaten thee. Thou hast asked my protection—thou shalt find it effectual."

"But, father," the very night I have consented to wed the man that I adore, or I must put the seal to any father's ruin."

"This night?—at what hour?"

"Ere midnight."

"And twilight," said the Dwarf, "has already passed away. But fear nothing, there is ample time to protect us."

"And my father?" continued Isabella in a suppliant tone.

"And father," replied the Dwarf, "has been, and is my most bitter enemy. But fear not; thy virtue shall save him. And now, begone; were I to keep thee longer by me, I might again fall into the stupid dream from which I awoke. Some may 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 feeding 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.

"I have obtained promises from him to 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 resound along the heath.

"Hark!" said Ratcliffe, "he calls me—Miss Vere, come quickly and lead the postman of the garden; to that which opens on the back-surface I have a private key."

A second whistle was heard, yet more shrill and piercing than the first, and celebrated in the act of extinguishing a lamp as emblematic of her speedy deed, was, indeed, a masterpiece of art, but now the rude vault to which it had been fixed were surprised, and even scandalized, that..."
not remarkable for attention to his lady while alive, she should now make such a show as this, and the manacuclum in affected sorrow; others cleared him from the imputation of hypocrisy, and averred that the monument had been constructed under the direction and at the sole expense of Mr. Most instantly.

Before these monuments the wedding guests were assembled. They were few in number; for many had the care to prepare for the ensuing political expediency. Ellislaw, in the excitement of the case, far from being desirous to extend invitations further than to those near relations whose presence they deemed desirable. Next to the altar stood Sir Frederick Langley, dark, moody, and thoughtful, even beyond his wont, and near him, Marsechal, who was to play the part of bridesman, as it was called. The thoughtless humour of this young gentleman, on which he never designed to place the least restraint, added to the cloud which overhung the brow of the bridegroom.

"The bride is not yet come out of her chamber," he whispered to Sir Frederick; "I trust that we must not have recourse to the violent expedients of the past in the hand of Sir Colley. I am sure that I am hard upon my pretty cousin to be run away with twice in two days, though I know none better worth saving from a violent tempestuous column."

Sir Frederick attempted to turn a deaf ear to this discourse, humming a tune, and looking another way, but Marsechal proceeded in the same wild manner.

The bride was so long in preparation that the party was disturbed to prepare for the joyful event when he had successfully extracted the cork of his third bottle. The hope I will keep him free of the tension of his superiors, for I take it this is beyond historical hours. But here come Ellislaw and my pretty cousin—prettier than ever, I think, were it not so faint and so deadly pale—Har! Sir Knight, if she says not vae with right good-will, it shall be no wedding, for all that has come and gone has been a void.

"No wedding, sir?" returned Sir Frederick, in a loud whisper, the tone of which indicated that his angry feelings were suppressed with difficulty.

"No, no marriage," replied Marsechal, "there's my hand and glove on!"

Sir Frederick Langley took his hand, and as he wrung it hard, said in a lower whisper, "Marsechal, you shall answer this, and then fling his hand from him.

That I will readily do," said Marsechal, "for never a word escaped my lips that my heart was not ready to guarantee. So, speak up, my pretty cousin; and tell me if you be your free will and unbiased resolution to accept of this gallant knight for your lord and master."

"I am not yet that," said Ellislaw, "and if you scrape upon the subject, fall back, fall edge, he shall not have you."

"Not yet, Mr. Marsechal?" said Ellislaw, who, having been this young man's guardian during his minority, often employed a token of authority to him. "Do you suppose I would drag my daughter to the altar, were it not her own choice?"

"Tut, Ellislaw," retorted the young gentleman, "never tell me of the contrary; her eyes are full of tears, and her cheeks are whiter than her white dress. I must insist in this humane condition, that the ceremony be adjourned till to-morrow."

She shall tell you herself, thou incorrigible intermeddler, what my daughter's heart says that the ceremony should go on. Is it not, Isabella, my dear?"

"Yes," said Isabella, half fainting, "since there is no help either in God or man."

The first word alone was distinctly audible. Marsechal shrugged up his shoulders and stepped back. Ellislaw put his arm round his daughter's waist to prevent his parting with her. Sir Frederick moved forward and placed himself beside her arm. The clergyman opened his prayer-book, and looked to Mr. Vere for the signal to commence the service.

"Proceed," said the latter.

But a voice, as if issuing from the tomb of his deceased wife, called in such loud and harsh accents as awoken every echo in the vaulted chapel, "Forbear!"

All were mute and motionless, till a distant rustle, and the clash of swords, or something resembling it, was heard from the remote apartments. It ceased almost instantly.

"What new device is this?" said Sir Frederick, fiercely eyeing Ellislaw and Marsechal with a glance of malignant suspicion.

"It can be but the trick of some unseasonable guest," said Ellislaw, though greatly confounded; "we must make large allowances for the excess of this evening's enter- taining part.

Before the clergyman could obey, the same prohibition which they had before heard, was repeated from the same spot. The female attendants screamed, and fled from the chapel; the gentlemen laid their hands on their swords. Ere the first moment of surprise had passed by, the Dwarf stepped from behind the monument, and faced himself full in front of Mr. Vere. The effect of so strange and hideous an apparition in such a place and in such circumstances, appalled all present, but seemed to amuse the Lord of Ellislaw, who, dropping his daughter's arm, staggered against the nearest pillar, and, clasping it with his hands as if for support, laid his brow against the marble column.

"Who is this fellow?" said Sir Frederick; "and what does he mean by this intrusion?"

"It is one who comes to tell you," said the Dwarf, with the peculiar and unutterable manner, "that, in marrying that young lady, you wed not the heir of Ellislaw, nor of Mauley-Hall, nor of Poretton, nor of one flour of land, unless the issue is with sense and ont; and to thee that command shall never be given. Down—down on thy knees, and thank Heaven that thou art prevented from wedding qualities with which thou hast no concern—portentious truth, virtue, and innocence.—And thou, base ingratitude," he continued, addressing himself to Ellislaw, "what is thy wretched substitute for a wife? she would sell thy daughter to relieve thee from danger, and in famine thou wouldst have slain and devoured her to preserve thy own vile life!—Aye, hide thy face with thy hands; well mayst thou blush to look on him whose body thou didst consign to chains, his hand to guilt, and his soul to misery. Saved once more by the virtue of her who calls thee father, go hence, and may the pardon and benefits I confer on thee prove literal coals of fire, till thy brain is scarred and scorched like mine!"

Ellislaw left the chapel with a gesture of mute despair.

"Follow him, Hubert Ratcliffe," said the Dwarf, "and inform him of his destiny. He will rejoice—for it breathes air and has a heart."

"I understand nothing of all this," said Sir Frederick Langley; "but we are here a body of gentlemen in arms and authority for King James, and whether you be really, sir, be that Sir Edward Mauley, who has been so long supposed dead in confinement, or whether you be an impostor assuming 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 spares among us—see to it, my friends."

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 plate of a partizan, which the sturdy hand of Hobie presented against his bosom.

"I'll gar daylight shine through ye, if ye offer to steer him!" said the stout Borderer; "stand back, or I'll strike ye through! No body shall lay a finger on Elsie; he's a canny neighbourly man, aye ready to make a friend in any place."

"What has brought you here, Hobie?" said Marsechal; "who called on you for interference?"

"Trots, Marsechal," replied Hobie, "I answered Hobie, "}
am just come here, wi' twenty or thirty maids o' us, in my ain name and the King's—or Queen's, ca' they hur? and Cauny Elphino's into the bargain, to keep the peace, and pay back some ill usage Elleslaw has given us. I see Cauny is coming. Be assured, the lions gave me the other morning, and him at the bottom on't; and trow ye I wasna ready to supperse him up? Ye needna lay your hands on your swords, gentlemen, the house is ours by right of the King; the doors are open, and there had been owre muckle pinch amang your folk; we took their swords and pistols as easily as ye wad shi a sheep.

Mareshal rushed out, and immediately re-entered the chapel.

"By Heavan! it is true, Sir Frederick; the house is filled with armed men, and our drunken beasts are all disarmed.—Draw and let us fight our way."

"Binna rush—binna rush," exclaimed Hobbie; "bear me a bit, bear me a bit. We mean yean harm; but, as ye are in arms for King James, as ye ca' him, and the prelates, we thought it right to keep up the auld neighbour war, and stand up for the other an and the Kirk; but we'll no hurt a hair of your heads, if ye like to gaug hame quietly. And it will be your best way, for there's sure news come loud, they be up at Westminster, are Bo'ng, or Lyny, or what it is, has banga'd the French ships and the new king aff the coast however; see ye had best hide content wi' auld Nairn or a bit o' a better Queen."

Ratcliffe, who at this moment entered, confirmed these accounts so unfavourable to the Jacobite interest, Sir Frederick almost instantly, and without taking notice of any one, left the castle with such of his attendants as were able to follow him.

"And what will you do, Mr. Mareshal?" said Ratcliffe in.

"Why, faith," answered he, smiling, "I hardly know; my spirit is too great, and my fortune too small, for me to follow the example of the doughty brigs who have played it in my nature, and it is hardly worth my while."

"Well, then, dispere your men, and remain quiet, and this will be overlooked, as there has been no overt act."

"Hout ay," said Elliot, "just let byganes be byganes, and friends again! Deil ane I bear malice at but Westminster, and I bae gien him bath a hert skin and a cauld ane. I hadna changed three blaws of the broadsword wi' him before he lap the window into the castle-moat, and swauntered through it like a wild beast to a fellow in man of a mickle man. I may aye awa wi' a bonny lass in the morning, and another at night, less wedna serve him! but if he didna kilt him hirself, I'll kilt him wi' a tow, for the Caitsoldat meeting's clean blawn ower; his friends will no countenance him."

During the general confusion, Isabella had thrown herself into a fit of crying, and she fell through, 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 fix on them, as soon as their own agitation and the bustle of the attendants had somewhat abated. Miss Vere kneeled 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 drops which gathered on his eyelashes compelled him to draw his hand across them.

"They would have eaten that ear and I had fonds, but we shed them at our birth, and their spring dries not until we are in our graves. But no melting of the heart shall dissolve my resolution. I part here, at once, and for ever, with all of which the memory, " looking to the tomb, " or the presence, " (the pressed Isabella's hand), " is dear to me."—Speak not to me of what I had the determination to do, it will avail nothing; you will hear of and see this lump of deformity no more. To you I shall be dead ere I am remembered from the toils and crimes of existence."

He kissed Isabella on the forehead, impressed another kiss on the brow of the statue by which she knelt, and left the chapel followed by Ratcliffe. Isabella, almost exhausted by the emotions of the day, was supported by the countenance of the other guests dispersed, after having separately endeavoured to impress on all who would listen to them the importance of the conduct of the government, or their regret for having engaged in them. Hobbie Elliot assumed the command of the castle for the night, and mounted a regular guard. He brought back to little of the alacrity with which his friends and he had obeyed a hasty summons received from Elsie through the faithful Ratcliffe. And it was a lucky chance, he said, that on that day, for they had got notice that Westminster did not need to keep his tryste at Caustelton, but to hold the defence; so that a considerable party had assembled at the Height-foot, with the intention of paying a visit to the robber's tower on the ensuing morn, and their course was easily directed to Elsie Castle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lent of all.

To close this strange eventful history, At You Like It.

On the next morning, Mr. Ratcliffe presented Miss Vere with a letter from her father, of which the following is the tenor:—

"MY DEAREST CHILD,

"The malice of a persecuting government will compel me, for my own safety, to retreat abroad, and to remain for some time in foreign parts. I do not ask you to accompany, or follow me: you will find it to your interest and your own more effectually to remain where you are. It is unnecessary to enter into a minute detail concerning the causes of the strange events which yesterday took place. I think I have reason to complain of the usage I have received from Sir Edward Mauley, who is your nearest kins- man by the mother's side; but as he has declared as his heir, and is to put you in immediate possession of a large part of his fortune, I account it a full at- tenuation. I am aware he has never forgave the prefer- ence which your mother gave to my addresses, in- stead of complying with the terms of a sort of family compact, which absurdly and tyrannically subjected her to what is called the dictates of her husband. The stock was even sufficient to unseat his wife, (which, indeed, were never over-well arranged,) and I had, as the conduct of the affair was incomprehensible, a great responsibility in the charge of taking care of his persons and property, until he was reinstated in the management of the latter by those who, no doubt, thought they were doing me a kindness. The detail of this conduct be examined, it will appear that both, for his own sake, to have been left under the influence of a mild and salutary restraint.

"In one particular, however, he showed a sense of the ties of blood, as well as of his own frailty, for while he sequestered himself closely from the world under various names and disguises, and instead of spreading a report of his own death, (in which I wishfully acceded,) he left at my post a picture of his greatness and glory, and especially all those, which, having belong to him, he left to one, his male feet. If he may have thought that he was acting within his rights as a sovereign, and especially as a religious man, he will only be considered as having added a natural obligation, seeing that, in justice, he was in strict law, you must be considered as the heir of your mother, and I, as your legal administrator. As long, therefore, of considering myself as loaded with obligations to Sir Edward on this account, I must have put in hand to unseat my authority, and this authority only doled out to me at the pleasure of Mr. Ratcliffe who, moreover, exacted from me mortgages and other feudal estates of Elsie; for some weeks was required for the extra advance, and that he has imputed himself into the absolute

"Your affectionate father,

"Sir Edward Edmundo.

"The device of a coin is Elsie Castle, 1697."
ment and control of my property. Or, if all this seeming friendship was employed by Sir Edward for the apparent and immediate purpose of cheating the man of his due rent, and acquiring the power of ruining me at his pleasure, I feel myself, I must repeat, still less bound by any scruple. I hold that such a proceeding is illegal, and seems but a desire of securing a revenue which had been directed to be raised in the chapel over the tomb of my kinsman, Sir Edward, who had done the honour to make my house his own, had the complaisance to introduce him secretly into the chapel. The consequence, as he informs me, was a法兰西 of several hours, during which he fled into the neighbouring moors, in one of the widest spots which he chose, when he was somewhat recovered, to fix his mansion, and set up a sort of country empire, a character which, even in his best days, he was fond of assuming. It is remarkable, that, instead of informing me of these circumstances, that I might have the relative of my late wife taken such care of as his calamitous condition required, Mr. Ratcliffe seems to have had such culpable indulgence in his conduct, as to show no concern or secrecy concerning them. He visited Sir Edward often, and assisted in the fantastic task he had taken upon him of constructing a hermitage. Nothing they appear to have dreaded more than a discovery of their intercourse.

"The ground was open in every direction around, and a small subterranean cave, probably subterranean, which their researches had detected near the great granite pillar, served to conceal Ratcliffe, when any one approached his master. I think you will be of opinion, my love, that this secrecy must have had some strong motive. It is also remarkable, that while I thought my unhappy friend was residing among the rocks, he has been actually living, for many months, in this bizarre disguise, within five miles of my house, and obtaining regular information of my most private movements, either by Ratcliffe, or through Westburnfat or others, whom he had the means to bribe to any extent. He makes it a crime against me, that I endeavoured to establish your marriage with Sir Frederick. I acted for the best; but if Sir Edward Mauley thought otherwise, why did he not step manfully forward, express his own purpose of becoming a party to the settlement, and take that interest which would entitle him to claim in you as heir to his great property?"

"Even now, though your rash and eccentric relation is somewhat tardy in announcing his purpose, I am sure I must follow my authority into his wishes, although the person he desires you to regard as your future husband is young Earncliffe, the very last person whom I should have thought likely to be acceptable to him, considering a certain fatal event. But I give my free and hearty consent, providing the settlements are drawn in such an irrevocable form as may secure my children from any injury by that state of dependency, and that sudden and carthes of revocation of allowances, of which I have so much reason to complain. Of Sir Frederick Langley, I augur, you will hear no more. He is not likely to claim the hand of a dowerless maiden. I therefore commit you, my dear Isabella, to the wisdom of Providence and to your own judgment. I feel sure you will come to me in securing those advantages, which the sickness of your kinsman has withdrawn from me to show you.

"Mr. Ratcliffe mentioned Sir Edward's intention to settle a considerable sum upon me yearly, for my maintenance in foreign parts; but this my heart is too little placed upon my comfort. I have been a dear child, who, while in affection, herself, would never suffer me to be in poverty. I thought it right to inform you of it, in order to prevent any increase being settled upon you, it may be calculated so as to cover this necessary and natural encumbrance. I shall willingly settle upon you the estate and manor of Elliclware to show my parental affection and disinterested zeal for promoting your settlement in life. The annual interest of debts charged on the estate will somewhat exceed the above, and I hope no ample rent has been put upon the mansion and lands. But as for the debts are in the person of Mr. Ratcliffe, as your kinsman's trustee, he will not be a troublesome creditor. And here I must make you aware, that though I have to complain of Mr. Ratcliffe's conduct to me personally, I, nevertheless, believe him a just and upright man, to whom I may safely commit your affairs, not to mention that to cherish his good opinion will be the best way to retain that of your kinsman, whom I hope he will not be troubled on account of late matters. I will write more fully from the Continent. Meanwhile, I rest your loving father,

RICHARD VERE."

The above letter throws the only additional light which we have been able to procure upon the earlier part of our story. It was Hobbie's opinion, and may be that of most of our readers, that the Reclus of Muckesteane-Moor had but a kind of a glimstern, or 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: so that the conduct of his adopted, was likened, by Hobbie, to looking for a straight path through a common, over which are a hundred devices 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 on this account, you can't write, said Hobbie Elliot," "I wad rather I was harried ower again."

He immediately rode to his dwelling, and the remaining scene of the evening was, that I have not given any account of."

"You have indeed," said Ratcliffe, producing a paper, which he put into Hobbie'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 Elliclware the Reclus, endowed Hobbie with a couple of houses, Arnstrong, in full property, with a considerable sum borrowed by Elliot from him."

Hobbie's joy was mingled with feelings which brought tears down his rugged cheeks.

"It's a queer thing," he said; "but I can't say joy in the gear, unless I kent the pair 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 plans been better formed like the present, what a different return would they have produced! But the indiscriminate profusion that would glut avarice, or supply prodigality, neither does good, nor is not recompensed with gratitude. It is shewing the wind to reap the whirlwind."

"And that way I'd a light har'st," said Hobbie; "but, wi' your own hand, ye could scarely keep Elliclware's skelps o' bees, and set them in Grace's bit flower yard at the Hengfoot—they shall ne'er be smacked by any, say now. And the pair goat, she would be neglectit about a great town like this; 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 flah her, and Grace wad milk her ilk morning wi' her ain hand, for Elshie's sake; for though he was thrown and castled in his converse, he likee dumb creatures weel."

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."

And mind be sure and tell him that grannie and he titties, and, abune a', 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 undaunted honesty, tenderness, and gallantry, so well merited.

All bar between the marriage of Earnscleff and Isabella was now removed, and the settlements which Ratcliffe produced on the part of Sir Edward Mauley, might have satisfied the cupidity of Ellislaw himself. But Miss Vere and Ratcliffe thought it unnecessary to mention to Earnscleff 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 circumstance must probably be one of his chief motives for treating 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 Ilderton. Years fled over the heads of Earnscleff 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 chagrined 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 Westburn flat fled from the wrath of Hobbie Elliot, as his better did from the pursuit of the law. His patriotism urged him to serve his native abroad, while his reluctance to leave his native pressed him rather to remain in the beloved soil, and collect purses, wathches, and rings, on the highways 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 cash in the commissariat; returned home after many years, with some money, (how come by Heaven only know,)—demolished the peel-house at Westburn, as built, in its stead, a high narrow stand, of tree stories, with a chimney at each end—drank freely with the neighbours, whom, in his younger day, it had plundered—died in his bed, and was recorded with his tombstones at Kirkwhistle, (still intact,) as being played all the parts of a brave soldier, a decent neighbour, and a sincere Christian.

Mr. Ratcliffe resided usually with the family of Ellislaw, but regularly every spring and autumn abounded himself for about a month. On the occasion and purpose of his periodical journey he remained steadily silent; but it was well understood that he was then in attendance on his unfortunate prince. At length, on his return from one of these visits to grave countenance, and so deep mourning does announced to the Ellislaw family that their benefactor was no more. Sir Edward's death made addition to their fortune, for he had divested himself of his property during his lifetime, and chidy in their favour. Ratcliffe, his sole confidant, died at a good old age, but without ever naming the place to which his master had finally retired; or the manner of his death, or the place of his burial. It was reported that on all those particulars his patron had ceased him strict secrecy.

The sudden disappearance of Elshie from his extraordinary hermitage corroborated the report with the common people had spread concerning him. Many believed that, having ventured on a concerted building, contrary to his wish with the Evil One, he had been bodily carried off as a return to his cottage; but most are of opinion that he only disappeared for a season, and continues to be seen from time to time among the hills. And retaining, according to custom, a more vivid recollection of his wild and desperate habits than of the benevolent tendency of most of his actions, he is usually identified with the malignant demon called the Man of the Moors, whose feet were quoted by Mr. Elliot to his grandson; and sonough, is generally represented as bewitching the sheep, causing the ewes to kee, that is to cast their lambs, a woe loosening the impending wreath of snow to prosecute its weep 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 events dreaded and exaggerated by the inhabitants of the pastoral country, are ascribed to the effects of the

END OF THE BLACK DWARF.
OLD MORTALITY.
INTRODUCTION TO OLD MORTALITY.

The remarkable person, called by the title of Old Mortality, was well known in Scotland about the end of the last century. His real name was Robert Paterson. He was a native of the parish of Cloosbern, in Dumfries-shire, and spent nearly all his life in the parish. His character, as a man of letters, is excellently described in the preliminary chapter of the following work.

It is about thirty years since, or more, that the author met with this singular person in the churchyard of Dumfottar, when spending a day or two with the learned and excellent clergyman, Mr. Walker, the minister of that parish, for the purpose of an accurate examination of the ruins of the Castle of Dumfottar, and other subjects of antiquarian research that engaged their attention as a minister. But these were not the only points of interest, for they were also interested in the usual business of his pilgrimage, for the castle of Dumfottar, though lying in the anti-coaxing district of the Moine, was, with the particulars collected for the expression sustained there by the Cameronians in the time of James II.

It was in 1630, when Argyll was threatening a descent upon Scotland, and Montrose was giving battle to the west of England, that the Privy Council of Scotland, with cruel premeditation, made a general round of more than a hundred persons in the southern and western provinces, supposed, from their religious principles, to be criminal to Government, together with many women and children. These captives were driven northward like a flock of bullocks, but with less precaution to provide for their wants, and finally landed in a subterranean dungeon in the Castle of Dumfottar, having a window opening to the north, and overlooking the Cameronian seat of the Carstairs.

They had suffered not a little on the journey, and were much hurt both at the north of the northern provinces, and the mockings, gibes, and contemptuous names played by the fiddlers and pipers who had come from every quarter as they passed, to triumph over the victors of their captivity. The receipt which the miserable dungeon afforded, was, in some things but undisturbed. The men were kept in a dark dungeon, and the women and children were kept in another part, which had a little light. They had no water; and when some of the prisoners resisted a demand so unlooked for, the following consequence took place:—the women and children were kept the water on the prison floor, saying, they were not entitled to it, but they were not allowed by bowlers or puffers great of water, which is still termed the Whig's Vault, several died of the disease incident to such a situation; and others broke their limbs, and incurred fatal injuries in desperate attempts to escape from their stern prison-house. Over the graves of these unhappy persons, their friends, after the Revolution, erected a monument with a suitable inscription.

This peculiar strain of the Whig martyr is very much boasted of, but the truth requires some degree of caution in the matter of their captivity and death. My friend, the Rev. Mr. Walker, told me, that, being under orders to report to the south of Scotland, probably about forty years since, he had the bad luck to overtake himself in the labyrinth of passages and tracks which crossed. In every direction, the extensive waste called Lochar Moss, about three hundred and sixty miles, is exactly pinnacled with numerous passes, and there was no small difficulty in procuring a guide, since such people as he passed was, as he himself appeared.
INTRODUCTION TO OLD MORTALITY.

Stewart, but against all who attempted to support the arsenal
of the Church of Scotland. From this circumstance it
appears that Old Mortality had, even at that early period of
his life, ambition enough to applaud enthusiasm, by which
words became so much distinguished.

The religious sect called Rill-men, or Cameronians, was at
that time much noted for austerity and devotion, in imitation
of Cameron, their founder, of whom let me observe Old Mortality beca-
me a most strenuous supporter. He made frequent journeys
into Galloway to attend their conventicles, and occasionally,
with his, conveys from his country at the end of the week,
to keep in remembrance the righteous souls whose dust had been
gathered in the enthusiastic, was not one of those
religious devotees, who, although one eye is seemingly turned
towards heaven keep the other one steadily fixed on some sub-
lunar object. As his enthusiasm increased, his journeys into
Galloway became more frequent; and he gradually neglected
even the common prudential duty of providing for his offspring.
From about the year 1758, he neglected wholly to return from
Galloway to his parish at Gallowbranch, which induced her to send her eldest son Walter, then only twelve
years of age, to that of his father. After tra-
versing nearly the whole of that extensive district, from the
Nith to Dumfriesshire to the Chear of Haddington, he found him at
last working on the Cameronian monuments, in the old kirk
yard of Kirkcudbright, on the west side of the Dee, opposite
the town of Kirkcudbright. The little wanderer used at the
influ-
ence in his power to induce his father to return to his family;
but in vain. Mrs. Patr. Aid Mait, her own some of her female chil-
dren into Galloway in search of their father, for the same purpose
repeatedly coming home, without any success. At
last, in the summer of 1758, she removed to the small
village of Salmelinnich, in the Glen of Galloway, where,
upon some small particulars of keeping a little house, she
also supported her numerous family in a respectable manner.

The same year saw the death of the Clan, near the House of the
Hill, in Wettenhaste, which is highly
witnessed as the first erected, by Old Mortality, to the
memory of several persons who fell at that place in defence of
their own renown in the civil war, in the reign of Charles
Stewart.

"From the Colden, the labourer of Old Mortality, in the
course of establishing the Church of Rome. There are
four churchyards in Ayrshire, Galloway, or Dumfriess-
shire, and Galloway, which are yet to be seen. It is
easily distinguished from the work of any other artist by the
practice of the two blacksmiths, and of the instru-
cements which adorn the ill-formed blocks of his erection. This
work was carried on steadily, and without fee or reward, was the only
retable employment of this arti-
gular person for upwards of forty years. The doors of every
kirk, of every public building, and in his lifetime when he
chose to eat, and he was gladly received as an inmate of
the people, when he was on the
Cooper's vessel, was the only one to
import a reddish tinge to whatever liquor was he had
employed, or used in house.

The grandchildren of this deacon in woolly sheaths
and in his hair to ask the sect, which was never to
be separated, and the fragments of old coffin that were found
up in opening new graves. "Do you not know," they
are called who resemble them to their grandde, who
will
be used as a banner of victory or of peace. The that
the tides being low, when many a dinner was noad
and now which the intelligence impressed; for the sound of the
material was supposed to explain the reddish hue which
in the days of the Coopper's time, and that the
earthwork. The man of cutty-spoon and idle axe was
interrupted, and learned the reason, by his common
root that the falls of old wine-pipes bought from smugglers, with
the
birds were among the circumstances which
enabled for their importing a colour to their contents. Old Mortality
made the fullest declaration, that he was
posing in making the assertion, than to check the
the children. But it is easier to take away a pool
sheet to ruin Cooper Climb's business continued to
and he died in a state of poverty.

"To a Coffin," 4 1
"To Muttering for do," 4 1
"To a Shirt for him," 4 1
"To Bread at the Fourn," 4 1
"To a Plaid for Ricome," 4 1
"To a man going to Annan," 4 1
"To the grave digger," 4 1
"To Letters for his eldest son," 4 1

Taken off him when dead, 4 1

"The scove account is authenticated by the seal of
the
Cardinal's Wood."

"My friend was prevented by indisposition from join-
OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary.

Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-assured spring,
And lead oblivion into day?

"Mow readers," says the Manuscript of Mr. Patte-
son, "must have witnessed with delight the joyous
burst which attends the dismissing 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
explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as
the littleurchins play 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 dismissal, whose feelings
are 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 burn, and suffocated
with the clog of his school-tim, has spent the
whole day (himself against a host) in controlling
petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving
to enlighten stupidity, and laboured in too often
obstinate; and whose very powers of intellect have
been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated
a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the
various blunders of the pupils. Even the flowers of
classic genius, with which his solitary fancy is most
gratified, have been rendered degradant, in his imagi-
nation, by their connection with tears, with errors,
and with punishments; so that the Eclogues of Virgil
and Odes of Horace are each inseparably allied in
association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation
of some blubbering school-boy. If to these mental
distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and
a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that
of being a tyrant of his school-room, he has
the some slight conception of the relief which a solitary
walk, in the cool of a fine summer evening, affords
to the mind of which he laboured, and the rest which
have been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the
irksome task of public instruction.

To me these evening strolls have been the happiest
hours of an unequalled career, and if I shall
hereafter find pleasure in pursuing these lucra-
cations, I am not unwilling he should know, that the
plan of them has been usually traced in those mo-
ments, when relief from toil and clamour, combined
with the quiet scenery around me, has disposed my
mind to the task of composition.

My chief haunt, in these hours of golden leisure,
the banks of the small stream, which, winding
through a lone vale of green bracken, passes in front
of the village school-house of Genderviegh. For
the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed
by my meditations, in order to return the scrape, or
lopped bonnet, of such stragglers among my pupils as
lish for truant or minnows in the little brook, or seek
atches, and wild-flowers by its margin. But, beyond
be space I have mentioned, the juvenile anglers do
not, after sunset, voluntarily extend their scant
ome. The cause is, that farther up the narrow valley,
and recess which seems scooped out of the side of
the steep healthy bank, there is a deserted burial
real; which the little covenants are fearful of
proaching in the twilight. To me, however, the
lace has an inexplicable charm. It has been long
 favourite termination of my walks, and, if my
patron forgets not his promise, will (and pro-
ably 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 existing
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
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-cemented tomb
disturbs the sobriety 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 luminescence to the soul and
hetering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath.
The dress which sprinkled the sod, and the herebell
which hangs over it, 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 depaved as their
birth 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 what we now are, and that, as their relics
are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall,
at some future period, undergo the same transfor-
mation.

Yet, although the more has been collected on the
most northerly 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 antiquity, 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 armorial bearings are defaced, by time;
but they may still be seen to represent the
name of the descéder, Dns. Johan. - de Hamel. - - or
Johan. - - de Lamel. - - And it is also true, that of
another tomb, rich in sculptural, with an ornamented
cross, mitre, and pastoral staff, tradition can only
avert, that a certain nameless bishop lies interred there.
But upon other two stones which lie beside, may
still be read in rude prose and tender rhyme, the history
of those who sleep beneath them. They belong, we
are assured by the epitaph, to the class of persecuted
Presbyterians who suffered a melancholy subject for
history in the times of Charles II. and his successor.
In returning from the battle of Pentland Hills, a party
of the insurgents had been attacked in that 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 peaouyuy continued to attach to the tombs
of those victims of praisy a 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 exhorting 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. Jeddah's Elahetbom: "That I kept my plu-
ishes in this melancholy matter with my deceased and im-
mediae friend, appears from a hand-written note, containing
my proper claims in this spot, bearing the name and calling of Peter
Patton, with the date of his nativity and death, and also with a testimony
of his superior and patron, J. G.

* James, Seventh King of Scotland of that name, and termed
according to his coronation of the Kings of England._J. G.
Although I am far from venerating the peculiar tenets asserted by those who call themselves the followers of those men, and whose intolence and narrow-minded bigotry are at least as conspicuous as their devotional zeal, yet it is without depreciating the memory of those sufferers, many of whom united the institution of a <stout>Hammer with the suffering zeal of a Hooper or Latimer. On the other hand, it would be unjust to forget, that many even of those most active in crushing what they conceived the religious heresy of those unhappy wanderers, displayed themselves, when called upon to suffer for their political and religious opinions, the same daring and devoted zeal, unclouded, in their case, with chivalrous loyalty, as in the former with republican enthusiasm. It has often been remarked of the Scottish character, that the stubbornness with which it is marked amidst the most provoking ad torage in adversity, when it seems akin to the native supercilious of their hills, which scorns to be baited in flight, on account largely 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 fall under my own observation. When in foreign countries, I have been informed that they are more docile. But its time to return from this digression.

One summer evening, as in a stroll, such as I have sometimes taken at this deserted mansion, the spectacle of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually sooth the soul, and moderate the feeling 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 fall under my own observation. When in foreign countries, I have been informed that they are more docile. But its time to return from this digression.

As I approached, I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered prebendaries and busily employed in deepening, with his chisel, the letters of the inscription, which, announcing an hour of the most solemn propriety, gave to his labours a sacred character. The sound of his chisel was heard, even in the distance, 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 fall under my own observation. When in foreign countries, I have been informed that they are more docile. But its time to return from this digression.

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"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the distressing life of a wanderer, any thing which I except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries, or that comic part of Ayrshire, known as 'Dumcruffy.' He was one of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have been, at one period of his life, a small farmer, but whether from pecuniary or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his bosom, and his kin, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period of nearly thirty years."

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious emigrant regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters, who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of his two last monarchs of the Stewarts line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries, but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives sought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers fled for sanctuary. Whenever he could, however, the old man visited the monuments of the deceased, and the tombs of his relatives; and several times, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the defaced inscription, and the name and date of the dead, with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanatical devotion, induced the old man to make a tour about the sites of the most existent monuments, to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriers of the church. He considered himself as giving a sacred duty, while preserving the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light, which was a warm future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to be needed, or was known to accept, necessary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few; for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sex, or of some other sect, who was disposed to entertain him. He was reverently paid to him he always acknowledged, by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any), polishing them, and over the whole surface, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a long service. Strong clouts shoes, stuffed with holly, and grumachas or leggins, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipage. Beside him, fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of braces, a hair tether, or halter, and a snaffle, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and any thing else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in identifying a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

The character of such a man could have little connection even with innocent gravity. Yet, from his own religious persuasion, he was reputed to have been cheerful. The descendants of persecutors, or those whom he supposed guilty of their measures, the preachers and their adherents, whom he was sometimes assailed, he usually the generation of vipers. Conversing with others, he was grave and serious without a severity. But he is said never to have given way to violent passion, excepting on one occasion, when a mischievous truant-boy, with a stone the nose of a cherub's face, when the old man was engaged in retouching. I am to shall a sparer of the rod, notwithstanding the saying of Scripture, which says pleasantly, 'They have no_ to thank his memory; but on this occasion I propitious to show that I did not hate the child— I must return to the circumstances attending the introduction of the Act exterminating the Impeachment of the House therein, in, as I may say, 'shude in [1."

In accepting Old Mortality, I did not fail to
OLD MORTALITY.

respect to his years and his principles, beginning my acquaintance with him to have been one of the most pleasant of my labours. The old man intermittently the operation of the chisel, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then, replacing them on his nose, acknowledged my acquaintance, and after a few minutes' friendly inquiry, I intruded upon him, some questions concerning the affiores on whose monument he was now employed. To talk of the exploits of the carvers was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business of his life. He was profuse in the communica- tion of all the minute information which he had collected concerning them, their wars, and their wanderings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and have actually been held the passports of those who were related, and so had identified his feelings and opinions with theirs, and so much had his narrative the circumstantiality 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 not of this world. Which of them, in the course of an hour on a wet hill-side to hear a godly sermon? I swor an hour o' taw staw them. They are ne'er a hair's breadth before them, anxious to take upon themselves the persecuting name of blackleather tones. Self-seekers all of them, strippers after wealth, power, and worldly ambition, and, forgetting slike of what had been the state of the world, and the unhappy wits who stood in the gap in the great day of wrath. Nae wonder they dread the accomplishment of what was spoken of in the prophet, by the worthy Mr. Peden, (that such a precious servant of the Lord, none of whose words fell to the ground,) that the French mounteaux sell rose as fast in the glens of Ayr, and the lanes of Gallo- way, as red paint for soldiers, when disagreeable? And now they are gripping to the bow and to the spear, when they said be mourning for a sinful land and a broken covenant.

"Sooth say the old man by letting his peculiar opinions pass without contradiction, and anxious to produce the effect of the worthy Mr. Peden, as being prevailed upon to accept hospitality, which Mr. Cleishbotham is always willing to extend to those who need it. In our way to the school-master's house, we called at the Wallace Inn, where I was pretty cer- tain I should find my patron about that hour of the evening. After a courteous interchange of civilities, Old Mortality was, with difficulty prevailed upon to jin his host in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to name the pledge, which he professed with of a face of most markable solemnity, with benediction was up- lifted, drank to the memory of those heroes of the Kirk who had first uplifted her banner upon the moun- tains, and whose close prevail on him to ex- tend 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 closet which holds a scarred bed, and which is fre- quently 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 cultivated his acquaintance and listened to his conversation. After he had mounted, not without difficulty, the old white pony, he took the me by 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 mor- tality before me, for the sickle of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe, and there is a colour in

your cheek, that, like the load of the case, serves oft to hide the worn of corruption. Why should you, as one who knoweth not when his master calleth.

And if it be my lot to return to this village after ye are gane home to your air places, these precious hands will frame memorials, that your name may not perish from among the people.

"I thanked Old Mortality for his kind intentions in my behalf, and begged a farewell, no matter how great so much as of resignation, to think of the chance that I might soon require his good offices. But when I thought of the numerous, and sometimes surprising that my span of life may be abridged in youth he had over-estimated the period of his own pilgrim- age on earth. It is now some years since he has been fruited in all his teeth. I have, while men, adorn- ed, and deer-hair, ran fast covering those stones, a cleanse which had been the business of his life. About the be- ginning of this year, he was really in a condition to be engaged in that commerce which is found on the highway near Lockerbie, in Dumfriesshire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, was stand- ing by the roadside, and the common-days woe could be seen in his eye, the very sight of the rolling stones, sculptured on the same monu- ments, have been entirely defaced. It is hardly neces- sary to say that the reason for this was, that since the time of the pious monuments, the sculptures which were the objects of his care are hastening, like all earthly memorials, into ruin or decay.

"My readers will of course understand, that in imbibing into one compressed narrative many of the anecdotes which I had the advantage of deriving from Old Mortality and his Cameronian friends, either his style, his opinions, or even his facts, so far as they appear to have been distorted by party preju- dices. I have endeavoured to correct or verify them from the most authentic sources of tradition, afforded by the representatives of either party.

"On the part of the Presbyterians, I have con- sulted such men of landed fermentations as were war- ning districts, as, by the kindness of their landlords, or other- wise, have been able, during the late general change of property, to retain possession of the monuments on which their grandfathers fed their flocks and herds. I must own, that of late days, I have found this a lim- ited source of information. I have been in the supplement of those modest itinerants, whom the scrupulous civility of our ancestors de- nominated, travelling merchants, but whom, of late, accompanying themselves in this as in other matters, to the feelings and sentiments of our more wealthy neighbours, have been learned to call pack- men or pedlars. To country weavers traveling in hopes to get rid of their winter web, but more espe- cially to tailors, who, from their sedentary profession, and the necessity, in our country, of exercising it by temporary residence in the families by which they are employed, may be considered as possessing a complete register of rural traditions, I have been indebted for many particulars of Old Mortality, much in the taste and spirit of the original.

I had more difficulty in finding materials for cor- recting the tone of partisanship which evidently pervaded those stores of traditional learning. In order that I might be enabled to present an unbiassed picture of the manners and customs of the country at the same time, to do justice to the merits of both par- ties. But I have been enabled to qualify the narra- tives of Old Mortality and his Cameronian friends by the reports of more than one descendant of an- cient and honourable families, who, themselves de- cayed into the humble vale of life, yet look prudently back on the period when their ancestors fought and
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

[CHAP. II.

fall in behalf of the exiled house of Stewart. I may even boast right reverend authority on the same score; for more than one nonjuror bishop, whose authority was not above the scale as the greatest abominator of Episcopacy could well desire, have depicted, while parraking of the humble cheer of the Wallachian in a forlorn exile with infinite interest of the facts which I learned from others. There are also here and there a lad or two, whose though they shrug their shoulders, pro-

ponents of grace shine in the firmament. The youthful men, whom they were held had instructions from the government to spare no pains which might render them acceptable to the young men who were thus summoned to the field, were marked in view of the crisis of the morning, and the sports which usually

The preachers and processions of the more rigid presbyterians laboured, therefore, by caution, remon-

strance, and authority, to diminish the attendance upon these summonses, conscious that in doing so, they lessened not only the apparent, but the actual strength of the government, by impeding the exten-

sion of that spirit de corps which soon unites young men who are in the habit of meeting together for many sport, or military exercise. They, therefore, exerted themselves earnestly to prevent attendance on these public amusements by those who could find no possible excuse for absence, and were especially serious upon such of their hearers as more curiously led to be spectators of the scenes which were played out on the array and the sports which took place. Such of the gentry as acceded to these doctrines were not always, however, in a situation to be ruled by them.

The clerical element of the Privy council, who administered the executive power in Scotland, were severe in enforcing the statutory penalties against the young men who appeared at the periodical wappen-schaw. The land-

holders were compelled, therefore, to send their sons, tenants, and vassals to the rendezvous, to the number of three, five, ten, and sixteen, as the case re-

rated; and it frequently happened, that notwithstanding the strict charge of their elders, to return as soon as the formal inspection was over, the young men-at-arms were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in the sports which succeeded the muster, or to avoid listening to the prayers read in the churches on these occasions, and thus, in the opinion of their repenting parents, meddling with the accursed thing which is an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

The sheriff of the county of Lanark was holding the wappen-schaw of a wild district, called the Upper Beauly, where he had the pleasure of hearing a petition from the church of the county, that the land held by the schoolmaster of the parish of Lanark was not suitable for the religious instruction of the young men, as was usual, to mix in various sports, of which the chief was to shoot at the popin-

The author of that curious manuscript, of which declares his fa-

father's statement at such an assembly.

"Having now passed his infancy, in the tenth year of his age, he was by his grandfather put to the grammar school, the then being at the time the house of Belshew a very able master that taught the grammar, and fitted boys for the college. During his educating in this place, he led them a curious every year to solemnize the first Sunday of May with dancing about the house, to the great cost of parents, and all manner of re-

A judicial observance of the Scottish nation of all manner pastimes and harmless recreations, as well as of the profane custom of promiscuous dancing, that is, of meet and women dancing together in the same manner as private, and that the exercise might be inoffensive if practised by the parties sepa-

rately—distinguishing those who professed a more than ordinary share of erudition, they discouraged—

pen-schaw, as they were termed, when the feudal array of the county was called out, and each crown-

vassal was required to appear with such muster of men-at-arms as he was able to raise, with his own fee, and his -fief, and that under high statutory penalties.

The Covenanters were the more zealous of those assembled, and they were so successful in the persecution of the squires of Earlscliffe and Cleaverhouse. From the gamekeepers of these gentlemen, an office the most envied of any other to become her-

itary 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 oppos-

tate 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

resentment, by every means in their power, the strict or

puritanical spirit which had been the chief charac-

teristic of the republican government, and to revive

those feudal institutions which had shed the vassal

to the liege lord, and both to the crown. Frequent

musters and assemblies of the people, both for mili-

tary, exercise and for sports and pastimes, were

enacted at two or three times a year, in the latter case, was impolitic, to say the least; for, as

usual on such occasions, the conscience which was as

likely to be troubled by the impulsive bent of

opinions, instead of giving way to the terrors of

authority; and the youth of both sexes, to whom the

games and sports in England, or the bagpipe in Scot-

land, would have been in themselves an irresistible

temptation, were enabled to set them at defiance,

from the proud consciousness that they were, at the

same time, respecting an act of council. To compel

men to dance and be merry by authority, has rarely

succeeded even on board of slave-ships, where it was

formerly something in the way of inducing the

wretched captives to agitate their limbs and re-

store the circulation, during the few minutes they

were permitted to enjoy the fresh air upon deck.

The rigours of the strict Calvinists increased, in

proportion to the wishes of the government that it

should be relaxed. A judicial observance of the

Scottish nation of all manner pastimes and harmless

recreations, as well as of the profane custom of promiscuous dancing, that is, of meet and women dancing together in the same manner as private, and that the exercise might be inoffensive if practised by the parties sepa-

rately—distinguishing those who professed a more than ordinary share of erudition, they discouraged—even as lay in their power, even the ancient toilettes,
gay, but at the same time frugal. Their was the smell of straw and blood, drenched with perspiration and fat, as to resemble a popinjay or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark, at which the competitors discharged their fusées and muskets, as many as could be shot, in his efforts to discharge the hardest and severest pieces. He whose ball brought down the mark, held the proud title of Captain of the Popinjay for the round that day, and was congratulated in triumph. The most respectable change-houses in the neighborhood, where the evening was closed with carousing and drinking, from them, in return, the congratulations of a Calvary of convivialification. What was to be done? To punish the refractory tenants would be too easy. The privy council would readily have imposed fines and sent a troop of horses to collect them. But this would have been calling the huntsman and hounds into the garden to kill the hare.

"For," said Harrison to himself, "the earles have little enough gear at any rate, and if I call in the hodcoats and take away what little they have, how is my worship a lady?"

So he armed the fowlers, and falconers, the footmen, and the ploughman, at the head of the farm, with an old drunken cackling butter, who had served with the late Sir Richard under Montrose, and seemed the family knight with his calves born at Kilworth, a Yarrow mere, and an esquire to his Grace ensconced in the corresponding convenience on the opposite side. An esquire, good man and serviceable, who had the best bow of the county, had shut behind him, and pistols at his saddle-bows, behind this moving manse-house, stood, or rather hung, in triple file, six lancers in rich livery, armed up to the teeth. The rest of the gentility, men and women, old and young, followed by their servants; but the complicity, for the reasons already assigned, was rather select than numerous.

Near to the enormous lathen vehicle which we have attempted to describe, vindicating her title to precedence over the untitled gentility of the country, might be seen the sober attire of Lady Margaret Bellenden, bearing the escort and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow's weeds which the gentle lady of the South were accustomed to wear in memory of their dear husband for his adherence to Montrose.

Her grand-daughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was the only one, she reserved for her own, in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with much grace, and the horse, which was outdoor, with the foot-soldiers, was her only companion. She was only confined by a green ribbon from wantoning over her shoulders; her cast of features, soft and feminine, was without a certain expression of playful archness, which redeemed their sweetness from the charge of insipidity, sometimes brought against blondest and blue-eyed beauties,—these attracted more interest from the western youth than the apology of her equipments or the figure of her personnel.

The attendance of those distinguished ladies was rather inferior to their birth and fashion in those times, as it consisted only of two-servants on horseback. The truth was, that the good old lady had once or other occasioned this turn of her fortune, by bargaining and discouraging. She was so ready, and short of her marks, that she had never all his fellow scholars, and excellent old man, and had driven them to the spot of his own age. And reality, I have always observed his anxiety in this, both at the examination of his students, and when the occasion, I have gone to the funerals with him when I was but a stripping myself, and albeit that penniless ruffian, now the most respected man of my acquaintance, was a man of many perfections comparable to him. This scarce sports being the mark of the performance of all the professors of his fellow-conspiracies, and the flavour of the whole society of that little village."

**VOL. III. 2 U**

49
cause of royalty, she was ready at any time to have made the most unreserved personal sacrifices. She had lost her husband and two promising sons in the civil wars of that unhappy period, but she had received the one in death, and for, without knowing the wounds of Scotland to meet Cromwell in the unfortunate field of Worcester, Charles the Second had actually break- freedom from Tillinghast; an incident which formed, from that moment, an important era in the life of Lady Margaret, who seldom afterwards parted from that meal, each of which was marked for a superior rank to the vulgar, there was a murmur of interest among the spectators, whether stranger or from the young adventurer, it was difficult to discover.

"Evahow, sir, to see his father's son at the line of these fearless fellows!" was the ejaculation of the side and more rigid postures, whose curiosity had at least to overcome their bigotry as to bring them to the play ground. But the general view of the strike less no other, the mark was enhanced by the presence of a deceased presbyterian leader, without surely examining the propriety of his being a competitor for the prize.

Their wishes were gratified. At the first discharge of his piece the green adventurer struck the popinjay, being the first palpable hit of the day, though several balls had passed very near the mark in the face of applause ensuing. But the success was not desirous, it being necessary that each who followed should have both mark and aim, and but the mark which stood ready to support the crown, and stilled, as well as she could, the mortification she felt at the unhappy position her own relations were placed in, a handsome exterior, sedulously decorated for the part. He had been since the master in close attendance on Lady Margaret and Miss Bellingden, and had left the stage with an air of indifference, when Lady Margaret asked whether there was no young man of family and loyal principles who would dispute the prize with him. Two of these, however, in the last minute, young Lord Evesdale threw himself from his horse, borrowed a gun from a servant, and, as we have already noticed, the mark was elevated by the renewal of the contest between the three candidates who had been hitherto successful. The stage equipage 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 turns of firing, that the drawing of the names was decided by the ball, who, as he took his stand, half-unconcealed his race, and to the gallant officer, Ye. F. (if he, Mr. L., to whom I refer) who wished to miss for your sake; but Jenny Dandies is looking at us, so I maun do my best. He took his arm, and his bullet was aimed past the mark so nearly, that the perilous object at which it was directed was seen to shiver. Still, however, he had not hit it, and, with a downcast look, he folded himself from further competition, and hesitated to disappear from the assembly, as if fearful of being recognized. The green chasseur next advanced, and his ball hit the popinjay twice, once in the face, and once in the heart; and from the outskirt of the assembly arose a cry of, "The good old cause for ever!"

While the disputants bent their brows at these exulting shouts of the disaffected, the young Lord Evesdale advanced again to the hazard, and again was successful. The shouts and congratulations of the bystanders were well-merited, and the polished young man, who had attended his success, but still a subsequent trial of skill remained.

The green chasseur, 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, towards the goal, and mounting with his horse for the bystanders to make way, set espres, passed the

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CHAPTER III.

Horsemen and horses cannot be the bitter pang, And arms and armor fall with bowy clang.

From the Castle of Joy.

Worse the military evolutions had been going through tolerably well, allowing for the awkwardness of horse and horseman, a loud shout announced 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 crown was hoisted, was raised, and amidst the exclamations of the assembly; and even those who had eyed the evolutions of the feudal militia with a sort of malignant and sarcastic sneer, exclaimed on to the roya, cause in which they were professedly imbodied, could not refrain from taking considerable interest in the strife which was now approaching. The crowd towards the goal, and mounting with his horse for the bystanders to make way, set espres, passed the
OLD MORTALITY. 11

"Ay, and who, before that, sought for the Cove-

nancy both at Mareston-Moor and Philippa.

ter, said Lady Margaret, and dispensed with intrud-
as Lily-crowned lady, just," said the gentle-
man smiling, "but it were well all that were

sage himself into the company of those to whom his name

but the words which her husband's death gave her

must bring unpleasing recollections.

such sad reason to remember.

yet, said the young gentleman, "that the young
gentleman comes here to discharge suit and service-in-name of his uncle. I would every

the judge, "the young gentleman, addressing his an-
tagonist,

"Will you do me the honour to use him for the next

trial, on condition you will lend me yours?" said

the young gentleman.

the stage, and was ashamed to accept this
courtesy; as conscious how much it would diminu-
tie the value of victory; yet, unable to suppress his wish
to redeem his reputation as a marksmen, he added,"I

ought to renew the contest on foot.

his heart, if I had a horse as well

bitten, and, probably, as well broken to the exercise,
as yours," said the young Lord, addressing his an-
tagonist.

and the judge, "the young gentleman, addressing his an-
tagonist, 

"I see the Lady Margaret," said Lady Margaret,

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"We thank you, cousin Gilbertseacough," said Lady Margaret, "but as we shall have the escort of our own people, I trust we have less need than others to be troublesome in these matters. With a view to doing good service, see that all officers present are well-mounted, and armed with long-tipped spears, that they are well-trained, and that their horses, as well as their men, are well-armed, and that they be fit for the work they are to perform."
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

CHAPTER IV.

The upshot was that the steed speedily took the man into his own hands, and having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family-coach. When the two escaped, Gibbie, a pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which, I grieve to say, were seeking dishonourable safety in a strong grasp of the mane as much as Gibbie could and would. His cap, too, had slipped completely over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, he would have availed himself of the circumstances for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the Duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from end to end, at the risk of transferring as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, brashed as many Moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a panick-shout of muffled terror and wrath was set up by the whole encampment, interested parties, at once, which had the happy effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Googe-Gibby was terrified by the noise, and, starting as he turned a short round, kicked and plunged violently as soon as he recovered. The jack-boots, the original cause of the misfortunes, in the opinion they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and, by their ponderous weight, kept their place in the stirrups.

Not so Gibbie, who was fairly spurned out of those wide and ponderous greaves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of her warriors who was furnishing so many subjects for mirth, hung up in so singular a diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide,—of the buff-coat, that is, in which he was muffled.

A canvas tent made fast without this metamorphosis, and could not even guess its cause, her surprise and resentment were extreme, nor were they much modified by the excuses and explanations of her steward and butter. She made a hasty retreat homeward, extremely indignant at the shouts and laughter of the company, and much disposed to vent her spleen on the refractory agrim music where place Googe Gibby had so unhappily supplied. The greater part of the gentry now dispersed, the whinny music which had befallen the genial arm of Nimrod for ten dollars a dish, a great stimulus to huge entertainment on their road homeward. The horsemen also, in little parties, as their road lay together, diverged from the main road, exciting 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.

CHAPTEIV.

At lunch he played'd before the spearsemen, And gaily swath'd in their great their, Beside booms, pikes, and swords some clear then As only bard;
Now what shall play before? were they clear Since Reubens's deed!

Emin on Hobbie Simpne.

The cavalcade of horsemen on their road to the little borough-town were preceded by 'Niel Blane, the town-piper, mounted on his white galloway, armed with his dark and broadsword, and bearing a small flag on the top of a spar, with some arrows nearly as large, and shot six country belles for a fair or preaching. Niel, a clean, tight, well timbered, long-winded fellow, had gained the offices of all his friends in the. meantime, much with all the enticements thereof; namely, the Piper's Croft, ass is still called, a field of about an acre in extent, five mucks, and a new livery-cloth, hopes of a dollar upon the day of the election of magistrate, providing the provost were able and willing to afford such a

pravity; and the privilege of paying, at all the respectable houses in the neighbourhood, an annual visit at spring-time, to rejoice their hearts with his music, to comfort his own with their ale and brandy, and to beg from each other in the course of the year, a present of money or a dram for the master or mistress, which was always gratefully received. In addition to these inestimable advantages, Niel's personal, or professional, accomplishments won the heart of a jolly young fellow, who then kept the inn.
OLD MORTALITY.

... his arms, as well as the remarkable circumstances of his descent, had recommended this gentleman to the consideration 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 levying fines, exacting duties on goods, and pressing the Presbyterian recusants, had rendered too general among those soldiers. They were so much accustomed to receive themselves at liberty to commit all manner of law with impunity, as if totally exempted from all responsibility or 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 quiescent for the specter to the presence of their Corenet, who commanded the small party quartered in the borough, and who was engaged in a game at dice with the officer 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 in evading the interrupting in the highest possible tone.

"Is it not a strange thing, Halliday," he said to his comrade, "to see a set of bumpkins at carousing here this whole evening, without having drank the king's health?"

"They have drank the king's health," said Halliday, "I heard that 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 their knees too."

"So we will," by G—", said Halliday, "and he that refuses it, we'll have him to the guard-house, and make him drink the king's health, and the brine of caraboses at each foot to keep him steady."

"Right, Tom," continued Bothwell; "and to do all things in order, I'll begin with that sulky blue-nosed fellow."

He rose, accordingly, and taking his sheathed broadsword under his arm to support the insolence which he meditated, led the way to a private celebrating the John Graham of Claverhouse's regiment of Life-Guards. Even the non-commissioned officers and privates in those corps were not exempted from the innumerable insults and affronts to the rank of the French monarch, being regarded in the light of cads, who performed the duties of rank-and-file with the title of degrading commissions in case of distinguishing themselves.

Many of the gentry of good families were found acting in a servile manner, which added to the pride and self-consequence of those troops. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the person of the non-commissioned officer in question. His name was Francis Stewart, but he was universally known by the appellation of Bothwell, being lineally descended from the last earl of that name, not a gentleman, but of the name of Sir John Stewart, earl of Bothwell, whose title and estates, but the grace of the nation to whom they had been allotted were too tenacious to be unoccupied. The breaking out of the civil wars utterly blames him, by intercepting a small person whom Charles I. allowed him, and he died in the utmost dignities. His son, after having served as a soldier abroad and in Britain, and passed through several incidents of fortune, was, for a time, a difficult to compose himself with the situation of a non-commissioned officer in the Life-Guards, although lineally descended from the royal family, the father of the forfeited Earl of Bothwell, and many of his ancestors were personal strength, and dexterity in the use of his arms, as well as the remarkable circumstances of his descent, had recommended this gentleman to the consideration 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 levying fines, exacting duties on goods, and pressing the Presbyterian recusants, had rendered too general among those soldiers. They were so much accustomed to receive themselves at liberty to commit all manner of law with impunity, as if totally exempted from all responsibility or 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 quiescent for the specter to the presence of their Corenet, who commanded the small party quartered in the borough, and who was engaged in a game at dice with the officer 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 in evading the interrupting in the highest possible tone.

"Is it not a strange thing, Halliday," he said to his comrade, "to see a set of bumpkins at carousing here this whole evening, without having drank the king's health?"

"They have drank the king's health," said Halliday, "I heard that 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 their knees too."

"So we will," by G—", said Halliday, "and he that refuses it, we'll have him to the guard-house, and make him drink the king's health, and the brine of caraboses at each foot to keep him steady."

"Right, Tom," continued Bothwell; "and to do all things in order, I'll begin with that sulky blue-nosed fellow."

He rose, accordingly, and taking his sheathed broadsword under his arm to support the insolence which he meditated, led the way to a private celebrates the John Graham of Claverhouse's regiment of Life-Guards. Even the non-commissioned officers and privates in those corps were not exempted from the innumerable insults and affronts to the rank of the French monarch, being regarded in the light of cads, who performed the duties of rank-and-file with the title of degrading commissions in case of distinguishing themselves.

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All waited for the stranger's answer. His features were as a mask, clouded with a mist, and without being actually obtuse, approached nearly to a squint, and which gave a very smaller expression to his countenance, than is usual to the frame, square to the face, and muscular, though something under the middle size, seemed to announce a man unlikely to understand rude jesting, or to receive insults with impunity.

"It is in the same tone of raillery," said he, "I should not be disposed to comply with your unevil request?"

"I am consequence thereof, beloved," said Bothwell, in the same tone of raillery, "I will be first, that I will tweet thy proboscis, or nose. Secondly, beloved, that I will administer my flat to thy distorted visage, and skill sulphur, with a practical application of the flat of my sword to the shoulders of the present." "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 worships in Scotland soon be as the Right Reverend James Sharpe?"

"He has taken the test, said Haliday, exultingly. A test with a qualification," said Bothwell; "I've no understand, what the devil the crop-taered whisk means."

"Be gentlemen," said Morton, who became impatient of its insinuation, "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 libertines." Bothwell was about to make a surly answer, but Haliday reminded him in a whisper, that there were such persons 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 Sir, Poopyday, I shall not disturb you any more; I reckon it will be out by twelve at night.—Is it not an odd thing, Haliday," he continued, addressing his companion, "I reckon such a fellow as cracking off their bird-pieces at a mark which any woman or boy could hit at a day's practice? If Captain Popinjay, now, or any of his troops, would try a bout, either with the broadsword; backsword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for a gold noble, the first-drawn blood, there would be some soul in it,—or, sounds, 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 carry things 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 importunate observations, when the stranger stepped forward.

"This is my quarrel," he said, "and in the name of the Lord, I'll hoot it myself—Here, thee, friend," (to Bothwell) "will thou wreath a fail 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 Rabashakehs."

With that he dropped his coarse gray hovestan's coat from his shoulders, and, extending his strong broadsword arm with a look of determined resolution, he offered himself to the contest. The soldier was nothing abashed by the muscular frame, broad chest, square countenance, joined to his continuance of the antagonist, puft, wraithing with great compose, unbuckled his belt, and laid aside his military coat. The company stood round them, anxious for the event.

Bothwell first struck the trooper seemed to have some advantage, and also in the second, though neither could be considered as decisive. But it was plain he had gained the day, for, too suddenly forth, against an antagonist possessed of great endurance, skill, vigour, and length of wind. In the third close, the singerman lifted his opponent fairly from the floor, and hurled him to the ground with such impetus that he lay for an instant stunned and senseless. His comrade Haliday immediately drew his sword: "You have killed my sergeant," he exclaimed, and added, "and by all that is sacred, you shall answer for it!"

"Stand back!" cried Morton and his companys, "it was all fair play; your comrade sought a fall, and you must needs return it!"

"That is true enough," said Bothwell, as haughtily as rose, put up yott bilbo, Tom. I do not that two years, that a man of you, all could bear a head, and cap and feather in the King's Life-Guards on the head of a rascally change-house. Hark ye, brisk, give your hand. The stranger held out his hand to promise, said Bothwell, examining his face lest he had, "that the time will come when we shall take again, and try this game over in a more meant manner."

"And I'll promise you," said the stranger, raising the grasp with equal firmness, "that when next I meet, I will lay your head as low as it lay now, and you shall lack the power to lift it up again."

"Well, beloved," answered Bothwell, "if don't be a white, I give a swing and a go even to thee.—Hadst best take thy play before the Cornet makes the round; for, I promise thee, he has suspicions on him."

The stranger seemed to think that the test was not to be neglected; he flung down his rapiers, and going into the stable, saddled and brought out four horses, now recollected by a large and turn in on Morton, observed, "I'll take my Minnow, which I hear is your name, will you promise me my horse, and protection of your comrade?"

"Certainly," said Morton; although there was something of gloomy and relentless severity in his manner from which his mind reeled, he walked hastily, led the horses, and, and, and off in different directions, and found them company for about a mile, until they parted.

The company had not long left the hotel, so Blane's public-house was called, when the trumpets and kettle-drums sounded. The troops gave arms in the market-place at this unexpected summons, while, with faces of anxiety and countenance, Gurnet Grahame, a kinsman of Catherine, Provost of the burgh, followed by half a dozen soldiers, and town-officers with halberds entered the apartment of Neil Blane.

"What do the doors mean, were the first words which the Cornet spoke; "let no man have the house,—So, Bothwell, how comes this! Did not our sound boot and saddle?"

"It is not, according to the victorious wrestlings, in;" said Bothwell, "he has a bad fall!"

"In a fray, I suppose?" said Grahame. "If you need protection, this way, your royal lordship will highly protect you."

"How have you neglected duty?" said Bothwell, suavely.

"You should have been at quarters, Sergeant Bothwell," replied the officer; "you have lost a golden opportunity. Here are news come from the Archbishop of St. Andrews has been assassinated by a body of the rebels who pursued and stopped his carriage on the Muir, near the town of St. Andrews, and despatched him with their swords and daggers."

All stood aghast at the intelligence.

"Let us hear the rest of the story, said Bothwell to Haliday; "I know the means—Zounds, that we should not have stop'd him!"

The general account of this set of assassinations may be found in the words of the news. Even the assassins fled to Kirkstall, near Kirkstall, in Scotland, published by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharp, 1867.
have poured out the blood of God's saints in the wilderness as if it had been water? or is it a lawful thing to meditate on the killing, the 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 hand 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 put the question against the hand of God. 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 thee into the presence of a man of God, thou hast not heard the call of a true preacher, or thou hast even 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 that noble family of presbyterian clergymen, who, complying with certain regulations, were licensed to preach without interruption from the government. This indulgence, as it was called, made a great scandal among the great, and cold-blooded cruelty, under the belief, that the Lord, as they expressed it, had delivered him into their hands."

"Horses, horse, and pursuance, my lads!" exclaimed Cornet Graham; "the murdering dog's head is worth its weight in gold."

Chapter V.

Arise thee, youth!—it is no human call—
God's church is in danger—haste to man the wall; Hasten to his aid—spread the tidings of the fall—
Signal of hoarded death, or victory!

JAMES DUFF.

Morton and his companion had attained some distance from the town before either of them addressed the other. There was something, as we have observed, repulsive in the manner of the stranger, which prevented Morton from opening the conversation; and he himself seemed to have no desire to talk, until, on a sudden, he abruptly demanded, "What has your father's son to do with such profane mummery as I find you this day engaged in?"

"Do my duty as a subject, and pursue my harmless avocation," replied Morton, somewhat offended.

"Is it your duty, then, or that of any Christian young man, to be an assassin, an executioner, and a butcher, in order to win your pleasure," replied Morton, somewhat offended.

"One Carmichael, sheriff-depute in Fife, who had been active in enforcing the penal measures against non-conformists. He was on the moor hunting, but receiving sudden intelligence that a party was yet in quest of him, he returned home, and escaped the fate designed for him, but eluded his pursuit by the Tartar.

The leader of the party was David Hackston, of Rathillet, a bold, hissing, and his name was known in every district. He had been a frequent and constant companion of the minister, who proposed to dismiss the court of the party when the slaughter was determined upon, fearing their acceptance would be construed to show his favor of personal enmity. He himself felt in conscience, however, to be present; and when the archbishop, dragged from his carriage, crawled towards him on his knees—"for protection," he replied boldly, "Sir, I will never be a flunkey to thee." It is remarkable that Hackston, as well as his companions who were also present, but passive, on the occasion, were the only two of the party of assassins who suffered death by the hands of the executioner.

On Hackston refusing the command, it was by universal subjection. He was driven on, and of one of his followers, who was Hackston's brother-in-law. In his description, as "a little tall man, with black hair, and of ordinary figure," it was added, the same author, by some reckoned one of the most religious; yet he was so steeped in wickedness and convention, and in every sentence, had a brave soldier, a bold adventurer, and a good youth who came into his hands. He was the principal actor in that arch-trader to the Lord and his church, James Sharp.


"About sixty or seventy horse and foot," said the old dame; "but, ewhew, they are puritie armed, and warnes fried wi' virtual."

"Oh, my Lord and Master," said the shepherd, "I have a charge tied to my horse's head into the ragged path, which led from the high-road in that direction, and those who accepted of it were severely censured by the more rigid sectaries, who refused the professed presbyterian persuasion. The stranger, therefore, and with great disdain to Morton's profession of faith.

"That is but an equivocation—a poor equivocation. Ye listen on the Sabbath, as if it were a cold and cheerless time-serving discourse, from one who forgets that he has some connexion 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 God? All the men who have had the devil has flashed for souls in these days of blood and darkness, that Black Inludgulce 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 wares 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 necessarily be guided by his sentiments respecting the choice of a place of worship for my family those numerous presbyterian clergymen, who, complying with certain regulations, were licensed to preach without interruption from the government. This indulgence, as it was called, made a great scandal among the great, and cold-blooded cruelty, under the belief, that the Lord, as they expressed it, had delivered him into their hands."

"Ay; and had he lived to see those days, he would have cursed the hour he ever drew sword in their cause. But more of this hereafter—I promise thee full surety that thy hour will come, and then the words thou hast now heard will stick in thy bosom like barbed arrows. My reed lies there."

He pointed towards a pass leading 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 approaching him, said, "in a mysterious voice, "If!" She was a native of the part, and of the people, who was riding on a horse with his folk, gonna up the pass the night for your lives. There is a lion in the path, that is there. The curate of Broomstone and the beadle of Dunvegan have shown it to me, and I have told them of it."

"Have the persecuted folk drawn to any head among themselves?"

"About sixty or seventy horse and foot," said the old dame; "but, ewhew, they are puritie armed, and warnes fried wi' virtual."

"LORD MORTALITY."

saddle our horses, Halliday.—Was there one of the men, Cornet, very stout and square made, double-headed, with half the face white, hid?"

"Stay, stay," said Cornet Graham; "let me look at the paper.—Hackston of Rathillet, tall, thin, black-hair'd, and smooth-faced."

"That is not my man," said Bothwell.

"John Balfour, called Burley, squinny nose, red-haired, five feet eight inches in height."

"And that is not my man," said Bothwell—"skellies fearfully with one eye?"

"Right," continued Graham, "rode a strong black horse, taken from the primates at the time of the murder."

"The very man," explained Bothwell, "and the very horse he was in this room not a quarter of an hour since."

A few hasty inquiries tended still more to confirm the opinion, that the reserved and stern stranger was Hackston, the leader of the band of assassins, who, in the fury of misguided zeal, had murdered the primate, whom they accidentally met, "as they were near father's son to do with against whom they bore enmity. In their excited imagination the casual encounter had the appearance of a providential interposition, and they put to death the man in the circumstances in which he appeared to them, cold and blooded cruelty, under the belief, that the Lord, as they expressed it, had delivered him into their hands.

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Christ and the passions of the times."

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"God will help his own," said the housemaid.

"Which way shall I take to join them?"

"It's a mere impossibility this night," said the woman, "the troopers keep the road. Unless thy strange news come free the east, that makes them rage in their cruelty main fierce than ever—Ye man take shelter sometimatic for the night, or, if thy needs, and keepe in hiding till the gray o' the morning, and then you may find your way through the Drake Mose. When I heard the awful thronings of the oppressor, I en't en't taken my cloak about me, and set down by the wayside, to warn any of our pur scattered remnant that chance to come this gate, before they fell into the snare of the solders."

"Have you a house near this?" said the stranger; "can you give me hiding there?"

"I have," said the old woman, "but by the wayside, it may be a mile from hence; but four men of Belial, called dragoons, are lodged therein, to spoil my household goods at their pleasure. Bones, frithless, flameless ministry of that carnal man, John Halldex, the curate."

"Good night, good woman, and thanks for thy counsel," said the stranger, as he rode away.

"The blessings of the promessie upon you," returned the old dame, "and keep you, and keep you."

"Amen," said the traveller; "for to hide my head this night, mortal skill cannot direct me."

"I am very sorry for thy distress," said Morton; "but I could make thee a place of shelter that could not call my own. I almost think I would risk the utmost rigor of the law rather than lie you in such a nest, but that my uncle is so alarmed at the law, and the penalties denounced by the laws against such as commit, receive, or consort with informers, that he has strictly forbidden all of us to hold any company of the court."

"It is no less than I expected," said the stranger; "nevertheless, I might be received without his knowledge, but I could not stay the storm, nor could I go to the landlords of which I could learn, who I could steet me down, would be to my fate like a tabernacle of silver set about with planks of cedar."

"I assure you," said Morton, much embarrassemee, "that I have not the means of receiving you at Milnwood without my uncle's consent and knowledge; I am the son of a traitor, and if I were to bring you in under pretense of seeking safety, it would be unavailing to engage him unconsciously in a danger, which, most of all others, he fears and deprecates."

"You know I have no more to say," replied the stranger; "did you ever hear your father mention John Balfour of Burley?"

"His ancient friend and comrade, who saved his life, was one of his own, in the battle of Longmarston-Moor?—Often, very often."

"I am that Balfour," said his companion; "you doubtless know me, the man that is above 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 fate 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 thy uncle's worthy goods to such peril, as, in this perverse generation, attends those who give a morsel of bread or a draught of cold water to a Christian man, who is passing through a desert?"

"I have but one word to say," said the stranger. "Do you know how to reach the manse of Morton?"

"I do," replied the young man, "there is a manse near us, and I can show you the way."

"I must leave you here for a little while," whispered the young man; "I can provide a bed for you in the house."

"I cannot do it," said the stranger; "I am not more than thirty years old, and whatever I have not done for my uncle, I would not do for the manse of Morton, and an old manse would be no place to hide my head this night."

"If you must do it," said the young man, "you will have to go on foot, for there is no carriage to be had."

"It is too late to go on foot," said the stranger, "but I must leave you here."

It occurred to Morton at the same time, that it would be impossible to supply the manse of Morton with a bed, as the old manse was within the view of the soldiers, and would materially increase the danger of detection. Accordingly, having struck a light with matches, left in the stable for that purpose, and having fixed up the barest kind of a bed, the stranger went to repose, a wooden bed, placed in a loft half-fallow, which an out-of-door domestic had occupied and disarmed by his uncle in the whole of those false persons which became more rigid from day to day. In this untenanted loft Morton left his companion, with a cruel light in his eyes, which might be seen from the window, and a promise that he would presently return with such refreshments as he might be able to procure at that late hour. Then, indeed, was a subject on which he felt by no means confident, for the power of obtaining even the most ordinary provisions depended entirely upon the means in which he might happen to find a sole confident, the old housekeeper. If she assented to be a-bed, which was very likely, or out of humour, which was not less so, Morton well knew the enemy to be in a formidable state at the end."

Curious in his heart the sordid pensionary which pervaded every part of his uncle's establishment, he gave the young man all the light among the trees, that was necessary to clear his name, the old manse of Morton, by which he was accustomed to seek admittance, with accident had detained him abroad beyond the usual established hours of rest at the house of Morton. It was a sort of hesitating tap, which, from an acknowledged to be a-bed, which was very likely, or out of humour, which was not less so, Morton well knew the enemy to be in a formidable state at the end.
OLD MORTALITY:

"Much obliged to you, Alanson, and many kind thanks.

"Heigh, sir, see fair-fashioned as we are! Many folk ca'me me Mistress Wilson, and Milnwood himselfe
is the only one about this town thinking me Alanson, not as a real one, but as an old woman's aid for any other thing.

"Well, then, Mistress Alason," said Morton, "I really am sorry to have kept you up waiting till I came in."

"And now that you are come in, Mr. Henry," said the cross old woman, "what for do you ask up your girl thus with such a jovial face? You know she dinna let the candle sweal as ye gang along the wainscot parlor, and hand a' the house scouring to get out the grease again."

"But, Alason, I really must have something to eat, and a draught of ale, before I go to bed."

"Eat! and sit, Mr. Henry?—My certye, ye'ra ill to serve! Do ye think we have heard o' your grand popinjay work yonder, and how ye bleesed away as muckle pouther as wad ha' shot at the wild-dow that wad want an even and Candlishman—and then ganging majoring to the piper's Hewlw'it's the idle loons in the country, and sitting there brawling, at your poor nacle's cost, nae doubt, w't a scoff and a' tae the water-and then a' sung down, and then coming hame and crying for ale, as if ye were munster and man?"

"Extremely vexed, yet anxious, on account of his charge, to procure refreshments if possible, Morton suppressed his resentment, and good-humouredly assured Mrs. Wilson, that he was really both hungry and thirsty, and for the second time on the mornin', I have heard you say you have been there yourself; Mrs. Wilson—I wish you had come to look at me."

"Ah, Master Henry," said the old dame, "I wish ye would begin and look up the way he is. I saw him in a woman's lug w't a' your whilty-whus—Aweel, see ye dinna practise them but onauld wives like me, the laird's auld housetrovers, as ind., Ind.,—Popinjay—you think ye understand a braw fellow now? and truth t' (surveying him with the candle), "there's nae fault to find w't the outside, if the inside be con

"But I knew, when I was a gipsy of a lassock, seeing the Duke, that was him that lost his head at London—folks said it wasna a very gude one, but it would a' been a sair loss to him, poor gentleman. Aweel, he went the popinjay, for few cared to win it ower his Grace's head—weel, he had a comely presence, and where a' the gentlemen mounted to show them caps, he would be the nearest man to one end, and he said to me, 'Tak tent o' yersell, my bonny lassie, (these were his very words,) for my horse is not very chargable. He canna walk at all, nor can he eat or drink, I'll let you see that I haves been seen um

"But for dinna think it's safe for young folk to gang to their bed on an empty stomach, for Miss Wilson was not at the bottom, an ilkcamer woman, and surely loved her old and young master (both of whom she tormented extremely) better than any one else could have. She now eyed Mr. Henry, as she called him, with great complacency, as her good cheer.

"Ach, guide me! do ye, my bonny man. I type ye dinna get see a skirl-in-the-pair as that at Niel Blane's. His wife was a canny body, and could dress things very well for one in her line o' business, but no like a gentleman's housekeeper, to be sure. But I doubt the daughter's a silly thing—an unco cecerneth she had beken on her head at the kirk last month about pimping the demigods, w't a' the noise o' alhawins. But my own ed's coming weeth the—dunna hurry yourself, my bonny man, I think about the putting out the candle, and there's a hopp o' catching the first light of the chaffering. I dinna speak for this body that I keep it for a' pann I has white in any o' my ewe's stomachs; and it's better for you young blood than leemy. See, gude-night to ye, Mr. Henry, and see that ye do nae care o' the candle."

Morton promised to attend punctually to her caution, and requested her not to be alarmed if she heard the door opened, as she knew he must again, as he was unusually fond of society, and not merely to keep their first night. Mrs. Wilson then retreated, and Morton, folding up his provisins, 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 night.

Such were the manners of a certain class of domestics, once common in Scotland, and perhaps still 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 chances of their lives, they were, of course, in some manner attached to every member of it. On the other hand, when spoiled by the indulgence or indulgences of their superiors, they were very apt to become altempered, self-sufficient, and tyrannical; so much so, that a master or master would sometimes almost have wished to exchange their cross-grained fidelity for the smooth and accommodating duplicity of a modern manial.

CHAPTER VI.

Yes, this man's brow, like a fragrant leaf, Foretells the answer of a tragic voice.

SHAKESPEARE.

Beneat length rid of the housekeeper's presence Morton made a collection of what he had reserved from the provisins for his guests, and set off to Milnwood to carry them to his concealed guest. He did not think it necessary to take a light, being perfectly acquainted with every turn of the lane, and although he was not so fond of night as his master, he had before heard, in the act of passing along the high-road which winds round the foot of the bank, on which the house of Milnwood was placed. He heard the commanding officer's distressful word halt. A pause of silence followed, interrupted only by the occasional neighing or pawing of an impatient charger.

"Who house is this?" said a voice, in a tone of authority and command.

"Milnwood, if it like your honour," was the reply. "Is the owner well now?"

"He complies with the orders of government, and frequents an indolent minister," was the response.

"Hum! I say indulged—laid a mere mask for treason, very impulsively allowed to those who are too great cowards to wear their principles bare faced. Had we not better send up a party and search the house, in case some of the bloody ringleaders concerned in this henpecked bishcerhy may be concealed in it?"

Bee Morton could recover from the alarm induced by this proposal he had thrown him, a third speaker rejoined, "I cannot think it at all necessary; Milnwood is an infirm, hypochondriac old man, who never meddles with politics, and loves his money-bags and beads better than any thing else in the world. As his nephew, I hear, was at the wappenshaw to-day, and gave the popinjay, which does not look like a treason. I should think they are all got out to-night, since, and an alarm at this time of night would kill the poor old man.

A messenger retainer of this kind, having offended the master extremely, was commanded to leave his service instantly. "In truth and that will I not," answered the domestic; "if your Master, then, must have and will have such a rogue master, and go away I will not." On another occasion of the same nature, the master said, "Keep under this small house—this little house—" to which John replied, with much sense, "Where the devil can your honour be masterless?"

1 Reproduced words of character is set apart in the present text to assure us that such was not the custom in Charles the Second."

V
"Well," rejoined the leader, "if that be so, to search the house at all times, of which we have but little to throw away; Gentlemen of the Life-Guardes, forward—March!"

A few notes on the trumpet, mingled with the crash of bricks and stones from the roof, marked the cadence, joined with the tramp of hoofs and the clash of arms, announced that the troop had resumed its march. The moon, broken to the first half over the leading lips of the column attained a hill up which the road winded, and showed indistinctly the 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 sweep over the top of it in such long succession, 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 several of the prisoners already assembled in the room. Mr. Balfour had opened in his hand, which he seemed to study with intense meditation. His broad-spread, which he had unfastened in the morning, exposed the dragon-like eye, nay, the whole face, of the dragon, as it were, that crossed across his knees, and the little taper that stood beside him upon the old chest, which served the purpose of a table, to throw a partial and imperfect light upon those stern and harrow features, in which ferocity was rendered more solemn and dignified by a wild cast of tragic enthusiasm. His brow was that of one in whose strong and impassioned spirit, has overwhelmed all other passions and feelings, like the swell of a high sprite-tide, when the usual cliffs and crags of human existence are left far behind, and that existence is only indicated by the chafing foam of the waves that burst and wheel over them. He raised his head after Morton had contemplated him for about a minute.

"I perceive," said Morton, looking at his sword, "that you have the horsemen ride by; their passage demanded your superintendence.

"I scarcely headed them," said Balfour; "my hour is not yet come. That shall one day fall into their hands, and be irretrievably associated with the saints whom they 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 a bridegroom. But if it should be monotonous to you, I must not do his labour grudgingly."

"Eat and refresh yourself," said Morton; "a morrow has been suffered to elect a monarch and a nation, and Highlands, and Highland caterers, 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 reformer of the beauty of the tabernacle, that called him again to the high place from which his father fell. And what has been once known are in the words of the prophet. We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble—The scouring of his horse was raised from East to West."

"As I heard," answered Morton, "I feared take to abridge to or refute your complaints against the government. I have endeavoured to repeat a debt which is due to my duty, and which it is not in my power to pay. I shall not engage myself in the expression of my distress, but you will excuse me from engaging myself either in your cause or in controversy. I will leave you to repose, and heartily wish that it were in my power to render your condition more comfortable."

"But I shall see you, I trust, in the morning, and depart from not a man whose blessings you kindled and friends of this world. When I put hand to the plough, I entered into a covenant with my worldly affections that I should not look back to the thought that I left behind me. Yet the ancient conrade is to me as mine own, and I cannot behold him without the deep and firm belief that you were yet in the dust of the earth of the common humanity, when in opposition to what you call the spirit within you."

"They do us wrong," answered the Commissary; "it is a task the more great, when you reject all law, both divine and civil, and who now present us for adherence to the Solemn League and Covenant, and on us, who are not a part of them, which all of them, save a few no palpable malignants have sworn in former days, and which we now burn in the market-places, and tread under foot in a derogation of the very freedom which in the days of Charles Second, when these kingsdom, did the malignants bring his back? They had tried it with strong hand, but they had found, as we have found, in our approach."

"These are subjects," answered Morton; "I neither undertake to subscribe to nor refute your complaints against the government. I have endeavoured to repeat a debt which is due to my duty, and which it is not in my power to pay. I shall not engage myself in the expression of my distress, but you will excuse me from engaging myself either in your cause or in controversy. I will leave you to repose, and heartily wish that it were in my power to render your condition more comfortable."

"With a promise on Morton's part that he would come to the house when it was time for him to journey, they parted for the night."
had not in his power to render. He awoke from these unrefreshing slumber with a feverish impulse, and a heart which forebode disaster. There was already a tinge of dazzling lustre on the verge of the day. Very earnestly he was abroad in all the freshness of a summer morning.

"I have slept too long," he exclaimed to himself, "and must now hasten to forward the journey of this unfortunate fugitive."

He dressed himself as fast as possible, opened the door of the house with as little noise as he could, and hastened to the agraff to the Cove-nanter. Morton entered on tip-toe, for the determined tones and manner, as well as the unusual language and sentiments of this singular individual, had struck him with a sensation approaching to awe. Ballion was still asleep. A ray of light streamed on his uncurtained couche, and showed to Morton the working of his mind within. The Cove-nanter hung over the agraff, "like bubbles in a late disturbed stream," and these marks of emotion were accompanied with exclamationettes from the Cove-nanter, which were interpreted thus:

"Thou art taken, Judas—thou art taken!—Cling not to my knees—cling not to my knees—hew him down!—pity him!"

"And"—he added—"pray for Baal to be bound and slain, even at the brook Kishon."

Much alarmed at the import of these expressions, which seemed to burst from him even in sleep with the stern energy of one of the bugles of the Agrippa of the Confession, 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 all the stern and gloomy countenance of his aggrandized names, and that bowing himself on his knees, before speaking to Morton, poured forth an ejaculatory prayer for the suffering Church of Scotland, entreatyng 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, while the Church of his abode was preserved in his wise disposal. Vengeance—speedy and ample vengeance—on the oppressors, was the concluding petition of his devotions. He then, with his emphatic language, rendered more impressive by the Orientallism of Scripture.

When he had finished his prayer he arose, and, taking Morton by the arm, they descended together to the stable, where the Wandering (to give Burley's title which was often conferred on his sect) began to make his preparations, 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. They waited for some time in silence under the shade of some fine old trees, pursuing a sort of natural path, which, after passing by a small stream, led into the bare and wild country which extends to the foot of the hills.

There was little conversation between them. The sun, at length, Burley suddenly asked Morton, "What the world he had spoken over-night had borne fruit in his mind?"

Morton answered, "That he remained of the same opinion which he had formerly held, and was determined, at least as far and as long as possible, to unite the duties of a good Christian with those of a peaceable subject."

In other words, replied Burley, "you are desirous to serve both God and Mammon—to be one day professing the truth with your lips, and the next day in arms, at the command of carnal and tyrannical authority, to shed the blood of those who have forsaken all things? Think ye, he continued, "to touch pitch and remain unainted? to mix in the thrones of autocrats, tyranous, papa-prelates, lustful, drunkards, and sinners; to partake of their pleasures, which are like the meat offered unto idols; to hold intercourse, perjury, with their daughters, as the sons of God with the children of women? ... before the flood—Think you, I say, to do all these things, and yet remain free from pollution? I say unto you, that all communication with the members of the Church is the accursed thing which God hateth! Touch not—take not—handle not. And grieve not, young man, as if you alone were called upon to subdue your carnal appetites, and renunciational pleasures which are a snare to your feet—I say to you, that the Son of David hath denounced no better lot on the whole earth, than this.

He then mounted his horse, and, turning to Morton, repeated the text of Scripture, "An heavy yoke was ordained for the sons of Adam from the day they go out of their mother's womb;—and how grievous would be the society of such a companion? If I am unmoved by his zeal for abstract doctrines of a faith, or rather for a peculiar mode of worship (which was the purport of his reflections,) can I be a man, and a Scotchman, and look with indifference on that mischievous madness which has never swayed a mad? Was not the cause of freedom, civil and religious, that for which my father fought; and shall I do well to remain inactive, or to take the part of an oppressive government, if it appear any respect of redressing the insufferable wrongs to which my miserable countrymen are subjected? And yet who shall warn me that these people, rendered wild by persecution, would not, in the hour of victory, be as cruel and as intolerant as those by whom they are now hated down? What degree of moderation, of mercy, can be expected from this Burley, so distinguished as one of their principal champions, and who seems even now to be reeking from victim to victim, and to feel things in remore, which even his enthusiasm cannot altogether stifle? I am weary of seeing nothing but violence and fury springing up among the people; and the course of lawful authority, now taking that of reprisal, I am sick of my country—of myself—of my dependent situation—of my repressed feelings—of these people—of that river—of those mountains and moors, Edith, and she can never be mine! Why should I haunt her walks?—Why encourage my own delusion; and perhaps here—that can never be mine. Her grandmother's pride—the opposite principles of our families—my wretched state of dependence—a poor miserable slave, for I have not even the wages of a servant—all circumstances are combined to extinguish the vain hope that we can ever be united. Why then protract a delusion so painful?"

"But I am no more incline, said aloud, and drawing himself up to his full stature—"no slave, in one respect, surely. I can change my abode—my father's award is mine, and Europe lies open before me, as before him and hundreds besides of my countrymen, who have filled it with the fame of their exploits. Perhaps some lucky chance may raise me to a rank with our Ruthvens, our Montgomerys, our Monypennys, or the leaders of the famous Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus, or, if not, a soldier's life or a soldier's grave."

When he had formed this determination, he found himself near the door of his uncle's house, 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 irrecoverable step, therefore, and then see her for the last time."

"In that mood, he entered the waiscoated parlour, in which his uncle was already placed at his morning's refreshment, a huge plate of omelette porridge, with a corresponding allowance of butter-milk. The favour of the morning's refreshment was a grateful one, and the old gentleman was rejoiced at to see that he was resting on the back of a chair, in a posture befitting freedom and repose. The old gentleman had been remarkably tall in his earlier days, an advantage 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 cornfield, a tall, famous neighbour proposed to offer Milnwood a handsome sum for his curved backbone, alleging that he would sell any thing that belonged to him. Spry feet of unusual size, long thin hands, garnished with nails which seldom felt the steel, a wrinkled and puckered visage, the length of which corresponded with that of his person, together with a pair of hawk sharp-browed sullen eyes, that seemed eternaly looking out for their advantage, completed the highly unpromising exterior of Mr. Morton of Milnwood. As it would have been very injudicious to have lodged a liberal or benevolent disposition in such an unworthy cabinet, nature had again given the man a mind exactly in conformity with that, is to say, mean, selfish, and covetous. When this amiable personage was aware of the presence of his nephew, he hastened, before addressing him, to the thought of porridge which he was in the act of conveying to his mouth, and, as it happened to be scalding hot, the pan occasioned by its descent that had it into his stomach, as distinctly flamed the ill humour with which he was already prepared to meet his kinman."

"The deal take them that made them!" was his first ejaculated exclamation, postponing his mess of porridge."

"They're gude parritch enough," said Mrs. Wilson, "if ye wad but take time to sip them. I made them myself, but it is new folk, winna have patience, they should get their thrapples caansewae.""

"Haud your peace, Alison! I was speaking to my, nerrow. How is this, sir? And what sort o' scampearing gies are these o' going on? Ye were not at hame last night till near midnight.""

"Thereabouts, sir, I believe," answered Morton, in an unanswerable one."

"Thereabouts, sir? What sort of an answerer is that, sir? Why came ye na hame when other folk left their gruins?"

"I suppose you know the reason very well, sir," said Morton, "I had the fortune to be the best marksmen of the day, and remained, as usual, to give satisfaction to the sportsman of this fair county—till the younger men the..."

"The devil ye did, sir! And ye come to tell me that to my face! You pretend to give entertainments, that can last but a dinner except by serving on a carefu' man like me! But if ye put me to charge, I'll work it out o' ye. I see why ye shouldna hand the plough, now that the ploughman has left us; it would be better if wearin' these green duds, and wearin' your siller on powd'ry and lead; it wad put ye in such honest calling, and wad keep ye in bread without being ashamed to ask for it."

"I am very ambitious of learning such a calling, sir, but I don't understand driving the plough."

"And what for no? It's easier than your gunning and sashery that ye like so well. And Davie is earning it o'en now, and ye may be goddam for the first twa or three days, and tak tent ye dimna o'erved there. It will be gaud and then you will be fit to gang between the snares. Ye'll me' learn young, ye'll. I'll promises you, sir, but I have formed a scheme for myself, which will have the same effect of relieving you of the burden and charge attendant on your company."

"By j's! Indeed? A scheme o' yours? That must be a gude-sane!" said the uncle, with a very peculiar voice; "he's heard about it, lad."

"It is said in twa words, sir. I intende to live this country, and serve abroad, as my father did before these unhappy troubles broke out at home. His name will not be so entirely forgotten in the countries where I may go, as to make it worth your while to purchase his name at least the opportunity of trying his fortune as a soldier."

"Gude be gracious to us!" exclaimed the housekeeper; "our young Mr. Harry gang abroad I us, no fear, youngster. He will stand his ground. Milnwood, entertaining no thought or purpose of paring with his nephew, who was, moreover very useful to him in his past, will purchase his name at this abrupt declaration of independence from a person whose defection to him had hitherto been unknown. He recovered himself, however, immediately."

"And when do you think think to give you the money, young man, for such a wild-goose chase? Not I am sure. I can hardly support you at home. As ye wad be marrying, I'no warrant, as your father's afore ye, too, and sending your uncle's name a pack o' means to be fighting and skirling through the house in my said days, and to take wags and fies aff his young, whenever they were asked to serve a mis about the town?"

"I have no thoughts of ever marrying," answered Henry."

"Hear till him now!" said the housekeeper. "I'd be a shame to bear a dace young lad speak in that way, since a' the world knew that they meant either marry or die of grief."

"Haud your peace, Alison!" said her mistress; "and you, Harry," (he added more mildly,) "put this nonsense out of your head, man; it is a sodging for a day—mind ye have nae sailer, lad, for ony as nonsensepeans.""

"I understand all, sir, my wants shall be very few, and you will please to give me the gold piece, which the Margrave gave to my father after the battle of Lutzen.""

"Mair on us! the gowd piece?" exclaimed his uncle."

"The chain of gowd," (re-echoed the housekeeper,) "both agast with astonishment at the audacity of the proposal, but resolved to let it pass."

"I will keep a dew links," continued the young man, "to remind me of him by whom it was given, 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 mark of distinction."

"My powers!" exclaimed the governor, "my master wears it every Sunday!"

"Sunday and Saturday," added old Milnwood, "whenever I put on my black velvet coat, and my hat, and my satin waistcoat, it is of a kind of hoie-knoo, that rather belongs to the head of the house than the immediate descendant. It has three thousand links and the governor will wear it six or seven times. It's worth three hundred pounds sterling."

"That is more than I want, sir; if you choose to give me the third part of the money, and give five guineas for the chain, it will serve me my purpose, and the rest will be some slight atonement for the expense and trouble I have put you to.""

"It's a cat's claim," explained his uncle; "O, ait, what will become o' the rigus Milnwood when I am dead and gone! He would fling the estates of Scotland awa, if he had it.""

"Harry," said the old housekeeper, "I meen ye say it's parthy your ain fault. Ye waurnaus wade his head 'over sar in neither; and, to be sure, since the Auld Kirk down to the Howf, ye maun just the pay the saving."

"If it be not above two dollars, Alison," said the old gentleman, very reluctantly; "I'll settle it myself yet. Niel Blane, the first time gang down to the clachan," said Alison, "cheaper than your honour or Mr. Harry can do;" and then pursing his lips, he added, "I'll pay the lave out o' the blitter sellers, and use wae words about it." Then proceeding aloud, "And ye prauna speak of the young gentleman breaking the ploughing, and his want of interest for the country, will be glad to do that for a tire and a weep it saw them far better than the lads o' here."
and her father, the deceased Earl of" "For and Old Mortality.

"And then we'll see the dragon's why," said Milwood, "for comforting and entertaining intercom-" "A bony strait ye wed put us in!" "I must leave you your new gown coat, and put it on your back and, said the officious dame; and ye maun, and, at home, speak o' leaving the land, or of selling the good cow, for your uncle has an unco pleasure in looking on you, and in counting the links of the chain; and ye ken auld folk can't last for ever; see the chains, and the lands, and I will be your ain as ye say; and ye may marry any laddy in the coun-" "You know o' means; and is not that worth waiting for, my dow?"

"There was something in the latter part of the pro-" "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 cow, for your uncle has an unco pleasure in looking on you, and in counting the links of the chain; and ye ken an old folk can't last for ever; see the chains, and the lands, and I will be your ain as ye say; and ye may marry any laddy in the coun-" "You know o' means; and is not that worth waiting for, my dow?"

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CHAPTER VII.

From seventeen years till now, almost fourteen, she has lived in, but now lives more so. At seventeen years near the fortunate seek, that at seventeen is too late a week.

"As you like it."

We must conduct our readers to the Tower of Til-""

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TALES OF MY LANDLORD. [CHAP. VII.

"How mean ye by that, ye said false woman?—'D'ye think that I order any thing against conscience?"

"I dinn'a pretend to say that, my ledger, in regard of your lordship's conscience, which has been brought up with such wit and prudence; but, like a sunny maid, you'll walk by the light o' their ain, and mine," said Maunce, waxing bolder as the conference became animated.

"T'in't so, I said leave a' cot, kail-yard, and cow's grass—and suffer a', rather than I or mine should put on harness in an unlawful cause."

Unlith! I exclaimed her mistress; 'tis a cause to which all your lordly caddies and mistresses—by the command of the king—by the writ of the privy council—by the order of the lord-lieutenant—by the warrant of the sheriff."

"Ay, my ledde, nae doubt; but no to displeasre your lordship, ye'll mind that there was once a king in Scripture they caed Nebuchadnezzar, and he set a ass upon the dun o' Dura, as it might be in the haugh yonder by the water-side, where the array were warned to meet yesterday; and the princes, and the court, and the government, and the judges thereof, for the treasurers, the counsellors, and the sheriffs, were warned to the dedication thereof, and commanded to fall down and worship at the sound of the solemn harp, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music."

And what o' this, ye ful wife? Or what had Nebuchadnezzar within his board for the wappen-schaw of the Upper Ward of Clydesdale?"

"Only just this far, my ledde," continued Maunce, for he could not resist such a service, that the greatest golden image in the plain o' Dura, and that as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were bore out in refusing to bow down and worship, so neither shall Cuddy Headring, your ledde's husband, or any other man that I said and mother's consent, make murrions or Jenny-dections, as they ca' them, in the house of the prelates and curists, and he'll arm you to fight in their cause, with either the sound of kettle-drums, organs, bagpipes, or any other kind of music whatever."

Lady Margaret Bellenden heard this exposition of Scripture with the greatest possible indignation, as well as surprise.

"I see which way the wind blaws," she exclaimed, after a pause, "on the understand: "the evil spirit of the year sixteen hundred and forty-two is at work again, as merrily as ever, and like auld wife in the chumley-wass, such that the great golden image in the plain o' Dura, and that as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were bore out in refusing to bow down and worship, so neither shall Cuddy Headring, your ledde's husband, or any other man that I said and mother's consent, make murrions or Jenny-dections, as they ca' them, in the house of the prelates and curists, and he'll arm you to fight in their cause, with either the sound of kettle-drums, organs, bagpipes, or any other kind of music whatever."

If your lordship means the bishops and curates, I'm sure they have been but stoppethers to the Kirk o' Scotland, and your lordship is pleased to speak o' partin' wi' us, I am free to tell you a piece o' my mind in another article. Your lordship and the siller gals to pass on that my so far Cuddie said work in the burn w' a brand newfangled machine for diggitng the corn free the chaff, thus impiously whaleing the will of Divine Providence, by removing for your Neddie, without in particin', I wad by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the shoeding-bill. Now, my ledde."

"The woman would drive any reasonable being daff!" said Lady Margaret; then resuming her tone of authority and indifference, she concluded, "Weel, Maunce, I'll just end where I said and begun—ye're ower learned and ower godly for me to dispute w' ye. I have just this to say—Cuddy must attend to his muster when he's lawfully warned by the ground officer, or the sooner he and you fit and quit my bounds the better; that's asna scarcity o' auld wives or ploughmen; but, if there were, I wad rather that the rigs o' Tillicthede bare nesthing but windlestrae and sandy lockets than that they were ploughed by rebech and man."

"Aweel, my ledde," said Maunce, "I was born here, and thought to die where my father died; and probably somethin' similar to the same thocht now. For winnowin' corn, which were not, however, used in their present shape until about 1790. They were objected to by the men bein' obliged to walk on their first introduc'tion, upon the street, being as nae reasonin' as that of Moses in the text."

p. 29

Beast-grass and sheepwark.
"Well, mither," said Cuddie, interrupting her, "what need ye mak sae much din aboot it? I hae aye been a weel man, and a weel maid micht be, and micht din nae kirk where'er I liit on the Sundays, and fended weel for ye in the lika days besides. And that's what vexes me mair than a saught weet, when I think how lang you've fended for ye in the sparsel times, and I am nae sure if I can pleeg any place but the Mains and Mucklenname, at least I never tried any other grond, it wadna come naure to me. And the münsters will deur to take us, after being turned aften these bounds for non-enmity." (Here Mause's exagamation became extreme.) "Well, weel, but spok o' beast; besides we're ower auld to be sitting cocked up on a beagge-waggon wi' Eppie Dumb- lance, the corporal's wife. See what's to come o' us if we canna weel see—I doubt I'll hae to tak the hilles wi' the wild whigs, as they ca' them, and then it will be my lot to be shot down like a mawkin at some dace, and be sent to be heaven wi' a Saint John- stone's tipit o' my hause."

"O, my bonnie Cuddie," said the zealous Mause, "forbear sic carnal, self-seeking language, whilk is just the same as being drunk. I was thinking o' the son of the righteouse beggar's brea, sae says the text; and your father was a douce honest man, and his brea sae nice, that the compact it is emburmed about earthly things, e'en like yourself, my laddie."

"Well," said Cuddie, after a little consideration, "I see but as gate for', and that's a cauld job to blaw at, mither. Howsoomever, mither, ye has some guess o' a wee bit kindness that's atween Miss Edith and your son, Mr. Morton, that saul he's a young Mümldown, and that I hae whilles carried a bit book, or maybe a bit letter, quently atween them, and that's my job for it—wi' I hae nae use for it, in the trust of the rich to him that come aht me as I hae been.—But as I was sayin', we'll awa down to Mümldown and tell him o' the distress. They want a ploughman, and the neighbours, and the saul o' the saul, Mr. Harry will stand my part, for he's a kind-hearted gardeman.—I'll get but little penny-fee, for his uncle and his wi' his wi', but I'll gie a groop to the deil hinsel'. But we'll awa yin a bit aboot bread, and a drop of beer, and a fire-side, and tocking over our heads, and that's what I want for a season.—See if ye get up, mither, and sort your things to gang away for since it is that gang we maun, I wad lik it to wait till Mr. Harrowand and Madri'il exa'ly to pus us out by the log and the horn." 

CHAPTER VIII

The devil a puritan, or any thing else he is, but a time-server.

It was evening when Mr. Henry Morton perceived as old woman, wrapped in her tartan plaid, supported by a stout, stoop-looking fellow, in hoddin'g his head, and by his side Old Mause, who had made her curtesy, but Cuddie took the lead in addressing Morton. Indeed, he had previously stipulated with his mither, that he was to manage matters his own way; for though he read the general inferiority of understanding, and filially submitted to the guidance of his mother on most ordinary occasions, he had come in city; or getting forward in the world, he could somegate fir the wee pickle sense he had gang muckle farther than 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 west park will be breering braithless this."

"I do not doubt it, Cuddie; but what can 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?"

"True, sir, just what gars the shbl wives troth—"honesty, sir—I'm seeking for service, sir."

"For service, Cuddie, and at this time of the year how comes this?"

Mause could forbear no longer. Proud shile of her cause and her sufferings, she commenced with an affected humility and meekness, for an it like your honour, to distinguish us by a visitation—"

"De'il's in the wife and nae gade?" whispered Cuddie to his mother, "as ye come out wi' your whiskey, they'll no daur open a door to us through the hail country?" Then shood and addressing Morton, "My mother's auld, sir, and she has rather forgot herself in speaking to my leddy, that-canns weel bide to be contradickit, (as I ken naebody likes it if they think the leddy will have it) and she'll be compelled to help herself, especially by her ain folk,—and that—Sir—Mr. Harrison the steward, and Gudfill the butler, they're no very fond o' us, and it's ill sitting wi' the Pope; see I thought it best to fit just o'er."

"But the münsters," said Morton, "their honour your honour's free a friend may well say some mar about it."

Morton took the billet, and crimmamoose 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 attain composure enough to ask, "And what is your object, Cuddie? and how can I be of use to you?"

"Work, sir, work, and a service, is my object—a bit bheid for my mither and myself—we hae gude pleenishing o' our ain, if we hae the cost o' a cart to bring it down—and I'm gude gies at meal-time, and see is my mither, lang may it be see—And, for the penny-fee and a' that I'll just leave it to the leddy and you. I ken ye'll no see a poor lad wrand, if ye can help it."

Morton shook his head. "For the meat and lodging, Cuddie, I think I can promise something; but for the penny-fee will be a hard chapter, I doubt." And the münsters had his own very slender stock of money in order to make Cuddy such a present, unter the name of orielis, as might show his sense of the value of the recommendation delivered to him.

"And now we're settled ancie mair," said Cuddie to his mother, "and if we're no see bain and comfortable as we were in life o'gane, and we're we'd decent kirk-gangin folk o' your ain persuasion, mither; there will be nae quarrilling about this."

"Of my persuasion, hinnie," said the too-enlightened Mause: "was it for thy blindness and theirs, O, Cuddie, they are but in the court of the Gentiles, and will ne'er win further ben; I doubt; they are bet little better than the prolstitutes themselves. They wait on the minister of that blind man, Peter Poundsit,
made with even more skill and care. Cook's skill was recognized by many, and he was highly praised by the guests.

To enjoy this exquisite cheer, was placed at the head of the table, the old Laird himself, with his nephew on one side, and the favourite housekeeper on the other. The table was, of course, old Robin, a masterful, hall-serving-man, rendered crossed and crumple by time, and the housekeeper was as bad as usual, when he rendered callous to the daily executions with temper underwent at the hands of his mistress. A man, a white man, a boy, with Cuddie the new ploughman and his completed the party. The other labourers had to the property rounded in their own houses. Least of all this, that if their cheer was not better than that which we have described, they cost their fill, unwatched by the sharp, careless gossip of Milwood, which seemed to measure the that each of his dependents swallowed, so did if their grapes attended each mouthful in the lips to the stomach. This door was unfavourable to Cuddy, who seemed prejudiced in his new master's opinion, by the calumny with which he caused the vices in the best part of the house to be. He turned his eyes from the huge fester and glanced upon his nephew, whose respect for the labour was the principal case of public complaint, and his hiring that very moment.

"Pay thee wages, quotha!" said Milwood to the boy. "Thou canst not do the work of one thou cannot work for a month."

These disagreeable repugnances were removed by a loud knocking at the outer gate. It was in the act of being shut, when the door was opened. The outer gate of the castle was the first, and if not, the door of the house was open. A man, a tall, door, open the door," exclaimed old Milwood, matching up to and into his pocket the two or three silver spoons which the younger gentleman, those beneath the salt being of woolly horn, them fair, aye,—Lord love ye, speak there freely, who am I betwixt the two? I can read!"

The custom of knowing the door of a house or residence during the time of dinner, probably arose from the being assembled at the last at that meal, and from the custom of the ancient English law oflosure. It was a sign of respect and recognition. But it was in many cases observed as an example of high etiquette, of which the figures of the old Laird were

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OLD MORTALITY.

Chapter VIII

While the savages admist the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the news that they had to go, Coutie took the opportunity to whisper to his mother. "Now, ye daft said carline, mak yourself already dead—ye ha made us a deal of trouble, and now do nothing out of love—I do get my neck raked for an auld wife's chasses, though ye be our mither."

"But, sinny, ah; I've be silent or that, till come to ill," was the corroboration, said wifewife of Maunce; "but beehid ye, my dear, them that deny the Word, the Word will deny."

My admonition was cut short by the entrance of the Life-Guardians, a party of four troopers, commanded by Bothwell.

They ramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone-floor with the iron-shod heels of their large jack-boots, and the clash and clang of their long, heavy, basket-haired broadswords. Milnwood and his troops trembled from well-grounded apprehensions of the system of extortion and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was decomposed with more special causes; for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harboured Barley. The widow Maunce Haeftridge, between fear for her son's life and an overweening and unbecoming sense of her own importance, was making even tactility to bell his religious sentiments, was in a strange querulousness. The other savages quaked for his neck, and he could not meet them with the look of supreme indifference and stoical which a Scottish peasant can at times assume as a mask for contempt of danger; and one of them showed so low a largeness 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 the soup with which the old man was satiated, and gorged as a favourite lot.

"What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?" said Milnwood, humbling himself before the satellitess of power.

"We come in behalf of the king," answered Bothwell; "why the devil did you keep us so long standing in the dark?"

"We were at dinner," answered Milnwood, "and the door was locked, as was usual in landward towns in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had had any servant of my own I should have asked at the door—but we are pleased to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of Canary sack, or claret wine?" making a pause between each offer as long as a stringy hidden at an arch, who is with to advance his side for a favourite lot.

"Claret for me," said one fellow. "I said another, provided it is the right juice of John Barleycorn."

"Better never was melted," said Milnwood; "I can hardly say no mistake for the claret. It's thin and securish, gentlemen."

"Brandy will cure that," said a third fellow; "a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the cramming in the stomach."

"Brandy, ale, sack, and claret?—we'll try them all," said Bothwell, "and stick to that which is best."

There's a good sound, that if the dumb devil whig in Scotland had said it.

 Hastily, yet with a reluctant quiver of his muscles, Milnwood hugged out two ponderous keys, and delivered the sword to the governor.

"The horse-leap," said Bothwell, taking a seat, and throwing himself upon it; "is neither so young nor so handsome as to tempt a man to follow her to the gauntrees, and devil a one here is there worth seeking in her place. What's this?—meat?" (searching with a fork among the broth, and fish and a cut of meat)—"I think I could eat a bit—why, it's as tough as if the devil's dam had hasht it."

"If there is any thing better in the house, sir," said Milnwood, alarmed at these symptoms of dyspepsia.

"No, no," said Bothwell, "it's not worth while, I
don't proceed to business. You attend, Psalter, the presbyterian son, I understand, sir. Morton, because of the presbyterian son, Mr. Morton hastened to slide in a confession and apology."

"By the indulgence of his gracious majesty and the government, for the oaths, and he does nothing out of love. I do have objections whatever to the establishment of a moderate episcopacy, but only that I am a country bred man, and the ministers are a heretical kind of folk, and I can follow them the better; and, woe be to reverence, sir, it's a nair frugal establishment for the country."

"Well, I care nothing about that," said Bothwell; "they are indulged, and there's an end of it; but, for my part, if I were to give the law, never a cow-eat of cur of the whole pack should skulk in a Scotch pulpit. However, I am sure you say confoundedly. There comes the liquor; put it down, my good old lady."

He decanted about one half of a quart bottle of claret into a wooden quaff or bucket, and took it off at a draught.

"You did your good wise injustice, my friend,—it's better than the others; you are a good judge. Will you pledge me to the king's health?""

"With pleasure," said Milnwood, "in aye,—but I never drink claret, and keep only a very little for some consuming friends."

"Like me, I suppose," said Bothwell; and then, pushing the bottle to Henry, he said, "Here young man, take, pledge you young man, he'll do good for you."

Henry filled a moderate glass in silence, regardless of the lusts and pulses of his uncle, which seemed to have followed his example, in preferring beer to wine.

"Well," said Bothwell, "have ye drank that wine?—What is that old auld abuse? Give him a glass of claret, he shall drink it briskly. I am sure, I cannot drink, he is not day nor door; but if your honour, please, I am ready to drink the king's health, for her in as many glasses, of claret as ye think necessary for a fit health."

"I dare swear," answered Bothwell, "you look like a fellow that would stick to brandy—help thyself, man; all's free where I come. Born had the maid to a comfortable cup, though short but a dirty Jill neither. Full round once more—Here's to our noble commander, Colonel Graham of Claverhouse! What a thought is truth in the old man's heart, and in the old man's heart, and in the old man's heart, Cuddie, interposing.

"Any covenant; all covenants that ever were hatched, answered the governor.

"Mither," cried Cuddie, affecting to speak as to a deaf person, "the gentleman wants to ken if ye will renounce the Covenant of Works."

"With all my heart, Cuddie," said Milnwood; "and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof."

"Come," said Bothwell, "the old dame has come more frankly off than I expected. Another cup round, and then we'll proceed to business. You have all heard, I suppose, of the horrid and barbarous murder committed upon the person of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, by ten or eleven armed fanatics?"

All started and looked at each other, at length Milnwood himself answered, "They had heard of some such misfortunes, but were in hopes it had not been true."

"There is the relation published by the present old gentleman; what do you think of it?"

"Think, sir? Wh—wh—whatever the council please to think of it," stammered Milnwood.

"I desire to be heard a much more explicitly, my friend," said the doctor, authoritatively.

Milnwood's eyes hastily glanced through the paper, took out the strongest expressions of carnage with which it abounded, in gleaming which he was greatly aided by their being printed in italics.

"I think it is a—big—too—enormous—murder and—"
"O, the lands of Milnwood—the bonny lands of Milnwood, that have been in the name of Men of two hundred moons!" exclaimed his uncle, sternly. "And at the moment, milord, as I was rocking in an armchair, and a young man walked in, and asked me if I had ever seen a man with a bird's eye—" "You bitter man," said Henry, "you shall not see in my account—" I own," he continued addressing the young man, "we did give this man a night's lodging, to an old military comrade of my father. But it was not an old hundred years ago, for he knows his express general orders. I trust, if my eyes are as good against myself, it will be as soon in proving my uncle's innocence.

"O, the lands of Milnwood," said the Colonel, in a tone that was rather milder, "you're a smart sort, and I am sorry for you; and your uncle here is a fine old man, Sir," I see, to his guests than himself, for he gives us wine and drinks his own. I tell you all you know about this Butler, what he is, when you parted from him, where he went, and what he did, now to be found, and if it is true, =will wink as hard on your share of the beauty as my duty will permit. There's a thousand marks on the murdering warden's head, and I could light on it. You will excuse my answering that question, sir," said Morton; "the same covenet rais'd. I've cause to afford him hospitality. It is easy to go on with a face," I exclaimed, "If twenty—pounds wouldn't make up this unhappy matter.""I have none to give," returned Henry.

"Perhaps I could teach you to find one; a regiment of light horse might be a new temptation, but we have got for trying people's morals.

"Yes, by this time, reflected on the useless risk to which he would expose the family by resisting the tyrannical power which was delegated to such hands; he therefore read the narrative over, and replied, composedly, "I have no hesitation to say, that the perpetrators of this assassination have committed a murder, and a wicked murder, which I regret the more, as I foresee it will be made the cause of proceedings against many who are both innocent of the deed, and as far from approving it as myself."

"I saw the house once," answered Henry, "in the public-house of the town—"

"Ah! my friend, Captain Popjay, I think I have seen you before, and in a suspicious company."

"What did you see him at?" asked Henry, "in the public-house of the town of—?"

"And with whom did you leave that public-house, younger?—Was it not with John Balfour of Burley, and Mr. Union by the name of the Archbold, and spoke of the House of Lords?"

"I did leave the house with the person you have named," answered Henry, "I scorn to deny it; but so far from knowing him to be a murderer of the person I was with, it is highly probable that a crime had been committed."

"Lord have mercy on me, I am ruined!" exclaimed Milnwood. "That callant's tongue will rip the head off his own shoulders, and waste my guides to the very gray cloak on my back."

"By the by, you knew Burley," continued Bothwell, still addressing Henry, and regardless of his uncle's interruption, "to be an intercommuned rebel and traitor, and that youdeal with such persons. You know that, as a loyal subject, you were prohibited to set foot in the town, or any other place, or to approach any house, or to speak to any person, or to write, or message, or to supply him with meat, drink, house, harbour, or vessel, under the highest pains—you knew all this, and yet you broke the law."

"(Henry was silent.) "Where did you part from him?" continued Bothwell; "was it in the high way, or did you give him harbourage in this very house?"

"In this house!" said his uncle; "he dared not for his neck bring any traitor into a house of mine."

"Dare he deny that he did so?" said Bothwell.

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OLD MORTALITY.

...nest of young boys, but do—me if I dare venture for—them—that old woman has spoken too loud, and before all the men too. Sark, ye, old gentleman, to

...Nell—oos, I must take your nephew to head-quar-

ters, so I cannot in conscience, keep secrets from you my due as civility-money; therefore, when the parade, he gave a gold piece to each of the soldiers, and took three to himself. He said he, "Do have the comfort to know that your kinman, young Captain Pippinjay, will be carefully looked after and civilly used, and the rest of the money I return to you."

Milwood eagerly cried, "Only you know," said Bothwell, still playing with the purse, "that every landholder is answerable for the conformity and loyalty of his household, and that these fellows of mine are not obliged to be silent on the subject of the fine sermon we have had from that old puritan in the tartan plaid there; and I presume you are aware that the consequences of delation will be a heavy fine before the council."

"Good sergeant, worthy captain," exclaimed the terrified misher, "I am sure there is no person in my house, to my knowledge, would give cause of offense."

"Nay," answered Bothwell, "you shall hear her give her testimony, as she calls it, herself. You follow," (to Cuddie,) "stand back, and let your mother speak her mind. I see she's pruned and loaded again since her first disputing with you."

"Lord, noble sir," said Cuddie, "an auld wife's tongue's but a feckless matter to make a fist about. Neither my father nor me ever minded muckle about our mither."

"Hold your peace, my lad, while you are well," said Bothwell; "I promise you I think you are alarum'd more than you would be, and on a score of some good dame, you see your master will not believe that we can give us so bright a testimony."

Mause's seal did not require this spur to set her again on full career.

"To the compliers and carnal self-seekers," she said, "that doth over and drown their consciences by complying with wicked excursions, and giving mon-

...in the Lord, when he gave a thousand talents to Pul, King of Assyria, that his hand might be with him; Second Kings, eleventh chapter, verse."

...to grease and unsightly publicans, and extor-

...mishandled, and not so civil as I am, or be contented to leave you to the charge of the constable and ducking-stool."

...to answer to my commanding-officer to leave him in a house where I have heard so much treason and fasci-

...there's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are gane to whirr a saw, Henry; and aw' your hashash, deil be on't!"

...towards ye, and fasten it with cove bursting on clover, wad testify wi' your hands as I have testified wi' my tongue, they should never harle the precious ye can learn to capacitate."

...the dialogue paused, the soldiers had already bound and secured their prisoner. Milwood returned at this instant, and, alarmed at the preparations he beheld, held the young man by the arm with many a grievous groan, the purse of gold which he had been obliged to rummage out as ransom for his nephew. The truth, the_purse, placed in his hand, chucked it up into the air, and caught it as it fell, then shook his head, and said,

...there's many a merry night in this...
Tales of My Landlady.

"Are ye mad?" said his housekeeper, in a whisper—"tell them to keep it—they will keep it either if they have sense enough, and you dear wife and your delightful child, is not only to make them quiet!" "I cannot do it, Allie—I cannot do it," said Milnwood, in the bitterness of his heart. "I cannot part with the old fellow. He has counted on it, and he promised me I should own him to the blackguards.

Then I maun do it myself, Milnwood," said the housekeeper. "My master, sir," she said, addressing Bothwell, "can think o' takin' back any thing at the hand of an honourable gentleman like you; he implores ye to pit up the offer, and be as kind to his nephew as ye can, and be favourable in reporting our dispositions to government, and let us tak' the wrang for the daft speeches o' a mad jaud. (Here she turned fiercely upon Mauze, to induce herself for the effort which it cost her to assume a mild demeanour to the soldiers.) "A daft soll whirl randy, that ne'er was in the house (fool' er' her) till yesterday afternoon, and that ne'er'er cross the door-stane again ane as I had her out o' it."

As Mrs. Bothwell whispered to her parent, "e'en so! I ken we wad be put by our travels again where'er ye said get three words spoken to a end. I was sure that wad be the upshot o' it."

"Oh, Mr. Mauze—" she said; and dink and murmur at the cross—cross their door-stane! weel wot I'll ne'er cross their door-stane. There's nae mark on there I'll look up and see a likeness. and to tak' away the elect that are tried w' hommings, harpings, hangings, hearings, searchings, dangings, catchings, improvements, torturings, banishments, hangings, dismemberings, and quarterings quick, for by the heavens, I've been forced from their ain habitations to the deserts, mountains, mires, messes, mists, flows, and peat-hags, there to hear the word like bread eaten in secret."

"She's at the Covenant now, servant, shall we not have her away!" said one of the soldiers.

"You be d—d!" said Bothwell, and gave him; "cannot you see she's better where she is, as long as there is a respectable, sensible, money-breaking hir's, as Mr. Mauze of Milnwood, who has the means of storing her treasures? Let the old mother fly to raise another brood, she's too tough to be made anything of herself—Here's I'm cried, "one other, hangings, hangings, and hangings, and your next merry meeting with him—which I think will not be far distant, if he keeps such a fanatical fancy."

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 sum of money. Bothwell and his troopers, in other respects, kept their promise, and were civil. They did not bind their prisoner, but conducted themselves with leading him by the collar. 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 loss of his nephew, and the unavailing outcry of twenty pounds sterling, did nothing; the whole evening but reel himself backwards and forwards in the sitting room easy-chair, repeating the same lamentation, of "Ruined on a side, ruined on a side—ruined and undone—ruined and undone—body, soul, and goods, by bairns and dugs!"

Mrs. Alison Wilson's grief was partly indulged and partly relieved by the torrent of invective with which the transported Mauze and Cuddie's expulsions from Milnwood.

"Till back in the smouldering coals o' that great indignant in Clyde-side this day maun a man be taken by some means, and your dear wife and myself will—"

"Gae, weel," replied Mauze; "I woa ye maun in the bonds o' sin, and in the gait o' iniquity, to prejudice your bairns' and best in the cause o' that brave man, and—"

He had not time to finish, for Mr. Harry was at hand for my sin; for if Cuddie was found worthy to bear testimony in the last Indigence, that has been a stumbling-block to pease—"

And there's gods hopes o' it," said Mrs. Mauze, who also be your change and courses.

"And is it aye you continued Mrs. Mauze—disregarding the interruption, the bloody Dogs and the burning Zophites were to seek to ensnare me with a professed remission upon unkind confidences. I was sufferer, ruthless, in lifting my testimony against great profligacy, antinomianism, erastianism, leperanism, subleperanism, and the sins and snares of the same—"

"I woa cry as a woman in labour against the Indigence, that has been a stumbling-block to peace—"

She uplifted her voice as a powerful preacher.

"Hout, stout, mother," cried Cuddie, urging me dragging her off forcibly, "dunna deaw gude woman wi your testimony! ye has proved sauch for sex days. Ye preach us oot o' our last home and house and kae hale-yard, and oot o' the brothel, and tole out sex days!" and ye has preached! Mr. Harry awa to the poor, and ye ha preached twenty punts o' the poor!"

"Pocket that he be gook hae ane who is next my hand sawn, for as weel was, without preaching awa a ladder and down a tow. Sae, conee awa, conee awa; the family has had enough o' your testimony to man it for ane while."

So saying be dragged off Mauze, the week, Indigence, Covenant—malignants—subleperans—"

"Ill-faured, cranky, crank-brained gus, that he has explained the housekeeper, as she said to set up to be as muckle better than she is,"

"The old meek bosom, and to bring sex muckle descent in a dawce quiet family! If it abides the year that half a gentlewoman by my words has tried ten nails in the waist's hole o'

CHAPTER IX.

I am a son of Mauze who has been in my way
And show my fate an' where' ye may.

When welcoming the French at the door

"Dow'n't be too much cast down," said Susan
Bothwell to his prisoner, as they jumped into the head-quarters; "you are a smart boy for your age—well connected; the worst that will happen up for it, and that is no more than a low's lot. I tell you fairly your life is within the compass of the law, unless you make developments, get off by a round fines upon your words, can well afford it."

"That vexes me more than the rest," said they;

"He parts with his money with regret, and we had no concern whatever with my life, and I'll be the person safe for a night. I wish to Heaven it may capo a capital punishment, that the penalty may be a kind I could bear in my own person, and when you have done this to me, pose to you to go into one of the Scotch remote places that are serving abroad. It's no bad thing, if your friends are active, and there are two or three you may soon get a commission."

"I am by no means sure," answered Morton; "such a sentence is not the best thing that can befall to a young man."

"Why then, you are no real wish after all of the servant.

"There's a pretty model with no party state," said Henry, "but have remained in the same, and sometimes I have had sense of joining one of our foreign armies.

"Have you?" replied Bothwell; "I ha'
OLD MORTALITY.

"To be sure I do," answered Bothwell. "How should I be able to report favourably to my officers of the worthy lady's sound principles, unless I know the taste of her sack, and the weight of her cap, and the value of her shawls, and the size of her hoops, and the cut of her gown? I take for granted; it is the favourite consoyler of your old dowager of quality, as small claret is the potation of your country lasses."

"Then, for heaven'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 murder. I have no time to take up my hand of cards upon the drum-head—Ah! I disci-

pline is a capital thing.

"In other respects you liked the service?" said Morton.

"Par excellence," said Bothwell; "women, wine, and wanna, all to be had for little but the asking; and if you find in your conscience to let a fat great think he has some chance to convert you, gaz he'll help you to these comforts himself, just to gain a little ground in your good affection. Where will you find a top-rate whig parish so be civil?"

"Why, nowhere, I agree with you," said Henry;

"what was your chief duty?"

"That, as the king's person," said Bothwell, "to look after the safety of Louis le Grand, my boy, and now and then to turn a turn among the Huguenots provinces, to stir the Holy Roman Empire up, and bring my hand pretty well in for the service in this country. But, come, you are to be a bon escrまで, as the Spaniards say. I must put you in cash with one of the gentlemen of France's broad-pieces. This is cutter's law; we must not see a pretty fellow want, if we have cash ourselves."

Thus saying, he pulled out his purse, took out some of the contents, and offered them to Henry without counting them. Young Morton declined the favour; and, not judging it prudent to acquaint the sergeant, not knowing how to spend his apparent 20l., he left it with him. Upon that, he was actually in possession of some money, he assured him he should have no difficulty in getting a supply from his purse.

"Well," said Bothwell, "in that case these yellow rascal must serve to balloon my purse a little longer. I always make it a rule never to quit the tavern (unless ordered on duty) while my purse is so weighty that I can chuck it over the signpost."

"When it is so light that the wind blows it back, then, boot and saddle,—we must fall on some way of replenishing."

"But what tower is that before us, rising so high upon the steep bank, out of the woods, that surround it on every side?"

"It is the steeple of St Edbert's," said one of the soldiers.

"Old Lady Margaret Bellenden lives there. She's one of the best affected women in the country, and much beloved. She has an old lady's humor, and if she was of the d—d whigs that dog at me from behind a fauld-dike, I lay a month there, and would stand much another wond to be in as good quarters again."

"If that be the case," said Bothwell, "I will pay my respects to her as we pass, and request some refreshment for men and horses; I am as thirsty already as if I had drunk nothing at Milkwood. But in a good thing in these times," he continued, addressing himself to Henry, "that the King's soldier cannot pass a house without getting a refreshment at a such house as Tilloch—why d'ye call it? you are served for love; in the houses of the avowed fanatics as help yourself by force; and among the moderate Presbyterians and others, in the houses of such persons, you are well treated from fear; so your thirst is always quenched on some terms or other."

"It is a good country, and we shall be anxious to go, upon that errand to the tower yonder?"

* A Highland laird, whose peculiarities live still in the recollection of his countrymen, used to regulate his residence in the Highlands, and often return to his native town, to take a part in the Fasgata, as it is called, of the Canongate, over which he was accustomed to preside. At the end of one of these meetings, he threw his purse over the gate, and as long as it was heavy enough as he threw over, he continued his round of plucking pikes, and蓬勃 his forked staff through the crowd, and only when he thought it was time to return to the Highlands. Quere—How often would he have spent as much as this experiment at Temple Bar?

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minded party of drogona, or, as he thought, Life-Guardian, waited at the gate with a prisoner under their charge.

"I am certain," said Gudyll, "and positive, that the man is a prisoner, for his horse is led, and the two drogons that are before have their carbines out of their budgets, and rested upon their thighs. It was aye the way we guarded prisoners in the days of old!"

"King's soldiers?" said the lady; "probably in want of refreshment. Go, Gudyll, make them welcome, and let them be accommodated. And stay, tell my gentlewoman to bring my black scarf and mantel. I will go down myself to receive them; one cannot show the King's Life Guards too much respect in times when they are doing so much for royal authority. And ye hear, Gudyll, let Jenny Dinnison slip on her peardings to walk before my niece and me, and the three women to walk behind; and bid my niece attend me instantly."

Fulled accoutred, 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 resolute lady of old with manner, and assurance which had something of the light and careless address of the disdained men of fashion in Charles the Second's time, and did not at all savour of the awkward or rude manner of a common placed officer of drogonas. His language, as well as his manners, seemed also to be refined for the time and occasion; though the scene and situation of an adventurous and profligate life, Bothwell had sometimes kept company much better suited to his ancestry than to his present situation of life. To the lady's view, he was not so much a soldier as a gentleman, and could be of service to them, he answered, with a suitable bow. "That as they had to march some miles farther that night, he could accommodate by permission, and rest their horses for an hour before continuing their journey."

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Margaret; "and I trust that my people will see that neither horse nor men want suitable refreshment."

"We are all well aware, madam," continued Both- well, "and much behold the reception within the walls of Tiltiustudum, of those who served the King."

I have studied to discharge my duty faithfully and loyally on all occasions," answered Lady Margaret, pleased with the compliment, "both to our monarchs and to their followers, particularly to the King’s Misses. It is but of late, and it probably has not escaped the recollection of his sacred majesty, now on the throne, since his own house, with his presence, in the same manner as on this occasion, where to his credit I can assure you of the orderly conduct of my waiting gentlwoman shall you show, we will call it the King’s room."

Bothwell by this time dismounted his party and committed the horses to the charge of one of the guards to the prison to that of another; so that he himself, always to continue the conversation which the lady had so conducive to the march, and whose principal merit was doing it with fidelity. And yet I have a nearer relation to his majesty than this coarse red coat would seem to indicate," said Margaret. "Indeed, sir! Probably," said Lady Margaret; "you have belonged to his household?"

"Not exactly, madam, to his household, but rather to his house: a connexion through which I may claim kindred with most of the best families in Scot- land, and, I believe, exclusive of that of Tiltiustudum."

"It is a truth," said the old lady, drawing herself up with dignity at being suspected of an impover- ishment in the matter, "I do not understand you."

"It’s but a foolish subject for one in my situation to talk of," answered the drogon; "but you must have heard of the history and misfortunes of my grandfather Francis Stewart, to whom James L.
OLD MORTALITY.

"I beg your pardon, madam," answered the sergeant; "I dare say the dungeon is a most admirable one; but I have promised to be civil to the lad, and I will take care he is watched, so as to render escape impossible. I hope there are no further incidents to take place.

"Well, Mr. Stewart," rejoined the lady, "you keep now 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 yourselves company, but 

"O, madam, it requires no apology; I am sensible he coarse red cost of King Charles II. does and ought to amblie the privileges of the red blood of King James V."

"Not with me, I do assure you, Mr. Stewart; you to me injustice if you think so. I will speak to your officer to-morrow; and I trust you shall soon find yourself in a room where there shall be no anomalies o be reconciled.

"I believe, madam," said Bothwell, "your goodness will find itself desired; but I am obliged to you for your intention, and, at all events, I will have a merry night with Mr. Harrison.

"You may, and so may the rest of your servants, with all he respect which she owed to royal blood, even when laying in the veins of a sergeant of the Life-Guards; yet, I must say, heartily to Mr. Stewart, that whatever was in the Tower of Stirlingdum was banished to his service and that of his attendants.

Sergeant Bothwell did not fail to take the lady at her word; and could be very well able to withdraw from her. The family had descended, in a joyous coronary, during which Mr. Harrison exerted himself to produce the wine in its best state, which the turnkey, Mr. Henry the Fourth, mingled in the reins of his master, Justice Shallow. He ran down to the cellar at the risk of breaking its neck, to ransom some private catacombs, known as he boasted, only to himself, and which never either 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 itching his seat half a yard nearer at every clause of its speech, "my lady was importunate to have a bottle of that Burgundy,"—(here he advanced his wine to Mr. Bothwell)—"and I refused it, Mr. Stewart, I misjudged him. I faltered, sir, or no the friend to government he pretends; the family I have not been so gay, and Tom had, and the see in his heart before he lost his head; and the Woresman man was but waster parish, neither guide to gay, nor mask cast. (With this witty observation, he completed his first parallel, and commenced zigzag after the manner of an experienced engineer, in order to continue his approach to the table.)

"Gee, sir, the faster my ledly cries Burgundy to his trace—the said Burgundy—the choice Burgundy, as Burgundy that came over in the thirty-nine—sae dear did I say to myself, Deil a lang does in this I was mair sensible o' his principles; seek and clarlet may serve him. Nae, na, gentlemen, a lang as I ha the trust o' butler in this house o' Til- stin, that I'll take upon me to say that I am disposed; doubtful person is the better o' our bains. But when can find a true friend to the king and his cause, and moderate epicuriosity; when I find a man, as I say, at the stead church and crown as I did myself; my master's life, and all through Montrose's time, think there's nothing in the cellar over wigs to be said.

My this time he had completed a lodgement in the laby of the place, or, in other words, advanced his seat close to the table.

"Now, sir, Francis Stewart of Bothwell, I saw the honor to drink your gude health, and a sammoness I've and much luck may ye have in rack-

ing this country class of wisps and roundheads, faction and Covenanter.

Bothwell, who, it may well be believed, had long ceased to be very scrupulous in point of society, which he was regulated more by his convenience and station in life than his ancestry, readily answered the butler's pledge, acknowledging, at the same time, the excellence of the wine; and Mr. Gudryll, 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 the somewhat surface of a summer sea,
And would forsake the shiel and make the shore
When the winds whistle and the tempest rises nearby.

While Lady Margaret held, with the high-dessed sergeant of dragons, the conference which we have detailed in the preceding pages, her grand-daughter, 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 than a suspicion that he was a tall powerful person, and a set of hardy weatherbeasties, features, to which pride and desperation had given an air where discontent mingled with the reckless gaiety of desperation. The gentlemen officers other than her, did not detach her consideration; but from the person, muffled and disguised as he was, she found it impossible to withdraw herself from the office of inducing a curiosity which seemed obviously to give pain to him who was its object.

"I wish," she said to Jenny Denninson, who was the immediate attender on her person, "I wish we knew who that poor fellow is."

"I was just thinking see myself, Miss Edith," said the waiting woman; but it cannot be Cudie Heding, because he's taller and no so stout.

"Yet," continued Miss Bellendene, "it may be some poor neighbour, of whom we might have cause to interest ourselves."

"I can same learn wha he is," said the enterprising Janney, "if the sodgers were anes settled and at letters, for I ken ane o' them very west—the best-looking and the youngest o' them."

"I think you know all the idle young fellows about the country," answered Miss Bellendene.

"Na, Miss Edith, I am no see free o' my acquaintance as that," answered the fille-de-chambre. "To be sure, folk canna help knowing the folk by head.

"But you see at kirk and market; but I ken few leds to speak to unless it be them o' the family, and the three Stein- moods, and a Jonny, and Tom had, and the five Howisons in Netherleigh, and lang Tam Gilry, and the..."

"Pray cut out 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 Bellendene.

"Lord, Miss Edith, it's a Tom Haldane, Trooper Tam, as they ca' him, that was born by the hill folk at the conventicle, at Outer-side Mair, and lay here while he was under cure. I can ask him any thing, and Tam will no refuse to answer me, I'll be caution 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 Denninson 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 Edith, anxiously; "does it prove to be Cudie, after all, poor fellow?"

"Cudie, Miss Edith! na!" said Jenny, "I blubbered out the faithful fille-de-chambre, sensible of the pain which her news were about to inflict on her young mistress. "O dear, Miss Edith, it's Young Milwood himself!"

"Young Milwood?" exclaimed Edith, aghast in her turn: "it is impossible—totally impossible—"
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"Miss Edith," said Edith, "she was always held in high esteem by her friends, and had no connection whatever with the retentive people; and he himself has never interfered in this unhappy dissertation; he must be totally innocent, me thinks, for some reason unknown, which has been standing up for some invaded right."

"O, my dear Miss Edith," said her attendant, "there are no days to ask what's right or what's wrong."

"Now, then, look you, Edith, what's wrong of a man, he'll find some way of making him guilty, if they like; but Tim Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been sitting in bed all the time, the Fifo gentlemen that killed that tall cleric of an Archbishop."""

"His life!" exclaimed Edith, starting hastily up, and speaking with a hurried and trembling 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-nesters; think on the danger and the difficulty," added Tim, "for he's kept under close confinement since the house was not up to the manner, and if he knew where you were to be, he'll look out for you."

"Tell him I'll be there!" said Edith, starting hastily up, and speaking with a hurried and trembling accent, "they cannot—they shall not—I will speak for him—they shall not hurt him!"

"If you go to follow a poor soldier lad, my friend, you had better be used; if not, I'll go down myself."

"Come, my pretty miss, and kiss me for my sake!"

"I should not have thought of that, Mr. Halliday," answered Jenny, with a look and tone expressive of just the necessary degree of contempt at the occasion, and, 'I say, ye'll look a bit, lassie, how do your knee and arm feel? and, bless us, and who's the pretty young gentleman who has brought me here?"

"Now, then, listen to me, ye mustn't go on, it's a thing not to be spoken of!"

"It's no thing to be spoken of, but a thing to be done," replied the persevering Edith.

"We'll see about that, my bonny Jenny," said the soldier, jumping up, and turning to the man, "you must let me have it, or I'll knock you about the place.""

"Go, go, fetch me a plaid," said Edith, "let me button you up, and I will find some remedy for my disguise." Haste ye, Jenny, so ever ye have to have good at my hands."

"Jenny kenned, and soon returned with a plaid, in which she was dressed, and the man's face was completely screened."

"This was a mode of arranging the plaid very common among the French, and the part of the succeeding one; so much so, indeed, that the venerable sagacity of the Kirk, conceiving that the mode gave temptable facilities for mischief, 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, advanced with trembling steps to the plaats of Morton's confinement."

"This was a small study or closet, in one of the rooms, opening upon a gallery in which the sentinel was pacing to and fro. Sergeant Bodwell, scrutinizing in observing his word, and perhaps touched with some compassion for the prisoner's youth and gentle demeanour, had waved the indignity of putting his guard into the same apartment with him."

"Halliday, therefore, with his carabinier on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occasionally soliciting Jenny to attend upon him, and a large number of which stood upon the table at one end of the room."

"Consequent of an individual, white in public, or prominent in the eye, they were thrown, whose plaid were worn, the ladies used violet seals for the most part, and the plaid was of a large size, of which stood upon the table at one end of the room.

"Between Guild Johnstone and Tommy Durward, I'll see you to this part, and Jenny Durward, the mistress once more to let her take her own way."

"I can manage the trooper well enough," she said, "for as rough as he is—I ken their nature well; but ye mustn't be thinking of going away."

"She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the sentinel had turned his back from it, and taking up the tune which he hummed, she sang in a well-tuned voice of rustic railing,

"'If none to follow a poor soldier lad, my friend, you had better be used; if not, I'll go down myself."

"A faithful challenge, by Jove, I saw the sentinel turning round, and from two at once; but it's an easy task to hang the soldier with his handkerchief, as taking up the song where the damsel had stopped,

"To follow me ye need not be clad, a share of my outer coat we'll leave out, for one sound of the drum and we're furloughed."

"Come, my pretty miss, and kiss me for my sake!"

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It was useless to say now what he was up to or what he was about. He was known to have been with Miss Bellenden, and leading her with a profusion of thanks and gratitude which would be hardly intelligible from the most broken words, unless we could describe the tone, the gesture, the expression—and these hands of deep and tumultuous feeling, with which they were accompanied.

For two or three minutes, Edith stood as motionless as the statues of a saint which receives the adoration of a worshipper; and when she recovered herself, she made a silent offering of her hands to Henry's grasp, who could at first only faintly articulate, "I have taken a strange step, Mr. Morton—a step, she continued with some 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—but perhaps I might say more—too long to leave you when the world seems to have left you. How, or why, is this imprisonment? What can be done? Can my uncle, who thinks so highly of you—can your own kinmen, Milnbrook, be of no use? are there any 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 him, but which was now again abandoned to his clasp. "Be what it will, it is to me from this moment the more impossible to think of anything but to free you. To you, dearest Edith—no words can perhaps express the moral beauty which have gilded a gloomy existence; and if I am now to lay it down, the recollection of this honour will be my happiness in the last hour of existence."

"But is it not for me, Sir?" asked Miss Bellenden. "Have you, who have foreseen so little in these unhappy foibles, become so suddenly and deeply implicated, that now as short a moment as this is all he can ask?"

"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 Graham of Claverhouse, I am given to understand," said Morton; "one of the military commissions, 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 country."

To Claverhouse Edith and Edith faintly: "merciful Heavens, you are lost ere you are tried! He wrote to my grandmother that he was to be here to-morrow morning, on his horse. I have reason to believe that the same party of desperate men, animated by the presence of two or three of the actors in the present murder, are said to have assembled for the purpose of accomplishing their design."

His expressions made me shudder, even when I could not guess that—that a friend—"
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"Do not be too much alarmed on my account, my dearest Edith," said Henry, as he supported her in his arms; "Claverhouse, though stern and relentless, is by no means heartless; he is a good commander, and honourable. I am your soldier's son, and will plead my cause like a soldier. He will perhaps listen more favourably to a blunt, and unhesitating defence than a truckling and time-sparing judge might do. And, indeed, in a time when justice is, in all its branches, so completely corrupted, I would rather lose my life by open military violence, than be condemned out of it by the bungling-pocus of some base and blustering lawyer, who lends the knowledge he has of the statutes made for our protection, to wrest them to our destruction."

"You are lost—you are lost, if you are to plead your cause with Claverhouse!" said Edith; "root and branchwork is the mildest of his expressions. This is not a war, but a scene of extermination and early patron. "No excuse, no subterfuge," said his letter, "shall save either those connected with the deed, or such as have given them countenance and shelter, from the ample and bitter penalty of the law, until I shall have taken as many lives in vengence of this atrocious murder, as the old man had gray hairs on his head."

"There is neither path nor favour to be found with him." Jenny Dennison, who had hitherto remained silent, now burst into a storm of expletive distress which, like all lovers, but for which they were unable to devise a remedy, to offer her own advice.

"Say, Miss Edith, will you find some pardon, young Mr. Morton, we maunna waste time. Let Milnwood take my plaid and gown; I'll slip them aff in the dark corner, if he promise no to look aboot. I'll see the last of Tam Halliday, who is half-blind with his ale, and I can tell him a canny way to get out o' the Tower, and your leddyship will gang quest afield and leave the world. I'll now myself in the gray cloak, and put on his hat, and play the prisoner till the coast's clear, and then I'll cry in Tam Halliday, and gar him let me out."

"Let you out?" said Morton; "they'll make your life answer it."

"Ne'er a bit," replied Jenny; "Tam daurna tell his life away, for a man's sake; and gar him find some other gate to account for the escape."

"You, by G—?" said the sentinel, suddenly opening the door of the apartment; "if I am half blind, I am not deaf, and you should not plan an escape quite so loud. I expect you to go through with it. Compound with me, brave, troth—quick time—trot, d— me!—And you, madam kinnwoman, I won't ask your real name, though you were going to tell me. Is it really a rascal, such as I must make, clear garrison; so beat a retreat, unless you would have me turn out the guard."

"I hope," said Morton, very anxiously, "you will not, on this occasion, my good friend, and trust to my honour to acknowledge your civility in keeping the secret. If you overhear our conversation, you must have observed that we did not accept of, or enter into, the hasty proposal made by this good-natured girl."

"Oh! we are quite as good natured, to be sure," said Halliday. "As for the rest, I guess how it is, and I scorn to bear malice, or tell tales, as much as another; but no thanks to that little litting devil, Jenny Dennison, who deserves a tight, skelping for trying to lead an honest lad into a scrape; just because he was so silly as to like her good-for-little walking." Jenny had no better means of justification than the last apology to which her sex has turn, and usually not in vain; she pressed her handkerchief to her face, sobbed with great vehemence, and either went, or managed, as Halliday might have said, to go through the motions wonderfully well.

"I know," continued the soldier; somewhat mollified; "if you have any thing to say, say it in two minutes, and let me see your backs turned; for if Bothwell take it into his drunken head to make the rump of the night, it will be done before it is too late; and you will be a black nuisance to us all."

"Farewell, Edith," whispered Morton, assuming a firmness he was far from possessing; "do not return here—leave me to my fate—it cannot be good.——God bless you, 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; "you would be interested me if I would have vouchsafed so sweet a girl as that is, for all the whigs that ever saw the Covenant.

"When Edith had regained her apartment, she gave way to a burst of grief which alarmed Jenny Dennison, who hastened to administer such scrupulous of consolation as occurred to her.

"Miss xey you shall see a muckle, Miss Edith," said that faithful attendant; "wha kens what may happen to help young Milnwood? He's a brave boy, and is tricked by none, and a gentleman of a good figure, and they winnings string the like o' him up as they do the poor wight bodies that they catch in the same like strap o' onions; maybe his uncle will have him aiff, or maybe your ain grand-uncle will speak; you'll get word for him—he's weel acommod w' the red-coat gentlemen."

"Yes, 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 actions."

"Let us commit some one to rule this very night to my uncle's with a letter."

"To Carnwath, madam? It's unco late, and it's six miles an' a huitlock down the water; I doos if we can find a man that can be there the night, more especially as they have mounted a sentinel before the gate. Poor Cuddie! he's gane, poor fellow, that was has done right in the end; I bade him, and no asked any reason—an' I've had nae time to draw up w' the new pleuche—lad yet; forby that, they say he's gane to be married to Meg Murdoch, ill-fairest oun she is as she is."

"You must find some one to go, Jenny; life and death depend upon it."

"I can craw out at the window o' the pantry, and slip down by the auld yew-tree west enough—I have played that trick by none, I bade him, and no asked any reason—" said Edith, with a burst of passion, "I can walk ten miles by moonlight well enough."

"Is there no one you can think of that, for modesty or favor, you would serve me so far?" asked Edith, in great anxiety.

"I dinna ken," said Jenny, after a moment's consideration, "unless it be Goose Gibbie, and then it's no ken the way, though it's no use difficult to find out, if he keep the horn-road, and mind the turn at the Cparl- burn, and go through the regions, and dinn's done himself in the Whigs' kim-pul, or in ower the cause at the Lark hill, or miss any o' the little steps at the Pams o' Wallow, or be carried to the hills by the who's, or take to the tolbooth by the red-coats."

"All ventures must be run," said Edith, "and short the list of chances against Goose Gibbie's arrival at the end of his pilgrimage; all ranks must be run, and I can find a better means of bidding the boy get ready, and get him out of the town as secretly as you can. If he meets any one or him on the way, carry a letter to the mayor of Carnwath, but without mentioning his name."

"I understand, madam," said Jenny Dennison, "I want the callant will do weel enough, and the hen-wife will tak care o' the geese for a while my mouth; and I'll tell Gibbie your letter is for the peace w' Lady Margaret, and we'll get a dollar."

"Two, if he does his errand well," said Edith. Jenny departed to raise Goose Gibbie out of the stables, in which he was usually concealed; the floor being broken down, or shortly after, he keeping the floor of the
birds under his charge. During her absence, Edith took her writing materials, and prepared against her return the following letter, superscribed, For the hands of Major Bellenden of Charnwood, my much honoured uncle, These:

"My dear Uncle—This will serve to inform you I am desirous to know how your gout is, as we did not see you at the wappen-schaw, which was close both my grandmother and myself very uneasy. And if it will serve to try my patience, we shall be happy to see you at such a time as may suit you. I breakfast at the hour of breakfast, as Colonel Graham of Claverhouse is to pass this way on his march, and we would willingly have your assurance to receive and entertain a military man of such distinction, who, probably, will be much delighted with the company of women. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to let Mr. Carefor's, your servant, know, and stuff it directly, with the double-trimmed page, with the hanging sleeve, 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 a message to Colonel Grant Cyrus, as I have only read as far as the imprisonment of Philipsapce upon the seven hundred and fifty-third page; but above all, I entreat you to come to me to-morrow before eight of the clock, which, as your pacifying rag is so good, you may well do without rising before your usual hour. So, praying to God to preserve your health, I rest your daughter and loving niece.

EIDTH BELLENDEN."

"Postscript. A party of soldiers have last night brought your friend, young Mr. Henry Morton of Stilwood, hither as a prisoner. I conclude you will see this news, and beg you to send me a message to Colonel Graham in his behalf. I have not men tioned his name to my grandmother, knowing her sensibility against the family."

This epistle being duly sealed and delivered to the post, that faithful servant was desired to put the same in the charge of Goose Gibbins, whom she found in readiness to start from the castle. She then gave him some directions touching the road, which the apprehended, after he had gone away, not having ravelled it above five or six times, and possessing only the same slender proportion of memory as of judgment. Lastly, she sent him out of the garden through the pantry window into the branch yew-tree which grew close beside it, and had the attention further directed him to take the right turn at the commencement of his journey. She then returned to persuade her young mistress to go to bed, and to call her to rest, if possible, when she had made her way to the hall of the abbey, only qualified by a passing regret that the rusty Cuddy, with whom the commission might suitably have been disposed, was no longer within the reach of each serving her.

More fortunate a messenger than as a cavalier, he was going up rather than his good management, which, after he had gone away not having lain nine times, and given his garments a taste of the variation of each bog, brook, and slough, between Tillettshelm and Claverhouse, through the forest, near the gate of Major Bellenden's mansion, on the first break of the road, when the two parties met, there being a little more than half an hour in number of hours.

CHAPTER XI.

At last comes the troop, by the word of command.

Drawn up in our court, where the Captain cries, Stand!

MAJOR BELLENDEN'S ancient valet, Gideon Pico, as a changed object of his master's clothes by his bedside, preparatory to the worthy veteran's toilet, acquainted the old gentleman, who, as his usual time of rising, that there was an express from Tillettshelm.

"From Tillettshelm!" said the old gentleman, hearing hastily in his bed, and sitting bolt upright, "Open the shutters, Pico! I hope my mistress is well—ruff up the bed-curtain.—What have we all here?" (glancing at Edith's note.) "The gout? why, she knows I have it, and it's no scathe to herself. The wappen-schaw? I told her a month since this was not to be there. Paduaso and hanging sleeves? why, hang the gipsy herself! Grand Cyrus and Philipdiasius?—I hope Devil!—this world, and all its erazzy all at once? was it worth while to send an express and wake me at five in the morning for all this trash?—But, Michael? the gout postscriptum—Merry on us!" he exclaimed on perusing it. "Pike, saddie old Kilsythe instantly, and another horse for yourself." "I hope no ill news from the Tower, sir," said Pike, astonished at his master's sudden emotion. "Yes—no—yes—that is, 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 crony's son!—and the silly wench 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 old good officer was fully equipped; and had the express commodity up on his term-guards, his charger as soberly as Mark Antony himself could have done, he paced forth his way to the Tower of Tillettshelm.

On the road he formed the prudent resolution to say nothing to the old lady (whose dislike to presidency of all kinds he knew to be inveterate) of the quality and rank of the prisoner detained in her walls, but to try his own influence with Claverhouse to obtain Morion's liberation.

"Being so loyal a young man, it 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 serve an old soldier's son. I never knew a real soldier who was not a frank-hearted, honest fellow; and I think the execution of the laws (though it's a pity they find it necessary to make them so severe) may be a thousand times better intrusted with them than with peddling lawyers and thick-skulled country gentlemen.

Such were the ruminations of Major Bellenden, which were terminated by John Gudvill (not more than half-drunk) taking hold of his bridle, and assisting him to dismount in the rough-paved court of Tillettshelm.

"Why, John," said the veteran, "what devil of discipline is this you have been keeping? You have been reading Genesis and Job, I see; and you two are more than once, not to mention times and hours, the Halcyon, airless, and to be tiresome of the field, air—biscuit—and lilies of the valley."

"Flowers and little! Why, man, such carols as thou and I can have, or read better, or sing in the woods, decayed nettles, or withered rag-weed; but suppose you think that we are still worth watering."

"I am an old soldier, sir, I thank Heaven, not ocypus."

"An old skunk, you mean, John. But come, never mind, show me the way to your mistress, old lad."

John Gudvill led the way to the stone hall, where Lady Margaret was dressing about, superintending, arranging, and re-forming the preparations made for the reception of the celebrated Claverhouse, whose one party honour had been called as it was, and another execrated as a bloodthirsty oppressor.

"Did I not tell you," said Lady Margaret to her principal female attendant, "did I not tell you, My nia, that it was my especial pleasure on this occasion to have everything in the precise order wherein it was upon that famous morning when his most sacred majesty partook of this great banquet at Tillettshelm?"

"Doubleness, such were your ladyship's commands, and to the best of my remembrance—" was My nia answering, when her ladyship broke in with, "The way whereof is the veneration, or at least any acknowledgment of the throne, and the stoup of clarity upon the right, when ye may right well remember, My nia, that his most sacred majesty with his own hand stirred the
poy to the same ease with the flagon, and said, they were too good friends to be parted!"

"I mind that weal, madam," said Myers; "and if I had forgot, I have heard your leddishop often speak of it; and your leddishop, as a gentleman, but whether every thing was to be placed just as it was when his majesty, God bless him, came into this room, looking most like an angel than a man, if he hadn't been his own bremen."

"Then ye thought nonsense, Myers; for in whatever way his most sacred majesty ordered the position of his own seat, that seat and none else should enjoy this royal pleasure in greater matters, should be a few to his subjects, and shall ever to be those of the house of Tilietudlem." 

"Well, madam," said Myers, making the alterations required, "it's easy mending the error; but if every thing is just to be as his majesty left it, there should be an unco hole in the venien pasty."

At this moment the door opened.

"Who is that, John Gudily?" exclaimed the old lady, "I can speak to no one just now—is it you, my dear brother?" she continued, in some surprise, as the Major entered: "this is a right early visit!"

"Not more early than welcome, I hope," replied Myers, as he seated the flagon of mead on his deceased brother; "but I heard by a note which Edith sent to Charnwood about some of her equipage and books, that you were to have Claver's here this morning; so I bought this book, my lady."

"I thought that I should like to have a chat with this rising soldier. I caused Pike saddle Kileythe, and here we have you!"

"And most kindly welcome 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, which—"

"The king breakfasted at Tilietudlem," said the Major, "as Lady Margaret's friend, dreaded the commencement of that narrative, and was desirous 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 sooth," said the Major, "the damnable dinner that Noll gave us at Worcestor a few days afterwards drove all my good cheer out of my memory. But how's this?—you have even the great chair, the elbow-chair, with the tapestry cushions, placed in state."

"The throne, brother, if you please," said Lady Margaret, and "Well, the throne be it then," continued the Major, "is that to be Claver's post in the attack upon the pasture?"

"No, brother," said the lady; "as these cushions have been once honored by accommodating the persons of our most sacred Monarch, they shall never, please Heaven, during my life-time, be pressed by any less dignified weight."

"You should not them," said the old soldier, "put them in the way of an honest old cavalier, who has ridden ten miles before breakfast; for, to confess the truth, they look very inviting. But where is Edith?"

"On the battlements of the warren's turret," answered the old lady, "looking out for the approach of our guests."

"Why, I'll go there too; and so should you, Lady Margaret, as soon as you have line of battle prepared. There's a pretty thing I can tell you, to see a regiment of horse upon the march."

This speaking, he offered his arm with an air of old-fashioned gallantry, which Lady Margaret accepted with such a courtesy of acknowledgment as made the whisper of a wound past him, "it's a pretty thing," I can tell you, to see a regiment of horse upon the march."

Thus speaking, he offered his arm with an air of old-fashioned gallantry, which Lady Margaret accepted with such a courtesy of acknowledgment as made the whisper of a wound past him, "it's a pretty thing, I can tell you, to see a regiment of horse upon the march."

Upon the battlements of the tower, to which they ascended in a state of pensive and uncouth sterness, they found Edith, not in the midst of a young lady who watches with fluttering curiosity the approach of a man, unexpected of the gossamer, but pale, downcast, and cow瓴ing, by her countenance, that sleep had not, during the preceding night, been the companion of her pillow. The good old cavalier was too hurt at the absence of his preparations, his grandmother had omitted to notice.

"What is come over you,istle girl?" he said; "why, you look like an officer's wife when she opens the New Year book after an action, and in her husband among the killed and wounded. But I know the reason—you will persist in reading these nonsense books, instead of keeping elm: pampering for diasthesias that never existed. Why, say the devil can you believe that Artassamis, or what d'ye call him, fought angle-handed with a wheel barton? One to three is as great odds as ever fought and won, and I never knew any body that could take that, except old Corporal Raddlesham. As these d-d books put all pretty men's actions out of countenance. I dare say you would think very fast of Raddlesham, if he were alongside of Artassamis—I would have the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the peepot for leering-making."

Lady Margaret, bethinking somewhat attached to the pursuit of romances, took up the cudgels.

"Mr. Turner, as a post of soldier, brother; and, as I have heard, a complete one, and as is the Steer of Urk."

"More shame for them, they should have known better." Returning to the Major, "I have not read a book these twenty years except my Bible, The Whole Duty of Man, and, of last days, Turner's Discoveries, of the Pike Exercise," and I don't like his disciplines much neither. He wants to draw up the cavalry in front of a stand of pikes, instead of being sent the wings. Sure am. I, if we had done so at Kileythe, instead of having our handful of horse on the flank, the first discharge would have sent them back among our Highland fowlers."

All heads were now bent from the battenor of the turret, which commanded a distant prospect down the vale of the river. The Tower of Tilietudlem stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the angle of a very precipitous bank, formed by the junction of a considerable brook with the Clyde. There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch, across the river near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, wind the public road; and the fortalice, thus commanding both bridge and pass, is of immemorable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and winder districts of the country with those beneath; which, as the passes of the Clyde, expanded, and multiplied, and multiplied, and multiplied.

The view downwards is of a grand woodland character; but the level ground and gentle slope near the river form culivated fields of an irregular shape, interspersed with hedge-row trees and open enclosures seeming to have been individually cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, in which occupies, in unbroken masses, the most magnificent cultivations and more distant banks. The stream, a cold and sparkling brown, like the variegated Cassgarnig pebbles, rushes through this region in bold sweeps and curves, partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks."

*As few, in the present age, are acquainted with the romance of the age of Lord XIV, who only say, that they combine the virtues of the modern courtier with all the impossibilities of the age of Chivalry. Their character will be more easily learned by reading Sir James Turner's Tale of the Game of Damfrosh and Galloway. In this capacity the story is very interesting, for it is a true history of the execution of him prisoner, and then proceeded in arms to wards Lord M....., who was quartered at Penzance, in the court of the Artillery, Sir James Turner's Tale of the Game of Damfrosh and Galloway. In this capacity the story is very interesting, for it is a true history of the execution of him prisoner, and then proceeded in arms to wards Lord M. Walter. He was arrested with a commission to lay*
With a prevalence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants have, in most places, planted orchards about their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple is most abundant. The vine has, however, not yet found its way to the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

Looking up the river, the character of the scenery was varied considerably for the worse. A hilly, waste, and, uncultivated country approached close to the banks; the trees were few, and limited to the neighbourhood of the banks, 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. Thus the town, commanded two prospects, the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moor.

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 visible in the distance, appearing and disappearing as the trees and the windings of the road permitted them to be visible, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which suddenly shone through the gaps in the trees, and by 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, the crowd 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 marks the changing times," said the old cavalier; "and yet I do not much like the service that these poor fellows are to be engaged in. I had my share of the glory of it, and I cannot say I had ever so much real pleasure in that sort of service when I was employed on the Continent, and we were lacking at times in foreign faces and exacerbating dialect. It's a hard thing to hear a hampshire Scotch tongue cry, quarter, and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out misicróid.—Be there, then, as they have been. Cleaverhouse has not failed in his capital, and I must commend your caution, Edith, for having said nothing of this young gentleman's affair to your grandfather—you may rely on him not to take an opportunity to speak to Claverhouse. Count 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 it ravishes mightily discreet.

The breakfast of Lady Margaret Bellenden no more resembled a modern dinner than the great assembly at Tullitiedum could brook comparison with a modern drawing-room. No tea, no coffee, no variety of rolls, but solid and substantial viands—the presbytery had the knight's arm in the noble baron of the house. Primrose venison pate; while silver fagons, served with difficulty from the claws of the Coveneeners, was placed before them. They now manououvered, and were served ad libitum. And there was some with generous wine of various qualities and descriptions. The appetites of the guests were in proportion to the magnificence and solid of the entertainment.

Lady Margaret beheld with delight the cates 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, saving Cleaverhouse himself, the compulsory urgency loveliness to his person, with a disadvantage of the rights of his fellow guests. He wore the unsparing gaze of the noted Privy Council in excusing the meritorious services of the government in Scotland during the reigns of Charles II. and James III. but he redressed his character by the high, and which he assured the cause of the latter monarch after the Revolution. His military skill did not, however, deter him from Killicrankie, and by his own death in the arms of victory.

It is by tradition, however, that he was very desirous to be introduced, to a certain Lady Euphrosyne, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred years and upwards. His mistress, being in a melancholy, was unwilling to receive Cleaver's, (as he was called from his title,) but at length consented. After a little compliment, he brought her to the lady, that having lived so much beyond the usual term of human life, she was in a manner at a loss how to make the acquaintance. "Here am I," said Lady Euphrosyne, "the world is just to end with me. Who is there? Here was then a Knell, being as it is to his career, and now I am staggering, there is one Clever as drawing us into it. I am content, it is a great signification, and in conclusion, you and I much do credit to the longevity of a lady of a hundred years old.
"Mary," said Evandale, "are flocking to them already, and they give out that they expect a strong body of the indulged presbyterians, headed by young Minwood, as they call him, the son of the famous old rector, Mr. Morton, to rally to his defense."

This speech produced a very different effect upon the hearers. Edith almost sunk from her seat with terror, while Claverhouse darted a glance of sarcasm at the Euchan minister, which remarked re-implies: "You see what are the principles of the young man you are pleading for."

"Ah, lie of these raccoon fancies," said the Major haughtily, "I will answer for Henry Morton as I would for my own son. He is a lad of as good church-principles as any gentleman in the Life-Guard. 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 on the same Prayer-book with me, 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, "whether he be innocent or guilty. —Major Allen, for the General, will take a guide, and lead the regiment forward to Londonhill by the best and shortest road. Move steadily, and do not let the men block the horses. Lord Edith will see you in quarter of an hour. Leave Bothwell with 8 platoons 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 military music and the clashing of hoofs announced that the horsemen were leaving the castle, and in sound were presently heard only at intervals, and soon died away entirely.

While Claverhouse endeavored to soothe the terror of Lady Margaret, and to reconcile the veteran Major to his opinion of Morton, Evandale, getting the better of that conscious sympathy which renders an ignoble youth difficult in approaching the object of his affections, drew near to Miss Bellenden, and accorded her in a tone of mingled respect and interest.

"We are to leave you," he said, taking her hand, which he pressed with much emotion—"to leave you for a scene which is without its dangers! Farewell, Miss Bellenden, let me say for the first, and perhaps the last time, dear Edith! We part in circumstances so singular as may excite some solemnity in bidding farewell to one, whom I have known for years, and whom I most highly admire.

The manner differing from the words, seemed to express a feeling much deeper and more agitating than was conveyed in the phrase he made use of. It was not in woman to utter so unutterable to his modest and deep-felt expression of tenderness. Although borne down by the misfortunes and imminent danger of the man she loved, Edith was touched by the hopeless and reverential passion of the gallant youth, whom now took leave of her to rush into dangers of no ordinary description.

"If I—" she sincerely trust," she said, "there is no danger. I hope there is no occasion for this solemn ceremony—that these hasty insurrections will be dissipated 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 "all,"—"of all the friends of mine is dear and valued to me, and I value their approbation accordingly. Of our success I am not sanguine. Our numbers are so few, that I dare not hope for success, so bloodless, or so safe an end of this unhappy disturbance. These men are enthusiastic, resolute, and desperate, and have leaders not altogether unskilled in the art. To expect that anything has been overthrown by Morton, who, wildly ironed and guarded by soldiers, was now being behind her in order to be presented to C— House. As their eyes met each other, the smile reproved the fierce pride of the young man. His glance was deep and pensive, and it implied that he had partially heard, and also misinterpreted, the conversation which had passed. She was not wanted but this to conciliate his distress and confusion. Her blood, which ran her brow, made a sudden resolution in her heart to lead her as pale as death. This change did not escape the apprehensive young gentleman, but she easily discovered that there was no longer in the smile and the object of her own attachment, a danger which was to have danger to."

Edith had now the opportunity she wished to bespeak the young nobleman's intercession and protection for Henry Morton, and it seemed the only channel of interest by which he was rescued from impending destruction. Yet at that moment as if, in dough, so she was able to explain him to the Senator, and the Senator, who was as open before her, as if his tongue had express declaration. Could she with her Lord Evandale in the service of a rival? or was she in the service a request, or before she would have given any other explanation with which her request otherwise had been qualified.

"I will but dispose of this young fellow," said Claverhouse, "from the other side of the hall."

"My Lord Evandale—I am sorry to interrupt a conversation—but then we must meet. But why do not you bring up the prisoner? and I will let two files load their carbines."

In these words, Edith conceived she had won the death-warrant of her lover. She instantly produced the warrant, and which had become so quiet in her own silent assurance.

"My Lord Evandale," she said, "this young gentleman's execution must be great with your colonel—your intercession in his favour—it will save his uncle a lasting obligation."

"Yes, Miss Bellenden, my Lord Evandale; "I have been often promising such applications, when I have made them in more serious moments of human misery."

"Yet try once again for my uncle's sake!"

"And why not for your own?" said Lord Evandale.

"Will you not allow me to think I am entitled to such personal influence? Are you, then, my old friend that you will not allow him even the satisfaction of thinking that he is guiding your wishes?"

"Surely—for the sake of your uncle!"

"Surely—for the sake of your uncle, my Lord!"

She became calmer and more urgent in her entreaties, for she heard the steps of the soldiers who were entering with their prisoner.

"By heaven! then," said Evandale, "he shall not die, if I should die in his place! But will not you," he said, resuming the hand, which is a symbol of his spirit, for the young man's welfare, and whether you grant me one suit, in return for my soul in your service?"

"Anything you can ask, my Lord Evandale, that sisterly affection can give."

"And is this all," he continued, "will you grant to my affection living, or my memory when it is gone?"

"Do not speak thus, my lord," said Edith, "you distress me, and do injustice to yourself. There is a friend I esteem more highly, or to whom I more readily grant every mark of regard—presently—"

"But —"

A deep sigh made her turn her head suddenly, she had well uttered the last word; and, as she perceived that the frame of her face was altered, she meant to close the sentence, she became more aware of her situation, and it was overheard by Morton, who, wildly ironed and guarded by soldiers, was now behind her in order to be presented to C— House. As their eyes met each other, the smile reproved the intense pride of the young man. Her glance was deep and pensive, and told him that the love of his life, the hand of Miss Bellenden, again visited him with more attention, again looked upon
and plainly observed the confusion which she could not conceivably be the object of. A moment's gloomy silence followed, and then a young gentleman who gained the prize at the shooting match: "I am not sure, - hesitated Edith; - yet I rather think not." "I see it;" said Evandale, confidingly; "I know him well. A victor," he continued, somewhat haughtily; "a man who has interested a fair spectator more deeply."

He then turned from Edith, and advancing towards the table at which Clayhouse, now placed himself, glanced upon the faces of the women, upon his shoes, and his height, and his broadsword, and his haughty bearing, and then from thence to the broadsword, a silent, but not an unobserved spectator of that which passed.

CHAPTER XIII.

Q. Say Lord, beware of jealousy! Quot.

To explain the deep effect which the few broken passages of the conversation we have detailed made upon the unfortunate prisoner by whom they were overheard, it is necessary to say something of his previous state of mind, and of the origin of his acquaintance with Mortons.

Henry Mortons was one of those gifted characters, which possess a force of talent unsuspected by others till they are once revealed to the world. He had an unacquainted courage, and a firm and uncompromising detestation of oppression, whether in politics or religion. But his enthusiasm was unsuited by fanatical zeal, and unrequited by the sacrifices of the puritanical spirit. From these his mind had been freed, partly by the active exertions of his own excellency under an essentially partial and fond, and more especially by the visit of Major Bellenden's, where he had an opportunity of meeting with many guests whose conversation taught him, that goodness and wisdom are natural to those of any single form of religious observance.

The base paroxysm 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 and his friends were surprised at his progress under such disadvantages. Still, however, the current of his soul was frozen by the sense of dependence, of poverty, above all, of an imperfect and limited education. That the light of nature could not reach him was patent, and reserve which effectually concealed from all but the very intimate friends, the extent of talent and the brightness of character, which were to have their due place in his future. The circumstances of the times had added to this reserve an air of indecency and of indifference; for, being attached to neither of the political parties, which at that time were jealous of each other, he passed for dull, insensible, and unfeeling by the feeling of religion or of patriotism. No conclusion, however, could be more unjust; and the less his real worth by him which he had been considered by all his more interested 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 studies or innocent exercise, and the avowed rivalry of their political hatred. But his mind was still more revolted by the cynical and oppressive conduct of the government, the miserable, licentious, and brutality of the soldiers, the executions on the scaffold, the slaughter of the open field, the quarter and executions of the tyrant, which filled the places of the fortresses of a free and independent Scotch Aryan Abolition. Condemning, therefore, every part of his as excesses fell under his eyes, disgusted with the sight of a nation which had become as glum and as unrefined as the barbaric tribes which had been heard and the hearing alternate complaints and exultations with which he could not sympathize, he would long ago have left Scotland, had it not been for his attachment to Edith Bellenden.

The earlier meetings of these young people had been at Charnwood, when Major Bellenden, who was as free from taunting as was his brother. Uncle Toby himself, had encouraged their keeping each other constant company, without entertaining any apprehension of the natural consequences. Love, as usual in such persons, opened the name of friendship, used her language, and claimed her privileges. When Edith Bellenden was recalled to her mother's castle, it was supposed that a man who had survived accidents she often met young Mortons in her sequestered walks, especially considering the distance of their places of abode. Yet it somehow happened; that she never visited the castle which she is so frequent to her, the occasion of these encounters ought naturally to have excited, and that their intercourse assumed gradually a more delicate character, and their meeting began to wear the air of appointments. Books, drawings, letters, were exchanged between them, and every twofold 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 bosom, and could not but guess at that of the other. Unable to desist from an intercourse which possessed such charms for both, yet, trembling for its too probable consequences, it had been continued without specific explanation until now, whose fate Edith feared to have taken the conclusion into its own hands.

It followed, as a consequence of this state of things, that the confidence which he had of her affection had increased, and his return of his affection her affection had increased, and his return of love was in every respect so superior to his own, had not the spirit of human nature been an obstacle. And so, face so beautiful, and her manners so bewitching, that he could not but entertain fears that some suitor more favoured than himself was better able to his family than he durst hope to be, might step in between him and the object of his affection. Common rumour had raised up such a rival as Lord Evandale, whom bore, fortune, connections, and political principles, as well as his frequent visits at Tullistead, and his attention to 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 meeting of the lovers, and Henry could not but mark that Edith either shadily avoided speaking of the young gentleman, or did so with obvious reserve and hesitation.

These symptoms, which, in fact, arose from the delicacy of her own feelings towards Mortons himself, were misconstrued by his dissipated temper, and the jealousy which was excited was the occasional observation of Jenny Dennison. This true-born serving-damsel was in her own person a complete contrast to Edith, and he had the opportunity of teasing her own lover, used to take some occasional opportunity to torment her young lady's. This arose from no ill-will to Henry Mortons, 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 Mortons could afford, and he was a lord, moreover, and, if Miss Edith Bellenden, should accept his hand, she would become a baron's lady, and, what was more, little Jenny Dennison, whom the young housekeeper at Tullistead, loved at her attention, would be then Mrs. Dennison, Lady Evandale's own woman, or perhaps her ladyship's lady-in-waiting. The unapproachability of Jenny Dennison, therefore, did not, like that of Mrs. Quickly, to extend, a wish that both the handsome suitors could at your young lady. Lady Evandale was so much as to be out, the regard was depressed by her favour of Lord Evandale, and her wishes in his favour took many shapes extremely tormenting to Mortons, who, being now expected to make his suit and bring an article of intelligence, and arms as a mayfly, kept always tending to confirm the idea, that, sooner or later, her romantic intercourse with her young unsupposed might have result, and that he would
in spite of summer walks beneath the greenwood tree, exchange of verses, of drawings and of books, and in accepting Lady Evandale.

These hints coincided so exactly with the very picture that had been burned into my mind by the deadly feeling of suspicion and fear, that Morton was not long of feeling that jealousy which every one has felt who has truly loved, but to which those most in love whose love is crossed by the want of friend's consent, or some other insidious impediment of fortune. Edith herself, unwittingly, and in the generosity of her own frank nature, contributed to the suspicion, for she has been known to be in danger of falling. Their conversation, once chanced to turn upon some late excesses committed by the soldiery on an occasion when it was said (inaudibly however) that the party was commanded by Lord Evandale. Edith, as true in friendship as in love, was somewhat hurt at the severe strictures which seemed from Morton on this occasion, and which, perhaps, were not the less strongly expressed on account of their supposed rivalry. She entered into Lord Evandale's defence with such spirit as hurt Morton in the very soul, and afforded me small delight to Jenny Dennison, the usual companion of their walks. Edith perceived her error, and endeavored to recede it; but the impression was not so easily erased, and it had no small effect in inducing her lover to form the resolution of going abroad, which was disappointed in. Morton has since been more circumspect.

The visit which he received from Edith during his confinement, the deep and devoted interest which she has shewn in the ways of recovering herself to have dispelled his suspicions; yet, ingenious in tormenting himself, even this he thought might be imputed to amorous friendship, or, at most, to a temporary partiality that would soon wear away in the way of those instances; the entreaties of her friends, the authority of Lady Margaret, and the assiduities of Lord Evandale, succeeded in breaking up his mind.

"And to what do I owe it," he said, "that I cannot stand up like a man, and plead my interest in her? Eas this cheat cleared out of it? to what, but to the all-pervading and accursed type, which affects, as if once our bodies, souls, estates, and afflictions! And is it to one of the pensioned cut-throats of this oppressive government, my poor soul must pretext 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 least brook or borne.

As these stormy resolutions boiled in his bosom, and the very seeds of insult and injury which he had sustained in his own cause, and in that of his country, Bothwell entered the tower, followed by two dragons, one of whom carried his hounds.

"You must follow me, young man," said he, "but first we must put you in trim."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, we must put on these rough bracelets. I am not do anything—but I would not for three hours' plunder of a stormy wind bring a whirl before my Colonel without his being crowned. Come, come, young man, don't look silly about it.

He advanced to put on the iron; but, seizing the eaken-seat upon which he had rested, Morton threatened to dash out the brains of the first who should approach him.

"I could manage you in a moment, my youngest," said Bothwell; "but I had rather you would strike voluntarily.

He repeated the same as he put on the iron, and wished to spoil your own sport. They say here in the castle that Lady Margaret's nephew is immediately to marry our young Captain, Lord Evandale. 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, on my soul—it seems to me that the devil's the master—You are as pale as a sheet—Will you have some brandy?"

"Miss Bellenden ask my life of Lord Evandale?" said the prisoner faintly.

"Ay, ay; there's no friend like the women—their interest carries all in court and camp—Come, 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 her intelligence, no longer offered the least resistance.

"My life begg'd of him, and by her!—ay—ay—on the more—my limbs shall not refuse to bear me has entered into my very soul—my life begg'd of Edith, and begg'd of Evandale!"

"Ay, and he has power to grant it too," said Both- well—"He can do more with the Colonel than say man in the regiment."

And as he spoke, he and his party led their prisoner towards the hall. In passing behind the seat of Edith, the unhappy prisoner heard enough to be con- ceived of the broken expressions which passed between Edith and Lord Evandale, to conform all that the soldier had told him. That name made a singular impression on his character. The depth of despair to which his loss and fortunes were reduced, the peril in which his life appeared, the limitations of his public services, her intercession in his favour, which removed his fickleness yet more gallantly, seemed to destroy every feeling for which he had hitherto lived, as much as the same time, awakened those to which he had never been smothered, by passions more gentle though more selfish. Desperate himself, he determined to support his country, insulated in his person. His character was for the moment as effaced as the appearance of a village, which, being the abode of domestic quiet and happiness, is by the sudden intrusion of an armed force, converted into a formidable pest of defence.

We have already said that he cast upon Edith an glimpse which reproached mingled with scorn, as if to bid her farewell for ever; his next mission was to walk firmly to the table at which Colonel Grahame was seated.

"By what right is it, sir," said he firmly, and without waiting till 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 freeman?"

"By my commands," answered Claverhouse; and I now say my commands on you to be silent and hear my questions."

"I will not," replied Morton, in a determined voice, while his boldness seemed to electrify all around him.

"I will say no, whether I am in lawful custody, and before a civil magistrate, ere the charter of my country shall be forfeited in my person."

A pretty springfast this, upon my honour?" said Claverhouse.

"Are you mad?" said Major Bellenden to his young friend. "For God's sake, Henry Morton, be continued, in a tone between rebuke and entreaty, "remember you are speaking to one of his majesty's officers high in the service."

"It is for that very reason, sir," returned Morton, "firmly, if I know to what night you shall detain me without a legal warrant. Were he an officer of the law I should know my duty was to obey it."

"Your friend, here," said Claverhouse to the rain, coolly, "is one of those scurvy dogs who, like the madman in the play, will not do a thing to save his life, and do; but I will let him see, before we pass, my shoulder-knot is as legal a badge of officer as any."

At the close of our discussion, you will be pleased, young man, to call me directly when you saw Balkin of the key.
As I know no right you have to ask such a question," replied Morton, "I decline replying to it."

"You confessed to my sergeant," said Claverhouse, "that you saw and entertained him, knowing him to be the person assigned to traitor; why are you not so frank with me?"

"Because," replied the prisoner, "you are from education, taught to understand the rights upon which a free man stands, and that you will not countenance me in my wishes to be aware there are yet Scotsmen who can assert the liberties of Scotland."

"And then, upon your right hand, would you vindicate with your sword, I presume?" said Colonel Graham.

"Were I armed as you are, and we were alone upon a hill-side, you should not ask me the question twice."

"It is quite enough," answered Claverhouse, calmly; "your language corresponds with all I have heard of you—but you are the son of a soldier, though a rebellious one, and you shall not use the death of a dog; I will save you that indignity."

"Die in what manner I may," replied Morton, "I will die like the son of a brave man; and the ignorancy you mention shall remain with those who shed innocent blood."

"Make you peace, then, with Heaven, in five minutes' space.—Bothwell, lead him down to the court-yard, and draw up your party."

"The appalling nature of this occurrence, and of its antecedents—some horror into all but the speakers. But now those who stood round broke forth into clamour and expectation. Old Lady Margaret, who, with all the prejudices of rank and party, had not laid aside the feelings of her sex, was loud in her intercession."

"I am not punishing you," she exclaimed, "spare his young blood! Leave him to the law—do not repay my hospitality by shedding men's blood on the threshold of my doors!"

"This is Major Bellenden's name," said Major Bellenden, "you must answer this violence. Don't think, though I am old and feeble, that my friend's son shall be murdered before my eyes with impunity. I can find friends that shall make you answer it."

"Be satisfied, Major Bellenden, I will answer it," replied Claverhouse, totally unmoved; "and you, madam, might spare me the pain of resisting this passionate intercession for a traitor, when you consider the noble blood your own house has lost by so base a mean."

"Colonel Graham," answered the lady, her aged frame trembling with anxiety, "I leave vengeance to God, who calls it his own. The shedding of this blood will not atone for the crimes that were dear to me; and how can it comfort me to think that there has been another woman's blood, another man's sin, like myself, by a deed done at my very door-stane?"

"This is stark madness," said Claverhouse; "I must do my duty to church and state. Here are a thousand villains band in open rebellion, and you ask me to pardon a young fanatic who is enough of himself to set a whole kingdom in a blaze! It cannot be—Remove him—Bothwell."

She who was most interested in this dreadful decision, had twice strove to speak, but her voice had totally failed her; her mind refused to suggest words, and her tongue to uter her. She now sprung up and attempted to rush forward, but her strength gave way, and she would have fallen flat upon the pavement had she not been caught by her attendant.

"Help!" cried Jenny, "Help, for God's sake! my young lady is dying."

At this exclamation, Evandale, who, during the preceding part of the scene, had stood motionless, leaning upon his sword, now stepped forward, and said to his commanding-officer, "Colonel Graham, have you no better man to execute me? will you speak a word with me in private?"

Claverhouse looked surprised, but instantly rose and withdrew with the young nobleman into a recess, when the following brief dialogue passed between them:

"I think I need not remind you, Colonel, that when our family interest was of service to you last year in that affair in the privy-council, you considered yourself as laid under some obligation to us?"

"Certainly, my dear Evandale," answered Claverhouse, "I am as much a man as you, and I shall be delighted 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 Graham, in great surprise, "you are mad—absolutely mad—what interest can all Scotland, all the powers of the earth, be of the life of a young man? His father was positively the most dangerous man in all Scotland, cool, resolute, soldierly, and inflexible in his cursed principles. His son seems his very model; you cannot conceive the mischief he may do. I know mankind, Evandale—we were he insignificant, fanciful, 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 know want but such a leader to direct their blind enthusiastic hardiness. I mention this, not as refusing your request, but to make you fully aware of the possible consequences—I will never 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 be surprised if I persist in requesting you will not put him to death. I have most urgent reasons for what I ask."

"Be it so then," replied Graham; "but, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to any degree of influence in the service of your country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest, and to the discharge of your duty, your private passions, affections, and feelings. Take not your will to be destiny; do not sacrifice to the Duterte 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 now yield this point, in compliance with your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature."

He then stepped to the top of the flight of stairs and put 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 maintain at such a point."

"You see him?" said Claverhouse, in a half whisper to Lord Evandale; "he is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most lurid vision of the most chocked unbleached, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that keeps its usual tone, the only nerves that are not quivering, look at him, and you will see 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 tried aloud. "Young man, your life is for the present safe, through the intercession of your friend—Remove him, Bothwell, and let him be properly guarded, and brought along with the other prisoners."

"If my life," said Morton, stunned 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 Graham, 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 lad, that you can afford to let your tongue run away with them at this rate? Come, come, I'll take care to keep you out of the Colonel's way; for, even, you thought I was a fool, they will not be five minutes with him before the top or the next ditch will be the word. So, come along to your companions in bondage."

Thus speaking, the sergeant, who, in his rude manner, did not altogether suit the suavity for a gallant young man, hurried Morton down to the court-yard, where three other prisoners, (two men and a woman,)
CHAPTER XIV.

My bions came o’ r’ir disturbance.
My hawk’s may fly true to trea,
My lord may spy my want of trea.
For there again mean I never be.

Old Scot.

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 on their road. Their 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 sent a guard of thirty men to follow by their orderly-men, in order to take their proper places in the column which proceeded them. We were strictly under the guard of bothwell, 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 rested 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 are guarded by two files with loaded carbines. I will not have them escape, blow their brains out.—You cannot call that using you uncivilly, he continued, addressing himself to Morton, "it’s the rules of war, you know.—And, Inglis, couple up the parties gently under the charge of good women, they are finest company for each other, d—m, a single file may guard them well enough. If they speak a word of cant or fancy, I have this for them: walk on, young fellows, with a shoulder-belt. There’s some hope of choking silenced persons; if he is not allowed to hold forth, his own treason will burst him.

Their route was through a deep and deserted glade, with the sun conversing with the clouds in a manner apt to make the hearts of the men look upon the glorie of Heaven as very mean. And we experienced that blank and waste of the heart which follows the hurricanes of passion, and, no longer supported by the pride and consciousness of our station and usefulness and our services have been of an ancient date.

"They are never to be forgotten by me, let me assure your ladyship," said I, "Nothing but what seemed my sacred duty could make me hesitate to grant a favour requested by you and the Major. Come, my good lady, let me hear you say you have forgiven me, and, as I return to-night, I will bring a drove of two hundred whigs with me, and pardon fifty head of them for your sake."  

"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 bail for young Morton."

"We will send that, when I return," said Claverhouse. "Meanwhile be assured his life shall be safe."

During this conversation, Evandale looked anxiously around for Edith, but the protection of Jenny Denison had occasioned her mistress being transported to her own apartment.

Slowly and heavily he obeyed the impatient summons of Claverhouse: a lot was mixed, after taking a courteous leave of Lady Margaret and the Major, had hastened to the court-yard. The prisoners, with their guard were mounted and followed all pressed forward to overtake the main body, as it was supposed they would come in sight of the enemy in a little more than two hours.

Tales of my Landlord.
OLD MORTALITY.

"It would be very strange if you did," answered Morton, with suppressed excitement.

"And what I like worst o' a'," continued poor Guddie, "is that ranting red-coats coming among the laesies, and hanging awa our fowls. I had a rare heart o' my sin when I heard the Yews down at Tilletedlaur this morning, a' part-take time, and saw the seck comin' out at my bin lum-head, and kent there was a man an' an, and an old mither sitting by the ingle-side. But I think my heart was e'en sairer, when I saw that hellicat trooper, Tam Halliday, kiesen by Dennison afores my face. I wonder women can haive it so, but I do nae think they're the same for the red-coats. Whiles I hae thought o' being a trooper myself, when I thought naething else was done, I think they're the same for the ower mither k-ie, for maybe it was for my sake that she loot Tam kanse her tap-knoate that gaite.

"For your sake?" said Morton, unable to refrain from taking some interest in a story which seemed to hear a singular coincidence with his own.

"E'en see, Milnwood," replied Cuddie; "for the pair queer get laid some nae goodness, in the lough fair, (d—n him, that I said any such fate) an' see she bade me God speed, and she wanted to stap aill through my heart. I—ye wink it was the last half o' her fee and bounteous, for the warnet the other hand, on pinners and pairings to gang to us shott yon day at the corrigy.

"And did you take it, Cuddie?" said Morton.

"Tryth did I no, Milnwood; I was sic a fale as to ding it back to her—my heart was ower grite to be taken, and she had sent me back to her, an' kimming an' kiesing at her. But I was a great fule for my pame; it wad has done my mither and me some gude, and she'll nae'nt o' rudes and nae somuch gude.

"There was here a deep and long pause. Cuddie was probably engaged in regretting the rejection of his mistress's bounty, and Henry Morton in considering from what motives and sentiments Miss Bellenden had succeeded in procuring the interference of Lord Evandale in his favour.

Was it not possible that the young man might, in circumstances where she had engaged his honour to protect the person of a favoured rival?

Still, however, the words which he had overheard recurrence and snout to his remembrance, with a pang which resembled the sting of an adder.

"Nothing that she could refuse him!—was it possible for him to make a reply to such a rejection? The language of affection has not, within the limits of inaudible delicacy, a stronger expression. She is lost to me forever; 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—"Wad there be o' the Yews out o' the chiefe hands an' aee could compass it?"

"None in the world," said Morton; "and if an opportunity occurs of doing so, depend on it I for once will not let it slip.

"I'm blyth to hear ye say aee," answered Cuddie. "I'm but a poor silly fellow, but I canna think there can be no mither to say to ye, 'Play the game, and ye canna win it,' or to ye, 'Every hand, if ye could make it o' any thing possible, I am the lad that will nae fear to lay on, if it came to that; but our said leddy wad ha' ca'd that a resistanc, ye ken the k'ge's that day, that every thing or any thing—no ane macle as a cup o' cauld water—do the lords at Edinburgh gie us; and yet they are heading a' the Yews an' the gait o' the blackguard troopers, and taking our goods and gear as we were outlaws. I canna say I tak it kind at their hands.'"
"Well, that's just my mind too,aye supposing we have a feasible opportunity o' breaking loose. But then ye speak o' a charter; now these are things that is the best evidence of the status of the man and it mightna bear me through that am but a husbandman."

"That charter that I speak of," said Morton, "is common to the meanest Scotthman. It is that freedom from stripes and bondage which was claimed, as you may read in Scripture, by the Apostle Paul himself. And every man is a master in his own house, and it is called upon to defend, for his own sake and that of his countrymen.

"Heard it," replied Cuddy, "it wad hae been lang or my Leddy Margaret, or my mither either, wad hae fund out sic a wiselike doctrine in the Bible! The tane was aye grasning, about giving tribute to Caesar, and the other is as deaf wi' her whistery, I have been clean spoilt, just wi' listening to twa Scottish auld wives; but if I could get a gentleman that wad let me taek on to his servent, 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 ane fairly delivered o' this house of bondage, and just to take me in your wally-de-shambles."

"My valet, Cuddy?" answered Morton; "alas! that would be sorrow profferment, even if we were at liberty."

"I ken what ye're thinking—that because I am landward-bred, I wad be bringing ye to disgrace and dishonour, and the like. Ged o' it, the man at the next; there was never any thing done wi' hand but I learned gear readily, 'seeping' reading, writing, and ciphering, as well as the like, and the like of the filial—" and I can play wi' the broadsword as well as Corporal Ingles there. I have broken his head or now, for as masey as he's riding aint us. And then ye'll no' think so, in this country—" said he, stopping and interrupting himself.

"Probably not," replied Morton.

"Weel, I care not a boddel. Ye see I wad get my mither bestowed wi' her auld grasning little, aunie Meg, in the Gallowgait o' Glasgow, and then I trust they wad never bring her here in hands for fault o' fuds, or hang her up for auld witch wife; for the provost, they say, is very regardin' o' sic pair bodies. And then you and me wad gang and poise our fortunes, like the folk! the daft auld tales about Jack the Giant-killer and Valentine and Orson; and we wad come back to merry Scotland, as the song says, and live well, for it aye suits wi' us."

"You are auld," said Cuddy, addressing himself to Morton, "if I dinna think your minister presses as well as the minister!—But it's a sair pity o' his house; not in aye right, for it is jist a turn o' the key, and turn me fur on the bonny rigs o' Milnwood holme, that it wad be worth a pint but to look at them."

"I fear," said Morton, "there is very little chance, my servant Cuddy, of our getting back to our old occupation."

"Hout, stir—hout, stir," replied Cuddy, "'tis aye good to keep up a hand; they are broken a ship's come to land. But what's that I hear? never stir, if my auld minister is at the preaching again! I ken the sough o' her texts, that sound just like the wind blowing through the spence; and there's Kettle-drumme setting to work, too—Lordsake, if the sodgers anes get angry, they'll murder them bairns, and us for company!"

Their farther conversation was in fact interrupted by a blatant noise which rose behind them in which the voice of the preacher emitted, in union with that of the people, the grumble of a band soon combined with the squeaking of a cracked fiddle. At first, the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to sit and listen to the words in smoother expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became more pugnantly aggravated as they communicated with each other, and they became at last unable to suppress their ire.

"Wo, wo, and a threefold wo unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!" exclaimed the Reverend Cuddy, "and a threefold wo unto ye, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of yeals!"

"Away a black cast to a' their ill-grey'd faces and the outside o' the loof to them at the last day!"

Cuddy's conjectures were but too true. The voices of the prisoners had not been much attended to when drowned by the clang of horses' hoofs on a rough and stony road; but they now entered upon the main lands, where the testimony of the two zealous captives lacked this saving accompaniment. And, accordingly, no sooner had their steeds begun to cool the heat and gain the green, and Gabriel Kedington had again raised his voice with, "Also I uplift my voice like that of a pelican in the wilderness."

And mine, said Cuddy, addressing himself to Morton, "if I dinna think our minister presses as well as the minister!—But it's a sair pity o' his house; not in aye right, for it is jist a turn o' the key, and turn me fur on the bonny rigs o' Milnwood holme, that it wad be worth a pint but to look at them."

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OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER XV.

Quantum in sese, we've thought good
To save the expense of Christen Blood,
And if we, by seduction,
Of treaty and accommodation,
Should have our designs
This bloody deal, without blood.

The increased pace of the party of horsemen soon took away from their zealous captives the breath; if not the inclination, necessary for holding forth. They rode now for more than a mile out of the woodlands, whose bow oak glades had, for some time, so compassed them after they had left the woods of Tilithrux. A few birches and oaks still feathered the rugged vines, or occupied in dwarf-chesnut woods and the hollow plains of the moor. But these gradually disappeared; and a wide and waste country lay before them, swelling into bare hills of dark heath, intersected by wind-swept brooks and cut by various channels which had abandoned the valley courses of the western streams and the eastern. Stones and gravel, the effect of weathering the surface and of springs and of the action of the wind, made a boulder-strewn waste. Like the sand in the desert, the stones were covered with a thin layer of vegetation, so that it was possible to see the sand of the desert as if the desert were covered with a thin layer of vegetation.

It was not, therefore, without a peculiar feeling of motion, that Morton beheld, at the distance of about a mile, the town of the cavalry to which he had been conducted, coming upon a steep and winding path which ascended from the more level moor into the town. Their numbers, which appeared formidable when they crowded through narrow roads, and seemed multiplied by appearing partially, and at different points, among the trees, were now apparently diminished by being exposed at once to view, and in a landscape whose extent bore such immense proportion to the columns of horsemen on that road, which, showing more like a cove of black cattle than a body of soldiers, rapidly shortened. The columns of the men on the hill, which divided their course, and the columns of the hill, which divided their columns, seemed trifling and contemptible.

"Surely," said Morton to himself, "a handful of scoundrel men may defy all these in the world, provided they be disposed to fight 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 the front of Claverhouse's column grazed the hillside and there by the hillock when they began ascending. Bothwell with his rear-guard and discomis, had united himself, or nearly so, with the main body led by his commander. The extreme difficulty of the road, which was in several places steep,
into a second hearty swell, or rather hill, next to the foe 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 shielding the line.

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 might, at least within the royal cavalry as the enemy descended the opposite hill, the whole front of which was exposed, and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind his first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should force the passage of the march. In their rear was their third line, consisting of Grenadiers and muskets set straight on poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other restless implements as hasty resentment had armed the rank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and solid ground wherewith to act in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who, in general, but indifferently armed, and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either left-overs of smallness of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of those who had been engaged in driving the heavy dragoons and others from the ground, by the unexpected arrival of the insurgents, might be seen returning slowly towards their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgents army which seemed to be in motion. All the rest remained motionless as the grey stones that lay scattered on the heath around them.

The total number of the insurgents might amount to fewer than four thousand men; but of these there were above a hundred cavalry, nor were the half of them seen tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however, the success of their arms, and the superior numbers of the enemy, had so increased, but above all, the ardour of their enthusiasm, were the means on which their leaders reckoned, for supplying the want of arms and horses.

On the side of the hill that rose above the array of battle which they had adopted, were seen the women and even the infants whose heads were exposed to perdition, 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, children, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the shriek cries which they raised, when they beheld the glittering ranks of their foe appear on the brow of the opposing eminence, acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was destined to be the subject of their oft-our strife, their self and emphatic effect for a wild hallow, which want from rank to rank on the appearance of the soldiers, who armed the resolution of the insurgents to fat and press on the attack.

As the horsemen halted their lines on the ridge of the hill, their trumpets and kettle-drums sounded a loud and varied theme of menaces and defiance, that rang along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The wonders, in answer, sounded their voices and sent forth, in solemn modulation, the two first verses of the seventy-ninth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish Kirk:

"In Judah's land God is well known, His name's in Israel great; As Sion is his temple, Zion is his seat."

"These arrows of the bow he brings, The shield, the sword, the mace, Smite those that rush than darts of prey, More excellent art far."
presented ourselves before them in line, the retreat of the Life-Guards would argue gross timidity, and be the general signal for insurrection throughout the west. In which case, so far from obtaining any assistance, I presume we should have great apprehensions of his being cut off before we can join him, or he us. A retreat would have quite the effect of impressing the enemy with the loss of a battle—and as to the difference of risk or of safety it might make with respect to ourselves, that, I am sure, no gentleman thinks a moment about. 

There must be some gallantry in the morose through which we can force our way; and, were we once on firm ground, I trust there is no man in the Life-Guards who supposes our squares, though so weak in numbers, are unable to trample into dust twice the number of these unpractised clowns.—What say you, my Lord Evandale?"

"Rebel! rebels! and underserving the name—either of Scotchmen or of subjects," said Claverhouse; "but come, my lord, what does your opinion point at?"

"To enter into a treaty with these ignorant and rebellious people," said the young gentleman, "is a treaty! with rebel slaves in their hands? Never while I live," answered his commander.

"At least send a trumpet and flag of truce, summoning them to lay down their weapons and disperse," said Lord Evandale, "upon promise of a free pardon to all that bear the Highland banners, or who have borne them in the battle against the English, before the battle of Pentland hills, much blood might have been saved." "False! false!" said Claverhouse; "and who the devil do you think would carry a summons to those headstrong and desperate fanatics? They acknowledge no laws of war. Their leaders have been all active in the murder of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, fight with a rope round their necks, and are likely to kill the messenger, were it but to dip their fingers in his blood, and make them as desperate of pardon as themselves."

"I will go myself," said Evandale, "if you will permit me. I have often risked my blood to spill that of others, let me do so now in order to save human lives."

"You shall not go on such an errand," my lord," said Claverhouse, "I venture your safety too much to the consequence to the country in an age when good principles are so rare.—Here's my brother, son Dick Grahame, who sent this message."

"A little lithe if the devil had given him armour of proof against it, as the fanatics say he has given to his uncle."

"He shall take a flag of truce and a trumpeter—there was actually a young corum of the Life-Guards named Graham, and probably some relation of Claverhouse, slain in the affray of Drumclog. In the old ballad of the Battle of Philiphaugh, Claverhouse is said to have continued the laughter of the fugitive in revenge of this gentleman's death."

"Mind up your head," then Monmouth said."

But bloody Claver's swore an oath."

"His kinman's death avenged should be."
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"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 all who shall come in sight of the Bishop of St. Andrews; or whether you will abide the attack of his majesty's forces, which will instantly advance upon you, and put an end to the present assembly!"

"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 of your party as hostages, as brother-in-arms. Whosoever assails 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 evils 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, "hast thou sought 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 not with you, or such as you, that I am sent to treat!"

"Thou art a young soldier, friend," said Burley, "and scarce well learned in thy trade, or thou wouldst know better how to behave; for a clergyman cannot trust with the army but through their officers; and if he presume to do otherwise, he forfeits his safe conduct!"

While speaking these words, Burley unslung his carbine, and held it in readiness.

I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menace of a murderer," said Cornet Graham. "Hear me, good people; I proclaim, in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting..."

"I give thee fair warning," said Burley, presenting his piece.

"A free pardon to all," continued the young officer, "still addressing the body of the insurgents—"to all but..."

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 the saddle. His startled horse fled back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his scarce less affrighted attendant.

What have you done?" said one of Balfour's brother officers.

"My duty," said Balfour, firmly. "Is it not written, Thou shalt be zealous even to staving? Let not thine enemies rejoice over thee, whoso 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! that rashness will undo us."

It was all that he could accomplish, by galloping along the second line, entreat ing, commanding, and even menacing the men with his sword, that he could restrain them from following an example so contagious.

"Alas," 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 man as well as a poet!"

"Lead ten file up the hollow to the right," continued his commanding officer, "and try every means to get to the spot where the dog was, then form a second line in front of the rebels in flank and rear, while they are engaged with us in front!"

Bothwell made a signal of intelligence and descended, and moved off with his party at a precipitate pace. Meanwhile, the disaster which Claverhouse had apprehended, did not fail to take place. The troopers, who, it must be owned, Lord Evandale, had rushed with against the enemy, soon found their disorderly career interrupted by the impracticable character of the ground. Some stuck fast in the morasses as they attempted to struggle through, some reclined 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, which the foremost rank kept, the second reeled, and the third stood upright, poured in a close and destructive fire that emptied at least a score of soldiers, and before it moved the disorder into which the horsemen had fallen. Lord Evandale, in its meantime, at the head of a very few well-mounted men, advanced to the ditch, but was slower, and sooner 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 bracken and underbrush, set upon them with such fury, crying, "Wo, wo, to the uncorrected Fatalities! I drown with Dagon and all his adherents!"

The young nobleman fought like a lion, but most of his followers were killed, and he himself 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 morass, so effectually upon the enemy, that both tore and foot 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 so aware of the advantage of numbers and position were so decisively theirs, that, if they could but persist in making a stand but resist to the last, the Life-Guards must necessarily be defeated. Their leaders flew through their ranks, exhorting them to stand firm, and pointing out how efficacious their fire must be where both men and horse were present to fire to it; for their enemy did not custom to fire without having dismounted. Claverhouse, more than once, when he perceived his men drawing in, gave a fire which they so soundly return, made desperate efforts to pass the bog at various points, and renew the battle on terra firma and favour terms. But the close fire of the insurgents joined to their several difficulties of the pass, led to attempts in every point.

"We must retreat," said he to Evandale, "and Bothwell can effect a diversion in our favour. We mean meantime, draw the men out of fire, and leave your host behind these patches of elder—bushes to keep the enemy in check."

These directions being accomplished, the appearance of Bothwell with his party, was earnestly expected. But Bothwell had his own disadvantages to struggle against. He had escaped the penetrating observation of Burley, and made a corresponding movement with the left of the mounted insurgents, so that when Bothwell, after riding some way, descried a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he perceived he was still far from the superior enemy. His daring character was in degree checked by this unexpected opposition. Follow me, my lad!" he called to his men "never let it by said that we turned our backs against these rebels!"

With that, as if inspired by the spirit of his terrors, he shouted, "Bothwell! Bothwell! and charging himself into the morass, he struggled forward..."
old mortality

at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley with such fury, that he drove them back above a pie-
tot-shot, killing three men with his own hand. Bur-
ley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on this
point and that, instantly paused, and with locked
numbness of his respective party, and a result ensued more
usual in romance than in real story. Their followers, on
fighting, in a body, and on the march, crossed in their
the date of the day were to be decided by the event
of the combat between these two, redoubled swords-
men. The combatants themselves seemed of the same
opinion, as if two or three eagles and peasants had been exchanged, they paused, as if
by joint consent, to recover the breath which preceding
exertions had exhausted, and to prepare for a duel in
which each seemed conscious he had met his match.

"You are the murdering villain, Burley," said
Bothwell, gripping his sword firmly, and setting his
tooth close——you escaped me once, but——(his
an oath too tremendous to be written down)—thine
head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go
before mine, by this blade, or my saddle shall go
empty for me."

"Yes," replied Burley, with stern and gloomy de-
determination, and then that John Balfour, who promised to
lay thy head under the horse's feet, and God do so unto me, and more also, if I do not
redeem my word."

"I am a laird, a heathier, or a thousand merks!" said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" answered
Bothwell, as he paused, and returned, "I will make thy
name a name, and shave thee from the earth, as
there has seldom met two combatants more
equally matched in strength of body, skill in the
management of their weapons, and courage, deter-
mination, and patience in enduring the intense pain
and terrific impatience of mortal bate, and Bothwell set
his enemy by the shoulder-belt, 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 dragoons,
and the battle became again general. But nothing
could withdraw the attention of the combatants from
each other, or induce them to unclose the deadly
clap in which they rolled together on the ground,
tearing, struggling, and foaming, with the inveracity of
thoughtless beholders.

Several horses passed over them in the mêlée with-
out their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-
man threw his adversary on his back. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and expre-
sessed grin, and both combatants started to their
feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his
side, but his left gripped 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, floured his sword aloft, and then passed
it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received
the thrust without flinching—it had only grazed on his
ribs. He attempted no further defence, but, looking
at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, he exclaimed
—"Base peasant churl, thou hast split the blood of a
line of kings!"

"Die, wretch!—die!" said Balfour redoubling the
thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Both-
well's body as he did so, a third time transfixed him
with his adversary. "Die, bloodthirsty dog! I die as thou
hast lived—die, like the beasts that perish—hoping
nothing—believing nothing."

"I will," said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of expiration to utter these desperate
words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken.

"We have the courage of which it had deprived its comrades, the issue of this mortal contest did not remain long
undecided. Several soldiers were slain, the rest
charged back over the morass and dispersed, and the
victorious Burley, with his very weapon, crossed in their
turn, to direct against Claverhouse the very manu-
vre which he had instructed Bothwell to execute.
He now put his troop in order, with the view of
attacking the redoubled force of the enemy, and with
braving the noise of his success to the main body, exhorted
them, in the name of Heaven, to cross the marsh,
and work out the glorious work of the Lord by a
general attack upon the enemy.

Meanwhile, Claverhouse, who had in some degree
remedied the confusion occasioned by the first irre-
gular and unexpected charge, had received the indi-
bit in front to a distant skirmish with fire-arms,
chiefly maintained by some dismounted troopers
whom he had posted behind the cover of the shrubry
copse of elders, which in some places covered the
edge 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 expect-
ing that a diversion by Bothwell and his party might facilitate a general attack, was assisted by
one of the dragoons, whose bloody face and jaded
horse bore witness he was come from hard service.

"What is the matter, Halliday!" said Claverhouse,
for he knew every name in his regiment by name
—"Where is Bothwell?"

"Bothwell is down," replied Halliday, "and many
a pretty fellow after him."

"Then the king," said Claverhouse, with his usual
composure, "has lost a stout soldier. —The enemy
are streaming back."

"With a strong body of horse, commanded by the
devil incarnate that killed Bothwell," answered the
terrified soldier.

"Hush! hush!" said Claverhouse, putting his
finger on his lips—"not a word to any one but me. —
Lord Eylande, we must retreat. The fates will have
that. Draw together the tents, and douse the fires
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 roupes 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
Eylande, astonishend at the coolness of his com-
mander.

"Fairly disposed of," said Claverhouse, in his ear
—"the king has lost a servant, and the devil has got
one. But away to build the other. Take off the
spurs and get the men together. Allan and you
must keep them steady. This retreatting is new
work for us all; but our turn will come round an-
other day."

Eylande and Allan, beat themselves to their
task; but ere they had arranged the regiment for
the purpose of dispersing in two alternate bodies, a
considerable number of the enemy had crossed the
marsh. Claverhouse, who had retained immediately
around his person a few of his most trusted and
military men, charged those who had crossed in person,
while they were yet disordered by the broken ground.
Some they killed, others they repulsed into the
marsh, and checked the whole so as to enable the main
body, now greatly diminished, as well as disheart-
ened by the loss they had sustained, to commence
their retreat up the hill.

But the enemy's van being soon reinforced and
supported, compelled Claverhouse to follow his troops.
Never did man, however, better maintain the char-
acter of a solidsoldier. Claverhouse, by his black horse
and white feather, was first in the repeated charges
which he made at every favourable
able opportunity and with the progress of time, and to cover the retreat of his regiment. The object
of aim to every one, he seemed as if he were impres-
sive to their shot. The superstitious fanatics, who
So saying, and commanding about twenty men to follow him, he gave, with this small body, a charge so desperate and unexpected, that he drove the foremost of the puritans back to some distance.

In their terror they leaped over the parapet of the battlement, and, desirous to strike terror into his followers, he dealt him so severe a blow on the head, as cut through his helmet. In his storm of rage and passion he threw down the persecutor 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 is not to be mov'd out of the Antichrist himself;"

But though this was loudly shouted, yet the aye on the insurgents' minds was such, that they gave way before Claverhouse as before a supernatural being, and few men ventured to cross swords with him. Still, however, he was fighting in retreat, and with all the disadvantages attending that movement. The soldiers behind him, as they beheld the increasing number of enemies who poured over the morass, became unnerved; and at every successive movement, Major Allan and Lord Edvendale found it more and more difficult to bring them to halt and form line regularly, while, on the other hand, their motions in the act of retreating became, by degrees, more and more uncertain, and their confidence with great imperfection. As the retiring soldiers approached nearer to the top of the ridge, from which in so lackless an ascent they had descended, the panic began to increase. Every one became impatient to place the brow of the hill between him and the continued fire of the pursuers; nor could any individual think it reasonable to challenge the pressure, in the act of retreat, and thus sacrifice his own safety for that of others. In this mood, several troopers set spurs to their horses and fled; and these became so unsteady in their movements and formations, that their officers every moment feared they would follow the same example. And this scene of blood and confusion, the trampling of the horses, the groans of the wounded, the continued fire of the enemy, which fell in a succession of uninterrupted musketry, while Lord Edvendale accompanied each bullet which the fall of a trooper showed to have been successfully aimed—amid all the terrours and disorders of such a scene, and when it was dubious how soon they might be totally defeated by their dispirited soldiers, Edvendale could not forbear remarking the composure of his commanding officer. Not at Lady Margaret's breakfast-table that morning did his eye appear more lively, or his demeanour more composed. He had closed up to Lyle the purpose of giving some orders, and picking out a few men to re-form his rear-guard.

"If this bust lasts five minutes longer," he said, in a whisper, "our rogues will leave you, my lord; old Allan will certainly find the way back to the Braemar in the face of the enemy; I fly to you in that, and I think we will fight this battle with our own hands. I must do something to disperse the musketeers who annoy them so hard, or we shall be got to succour two who 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 council I die in my duty!"

The belief of the Covenanters that their principal enemies, and Claverhouse in particular, had obtained from the Devil a support of some sort, perhaps his protection, led them to prevent even the circumstances of his death. Howie of Logdoun, after giving some account of the battle of Killiecrankie, adds:

"The battle was very bloody, and by Mackay's third, and Lyle's last, and Edvendale's midmost, of which the King was the sovereign; but it has been said of certain, that his own servant, taking a resolution to rid the world of this transmuted bloody monster, and knowing he had proof of deed, shot him with a silver bullet, in the breast, and in the name of King James, as near as might be, in Scotland."—God's Judgments on Persecutors, p. 285.

The scene was marked by Edvendale's own expression of a shot of a paradoxe, and be ready to object here, as formerly, "you have given me too much ammunition."

"The battle lasted five minutes longer, it is supposed; but there is no account of the time of the engagement, as the men have or gave a power to save life?" etc. Without entering upon the question of the engagement, it is certain that the man might be said to be in his power, or of his nature, to be a meritorious man of his mark; he is called Adonijah the destroyer. If, that even in this battle, the man of one true material, and not of man, and this does not save life; for the lead would not have been enough to make the effect one instant against man, and this does not save life; and for Daniel, though he died not on the field, he did accept the woods of the Almighty.—"Meditations.
A few officers and soldiers followed him, but in a very irregular and unmannerly manner. The flight of some pelican may have inspired the example of some sprawlers, who yet offered obstinate 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 fast-flashing lightnings of war, what dread to the desert files frantic and far!

During the severe skirmish of which we have given the details, Morton, together with Cuddie and his mother, and the Reverend Gabriel Kettleddrum, remained on the brow of the hill, near to the small caim, or barrow, beside which Claverhouse had held his preliminary council of war, so that they had a commanding view of the action which took place in the bottom. They were guarded by Corporal Ingale and four soldiers, who, as may readily be supposed, were much more intent on watching the fluctuating fortunes of the battle, than in attending to what passed among their prisoners.

"If you stand to their attack," said Cuddie, "we'll have some chance of getting our necks out of the meshes of the net, but I misdoubt them—they have little skele o' arms."

"Much is not necessary, Cuddie," answered Morton, "if they would only walk in their hands, and are more than three times the number of their assailants. If they cannot fight for their freedom now, they and theirs deserve to lose it for ever."

"I say," exclaimed Morton, "here's a good spectacle indeed! My spirit is like that of the blessed Elijah, it burns within me—my bowels are as wine which is too warm for me—though the eyes of my enemies are like new bottles. O, that He may look after His sin people in this day of judgment and deliverance!—And now, what seems before precious Mr. Gabriel Kettleddrum?"

"I say," observed the latter, "what looks that there—what looks more pious than snow, whiter than milk, more rodder than supping, swinging, perhaps, at the gate? I say, what she now that, these art bleaker than a coal, that thy beauty is departed, and thy loveless sufferer—like a dry potsherd? Surely it is time to be up and doing, to cry loudly and to spare not, and to wrestle for the pur fada that are yonder testifying with their ain blade and that of their enemies."

This episcopal inspired a reproach on Mr. Kettleddrum, who, though an absolute Romancer, was a son of thunder, in the pulpit, when the enemy were after, and indeed sufficiently contumacious, as we have seen, when in their power, had been struck dumb by the hogs. The clouds were rolling from the valley, and as many an honest man might have been, in a situation where he could neither fight nor fly, he might, no doubt, have calmly and philosophically opportunity to teach the terrors of predestination, as the courageous Mause had expected at his hand, or even to pray for the successful event of the battle. His presence of mind was not, however, entirely lost, any more than his jealous respect for his reputation as a pere and powerful preacher of the word.

"Hold your peace, woman!" he said, "and do not perturb my inward meditations and the wrestlings of Turba feotar, maree, peiri, buacsomma posuqi, Ques mac oirgrina Graicce disparman tarmic.

Vastas simo campo discende cogi.

Post haec et aliae, came provolvit interi.

At ille ibat, sed ad eum cumulus circumneb, Circumns, sui: tumnacnae, in. saecula, Capella oris venit, oin deo profetate consone.

Corroborum fugam, variabi et sinu tecta, Perspicuta petri, fides, saecula ururum, cumorum totidem circumneb, cumorum totidem circumneb.

Tum rugiosus cohors, mission et nostra sate, Levite ambassatores: hie signior, hie stren.

Turgescens globulo, Graecce, quo fortior alter, Interius, quas heres, qui, nisi judiciae fundamenta, Hunc semperque rursum ferre, famewnsc virillum, Virulent incertus, ut omnes satis, asepete tenuissime ars consecrata, A spera diffuse strangulata in cibus.

Visa his tibi tuae salu, nimium esse liberari.

Vulna, tamque tibi, tibi simul tibi, iniugis.

Insequenti istam demone fontanae, maritina,

Costelias sempiternam, eae quae eae.
TALES OF MY LANDLORD. [CHAP. XVII.

"Eh, sir!" he said, having accomplished this task, "look out yonder, Milnwood; see ye ever mortal sight as is more wondrous and touching than the sight of Yonder he's been yonder, thrice down-among them, and thrice cam free off. — But I think we'll soon be free ourselves, Milnwood. Imagine and bear, thou cudgel-shoilders, how often the road alight them better than the road afore.

Cuddie was not mistaken; for, when the main tide of the battle was passed at a little distance from the spot where they were stationed, the corporal and his party fired their carbines at random upon the advancing infantry and herd, about the charge of their prisoners, joined the retreat of their comrades. Morton and the old woman, whose hands were at liberty, lost no time in undoing the bonds of Cuddie and of the clerksman, but of whom had been secured by a cord tied round their arms above the elbows. By the time this was accomplished, the rear-guard of the dragoons, which still preserved some order, passed beneath the hill formed or the ground which was surrounded by the cairn already so repeatedly mentioned. They exhibited all the hurry and confusion on account of the forced retreat, but still continued in a body. Cleaverhouse led the van, his naked sword deeply dyed with blood, as were his face and clothes. His horse was covered with blood, and now reeled with weakness. Lord Eilandale, in not much better plight, brought up the rear, still exhorting the soldiers to keep together and fear nothing. Several of the men were wounded, and one or two reeled from their horses as they mounted the hill.

Maclise's zeal broke forth once more at this spectacle. He shed some blood in his head uncovered, and her gray hair streaming in the wind, no bad representation of a supernumerary beechnut, or Thessalian witch in the agony of intimation. She soon got her sword from Cleaverhouse at the head of the fugitive party, and exclaimed with bitter irony, "Tarry, tarry, ye who see eyes yie blithe to be at the meetings of the saints, and wae ride e'er mair in Scotland to find a conventicle!" Will thou not tarry, now thou hast found one? Wilt thou nght stay for one week that thou be not e'er tempted preaching? — Was betide ye!" she said, suddenly changing her tone, and cut the houghs of the creature whose sweetye ye trust in — Shuaghna — shuaghna — wa' wi', that has spilt sae muckle bluid, and now wad save your ain — wa' wi' ye for a railing Rabakake, a cursing Shimez, a bloodthirsty Dog — The sword's drawn not for brineva be lang o' ertakmg ye, ride as fast as ye will.

Cleaverhouse, it may be easily supposed, was too busy to attend to her represcuses, but hastened over the rest to get the remnant of his men out of gun-shot, in hopes of again collecting the fugitives round his standard. But as the rear of his followers rose up and charged Lord Eilandale's 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 at once to indulge his natural generosity, and to requite the obligation which Lord Eilandale had conferred on him that morning; and under which circumstances had made him winces so acutely. Just as he had assisted Eilandale, who was much wounded, to extricate himself from his dying horse, and to gain his feet, the two horsemen came up, and one of them exclaimed, "Have at the red-coated tyrant!" made a blow at the young nobleman, which Morton parried with difficulty, excluding to the rider, who was no other than Burley himself. "Give quarter to this gentleman, for my sake — for the sake." He added, observing that Burley did not immediately recognize him, "of Henry Morton, who so lately sheltered you."

"I replied Burley, wiping his bloody brow with his bloody hand; "did I not say that the son of Silas Morton would come forth out o' the land of bondage, nor be long an inwelder in the tent of Husbands?"

"Then, at the burning — But for this bound apostle of presby,
of those blessèd days, when there was power and
safety, and leisure to converse on, and contemplate,
and heart-exercises, and fellowships of saints, and a
flourishing forth of the spoils of the garden of

"And this is my son Cuddie," exclaimed Maus, in
the turn, "the son of his father, Judd Headriggs,
who was a donce honest man, and of me, Maus
diskigens, an unworthy professor and follower of
his pure gospel, and ano o your ain folk. Is it not
written, "Cut ye no off the tribe of the families
of the Kollogist from among the Levites?" Numbers,
our Lord, did not say that, for, with no great part.
I trow, ye say, ye were praying writh honest folk, when ye said yes fall
forth your victory with which Providence has
Jesus." The

This party having passed on, they were immedi-
ately bested by another, to whom it was necessary to
the same explanation. Kettle-drummule, whose
seat was much disquieted since the firing had ceased,
gain took upon him to be intercessor, and grown old,
as he felt his good word necessary for the pro-
socation of his late fellow-captives, he laid claim to
not small share of the merit of the victory, appealing to
Morton and Cuddie, whether the tide of battle had
ever turned while they prayed on the Mount of Jehova-
Kollogist, with inexcusable negligence, and, in regarda
ok; but granting them, at the same time, the credit
of holding up his hands when they waxed heavy, as
how far his connection and influence in Glasgow,
some to London, some to some to London. Some were for sending a deputa-
tion of their number to London to convert Charles
II. to a sense of the error of his ways; and others,
less charitable, proposed to call on the King to give
the crown, or to declare Scotland a free republic.
A free parliament of the nation, and a full assembly
of the Kirk, were the objects of the nation and
moderate and of the party. In the mean while, a clamour
arose among the soldiers for bread and other neces-
saries, and while all complained of hardship and hun-
ger, none took the necessary measures to procure
supplies. In short, the camp of the comedans,
even in the very moment of success, seemed about to
dissolve like a rope of sand, free from the original
principles of combination and union.

Burley, who had now returned from the pursuit,
found his followers in this distresscd state. With
the Scotsman, their being in arms, and defeated at Bothwell Brig, in
1679, by William Wallace, late Chancellor of the priests of
Dundalk. The reader who would authenticate the quotation, must not
consult any other edition but that of 1708; for the translation
or other the publisher of the last edition has omitted this remark-
able part of the narrative. Sir Robert Hamilton himself felt neither,
remorse nor shame for having put to death the man who
with his own hand, which appears to have been a charge
against him, by some whose fanaticism was less excited than his
own.

"As for that accaccion they bring against me of killing that
poor man (as they call him) for I know nothing of
that, and that my accusers can be no other but some of the house of
Stuart or Blenwell, or some such tales again to excommunicate that poor gentle-
man (Stall) his quarrel against honest Samuel, for his offering
to kill that poor man again, for the king's giving him quarter.
But I being to command that day, gave out the word that no quar-
ter should be given; and returning from pursuing Claver-
house, one or two of those fellows were slain in the midst of
a company of our friends, and some were debating for quar-
ter, others against it. None could blame me to decide the con-
troversy, and I bless the Lord for it to this day. There
were five more that without my knowledge quitted town, who
were brought to me after we were a mile from the place as hav-
ging got quarter, which I perceived among the first suspicions and
seeing that spirit amongst us at that time, I then told them to
some that were with me, (to my best remembrance, it was
honest old John Nightingale) that if they did not come to
honour us as do much more for him. I shall only say this
— I desire to bless his holy name as long as ever he helped me
to set my face to his work, I never had, nor would take, a
favour from enemies, either for right or wrong, on the
opinion or quality of him to give as few.

The preceding passage is extracted from a long vindication
of his own conduct, sent by Sir Robert Hamilton, 7th December,
1686, addressed to the anti Popish, anti-Papist, anti-Episcopi,
anti sectarian Free Presbyterian ministers of the Kirk of
Scotland; and the substance is to be found in the work or collection,
called. "Faithful Confessions of a Scottish Clergyman." The
cried by John Howie.

As the spirit of Drummond has been of late the subject of
some inquiry, the reader may be curious to see Claverhouse's own account of the affair in the letter to the Haddington,
written immediately after the action. This paper, which
has been called, occurs in the volume called Dundee's Letters, printed
ready talent of one accustomed to encounter exigencies.

He proposed, that one hundred of the freest men should be drawn out for duty—that a small number of those who had hitherto acted as leaders should be selected from the gentry, and until officers should be regularly chosen—and that, to crown the victory, Gabriel Kettledrumme should be called upon to improve the providential success which they had obtained by a word or sign addressed to the army.

He reckoned very much, and not without reason, on this last expedient, as a means of engaging the attention of the haughty and cautious while he himself, and two or three of their leaders, held a private council of war, undisturbed by the discordant opinions, or senseless clamour, of the general body.

Kettledrumme more than understood the expectations of Burley. Two mortal hours did he pass in a breathing; and certainly no lungs, or doctrines, excepting his own, could keep up, for so long a time, the attention of men in such precarious circumstances. But he possessed in perfection a sort of rude and familiar eloquence peculiar to the preservers of that period, which, though it had been disdained by the audience which disapproved any portion of taste, was a cake of the right leaven. Sullen, angry, and of a countenance never addressed, his text was from the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah.

Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the pride of the terrible shall be delivered; for I will change their spirit, and return to them, and they shall be comforted, saith the Lord thy Deliverer, and thy Redeemer, the mighty One of Jacob.

This dissertation, which the preserver upon this subject was divided into fifteen heads, each of which was garnished with seven uses of application, two of consideration, two of terror, two declaiming the causes of backsliding and of wrath, and one announcement of promised and expected deliverance. The first part of his text he applied to his own deliverance and that of his country. And when he had ended, he ended with a few words in praise of young Malwood, of whom, as of a champion of the Covenant, he augured great things.

The second part he applied to the punishments which laid in store for the haughty. At first, he laid it down, as a law of nature, that the haughty could not be humbled without being brought before the tribunal of God. At times he was familiar and colloquial; new houses, loud, energetic, and boisterous; some parts of his discourse might well be transcribed and printed below burlesque. Occasionally he visualized with great animation the right of every freeman to war against God according to his own conscience; and earnestly he charged the guilt and miseries of the people as the awful negligence of their rulers, who had not only failed to establish presbytery as the national religion but had tolerated secessions of Presbyterians, Independents, Socinians, and Quakers all of whom Kettledrumme proposed, by one sweeping act, to expel from the land, and thus re-establish in its integrity the beauty of the sanctuary. He must hand very pitifully the doctrines of defensive army and of the house of commons instead of a nursing father to the Kirk, that such pastor had been a nursing father to none but his own bastards. He went to some length through the life and conversations of all the haughty, of which he supposed that it must be owned, were qualified to stand the rough handling of so uncountry an orator, who conceived and expressed himself in the most familiar manner in the language.

And the watchman said, Behold, the women come forth out of the city, and fearfully; and it shall be, when he shall hear them, that he shall declare it unto the men on the wall. And the watchman said, Behold, the Clubs, Pekah, and every other evil minister raised in the Chronicles, and concluded with a similar application of the Seraphim. Thus is ordered of them, saith the Lord, for the man which preserveth his peace and is not large; and the pile thereof is fire and much smoke, the breadth of the Lord, like a stream of beams, doth kindle.

Kettledrumme had no sooner ended his sermon, and descended from the huge rock which had served him for a pulpit, than his post was occupied by a preacher of a very different description. The voice of Gabriel was advanced in years, somewhat corpulent with a loud voice, a square face, and a set of simple and unanimated features, in which the body seemed more to predominate over the spirit that was scarcely in a sound divine. The youth who succeeded him in the extraordinary conversation, Robert Macbride by name, was entirely of his own stamp. His thin features already indicated, that a constitution naturally weak, was worn out by vigils, by fasts, by the rural imprisonment, and by the unsparing pursuit of a gulf to a fugitive life. Young as he was, he had been twice imprisoned for several months, and suffered many sentences, which gave him great influence with those of his own sect. He threw his dead eyes over the multitude and over the scene of battle; and a light of triumph arose in his glancing, his pale yet a telling features were colourless with a transient and blush of joy. He folded his hands, raised his face to heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer and thanksgiving as he addressed the people. When he spoke his faint and broken voice seemed at first indistinct to express his conceptions. But the deep silence of the assembly, the eagerness with which the ear gathered on the air, as the fashioned image of the man, which the heavenly manna, had a corresponding effect on the preacher himself. His words became more distinct, he was more earnest and energetic as seemed as if religious soul was triumphing over weakness and infirmity. His natural eloquence was altogether untainted with the coarseness of lay sect; and yet, by the influence of a good religious taste, it was freed from the grasper and more serious errors of his contemporaries; and the language of Seraphim, which was vague, was here degraded by misapplication, gave, in the circumstances, a grand and solemn effect, like that used by the prophets of the sun streams through the type on the Gothic window of some ancient castle.

He painted the desolation of the church, displaying
OLD MORTALITY.

Late tidings of her distresses in the most affecting colours. He described her, like Magar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountains of paradise; he painted for the pious, for the devoted worshipers of the sanctuary, her children and her comforts, like Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rode with the fury of a lion, and the merriment of a madman. Your garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood—he walked through the midst of the heathen as a lion, he left the meat stewing for the birds of prey. Your arms are not the firstlings of the flock, the small cattle of burnt-offerings, whose bodies lie like dung on the ploughed field of the husbandman; this is not the savour of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs, that is stirring in your nostrils; but these bloody trunks are the carcasses 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 horses, every man in array as if to battle—they are the spoils of war, the spoils of war that came against Jacob in the day of his deliverance, and the smoke is that of the devouring fire that have consumed them. And those wild hills that surround Jerusalem are the thrones and the altars, and the iron and brass, and the iron and brass, and the weapons of death. And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first array was there a sight more terrible than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow—turn not back from the path in which you have entered, like a man desolate of old, whose grace stood up for the glorifying of his name and the deliverance of his afflicted people—halt not in the race 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 not the shepherd tarry by his sheep-fold, or the shepherdess with her flock; but let the watch be set, the watch be set, that the watch be strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, prepare ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like a people, the young men like a man of war, of course upon the sound of many waters; for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rod are changed into a whip, their rod of victory into a rod of famine, with bread and water 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 Macabeus, every man’s hand as the hand of the mighty Sampson, every man’s sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in the firstilessness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a wilderness, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and we, we unto him who, in his own refuge, in his own hiding place, shall hold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroe, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the enemy. Beh, then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs, seeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways, are crying for reparation. The work of those accursed captives from devastation of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants’ high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, who suffer them as done and dead from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man—all are with you; and the work of the destruction of the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, the workman shall breathe in the name of his God, and shall not be ashamed, and the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, the workman shall breathe in the name of his God, and shall not be ashamed.

CHAPTER XIX.

Why, then, say an old man can do anything?

We must now return to the tower of Tel-Medon, where the march of the Life-Guard was, on the morning of this eventful day, had left to silence and solemnity. The assurances of Lord Erskine had not succeeded in quelling the apprehensions of Edith. She knew him generous, and faithful to his words but it seemed too plain that he suspected the object of her intercourse to be a successful rival; and it was not respecting from him an effort above human nature, to suppose that he was to watch over Morrison’s safety, and rescue him from the bed of vice, from the state of imprisonment, and the suspicions which he had incurred, must repeatedly expose him? She therefore resigned herself to the most heart-rending apprehensions, without a moment’s hesitation, and spent eleven
without listening to, the multifarious grounds of com-
plaint which Jenny Dennison brought forward, 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 no trial of the greater authority, in which re-
duction Lord Evan-
dale was the better and more appropriate match of 
the two—then, there was every chance of a battle, in 
which the Earl might be killed, and there 
would be much more flash about that job—if, 
then the privates of the better, Milnwood and Cudjie 
could come to the Castle, and carry off the beloved of 
their hearts in the strong hand of Midgley.

"For I forgot to tell ye, madam," continued the 
damsel, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "that 
your Cudjie's in the hands of the Philistines as well 
as young Milnwood, and he was brought here a 
prisoner this morning, and I was fain to speak Tara 
Halliday fair, and fleech him, to let me near the pur 
creature; but Cudjie was as thankful as he needed 
till has been neither," she added, and at the same 
time changed his tone, and briskly withdrew the 
handkerchief from her face: "so I will never waste 
my own wi' greeting about the matter. There wad 
be aye enow o' young men left, if they were to hang 
the right thing up in the castle.

The other inhabitants of the Castle were also in 
state of dissatisfaction and anxiety. Lady Margaret 
thought that Colonel Graham, in commanding an 
expedition, had lost his duty of his hour, and refusing to 
grant a reprieve at her request, had fallen short of 
the deference due to her rank, and had even encroached 
on the grandeur of her position and her dignity.

"The Colonel," she said, "ought to have remembered, 
brother, that the barony of Tillitstuddled has the 
hereditary privilege of pit and galloway; and therefore, 
if I am to be expected to be excited on my estate, which I 
consider as an unhandsome thing, seeing it is in 
the possession of females, to whom such tragedies cannot 
be looked on as the common law, to have been 
delivered up to my bailiff, and justified at his sight."

"Martial law, sister," answered Major Bellenden, 
"a commonplace every other. But I must own I think 
Colonel Graham rather deficient in attention to you 
and I am not over and above pre-eminent flattened 
by his granting to young Evandale (I suppose because 
his name is Lord, and not because with the provy 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 flag-end 
not as myself. And therewithal the hummed a stanza:

1 And though winter will pinch severe
And though quite old age may not old;
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack still fills thee the cold.

I must say to thee, sister, I wish 
to hear the assertion of this gathering on London-hill, 
though I cannot conceive their standing a body of 
boys appalled like our guests this morning—
Woo's me, the time has been that I would have liked 
ill to have sate in biggins waiting for the news of 
a skirmish to be fought within ten miles of me!
But, my old head goes:

"For time will rest the brightest blade, 
And years will break the strongest bow; 
Whisper it as we wade, 
But time and years would overthrow!"

"We are well pleased you will stay, brother," said 
Lady Margaret; "I will take my old privilege to 
leave the White House to the provy council; but, now that 
the collision has thrown into some disorder, although it is uncivil 
to leave you alone."

"Oh, I hate ceremony as I hate a stumbing horse," 
replied the Major. "Besides, your person would be 
with me, and your mind with the cold meat and 
reversionary pastes.—Where is Edith?"

"I am here, brother, I am informed, and laid down in her bed for a child," said 
her grandmother; "as soon as she wakes, she shall 
take some drops."

"Foolish peals! She's only sick of the soldiers," 
answered Major Bellenden. "She's not accustomed 
see one acquaintance led out to be shot, and 
other marching off to actual service, with some 
chance of losing her dear boy. She would soon be used to it, if the civil war were 
to break out again."

"You forbid, brother," said Lady Margaret. 
"Ay, you forbid, as you say, and in 
the mean time, I'll take a hit at trick-track with Har-

son." "He has ridden out, sir," said Gudyll, "to try if 
we can hear any tidings of the battle."

"D—n the battle," said the Major; "it puts the 
family as much out of order as if there had never 
been such a thing in the country before—and yet 
there was such a place as Kilsyth, John."

"Ay, and as Tipperary, your honour" replied 
Gudyll, "where was his honour my late master's 
rear-rank man."

"And Alford, John," pursued the Major, "when 
I commanded the horse, and Lannercloch, where I 
was the Great Marquis's aide-de-camp; and 
Earl, and Brig o' Dee."

"And Philipeagh, your honour," said John. 
"Umbh! replied the Major; 'the lose, John, we 
say about that matter, the better."

However, being once fairly embarked on the 
subject of his马 campaigns, the Major 
Gudyll carried on the war so stoutly, for a com-
siderable time to keep at bay the formidable enemy 
called Time, with whom retired veterans, during 
the quiet of the peace, led a bustling life, usually wage 
an unseemly hostility.

It has frequently remarked, that the tidings of 
imported events fly with a celerity almost 
the power of credibility, and that reports, correct in 
the general point, though inaccurate in details, 
prove the certain intelligence, as curried by the 
birds of the air, which, returning, are not unlike to the "shadows of coming events," which 
occupy the imagination of the Highland Seer. Har-
son, in his stanzas, has observed them 
concerning the event of the battle, and turned his head 
back to Tillitstuddled in great dismay. He made it 
his first business to seek out the Major, and 
interrupted him in the midst of a prodigal account of 
the siege and storm of Dundee, with the ejaculation 
"Heaven send, Major, that we do not see a siege of 
Tillitstuddled near the men's older age."

"How is that, Harrison?—what the devil do you 
mean?" exclaimed the astonished veteran.

"True, sir, there is strong and increasing belief 
that Gudyll has been killed; that the soldiers are all dispersed, and that the rebels are 
haunting this way, threatening death and devasta-
tion to the old and to the young."

"I will never believe that," said the Major start-
ning on his feet—"I will never believe that the 
Lime-Green and the garrisoned are about to 
fight, because I do not regret to have an old friend, 
why need I say that," he continued, checking him- 
self, "when I have seen such sights myself?—Send 
out Pike, and one or two of the servants, for 
intelligence, and let all the men in the Castle and 
the village that can be trusted take up arms. 
This old tower may hold them play a bit, if it were 
but with our garrisoned, and it commands the pass 
between the high and low countries. It's better 
I chanced to be here. Go, muster men, Harrison.

"You, Gudyll, look what provisions you have, or 
can get brought in, and be ready, if the news be 
confirmed, to knock down as many bulklocks as we 
have salt for. The well never goes dry."

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 in 
to the house as many as you can, and be sure that 
is within our reach; don't leave so much as a 
bodkin—Lucky that I was here! I will speak to my 
sister instantly."

"Lady Margaret Bellendes was astounded at in-
OLD MORTALITY.

Chap. XIX.

Tingness so unexpected and so alarming. It had seemed to the Major that Gudylly, caused by the just which had that morning left her walls, was sufficient to have rooted all the disaffiliated in Scotland, if collected in a body; and now her first reflection was upon the necessity of her own means of resistance, to an army strong enough to have defeated Cleaverhouse and such select troops. "Woe's me! woe's me!" said she, "what will all that we can do avail us, brother? What will resistance do but bring sure destruction on the house, and on the bairns Edith! for God knows, I thinkn on my ain sad life."

"Come, sister," said the Major, "you must not be cast down; the place is strong, the rebels ignorant and ill-provided: my brother's house shall not be made a den of thieves and rebels while old Milles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was, but I thank my old grey hairs, I have some knowledge of the art of war. Here comes Pike with intelligence. —What news, Pike? Another Philigraugh Job, eh?"

"Ay, ay," said Pike, comically, "a total scattering. I thought this morning this little gude would come of their newfangled game of slinging their cabbage bombs.

"Whom did you see? Who gave you the news?" asked the Major.

"O, mair than half-a-score dragon fellows that and a stak o' men in pursuit of them. They'll win the race, I warrant them, win the battle they like.

"Continuous your preparations, Harrison," said the Major, "get your ammunition in, and the cattle killed. Send down to the borough-town for what meal you can gather. We must not lose an instant. —Here's my last visit to you, sister, and my last return to Charnwood, while we have the means of sending you there."

"My brother," said Lady Margaret, looking very pale, but speaking with the greatest composure, "since the auld house is to be held out, I will take my chance in it. I have had a vision from it in my days, and I will find out a place in it."

"It may, on the whole, be the safest course both for Edith and you," said the Major; "for the rebels will raise all the way between this and Glasgow, and make your travelling there, or your dwelling at Charnwood, very unsafe."

"So be it then," said Lady Margaret: "and, dear brother, put to your nearest blood relation of my deceased husband, I deliver to you, by this symbol,"—here she gave into his hand the venerable gold-headed staff of the late Lord Eild—"the keeping and government and beneficences of my Tower of Tiltledum, and the appurtenances thereof, with full power to kill, slay, and damage those who shall enter on the same. And I trust you will so defend it, as becomes a house in which my most sacred majesty has not disgraced her name."

"Pshaw! 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 alacrity of a young man of twenty-five, to examine the state of his garrison, and superintend the measures which were necessary for defending the place.

The Tower of Tiltledum, having very thin walls and the gable of Fort Culter, had a very strong court-yard wall, with flanking turrets on the only accessible side, and rising on the other from the very verge of a precipice, was fully capable of withstanding any thing but a train of heavy artillery.

Famine or escala was what the garrison had chiefly to fear. For a long time, which had been mounted with some antiquated wall-pieces, and small cannon, which bore the old-fashioned names of culverins, rakers, demi-sakers, falcon, and falco-
Tales of my landlord.

Chapter X.

"In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle?"
"asked Edith.

"The matter, my love?" answered the Major coolly, as, with spectacles on his nose, he examined the ground before him. "Why—raise her, John Gudiy—be bold! Why, Cleaverse is routed, my dear, and the whigs are coming down upon us as fowls, that's all the matter.

"Gracious powers!" said Edith, whose eye at that instant caught a glance of the road which ran up the hill, and yonder they come!"
"Yonder! where?" said 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 lad!" was the first exclamation; "we'll make them pay toll as they pass the heath.

—But stay, these are certainly the Life-Guards.

"O, 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 are it, for I see the helmet, blue and gold, and my nephew is in it. I am glad they have brought them off, however.

His opinion was confirmed as the troopers approached, and on the right side, and finally halted beneath the tower; while their commanding officer, leaving them to breathe and refresh their horses, began to ride up the hill.

"It is Cleaverhouse, sure enough," said the Major; "I am glad he has escaped, but he has lost his famous black horse. Let Lady Margaret know, John Gudiy; order some refreshments; get oats for the soldiers' horses; and let us to the half, Edith, to meet him. I suppose we shall hear but indifferent news.

Chapter XX.

With carelesse gesture, mad unmind'd, in the road he rode the noble.
His head in thraun of sharpest strife,
When winces eye the main.

Edith then.

Colonel Graham of Cleaverhouse met the family, assembled in the hall of the tower, with the same amity and the same courtesy with which he had greeted them in the morning. He had even had the composture to rectify in part the arrangement of his dress, to wash the signs of battle from his face and hands, and to appear more distinguished in his exterior than if returned from a morning ride.

I am grieved, Colonel Graham," said the venerable old lady, the tears trickling down her face, "deeply grieved.

And I am grieved, my dear Lady Margaret," replied Cleaverhouse, "that this misfortune may render your remaining at Tulliesthorn dangerous for you, especially considering your recent hospitality to the king's troops, and your well-known loyalty. And I came here chiefly to request Miss Bellenden 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 Dumfriesshire, as you shall think best.

"I am much obliged to you, Colonel Graham," replied Lady Margaret; "but my brother, Major Bellenden, has stepped on the responsibility of holding out this house against the rebels; and, please God, they shall never drive Margaret Bellenden from her hearths and stiles, while there's a brave man that says high."

"And will Major Bellenden undertake this?" said Cleaverhouse hastily, a joyful light glancing from his dark eyes as he turned it on the veteran, "Yet why should I question it? it is of a piece with the rest of his life. But have you the means, Major?"

"All, but ease and provisions, which we as ill supplied," answered the Major.

"As for me," said Cleaverhouse, "I will leave you a dozen mules, my fellow, who will keep the breach against the devil. It will be of the utmost service, if you can defend the place but a week, and so, the Major.

"I will make it good for that space, Colonel," replied the Major, "with twenty-five good men and store of ammunition, if we should struggle the rest of our lives to hang theburger; but I trust we shall at least in provisions from the country.

And, Colonel Graham, if I might presume to speak, Lady Margaret," said Sergeant Francis Stewart might command the auxiliaries whom you are so good as to add to the garrison of our people; it may serve to legitimate provisions, and I have a prejudice in favour of its noble birth.

"The sergeant's war are ended, madam," said Graham, in an unalter'd tone, "and he needs no promotion that an earthly master can give.

"Pardon me," said Major Bellenden, taking Cleaverhouse by the arm, and turning him away from the ladies, "I am anxious for my friends, and have other and more important losses. I observe another officer carries your nephew's standard.

"You are right, Major Bellenden," answered Cleaverhouse; "and my troops are on the move. He has died in his duty, as became him.

"Great God!" exclaimed the Major, "how happy they are, who enjoy such a corps!

"He was indeed all you say," answered Cleaverhouse; "poor Richard was too near to an effect seen the apple of my eye, and my descent heard. But in the war, you know, one cannot cherish such thoughts. I am sorry for it; but we have a young man, who may do for the Major's hand hard as he spoke—"I have to avenge him.

"Lady Margaret," said Graham, the affectionate voice, his eyes filling with tears, "I am glad to see you bear this misfortune with such fortitude.

"I am not a selfish man," replied Cleaverhouse, "though the world will tell you otherwise; I am not selfish either in my hopes or fears, in 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 severity into cruelty, but I acted for the best; and now I will not yield to my own feelings a deeper sympathy than I have given to those of others.

"I am astonished at your fortitude under all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair," replied the Major.

"Yes," replied Cleaverhouse, "my counsellors in the council will lay this misfortune to my charge; I do not, however, speak of Lord Duncan as sovereign—I can repent their charge. The public enemy will exult in my flight; I shall find a time to show that the war is not yet too early. This youth has stood between a grasping kinman and my infant child for you know that my marriage-bed is barren; peace be with him! the country can better spare than your friend Lord Evanlal, who, after all, is very gallantly, alas, I fear, also fallen.

"What a fatal day!" ejaculated the Major, "I have a report of this, but it was again contradicted; it was added, that the poor young nobleman's penitence had occasioned the loss of this unhappy life.

"No, no, Major," said Graham; "let the officers bear the blame, if there be any; and laurels flourish untarnished on the grave of the brave. I do not, however, speak of Lord Duncan as certain; but killed, or prornote, I fear he must.

Yet he was extricated from the tumult the last we spoke together. We were then on the peas leaving the old castle, and the remains of the men; the rest of the regiment were almost desolate.

"They have rallied again soon," said the looking out from the window, preoccupied and feeding their horses and refreshing themselves the brook.

"Yes," answered Cleaverhouse, "my blacks..."
had little temptation either to desert, or to straggle farther than they were driven by their first panic. There is small friendship and scant courtesy between them and the boors of this country; every village they visit is treated as an enemy. But they are not without discipline, as is evident from their regular marching order, and their detachments are driven back to their colours by a wholesome terror of spirited, Pike-staves, hay-forks, and broom- sticks would now let you talk about your plate and wants, and the means of corresponding with you. To tell you the truth, I doubt being able to make a long stand at Dunclog, even when I have joined my Lord's regiment and a portion of theantry, and that the scenes of the fanatics will raise the devil through all the western counties.

They then discussed Major Bellenden's means of defence, and settled a plan of correspondence, in case a general interception took place, as was to be expected. Cleaverhouse renewed his offer to escort the ladies to the town of safety; but, all things considered, Major Bellenden thought they would be in equal safety at Tilitiendan.

The Colonel then took a police leave of Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, assuring them, that, though he was reluctantly obliged to leave them for the present in dangerous circumstancés, yet his utmost endeavours would be to the restoration of his character as a good knight and true, and that they might specially rely on hearing from or seeing him.

Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden were little able to reply to a speech so much in union with her mental expressions and feelings, but contented herself with biding Cleaverhouse farewell, and thanking the good wishes which he had promised to leave them. Edith longed to inquire the fate of Henry Morton, but could find no pretext for doing so, and left the subject unmentioned. She had part of the long private communication which her uncle had held with Cleaverhouse. On this subject, however, she was disappointment, and the old servant deeply murmured in the duties of his office, that he had scarce said a single word to Cleaverhouse, excepting 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.

Cleaverhouse now descended the bank on which the castle is founded, in order to put his troops again 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 Cleaverhouse, "as I am mistrustful, I cannot spare an officer of yours, it was a cold cast - by our joint endeavours we must keep the town together. But should any of our missing officers make their appearance, I authorize you to detain them; for my felicities can with difficulty be escaped without their assistance.

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 utterance, "I leave you to defend the house of a lady, and under the command of her brother, Major Bellenden, a faithful servant to the King. You are to behave bravely, soberly, regularly, 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 cord—you know I keep my word for you and evil."

He touched his hat as he bade them farewell, and shook hands cordially with Major Bellenden.

"Adieu," he said, "my good brother old friend! Good luck be with you, and better times to us both."

The horses whom he commanded had been once more reduced to tolerable order by the exertions of the messengers, of which two he had sent, and with their gilding all besmeared, made a much more regular and military appearance on leaving, for they showed neither the want of attention or execution, than when they returned to it after their root.

Major Bellenden, now left to his own resources, sent out several parties, 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 action; but, after that night's sleep, the advanced and extended. Detachments. and advanced guards to collect supplies, and great was the doubt and distress of those whom a breach of faith or the breach of the neutrality of the religious, now in arms for the cause of covenanted reformatio, presently pitched at Dunclog, near. Loudoun-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.

"Thrice little times will drive the wisest o' us daft," said Neil Blane, the prudent hewit of the Howfi; but I've eyes keep a calm look—Jenny, what meal is in the kine?"

"Four baws o' sit'meal, twa baws o' bear, and twa baws o' peas," was Jenny's reply.

"A weel lusty mess," said the old gentleman, sighing deeply, ".let Baudly drive the peas and bear meal to the godwife's ploughman—the masts to the bannocks will set their mouth at a stomach weel. While the salad is the last uce o' meal in the house, or, if he scruples to tell a lie, (as it's no likely he will when it's for the gude o' the house) he shall have it."

The old drucken trooper, drives up the sit'meal to Tilitiendan, w' my deitiful service to my Ledy and the major, and as man as left as will ask my parrich; and if Duncan manage right, I'll bring him a tae's o' whisky shall mak the blue low come out at his mouth.

"And what are we to eat o'oursels thens, father," asked Jenny, "when we had sent awa the hault meal in the kine and the sarn."" We maun get whab'hour serve us for a blink," said Neil, in a tone of resignation; "it's no that I'll food, though far free be sae hearty or kindly to a Scotchman's stomach as the curfew sit'mel o' the Englishman's side; but, to be sure, the poach-puddings ken ease better."

While the prudent and peaceful ef deservoerd, like Neil Blane, to make fair weather with both parties, those who had more public (or party) spirit began to take arms on all sides. The royalists in the country were not numerous, but were respectable from their number and influence, being chiefly landing out of the county 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, or resisting their demand of supplies, and intercepting those which were sent to the presbyterian camp by others. The news that the Tower of Tilitiendan was to be defended against the insurgents, afforded great courage and support to these zealous volunteers, who considered it a stronghold to which they might retreat, in case it should become impossible for them to maintain the desultory war they were now about to wage.

On the other hand, the towns, the villages, the farm-houses, the properties of small proprietors, sent forth numerous recruits to the presbyterian interest. These men had been the principal sufferers during the oppression of the time. Their minds were fretted, soured, and driven to desperation, by the various exactions and cruelties which they had been subjected to, and which, to a man, by no means united themselves, either concerning the purpose of their formidable insurrection, or the means by which that object was to be attained. Most of these persons regarded the enterprise as a door opened by Providence to obtain the liberty of conscience of which they had been long deprived, and as the means excellent of a tyranny..."
CHAPTER XXI

Ancestors. I do not like the man: He is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan truly.

And the king was out, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did ill to upbraid him.
The Alcmeon.

We return to Henry Morton, whom we left on the
field of battle. He was eating, by one of the watch-
tires, 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 pro-
duced such a powerful effect.

"Henry Morton," said Balfour abruptly, "the
council of the army of the Covenant, confiding that
the son of Silas Morton can never prove a lukewarm
Laudian, or an indifferent Gershom, in this great
day have nominated you to be a captain of their host
with the right of a vote in their council, and all
authorit}y fixing for an officer who is to command
Christianly."

"Mr. Balfour," replied Morton, without hesitation,
"I feel this mark of confidence, and it is not surpris-
ing that a man of the importance of my country,
not to mention those I have sustained in my own
person, should make me sufficiently willing to draw
my sword for liberty and freedom of conscience. But
I will not cavil, that I must be prepared to face
the principles on which you bottom your cause.
I can agree to take a command amongst you,
and can you doubt of our principles," answered
Burley, "since we have stated them to be the refor-
ma~ion both of church and state, the rebuilding of
the decayed sanctuary, the gathering of the dispersed
saints, and the destruction of the man of sin?"

"I will own frankly, Mr. Balfour," replied Morton,
"much as I love a campaign, which, I observe, is
together power with others, is entirely lost on me. It
is tropoer you should be aware of this before we com-
mm~e further together. (The young clergyman
here groaned deeply.) "I distress you, sir," said Mor-
ton; "but, perhaps, it is because you will not hear
me out. I revere the Scriptures as deeply as you or
any Christian man of sense. I look into them with humble
hope of extracting a rule of conduct and a law of
salvation. But I expect to find this by an examina-
tion of their general tenor, and of the spirit which
they unfold and breathe, and not by wresting par-ticular
passages from their context, or by the application of
Scriptural phrases to circumstances and events with
which they have no relation, in the church, in the
state, or in the family."

The young divm ~eaming shocked and thunder-
struck with this declaration, and was about to re-
~oncile Morton.

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 voices 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 trampling
upon the conciseness of men, as their own wicked
pleasure?"

"Not so certainly," said Morton; "such I esteem
legitimate causes of warfare, and for such I will fight
while I can wield a sword."

"Nay, but," said Macbriar, "ye handle this matter
loosely, and I am not of such opinion. It is the
pernicious point of tardy or dastardly worst in the
causes of divine wrath."

"Peace, Ephraim Macbriar!" again interrupted
Burley.

"I will not peace," said the young man. "Is it
OLD MORTALITY.

ed, together with long previous sufferings, without adding even the assistance of arms, occasioned the insurrection, which, as we have already seen commenced by the defeat of Cleaverhouse in the bloody skirmish of Loundon-hill.

As to the success he had in the victory, was far from finding himself at the summit which his ambition aimed at. This was partly owing to the various opinions entertained among the insurgents concerning the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. The more violent among them did, indeed, approve of this act as a deed of justice, executed upon a traitor to the cause. But the great body of the presbyterians disowned the deed as a crime highly culpable, although they admitted, 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 fanatics 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 religion through the permission of the ruling government.

Thus, they said, was absolute Erastianism, or subjection of the church of God to the regulations of an earthly government, and therefore, the degradation necessary, better than prelacy or popery. Again, the more moderate party were content to allow the king's title to be held in the same respect as that in the voice of the people. They denied to him his authority, so long as it was exercised with due regard to the liberties of the subject, and in conformity to the laws. They considered as a wilder sect, called, from their leader Richard Cameron, by the name of Camerons, want the length of disowning the reigning monarch, and every one of his successors, as long as he appears to be a Socinian and a Covenantist. The seeds of dissension were, therefore, thickly sown in this ill-fated party; and because it was considered as the most dangerous of all the sects, 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 of preventing the assistance of the moderate party of presbyterians 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.

For the sake of this account, particular mention is made to assure the accession of Henry Morton to the cause of the insurgents. The memory of his father was generally held in great respect, and among all classes of persons of any decent quality had joined the insurgents, this young man's family and prospects were such as almost ensured his being chosen a leader. Through the medium of an ancient comrade, Burley conceived he might exercise some influence over the more liberal part of the army, and ultimately, perhaps, ingratitude 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, exalted to the council the talents and dispositions of Morton, and easily obtained his elevation to the painful rank of a leader in this disintegrated and undisciplined army.

The arguments by which Balfour pressed Morton to accept of this dangerous promotion, as soon as he had gotten rid of his less wary and uncompromising companion, Macbrair, were sufficiently apt 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 preacher who had just left them; but he agreed, that when the affairs of the nation were at such a desperate crisis, as that by Scotland, perhaps, would prevent those who, in general, wished well to their oppressed country, from drawing their swords in its behalf. Many of the subjects of division, as, for example, with the edge of the sword, should be observed, out of circumstances which would cease to exist, provided their attempt to free the country should be successful, seeing that the presbytery, being in that case more or less in a state of compromise with the government, and consequently with the abolition of the indulgence all discussion of its legality would be at once ended. He insisted much and strenuously upon the advantage of this favourable crisis, upon the certainty of their being joined by the force of the whole western counties, and upon the great fault which those would incur, who, seeing the distresses of the country, and the increasing tyranny with which it was governed, should, from fear or indifference, withhold their active and from the good of the cause.

Morton wanted not these arguments to induce him to join in any insurrection, which might appear to have a feasible prospect of freedom to 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 spirit necessary to make a 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 also upon the precarious and dangerous situation in which he already stood with relation to the government, he conceived himself, in every one of these cases, as bound to join the body of presbyterians already in arms.

But while he expressed to Burley his acquiescence in this, he still gave occasion to his friends, the insurgents, and a member of their council of war, it was not without a qualification. [118]

"I am willing," he said, "to contribute everything within my limited power to effect the emancipation of my country. But do not mistake me. I disapprove, in the utmost degree, of the action in which this rising appears to me to be. If it should not succeed, and arguments which may induceme to join it, if it is to be carried on by such measures as this with which it has commenced."

Burley's блокнот, "the black guard of his brow, giving a ruddy and dark glow to his swarthy brow."

"You mean," said he, in a voice which he designed should not betray any emotion. "You mean the death of James Sharpe?"

"Frankly," answered Morton, "such is my meaning."

"If 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 excommunication cannot be disputed by a criminal, or in his having merited punishment, or in the wholesome and salutary effect which this example is likely to produce in the eyes of mankind — is it for this that it rests solely in the robe of the judge, the height of the bench, and the voice of the doomsman? is not just punishment justly inflicted, when the judges, from cowardice, or from having cast in their lot with transgressors, suffer them not only to pass at liberty through the land, but to sit in the high places, and dye their garments in the blood of the saints, if it well done in any brave spirit 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 case you have supposed does not satisfy my judgment. That the Almighty, in his mysterious providence, may bring a bloody man to an end deservedly bloody, does not authorize 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 firmness. "Were we not—we was not every one who owned the interest of the Covenanters Church in Scotland, and the nation would remember him, and the Judges who had sold the cause of God for fifty thousand marks a-year? Had we met him by the way as he came down from London, and taking the sword, we had done but the duty of men faithful to our cause, and to our oaths recorded in heaven. Was not the execution itself a proof at
CHAPTER XXII.

We may be reminded of the speech of Mr. Balfour, who said: "The outlook of the present is one of great uncertainty. We are living in a time of great change and transition. The old order is passing away, and the new is yet to come."

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 leader of the Presbyterian army had chosen for their council-house. Towards this spot Burley guided Morton, who was surprised, as he approached it, at the multitudinous confusion of sounds which issued from its vicinity. The calm and anxious gravity which it might be supposed would have prevailed in councils held on such important subjects, and at a period so critical, seemed to have given place to discords and wild, and loud uproar, which fell on the ear of their new ally as an evil augury of their approaching disasters. As they approached the door they found it open indeed, but choked up with the bodies and heads of countrymen, who, though no members of the council, felt no scruple in intruding themselves into the deliberations of those to whom they were deeply interested. By expostulation, by threats, and even by some degree of violence, Burley, the sternness of whose character maintained a sort of superiority over those disorderly forces, compelled the intruders to retire, and introducing Morton into the cottage, introduced the door behind them against inquisitive curiosity. At a less agitating moment, the young man would have been a mighty instrument for the detection and exposure of the scene of which he now found himself an author and a spectator.

The shadows of the gloomy and ruinous war were enlighten\ldots

Following this plan—as many historians have done—

By writing, he had learned the art of government, the knowledge of affairs, and the science of war. He was a man of learning and science, and his writings have been read with profit by many. His work is still prized, and his name is held in high esteem.

[End of Chapter XXII]
"We will not, without my consent," said Burley, "engage in a service which may consume time. We must rush forward, and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow: for I do not fear that the troops we have this day thrown into the town by my Lord Rose's regiment, will judge it safe to await your coming."

"I hold the town," said Poundrtez, "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 house."

"We will take liberty," said Harvet," we may hold a council of war to-morrow."

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 rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency. Ach less for those of women, who from their men of worth to come forth of their strength, that is, lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and Jenny Dennison, which is a gift of an uncommon 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 Goddard, and Hugh Harrison, and Miles Bellenden, we will restrain, with fetters of iron, even as they, in times past, have done to the martyred saints."

"What talks of a safe conduct?" said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice, from the crowd.

"Peace, brother Habakkuk," said Macbrair, in a soothing tone, to the speaker."

"I will not hold a safe conduct," reiterated the strange and unnatural voice; "this is a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the waters are divided, and even the sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble."

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"Peace, brother Habakkuk," said Macbrair, in a soothing tone, to the speaker. 
"This is utter abomination and daring impertinency," said Morton, unable to contain his indignation.— "But if you abuse me in this cause, in which you listen to the mingled ravings of madness and atrocity?"

"Hush, young man!" said Kettledrumme, "and reserve that for the cause which thou canst render a reason. It is not for thee to judge into what vessels the spirit may be poured."

"What judge of the unreasonable, and the fruit," said Poutdext, "and allow not that to be of divine inspiration that contradicts the divine laws."

"You forget, brother Poutdext," said Macbrier, "that these are the latter days, when signs and wonders shall be multiplied."

Poutdext stood forward to reply; but ere he could articulate a word, the insane prescher broke in with a scream that drowned all competition.

"Who talks of signs and wonders? Am not I Habakuk Muckseeswah, whose name is changed to Magor-Missiah, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me?—I heard it—When did I hear it?—Was it not in the Tower of the Baa, that overhengeth the wide wild sea?—And it howled in the winds, and it reared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it chanted, with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the seamen's cries, the high sea spout, and the snow drift, and the wave divided, on the bottoms of the waters. I saw it!—Where did I see it?—Was it not from the high peaks of Dun-baalsore, where the steeple and the land, and northward on the wild Highland hills; when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the sea, and as long as the sea?—Do you see it?—I see the dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood.—What heard I?—I heard the sound of the blood dally—let not your eye have pity! say utterly, old and young, the maiden, the child, and the woman whose head is gray—Dettle the house and fill the courts with the slain."

"We receive the command," exclaimed more than one of the company. "Six days he hath not spoken nor broken bread, and now his tongue is unloosed.—We receive the command; as he hath said, so will we do."

"Ashamed, disgusted, and horror-struck, at what he had seen and heard, Morton turned away from the circle and left the cottage. He was followed by Burley, who had his eye on his motions."

"What are you going?" said the latter, taking him by the arm."

"Any where,—I care not whither; but here I will abide."

"Art thou so soon weary, young man?" asked Burley. "Thy hand is but now put to the plough, and wouldest thou already abandon it? Is this thy ardour to the cause of thy father?"

"No cause," replied Morton, indigantly; "no cause can prosper, so conducted. One party declares for the ravings of a bloodthirsty madman; another leader is an old schismatical pedant; a third—"he stopped, and his companion continued the sentence.—"Is a desperate hominece, thou wouldst say, like John Balfour of Burley? I can hear thy misconstruction without resentment. Thou dost not consider, that it is not men of sober and self-seeking minds, who arise in these days of wrath to execute judgment and to accomplish deliverance. Hadst thou but seen the army of England, during her Parliament of 1640, whose ranks were filled with sectaries and enthusiasts, wilder than the analysts of Munsier, thou wouldst have had more cause to marvel; and yet these men were unconquered on the field, and their hands wrought marvellous things for the liberties of the land."

"But their affairs," replied Morton, "were wisely conducted, and the violence of their zeal expended itself in their exhortations and sermons, without breaking into the debates. And cite the examples of cruelty, when under their conduct. I have often heard my father say so, and protest, that he wondered at nothing so much as the centrality between the extravagance of their religious tenets, and the wisdom and moderation with which they conducted their civil and military affairs. The church councils seem all on one side those of confusion."

"Thou must have patience, Henry Morton," answered Burley; "thou must not leave the cause of thy religion and country either for cowardice or one extravagant action. Hear me. I have early persuaded the wiser of our friends, that the consuls are too much disposed—and the garrison, that the Midianites shall by so large a number be delivered into our hands. They have hearkened to my voice, and our assemblies will be shortly reassembled 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 with whom mercy should be shown—Art thou now satisfied?"

"It will give me pleasure, doubtless," answered Morton, "to be the means of seducing the horses of civil war; and I will not leave the post, till I have taken, unless I see measures adopted at which my conscience revolts. But to no bloody execution! Our quarter asked, or slaughter, without trial, I will lend countenance or sanction; and you may depend on my opposing them, with both heart and hand, as constantly and resolutely, if attempted by your townsmen, as when they are the work of the enemy."

Balfour waved his hand impatiently.

"The hour is come; the people and the sturdy and hard-hearted generation with whom we deal, must be chastised with scorpions ere their hearts be humbled, and ere they accept the punishment of their iniquity. What would I fear against them? I will bring a sword upon you that shall avenge the sword of my Covenant. But what is done shall be done gravely; and the blood of the righteous James Melvin, who executed judgment on the tyrant and oppressor, Cardinal Beaton."

"I come to you," replied Morton, "that I feel still 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 a few drops of blood in comparison to the weight and importance of this great national issue. But do not fright thyself; there shall be gentle and tender counsel; we may be shall see little cause to strive together anent them."

With the succession Morton was compelled to be satisfied for the present; and Burley left him, advising him to lie down and get some rest, as the host would probably be in the morning.

"And you," answered Morton, "do not you go to rest also?"

"No," said Burley; "my eyes must not yet know slumber. Thames work to be done lightly; I have yet to perfect the choosing of the committee of leaders, and I will call you by times in the morning to be present at our consultation."

He turned away, and left Morton to his repose.

The place in which he found himself was not ill adapted for the purpose, being a sheltered nook, beneath a large rock, well protected from the prevailing wind. A quantity of moss with which the ground was overspread, made a couch soft enough for one who had suffered so much hardship. Morton wrapped himself in the backseamer's cloak which he had still retained, stretched himself on the ground, and had not long indulged in meditative reflections on the state of the country, and upon his own condition, ere he was relieved from them by deep and sound slumber.

The rest of the company slept on the ground, dispersed in groups, whose chosen beds on the fields as they could best find shelter and convenience. A few of the principal leaders held watchful conferences with each other. Many of the outlawed fishermen and men were appointed who kept themselves on the alert by chanting psalms, or listening to the exorcisms of the more gifted of their number.
CHAPTER XXIII.

OLD MORTALITY.

"Aad, speaking o' that, I maun gang and see about some sauch a matter, purry blythly, if your honour hanna say immediate commands." "But, Cuddy," said Morton, "I really cannot take these things from you without some recompense." "Hout fa, sir," staid Cuddy; "I wonder ye would be taking, for recompense, ye may think about that some other time—I have seen gay weel to myself wi' some things that set me better. What could I do wi' Lord Ewandel's brach clo's? Sergeant Bothwell's will serve me weel enough." Not being able to prevail on the self-contrived and disinterested follower to accept of any thing for himself out of these warlike spoils, Morton resolved to take the first opportunity of returning Lord Ewandel's property, supposing him yet to be alive; and, in the mean while, did not hesitate to avail himself of Cuddy'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 who 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. In another pocket of the book were one or two collections 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 was an account of the impeachment with reference to many documents for establishment of its authenticity; subjoined was a list of the sanguine inscriptions of the Earl of Bothwell, and a particular account of the proportions in which King James VI. had bestowed them on the courtiers and nobility by whose endeavours he was at present actually possessed; beneath this list was written, in red letters, in the hand of the deceased, "Hauk Jamieson, F. S. E. B., the initial probably intimating Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. To these documents, which strongly painted the character and feelings of their deceased proprietor, were added some notes 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, bore no address, and were addressed only by subscription to a Linlithgow initial. He took the time to peruse them accurately, Morton perceived that they contained the elegant yet fond impressions of female affection directed towards an object whose jealously they endeavoured to soothe by frank, hasty, suspicious, and impatient temper, the writer seemed gently 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 atoned, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period:

"The bane, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well remembered night.
When first thy mystic praise I heard,
And first thy name with heart I loved.
Since then how oft hast thou pres'd
The torrid wound of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the fair hair that creeping held.
A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,
Each wave thereof in haughty commotions!
O, if such elixir thou canst endure,
Yet keep this harmfull and pure,
For that contains the sweetest thinking
Of thee"—Sara Read had Agnes wrote.
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"I had not waver'd wild and wide,
Two days in a quest for a bride
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
If she had lived, and lived to love me.
But I must live, and I will live.
For I was the last of the wild joys that been.
To me one savage hunting-scene,
One glance at the heady race,
And frantic hurry of the chase,
And reckless flight of the gray.
Rush in, drag down, and read my prey,
Then from the carcass turn away;
But I would enjoy my game,
And soothe each wound which pride inflamed;
And make the spirit of man might new aspore me.
If thou hast lived, and lived to love me!"

As he finished 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 most of contempt, and 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 virmous, though unfortunate attachment.

"Alas! what are we," said Morton, "that our best and most prejaceous feelings can be thus debased and depraved—that honourable pride can sink into haughty and desperate indifference for general opinion, and the sorrow of blightened affection inhabit the same bosom with coarse vanity, and raagas, and amorous impulses, and chosen for their citadels? But it is the same thorough-infinitesimal liberal principles of one man sink into cold and death. All this he perceived in the humour of an other hurries him into frantic and savage enthusiasm. Our resolutions, our passions, are like the waves of the sea, and, without the aid of Him who formed the human soul, we are drawing the Jurisprudence. This far shall ye come, and no farther."

While he thus moralized, he raised his eyes, and looked before him, and said:

"Already awake!" said that leader. "It is well, and shows zeal to tread the path before you. What papers are these?"

He then gave Morton some brief account of Caddie's successful marauding party, and handed him the packet-book of Bothwell, with its contents. The Cameronian leader looked with some attention on each 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 rival of cruelty and persecution, that a character so desperate and sanguinary 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 genius which makes a monster can become the weapon against the godly in the valley of destruction, can teach a turning line, or a gittern, to soothe the broken-hearted, and win the daughters of demolition in their Vanity Fair."

"Your ideas of duty, then," said Morton, "exceed two of the first armes, which have been supposed in general to pummel, and to sway the wind?"

"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 on earth, and that is to build up the temple of the Almighty."""

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 unwill- ing 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 commission to be nominated?"

"I have," answered Burley. "The number is limited to six, of which you are one, and I come to call you to their deliberations."

At this moment Mr. Morton took the opportunity of mentioning to a semi-secret group; where their colleagues awaited them: In this delegation of authority, the two principal factions which divided the United Netherlands, each took care to send three of their own number. On the part of the Cameronesians, were Burley, Macbray, and Kettledrummel; and on that of the moderate party, Popple, as was a small Morton, and a slighted Lord of Langela. Thus the two parties were equally balanced by their representatives in the committee of management, although it seemed likely that those of the most violent opinions were in general in such cases, to possess and exert the power of degree of energy. Their debate, however, was conducted not merely in the interest of the world, but as they had been expected from their conduct on the preceding evening. After maturely considering their means and situation, and the probable increase of their numbers, they agreed that they would keep their position for that day, in order to refresh their men, and give time to reinforcements to come in, that on the next morning, they would direct their march towards Tyrietlend, and summon that stronghold, as they expressed it, of malignancy. If it was not surrendered to their summons, they resolved to try the effect of a brief assault; and, should that miscarry, they settled that they should leave a part of their number to block the place, and reduce it, if possible, by famine, while their main body should march forward to drive Claverhouse and Lord Ross from the towns of Glasgow. Such was the determination of the council of management; and thus Morton's first encounter, which he supposed to be that of a castle belonging to the parent of his master, and defended by her relative, Major Bellenden, to whom he had been recommended, was the origin of the embarrassment of his situation, yet consoling himself with the reflection, that his newly-acquired power in the marguen army would give him, at all events, the means of having a protection which no other circumstance could have afforded them, and he was not without hope that he himself, being able to mediate the reconciliation between the presbyterian army, and should secure them a safe neutrality during the war which was about to commence.

CHAPTER XXIV.

There came a knight from the field of slain,
His steed was drenched in blood and slain.

We must now return to the fortress of Trossachs and its inhabitants. The morning being the first after the battle of Loudon-hill, had dawned upon its battlements, and the defenders had already resumed the labours of the camp, and among the sleepers, who had 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 genius which makes a monster can become the weapon against the godly in the valley of destruction, can teach a turning line, or a gittern, to soothe the broken-hearted, and win the daughters of demolition in their Vanity Fair.

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added, addressing Lady Margaret:—"permit me to think and act as your son, my dear madam—as your younger son, I do not doubt it. I know his principles, and that he detests their cant and hypocrisy. I have heard him laugh a thousand times at the pious pretensions of the presbyterian, sconce, bound, who, after enjoying the indulgence of the government for so many years, has now, upon the very first ruffle, shown himself to be as selfish in his own creed as he was in the parts of his crop. I shall, at any rate, join the host of the fanatics.—But how did you escape after 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 least chance of meeting with any of the enemy, and found shelter for several hours—you will hardly guess where."

"At Castle Bracklan, perhaps," said Lady Margaret, or in the house of some other loyal gentleman?"

"No, madam," I was repulsed, under one mean pretext or another, from more than one house of that description, for fear of the enemy following my traces; but I found refuge in the cottage of a woman, whose husband had been shot within these three months by a party of our corps, and whose two sores are at this very moment with the insurgents."

"Indeed?" said Lady Margaret Bellenden; "and was a fanatic woman capable of such generosity?—..."

"Far from it, madam," continued the young nobleman; "she was in principle a rigid conscientious, but she was a woman distressed and to rest upon her hearth, in the hour of defence. The tower of Tillehul 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 rendered prisoner, and he wants to escape from us."

"Lord Evandale!" exclaimed the veteran. "I am as much pleased as when I got my first commission, and the house reported you were killed, missing at least."

"I should 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. "I was authorized and instructed, and the sword raised to dispatch me, when young Mr. Morton, the prisoner for whom you interested yourself yesterday morning, was the first to leave my house, 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 asked he could raise in the face of her cheek and the sparkle of her eye, at hearing of her lover's safety and freedom, and triumph at his not taking the means he had intended. Such, indeed, were her feelings; but they were also 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 an obligation which, in all probability, he would rather have owed to any other individual in the world."

"My reasons for leaving the Castle, Lord Evandale, glancing a look towards Edith, "though they evidently were nothing more than the declaration of that old obligation which, in all probability, he would rather have owed to any other individual in the world, the Major observed the emotions of either party, even had they been much more markedly expressed, contented himself with saying: "Since Henry Morton has influence with these people, and he is in his apartment, I will take care to get clear of them as soon as he can. Indeed, I vol. 11.
"Edith is right," said the old lady, "you must go instantly to bed, my lord, and take some fine broth, of which I will prepare with my own hand; and my lady-in-waiting, Mistress Martha Weddell, shall make you some chicken, or something very light. I would not advise wine—John, give me the brandy, and let the housekeeper make ready the chamber of dame. Lord Evan-
dale must lie down instantly. Pika will take off the dresses, and examine to see the wound." "These are melancholy preoccupations, madam," said Lord Evandale, as he returned thanks to Lady Margaret, and was about to leave the hall,—"but I trust they are not a subject for her majesty's attention, and that your skill will soon make me a more able de-fender of your Castle than I am at present. You must render my body serviceable as soon as you can, for you have no use for my head while you have Ma-
jor 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 have had experience.

"And so generous and handsome a young nobleman. My lady, in my humble opinion, was not the latter part of this conversation, and was now left alone with her mistress in the hall, the Major returning to carry out his orders, and Lady Margaret to her medical preparations.

Edith only answered these encomiums with a sigh; but, although silent, she felt and knew better than any one else that John Gudyll, though he had not been the person on whom they had bestowed. Jenny, however, failed not to follow up her blow.

"It is true that you may say, madam,—and more often than not," answered John Gudyll kindly; "and it is as little pleasant for me to tell; but as you hold me, as much as you do, for the hall Castle's ring-wit,"

"Ringing with what, Jenny? Have you a mind to drive me mad?" answered Edith, impatiently.

"He is a falsehood!" said Edith,—"a most base creature!—I am afraid you are bold to repeat it to me. Henry Morton is incapable of such treachery to his king and country—such cruelty to me—to all the innocent and defenceless victims, I mean, who might have been used civilly would have forgiven him; but a rebel to his King,—a traitor to his country,—the associa-
tion and colleague of cut-throats and common stab-bers,—the persecutor of all that is noble,—the treach-
ered and blasphemous enemy of all that is sacred,—I

"Dear me! 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 precisely what they're capable or no capable of. But there has been Trooper Tom, and another chield, out in bonnets and gray plaids, like countrymen, to recon—reconnoiter—I think John Gudyll ca'd it; and they have been among the rebels, and brought back word that they had seen young

Munro mounted on ane o' the droggon horses that was taken at Louden-hill, armed wi' swords and pis-toles, like ills but him, and hand and glove wi' the forenoon of them, and dressing and commanding the men; and Cuddie at the heels o' him, in ane o' Ser-
gent Bothwell's laced waistcoats, and a cockit hat with a black o' blue riband at it, so that the Covenant, (but Cuddie eyle like a blue riband,) and a ruffled sark, like any lord o' the land—its set to him, indeed!"

"Jenny," said the young mistress hastily, "is it impossible these men's report can be true; my uncle has never heard of it at this instant." "And Hadiyam, the hand-
mained, came in just five minutes after Lord Evan-
dale; and when he heard his lordship was in the

Castle, he swore (the profane loun!) he would be d—d, or he would make a report, as he ca'd it is of his news to Major Bellenden, since then was an officer of his ain regiment in the garrison. See by

wa"
nothing rashly, I will be aware of the reasons of his conduct—and then—cast him off for ever;" was the flying answer of her husband.

Overwrought by a manner of which she could neither conceive the motive, nor estimate the merit, Jenny mutterered between her tears. "O God, when the first flight's over, Miss Edith takes it as easy as I do, and muckles easier, and I'm sure I never cared half so much about Cuddie Hendersong as she did about young Milwood—till your gentleman has a friend on both sides; for, if the whigs should come to take the Castle, as it's like they may, when there's sea life amongst such as we be, it's not, or, in that case, Milwood and Cuddie was had the upper hand, and their friendship would be worth siller—I was thinking this morning or I heard the news.

With this consolatory reflection, the dame went about her usual occupations, leaving her mistress to school her mind as she best might, for eradicating the sentiments 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 insurgent army would be with easy draws on their mountain retreat; for the start of this party, in the evening of the day before, had been examined by Pike, who reported them in a very promising state. They were numerous, but none of the parties of the more than a thousand men, much as the boasted strength of Lady Margaret, had prevented any tendency to fever; so that, notwithstanding his past sufferings and this new access, 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 ladies by his presence, and suggest any necessary addition to the plan of defence, which the Major might be supposed to have arranged upon some secret and 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 for the slightest place against such assailants as those by whom it was threatened.

With the peep of day, Lord Evandale and Major Bellenden were on the barricade, once again, viewing and re-viewing the state of their preparations, and anxiously expecting the approach of the enemy. I could see in the Major's eye that he had been regularly made and received; but the Major treated the report that Morton was in arms against the insurgents with the most scornful incredulity.

"I know the lad better," was the only reply he deigned 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 differ from 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 bad as Cleaverhouse," said the Major, "who contended yesterday morning down my very throat, that this young fellow, who is as high-spirited and gentleman-like a boy as I have ever known, wanted an opportunity to place himself at the head of the insurgents."

"And considering the usage which he has received, and the suspicions under which he lies," said Lord Evandale, "what other course is open to him? For my part, I should hardly know whether he deserved most blame or pity."

"Blame, my lord?—Pity!" echoed the Major strongly, "it is a usage more than the party would deserve to be hanged, that's all; and, were he my own, I should see him strung up with pleasure—Blame, indeed! But your lordship cannot think as you are pleased to speak."

"If I give you notice, Major Bellenden, that I have been for some time of opinion, that our politicians, and prelates have driven matters to a painful extremity in this country, and that the influence of various kinds, not only the lower classes, 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 no politician," answered the Major, "and I do not understand nice distinctions. My sword is the King's, and when he commands, I draw it in his cause."

"I trust," replied the young lord, "you will not find me more backward than yourself, though I heartily wish that the enemy were more powers. But however, no time to debate that matter, for yonder they come, and we must defend ourselves as well as we can."

As Lord Evandale spoke, the van of the insurgents began to make its appearance on the road which crossed the top of the hill, and thence descended opposite to the Tower. They did not, however, move down the valley, as it was aware that, in doing so, their column would be exposed to the fire of the artillery of the place. But their numbers, which at first seemed few, appeared to deepen and concentrate themselves, that judging of the masses which occupied the road behind the hill from the closeness of the front which they presented on the top of it, their forces appeared very considerable, and that they were both prepared for an attack on both sides; and, while the unsteady ranks of the Covenanters were agitated, as if by press of numbers, or by uncertainty as to their nearness, the light and picturesque from their variety, glanced in the morning sun, whose beams were reflected from a grove of pines, and burned with dazzling brightness, the helmets and battle-axes, their arms, 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 Guiddil, who was not without some skill as an artilleryman, brought a gun to bear on this detached group.

"I'll fire the falcon wherever your honour goes command; my curte, 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 forward towards the Tower, while the Major and Lord Evandale, descending from the battlements of the main fortress, rushed to meet him. The horseman passed through the barricade, judging it unwise to admit him within the precincts which they designed to defend. At the same time that he dismounted, he had not fired behind the horsemen, as if they had anticipated the preparations of John Guiddil for their annoyance, withdrew from the advanced station which they had occupied, and fell back to the main body.

The envoy of the Covenanters, to judge by his men and manner, seemed fully imbued with that spiritual pride which distingushed his sect. His features were drawn up to a contemptuous prunness; and his half-shut eyes seemed to scorn to look upon the terrestrial objects below; and, as he strode, his toes were pointed outwards with an air that appeared to despise the ground on which they trod. Lord Evandale could not suppress a smile at this singular figure.

"Did you ever," said he to Major Bellenden, "see such an absurd automation? One would swear it moves upon legs! Can it speak, think you?"

"O, say," said the Major, "that seems to be one of my old acquaintance, a genuine puritan of the right phthisical lean.—Stay—he coughs and sneezes; he is about to protrude one of the Castle bells at but-end of a sermon, instead of a parley on the trumpet."
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.  

Confection; only that, instead of a prose ordnance, the "Lord of Langelie" it was no less a person
age—uplifted; with a Stentorian voice, a verse of the
twenty-fourth Psalm:

"Ye gates lift up your heads; ye doors, haste up;"—
Be lifted up——"

"I told you so," said the Major to Evandale, and
there are those who disbelieve it. The entrance of the barr-
cade, demanding to know for what purpose or intent
he made that deafening noise, like a hog in a high wind,
beneath the gate.

"Of course," replied the ambassador, in a high and
shrill voice, and without any of the usual saluta-
tions or deferences. —"I come from the godly army
of the Seelmen League and Covenant, to speak with
two cauldren magistrates, William Maxwell, called
Lord Evandale, and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood."

"And what have you to say to Miles Bellenden
and Lord Evandale?" answered the Major.

"Are you the parties?" said the Laird of Lang-
castle, in the same sharp, concisely, discrete tone
of voice.

"Even so, for faith of better," said the Major.

"Then there is the public summons," said the
envoy, putting a paper into Lord Evandale's hand,
"and how 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
the contents, though it is muckie to be doubted."

The summons ran thus: —"We, the named and
constituted leaders of the godly, the people in arms for
the cause of liberty and true religion, do warn and summon William
Lord Evandale and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood,
and others present in arms, and keeping garrison
in the Tower of Tillstendil, to surrender the said
Vowes upon fair conditions of quarter, and license
to depart with bag and baggage, otherwise to suf-
suffer such extremity of fire and sword as belong by
the laws of war to those who hold out an unbesieged
post. And so may God defend his own good cause."

This summons was signed by John Balfour
of Dalry, 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,
prove very distressful to you. It is a step which
I am forced to take in honour and good faith, and
with the full approval of my own conscience. I can
now longer submit to have my own rights and those
of my country invaded, our brethren violated, our persons insulted, and our blood shed,
without just cause or legal trial. Providence, through
this violence of the oppressors themselves, seems now
to have opted a way of deliverance from this intoler-
able 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-
try. But God, who knows my heart, be my witness,
that I do not share the angry or violent passions of
the oppressed and harassed brethren with whom I am
now acting. My most earnest and anxious de-
sire is, to see this unnatural war brought to a speedy
end, by the union of the good, wise, and moderate
of this afflicted land. striped, which, without injury to the King's constitutional rights, may sub-
stitute the authority of equal laws to that of military
violence, and, permitting all men to worship God according to their own consciences, may subdue
fanatical enthusiasm by reason and mildness, in-
stead of driving it to frenzy by persecution and in-
toxication."

"With these sentiments, you may conceiv with
what pain I appear in arms before the house of your
majesty, which I understand you propose to
hold out against us. Permit me to press upon you
the assurance that such a measure will only lead to
the effusion of blood—that, if repelled in the assault,
we are not less anxious to make it a contest that
will reduce it by hunger, being aware of your military
preparations to sustain a protracted siege. It would
prove a greater guilt to us than a heart to think we
were engaged in such a case, and upon whom they
would chiefly fall.

Do not expose, my respected friend, that I would
protest, that if your force be so constituted as to
match in high and honourable character which you have
deservedly worn, and so long borne. If the royal
soldiers were to be given an uprightness of heart
which I will ensure a small, of which I cannot
missed from the place, I trust no more will be required
than your parole to remain neutral during this unhappy
contest; and I will take care that Lady Margaret's
property, as well as yours, shall be duly respected,
and no garrison intruded upon you. I could say much
in favour of this proposal; but I fear, as I am in its
present instance appear criminal in your eyes, and
arguments would lose their influence when coming
from an unwelcome quarter. I will, therefore, break
off with assuring you, that whatever your sentiments
may be hereafter towards me, my sense of gratitude
to you can never be diminished or erased; and it
would be the highest moment of my life that should
give me my last surrender; and in this, I shall
assure you of it. Therefore, although in the first
moment of resentment you may reject the proposal
I make to you, let not that prevent you from resuming
the topick of negotiation. Events should render it
impossible; for whenever, or however, I can be of
service to you, it will always afford the greatest satis-
faction to

"Hocause Morison."

Having read this long letter with the most sincer
indignation, Major Bellenden put it into the hands
of Lord Evandale.

"I would not have believed this," said "of
Henry Morton, 'if half mankind had sworn it. The
ugly' right-rebel,' traitor, rebel, rebel, rebel,
and without the least pretext of extreme necessity,
that warms the hearts of such a clack-brained as we
friend the envoy. But I should have resum-
tered he was a presbyterian—I ought to have been
aware that I was nursing a wolf, whose di-
bolic nature would make him tear and rend
me at the first opportunity. We are
on earth again, and a presbyterian, he would be a
rebel in three months—it is in the very blood of
them."

"Well," said Lord Evandale, 'I will be the last
to receive surrender; but, if we get no relief from
Edinburgh or Glasgow, I think we ought to avail ourselves of this opening to get the best of our man.

"They will endure all, etc., they would accept
the protection of such a smooth-toothed hypocrite," re-
ferred the Major Indignantly: "I would receive
them for relatives and friends. But I am
not to dismiss the worthy ambassador. My friend
said, turning to Langacoll, 'tell your leaders
the mob they have gathered together, the
people have not a particular opinion of the conduct of
our own skulls, I would advise them to beware how
they knock them against these old walls. And let
the send no more flags of truce, or we will hang the
messanger in retaliation of the murder of Col.
Graham."

With this answer the ambassador returned to
him by whom he had been sent. He had no
reached the main body than a murmur was
among the multitude, and there was raised in the
people of the house, and on the barricades, which were edged with blue. As the signal of
and defiance spread out its large folds upon
morning wind, the ancient banner of Lady
of the red's, in the other in the red's, in the
little immediately hoisted on the walls of the Tay
at the same time, a round of artillery was
directed against the main body of the house, which sustained some loss. Their
in
stantly withdrew them to the shelter of the
the hill.

"I think," said John Gurdy, while he busied
self in re-charging his guns, "they have found the
OLD MORTALITY.

"Kill, kill—down with the enemies of God and his people!—No quarter! The Castle is ours!" cried the cry of the band in which he animated his friends; the men armed from whom followed him close, whilst others, with axes, spades, and other implements, threw up earth to establish such a defensive wall in the rear of the second barricade as might enable them to retain possession of it, in case the Castle was not carried by this coup-de-main.

Lord Evandale could no longer restrain his emotions. He charged with a few soldiers who had been kept in reserve to the top of the bastion, and, although his arm was in a sling, encouraged them by voice and gesture to assist their companions who were engaged with Bulter. The combat now assumed an air of desperation. The narrow road was crowded with the followers of Bulter, who pressed forward to support their companions. The soldiers, animated by the voice and presence of Lord Evandale, fought with fury, their small numbers being in some measure compensated by their greater skill, and by their possessing the upper ground, which they defended desperately with pikes and ballards, as well as with the butt of the carbines and their broadswords.

Those within the Castle endeavored to assist their companions, whatever they could to level their guns as to fire upon the enemy without endangering their friends. Some shot-shooters, dispersed around, were firing incessantly from the apartments of the walls, many of which were specially aimed against them. 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 one of the strongest batteries (many of their competitors at the game of the popinjay,) under the command of Henry Morton, guided through them the balls, the shovels and shovels, and, avoiding the open road, endeavored by forcing their way through the bushes and trees, and up the rocks which surrounded 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 Bulter. The chief saw the danger of this movement, and endeavored to impede the approach of the marksmen, by firing upon them at every point where they showed themselves. The assailants, on the other hand, displayed great coolness, spirit, and judgment, in the manner in which they approached the defenses. This was, in a great measure, owing to the steady watchfulness of the sentinels in which they were conducted by their youthful leader, who shewed as much skill in protecting his own followers as spirit in annoying the enemy.

Balfour, the last man that retired. He even remained for a short space almost alone, with an axe in his hand, displaying his manly spirit in the ascent of balls, many of which were specially aimed against him. 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.

Cuddie Henderson, who had advanced among the marksmen, being a man of marked strength, and busied in the vicinity of the Castle, where he had so often gathered Ruth with Jenny Denison, was seen to have a heavy fire from the Garrison; and, seeing four or five who had followed him, attended it. In his advance, therefore, he had not, as usual, the phrase goes, taken the bull by the horns, as advanced in front of the enemy's fire. On the contrary, he had edged gradually away from the scene of action, and, turning his line of ascent rather to the left, had pursued it until he brought him under a front of one of the faces of the Castle different from that before which the parties were engaged, and to which the defences had been thrown across, between the two fronts of the precipice. There was, however, on this point, a certain window belonging to a certain parapet, and communicating with a certain yew-tree, which grew out of a steep cliff of the rock, being the principal means by which Goose Gibbie was smuggled out of the Castle in order to carry Edith's express to Garnawood, and which had probably served for the same contraband purposes. Cuddie, resting upon the butt of his gun, and looking up at this window observed to one of his companions—"There's a place I kent well; mony a time I has helped Jenny Denison o'er the winnock, forby crossing in white myself as getting some druin, at o'en after the plough was loosed."—

And what's to hinder us creep in just now, said the other, who was a smart enterprising young fellow.

"There's no muckle to hinder us, an we're at it!" answered Cuddie; "but what we're to do next?"

"We'll take the Castle," cried the other; "here are five or six o' us, and a' the sodgers are engaged at the gate."

"Come awa wi' you, then," said Cuddie; "but mind, des a' the yew-tree; miss Edith, or the Miss Edith, or the Miss Edith, or the Miss Edith, aye, or Jenny Denison for body but the sodgers—coun and quarter among an to ye like, I carena."

"Ay, ay," said the other, "let us once in, and we will make our way on; the rest will follow."

Gingerly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend the well-known path, that very well.
CHAPTER XXXVI

The King has drawn

The special order of all the land together.

NAIRED.

[CHAP. XXVI.]

ingay, and, as the mention of the Marches he might meet with in the inside, he was not a little at a loss where to go, making but a abashed reap for Lady Margaret's former favours and protection. He got up, however, into the yewtree, followed by his companions, one after another. This tree was surrounded by yew trees, and was secured by the stanchions of iron; but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domesticus to possess a few more of the occasional surpluses.

Entrance was therefore easy, providing there was no one in the pantry, a point which Cuddie endeavoured to discover before he made the final and perilous step. With his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him behind, and he was hesitating and stretching his neck to look into the apartment like a head visible to Jenny Dannison, who had enounced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up a hysterical scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and, in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of bail-broke which she herself had hung on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tom Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus burdened, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still exclaiming: "Murder! murder!—we are a harry!"

"Tarry! tarry! what is it? what is it? what is it?" she discharged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a diem yell, upon the persons of Cuddie and his companions, so that the mess might have been, if Cuddie and it had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured Goliath of the former's ill humour when it was thrown upon him. But, fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon himself, and perhaps in the act of looking down, expositing with his comrades, who impeded the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cup and ball coat which formerly belonged to Sergeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brose. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, overwetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army, whereunto he belonged, and could neither by the utterance of any persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair fellow-countryman in the line of preparation or the stomach of another, she continued her song of alarm, running a screaming division upon all those externally belonged to Sergeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brose. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, overwetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army, whereunto he belonged, and could neither by the utterance of any persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

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There was no attempt on either side to renew the action that day. The insurgents had suffered most severely; and, from the difficulty which they had experienced in carrying the barbed-coal positions without assistance, they could have but little hope of storming the place itself. On the other hand, the situation of the besieged was distressing and gloomy. In the skirmishing they had lost two or three men, some of whom, it is said, had been killed through the loss of numbers, for the loss of numbers was in proportion greater less than that of the enemy, who had left twenty men dead on the places, yet their retreat was, while it tended to their own, more from their own. If it were true, as the reports among the insurgents were that the Castle had so many been surprised, as well as all others which offered to meet remote facility for such an enterprise.

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ingay, and, as the mention of the Marches he might meet with in the inside, he was not a little at a loss where to go, making but a abashed reap for Lady Margaret's former favours and protection. He got up, however, into the yewtree, followed by his companions, one after another. This tree was surrounded by yew trees, and was secured by the stanchions of iron; but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domesticus to possess a few more of the occasional surpluses.

Entrance was therefore easy, providing there was no one in the pantry, a point which Cuddie endeavoured to discover before he made the final and perilous step. With his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him behind, and he was hesitating and stretching his neck to look into the apartment like a head visible to Jenny Dannison, who had enounced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up a hysterical scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and, in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of bail-broke which she herself had hung on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tom Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus burdened, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still exclaiming: "Murder! murder!—we are a harry!"

"Tarry! tarry! what is it? what is it? what is it?" she discharged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a diem yell, upon the persons of Cuddie and his companions, so that the mess might have been, if Cuddie and it had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured Goliath of the former's ill humour when it was thrown upon him. But, fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon himself, and perhaps in the act of looking down, expositing with his comrades, who impeded the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cup and ball coat which formerly belonged to Sergeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brose. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, overwetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army, whereunto he belonged, and could neither by the utterance of any persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair fellow-countryman in the line of preparation or the stomach of another, she continued her song of alarm, running a screaming division upon all those externally belonged to Sergeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brose. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, overwetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army, whereunto he belonged, and could neither by the utterance of any persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

There was no attempt on either side to renew the action that day. The insurgents had suffered most severely; and, from the difficulty which they had experienced in carrying the barbed-coal positions without assistance, they could have but little hope of storming the place itself. On the other hand, the situation of the besieged was distressing and gloomy. In the skirmishing they had lost two or three men, some of whom, it is said, had been killed through the loss of numbers, for the loss of numbers was in proportion greater less than that of the enemy, who had left twenty men dead on the places, yet their retreat was, while it tended to their own, more from their own. If it were true, as the reports among the insurgents were that the Castle had so many been surprised, as well as all others which offered to meet remote facility for such an enterprise.

"Two leaders of the presbyterian army had a serious consultation upon the evening of the day in which they had made the attack on Tillichudy. They could not but observe that their followers were discouraged by the loss which they had sustained, and which, as usual in such cases, had fallen upon the bravest and most forward. It was to be feared that if they were suffered to exhaust their zeal and efforts in an assault upon the Tower of Tillichudy, their numbers would melt away by degrees, and they would lose all the advantages arising out of the superiority in numbers. However, the arguments set forth by the leaders of the army were not sufficient to convince the latter by these arguments, it was agreed that the main body of the army should march against Glasgow, and dislodge the soldiers who were lying in that town. The council nominated Burley and Bell to be the last service, and appointed Burley to the command of a chosen body of five hundred men, who were to reenforce the besiegers. Morton testified the greatest respect to this arrangement.

He had the strongest personal motives," he said, "for desiring to remain near Tillichudy, and if the management of the siege were committed to him, he had little doubt but that he would bring it to such accommodation, as, without being rigorous to the besieged, would fully answer the purpose of the besiegers.

Burley readily guessed the cause of his young colleague's reluctance to move with the army; for, in a letter which he had written in anticipation of the character with whom he had to deal, he had contrived, through the simplest means, and the utmost art, to get much information concerning Morton's relations with the family of Tillichudy. He therefore used the advantage of Poundlet's state to see the Morton, and some time of time (which Burley rightly interpreted to mean an hour at the very least), and seized that moment to withdraw the Morton to his own quarters, and the utmost art, to get much information concerning Morton's relations with the family of Tillichudy. He therefore used the advantage of Poundlet's state to see the Morton, and some time of time (which Burley rightly interpreted to mean an hour at the very least), and seized that moment to withdraw the Morton to his own quarters, and to hold the following argument with him:

"Thou art unwise, Henry Morton, to desire to sacrifice this holy cause to thy friendship for an unchristian Philistine, or thy lust for a Woburn woman."

"I neither understand your meaning, Mr. Bellis, nor relish your allusions," replied Morton, indignantly; "and I know no reason you have to bring me a gross charge, or to use such unchristian language."

"Confess, however, the truth," said Bellis, "and own that they are those within you dark Tower, on whom thou wouldst rather be watching like a master over her little ones, than thou wouldst bear the banner of the Church of Scotland over the necks of her enemies."

"If you mean that I would willingly terminate the war without any bloody victory, and that I am so cautious of doing this that I have no personal fear, or passion, you may be, replies Morton, perfectly right."

"And not wholly wrong," answered Burley, "is determined, that I confide for several reasons, that that person might, perhaps, be a ratification thy friends in the garrison of the Tillichudy."

"Certainly," replied Morton; "I am too much obliged to Major Bellis not to wish to be of ser-
OLD MORTALITY.

"Mr. Balfour," he said, "let us distinctly understand each other. You have thought it your duty to bespeak particular attention upon my private affairs and personal attachments; be so good as to understand, that in doing so, you appeal to political principles. It is possible, that, during my absence, you may possess the power of soothing or of wounding those feelings. Be assured, that whatever may be the consequences to this cause, the present adventure, my eternal gratitude, or my persevering resentment, will attend the line of conduct you may adopt on such a question; and, however young and inexperienced I am, I have no doubt of finding friends to assist me in expressing my sentiments in either case."

"If there be a threat implied in that denunciation," replied Burley, coldly and haughtily, "it had better have been spared. I know how to value the regard of my friends, and despise from my soul, the threats of my enemies. But I will not take occasion of offence. Whatever happens here in your absence shall be managed with as much deference to your wishes as the duty I owe to a higher power can possibly permit."

With this qualified promise Morton was obliged to rest satisfied.

"Our defeat will relieve the garrison," said ho, internally, "are they can be reduced to surrender at discretion; and, in case of victory, I already know the numbers of the enemy, and I shall have a voice as powerful as Burley's in determining the use which shall be made of it."

He therefore sent to summon Balfour to the council, where they found Keddie-Osmund adding to his last a few words of practical application. When these were expanded, Morton declared his willing submission to the command of the new body of the army, which was destined to drive the regular troops from Glasgow. His companions in command were named, and the whole party who formed this new force were present. Next morning, at break of day, the insurgent army broke up from their encampment, and marched towards Glasgow.

It was not our intention to detail at length incidents which may be found in the history of the period. It is sufficient to say, that Claverhouse and Lord Ross, learning the superior force which was directed against them, entrenched, or rather barricaded themselves, in the centre of the city, where the town-house and old jail were situated, with the determination, to stand the assault of the enemy rather than to abandon the capital of the west of Scotland. The presbyterian leaders made their attack in two bodies, one of which penetrated into the city through the rear of the Cathedral Church, while the other marched up the Gallowgate, or principal access from the south-east. Both divisions were composed of men who had fought with great spirit. But the advantages of military skill and situation were too great for their unskilled valour.

Ross and Claverhouse had carefully disposed parties of their soldiers in houses, at the heads of the streets, and in the entrances of close, as they are called, or lanes beside the west high street. These parties were behind breast-works which reached across the streets. The assailants found their ranks thinned by a fire from invisible opponents, which they had no means of returning with effect, and in vain that Morton and other leaders exposed their persons with the utmost gallantry, and endeavoured to bring their own to a close action; their followers shrank from them in every direction. And yet, though Henry Morton was one of the last to retire, and exerted himself in bringing up the rear, maintaining order in the retreat, and checking every attempt which the enemy made to improve the advantage they had gained by the repulse, he had still the mortification to hear many of his friends and followers turn against him. His men had that misfortune, this cause of trusting to laudainian boys; and, that, had honest, faithful Burley led the attack, as he did that of the barricades, this issue would have been as different as might be."

It was with burning resentment that Morton heard..."
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I am bound to Bothwell-hill.
Where I mean either to die or.

There was now a pause in the military movements on both sides. The government seemed content to prevent the rebels advancing towards the capital, while the insurgents were intent upon suppressing and strengthening their force. For this purpose, they established a sort of encampment in the park belonging to the ducal residence at Hamilton, a central situation for receiving their recruits, and where they were secured from any sudden attack. The Clyde, a deep and rapid river, in front of their position, which is only passable by a long and narrow bridge, next to Lochiel and the county of Renfrew.

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his services to fear to lose them, and felt somewhat conscious of their own inability to supply their place. The whole was too much for him; his health appeared to him laws more rigid than they submitted to themselves, and he was suffused to depart on his journey without any direct objection being stated. The Reverend Mr. Poole, the minister of the same parish, visited his own residence in the neighbourhood of Milwood, and favoured Morton with his company on the journey. As the country was chiefly friendly to their cause, and in possession of their detached parties, excepting here and there the stronghold of some old cavaliering Baron, they travelled without any other attendant than the faithful Cuddie.

It was near sunset when they reached Milwood, where Poundtext bid adieu to his companions, and travelled forward alone to his own home, which was situated half a mile's march beyond Tilitudumm. When Morton was left alone to his own reflections, with what a complication of feelings did he review the woods, banks, and fields, that had been familiar to him! His character, as well as his habits, thoughts, and occupations, had been entirely changed within the space of little more than a fortnight, and twenty days seemed to have done upon him the work of as many years. A mild, romantic, gentle-tempered youth, bred up in dependence, and stooping patiently to the tyranny of a sordid and tyrannical father, had, suddenly, by the rod of oppression, and the spur of injured feeling, been compelled to stand forth a leader of men. So he said, for he would imagine himself of "public nature, had friends to animate and enemies to contend with, and felt his individual fate bound up in the welfare of a national insurrection and revolution. He seemed as if he had at once experienced a transition from the romantic dreams of youth to the labours and cares of active manhood. All that had formerly interested him was alienated from his memory, excepting only his attachment to Edith; and even his love seemed to have assumed a character more manly and self-dependent; he had abandoned and contrasted with other duties and feelings. As he revolved the particulars of this sudden change, the circumstances in which it originated, and the possible consequences of his present career, the thrill of natural anxiety, which passed along his mind was immediately banished by a glow of generous and high-spirited confidence.

"I shall fall young," he said, "if fall I must, my motives misconstrued, and my actions condemned, by those whose approbation is dearest to me. But the sword I bear will gain me a name, and my name will neither fall meanly nor unavenged. They may expose my body, and gibe at my limbs; but other days will yield a different view of my career. I will recall against those who may pronounce it. And that Heaven, whose name is so often profaned during this unnatural war, will bear witness to the purity of the motives by which I have been guided." Upon approaching Milwood, Henry's knock upon the gate no longer intimated the conscious timidity of a stripling who has been out of bounds, but the confidence of a man in full possession of his own rights, and master of his own actions,—bold, free, and decided. The door was cautiously opened by his old acquaintance, Mrs. Alison Wilson, who started back when she saw the steel cap and nodding plume of the martial visitor.

"Is it my uncle, Alison?" said Morton, smiling at her alarm.

"Lord'sake, Mr. Harry! is this you?" returned the old lady. "In truth, ye ga'rd my heart leep to my weary mouth. But it canna be your ainself, for ye look taller and mair manly-like than ye used to do."

"It is, however, my own self," said Henry, sighing and smiling at the same time; "I believe this dress may make me look taller, and these times, Alison, make men out of boys."

"It's aye unised," echoed the old woman; and "O that you sould be endangered wi' them! but who can help it?—ye were ill enough guided, and, as I tell your uncle, if ye tread on a worm it will turn." "

Morton said he, and the housekeeper no longer resented the familiar epithet, "and would let no one blame me but yourself, I am aware of that. Where is my uncle?"

"In Edinburgh," answered Alise, "but honest man thought it best to gang and sit by the chimley when the week raise—a vex'd man he's been and a fearel—but ye ken the Laird as well as I do."

"I hope he has suffered nothing in health?" said Henry.

"Nothing to speak of," answered the housekeeper, "nor in guides for the present, who are we to know? but the folk we could; and, though the troopers of Tiltudumm took the red cow and said Hackie, (ye'll mind them well,) yet they send us a guide bargain o' four they were driving to the Castle."

"Sold you a bargain?" said Morton; "how do you mean?"

"On, they cam out to gather marts for the garnison," answered the housekeeper; "but they just fell to their auld trade, and rake through the country couping and selling a' that they get, like rate maky west-country drovers. My certane, Major Beuldenian was lord o' the least share o' what they lifted, though it was ta'en in his name."

"Then," said Morton, hastily, "the garnison must be straitened for provisions?"

"Stressed enough," replied Alise; "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 word and we cannot stay, Mrs. Wilson, I must go forward directly."

"But, oh! bide to eat a mouthful," extremented the affectionate housekeeper, "and I'll make it ready for you as I used to do afore these sad days."

"It is impossible," answered Morton,—"Cuddie, get our horses ready."

"They're just eating their corn," answered the attendant.

"Cuddie!" exclaimed Alise; "what garr'd ye bring that ill-fe'ur'd ilk loon alang wis ye? It was him and his randie mother began a' the mischief in this house."

"Put, tut," replied Cuddie, "ye should forget and forgive, mistress. Mither's in Glasgow wi' her title, and sail plague ye nane mair; and I'm in the Captain's wattle now, and I keep him tighter in thack and rape than ever ye do—saw ye him ever since weel put on as he is now?"

"In truth and that's true," said the old housekeeper, looking with great complacency at her young charge. "That is the master, whose hat and ferreth are in his dress. I'm sure ye ne'er had a laced cravat like that when ye were at Milwood; that's nane o' my making."

"Na, na, mistress," replied Cuddie, "that's a cast o' my hand—that's one o' Lord Evan'dale's braws."

"Lord Evan'dale?" answered the old lady, "that's him that the whigs are gane to hang the morn, as I hear say."

"The whigs about to hang Lord Evan'dale?" said Morton, in the greatest surprise.

"Ay! troth are they," said the housekeeper. "Yesterday night he made a sally, as they ca', (my mother's name was Sally—I wonder they gie Christian folk's names to unchristian doings)—but he made an outbreak to get provisions, and his men were driven back and he was ta'en, an' the wing Captain Balfor garr'd set up a yellows, and swore, (or said upon his conscience, for they winna swear,) that if the garrison was not gien ower the morn by daybreak, he would hang up the young lord, poor thing as high as Haman.—These are ill times!—but folk canna help them—see do ye sit down and tak bread and cheese until better men's made ready. Ye suldna hee kend a word aboot it, an' I had thought it was to spoil your dinner, hanny."

"Fed, or unfed," exclaimed Morton, "saddle the horses instantly, Cuddie. We must not rest until we get before the house."

And, resuming all Alise's anturacies, they instantly resumed their journey.

Morton failed to advise to baill the dwelling of Poundtext, and summon him to attend him to the camp.
That honest general had just returned for an instant to his pacific habits, and was pursuing an ancient theological treatise, with a pipe in his mouth, and a small jar by his side, when he noticed the whispering behind the scenes. It was with bitter ill-will that he relinquished these comforts (which he called his studies) in order to reconsider a hard ride upon a high-trotting horse. And in his dispersion of the latter, his hand, he gave up, with a deep groan, the prospect of spending a quiet evening in his own little parlour; for he did not agree with Morton, that whatever interest Burley might have in rendering the breach between the presbyterians and the government irreconcilable, by putting the young nobleman to death, it was by no means that of the moderate party to permit such an act of atrocity. And it is but doing justice to Mr. Poundtext to add, that, like most of his own persuasion, he was decidedly adverse to any such acts of unnecessary violence; besides, that his own present feelings induced him to listen with much complacency to the probability held out by Morton, of Lord Lovelaw's becoming a mediator for the establishment of peace upon fair and moderate terms. With this similarity of views, they hastened their journey, and arrived about eleven o'clock at night at a small hamlet adjacent to the Castle at Tilletiudlem, where Burley had established his head-quarters. They were challenged by the sentinel, who made his report in the usual manner, at the entrance of the hamlet, and admitted upon declaring their name and authority in the army. Another soldier kept watch before a Barricade, and was the place of Lord Lovelaw's confinement, for a gibbet of such great height as to be visible from the battlements of the Castle, was erected before it, in melancholy confirmation of the truth of Mrs. Wilson's report. Morton instantly demanded to speak with Burley, and was directed to his quarters. They found him receiving a letter, with his arms lying beside him, as if ready for any sudden alarm. He started upon the entrance of his colleagues in office.

"What has brought ye hither?" said Burley, hastily.

"Is there bad news from the army?"

"No," replied Morton; "but we understand that there are measures adopted here in which the safety of the army is deeply concerned—Lord Lovelaw is your prisoner?"

"The Lord," replied Burley, "hath delivered him into our power, upon his surrender.

"And you will avail yourself of that advantage, granted you by Heaven, to dishonour our cause in the eyes of the whole world, by putting a prisoner to an ignominious death?"

"If the house of Tilletiudlem be not surrendered by daybreak," replied Burley, "God do so to me and more also, if I do not do that which my sovereign and patron, John Grahame of Cleaverhouse, hath put so many of God's enemies.

"We are in arms," replied Morton, "to put down such cruelties, and not to imitate them, far less to avenge upon the innocent the acts of the guilty. By what law can you justify the atrocity you would commit?"

"If thou art ignorant of it," replied Burley, "thy companion is well aware of the law which gave the men of Jericho to the sword of Joshua, the son of Nun."

"But we," answered the divines, "live under a better dispensation, which instructeth us to return good for evil, or pray for those who despitefully use and persecute us."

"That is to say," said Burley, "that thou wilt join thy grey hairs to his green youth to contrive to meet me in this matter?"

"We are," rejoined Poundtext, "two of those to whom, jointly with thyself, authority is delegated over this army, and we will not permit thee to hurt a hair of the prisoner's head. It may please God to make him a means of healing these unhappy breaches in our Israel."

"I judged it would come to this," answered Burley, "so as it was thou wentst called into the council of the elders."

"Such as I?" answered Poundtext. "And who am I, that thou shouldst name me with such scorn? Have I not kept thy sheep-fold from wolves for thirty years? Ay, even while thou, John Balfour, wast fighting in the ranks of unprincipled thieves, Philistines, heretics, and bloody and bloody-handed—Wass am I, say at thou?"

"I will tell thee what thou art, since thou wouldst so far know," said Burley. "Thou art one of them who would reap where thou hast not sowed, and divide the spoil while others fight the battle; then art one of them who follow the gospel for the loaves and for the fishes—that hare their own name better than the Church of God, and that would rather draw their stipends under pretenses or heathenism than be a partaker with those noble spirits who have cast all behind them for the sake of the Covenant."

"And I will tell thee, John Balfour," urged Poundtext, deservedly incensed, "I will tell thee what I think of thee. Thou art one of those who, from bloody and merciless disposition a reproach a shame upon the whole church of this suffering kingdom, and for whose violence and blood-guiltiness, it is to be feared, their opinions will not pass with all religious right will not be honoured by Provances with the desired success."

"General," said Morton, "cease this irritating and unavailing recrimination; and do you, Mr. Balfour, inform us, whether it is your purpose to oppose the liberation of Lord Lovelaw, which appears to us a most probable measure in the present postures of our affairs?"

"You are here," answered Burley, "as two voices against another, you will not resolve to compel the united council shall decide upon this matter?"

"This," said Morton, "we would not decline, if we could trust the hands in whom we are to leave the prisoner. But you know well," he added, looking sternly at Burley, "that you have already deceived me in this matter."

"Go to," said Burley, disdainfully, "thou art an idle incorrigible boy, who, for the black eye-brows of a silly girl, would barter thy own faith and honor, and that of God and of thy country."

"Mr. Balfour," said Morton, laying his hand on his sword, "this language requires satisfaction."

"And thou shalt have it, stippling, when and where thou dost please," said Burley; "I plight thee my good word on it."

Poundtext, in his turn, interfered to remind them of the manners of a quarrelling, and effected with difficulty a sort of solemn conciliation. "Concerning the prisoner," said Burley, "deal with him as ye think fit. I wash my hands free from all consequences. He is my prisoner, by my sword and spear, while you, Mr. Morton, were playing the adjutant at drills and parades, and you, Mr. Poundtext, were warping the Scriptures into Erastianism. Take him unto you, nevertheless, and dispose of him as ye think meet. —Dugwal," he continued, calling a sort of aid-de-camp who slept in the next apartment, "let the guard posted on the malignant Eavendale give up their post to those whom Captain Morton shall appear to relieve." Addressing Poundtext and Morton, "is now at your disposal, gentlemen. But remember, that for all these things there will one day come a term of heavy accounting."

So saying, he turned abruptly into an inner apartment, without bidding them good evening. His visitors were not troubled; for it had happened that a proper guard would be prudent to ensure the prisoner's personal safety, by placing over him an additional guard, drawn from their own parishioners. A band of men happened to be stationed in the hamlet, and being attached, for the time, to Burley's command, in so far the men might be gratified by remaining on as long as possible near to their own homes. They were
CHAPTER XXVIII.

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 dame; "but ye were a kind gentlewoman, though folk say ye have become sair changed now."

"What do they say of me?" answered Morton.

"A body says," replied Jenny, "that you and the witches has made a devil out o' ye, and ye sit in the king's chair, and that neither he, nor his posteriors from generation to generation, shall sit upon it any mair."

"So far as the church organs to the pipes, and burn the Book o' Common prayer by the hands of the common hangman, in revenge of the Covenant that was burnt when the king came hame."

"My friends at Tillietudlem 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 sae," said Jenny, bursting into a flood of tears; "and they never needed kindness or friendship mair, for they are famished for lack o' it."

"Good God!" replied Morton, "I have heard of scarcity, but not of famines! Is it possible?—Have the ladies and the maidens—"

"They has suffered 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 can see fifty colours wi' a faintness, and my head doo dree wi' unco mistygoes that I canna stand my lane."

"The dininess of the poor girls' cheek, and the sharpness of her breath, witnesses the truth of what she said. Morton was greatly shocked.

"Sit down," he said, "for God's sake! forcing her into the only chair the apartment afforded, while he himself strode up and down the room in horror and impatience. "I knew not of this," he exclaimed in broken ejaculations—"I could not know of it,—Cold-blooded, iron-hearted fanatic——despicable villain!—Cuddie, fetch refreshments—food—wine, if possible—whatever you can find."

"Vainly is good enough for her," muttered Cuddie; "ane woman has thought that gude meal was sae scant among them, when the queen threw sae muckle gude kail-broose scalding hot about her mugs."

Paint and miserable as Jenny seemed to be, she could not hear the allusion to her exploit during the storm of the Castle, without bursting into a laugh which weakness soon converted into a hysterical giggle at the mention of the State and the rustics of the horror on the distresses which must have been in the Castle, Morton repeated his commands to Cuddie in a peremptory manner, and when he had departed, endeavoured to soothe his visitor.

"You come, I suppose, by the orders of your mistrees, 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 sae mild 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 mistresses by dealing sincerely with me."

"Weel, then, ye mean we're starving, as I said before, and have been mair days than ane; and the Major has sworn that he expects relief daily, and that he will not gie over the house to the enemy till we have eaten up his old boots, and they canna bide hunger weel, after the life they led at free quarters for this white-by-past; and since Lord Evandale's tartan trousers, and the guiding hand of the bosom of the Major to the marks of recent suffering and privation, as well as nervous and hysterical agitation.

Morton had finished the revival and the making out of a fair copy of the paper upon which he had pronounced, and had agreed to rest as a full statement of the grievances of the popish party, and the condition of which the greater part of the insurgents would be contented to lay down their arms; and he was about to betake himself to repose, when there was a knocking at the door.

"Enter," said Morton; and the round bullet-headed of Cuddie Headrigg was thrust into the room. "Come in," said Morton, and tell me what you want. Is there any alarm?"

"Na, sir; but I have brought one to speak wi' you."

"Who is that, Cuddie?" inquired Morton.

"Ane o' your good acquaintance," said Cuddie; and opening the door more fully, he half reared a woman, whose face was muffled in her plaid—"Come in, ye canna be here before saul acquaintance, Jenny," said Cuddie, pulling down the veil, and discovering to his master the well-remembered countenance of Jenny Dennison. 'Tell his honour, now—there's a bray lass—tell him what they were wanting to say to Lord Evandale, mistrees."

"What was I wanting to say," answered Jenny, "to his honour himself the other morning, when I visited him in captivity, ye muckle hash?—Ye think that folk daun want to see their friends in adversity, ye daun they say?"

This reply was made with Jenny's usual volubility; but her voice quivered, her cheek was thin and pale, the tears stood in her eyes, her hand trembled, her voice was husky; and the bloodless look of her eyes betokened marks of recent suffering and privation, as well as nervous and hysterical agitation.
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.  

"They are fear'd for denials of quarter to themselves, having done so meekly mischievous through the country; and Burley has hanged one or two of them already, on a pretense that a shot or two from their guns was aimed at the castle. By order of honest folk.'"  

"And you were sent," continued Merton, "to carry to Lord Evandale the unpleasant news of the men's mutiny!"

"Just 'e'en see," said Jenny; "Tum Halliday took the run, and said me 'about it, and get me out o' the town, to tell Lord Evandale, if possibly I could win at him."

"But how can he help you?" said Morton; "he is prisoner!"

"Well—a day, say," answered the afflicted damsel; "but maybe he could make fair terms for us—or, maybe, he could give us some good advice—or, maybe, he might send his orders to the dragoons to be civil—"

"Or, maybe," said Morton, "you were to try if you were possible to set him at liberty?"

"If it were so," answered Jenny with spirit, "it wadna the first time I have done my best to serve a friend in captivity."

"True, Jenny," replied Morton, "I was most ungrateful to forget it. But here comes Cuddie with refreshments—I will go and do your errand to Lord Evandale, and bring you some tea and write."

"It will be anathéa you should ken," said Cuddie to his master, that this Jenny—this Mrs. Dennis—was trying to cuttle favour with 'em. Rand, the miller's wife, was at home with her child and written. She wants nothing, the gipsy, that I was at her elbow."

"And I am about right, ye gave me when ye came abont—and took a grip o' me," said Jenny, giving him a sly switch with her finger and her thumb—"if ye hadnas been an eel acquaintances, ye'd sate gommer!"

"I am ashamed of myself and my return for your kindness," said Morton, "and I should return to your mistress without a saddle and without your body kenning. She wants nothing, the gipsy, that I was at her elbow."

"So I understand," answered the sentinel, who had spoken with the messenger.

"I am sorry to see you thus, my lord," said Jenny, with a sigh.

"I have heard you are an admirer of poetry," answered the prisoner; "in that case, Mr. Morton, you may remember these lines—"

"By death?" said Morton.

"Surely," answered Lord Evandale, "I have no other prospect. Your comrades, Burley, has already dipped his hand in the blood of men whose manifestations of rank and obscurity of extraction might have saved them."

"But Major Bellenden," said Morton, "may surrender, in your behalf, to preserve your life."

"Never, while there is one man to defend the battle, and that man has one crust to eat. I knew his gallant resolution, and greed should I be if he changed it."

Morton hastened to acquaint him with the mutiny among the dragoons, their resolution to surrender the Castle, and the ladies of the place, as well as the Major, into the hands of the enemy. Lord Evandale seemed at first surprised, and something incredulous, but immediately afterwards deeply affected.

"What is to be done?" he said—"How is this misfortune to be averted?"

"Hear me, my lord," said Morton; "I believe you may not be unwilling to bear the olive branch between our master the King, and that part of his subjects which is now in arms, from choice, but necessity."

"You cannot make me less just," said Lord Evandale; "but to what does this tend?"

"Permit me, my lord," continued Morton; "I will set you a lecture, and bring you back to the Castle, and shall bring the make you and the ladies, and all who leave it, on condition of its instant surrender. In contributing to the safety of your life, I bring the Major, without the consequences; for, with a mutiny in the garrison, and without provisions, it will be impossible to defend the place twenty-four hours longer. The Elena, therefore, who refuses to accompany your love, must take their fate. You and your followers shall have a free pass to Edinburgh, or wherever the Duke of Montrose may direct. In return for your係, you will be released by the gentlemen that you will recommend to the notice of his Grace, as Lieutenant-General of Scotland, this humble petition and remonstrance, containing the grievances which have occasioned this insurrection, a redress of which being granted, I will answer with my head, that the good body of the insurgents shall lay down their arms."

Lord Evandale read over the paper with attention.

"Mr. Morton," he said, "in my simple judgment, I see little objection that can be made to the measures here recommended; nay, farther, I believe, in many respects, they may meet the private sentiments of the Duke of Montrose; and, yet, to save your life, with me, I have no objection of their being granted, unless in the first place you were to lay down your arms."

"The doing so," answered Morton, "would be virtually confessing 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; "and yet on that point I am certain the negotiations will be wrecked. I am willing, 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 enlarge upon the obligation incurred by your having saved my life a second time, believe, that I do not feel the less."

"And the pardon of Tilletudnam?" 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 brave old man be delivered up to this bloody-thirsty ruffian, Burley."

"You mean the case free?" said Morton. "Prepare to mount on horseback; a few men whom I can trust shall attend you till you are in safety out of our power."

"Leaving Lord Evandale in great surprise and joy at this unexpected deliverance, Morton hastened to a few chosen men under arms and on horseback, each rider holding the rein of a spare horse. Jenny, who
while she partook of her refreshment, had contrived to make up her breach with Cuddie, rode on the left hand of that valiant cavalier. The tramp of their horses was heard under the window of Lord Evandale's prison. Two men, whom he did not know, entered the apartment, dismembered him of his fetters, and, conducting him down stairs, mounted him in the centre of the detachment. They set out at a round trot round Tilletudmub.

The moonlight was giving way to the dawn when they entered the yard, and specially moved to the pavilion. The horses, and its dark massive tower had just received the first pale colouring of the morning. The party halted at the Tower gate, and part of the guard, seeing the same, and their dark masses, was about to depart. It was too early for the King's duty, and the rest were to disperse and overpower Major Bellenden and Harrison, and the others of the Castle, who were about to discharge the twenty minutes' fire on the gate.

The approach of Lord Evandale changed the scene. He seized Ingles by the collar, and, after bringing his face to his visor, ordered two of his corporals to arrest him to the road, as usual, for the Queen's Majesties at the Tower. They hesitated; but the boss and storey of discipline, joined to their persuasion that the authority of the officer, so boldly espied, must be supported by some force without the gate, induced them to submit.

"Take away those arms," said Lord Evandale to the Castle; they shall not be restored until these men know better the use for which they are intrusted with. And now," he continued, addressing the militiamen, "be gone!—Make the best use of your time, and of a truce of three hours, which the enemy are contented to allow you. Take the road to Edinburgh, and meet me at the Houses of-Parlia-

The dispersed soldiers shrank in silence from the presence of their officer, and, leaving the Castle, took their way homeward by a circuitous road, making such haste as was inspired by the fear of meeting with some detached party of the insurgents, whose present destitution condition, and their former violence, made them inspires with thoughts of reparation, Ingles, whom Evandale destined for punishment, remained in custody. Halliday was praised for his conduct, and assured of succeeding to the rank of the colonel. These arrangements being hastily made, Lord Evandale accosted the Major, whose eyes had seemed to pass the change of a dream.

"My dear Major, we must give up the place," said Major Bellenden. "I was in hope you had brought reinforcements and supplies. Not a man— not a pound of meul," answered Lord Evandale.

Yet I am blithe to see you," returned the honest Major, "the word was that your psalm-singing rascals had a plot on your life, and I had mustered the soundly-droogons ten minutes before you got you out of linum, when the dog Ingles, instead of obeying me, broke out into open mutiny. But what is to be done now?"

"I'll make myself no choice," said Lord Evandale;
weal of his country sincerely at heart, and conceiving himself in the discharge of a patriotic duty, to have no heart in so absolutely in your power," replied Miss Bellenden, "to answer that question."

"In the present instance, I plight you the word of a soldier," replied the horseman.

"I have been taught candour from my birth," said Edith, "and, if I am to speak at all, I must utter anystraße by crooked or strait, heart or head—men must estimate intentions by actions. Treachery, murder by the sword and by gibbet, the oppression of a people, the exaction of tribute from those who were only in arms for the defence of the established government, and of our own property, are actions which must needsully all that have accessions to them, by whatever specious terms they may be glided over."

"The guilt of civil war," rejoined the horseman—"the missiles which it brings in its train, lie at the door of those who provoked it by illegal opposition, rather than of such as are driven to aim in order to assert their natural rights as freemen."

"That is assuming the question," replied Edith, "a much ought to be proved. Each party contends that they are right in point of principle, and therefore the guilt must be with them who first drew the sword; and it is the actual, even the thoughtful, 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 been provoked to war by almost seeming beyond the power of humanity, were we driven by oppression into open resistance!—But I perceive," he continued, sighing deeply, "that it is vain to plead before Miss Bellenden a cause which she has already prejudged, perhaps as much from her dislike of the person as of the principles of those engaged in it."

"I, too, answer," replied Edith, "and I avow with freedom my opinion of the principles of the insurgents; of their persons I know nothing—excepting in one solitary instance."

"And that instance," said the horseman, "has influenced your opinion of the whole body?"

"Far from it," said Edith; "he is—at least I once thought him—one in whose scale few were fit to be weighed—he is—or he seemed—one of early 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 fanatics, of the most flagrant hypocrisies—the leader of brutal clowns,—the brother of assassination, the banditti, and highway murderers?—Should you meet such a one in your camp, tell him that Edith Bellenden has wept more over his character, his high hopes, his prospects, and dis-honoured name, than over the distresses of her own house—and that she has better endured that famine which has wasted her cheek and dimmed her eye, than the pangs of heart which attended the reflection by and through whom these calamities were inflicted."

As she spoke, she turned upon her companion a countenance, whose fazed cheek attested the reality of her sufferings, even while it glowed with the temporary animosity which accompanied her language. The horseman was not insensible to the appeal; he raised his hand to his brow with the sudden motion of one who feels a pang shot along his brain, passed it hastily over his face, and then pulled the shadowing hat still deeper on his forehead. The movement, and the feelings which it excited, did not escape Edith, not so much by sight with observation."

"And yet," she said, "should the person of whom I speak seem to you too deeply affected by the hard opinion of—an early friend, say to him, that sincere repentance is next to innocence—that, though fallen from a height not easily recovered, and the author of much mischief, because glided by his example, he may still hold in some measure for the evil he has done."

"And in what manner?" asked the cavalier, in the voice so suppressed, and almost choked voice.

"By efforts to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted countrymen, and to induce the deserted rebels to lay down their arms. By saving their country—by being that already split; and he that shall be most active in accomplishing this great end, will 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 join, I think, that the interests of the people were sanctified so far as to judge the event?"

"I am but a girl," was the young lady's reply; "and I can scarce speak on the subject without pain, yet I am firm, and cannot see, if I can add, I would wish to see a peace which should rest to all parties, and secure the people from military rapine, which I detected as much as I do the move now adopted to resist it."

"Miss Bellenden," answered Henry Morton raising his face, and speaking in his natural tone, "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 not stand in hard censure, were he not to refer to the honourable testimony of Lord Evandale, that his earnest wishes and most active services are united to the cause of peace; and the hope of such a peace as the most loyal cannot censure."

He bowed with dignity to Miss Bellenden, though her language intimated that she well knew what he was anxious to avoid. The horseman continued, turning towards the young nobleman, and bowing to him, the charge of preserving his friends, both regarding the particular of his conduct and the purity of his feelings. Perceived 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 endeavour to repay the great services I have received from you by doing my best to place your character on its proper footing with Major Bellenden, and all whose centre of interest is our boundary. I expected no less from your generosity, my lord," said Morton. He comforted his followers, and rode off along the heath in the direction of Hamilton, their features waving and their steel caps glancing in the beams of the rising sun. Cuddie Heading then remounted his horse, and took an affectionate farewell of Jenny Dennyson, who had contrived, during this short morning's ride, to re-establish her presence over his susceptible bosom. A straggling band, two obscured, rather than concealed, their tails as they hailed their horses to bed adieu."

"Fare ye weel, Jenny," said Cuddie, with a bit of his lungs, intended perhaps to be a smile, but rather resembling the intonation of a groan:—"Y'll think o' ppair Cuddie sometimes—an heid led the lo'se ye, Jenny; y'll think o' him now then?""

"While—at brose-time," answered the maiden, dimly, and in an effort to spread the repast, as an abstract which attended it."

Cuddie took his revenge as rustic forgers are well and as Jenny probably expected,—caugh his nose round the neck, kissed her cheeks and lips, and then turned his horse and trotted about the master.

"It's in the fallow," said Jenny, wiping her and adjusting her head-dress, "he has been in spunk o' Tam Halliday, after a. —Corning, me coming—Lord have a care o' us, I trust the dear man.

"Jenny," said Lady Margaret, as the dammed
OLD MORTALITY.

63

"there was not that young man who commanded the party was the same captain of the pinnace, and who was afterwards prisoner at Tillostebum when the morning Claverhouse came then the messenger had the answer that the spy had no reference to her own little matters, looked at her young mistress, to

discover, if possible, whether it was her cue to speak

and not. Not being able to catch any hint to guide her, she followed her instinct as a lady's maid, and lied.

"but does a man believe in him, my lady," said Jenny, as confidently as if she had been saying her catechism; "he was a little black man, that."

"You must have been blind, Jenny," said the Major. "Henry Morton is tall and fair, and that youth is the very man."

"But I had that thing said than being look at him," said Jenny, tossing her head; "he may be as fair as a fairing 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 from us. That I am now alive, and 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 energies of the Major of the supplies of the party."

"He then went into a particular narrative of the events with which the reader is acquainted, dwelling upon the perils of Morton and expecting the worst at which he had rendered them these important services, as if he had been a brother instead of a rival."

"I have no doubt that he is thinking of his own life, and would willingly think well of Henry Morton, my lord," replied Major Bellenden; "and I own he has behaved handsomely to your lordship and to us; but I cannot have the same assurance which it pleases your lordship to entertain for his present conduct."

"You are to consider," said Lord Evandale, "that he has been forced upon them by necessity; and I must add, that his principles, though differing in some degree from my own, are such as ought to command respect."

Claverhouse, whose men are not to be disputed, spoke justly of him as to his extraordinary qualities, but with prejudice, and harshly, concerning his principles and manner of living.

"You have not been long in learning all his extraordinary qualities, my lord," answered Major Bellenden, "but I am apt to think very well of him."

"They were probably hidden, Major," replied the generous Lord Evandale, "even from himself, until circumstances called them forth; and, if I have detected them, it is only because our intercourse and conversation turned on moments 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 such a comprehensive plan?"

"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 most avid attention to this conversation. While she regretted that she had expressed herself hastily and hastily to her lover, she felt a conscious and proud satisfaction that his character was, even in the judgment of a woman who knew the world of men, of a true rival, such as her own affection had once spoilt."

"Civil feuds and domestic prejudices," she said, "may render it necessary for me to bear his remem-
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

But while Morton thus endeavoured to keep up the
sorrow of the army at large, he availed himself of
their bitter, wrathful, and impetuous temper to
impress on the minds of the leaders the necessity of proposing
to the government moderate terms of accommodation,
while they were still formidable as commanding an unconquered and numerous army. He pointed out to
them, that, in the present humour of their followers,
they could hardly be expected that they would engage, with
the advantage of the well-served and regular forces
of the Duke of Monmouth; and that if they fancied,
as was most likely, to be defeated and dispersed,
the sum in which they had engaged, so far from being
useful to the country, would be rendered the apology
for oppressing it more severely.

Pressed by these arguments, and feeling it equally
dangerous to remain together, or so disperse 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 Evandale,
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
conclude a sum in which and renunciation which had
been drawn up by Morton. On the contrary, there
were still several leaders, and those men whose influ-
ence with the people exceeded that of persons of more
consequence, who regarded every proposal
of treaty which did not proceed on the basis of the
Solemn League and Covenant of 1640, as utterly null
and void, and inhuman. These men diff-
ered their feelings among the multitude, who had
little or no choice, and nothing to lose, and persuaded
many of the timid countrymen who recommended
peace upon terms short of the detriment of the
royal family, and the declared independence of the
Church with respect to the state, were cowardly
abandoners of the cause, and withdrawn with them
from the plough, and despisable trimmers, who sought
only a specious pretext for deserting their brethren in
the hour of their distress. The violent opinions were fiercely
argued in each tent of the insurgent army, or rather
in the huts and cabins which served in the place of
teents. Violence in language often led to open quar-
rels and blows, and the divisions into which the
army of sufferers was rent served as too plain a pre-
sage of their future fate.

CHAPTER XXX.

The curse of growing faction and division.

Still vex your councils! Venal preserved.

The prudence of Morton found sufficient occupa-
tion in stemming the furious current of these contend-
ing parties, when, two days after his return to Hamil-
ton, he was visited by his friend and colleague, the
Reverend Mr. Pontdext, flying, as he presently found,
from the face of John Balfour of Burley, whom
he had not little inconsiderate at the share he had taken in
the liberation of Lord Evandale. When the worth-
ily divine had somewhat reclaimed his spirits, after
the hurry and fatigue of his journey, he proceeded
to give Morton an account of what had passed in the vicinity
of Tullitculumen after the memorable morning
of his departure.

The news which Morton had been accomplished
with such dexterity, and the men were so faithful to
their trust, that Burley received no intelligence of what
did happen until the morning was far ad-
vanced. While his first inquiry was, whether Macbrier and
Kedledumollie had arrived, agreeably to the sum-
moneys which he had dispatched at midnight.
Macbrier had come, and Kedledumollie, though a heavy
traveller, might, he was informed, be instantly ex-
pected. Burley then dispatched a messenger to Mor-
ton's quarters to summon him to an immediate coun-
 cil. Morton had hurried from Benmunc, where he
had left the place. Pontdext was next summoned,
but he thinking, as he said himself, that it was ill
delighted, and had withdrawn from the general
quiet manse, 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 not spurred
by Morton, and whom Morton had directed after Lord Evandale; and gave him his
when he learned that he had been conveyed away
over night by a party of the marksmen of Malm-
slow, as the immediate command of Henry
Morton himself.

"The villain!" exclaimed Burley, address-
ing to Macbrier; "the bloody, most-sinister man
to curry favour for himself with the government, but
act at liberty, the prisoner taken by me own
hand, through means of whom, I have little
of the possession of the place of strength which led
wrought us such trouble, might now have been our
hands!"

"But is it not in our hands?" said Macbrier, look-
ing up towards the Keep of the Castle; and at
not these the colours of the Covenant that float
its walls?"

"A stratagem—a mere trick," said Burley, "and
sult over our disappointment, intended to cramp
and embitter our spirits."

He was interrupted by the arrival of one of Balfour's
followers, sent to report to him the evacuation of
the place, and its occupation by the insurrecl
Burley. He had been driven to fury by reason of the
news of this success.

"I have watched," he said; "I have expected
we have not been too late—I have arrived for the reduction of
the castle, and broken to the stuff of brick work within,
and when the men were about to rend
the hand, that, their sons should be bound
and their daughters a fragrant wort of
I am come to see to see to tend the
chub, and take them on him to thrive
in their harvest, and to rend the press the
noble city, worthy of his choice,
with its captives, should be given to his
wins it?"

"Nay," said Macbrier, who was supplied the
degree of agitation which Balfour displayed; "does
not thyself by reason of the unhappy. Heaven
use its own instruments; and who knows but
his youth?"

"Hush! hush!" said Burley; "do not dis-
thine own better judgment. It was that they
bade me beware of this passed speech
beauteously of the cheeker, that passed current
me for gold. It fares ill, even with the elect, when
they neglect the guidance of such men as the
for your carnal affections were
the support of his own views, more especially
agreed exactly in their high-strung open
minded government.

"Let us instantly," he said, "go up to the
there is that among the records in order
which, will enable me to effect it, shall be worth
the valiant, and a hundred homesteads."

"But will such be the fitting ends of the
Covenant?" said the preacher.

"We are inclined to believe there are not too many who hunger after
silver and gold, rather than after the
it is not by such that our deliverance shall be
our's?"

"Thou err'st," said Burley; "we must
means, and these worldly men shall be our
ments. At all events, the Moabite woman
employed in the secessions, and neither
vant Evandale, nor the canning Mon
sees yonder castle and lands, though they may
rage the daughter thereof."

He had led the way to Tullitculumen, where
led upon the place, and other vessels for the
of the army, ran secked the charter-room, and other receptacles for family papers, and treated with contempt the remonstrances of those who reminded him, that it was a general impression that the garrison had guaranteed respect to private property.

Burley and Macbrair, having established themselves in their new acquisition, were joined by Kettle-drumme, who had been sent from the garrison of Langscaul, where he had been a friend of the League party, and who, finding his active life had conduced to seduce as, Poundext term it, the pure light in which he had been brought up. Thus united, they sent to the said Poundext an invitation, or rather a summons, to attend a council at Tilletideum. He received, however, that the door had an iron grate, and the Kenton danger, and refused to come himself with his incensed colleagues. He therefore, out of respect, or rather to, Hamilton, with the tidings, that Burley, Macbrair, of Kettle-drumme, was 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 Poundext, with a deep sigh, "that they will then possess a majority in the council; for Langscaul, though he has always passed for one of the most honest and rational persons, is not to be praetiously or precociously termed either fish, or flesh, or rade-red-harring—wherever has the stronger party has come out victor.

Thus concluded the heavy narrative of honest Poundext, who, sighing deeply, as he considered the danger in which he was placed, between reason and outrage, between the belonging of his engagements, and the indemnity through means of Lord Evandale, and made out to him a very fair prospect that he should again return to his own parchment-bound Calvin, his own parchimony and scribbling. At the same time, he presented to the Earl of Seaforth, even as he, Lord Evandale, providing always he would afford his effectual support and concurrence to the measures which he, the Earl of Seaforth, had taken; he had made no private visits to his colleagues, 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.

On the arrival of Morton and Poundext at the place of assembly they found their brethren already seated. Slight greeting passed between them, and it was not easy to see which of them was intended by those who convened the council. The first question was put by Macbrair, the sharp eagerness of whose voice was in order to various schemes of the council. He desired to know by whose authority the malignant, called Lord Evandale, had been freed from the doom of death, justly denounced against him.

"By my authority," answered Poundext; who, besides being anxious to give his companion a good opinion of his courage, confided heartily in his own profession, and who confided himself to the weapons of theological controversy, in which Poundext feared no man, than of-entering into a discussion with his depositors.

"And who, brother," said Kettle-drumme, "who gave you authority to interpose in such a high matter?"

"The tenor of our commission," answered Poundext, "gives us authority to bind and to loose. If Lord Evandale was allowed to return, as one of one of our number, he was of a surety lawfully redeemed from death by the warrant of two of us."

"Go to, go to," said Burley; "we know your motives; it was to get a free hand for plundering and robbing—nothing less."

"It was so," said Morton, who saw his companion begin to fitch before the fierce eye of Balfour—"it was so; and what then?—Are we to pluck the nation in order to make a tavern?—to plunder and rob, and impoverish the people, and in order to a trinket—that embroidered trifle of a lord, to bear terms of peace to the tyrant."

"It is false," said Morton; "they blaspheme who pretend to expect more from a human body than a human body are made to be in the human means with which Providence has blessed them. I repeat it—Our sacred object is the re-establishment of peace on fair and honorable terms of security to our religion and our liberty. We disclaim any desire to tyrannize over those of others."

The debate would now have run higher than ever, but they were interrupted by intelligence that the Duke of Mounmouth had commenced his march towards the west, and was already advanced half way from Edinburgh. This news silenced their divisions for the moment, and it was agreed that the next day should be held as a fast of general humiliation for the sins of the land; that the Reversal Mr. Poundext was not to preach to the men of arms, but to the Cameronians, and to the Cameronians in the Cameronians in the afternoon; that neither should touch upon any topics of schism or of division, but animate the soldiers to assert the cause in which they were then and had been in a great cause. This healing overture having been agreed to, the moderate party ventured upon another proposal, consisting that it would have the support of Langscaul, who looked extremely blunt at the news which they had just received, and might be supposed recovered to moderate measures. It was to be proposed, they said, that since the King had not intruded the command of his forces upon the present occasion to any of their active oppressors, but, on the contrary, had employed a nobleman distinguished by a disregard of rancor, and a disposition favourable to their cause, there must be some better intention entered towards them than they had yet experienced. They contended, that it was not only prudent but necessary to ascertain, from a communication with the Duke of Mounmouth, whether he was not charged with some secret instructions in the camp, which could only be learned by dispatching an envoy to his army.

And who will undertake the task?" said Burley, evading a proposal too reasonable to be openly resisted—"Who will go up to their camp, knowing that John Graham of Claverhouse hath sworn to hang up whoever did dispatch towards them, to revenge of the death of the young man his nephew?"
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Let that be no obstacle," said Morton; "we'll with pleasure encounter any risk attached to the bearer of your errand."

"Let him go," said Balfour, apart to Macbrair; "our secret will be well rid of his presence."

The motion, therefore, received no contradiction even from those who were expected to have been most anxious in opposing it; and it was agreed that Henry Morton should go to the camp of the Duke of Monmouth, in order to discover upon what terms the insurgents would be admitted to treat with him. As 'soon as the letter was made, several of the more moderate party joined in requesting him to make terms upon the footing of the petition intrusted to Lord 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 Cameronnians, which had so little to 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 train of royal forces; and, as he ascended a height, saw all the roads in the neighbourhood occupied by armed men marching in great order toward the royal camp. The world, an open common, on which they proposed to encamp for that evening, 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 had not proceeded up to the front of the advanced-guard of cavalry which he met, as bearer of a flag of truce, and communicated his desire to obtain audience of the Duke of Monmouth. The non-commis- sioned officer who commanded the party made his report to his superior, and he again to another in still higher command, and both immediately rode to the spot where Morton was detained.

"You are but losing your time, my friend, and risking your life," said one of them, addressing Morton; "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. Have you the common sense to beg and save your 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 would condemn so large a body of his fellow-subjects without even hearing what they have to plead for themselves. On my part I fear nothing. I am commanded by my country, or authorized, no cruelty, and the fear of suffering innocently for the crimes of others shall not deter me from executing my commission."

The officers looked at each other.

"I have an idea," said the younger, "that 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," answered Morton.

"We will not oppose your seeing the Duke, sir," said the officer, with more civility of manner; "but you must assure yourself it will be to no purpose; for, were his Grace disposed to favour your people, others were 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 be an interview with him.

"Lumley," said the superior officer, "let the Duke know of Mr. Morton's arrival, and remind his Grace that it 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 command in the morning. He was detained in a neighbouring cotage all night, but treated 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 at the head of the party. The letters of the Duke of Monmouth had passed the night. In riding towards the General, he had an opportunity of examining the force which had been assembled; for the Duke of Monmouth had ordered detachments to be sent out—other Scottish regiments of regulars were assembled, and a large body of cavalry, consisting partly of gentleman-volunteers, partly of the army of the prince who did military duty for the Duke of Monmouth and Man were observed several strong parties of foreigners drawn from the points nearest to the Lowland frontiers, a people, as already mentioned, purely and 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 the formidable army. A complete train of field-artillery accompanied these troops; and the whole had an imposing, that it seemed nothing short of an army—only a few scattered companies of field and a tumultuous and insubordinate army of the insurgents from being utterly destroyed. The officer who accompanied Morton to the camp, was, however, desirous of seeing the Duke with which this splendid and awful parade of military force had impressed him. But, true to the cause, he had espoused the cause successfully to death, which he felt from his heart, and did not compromise, and looked around him on the warlike display as on a sight which he expected, and to which he was unprepared."

"You see the entertainment prepared for you," said the officer; "there is 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 regale, for the sake of all parties."

As they spoke thus, they approached the commanding officer in-chief, who, surrounded by several officers, was seated upon a knoll commanding an extensive prospect of the valley. The Duke was 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 the ground, with the purpose of directing an immediate attack. When Captain Lamley, the officer who accompanied Morton, had whispered in Monmouth's ear, he raised his hand, and the officers spread the signal for all around him to retire, excepting only two general officers of distinction. While they spoke together in whispers for a minute or two before Monmouth was prepared to advance, he had a sight of the appearance of the persons with whom he was to deal. It was impossible for any one to look upon Duke of Monmouth without being struck by his personal graces and accomplishments, of which the great High-Priest of all the Nine afterwards spoke.

"What's he did was done with so much 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 manliness of Monmouth's face was occasionally rendered less striking by an air of vacillation and uncertainty, which seemed to imply hesitation and doubt at moments when decisive resolution was most necessary. Beside him stood Cleaverhouse, whom we have already fully described, and another gentleman whose appearance was singularly attractive. He was of the antique fashion of Charles the I. time, and composed of snappy leather and hot spurs. He had boots and spurs that might be referred to a distant period. He wore a breast-plate, over which was a doublet, and his headdress was composed of a cap and plume. He was known as a mark of mourning for Charles. First, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold. His head was marked
and almost perfectly bald. His high and wrinkled forehead, piercing grey eyes, and marked features, evinced age unbroken by infancy, and stern resolution unconquered by humanity. Such is the outline, however, at any rate, of the look of the Duke of Marlborough. Thomas Dalzell, a man more feared and hated by the whig than even Claverhouse himself, and who executed the same violence against them out of a detestation of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Graham's only resorted to on political accounts, as the best means of intimidating the lower classes of society, and of destroying that sect entirely.

The presence of these two generals, one of whom he knew by person, and the other by description, seemed to Morton decisive of the fate of his embassy. 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 intrusted to him. Monkhouse received him with the graceful courtesy which attended even his slightest actions; Dalzell regarded him with a sneer, and impatient from his head, with a sarcastic smile and inclination of his head, seemed to claim him as an old acquaintanceship.

"You come, sir, from these unfortunate people, now assembled in arms," said the Duke of Monkhouse, "and your name, I believe, is Morton; will you favour us with the perusal of your missive?"

"It is contained, my lord," answered Morton, "in a paper, termed a Remonstrance and Supplication, which I have in my pocket, and I have placed it, I presume, in your Grace's hands!"

"He has done so, sir," answered the Duke; "and I must say, I am surprised, that sir, in such character, your Grace has behaved in these unhappy matters with much temperance and generosity, for which I have to request your 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 who did not slight the scene to be perpetrated.

The Duke, taking the petition from his pocket, proceeded, obviously struggling between the native gentleness of his own disposition, and perhaps his conviction that the petitioners demanded no more than their rights, and the desire, on the other hand, of enforcing the king's authority, and complying with the wishes of the house, who had been assigned for the purpose of controlling as well as advising him.

There are, Mr. Morton, in this paper, proposals, as to the state and affairs of society, which I must now waive delivering any opinion. Some of them appear to me reasonable and just; and, although I have no expectation, that in the King's presence 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 disarming themselves!"

In Clifton's Memoirs, edited by Swift, where a particular account of this remarkable person's dress and habits is given, he is said never to have worn boots. The following account of his rencontre with John Paton of Meadowhead, showed, that in action at least he wore stout shoes, unless the reader be inclined to believe in the truth of his having a charm, which made him proof against lead.

"He is Paton's biographer," advanced the whole left wing of his army on Colonel Wallace's right. Here Captain Dalzell, a man more feared and hated by the Whig than even Claverhouse himself, and who executed the same violence against them out of a detestation of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Graham's only resorted to on political accounts, as the best means of intimidating the lower classes of society, and of destroying that sect entirely.

"To do so, my Lord Duke," replied Morton, undoubtedly, "were to acknowledge ourselves the rebels that our enemies term us. Our swords are drawn for recovery of a birthright wrested from us; your Grace's good moderation has so far appeased the complaints of general justice of our demand,—a demand which would never have been listened to had it not been accompanied with the sound of the trumpet. 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 redress of the wrongs with which we complain of."

"Mr. Morton," replied the Duke, "you are young, but you must have seen enough of the world to perceive, that requests by so means dangerous or unreasonable in themselves, may become so by the way in which they are pressed and supported."

"We may reply, my lord," answered Morton, that this disagreement 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 my answer to the insurgents. If they please to disperse their followers, lay down their arms, and send a peaceful deputation to me, I will consider myself bound in honour to do all I can to procure redress of their grievances; if not, let them then array themselves and stand on their oaths and I expect that the army of the United Provinces of the Low Countries will overtake and capture you.

"I think, gentlemen," he added, turning to his two colleagues, "this is the utmost length to which I can stretch your instructions in favour of these misguided persons!"

"By my faith," answered Dalzell, suddenly, and it is a length to which your poor judgement does not allow you. It has attracted the attention of the King and my conscience to answer to! But, doubtless, your Grace knows more of the King's private mind than we, who have only the letter of our instructions to look to."

Morton blushed deeply. "You hear," he said, addressing Morton, General Dalzell blamed 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 counsellors around the King, even your Grace's interference in the matter might produce. We have never been assigned for the purpose of controlling as well as advising him.

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"It is not Colonel Graham's fault," said Morton, smiling sternly, "that he or any one else should be now indoctrinated by my presence.

"Allow me at least to say," replied Claverhouse, "that the occasion to your actions to your duty, and your duty to your conscience, is your business, Colonel Graham, not mine," said Morton, justly offended at being thus, in a manner, required to approve of that conduct in which he might as well resort to that of his inferiors. "Nay, but stay an instant," said Claverhouse; "Eevanlaid insists that I have some wrongs to acquit myself of in your presence. I trust I shall always make some difference between a high-minded gentleman, who, though misguided, acts upon generous principles, and the crazy fanatical clowns yonder, with the blood-thirsty assassins who head them. Therefore, if they do not disperse upon your return, I shall pray you instantly come over to our army and surrender yourself, for, be assured, they cannot withstand our assault for half an hour. If you will be ruled and do this, be sure to inquire for Mons. Monmouth, strange as it may seem, cannot protect you—Dalzell will not—be governed by me and I have some means to Eevanlaid to do so if you will give me an opportunity."

"I should owe Lord Eevanlaid my thanks," answered Morton, "and his advice impartially; I shall calculate that I might be prevailed on to desert those with whom I am engaged. For you, Colonel Graham, if you will honour me with a different species of address, to me that in an hour's time, you will find me at the west end of Bothwell Bridge with my sword in my hand."

"I am sure the same, that rolled their eyes, that rolled you," said Claverhouse, "but still more so should you think better on my first proposal."

They then retired and parted.

"I am a pretty Lad, Lumley," 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 back the tent has changed its voice.
There's peace and rest the longer.

The London Mailboys
Come with their coats of blue;

From Moray men from London come,
Craded in a reddish hue.

Bothwell Lines.

When Morton had left the well-ordered outposts of his 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 proportional degree of fear for the consequences. The same disorders which agitated the counsels of the insurgents, raged even among their meanest followers; and their pikets and patrols were more interested and occupied in disquieting the true occasion and causes of wrath, and defining the limits of Re santness, than in looking out for and observing the motions of their enemies, though within hearing of the royal drums and trumpets.

There was a guard, however, of the insurgent army, posted at the long and narrow bridge of Bothwell, by 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 desperate service, they even neglected the safety of the inhabitants of the town. 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 thought, however, was held in an open field, excepting a few thickets of no great depth, and consequently, was ground on which the undisguised forces of the insurgents, deficient as they were in artillery and trained men, could not at once appear. All the reserve were altogether unlikely to withstand the shock of regular troops.

Morton, therefore, viewed the pass carefully, and formed the hope, that by occupying two or three houses on the left bank of the river, with the corps and thickness of soldiers and horses that led his eye, and by the aid of the passage he could gain the gate of a portal, which, according to the old custom, was built on the central arch of the bridge of Bothwell. Morton, by the way, it is certain, in some measure detached the enemy from the interior forces. He issued directions accordingly, and commanded the parapets of the bridge, on the further side of the portal, to be thrown down, that they might more easily and strongly attempt the passage. He then sent the party at this important post to be watchful and upon their guard, and summoned them a speedy and strong reinforcement. He caused them to advance through the wider river to watch the progress of the enemy, which, as he expected it should be well drawn to the left bank as soon as they approached; finally, he charged them to send regular reassurance to the main body of all that they should observe. Miss under arms, and in a situation of danger, we usually sufficiently alert in appreciating the merit of our officers. Morton's intelligence and energy gained the confidence of these men, and well boded both his hope and that of the army.

It was in the manner he recommended, and saw him depart with three load chargers.

Morton, in order towards the main body of the insurgents, but was surprised and checked at the scene of confusion and clamour which it exhibited, at the moment when good order and silence were of the highest necessity. He was drawn up in line of battle, and listening to the commands of their officers, they were engaged together in a confused disordered manner, like the waves of the sea, while a thousand whispers spoke, or rather-vesperated; and not a single ear was found to listen. Scandalized at this senseless disarray, and not in the press to learn, and, if possible, to remove, the cause of this so untimely disorder. While he was disengaged, we shall make the reader acquainted with that which he was some time in discovering.

The insurgents had proceeded to hold their day of humiliation, which, agreeably to the practice of the puritans during the earlier civil war, they considered as the most effective mode of solving all difficulties, and waiving all discussions. It was usual to name an ordinary week-day for this purpose, but on this occasion the Sabbath itself was adopted, owing to the pressure of the time and the vicinity of the enemy. A temporary pulpit, or seat, was erected in the very midst of the camp, and a covered platform; which, consisting of a peculiar arrangement, was first to be occupied by the Reverend Peter Pounds, to whom the post of orator was assigned. He was distinguished as the worthy divinity, with slow and steady pace, was advancing towards the rector which had been prepared for him. He was prevented by the unexpected appearance of Muckleworth, the insane preacher, whose appearance had so much startled Morton at the first council of the insurgents after their victory at Loudon-hill. It is not known whether he was acting under the influence and inspiration of the Carrowsmen, or whether he was merely compelled by his own agitated imagination, and the temptation of a woman's plea before he was aware of the opportunity of exhorting so respectable a congregation. It is only certain that he took occasion by the forelock hanging into the pulpit, could not pass round him, and, undismayed by the murmurs of many of the audience, opened the Bible, read so as to his text from the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy. "Give not that ear which is out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of your city, saying, let us go and serve other gods. And, when they go and serve other gods, and then return at once into the midst of his subject.

The harangue of Muckleworth was as wild as extravagant as his intrusion was unauthorized, and it exhibited, in theまことめく、うちたけものためのもの。その中には、多くの人々が関与している。
OLD MORTALITY

there until some more suitable opportunity. Not a single topic did he omit which had offence in it; and, after charging the moderate party with heresy, with a vehement railing against the Pope, who was with God's enemies, he applied to Morton, by name, the charge that he had been one of those men of Bishops, who, after the first night, had come out from amongst them, to withdraw the inhabitants of his city, and to go astray after false gods. To him, and all who followed him, or approved of his conduct, and who was an instrument of vengeance, and exhorted those who would hold themselves pure and undaunted, to come up from the midst of the tumult of the time.

"Fear not," he said, "because of the mourning of females, or the glittering of breast-plates. Seek not aid of the Egyptians, because of the enemy, though they may be numerous, as locusts, and fierce as dragons. Their trust is not in our trust, nor their rock as our rock; now else shall a thousand fly before one, and two put ten thousand to flight. I dreamed it in the visions of the night, and the voice said, 'Habakkuk, take thy fan and purge the west from the south, that they be not both consumed with the fire of indignation, and the flaming heat of fury.' Therefore I say, take this Henry Morton—this wretched Achan, which hath brought the precious thing among you, and made him lying, in the midst of the tabernacles of the house of the living God, and stone him with stones, and burn him with fire, that the wrath may depart from the children of the Covenant. He hath not taken a Babylonian spoil, nor he that hath trafficked with a wedge of silver, but he hath taken a Babylonian spoil, and is more precious than the spoils of silver or wedges of gold."

At this furious charge, brought so unexpectedly against one of our number, the audience broke out into open tumult, some demanding that there should instantly be a new election of officers, into which office none should hereafter be admitted who had been in the pharisea, touched of that which was acquiesced, or temporised more or less with the heresies and corruptions of the times. Which such a cause, the dispute was decided in our favour, and loudly, that those who were not with them were against them—that it was time to relinquish the substantial part of the covetous testimony of the Church, if they expected a blessing on their arms and their cause; and that, in their eyes, a lukewarm Presbyterie was little better than a pestilence, an anti-
covenant.

The parties accused repelled the charge of criminal compliance and defection from the truth with scorn and indignation, and charged their accusers with falsehood and impiety, and in a most express and extravagant zeal in introducing such divisions into an army, the joint strength of which could not be united by the means of those who were destitute of the spirit of their clamorous uproar, and struck them with as much consternation as if it were an unexpected apparition, and not the very fiends to face whom they were looking out for. They passed on each other, and on their leaders, with looks resembling those that radiate the weakness of a peasant when exhausted by a fit of frenzy. Yet when Morton, sprang from the rostrum, 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 Macbrat—"Ephraim," he said, "it is Providence points us the way, through the worldly wisdom of this ladinarianitain. He that lives the light of him follow Burley."—"Tarri," replied Macbrat—"it is not by Henry Morton, or such as he, that our going-out and our coming-in is to be deterred; none but the spirit of the sanctuary—Array yourselves under your leaders—let us not lack supplies of men and ammunition; and assured be you that he turned 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 gallant and zealous of his party. There was a deep and disheartened pause when Morton and Burley deserted the command. The soldiers saluted themselves of it to display their lines in some sort of order, and exhorted those who were most exposed, to throw themselves upon them to avoid the ramon of the enemy which they might presently expect. The insurgents ceased to resist or to remonstrate; but the sable which had silenced their discourses had dismayed the courage of their hearers. They dispersed 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 imminent approach of the danger which they 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 reinforce their numbers.

Kestledrumme, Poutdurt, Macbrair, and other preachers, burst 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 consternation," and resembled rather a penitent outcry than the strong and confident strain of a of a contumelion, or rather than the bold strain which had resounded along the wild heath of Loudon-hill, in anticipation of that day's victorious and too soon recovered, a rough companion; the royal soldiers shouted, the Highlanders yelled, the cannon began to fire on the men, and the musketry on both, and the bridge of Body, with the banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke.

CHAPTER XXXII.

As 'er ye saw the rain down flit',
Or yet the arrow from the bow,
Our feet fell fast even down.
And they tlay slain on every side.

Essi 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-Guardia, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one corps, deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The opening of the fire on the bridge with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest maintained a steady fire upon the further end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavoured to approach it. The latter suffered some loss, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was 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 upon the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burley had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious.

Morton's devoted conduct, as a brave charger, might be discovered on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, entreatying, and animating the exertions of the soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant main body of the presbyterians, were now turned upon the soldiers on the banks of the river; but these tremendous engines, being brought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The bridge, which was immediately on the left of the river, or stationed in the houses already mentioned, fought under cover, while the royalists, owing to the elevation of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defence was so provoked and obstinate, that the royal generals began to fear it might be ultimately successful. While Monmouth drew himself from his horse, and, rallying the Foot-Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate charge, was observed by Dalsell, who, perceiving himself at the head of a body of Lennox-Highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous volley of musketry. The Foot-Guards bridge began to fail at this important crisis; messages, commanding and imploring succours and supplies, were in vain dispatched; one after the other the main body of the presbyterian army, which remained inactive drawn up on the open fields at the rear, fear, consternation, and misrule, led our men abroad among them, and while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none other to command or to obey.

As the fire of the defenders of the bridge began to slacken, that of the assailants increased, and in turn became more fatal. Animated by the example of their generals, they obtained footing upon the bridge itself, and began to remove the obstacles by which it was blocked. The parapet was broke open, the beams, trunks of trees, and other materials of the barricade, pulled down and thrown into the river. This was not accomplished without opposition. Morton and Burley stood the fire of the enemy, and the obscurity of the night enabled them to defend it under cover of their pikets, halberds, and Partitioners, to encase the bayonets of the Guards, and the broadswords of the soldiers of Foot-Guardia. The engines began to shrink from the unequal combat, and fly singly, or in parties of two or three, towards the main body, and the remainder were, by the nearness of the hostile column as much as by the women fairly forced from the bridge. The passage being now open, the enemy began to pour over. But the bridge was now dry, which rendered the river slow as well as dangerous; and those who first passed had still to force the houses, from the windows of which the consternators continued to fire, and Morton and Burley were near each other at this critical moment.

"I there is yet time," said the former, "to bring down horses to attack them, ere they can get into order; and, with the aid of God, we may thus regain the bridge—hasten them to bring them down, while I make the defence good with this old and wounded body."

Morton saw the importance of the advice, and, throwing himself on the horse which Godlie held in readiness, rode forward at the head of a body of cavalry which chance to be composed entirely of Caeronians. Ero he could speak in earnest, or utter any thing, he was saluted by the exclamation of the whole body.

"He flies!" they exclaimed—"the cowardly traitor flees like a hunted stag, and leaves behind a valiant Burley in the midst of the hostile army."

"I do not fly," said Morton: "I come to lead you to the attack. Advance boldly and we shall yet do well."

"Follow him not!—Follow him not!"—such was the tumultuous exclamations which resounded from the ranks; "he hath sold you to the sword of the enemy!"

And while Morton argued, entreated, and commanded in vain, the moment was lost in which the advance might have been useful; and the outlet from the bridge, with all its defences, being in complete possession of the enemy, Burley and his remaining followers were driven upon the main body, whom the spectacle of their hurried and harassed retreat was far from 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 post formed in line of battle; while Claverhouse, who, preceded by his devoted and valiant Moors, crossed the river at the bridge of Leith, and, after a narrow engagement, captured their recent possessions on the western banks of that beautiful stream.
OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Of Heaven the hearts of Hess, breath of figures, Yes and the Serenades too.

FLETCHER.

Everyone 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 moordand, and stepped up to the gate and asked for the 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 in a considerable volume, and the marks of recent hooves were visible around the door, and the door was even now the matter of human voices within the house. But all the lower windows were closely secured; and when Morton knocked at the door, an answer was not heard. After vainly calling and entreating admittance, they withdrew to the stable, or shed, in order to accommodate their horses, and they used the language of gaining admission. In this place they found ten or twelve horses, whose state of fatigue, as well as the military yet deserted appearance of their saddles and accouterments, plainly indicated that their owners were fugitive insurgents in their own circumstances.

"This meeting bodes luck," said Cuddie; "and they have wealth of beef, that’s a thing certain; for they’re in the middle of the ancient and honorable art of agriculture."

Encouraged by these appearances, they returned to the house again to the house, and, announcing themselves as men in the same predicament with the inmates, clamored loudly for admittance.

"Never ye be afraid," said a stern voice from the window, after a long and obdurate silence, "disturb not those who mourn for the desolation and captivity of the land, and search and seek the causes wherefore the tumulting-blocks may be removed over which we have stumbled."

"They are wild western whirls," said Cuddie, in a whisper to his master. "I ken by their language. Fie on them, if they are as mad as bulls!"

"This is silent, and Burley’s exclamation, as taken from the original."
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 looking through the casements, which were but slightly secured, stepped into the large kitchen from which the voices had issued. Cuddie followed him, and out he went, as he put his head within the window, "That he hoped there was nae scolding braw on the fire," and master and servant both found themselves in company of ten or twelve armed men, seated on the fire, which refined pretentions were preparing, and busied apparently in their devotions.

In the gloomy countenances, illuminated by the fire-light, Morton had no difficulty in recognizing several of those scolders who had most distinguished themselves by their intemperate opposition to all moderate measures, together with their leader and pastor, the fanatical Ephraim Macbrair, and the maniac, Habakkuk Muckleworth. The Cameronians neither spared tongue nor hand to welcome their brethren in misfortune, but continued to listen to the low murmured exorcism of Macbrair, as he prayed that the Almighty would lift up his hand from his people, and spare them the end of their anger. That they were conscious of the presence of the intruders only appeared from the sullen and indignant glances which they shot at them, from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what unfriendly society he had wandered, intrusted, began to think of retreating; but, on turning his head, met with some alarm from the fact that two strong men had silently placed themselves beside the window, through which they had entered. One of them was Robert, the good servant, attended to Cuddie; "Son of that precious woman, Mauie Headring, do not cast thy lot farther with this child of treachery and sedition—Paxton on thy way, and tarry not, for the avenger of blood is behind thee."

With this he pointed to the window, out of which Cuddie jumped without hesitation; for the intimation he had received plainly implied the personal danger he would otherwise incur.

"Winnocks are no lucky we' me," was his first reflection 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 godly turn! But I'll tak the back road for Hamilton, and see if I canna get some o' our folk to bring help in time of needessity."

So saying, Cuddie hastened to the stable, and took his cow. Instead of his cow-tired animal, he galloped off in the direction he proposed.

The noise of his horse's tread alarmed for an instant the devotion of the fanatics. As it died in the distance, Macbrair brought his exercise to a conclusion, and his audience raised themselves from the supper-board. His gouty feet remained upon his seat and trembled, as he stood up, and fixed his eye sternly on Henry Morton.

"You bend strange countenances on me, gentlemen," said he, addressing them, "I am totally ignorant in what manner I can have deserved thee."

"Out upon thee! Out upon thee!" exclaimed Macbrair, starting up: "The word that thou hast spoken shall become a rock to crush and to bruise thee; the spear which thou wouldst have broken asunder, shall leaf thee pierced, wounded and pierced, and petitioned for an offering to stone the sins of the congregation, and loi! the very head of the offence is delivered into our hand. He hath burst in like a thief through the window: he is a ram caught in the thicket, whose blood shall be a drink-offering to re-deem vengeance from the church, and the place shall fill itself with the blood of those Israelites, for the sacrifice is provided. Up them, and bind the victim with wounds to the horns of the altar!"

There was a movement among the party; and deeply did Macbrair understand that momentous haste with which he had ventured into their company. He was armed only with his sword, for his more potent weapon had been disposed of; and, as the whigs were all provided with fire-arms, there was little or no chance of escaping from them by assistance. The interposition, however, of Macbrair protected him for the moment.

"Farewell, Morton—let us use the sword rashly, lest the load of innocent blood be heavy on us.—Cordes," he said, addressing himself to Morton, "I wish thee, as he put his hand to the sword, that I might have been sitting at the board, which refill the meal upon the knees of the guests, while they were preparing, and busied apparently, in their devotions."

The heath ever urged peace with the malignants," said one.

"And pleaded for the dark and diabolical guilt of the Indulgence," said another.

"And would have, surrendered the host into the hands of Monmouth," echoed a third; "and was the first to desert the honest and manly Burley, while it was yet resisted at the pass. I saw him on the most, with his horse bloody with spurring, long ere the firing had ceased at the bridge."

"Gentlemen," said Morton, "if you mean to bear me down by clamour, and take my life without treating me, it is perhaps a thing in your power; but we will sin before God and man by the commission of such a murder."

"Fain would I see the youth," said Macbrair; "for Heaven knows our bowels have yearned for him, that he might be brought to see the truth, and rest his gifts in its defence. But he is blind, by this dark knavery, and has spared the light when it blazed before him."

Silence being obtained, Morton proceeded to assure the good servant that he had displayed in the event of Monmouth, and the active part he had borne in the subsequent action.

"If you see my guineas," said he, "I am fully able to go the lengths you desire, in assigning to those of my own religion the means of tyrannizing over others; but none shall go farther in asserting our own freedom. And I must needs aver, that had otherwise my mind in counsel, or disposed to stand by my side in battle, we should this evening, instead of being a defence, be a defeat, as the remnant, have seen our weapons in a useful and honorable peace, or brandished them triumphantly after a decisive victory."

"He hath spoken the word," said one of the assembly; "he hath avowed his carnal self-seeking and Erastianism; let him die the death!"

"Peradventure," said another, "for I will try him further.—Was it not by thy means that the errant Evandale twice escaped from death and captivity? Was it not through thee that Mikes Balfour, and his good man, our out-throats were saved from the edge of the sword?"

"I am proud to say, that you have spoken the truth in both cases," said the speaker.—"Lo! you see," said Macbrair, "again has his mouth spoken it.—And didst thou not do this for the sake of a Midianitish woman, one of the quaffs of prelacy, a toy with which the arch-enemy's trap is baited? Didst thou not do all this for the sake of Edith Belldens!"

"You are incapable," answered Morton, boldly, "of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady; but all that I have done I would have done had the never existed."

"Though a hardy rebel to the truth," said another dark-brow'd man; "and didst thou not so act, that by conveying away the aged woman, Margaret Gibb, and her grand-daughter, thou mightest test the wise and godly project of John Balfour of Burt, for bringing forth to battle Basil Oldman, who had agreed to take the field if he were invested possess'd of those women's worldly endowments!"

"I never heard of such a scheme," said Morton, "and therefore I could not thwart it. But does yr. religion not, at one and the same moment, reject the iniquitous mode of recruiting?"

"Peace," said Macbrair, somewhat dismissed; "it is not for thee to instruct under professors, or concern Covenant obligations. For the rest, we
have acknowledged enough of sin and sorrowful defec-
tion, to draw down defeat on a host, it was as
numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. And it is
our judgment, that we are not free to let you pass
from hence to that place Providentia, where the pro-
posed execution of you into our hands at the moment that we were
with godly Joshua, saying, 'What shall we say when the
found in the Book of Common Prayer of the
Church of England. Macbrair, whose family were of
that persuasion, instantly recognized the sound.
Without a moment's pause on his part, he
laid hold on that hand of mine which the unfor-
thoughtful angel had placed in his grasp. He
said: 'There lacked but this;'' he said, his pale cheek
kindling with remembrance, 'to root out my carnal
rebellion to see his blood drawn in a manner which has
who has sought the camp under the disguise of an
Erean, and all, and more than all, that has been
(mean of hurt must not be so fearly. This made me so
deep, the discoverer let him down to Topchit, with
the ill-mumbled mass which he calls a prayer-book,
in his right hand.'

'I take up my song against him!' exclaimed the
maniac. 'As the sun went back on the dial ten
degrees for intimating the recovery of holy Hesekiah,
so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be
met, and drive them to the end, and make them
come as my deliverer.'

The noise approached rapidly, and became more
more and more distinct;

'It is horse,' cried Macbrair. 'Look out and
depend what 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 im-
mediately round the house. Some rose to resist,
and some to escape; the doors and windows were
forced at once, and the red coats of the troopers appeared in
the apartment.

'Have at the bloody rebels! - Remember Cornet
Grahame!' was shouted on every side.

The lights were struck down, but the dubious glare of the fire enabled them to continue the fray. Several
pistol-shots were fired; the whig who stood next to
Morton received a shot as he was rising, in defiance
against the priests. But the troopers, to the number of
the power of Claverhouse. Then he was conscious, that
among the spectators, were many who were lamenting
his fall, and amusing the occasion by applauding his
conduct. But now, among these pale-eyed and ferocious se-

its progress towards the moment of execution.

But, as soon as Macbrair released him from his
restraint, he entered into a long account of his discovery,
with the add reflexion, 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 prophesied to him. Yet there was a want of
that, eager and animating sense of right which sup-
ports the soul of a hero in the hour of trial, in the
power of Claverhouse. The time of his execution
nears, when the condemned must die, unless he can be
relieved. The public prosecutor, who had been
appointed to conduct the business, having
himself, not with triumph, upon his execution, -without
a friend to speak a kindly word,
or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement,
-or wait till the sword destined to slay him crept
out of the scabbard gradually, and it were by straw-

its members.' The organ was silent, and all his feeling
for deliverance and for composure of spirit which
was to be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the
Church of England. Macbrair, whose family were of
that persuasion, instantly recognized the sound.
Without a moment's pause on his part, he
laid hold on that hand of mine which the unfor-
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conduct. But now, among these pale-eyed and ferocious se-
sects, whose hardened brows were soon to be bent, not
much more than a moment, to that hand of mine on which
rested his own, and with which he had clutched, as
man, to tear the heart of one to pieces; and those
attempts of his, as his voice, to rend the
naked organ of the mind.

It was with pain that he felt his mind wavering,
thick clouds of dark thoughts; and the feeling of despair.
He made a strong effort to compose himself to devo-
tional exercises, and unequal, during that fearful strain
of terror, to arrange his own thoughts into suitable ex-
pressions; he had, immediately, recourse to the pas-

Vol. II
in arms and shot, with the date and name of the place—Drumshinmill, I think, they call it—Look after the preacher till to-morrow; as he was not unkind, he must understand it. Sergeant McGhee found that the man was dead. But if perhaps, take him before the Grand Jury; I think they should relieve me of a share of this disgusting tragedy. Let the man's body be put under the manger, and, if the man looked well after their horses; and let my groom wash Wildblood's shoulder with some vinegar, the saddle has touched him a little.

All this had been said in a most unmoved and equable voice, with no accent or tone intended to the speaker considered one direction as more importance than another.

The Cameronians, so lately about to be the willing agents of a bloody execution, were now themselves to undergo it. They seemed prepared alike for either extremity, nor did any of them show the least sign of fear, when ordered to leave the roots for the purpose of meeting instant death. Their severe entertainments sustained them in that dreadful moment, and they departed with a firm look and in silence, excepting that one of them, as he left the apartment, looked at Cleaverhouse full in the face, and pronounced, with a stern and steady voice—'Mischiev shall haunt the violent laird whom Grahame only answered by a smile of contempt.

They had no sooner left the room, than Cleaverhouse applied himself to some food, which one or two of his party provided, and instantly followed; for he would have his dinner. The window, by the verge of the grave to a prospect of life, had occasioned a dizzy revulsion in his whole system. The same confused sensation was accompanied by a burning desire to get away from the spot of his degradation, an emotion which Grahame said by his example, observing, it had been a busy day for them both. Morton declined eating; for the sudden accession of so many and so rare sensations, which the surgeon pronounced, might have been attended with some enfeebled state of mind, and the natural anxiety and affection of his wife. But if his mind should be delivered and received literally, as he was constituted, no man could better understand than he might, by suspending alarm about his absence from home, postpone all after him till it might be useless. Making a merit of necessity, therefore, he instructed and discharged his messengers, and went with the constabulary officers, with seeming willingness, to one of their ordinary haunts. He sat down at table with them, and they began to drink and indulge themselves in gross jokes, while, like Marsup in the 'Hobgoblin,' their prisoner had the heavy task of receiving their insolence as vitriol, answering their insults with good humour, and withholding from them the opportunity which they sought of engaging him in a quarrel, that they might have a pretext for murdering him. He succeeded for some time, but soon became satisfied that it was their determined purpose to murder him outright, or, at least, to best him in such a manner as to leave him with life. A regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath evening, which still oddly subsisted among these rough-looking men, prevented their committing the intemperate cruelty; the Sabbath should be terminated by content. They were sitting around him an anxious prisoner, muttering to each other what was a possible import, and waiting the index of death, which was shortly to strike— the hour at which, in their present condition, he would be obliged to them who had threatened to engage him in a meet blundering time to save him from excessive violence, if not from actual destruction.

"You and I but young in these matters, Mr. Morton," said Cleaverhouse, after he had very reasonably finished his draught; and I do not think the worse of you as you would not be having any respect for the higher officers of the law and the natural anxiety and affection of his wife. But if his mind should be delivered and received literally, as he was constituted, no man could better understand than he might, by suspending alarm about his absence from home, postpone all after him till it might be useless. Making a merit of necessity, therefore, he instructed and discharged his messengers, and went with the constabulary officers, with seeming willingness, to one of their ordinary haunts. He sat down at table with them, and they began to drink and indulge themselves in gross jokes, while, like Marsup in the 'Hobgoblin,' their prisoner had the heavy task of receiving their insolence as vitriol, answering their insults with good humour, and withholding from them the opportunity which they sought of engaging him in a quarrel, that they might have a pretext for murdering him. He succeeded for some time, but soon became satisfied that it was their determined purpose to murder him outright, or, at least, to best him in such a manner as to leave him with life. A regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath evening, which still oddly subsisted among these rough-looking men, prevented their committing the intemperate cruelty; the Sabbath should be terminated by content. They were sitting around him an anxious prisoner, muttering to each other what was a possible import, and waiting the index of death, which was shortly to strike— the hour at which, in their present condition, he would be obliged to them who had threatened to engage him in a meet blundering time to save him from excessive violence, if not from actual destruction.

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in all which is worth caring for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of Captain Morton, he has the most painful feeling of it. It is in the hope of preserving one day some well-fought and hard-won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear what would be worthy dying for? And I do not worthily write it, it seems so worthless for so much as the Divine assistance in guiding his course through times which held out so many dangers and so many errors. And having thus poured out my spirit in prayer before the Lord Jesus Christ to look upon me, I let myself to the posture which I so much required.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The charge is prepared; the lawyers are not. 3The judge all ranged—a terrible shore. 4

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. He had not heard the firing, and the wild sound of the trumpets blowing the reveille. The sergeant-major immediately afterwards came to summon him, who had not the least indication of a command, and Morton considered that the present occasion was one of those. He waited upon Claverhouse as speedily as he could, found his own horse and saddled it for his use, and then made his way towards the drummers, who were deprived of their fire-arms, though they seemed, otherwise, rather to make part of the troop than of Morton's company. He added, however, that his sword, the wearing which was, in those days, the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Claverhouse seemed also to take pleasure in riding beside him, in conversing with him, and in confirming him when he attempted to appreciate his real character. The gentleness and urbanity of that officer's general conduct, the high and chivalric sentimen-

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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. He had not heard the firing, and the wild sound of the trumpets blowing the reveille. The sergeant-major immediately afterwards came to summon him, who had not the least indication of a command, and Morton considered that the present occasion was one of those. He waited upon Claverhouse as speedily as he could, found his own horse and saddled it for his use, and then made his way towards the drummers, who were deprived of their fire-arms, though they seemed, otherwise, rather to make part of the troop than of Morton's company. He added, however, that his sword, the wearing which was, in those days, the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. Claverhouse seemed also to take pleasure in riding beside him, in conversing with him, and in confirming him when he attempted to appreciate his real character. The gentleness and urbanity of that officer's general conduct, the high and chivalric sentimen-
TALES OF MY LANDLORD. [From XXXY.

"Yes!" returned Grabeaux, taking up the word. "I should 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 you how high the arbitrament of the public is esteemed.

"Do you expect, General," said Morton, "that I ought to be particularly grateful for such a mark of your patronage?"

"Poh! poh! you are critical," returned Claverhouse. "I tell you I thought you a different sort of person. Did you ever read Frouard?"

"I do not know," said Morton's answer.

"I have half a mind," said Claverhouse, "to consider you should have six months' imprisonment in order to preserve your pleasure. For the chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of grief to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such is his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hauteur towards his enemies, and valour to the last. Ah, beneficent! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, as it is on the side he had been so fond to or so despised. But, truly, for it was not a man that was slumbering a step behind the time, but the man of the age, his loss was a loss to the nation, and you in all senses, from you, John Grabeaux of Claverhouse."

"There is one plagiarism in your possession, General," said Morton, "in dispute of the current in which you hold a profession which some philosophers have considered as useful as that of a soldier, I would humbly request your favour.

"I am a soldier," said Claverhouse, looking at a memorandum book, one Hatherick— Hedderick—or, rather, Headrig—Ay, Cuthbert, or Cuddie Headrig—here I should name, I have never found, I will be most tractable. The ladies of Tiltedium made interest with me on his account some time ago. He is to marry his waiting-maid, I think. He wishes to slit off easy, but his obstinacy spoils his good fortune.

"He has no ambition to be a martyr, I believe," said Morton.

"It is the better for him," said Claverhouse. "But, besides, although the fellow had more to answer for, I should aid his friend, for the sake of the philanthropic gallantry which threw him into the midst of our ranks last night, when seeking assistance for you. I never desert any man who trusts me, with such implacable a purpose to deal liberally by you, he has been long in our eye. Here, Halliday; bring me the black book."

"I am engaged committed to his commander this ominous record of the disaffected, which was arranged in alphabetical order, Claverhouse, turning over the leaves as he rode on, begun to read names as they occurred.

"Gumblegumption, a minister, aged 60, indulged, glass, sly, and so forth—Poo! poor!—He—He— I have him here—Heathcote; outlawed—a preacher—a zealous Cameronian—keeps a conventicle among the Campsie hills—Tush! O, here is Headrig, Cuthbert; his mother a bitter partisan—himself a simple fellow, like to be forward in action, but of no genius for plots—more for the hand than the head, and might be drawn to the right side but for his attachment to the head. (Claverhouse looked at Morton, and then shut the book and changed his tone.)

"Faithful and true are words never thrown away upon me, Mr. Morton. You may depend on the young men's safety."

"Does it not revolt a mind like yours," said Morton, "to follow a system which is to be supported by such means?"

"You do not suppose I take the trouble?" said the General, haughtily. "The curates, for their own purposes, use all the means at their disposal to bring them to their own regulation in each parish; they know best the black sheep of the flock. I have your picture for these three years?"

"Indeed," replied Morton. "Will you favour us by inspecting them?"

"Willingly," said Claverhouse; "it can signify little, for you cannot avenge yourself on the cause, as you will probably leave Scotland before it is of any account."

"You are the better off," said Morton, son of Silas Morton, Colonel of horse for the Scottish Parliament, nephew and apparent heir of Morton of Morton—so imperfectly educated, but with spirit beyond his years—excellent at all exercises, indifferent to forms of religion, but seems to incline to the presbyterian—has high-flown and disparaging notions about liberty of thought and speech, and hovers between a latitudinarian and an enthusiast. Much admired and followed by the youth of his own age—modest, quiet, and unassuming in manner, but in his heart peculiarly bold and intractable. He is—Here follow 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 to Claverhouse. As Morton read the formal address, he told him his master to send his prisoner to Edinburgh, for there was no answer; and, as the man turned back, said contemptuously to Morton, "Here is an ally of a prisoner; you, or rather, he, may say: an ally of your good friend Burley—Bear how he sets forth—'Dear Sir,' (I wonder when we were such intimate friends,) you have been too good, you have accepted my humble congratulations on the victory—"hum—blessed his Majesty's army. I pray you to understand, we have my people under arms, and intercept all fugitives, and have already several prisoners, and so forth. Subscribed Basil O’Brien. You know the fellow by name, I suppose?"

"A name I never heard," said the General. "May Margaret Bolton," replied Morton, "is he not?"

"Ay," replied Grabeaux, "and heir—male of his father's estate. He will one day be a suitor to the fair Edith, though, regarded as an unworthy one; but, above all, a devoted admirer of the estate of Tiltedium, and all therein belonging."

"He takes an ill mode of recommending himself," said Morton, suppressing his feelings, "to the family. At Tiltedium, by corresponding with our unhappy party."

"O, this precious Basil will turn cut in pay with any man," said Claverhouse. "He was dispossessed to the north of Stair heat, but he has turned in his favour a settlement of the late Earl of Torwood, by which his lordship gave his own estate to his son by a marriage; he was disposed of to Margaret, because she avowed no desire for his alliance, and with the pretty Edith, because she did not like his tall ungainly person. So he held a close correspondence with Burley, and raised his followers with the purpose of helping him, providing always to be needed to help, that is, if you had beat him yesterday. And now the rascal prefers he was all the while proposing the King's service, and, for ought I know, the council will receive his pretext for current costs for he knows how to make friends among them—and a dozen words of the pool vy and friendly manner will he be courted or hanged, while this cunning soundless fres had under the double cloak of loyalty, well-lined with the fox-fur of hypocrisy."

With conversation on this, and other matters they beguiled the way, Claverhouse all the while speaking with great frankness to Morton, and treating him rather as a friend and companion than as a prisoner; so that, however uncertain of his fate, the hours passed in the company of this remarkable man was to the old man a pleasure of the second order, and the depth of his knowledge of human nature that since the period of his becoming a prisoner and war, which related to the massacre of three or doubtful the hazardous station among the most and from the consequences of their suspicious resent ment, his house moved on less anxiously than at war.
time since his having commenced actor in public life. He was now, with respect to his fortune, like a rider who has flung his reins on the horse's neck, and, which is the more remarkable, in the highest degree, he least relied from the task of attempting to direct them. In this mood he journeyed on, the number of his attendants diminishing, and the detached parties of horse who came in from every quarter of the country, bringing with them, for the most part, the most unfortunate persons who had fallen into his power. At length they approached Edinburgh.

"Our council," said Cleverhouse, "being resolved, I announced to the people the extent of their former terror, have decreed a kind of triumphal entry to us victors and our captives; but as I do not quite approve the taste of it, I am willing to avoid my own part in the show, and, at the same time, to save you from yours."

So saying, he gave up the command of the forces to Allan, who then assumed the chair. He assigned to Macbrayne a horse into a by-lane, rode into the city privately, accompanied by Morton and two or three servants. When Cleverhouse arrived at the quarters which he usually occupied in the Canongate, he assigned to his prisoner a small apartment, with an intimation, that his parole confined him to the present. He then mounted his horse, and rode off.

About a quarter of an hour spent in solitary musing on the strange vicissitudes of his late life, the attention of Morton was drawn by a great noise in the street beneath. Trumpets, drums, and kettle-drums, contended in noisy with the shout of the people. "I am come to your rescue," said Morton, "to the royal cavalcade was passing in the triumphal attitude which Cleverhouse had mentioned. The magnates of the city, attended by their guard of halberds, had met the victors on the way to the city, and now preceded them as a part of the procession. The next object was two heads borne upon a pole by two servants, with the heads of the dismembered sufferers, which were, by the brutal mockery of those who bore them, often approached towards each other as if in the attitude of exhortation or prayer. These bloody trophies belonged to two preachers who had fallen at Bothwell Bridge. After them came a cart led by the executioner, assisted, in which were placed Machraine and other two prisoners, who seemed of the same profession. They were bareheaded and strongly impressed with the idea of their coming in triumph, though dismayed, and appeared in no respect moved either by the fate of their companions, of which the bloody evidences were carried before them, or by the ceremony of the solemn procession, which these preliminaries so plainly indicated.

Behind these prisoners, thus held up to public infamy and derision, were trampling their broadswords, and filling the wide street with acclamations, which were answered by the tumultuous and shouts of the rabble, who, in every considerable town, are too happy in being permitted to huzzza for anything whatever which calls them together. In the rest of these troops came the main body of prisoners, at the head of whom were some of their leaders, who were treated with every circumstance of inventive mockery and insult. Several were placed on horseback with their faces to the ground, while others were chained to the garrisions of iron, which they were obliged to support in their hands, like the galley-slaves in Spain when travelling in their ship, or in the cart where they were to be more secure. The heads of others who had fallen were borne in triumph before the survivors, some on pikes and halberds, some in sacks, bearing the names of the slain persons labelled on the outside. Such were the objects who headed the ghastly procession, who seemed as effectually doomed to death as if they were the symbols of the continual and miserable existences of such.

"David Hackston of Rathillet, who was wounded and made prisoner in the skirmish of Ann's Nose, in which the celebrated Sir William Edwall, on entering Edinburgh, was one of the Council, received by the Magistrates at the Watergate, and set

Vol. II. 4

Behind their came on the nameless crowd to the number of several hundreds, some retaining under their misfortunes a sense of confidence in the cause they preferred, for which they suffered captivity, and no less a still more bloody testimony; others seemed pale, dispirited, deserted, questioning in their own minds their prudence in having their defection revealed. 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 capable of forming an opinion on the subject, of entertaining either hope, confidence, or fear, but who, with thirst and fatigue, stumbled along like over-driven oxen, lost to every thing but their present sense of wretchedness, and without having any distinct idea whether they were led to the sharehouse or to the pasture. These unfortunate men were guarded on each side by troopers, and behind them came the main body of the cavalcade, whose military music resounded back from the houses, in a kind of slow and graceful measure, like that of a grand and solemn ball, and the wild shouts of the rabble.

Morton felt himself heart-sick while he gazed on the dismal spectacle, and recognised in the bloody heads, and still more miserable and agonised features of the living sufferers, faces which had been familiar to him during the brief imprisonment. He sat down in a chair in a bewildered and stupified state, from which he was awakened by the voice of Cuddie.

"Lord forgive us," he said, "for our tooth chattering like a pair of nut-crackers, his hair erect like boar's bristles, and his face so pale as that of a corpse," said Morton, "and we mean instantly gang before the Council!—O Lord, what must I send for a pur bon die like me," said Morton, "and there's my mother come on the lang thrump fast Glasgow to see me home to-day, as she can's it, that it to say, confuses and is hanged; but tell me if they make me a guse of Cuddie, if I can get home home home home—O Lord, preserve and forgive us, I say once mair!"

You must immediately attend the Council, Mr. Morton," said Cleverhouse, who entered while Cuddie spoke, and your servant must go with you. You must not 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 Cleverhouse.

"I must apprise the Provost," said he, as he led the way down stairs, "that you will get off cheap; and so will your servant, provided he can keep his tongue quiet.

Cuddie caught these last words to his exceeding joy. "Deil a fear o' me," said he, "an my mother dinae pit her finger in the pie." At that moment his shoulder was seized by old Mause, who had contrived to thrust herself forward into the lobby of the apartment of the street, and mix her broadswords, and filling the wide street with acclamations, which were answered by the tumultuous and shouts of the rabble, who, in every considerable town, are too happy in being permitted to huzzza for anything whatever which calls them together. In the rest of these troops came the main body of prisoners, at the head of whom were some of their leaders, who were treated with every circumstance of inventive mockery and insult. Several were placed on horseback with their faces to the ground, while others were chained to the garrisions of iron, which they were obliged to support in their hands, like the galley-slaves in Spain when travelling in their ship, or in the cart where they were to be more secure. The heads of others who had fallen were borne in triumph before the survivors, some on pikes and halberds, some in sacks, bearing the names of the slain persons labelled on the outside. Such were the objects who headed the ghastly procession, who seemed as effectually doomed to death as if they were the symbols of the continual and miserable existences of such.

"O, him, him, him!" said she to Cuddie, hanging upon his neck, "glad and proud, and sorry and humbled am I, a' in awe and the same instant, to see my barn gang to testify for the truth gloriously with his mouth in council, as he did with his weapon in the field!"

"Whicht, whicht, whicht," cried Cuddie impatiently. "Odd, ye daft wife, is this a time to speak o' these thongs! I tell ye I'll testify nothing either at court or another. I'll just go to the Provost. I'll tak the declaration, or wha'er they ca' it, and we're a' to win free off we do that—he's gotten life for himself and a' his folk, and that's a minister for my ailer; I like the words I'm to be a' in a parlour at the Grasemarket!"

on a horse's bare back with his face to the sun, and the crows three lines on a load of iron, and carried up the street, Mr. Cameron's head being on a halberd before them."}

* The place of public executions.
CHAPTER XXXVI.

My native land, good night!—LORD BYRN.

"The Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the practice since the union of the crowns rested great judicial powers, was under the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient dark Gothic room, adjoining to 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 lesson of game to-day, General," said Mauze; "but we are angry with him who would meddle with your profession." "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 whom I am specially interested," replied Claverhouse, "and a whisper to the bargain!" said the nobleman, laying out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and which he on this occasion interpreted, to the other guests, as being sufficiently significant. "Yes, please your Grace, a whisper; as your Grace was in 1641," replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of impudence. "He has you there, I think, my Lord Duke," said one of the Privy Councillors.

"Ay, say," returned the Duke, laughing. "There's no speaking to him without danger—but come, bring in the prisoners—and do you, Sir Clerk, read the record?"

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Graham of Claverhouse and Lord Ennoble entered themselves securities, that Henry Morton, younger of Milnwood, should go abroad and remain in foreign parts, until his Majesty's pleasure was further known, in respect 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. M'Gowen?" asked the Duke of Lauderdale, who was present in the Council. "I have no other choice, my lord," replied Morton. "Then subscribe your name in the record.

"Making without reply, conscious that, in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to escape more easily. Macbran, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council table, bound upon a chair, for his weakness prevented him from standing, beheld Morton in the act of what he intended apostasy. "He hath summed his deflection by owning the carnal power of the tyrant!" he exclaimed, with a burst of enthusiasm. "A fallen star!—a fallen star!" "Hold your peace, sir," said the Duke, "and keep your blood within your veins. I will find a way to moderate you. I promise you, Sir, no one who has so long been a subject for law and the bench, your cousin and your brother, will have any sympathy with you. One seventy will have not a kind word to you."

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of a half-dozen of the "Serjeants-at-arms" at the foot of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe, terror, and the fear of death, that he, once a person of the best, was now degraded amongst the lowest of the low, and subjected to the insults of the court of justice. He made his bow to the Duke, and bowed to the presence of all the judges, with a gracefulness which all acknowledged. The Duke of Buccleugh, who had been already preceded by Claverhouse and Morton.
God's word, to encourage them to draw the sword in His cause.

"In other words, to aid and abet the rebels!" said the Executioner.

"Thou hast spoken it," replied the prisoner.

"Well, then," continued the interrogator, "let us now, if you saw John Ballour of Burley among the ringleaders of the insurgents on the 29th of last month, you will say,"

"I bless God that I do know him," replied Macbrarie; "he is a zealous and a sincere Christian.

"And when and where did you last see the pious personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"I am here to answer for myself," said Macbrarie, "in the same dauntless manner, and not to endanger others.

"We shall know," said Dalzell, "how to make you understand." "You can make him fancy himself in a conventicle," answered Lauderdale, "he will find it without you. Come, ladies, speak while the play is good—while the young men be bear the burden laid on you else.

"If I defy you," retorted Macbrarie, "this has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings; and, young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to die when I am called upon."

"Ay, and there are some things which must go on before an easy death, if you continue obstinate," said Lauderdale, and rung a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

The scene opened, which covered a sort of niche, or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner, a tall grim, and human form, bearing an oak table before him, on which lay thumb-screws, and an iron case, called the Scottish boot, used in those tyrannical days to torture accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly exhibition, staggered when the curtain arose, but Macbrarie's nerves were more firm. He glanced upon the horrid apparatus with such composure, as if aught of nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

"Do you know who that man is?" said Lauderdale, in a low, stern voice, almost inking into a whisper.

"He is, I suppose," replied Macbrarie, "the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard; and, I bless God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command."

"If you speak the truth," said the Executioner, "I will have the benefit of your assistance; and, if you speak the truth, you can doom me to, and poor frail nature may abed tears, or send forth cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the rock of ages.

"By God's Grace, and the Duke's indulgence, I can still be useful to the state."

The fellow advanced, and asked, with a harsh and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he would have his hands placed. Macbrarie believed, as if a breath of nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

"Let him choose for himself," said the Duke; "I should like to oblige him in any thing that is reasonable.

"Since you leave it to me," said the prisoner, "stitching forth his right leg, 'take the best—I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer.'"

The executioner, with the help of 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 began to work for further orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair. Duntismond, the physician'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 turned to the Executioner, repeated with the same stern voice the question, "When and where did you last see John Ballour of Burley?"

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his head aside, and stared in the air, 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 around the council as to collect their suffrages, and, judging from their motions, gave on his own part a hint to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and, forcing it between the knee and the iron boot, crumpled the metal into the most disgraceful shape. It was evident from the flush which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The fellow then raised the iron, which was prepared to give a second blow.

"Will you yet say," repeated the Duke of Lauderdale, "where and when you last parted from Ballour 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 cruel torture, could not longer bear it, and, as much unnerved and himself in great danger, was springing forward, when Claverhouse, who observed his emotion with hid by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered,

"For God's sake, think where you are!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the council, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

He is gone," said the surgeon—"he has fainted, my Lords, and the executioner can execute no more.

"Release him," said the Duke; and added, turning to Dalzell, "He will make an old proverb good, for he'll scarce ride a horse in a day, and his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him?"

"Ay, dispatch his sentence, and have done with him; we have plenty of drudgery behind.

Strong watch and a guard were busily employed to recall the senses of the unfortunate captive; and, when his first faint gasp intimated a return of sensation, the Duke pronounced, sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjuged 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 before death, and disposed of according to the pleasure of the Council,1 and all and sundry his movable goods and gear sequestered and brought to his Majesty's use.

"Doomster," he continued, "repeat the sentence to the prisoner."

The office of Doomster was then in days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner in commendam, with his ordinary functions. The duty consisted in reciting to the unhappy criminal the sentence pronounced by the Duke, and in acquiring an additional and horrid emphasis from the recollection, that the hateful personage by whom it was uttered was the agent of the state that denounced. Macbrarie had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the Lord President 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 doom," he answered boldly, "my Lord, 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 is this day sustained your cruelty, to this nasty end. I were indeed little to me whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house; but if death, following close upon what I have this day suffered, had found me in my bed of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good

1 The pleasure of the Council respecting the reliefs of their victims was often as savage as the rest of their conduct. The heads of the representatives frequently exposed to the public view by being hung up between two pillars, the arms displayed in the attitude of prayer. When one of the members of the Council was exposed in this manner, a spectator bore testimony to the sight of one who had lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting.

2 See a note on the subject of this office in the Heart of Midlothian.
cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my Lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained. And why should I not?—Ye send me to a happy exchange,—the converse of your chiefest triumphs; the face of your true, but for that of flame and ashes—Ye send me from darkness into day—from mortality to immortality—and, in a word, from earth to heaven—if the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine have been.

As he approached, a woman, a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and executed within half an hour, dying with the same enthusiastic firmness which his whole life had evinced.

The council broke up, and Morton found himself again in the carriage with Gobo, Graham. 

"That woman, firmness and gallantry!" said Morton, as he reflected upon Macbrair's conduct; "what a pity it is that with such self-devotion and heroism should have been mingled the fierce features of his sect!"

"You mean," said Cleaverhouse, "his resolution to condemn you to death?—To that he would have appealed himself by a single text; for example, 'And Phineas arose and executed judgment,' or something to the same purpose.—But we yet you where you are now landed, Lord, on grievances and out-judgments!"

"We are on the road to Leith, I observe," answered Morton. "Can I not be permitted to see my friends at the palace?"

"Your uncle," replied Graham, "has been spoken to, and declines visiting you. The good gentleman is terrified, and not without some reason, that the overthrow of your party may extend itself over his lands, and tenements—he sends you, however, his blessing, and a small sum of money. Lord Evandale continues extremely ill.

The Major of Bellenden is at Tulliedud putter matters in order. The scoundrels have made great havoc there with Lady Margaret's muniments of antiquity, and have desecrated and destroyed what the good lady called the Throne of his most Sacred Majesty. Is there any one else whom you would wish to see?"

"My friend and the Earl, as he answered, 'No—it would avail nothing. But my preparation—small as they are, some must be necessary."

" Lords are all ready for you," said the General. "Lord Evandale has anticipated all you wish. Here is a packet from him with letters of recommendation for the court of the Stadtholder Prince of Orange, to whom you may send your petition, and two or three others. I made my first campaign under him, and first saw fire at the battle of Steniff. There are also bills of exchange for your immediate wants, and more will be sent when you require it."

Morton heard all this and received the parcel with an astonished and confused look, so sudden was the change of circumstances."

"And my servant?" he said.

"He shall be taken care of, and replaced, if it be possible, in the service of Lady Margaret Bellenden; I think he will hardly neglect the parade of the feudal-retainers, or go a-whiggiong a second time.—but here we are upon the quay, and the boat waits you."

It was even as Cleaverhouse said. A boat waited for Captain Morton, with the trunks and baggage belonging to his rank. Clarence house 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 crowd had pressed into the shelter, and they parted. As Morton descended the pier to get into the boat, a hand placed in his a letter folded up in very small space. He looked round. The person who gave it disappeared, as if by magic, when it reached his hand. He opened the letter, and then disappeared among the crowd. The incident awakened Morton's curiosity; and when he

found himself on board of a vessel bound for Rotterdam,

and saw on his companions of the voyage busy

making their own arrangements, he took an opportu-

nity to consult the purveyor of the same with a view to

his name. He ran thus:—'Thy courage on the fast day

when Israel fled before his enemies, hath, in some

measure, atoned for the sins of thy nation. But turn from that

false and cruel policy for in exile, and flight, and even in

death, I shall my hand be heavy against that bloody and

malignant house, and Providence hath given me the means of

sooting them with their own sanguinary weapons of

ruin and confusion. The resistance of their

strength was the main cause of our being scattered

at Bothwell Bridge, and I have bound it upon

myself to visit it upon them. Wherefore, do not

make war on them, but join with our brethren in

barnabas, whose hearts are still towards that miserable land to

save and to relieve them. There is an honest remnant

in Holland whose eyes are looking out for deliv

ance. Join thyself unto them like the true son of

the stout and worthy Sir William, and with

good acceptance among them for his sake and

for thine own working. Shouldst thou be found worthy

again to labour in the vineyard, those who sit at the white

elephant at the year of our Lord 1653, after

Quinian Mackell of Inverness, at the house of

that singular Christian woman, Bessie Mack, now

in the earl of the Hebrides and the Howfwick,

entertained guests. So much from him who hopes to

be heat again from thee in brotherhood, resisting all

blood, and striving against sin. Meanwhile, possess thyself of

the Nineveh and Babylon, and let the lamp burning, as one

that wakes in the night; for he who shall judge the Mount of

Eaash, and shall make false pretensions to mountains shall

come in the fourth watch with garments dyed

in blood, and the house of Jacob shall be for espia,

and the house of Joseph for fire. I am he that

wrote it, while the hand hath been on the libation in

the wine field.'"

This extraordinary letter was subscribed J. B. of

B. But the signature of these initials was not necessa

ry for pointing out to Morton that it could come from no other than Burley. It gave him new occasi

on to admire the indomitable spirit of this man, who, with art equal to his courage and obstinacy,

was even now endevouring to re-establish the web of

conspiracy which had been so lately torn to pieces.

But he had no time to redress the evil in order to sustain a correspondence which must be perilous, or
to renew an association, which, in so many ways, had been nearly fatal to him. Morton bore his part

and the family of Bellenden, he considered as a mere expression of his spleen on that account of their defence of Tulliedud; and nothing seemed more advisable. Let them, then, that at the very commencement of their party being victorious, their fugitive and dis

tressed adversary could exercise the least influence

over their fortunes.

Morton, however, hesitated for an instant, whether
he should not send the Major or Lord Evandale inci

sation of Burley's threats. Upon consideration, he

thought he could not do so without betraying his con

cidential correspondence; for to warn them of his

menaces would have served little purpose, unless he

had gone to a slave to prevent the sacrifice of

hounding his person; while, by doing so, he deemed

should commit an ungenerous breach of trust to

remedy an evil which seemed almost imaginary.

Upon mature consideration, therefore, he tore

letter, having first made a memorandum of the name

and place where the writer was to be heard of, and

threw it into the fire.

While Morton was thus employed the vessel was unmoored, and the white sails swelled out before

favourable north-west wind. The ship leaped and rode to the wind with graceful ease, and having left

leaving a long and rippling furrow to track her

The city and port from which he had sailed

unmistakable in the distance, the little by which

they were accompanied melted from view.
and Morton was separated for several years from the land of his nativity.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Whom does time gallop without? Like it.

It is fortunate, for tale-tellers that they are not tied down like theatrical writers to the times of time and place, to conduct their performances to them and Thesee at their pleasure, and bring their scenes back at their convenience. Time, to use Roslin's simile, has hitherto paced with the hero of our tale; for, twixt Morton's first appearance as a competitor for the popinjay, and his final departure for Holland, hardly two months elapsed. Years, however, glide away ere we find it possible to resume the thread of our narrative, and Time must be held to have galloped over the interval. Craving, therefore, the privilege of my cast, I submit 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, and trade, and commerce, those mainstays of the kingdom, had been disturbed by the violent political concussions, and the general change of government in church and state, had been receiving their ordinaryumper, and to give the usual attention to their own private affairs in lieu of discussing those of the public. The Highlanders, alone, were the subject of other matters of things, and were in arms in a considerable body, under the Viscount of Dunbar, whom our readers have hitherto known by the name of Graham of Claverhouse. But in the usual state of the Highlands was so manifold, that their being more or less disturbed was not supposed greatly to affect the general tranquillity of the kingdom, as long as their dispositions were confined within their own frontiers. In 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 defence, which the government termed treason, while they called it just a cause of liberty.

The triumphant whigs, while they re-established presbytery as the national religion, and assigned to the General Assemblies of the Kirk their natural influence, attended with some measure of grace and tranquillity, the Cameronians and more extravagant portion of the non-conformists under Charles and James loudly denounced them as a new Jacobite party, by re-establishing the Solemn League and Covenant; and those who had expected to find in King William a zealous supporter of Monarchy were grievously disappointed when he remonstrated, with the phlegmatic temper, 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 gloried in by the government, gave great offence to the more violent party, who condemned them as diametrically contrary to Scripture, for which narrow-minded doctrine they cited various texts, all, as it may well be supposed, detached from their context, and most of them derived from the charges given to the Jews in the Old Testament; I mean, least to excite idolaters out of the promised land. They also murmured highly against the influence assumed by secular establishments and ecclesiastics, and the clergy, which they termed, a rapine upon the charity 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 take the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary.

The Church of Scotland, however, had sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant, the Magna Charta, as they termed it, of the Presbyterian Church.

The party, therefore, remained grumbling and unsatisfied, and made repeated declarations against de-
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

"I wish to know the way to Fairy-Knowe," said the stranger.

"Mammy knows," explained the little maid, running towards the door of the hut, "come out and speak to the gentleman.

Her mother appeared, a handsome young countrywoman, whose features, originally shy and sneeze in expression, had matured by that docile manner which so perfectly marks the peasant's wife of Scotland. She had an infant in one arm, and with 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 mother as soon as she appeared, and kept at that station, occasionally peeping out, to look at the stranger.

"What was your pleasure, sir?" said the woman, with an air of respectful breeding, not quite common in her rank of life, but without any thing resembling formalities.

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 Guthbert Haggart. You can probably direct me to him?"

"It's my gudeman, sir," said the young woman, with a smile of welcome; "you will alight, sir, and come into our pair dwelling!"—so Cuddie, Cuddie,—(a white hawk of twenty years appeared at the door of the hut)—"Rin awa, my bonny man, and tell your father a gentleman wants him.—Or, stay—Jenny, ye can ken him, I think—I was down at the Four-acres Park.—Winna ye light down and bide a blink, sir?—Or would ye take a mouthful o' custard and cheese, or drink o' ale, till our gudeman comes? It's gude ale, sir, and shouldna say that braws it; but ploughman-lads work hard, and man has something to keep their hands above his head, see. I aye pit a gudegowpin' o' maut to the braws.

As the stranger declined her courteous offers, Cuddie could never countenance, made her appearance in person. His countenance still presented the same mixture of apparent dulness with occasional sparkles, which indicated the craft so often found in the clouted shoes. He looked on the ridder as on one whom he never had before seen; and, like his daughter and wife, opened the conversation with the regular question, "What's your wull wi' me, sir?"

"I have a curiosity to ask some questions about this country," said the traveller, "and I was directed to you as an intelligent man who can answer them."

"Yes, sir," replied Cuddie; "but I care little about the country's matters."

"Indeed?" said the stranger; "I care hardly to live without my friend."

"Ye might ask my mother, then, if she were a life," said Cuddie; "it was her explained a'to me, for I thought you had only been the year of the spate of the casting out of the Swseys by their very names, and the vengeance was brewing for Claver's, and his droogters. They'd the man Habakkuk Mucklethwaith; his lasam was a wee sjes, but he was a brew preacher for a' that."

"You seem," said the stranger, "to live in a safe and peaceful country."

"For aye," said the gudeman o' air, an we got the cas well in, mooth Cuddie; "but if ye had seen the blue rinnin' as fast on the top o' that bigg yonder sewer the water ran below it, ye wadna have thought it a bonnie a spectacle."

"You mean the battle some years since,—I was waiting upon Monmouth that morning, my good friend, and did see sometime part of the action, and the stranger.

"Then ye saw a bonny sight," said Cuddie, "that sail serve me for fighting a' the days o' my life,—I judged ye wad be a trooper, by your red scarlet lancecoat and your looped hat."

"A witch which were you upon, my friend?" continued the intrepid stranger.

"Aaha, lad?" retorted Cuddie, with a knowing look, or what he designed for such,—"there's aae is telling me about that."

"I commend your prudence, but it is unnecessary. I know you acted on that occasion as serveth—Henry Morison."

"Ay Fy," said Cuddie, in surprise, "how came ye by that secret?—No that I need care a boddie about it for the sun's on our side o' the design now. I wish my men was living to get a black o' m.'sll."

"And what became of him?" said the rider.

"He was lost in the vessel gown to that weedy Holland cow, I fear, and a body poor master among them. Neither man nor m.'sll was ever heard o' mair."

Then Cuddie uttered a groan.

"And what became of him?" reiterated the stranger.

"How could I help it?—The face was made of a fiddle, as is say, for a body that looked on him liked him. And a braw soldier he was, 0, an ye had but seen him down at the begg there, thinking about a like a leaping dragoon to gar folk fight that last at Epsom?" There was and that sett whigamore they ca'd Burley,—if two men could has won a field, we wadna has gotten our skins paid that at all.

"You mention Burley—Do you know if he yet lives?"

"I kenna muckle about him. Folk say he was abroad, and our hill godmother hold no concep't wi' him, because his having murdered the archbishop. See she cam hame ten times doubt that ever, and broke a' the monks o' the provost, and at this last coming of the Prince of Orange, he could get men countenance nor command for fear of his devillish temper, and he has been heard at, since; only some folk say, that pride and anger has driven him clean west."

"And—and," said the traveller, after considerable hesitation, "do you know any thing of Lord Erskine?"

"Dry ken I ken anything o' Lord Erskine?—Do I ken anything to ye about yer lad, or yer wo, or yer wife were witnesses—its no mony months by it was a lang courtship—few folk know the reason Jenny and myself. But will ye be light down? Down?—and all that," said Cuddie, "I do believe ye setting up there and have the eggs of bottomless back, and I'm thinking the setting sun; a few large drops of rain is the murmur of distant thunder were heard.
"The dell's in this strain," said Cuddie to himself; "I wish I could go right as I am, so, that he may quarter himself in Hamilton or the shower begin.

But the rider sat motionless on his horse for two or three minutes, followed by a faint hiss. Last of all, exhausted by some unoonform effort, at length, recovering himself, as if with a sudden and painful effort, he asked Cuddie, "If Lady Margaret Bellenden still lived."

"She does," replied Cuddie, "but in a very slain way. They have been a sad changed family since that rough times began; they have suffered enough first and last—and to lose the old Tower and the bonny barony and the holms that I have pleached so often, and the Mans, and my kailyard, that I said I had gotten back again, and a for naughtt as a body may say, but just the want o' some bits of sheep-skin that were lost in the confusion of the taking o' Tullieculmich."

"I have heard something of this," said the stranger, deepening his voice, and averting his head. "I have gone 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, sir," said Cuddie, "but as the thing is in the rain and wade and thunner; for, to be free wis, ye, sir, I think ye seem no that ower weel."

"You may say this to a dainness," said the stranger, "but it will soon wear off."

"I ken we can gie ye a decent supper, sir," said Cuddie, "and we'll see about a bed as soon as we can. We, we are jamply provided for in beds rather; for Jenny has seen many bairns, (God bless them and her,) and she's a-gonna speak to Lord Evandale to gie us a bit eik, or oatbott o' some sort, to the on-stead."

"He will be easily accommodated," said the stranger, as he entered the house.

"And ye may rely on your naig being weel sorted," said Cuddie; "I ken weel what belongs to suppering a horse, and this is a very gone aene."

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. Haggling, if the reader pleases, received her charge. She seized the flannel hat, which he wore upon his journey, but he excused himself under pretence of feeling cold; and, to divert Cuddie's return, he entered into some chat with the children, evading during the interval, the inquisitive glances of his landlady.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

What tragic turns beding the way! What deaths we suffer are we diet!—Our broken friendships we deplore, and love of youth that are no more. LOCAL

Cuddie, soon returned, assuring the stranger, with a cheerful voice, "that the horse was properly supped up, and that the godowie should make a bed up for him in the barn, and to comfort for the 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 two now-a-days, and my godowie there has the keys and the charge, though she's no a fad's in the barn. They are a-busy about domestics in the family, and has a trust and management. If they are a-busy there, we behovedna to take sic freedom without their order; but when they are awa, they will be weel pleased to have us about the barn."

"Whicht, hauk lech," said Cuddie, "I can speak to Lord Evandale to gie us a bit eik, or oatbott o' some sort, for the on-stead."

"They will be soon accommodated," said Cuddie, with a voice that quivered with emotion, "why was he not sooner rewarded by the object of his attachment?"

"She was a woman to be seduced," said Jenny readily, "forby many other family arrangements." "Na, but," said Cuddie, "there was another reason forby, for the young leddie."

"Whicht, ha, kneely," said Jenny, "I can speak to Lord Evandale to gie us a bit eik, or oatbott o' some sort, for the on-stead."

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"Whicht, ha, kneely," said Jenny, "I can speak to Lord Evandale to gie us a bit eik, or oatbott o' some sort, for the on-stead."

"There is no cesion," said the stranger; "I shall want only a glass of water, and to be left alone."

"You'll gie yourself the trouble then to fee me," said Jenny, lighting a small lantern, "and I'll show you the way."

Cuddie also professed his assistance, but his wife reminded him, "That the barns would be left toight together, and cope anither into the fire, so that he remained to take charge of the menage."

His wife led the way up a little winding path, which, after passing some thistles of sweeterwheat and honeysuckle, conducted to the back-door of a small garden. Jenny undid the latch, and they passed through an old-daubed flower-garden, with its clipped yew hedges and formal parterres, to a glass-sashed door, which she opened with a master-key, and lighting a candle which she placed upon a stand, asked pardon for leaving him there for a few minutes, until she prepared his apartment. She did not exceed five minutes in these preparations; but, when she returned, was startled to find that the stranger had sunk forward with his head upon the table, in what she at first apprehended to be a swoon. As she advanced to him, however, she could see no short-drawn soul, but only his face, and, though she asked if she's no ill to the poor bodies neither—and now, wise, what for are ye not giving forth wi' the sounfen?"
repeated them, and only bending his head, as an indication that he understood her; he entered the apartment, the door of which had been left open to it. It was a small bed-chamber, used, as she informed him, by Lord Evandale when a guest at Fairy-Knope, where there was a small chimney-enabled which opened to the garden, and on the other, with a saloon, from which it was only separated by a thin wainscot-palace. Having wished the stronger better health and good rest, Jenny descended as quickly as she could to her own mansion.

"O, Cuddie!" she exclaimed to her helpmate as she entered, "you will not write, we rusted folk?"

"How can that be? What's the matter wi' ye?" returned the imperturbable Cuddie, who was one of those persons who do not easily take alarm at any thing.

"What do you think your gentlemen is?—O, that ever ye said has asked him tonight here!" exclaimed Jenny; "He won't be a dull chap, Cuddie. There's your law against harbouro'nd and intercommunicating now," said Cuddie; "aah, whig or tory what need we care what he be?"

"Ay, but it's one will ding Lord Evandale's marriage aye yet, if it's no the better looked to, to said Jenny; "it's Miss Edith's first love, your ain auntie, Cuddie, aye?"

"The deil, women!" exclaimed Cuddie, starting up, "trow ye that I am blind? I would ha' kend Mr. Hynders as hunder a shilling the storm, and I judge he'd ha' been as sae hurry to come back again."

"Yet, my pur maistir!" said Cuddie; "and mean I no speak to you for aye?"

"For your life, no," said Jenny; "ye've no objection to him and I wadna hae tauld ye, only I found ye wad kend him in the morning."

"Well, what's the matter wi' me then?" said Jenny, rather heavy, "I'm just through the outflown and for I am no to speak to him. I was rather be out o' the gate."

"Ay, but Cuddie," said Jenny, "to think of Miss Edith's distress is about Miss Edith's marriage, and I ne'er saw a man mais down wi' true love in my days—I might ha' seen him or woman—only I mind how ill Miss Edith was when she first got word that him and you (you ungraceless loon) was coming again. And as I heard her wi' the heather rebels—But what's the matter the man now?"

"What's the matter wi' me, indeed?" said Cuddie, who was again hastily pouting on some of the gardener's java spirit, and rapid words, "is I can no gaw up this instant to see my master?"

"Atweel, Cuddie, ye are gaun nae sic gate," said Jenny, and rounded her spectacles around her face. "The deil's in the wife!" said Cuddie; "I 'peel think I am to John Tamson's man, and maistir by woman a' the days o' my life."

"What's the matter wi' me? And what's the matter wi' me?" answered Jenny. "I'll gae ye compassed in the making of a hie-band. Nobody kens that this young gentleman is living but ourselle and frak that he keeps himself up sae close, I am judging that he's purposing, if he ha' Miss Edith as his bride just go to be married, he would just slide ahae easy, and go them sae much trouble. But if Miss Edith kend that he was living and life, and she was standing before the very minister wi' Lord Evandale when it wa's tauld to her, the Fae warrant she was aye No when she said aye."

"Weel," replied Cuddie, "and what's my business with Lord Edith and my life? was I to be lef the said job better than her new ane, for what said she no be free to change her mind like other folk?—Ye ken, Jenny, Halliday ay three he had a promise frae yourself."

"Halliday's a liar, and ye're naething but a gosmeril to hearken till him, Cuddie. And then for this leddy's choice, lack-a-day!—ye may be sure a' the good Mr. Halliday's a liar, for some say he was the last, but how can ye be kept Liddy Margaret and the young leddy?"

"And there Milnwood?" said Cuddie. "Nae doubt, the said lady's left his housekeeper the life-rent, as he heard naught o' his maistir, but it's a her and the said wife face, and they may a' live bravely the lady, Liddy Margaret and."

"Hoot 'tou, lad," replied Jenny, "ye ken them leddy's to think of o' Miss Edith and you said Ailie Wilson, when they're maist over zealous to take favours free Lord Evandale himself. Np, as, they mean follow the camp, if she talk Maria.

"The deil and the dog!" continued his helpmate, who had reserved her strongest argument to the last, "if this marriage wi' Lord Evandale is broken o' sides, comes o' our ain bit free-house, and the kail-yard, and the cow's grass?—I trow that baith us and the bonny bairns will be turned on the wide world!"

Here Jenny began to whimper—Cuddie wished himself the way and the way, and the very picture of indecision. At length he broke out, "'Weel, woman can ye tell us what we said do, without a' this a' about it?"

"Just do naething at a's," said Jenny. "You seem to kent ony thing about this gentleman, and fix your a' a's free o' a's, and then we'll be here or at the house!—An I had kend, I wadna had my sin bed, and asleep in the byre or he had gane up by; but it canna be help now. The next thing's a horse, I hae seen he had gane up by; and I judge he'd be as nae hurry to come back again."

"Your pur maistir!" said Cuddie; "and mean I no speak to you for aye?"

"For your life, no," said Jenny; "ye've no objection to him, and I wadna hae tauld ye, only I found ye wad kend him in the morning."

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Not if, not I," said the young lady, making her escape; "the third person makes a sorry figure on such occasions. When one is well known, I shall be found in the walk-by-walk by the river."

As she stepped out of the room, Lord Evandale enquired, "Good-morning, Miss Bellenden: have you not had breakfast-time, said the lively young lady; "I trust you will give Miss Bellenden some good reasons for disturbing her rest so early in the morning."

And so saying, she left them together, without waiting for a reply.

And now, my lord," said Edith, "may I desire to know the meaning of this singular request to meet you here so early one hour?"

She was about to add, that she hardly felt herself excusable in having complied with it, but, upon looking at her watch, saw that it was just three minutes before nine. She felt that her duty was done by consenting to the request, and that her full sense of what was required by the case of the young lady, and the propriety of her own actions, was more than sufficient to fill up her loss in King James's service. Thus, Edith, it is time for you to return to your duties, and I must take leave of you this evening."

"Do not think of it, my lord," answered Edith; "your life is essential to your friends; do not throw away an opportunity which no other person can take your place, and let us return to our duties."

"And so here he whispered as if he feared even the walls of the apartment had ears;" when my foot was knocked to in the stairs, two regiments of cavalry have sworn to renounce the user's service, and fight under my orders. They delayed only till Dunlewy should descend into the house—"

"We shall not be long," said Edith; "and as soon as he was no more, which of his successors dare take that decisive step, unless encouraged by the troops declaring themselves! Meanwhile, the zeal of the soldiers is at a stand; they will bring them to a decision while their hearts are glowing with the victory their old leader has obtained, and burning to avenge his wrongs and death."

"And will you, on the faith of such men as you know these soldiers to be," said Edith, "take a part of such dreadful moment?"

"I will," said Lord Evandale; "I must; my honour and loyalty are both pledged for it."

"And all for the sake," continued Miss Bellenden, "of a prince, whose valour, while he was on his throne, no one could condemn more than Lord Evandale?"

"Most true," replied Lord Evandale; "and as I presented, even during the plenitude of his power, his innovations on church and state, like a freeborn subject, I will give the same respect to his real rights, when he is in adversity, like a loyal subject."

"And you are determined to act on the principle that no public judgment must ever fail, no matter how great the temptation, why give yourself the pain of this untimely meeting?"

"Why not enough to answer," said Lord Evandale; "that, ere musketry was heard, I wished to bid adieu to my betrothed bride? surely it is justifying boldly of my feelings, and showing too plainly the indifference of my own, to question my motives for a request so natural."

"But why in this place, my lord?" said Edith; "and why with such peculiar circumstances of mystery?"
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

[Chap. XXVIII]

"Edith," he replied, putting a letter into her hand; "I have yet another present, which I dare hardly profere, even when prefaced by those credentials.

In haste and terror Edith glanced over the letter, which was from her grandmother. "My dearest child," such was its tenor in style and spelling, "I never more deeply regretted the reunion of which I had been disfrived me from riding on horseback, than at this present writing, when I would most have wished to be where this paper will soon be, that is in Fairy-Know. With my one hand I clasp this letter, and in the other I bear the weight of God I should not be with her, which I conclude to be the case, as much for the pain I now suffer, as because it hath not now given way either to commence politic or to decoction of wild mustard, wherewith I have often relieved others. Therefore, I must tell you, by writing instead of word of mouth, that, as my young Lord Evandale is called to the present life by his honour and his duty, he hath earnestly solicited me that the bonds of holy matrimony be knitted before his despatches, to demonstrate that he hath often and always been a good and obedient child, will not deviate any which has less than reason. It is trew that the contents of our house have hereof been celebrated in a manner not altogether in keeping with the near, and not in private, and with few witnesses, as a thing done in a corner. But it has been Heaven's own free-will, as well as thine, to take away, to take from us our estate, and from the King his throne. Yet I trust He will yet restore the rightful heir to the throne, and turn his heart to the true Protestant Eternity. When you have the better say to see, and the better say to see even with my old eyes, as I have beheld the royal family when they were struggling as sorely with our little ones and with this world, as they are now that is to say, when his most sacred Majesty, Charles the Second of happy memory, honoured us our poor house of Eustudym, by taking his /dis/-day therein, etc. &c.

We will not abuse the reader's patience by quoting more of Lady Margaret's prolix epistle. Suffice it to say, that it closed by laying her commands on her grandchild to consent to the solemnization of her marriage without loss of time. "It is a most urgent request," said Edith, dropping the letter from her hand, "that Lord Evandale should have acted ungenerously.

"Ungenerously, Edith!" I replied her lover. "And how they dare to tell me the值得一词 will desert me for your sake, are I part from you perhaps for ever?"

"Lord Evandale ought to have remembered," said Edith, "and then his ingratitude is to be excused; and I must admit a due sense of his merit and of the obligations we owed him, wrung from me a slow content; that I would, one day comply with his wishes, I made it my condition, that I should not be pressed to a hasty accomplishment of my promise; and now he avails himself of his interest with my only remaining relative, to hurry me with precipitate and even indecent imp rudity. There is more selfishness than generosity, may lord, in such eager and urgent solicitation."

If I am, most truly, so much hurt, took two or three turns through the apartment ere he replied to this accusation; at length he spoke:—"I should have escaped this painful charge, durst I at once have mention to the delicate position Miss Bellenden placed my principal reason for giving up this request. It is one which she will probably depose on her own account, but which ought to weigh with me, Edith, as cold as my heart. My dear child, I am in battle must give my whole estate to his heirs of entail; my fortune as a traitor, by the usurping government, may vest it in the Prince of Orange, or some Dutch prince. In either case, my venerable friend and betrothed bride must remain unprotected and in poverty. Vested with the rights and provisions of the marriage-bed, she will find, in the power of supporting her aged parent, some consolation for having descended to share his titles and fortunes of one who does not pretend to be worthy of her."

Edith was struck dumb by an argument which she had not suspected, and was compelled to realize that Lord Evandale's suit was urged with delicacy as well as with consideration.

"And yet," she said, "such is the waywardness with which her heart reverts to former times, that I cannot (she burst into tears) suppress a rage of ominous reluctance at fulfilling my engagement was such an attachment as it."

"We have already fully considered this painful subject," said Lord Evandale; and I hope, my dear Edith, your own inquiries, as well as your appearance, will convince me these sentiments were excessive.

"Fruitless indeed!" said Edith, with a deep sigh, which, as if by an unexpected echo, was repeated from the adjoining apartment. Miss Bellenden started at the sound, and scarcely composed herself upon her Evandale's assurances, that she had heard but the echo of her own respiration.

"It sounded strangely distinct," she said, "and almost ominous; but my feelings are so harassed that the slightest trifle agitates them."

Lord Evandale eagerly attempted to soothe alarm, and reconcile her to a measure, which, however, heavy, appeared to him the only means by which he could save his love. For he knew not, though in the name of the most solemn oaths, to renounce in virtue of the contract, her-grandmother's wish and command, the propriety of insuring her comfort and independence, and touched lightly on his own long attachment and now cherished dependence on such various services. These Edith felt the more the less they were insisted upon; and at length, as she had not felt the need of her offer, she expressed a less reluctance, which she herself was astonished to oppose against so much generosity, she was compelled to rest upon the impossibility of having the necessary performance attended with the possibility of anything in place. But for all this Lord Evandale was prepared and explained, with joyful alacrity, that the former chaplain of his regiment was now living in the Lodge with a faithful domestic, once a noncommissioned officer in the same corps; that his tent was also possessed of the secret; and that Reading and his wife might be added to the list of witnesses, if agreeable to Miss Bellenden. As to the place, he had chosen it on very purpose. The marriage was to remain a secret, since Lord-Evandale was to depart in disguise very soon after it was solemnized, a circumstance which, had their union been public, must have been a great calamity to him upon the situation of the government, as being altogether unaccountable, unless from his being engaged in some dangerous design. Having hastily urged these motives and explained his arrangements, he bade me summon his sister to attend his bride, while he went in search of the other persons whose presence was of the utmost importance."

When Lady Emily arrived, she found her friend in an agony of tears, of which she was at some loss to comprehend the reason, being one of those damsels who think there is nothing either worse or better in marriage, and joining with most who know her in thinking, that it could not be rendered peculiarly alarming by Lord Evandale being the braggart. Influenced by those feelings, she exhausted in succession all the usual arguments for courage, and all the expressions of sympathy and condolence ordinarily employed on such occasions. But when Lady Emily beheld her future sister-in-law dead to all the ordinary topics of consolation—when she beheld her face a white and ghastly marbled marble, as a child, that of a colourless and unresponsive to her caresses, lack of feelings of sympathy gave way to those of heart-prickling displeasure.

"Edith," she said, "that I am something a loss to understand all this, Miss Bellenden. Have passed since you agreed to marry my child, and you have compared to set aside engagements from one period to another, as if to save any dishonourable or highly disgraceful connection. I think I can answer for Lord Evandale."

that he will seek no woman's hand against her inclination; and, though his sister, I may boldly say, that he does not need to urge any lady further than her inclination, yet I must press him with my tears and blandishments on the subject of Miss Bellenden; but your present distress augurs ill for any brother's future happiness, and I must needs say, that he does not merit all their expressions of dislike and dislike, and that they seem an odd return for an attachment which he has manifested so long, and in so many ways.

"Are you right, Lady Emily," said Edith, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to resume her natural manner, though still betrayed by her faltering voice and the paleness of her cheeks—"You are quite right—Lord Evandale merits such usage from none, least of all from her whom he has honoured with his regard. But if I have given way, for the last time, to a sudden and a burst of feeling, it is my consolation, that your brother knows the cause; that I have had nothing from him, and that he at least is not apprehensive of finding in Edith Bellenden a wife undeserving of his affection. But still you are right, and I merit your censure for indulging for a moment fruitless regrets and painful remembrances. It is a long time, Edith, since I have seen Lord Evandale, and with him I am resolved to bear it. Nothing shall in future occur to excite his complaints, or the remembrance of all the kindness which both of us, on other days shall intervene to prevent the zeal and affectionate discharge of my duty; no vain illusions under the memory of old love."

As she spoke these words, she slowly raised her eyes, which had before been hidden by her hand, to the lattice window of her apartment, which was open, and closed her eyes again, and with a sigh, which seemed to express her conclusion, and, indeed all that was still left in the state of Edith than by the apparition she had herself witnessed, she uttered shrill upon shrill for assistance. Her brother soon arrived with the chaplain and Jenny Denvison, but strong and vigorous remonstrances were necessary ere she could recall Miss Bellenden to sense and motion. Even than her language was wild and disordered.

"Press me no further," she said to Lord Evandale; "it cannot be—Heaven and earth—the living and the dead, have united themselves against my unhappiest union. Take all I can give—my sister—my devoted friendship. I will love you as a sister, and serve you as a bondsman, but never speak to me more of marriage."

The astonishment of Lord Evandale may easily be conceived.

"Is this true," he said to his sister, "this is your joie—I was accursed when I thought of bringing you here—some of your confounded folly has driven you mad!"

"Oh, my word, brother," answered Lady Emily, "you're sufficient to drive all the women in Scotland mad. Because your mistress seems much disposed to jilt you, you quarrel with your sister who is always in your cause, and had brought her to a quiet searing, when, all of a sudden, a man looked in at a window, whom her ceaseless sickness mistook either by you or some one else, and has treated us gratis with an elegant tragic scene."

"What man? What window?" said Lord Evandale, in impatience; "Miss Bellenden is incapable of trifling with me; and yet what else could have?"

"It was but a blur," said Jenny, whose interest lay particularly in shifting further inquiry; "for Heaven's sake, my lord, speak low, for my lady begins to recover."

Fitch was no sooner somewhat restored to herself than she begged, in a feeler voice, to be left alone with Lord Evandale. All retired, Jenny with her usual air of officious simplicity, Lady Emily and the chaplain with that of swooned curiosity. No sooner had they left the apartment than Edith secked Lord Evandale to sit beside her on the window seat, and, with a bewildering mixture of tears and talk, put the subject before him. To her surprise, however, though she met with his resisted resistance to her lips; her last was to sink from her seat, and to clap his

"Forgive me, my Lord!" she exclaimed—"Forgive me—I must a deal more truly by you than I do now to break a solemn engagement. You have my friendship, my highest regard, my most sincere gratitude—You have more—You have more; but, O, forgive me, for the fault is not mine—you have not my love, and I cannot marry you without a rival!"

"You dream, my dearest Edith!" said Evandale, perplexed in the utmost degree,—"you let your imagination beguile you; this is but some delusion of a transient—sensitive mind; the person whom you preferred to me has been long in a better world, where your unavailing regret cannot follow him, or, if it could, would only diminish his happiness."

"You are mistaken, Lord Evandale," said Edith, solemnly. "I am not a sleep-walker, or a madwoman. No—I could not have believed from any one who has seen me, or who has seen having seen me, I must believe mine own eyes."

"Have you seen her?"—"I have seen her,"—"Do you believe her?"—"I believe her."

He was about to go on, when he perceived, from her quivering eye and pallid cheek, that nothing less than imposture was intended; and the answer that followed means his imagination had been so impressed, it was really disturbed by an affected and terror. He changed his tone, and all his aspect, endeavours to soothe and extract from her the secret cause of such terror.

"Tell me what is the matter?"

"I saw him!" she replied—"I saw Henry Morton, who is the present Mr. Evandale, stand at that window, and look into the apartment at the moment I was on the point of adjuring him for ever. His face was darker, thinner, and paler than it was wont to be; his dress was a horseman's cloak, and hat looped down over his face; his expression was like that he wore on that dreadful morning when he went to Tidstede. Ask your sister, ask Lady Emily, if she did not see him as well as I. I know what has called him up—he came to upbraid me, that, while my heart was with him in the deep and end of that day. I was always at another's hand to another. My lord, it is ended between you and me—be the consequences what they will, she cannot marry, whose union disturbs the repose of the dead."

"This incident is taken from a story in the History of Apparitions written by Daniel Defoe, under the assumed names of Morton. To abridge the narrative, we are under the necessity of omitting many of those particular circumstances which give the fiction of this most ignominious act such a lively air of truth."

A gentleman married a lady of fashion and fortune, and had one son by her, after which the lady died. The widower afterwards united himself in a second marriage; and his wife proved such a very stepmother to the heir of the first marriage that he absented itself, with his father, left his father's house, and set out on distant travels. His father heard from him occasionally, and the young man for some time drew regularly for certain allowances which were settled upon him. At length, owing to the infatuation of his mother-in-law, one of his requests was refused, and the bill returned disowned.

After receiving this refusal, the youth drew so bilks, and wrote no more letters, nor did his father know in what part of the world he was. The father at length seated the representative to the young man as deceased, and to urge her husband to settle his estate upon her children, of whom she had several. The father read a letter, at the time of his son's decease, in which he informed his son, convinced as he was, in his own mind, that he was still alive. At length, wrote out by his wife's importunities, he agreed to execute the new deed, but he did not return home. During the interval, there were many violent disputes between the widow and herself as to the disposal of the fortune and furniture. In the midst of one of these alterations, the lady was startled by seeing a hand at a casement of the window; but on the hand happened, according to present fashion, she saw the face. On the inside, the hand seemed to essay the fastenings, and keep his fingers upon to untie them. The hand was laid on her lady, forgetting the casement with her husband, exclaimed that
Good heavens!" said Evandale, as he paced the
room, half mad himself with surprise and vexation.
'That lass of a Crow was not in the garden, and he
was not in the garden. I shall see the face of this
woman, and by the effort which she has made to cope
with my ill-temper, though well-meaning, request.
With positive authority she had frightened me for ever.'
At this moment the door opened, and Halliday,
who had been Lord Evandale's principal personal
attendant since they both left the Guards on the Re
verberi, entered the room. His countenance was so
apale and ghastly as terror could paint it.
'What is the matter next, Halliday?' cried his master,
alarmed and up, with a glance towards the door.
He had just recollection sufficient to stop short in
the midst of the dangerous sentence.
'No, sir,' said Halliday, 'it is not that, nor any
thing like that. I have it. I have it.'
'A ghost! you eternal idiot!' said Lord Evandale,
forced altogether out of his patience. 'Has all man
kind gone mad? Can I order in a dozen spirits?—What
ghost, you simpleton?'
'The ghost of Henry Morton, the whip, captain at
Bothwell Bridge,' replied Halliday. 'He passed by
me in the garden this morning, at the gate.'
'This is mid-summer madness,' said Lord Evandale,
or there is some strange villainy afoot.—Jenny, at
least he is in her chamber, while I endeavour to
find a clue to all this.
But Lord Evandale's inquiries were in vain. Jen
ny, who might have given (had she chosen) a very
satisfactory and not at all an insincere answer, to leave
the matter in darkness; and interest was a matter which
now weighed principally with Jenny, since the posses
sion of an active and efficient husband in her own
proper right had altogether alighted her spirit of
courtesy. She had made the best use of the first
moments of confusion hastily to remove all traces of any
thing that could have been in the garden. The husband rushed out,
but could find no trace of any intruder, while the walls of the
garden were too high for any such person to make his escape. He therefore taxed his wife with having fancied
that which she supposed she saw. She maintained the accur
racy of her sight; on which her husband observed, that it
must have been the devil, who was set to beset those who
had evil enticed him; but then earnestly added, 'Morton
said, he was, come to tell me that he is alive, and ask you how
you can be such a devil as to urge me to disinherit him?' with
that he started up and exclaimed, 'Alexander, Alexander! if you
are alive, show yourself, and do not let me be insulted every
day of my life, unless you are dead.
At these words, the casement which the hand had been
seen to open, opened slowly, and a face peeped in with a
desolate, and, staring directly on the mother with an angry contum
acular expression, and then vanished a moment.
The lady, though much frightened at the apparition, had will
enough to make it serve her own purpose; for, as the spectre
grew bolder, she asked her husband's daughter, what is the
affair that you have a familiar spirit that appeared when he called it? To
escape from this credulus charge, the poor husband agreed to make the new settlement of the estate in the terms demanded by his wife.
A meeting of friends was held for that purpose, the new deed
was executed, and the wife was about to cancel the former set
tlement by tearing the seal, when on a sudden they heard a
rustling noise in the parlour in which they sat, as if something
had come at the door at the room which opened from the
hall, and then had gone through the room towards the garden
door, which was shut; they were all surprised at it, for the
sound was very distinct, but they gave nothing.
This rather interrupted the business of the meeting, but the
persuasion that the woman of the house was not frighten
ed, said she, "I am not K.-Com. I said she to her husband, laugh
ingly, and I have read the old writings if forty devil was in the
room;" with that she took up one of the deeds, and was about to
look at it. But before she did the granddaughter of Alexander, of
Edale, was Perception in guarding the rights of his princel
a mother in investing them.
The same moment the lady also raised the paper to destroy it, the case
ment flew open, though it was fast in the window, and the inside just as it was
before, and the shadow of a body was seen as standing in the
window, facing the inside, and standing in the room, and staring di
rectly on the lady, and immediately exclaimed, "Father!" said the spectre, as if speaking
directly to the lady, and immedi
ately the woman, who was present in the window, and well above
the second insertion, the new settlement was cancelled by distant
consideration of all concerned, and Alexander, in about four or five months
after this, died, and left the house he had dwelt in for more than two years before from London in a Portuguese ship. He could give
nothing of what had happened, he had dreamed his father had written him an angry letter, threatening to
remove him, and Mrs. Alexander, his mother, anxious and agitated, adjourn
vill.
pressed himself ready to die in the opinion that one or more of them had occasioned that morning’s disturbance.

Lord Evandale soon had additional cause for distressful anxiety. Miss Bellendon was declared to be dying, and his only remaining comfort was the assurance that her disease would inevitably terminate in death. "I will not leave this place," he exclaimed, "till she is pronounced to be in safety. I neither can nor ought to desire to hear that she has survived the epoch of her illness; I believe that the opportunity of her recovery is past." Henceforth, therefore, he was absorbed in private grief and in the anticipation of her death, which he involuntarily overheard, the reader must conceive, for we dare not attempt to describe them. A hundred times after he had left his room, he involuntarily asked, "Is she well?"—an often the recollection of her plighted troth, and of the debt of gratitude which he owed Lord Evandale, (to whose influence he had been so largely indebted for his escape from torture and from death,) withheld him from a rashness which might indeed have 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 thralled every nerve.

"Oh, Edith!" was his interval 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 sorrow, one atom’s weight to the burden thou hast to bear. I was dead to thee when thy resolution was adopted; and never—never shall thou know that Henry Morton still lives!"

As he formed this resolution, confident of his own power to keep it, and seeking that firmness in flight which was every moment shaken by his continued within hearing of a voice, he heard it from his apartment by the little closet and the stacked 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 endeavours to save himself of the opportunity which the parlour-window afforded, to steal one last glance at the lovely speaker. It was in this attempt, made while Edith seemed to have her eyes unalterably bent upon the ground, that Morton’s presence was detected by her, and she looked suddenly, as soon as her wild scream made this known to the unfortunate object of a passion so constant, and which seemed so ill-fated, he hurried from the place as if pursued by the furies. He passed Halliday in the garden without recognising, 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 learning that he was actually in existence; for the news that the Highlanders had obtained a decisive victory at Killiecrankie, had occasioned an accurate look-out to be kept, by order of the Government, on all the principal roads, among the Lowland Jacobites. They did not omit to post sentinels on Bothwell Bridge, and as those men had not seen an enemy, they lost their direction, and, as besides, their comrades stationed in the village of Bothwell were equally positive that none had gone eastward, the apparition, 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, and that Halliday 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 feet of horses, who were conducted to it as a watering-place. The steed, urged as he was to the gallop, did not pass a single instant, but thrown down on his back, the rider was soon beyond his depth. The plunges which the animal made as his feet quitted the ground, with the feeling that the current would carry him away, and the events which were the first incidents which recalled Morton, whose movements had been hitherto mechanical, to the necessity of taking measures for preserving himself and the noble animal, which he beheld as the master of all many exercises, the management of a
TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

might discover the object of his quest, trusting, that,
from Clive's account of a schism between Burley
and his brethren of the presbyterian persuasion, he
might find him less rancourously disposed at present
than Mrs. Eleanor Burley, whom he knew to be a
woman of a quick wit, and a mind open to the possi-
bility of conversion, and who, in her more temperate
stage of life, might be more disposed to listen to
him with an open mind.

Noon had passed away, when our travelers
were discovered by him in the harbour of his deceased
uncle's habitation of Millwood. It rose among
the glades and groves that were compared with a thou-
sand small enclosures of joy and sorrow, and its
name was most familiar to them. Upon meeting the
land, he was met with the abrupt and afflicting, yet
withal, soothing, which the sensitive mind
usually receives from a return to the haunts of
childhood and early years, 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, would not know me, since
more than the last couple whom I saw yesterday,
I may indulge my curiosity, and proceed on my jour-
ney, without her having any knowledge of my exist-
ence. I think they said my uncle had bestowed it
on her, as an endowment to the family mansion—well—be it so. I have
nothing to do with her, to enable me to dispense
with lamenting such a disappointment as that; and yet
I must think, it was a blow to him, as a
grumbling old dame, to a line of respectable, if not
distinguished, ancestry. Let it be as it may, I will
visit the house.

The house of Millwood, even in its best days, had
nothing cheerful about it, but its glooms appeared to
be doubled by the absence of the usual household.
Every thing, indeed, was in repair; the glass
shades deficient upon the steep gray roof, and no places
broken in the narrow windows. But the grass in the
courtyard, was a patch of many a year; the place
hast not been there for years; the doors were carefully looked,
and that which admitted to the hall seemed to have been
shut for long time; and the sunset, which was
drawn their web cover the door-way and the steps.
Living sight or sound there was none, until after
much knocking, Morton heard the little window,
through which it was usual to receive visitors, open with much caution. The face of Alison, pack-
ered with some score of wrinkles, in addition to those
with which it was usually covered when Morton left Scot-
land, now presented itself, enveloped in a fog, from
under the protection of which some of her gray
hairs had escaped in a manner more picturesque
than was necessary, or than was called for by the
causal noise of the knocking.

I wish to speak an instant with Alison Wilson
who must bear witness to you," said Henry.

"Tell her, she's no at home this day," answered Mrs. Wil-
son, in proprio persona, the state of whose head-
dress, perhaps inspired her with this direct mode of
denying her presence, and to make her feel that she
was a person to be spoken to in such a manner. Ye might have had
an M under your belt for Mistress Wilson of
Millwood."

"I beg pardon," said Morton, internally smiling at
finding in old Allie the same jealousy of disrespect
which she used to exhibit upon former 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 have some free foreign parts?" said Alison;
"then maybe now you may have heard of a young gentle-
man of this country that they call Henry Morton."
"I have heard," said Morton, "of such a name" in
Germany."

"Then bide a wee bit where ye are, friend—or stay
—gang round by the back o' the house, and ye'll find
a high door—it's on the latch, for it's never barred
but till sunset. Ye'll get in—and the light will
recover you, for the entry's dark—and then ye'll
turn to the right, and then ye'll haul straight
forward, and the door is not far off. Ye'll find
a tak heed o' the cellar stairs, and then ye'll be at the
door o' the little kitchen—it's a' the kitchen that's
Millwood. I'll come down yere, and wher-
eye e'er say to Mistress Wilson ye mean to
safely tell it to me."
OLD MORTALITY.

A stranger might have had some difficulty, notwithstanding the minuteness of the directions supplied in a wadding which had been thrust into the dark labyrinth of passages that led from the back-door to the little kitchen, but Henry was too well acquainted with the haunted rooms and the apartments of the ancient mansion to experience danger, either from the Seylia which clicked on one side in shape of a bucking-tub, or the Dabydie which yawned on the other in the form of a large and impressive alcove from the smothering and vehemeat barking of a small cocking spaniel, once his own property, which had been taken through former recollection; and after the.connexions of the place and examination, begun a course of capering and jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length, in the urgency of his impatience, he, on, could not condescend to extenuating, 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 no a common ane. And the creature kens you too," she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone—"God guide us! it's my ain bairn!"

So saying, the poor old woman threw herself around Morton's neck, clung to him, kissed him as though he had been actually his son for the last time.

There was no parrying 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 Allie, 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 Allie, "you'll have many friends—yes, you'll have many friends; for ye will have given him—him—ye will have given. Heaven may he a good guide o't! But, eh, a'right!" she continued, pushed him back from her with her trembling hand and shrivelled arm, and gazing in his face as if to read, at more convenient distance, the ravages which sorrow rather than time had made on his face. "Eh, a'right! ye're a'air altered. Your face is all changed, and your e'en are sunken, and your bonny red-and-white cheeks are turned a' dark and sun-burnt. O, weary on the wars! mony's the comely face they destroy. And when cam ye here, herein? And where has ye been?—And what has ye been doing?—And what for did ye na write to us?—And how cam ye to pass yoursel for dead?—And what for did ye come creepin' to your ain house as if ye had been an unco body, to gie poor auld Allie sic a start?" she concluded, smiling through her tears.

It was some time before Morton could 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.

Amersham that was,

But that is gone for being Richard's friend;

And, madam, you must call him Retland now,

Richard II.

The scene of explanation was hastily removed from the little kitchen to Mrs. Wilson's own matted room; the very same which she had occupied as housekeeper, and which she continued to retain. "If was," she said, "better secured against afitting winds than the hall, which she had found dangerous to her rheumatism, and it was the fitting for her use than the late Milwood's apartment, honest man, which gave her no thoughts; and as for the great oak parlour, it was never opened but to be aired, washed, and dusted, according to the invariable practice of the family, unless upon their most solemn festivals. In the matted room, therefore, they were settled, surrounded, copied, and fringed in by pickings and garnishments, as 'Allie, take ye care and hand the gear well.
Tales of My Landlord.

“Morton, surprised at the gaiety upon his face, which mingled in Allie’s thoughts and actions with habitual and sortid parsimony, and at the odd contrast between her love of saving and indifference to self-sacrifice, said, ‘You must know that I am in this country only for a few days, and we have some special business of importance to the government, and therefore, Allie, not a word of having seen you. At some other time I will acquaint you fully with my motives and intentions.’

‘E’en can it be, my joys,’ replied Allie, ‘I can keep a secret like my neighbours; and weel said Milwood kent it, honest man, for he tauld me where he kept his gear, and that’s what mair folk like to hee as private as possible may be.—But come awa’ wi’ me, hinny, till I shaw ye the oak-parkour how generally it’s keept, just as if ye had been expected hame every day—I loot naebody sort it bust my ain hands. It was a sort o’ entertainment to me, though a sair bairn wi’ me, aye, and I said to myself, what mait I faich wi’ ittes, ane and carpets, and cushions, and the like—ah, the great man’s grace for they’ll ne’er come hame that aught it nightfallly.’

With those words she hauled him away to the oak-shrouded ha’ of the estate, which was hale and hearty, as its owner of good order constituted the very pride of her heart. Morton as he followed her into the rooms, was not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mood for not in a mode...
of his person again to manhood and spend his life upon the Continent.
His next care was to lay aside his military dress, which he considered likely to render more difficult his social position. He exchanged for a fine gray coat and cloak, formerly his usual attire at Milnwood, and which Mrs. Wilson produced from a chest of man-trunks, wherein she had laid them aside, without merely laying aside, but actually putting them away from time to time. Morton retained his sword and fire-arms, without which few persons travelled in the tempests of the sea. His阅读全文...
is a sodger and a Dutchman—but if he were ten generals, and as many Wittybodies, he has nought in his pipe; he got me stop in the middle of "Topphich-an's rant—" the best piece of music that ever bugger said to me.

"But these fellows," said Morton, glancing his eye towards the soldiers that were in the apartment, "are no men of his company."

"Na, na, these are Scotch dragoons," said mine host; "my ain yuld caterpillars; these were Cleaver's lads a while syne, and may be again, maybe if James saw the jem in his hand."

"Is there not a report of his death?" inquired Morton.

"Doth there is," said the landlord; "your honour is right—there is sic a fleeting rumour; but, in my puir opinion, it's lang or the deel die. I wad ha' the folks here look to the housete. If he makes an outbreak, he'll be woun free the hiland an' I could drink this glaes—and whare are they then? A' thae hell-rakers o' dragoons wad be at his whistle in a moment. No doubt they're Willie's men even now, as they were James's a while syne—and reason good—they fight for their pay; what else has they to fight for? They has neither lands nor houses, I trow. There's no guide thers o' the change, or the Revolution, as they ca'.—folks may speak out afore these birtkes now, and has fear o' being hauled aye to the guard-house; or rather, the tumult of persecution, unceasing oppression and desponding despair, just as I wad drive the screw through a cork.

There was a little pause, when Morton, feeling confirmed in the opinion he had made in mine host's familiarity, asked, though with the hesitation proper to one who puts a question on the answer to which rests something of importance,—"Whether Blane knew them well in that neighbourhood, called Elizabeth MacLeur?"

"Whether I ken Bessie Macclure?" answered the landlord, smiling with a laconic grace, "how can I beken my ain wife's—(haly be her rest)—my ain wife's first gudeman's sister, Bessie Macclure? an honest wife she is, but sure she's been tryest wi' misfortunes,—the lose o' two decent lads o' sons, in the time o' the persecution, as they ca' it now—a-days; and doucey and decently she has borne her burden, blaming naught, and condemning naught. If there's an honest woman in the world, it's Bessie Macclure. And to lose her two sons, as I was saying, and to lose dragoons climbed down on her for a month bypass—for, be whig or tory uppermost, they eye quarter that loons on victualizers,—to lose, as I was saying——

"This woman keeps an inn, then," interrupted Morton.

"A public, in a puir way," replied Blane, looking round at his own superior accommodations,—"a sour browst, o' sma' ale that she sells to folk that has neither land nor house, no money for nothing, and not a pennie mess to ca' a stirring trade or a thriving changehouse."

"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 Niel, whose regard 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 a stirrup-cup and inquire the way."

"Your honour had better," answered the landlord, with the perseverance of his calling, "send some one to wait your friend to the house, and to him war your nairness."

"I tell you, landlord," answered Morton impatiently, "that will not serve my purpose; I must go straight to this woman Macclure's house, and I desire you to find me a guide."

"Aweel, sir, ye'll choose for yourself, to be sure," said Niel Blane, somewhat disconcerted; "but de'il a guide ye'll need; I can doun t'iver for two mile or see, as gin ye were bound for Milwood-house, and then take the first broken displaced-lokkers for the hillside ken't by a broken ash-tree that stands at the side o' a burn near where the roads meet; and then travel out the path—ye canpa miss Widow Macclure's public, for deil another house or ha'uld is on the road for ten lang Scots miles, and that's worth twenty English. I am sorry. Your honour would think o' gane out o' my house the night, but my wife is a decent woman, and it's no lost that a friend gane."

Morton accordingly paid his reckoning, and departed. The sunset of the summer day pieces off the adobe, where the path led up towards the moors.

Here," he said to himself, "my misfortunes commenced; this is the end of my excursion, when Burke and the Frenchman to separate on the first night we ever met, was I alarmed by the intelligence, that the passage were secured by soldiers lying in wait for him. Beside that, very sad fate to the old woman who supplicated him of his danger. How strange that my whole fortune should have become inseparably interwoven with that man's, without saying anything more on my part, than the discharge of an ordinary duty of humanity! Would to Heaven it were possible I could find my humble quiet and tranquillity of mind, upon the spot where I lost them!

Thus arranging his reflections between speech and thought, he turned his horse's head up the path.

Evening lowered around him as he advanced up the narrow dell which had once been a wood, but was now a ravine diversified of trees, unless where a few, from their inaccessible situation on the edge of the dell, daunted fragments of precautionary earthworks, such as the abutments of the huge stones, defied the invasion of men and cattle, like the scattered tribes of a conquered country, driven from the plains of Fosse, and the small fields of Marchais. These too, wasted and decayed, seemed rather to exist than to flourish, and only served to indicate what the landscape had once been. But the streams crawled down among them in all its freshness and vivacity, giving the life and animation which a mountain rivulet stone can confer on the hardest and most savage scenes, and where the inhabitants of such a country miss when gazing even upon the tranquil winding of a majestic stream through plains of fertility, and beside palaces of splendour. The track of the road followed the course of the brook, which was now visible, and now only to be discerned by its brawling heard among the stones, or in the clefts of the rock, that occasionally interrupted its course.

"Murmurer that thou art," said Morton, in the enthusiasm of his reverse,—"why chafe with the rocks that stop thy course for a moment? There is a sea, to receive thee in its bosom; and there is an eternity for man when his fretful and haughty course among the stones of time shall be ended. What thy petty fuming is to the deep and vast bellowings of a shoreless ocean, are our cares, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, to the objects which must occupy us through the awful and boundless succession of ages!"

Thus moratizing, our traveller passed on till the dell opened upon a beautiful prospect of the green, left a little green vale, exhibiting a crook, or small field, on which some corn was growing, and a cottage, whose walls were not above five feet high, and whose thatched roof, green with moisture, age, homesickness, and grass, had in some places suffered damage from the encroachment of two cows, whose appearance on the verdant earth in a more legitimate pasture. An ill-spelt and word-written inscription intimated to the traveller that he might here find refreshment for man and horse—"to the animal—do not, no use to attempt, I am afraid it appeared to be, considering the wild path he had trod in approaching it, and the high and wide mountain which rose in desolate dignity behind this humble edifice."

It must indeed have been thought Morton, on some such spot as this, that Burke was likely to find a cure.

As he approached, he observed the good house of the house itself, seated by the door; she had no authority to be concealed from him by a large ash bush.

"Good evening, mother," said the traveller. "What name is MacClure's?"
"It's a lang saer, sir," answered his hostess, with a sigh. "But as night, sax weeks awa,'tis fall. The Bothwell Brig is a young gentleman stopped at this puir cottage, sturf and bloody with wounds, pale and stump, an' amain wi' his horse, and he couldna drag it at the foot after the other, and his foes were close a' stint, and he was ane o' our enemies which could I, so, sir?—You thun's a sodger will think me but a silly sa' wi' a lad. But I feel hae his honour, and keep him hidden till the pursuit was ower."

"And who?" said Morton, "dares disapprove of your having done so?"

"I kenn's," answered the blind woman—"I gat ill-will about it among some o' our ain folk. They said I should hae been hae to the Siers—but weel I wot I hae nae divine command to shed blood, and to save it was beth as a woman, and a Christian, and a natural affection, to relieve one that belonged to the band that murdered my twa sons."

"That murdered your two sons?"

"Ay, sir; thocht maybe ye'll gie their deeds another name—The tane fell wi' sword in hand, fighting for a broken national Covenant; the other, thy God, they took him up but him dead on the green before his mother's face!—My auld een dazzled when the shots were looften off, and, to my thought, they waxed weaker a comin' over side, and the rage and sorrow, and heart-break, and tears that would not be dried, might help on the disorder. But, alas! I betraying Lord Edvandale, I hae brought the edge to his enemies' sword was ne'er has brought my Nimmie and Johnnie alive again."

"Lord Edvandale," said Morton, in surprise; "Was it Lord Edvandale's face, life you say, when the man was in power? But we live on an outside bit o' Tullstidlem land, and the estate was sae pleasant between Leddy Margaret Bellenden and the present lord, Basil Oldfain, and Lord Edvandale bade the auld lady for love o' her daughter Miss Edith, as the country said, o' the best and bonniest lasses in Scotland. But they were set to gie way, and Basil gat the Castle and land, and on the back o' that came the Revolution, and what to turn cock faster than the lard? for he said he hae been a true Whig a' the time, and turned papist only for fashion's sake. And then he got favour, and Lord Edvandale's head was under water; for he was ower proud and manifest to bend to every bit of it. Before his day was broken, he was as well as me, that be his ain principles as they might, he was naa ill friend to our folk when he was to see and protect us. And when my auld ma was under the boat, that eye 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 himpness in him, and he was broken down like a ship broken by oppressing and despoiling the auld blind widow, Beannie Macfear, that saved Lord Edvandale's life, and that he was sae kind to. But he's mistaken, if that's his end; for it will be lang or Lord Edvandale hears a word frae me about the selling my kye for rent or ca.'t was it was, or the putting the dragons on me when the country's quiet, or onething thing else that will vex me—I can bear my ain burden patiently, and world's loss is the least part o' it."

Astonished and amazed at this picture of patience, grateful, and high-minded resignation, Morton could not help bestowing an exclamation upon the poor-spi-

...
country (cut-taken Sergeant Bothwell)—they ca’n’t him
in that.

"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 indulge me with another question? Do you know
anything about the late death of Quintin Mackell of Irongray?"

"Do I know whom?" echoed the blind woman,
in a tone of great surprise and alarm.

"Quintin Mackell of Irgonray," repeated Morton;
"is there anything so alarming in the sound of that
name?"

"Na, na," answered the woman with hesitation,
"but to have him asked after by a stranger and a
squeaker—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-

"John Bal?" asked Morton, in a tone of surprise;
"I was not aware of that. But I am only just now
returned from abroad.

"And yet, you blind woman, first assuming an
attitude of listening that showed how effectually
her powers of collecting intelligence had been trans-
ferred from the eye to the ear; for, instead of casting
a glance of circumvention around, she stopped her
pace, and turned her head slowly around, in such a
manner as to ensure that there was not the slightest
signal stirring in the neighbourhood, and then con-
tinued: "I’ll tell ye. Yon ken how he has laboured to
raise up again the Covenant, burned, broken, and
burned in the hearth and selfish devices of this
same Papist. Now, when he went to Holland,
far from the countenance and thanks of the state,
and the comfortable fellowship of the godly, both
which, in right to expect, the Prince of Grants
wad show him no favour, and the ministers no godly
compliment. This was hard to bide for ane that
had suffered and done mickle—over mickle, it may be—but
why said I be a judge? He came back to me and
to the said place o’ refuge that had often received
him in distresses, mair excessively before the great
day of victory at Drumlog, 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-
wood went the poppinsay; 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 stone of a man, or rather a monster, of this
cause, are meted out in the hands of one of these men whom it
was Old Mortality’s delight to repair. I do not remember the
names of the murdered persons, but the circumstances of the
crime were so terrible to my childish imagination, that I am
not now in the health of body to apprise him of the fact.
Mortality wad be rolled nearly
pavement, although I have not seen the original for forty years at
least.

This monstrosity was the Peter Ingats shot,
be bith a tiger rather than a hoot.

"Who, that this his hellish offering might be seen,
Oot off his head, then kick’d it o’er the green;-
This was the head which wad been the crown,
A foot-bal, made by a profound drunkard.

As Duncan’s Letters, Captain Inglish, or Ingats, is repeatedly
mentioned as commanding a troop of horses.

"In the name of Heaven what aye ye?" said the
old woman, breaking off her narrative in astonish-
ment. "But be wha ye may," she continued, re-
summing it with tranquillity, "ye canna ken mair of
wha is gane, thai nae text will be willing to wae
the life o’ friend and foe.

"I know no ill of ye, Mrs. Macpherson, and my
no ill of ye, only wished to ask you if you knew
so much of this person’s affairs, that I might be safely
intrusted with the rest. Proceed, if you please, in
your narrative to me.

"There is a strange command in your voice," she
said, the blind woman, "though its tones are sweet, I
have little man to say. The Stewarts have been deceased,
and William and Mary reign in their stead, but the
perjury word of the Covenant than if it were a dead
letter. They have taken the indulged clergy, and an Eas-
tern General Assembly of the Presbyter plant Kirk of Scotland, even into their very seat
and bosoms. Our faithful champions o’ the test draw
agrees e’en waur w’ this w’ the open tyrants of
apostasy to the persecuting times, for seals are
hardened and deadened, and the mouths of fasting
multitudes are crammed w’ fasting lenses instead of
the sweet taste of suggare. And yet in these
starving creatures, when he sits down on a Sunday
forenoon to get something that might warm less to
the great work, has a dry clatter o’ morality drawn
out of these men, when it is a poor petty
affair for the Covenant, and fasted, and prayed, and
suffered for that grand national league, and now we
are like phlegm, and not bear taste of the suggare,
and fought, and fasted, and prayed. And
anes it was thought something might be made by
bringing back the said family on a new suggare or
a new bottom, as, after a’, when King James that
a’ awa, I understand the great quarrel o’ the English
against him was in behalf of seven unallowed ro-
lace; and aun, though as part of our peeples were
free to ‘join w’ the present model, and leived an armed
army under the Yerl o’ Angus, yet our honest
friends, and indeed, it was up for purity of doctrine
and freedom of consciences, were deterrid to hear
the breath o’ the Jacobites before they took part again
them, fearin to fa’ to the ground like a wall bell
unhallowed mortal, or from sitting between e’en
atrode.

"They chose an old querter," said Morton, "from
which might work freedom of consciences and purity
of doctrine.

"O, dear sir!" said the landlady, "the natural
depressing rises in the east, but the spiritual day
may rise in the north, for what we bled and
marred.

"And Burley went to the north to seek it?" said
the guest.

"Truly sy, sir; and he saw Claver’s himself, that
they ca’ Dundee now.

"What! exclaimed Morton, in amazement; I
would have sworn that meeting, would have happen-
lost of one of their lives.

"Na, na, sir; in troubled times, as I understand
said the landlord, "there’s sudden ebbs and
floods, and meeny muses mean that the
King James’s greatest faults, are on his side now—O
ver ye and your friend fair, and sent him to come
write Lord Evandale. But then there was a breach
for Lord Evandale wadna look at, hear, or speak o’
him; and now he’s aane wad and eye waw, and
ayin for revenge on Lord Evandale, and the great
work of any thing but burn and slay—and O than seaed
passion! they unseat his name, and got the head
smire and the body.
CHAPTER XLI.

OLD MORTALITY.

One day, did you ever see him alone but the Bible was in his hand, and the drawn sword on his knee? Did you ever see him stand on the same room in his cell and hear him strive in his dreams with the delusions of Satan? O, ye ken little of him, if ye have seen him only in fair daylight, for nay man can put the face upon him. There is an aguish in his look, a strife in his words, that one might lose his heart, while the hair on his brow was dressed as fast as ever our parson thatched roof did in a heavy rain.

As she spoke, Morton began to recollect the appearance of Burley during his sleep in the hay-loft at Minnewaska. The report of his talks that his senses had become impaired, and some whispers current among the Carmelites, who boasted frequently of Burley's soul's consolations with the Devil, had impressed some of the associates led him to conclude that this was a victim to those delusions, though his mind, naturally acute and forthright, only disguised his superstition from those in whose opinion it 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 fit which it occasioned until he was either freed from superstition, or surrounded by such as held him more highly in account of these visitations. It was natural to suppose, and could easily be inferred from the narrative of Mrs. Maclellan, that disambition, wrecked hopes, and the downfall of the party which had suffered his disgrace, the devoures of his conscience, and a disposition to aggravate enthusiasm in temporary insanity. It was, indeed, no uncommon circumstances in those agitation, circumstances to which the characters of Mr. Overton, and others, themselves slaves to the wildest and most extravagant dreams, could, when musing in a dark closet, confess that they were not only with good sense in difficulties, and courage in dangers, but with the most acute sagacity and determined valor.

The subsequent part of Mrs. Maclellan's information consisted of the strange episode which occurred on the evening.

"In the gray of the morning," she said, "my little Peggy will show ye the gate to him before the sodgers are up, let ye myself have the hour of daylight; wha she can't be, ower, afore ye venture on him in his place of refuge. Peggy will tell ye when to venture in. She keeps her ways well, for whereas she carries him some little help that he can do without to sustain life."

"And in what retreat then," said Morton, "has this unfledged refuge found refuge in?"

"An awsome place," answered the blind woman, "as ever living creature took refuge in. They ca' it the Black Lain of Linklater—it's a doleful place; but he was a good beast him and he was often been in safe hiding there; and it's my belief he prefers it to a tapestried chamber and a down bed. But yet, sure, I thought—"

"And did you see him," said Morton, "as a dark-ham told me yesterday, who came to the door of the fall?"

"Wad ye choose any thing, sir, ergo ye bekat, yourself to your part; for ye may stir wi' the first dawn of the gray light?"

"Nothing more, my good mother," said Morton, "and parted for the evening."

Morton recommended himself to Heaven, threw himself on the bed, heard, between sleeping and waking, the trampling of the dragon horses at the riders' return to their patrol, and then slept soundly after such painful agitation.

CHAPTER XLI.

The darkest cave they enter, where they found
The accursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Mussing fallately in his fallen mind.

Stream.

As the morning began to appear on the mountains, a forlorn person, for refuge of the humble apartment in which Morton slept, met a girtine treacherous voice asked him from without, "If he was pleased to gang to the Linn or the folk raise?"

"I disapprove," said Morton, dressing himself hastily, went forth and joined his little guide. The mountain maid tripped lightly before him, through the gray haze, over hill and moor. It was a wild and varied walk, unmarked by any regular or distinguishable track, and keeping, upon the whole, the direction of the ascent of the brook, though crossing its winding and windings. The landscape, as they advanced, became waster and more wild, until nothing but heath and rock remained underfoot. Morton asked his guide, "Is the place still distant?" said Morton. "Nearly a mile off," answered the girl. "We'll be there before."

"And do you often go this wild journey, my little maid?"

"When grannie sends me wi' milk and meal to the Linn," answered the child. "And are you not afraid to travel so wild a road alone?"

"Hoot na, sir," replied the guide; "na living creature went there a bit thing as I am, and grannie says we need never fear any thing else when we are doing a god's turn."

"Strong inenceance as in triple mail," said Morton to himself, and followed her steps in silence.

They soon came to a decayed thicket, where brambles and thorns grew in the dusk, and shorn and withered in the barren rock; trees and shrubs of which it had once consisted. Here the guide turned short off the open heath, and, by a shoestring, conducted Morton to the brook. A hoarse and sullen roar had in part prepared him for the scenery which presented itself, yet it was not to be viewed without surprise and even terror. When he emerged from the dark path that led to the thicket, he found himself placed on a ledge of flat rock, projecting over one side of a cleft not less than a hundred feet, and bed from sight the dark pool which received its tormented waters; far beneath, 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 ledge 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 every eye, his little attendant, as she turned to look back for her guide, who was often been in safe hiding there; and it's my belief he prefers it to a tapestried chamber and a down bed. But yet, sure, I thought—"

"And did you see him," said Morton, "as a dark-ham told me yesterday, who came to the door of the fall?"

"Wad ye choose any thing, sir, ergo ye bekat, yourself to your part; for ye may stir wi' the first dawn of the gray light?"

"Nothing more, my good mother," said Morton, "and parted for the evening."

Morton recommended himself to Heaven, threw himself on the bed, heard, between sleeping and waking, the trampling of the dragon horses at the riders' return to their patrol, and then slept soundly after such painful agitation.

CHAPTER XLI.

The darkest cave they enter, where they found
The accursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Mussing fallately in his fallen mind.

Stream.

As the morning began to appear on the mountains, a forlorn person, for refuge of the humble apartment in which Morton slept, met a girtine treacherous voice asked him from without, "If he was pleased to gang to the Linn or the folk raise?"

"I disapprove," said Morton, dressing himself hastily, went forth and joined his little guide. The mountain maid tripped lightly before him, through the
and three-fourths of the height above the dark, deep, and restless pool which received its fall. Both these tremendous forces, that is, the power of the water, mainly, of the year, the unbroken stream, and the deep and sombre avenue into which it was emptied, were full before him, as well as the whole continuous mass of bellowing foam, which, dashing from the one, was eddying and boiling in the other. They were so near this grand phenomenon that they were covered with its spray, and yet we saw his face thrown into a thousand minute, incident, formed a bridge of feebly narrow dimensions and uncertain footing. The upper edge of the tree rested on the platform on which they stood—the lower ended behind a projection on the opposite side, and was secured, Morton's eye could not discover where. From behind the same projection glimmered a phosphorous light, which, glancing in the waves of the falling water, and tingling them partially with crimson, had a strange preternatural and sinister effect; when contrasted with the rays of the rising sun, which glanced on the first broken waves of the fall, though even in its meridian splendour could not gain the third of its full development. When he had looked around for a moment, the girl again pulled his sleeve, and pointing to the oak and the projecting point beyond it, (for hearing only the sound was not enough to satisfy the question,) indicated that there lay his farther pasture.

Morton gazed at her with surprise; for, although he well knew that the persecuted prebendaries had in their day sought refuge among dunghills, and thickets, caves, and cataracts,—in spots the most extraordinary and sequestered,—although he had heard of the frayings of the Covenanters, he who had known abidden beside Dobb's-linn on the wild heights of Polmood, and others who have been concealed, 'a the yet more terrific cavern called Creehope-linn, in the parish of Closhorn, yet his imagination had never exactly figured out the horrors of such a residence, and he was surprised how the strange and romantic sceneries 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, it still 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 was known. As breaking from these meditations, he began to—

The severity of persecution often drove the sufferers to hide themselves in the recesses of the earth, where they had not only to struggle with the real dangers of damp, darkness, and solitude, but with the excruciating agony; in their case, to oppose the internal powers by which such caverns were believed to be haunted. A very romantic scene of rocks, thickets, and wreaths of moss, in the clefts of Closhorn. And, of Closhorn, is said to have been the retreat of some of these enthusiasts, who judged it safer to face the appearance by which the place was thought to be haunted, than expose themselves to the rest of their mortal enemies.

Another remarkable encounter between the First Friend and the champions of the Covenant, is preserved in certain rude rhymes, not yet forgotten in Bonet Forest. Two items, it is said, by name Halford Dobson and David Dum, constructed for themselves a place of refuge, and a hidden retreat of a very savage character, by the side of a considerable waterfall, near the head of Moffat water. Here, concealed from human eyes, they were assailed by Satan himself, who came upon them grinning and making a sport of them, as if to frighten them, and disturb their devotions. The wanderers more incensed than astonished at this sudden encounter, assailed their ghostly visitor, but fled him soundly with their Bibles, and compelled him at length to change himself into the semblance of a pack of dried hares, in which shape he rolled down the cascades. The shape which he assumed was probably designed to excite the cupidities of Satan himself, who, as the law of hell shall, might have been disposed to attempt something to save a package of good leather. Thus—

"Hal Deb and David Din, Dang the Deil over Dobson's Lion." The popular verses recording this feat, to which Burns seems to have alluded when he quotes them for some of his address to the Deil may be found in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. ii.

The old doctrine of human nature, that superstition should have aggravated, by the most sacred of them, that of the incommunicable character; were dispensed by the gloomy haunts to which they fled after rape.

consider how he should traverse the doubtful and terrific bridge, which, skirted by the arms of the stream, and slapped by its constant streams, traversed the chasm above sixty feet from the bottom of the fall, his guide, as if to give his courage a push, resolved to attempt it first. Envoying for a moment the little, bare feet, which caught a safer hold of the rugged side of the cataract he could procure to, with his heavy boots, was never resolved to attempt the passage, and, fixing his eye on a stationary object on the other side, without allowing his head to become giddy, or his vision to be dimmed by the flash, the flash, and the roar of the waters around him, he stood steadily and safely along the uncertain bridge, and reached the mouth of a small cavern on the safer side of the torrent. Here he paused; for a light, proceeding from a fire of red-hot charcoal, conceded 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 red. What he observed would have by no means encouraged a less determined man to proceed with the task which he had undertaken.

Burley, only altered from what he had been formerly, and found him in a holy beard, seated amidst the cave, with his clasped Bible in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other. His figure, despite the sober dress, was that of a fiend in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium, and his gestures and words, as far as they could be heard, seemed equally violent and irregular. All acknowledge Burley's good manners. In this instance, his demeanour was that of a man who saves for life and death with a mortal enemy. It was with a proud haughtiness that he said—

"Deil I set out the less; it has not changed; and the Deil shall never, save you and me; Coward as thou art—come in all thy terrors—come with mine own evil deeds, which render thee most terrible of all; there is enough between the boards of this book to rescue me. What matters these tales of gray hairs?—it was well done to slay him—the man who is the reader for the sake. Art gone?—

At last I have ever known thee but a coward—ha ha ha!"

With these wild exclamations he sank the point of his sword, and remained standing still in the same posture, but his eyes would be a maniac whose fit is over. The dangerous time is by now," said the little girl who had followed him, "it seldom lasts beyond the usual bound of an hour, so we must speak with him now. I'll wait for you at the other side of the linn; he cannot hide to see two folk at once. Slowly and cautiously, and keeping constantly upon his guard, Morton presented himself to the view of his old associate in command. "What do you mean then about the thing being over?" was his first exclamation, and flourishing his sword aloft, his countenance assumed an expression in which ghastly terror seemed mingled with the rage of a demoniac.

"I am come, Mr. Belfour," said Morton, as 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, and not a ghost, he lighted up the match of his extraordinary character. He smelt the sword-point at once, and, as he stole it commo into the scabbard, he muttered something in its sharp sounds, which sent an old soldier into a violent exercise, to prevent his blood from chilling. Finding, as soon as he proceeded in the cold determined pace which was peculiar to his ordinary discourse. "Now, sir, you have not come to the vintage before the twelfth hour, have you?"

Morton acknowledged his fault, and assented.

"Art thou yet willing to take the right
of fellowship, and be one with those who look not to thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture, for theirs is the kingdom of God, and the kingdom, in the form in which the word is universally used, is the form in which the word is used by our Lord and His followers.

"I am surprised," said Morton, evading the direct answer to his question, "that you should have known me at one glance.

"The features of those who ought to act with me are engraved on my heart," answered Burley; "and few but Shakspeare and his son have spoken with me in words which have been formed for me alone, unless those that bridge the 'Nature's own construction?' he added, pointing to the prostrate oak-tree—"one spur of my foot, and it is overwhelmed, in the abyss below, biding forever at the base stand at defiance, and leaving enemies on this at the mercy of one, who never met his equal in single fight.

"Of such defence," said Morton, "I should have thought you would now have little need.

"Little need!" said Burley impatiently. "What Impostures are the eloquence was found equal to overcome me against me on earth, and Satan him self—but it matters not," added he, checking himself—"Enough that I like my love of refuge—my cave of Abidiah, and would not change its rude ribs of lime-stone rock for the fair chambers of the castle of the Earl of Torwood, with their broad boards and barony. Thus, under the shade of the foolish leaver-be it over, mayst think differently.

"It was of those very possessions I came to speak to you. I doubt not to find Mr. Balfour the same rational, and reflecting person which I knew him to be in times when zeal distinucted brethren.

"Ay!" said Burley; "indeed! Is such truly your honour? I do not partake of its praises?

"In a word then," said Morton, "you have exercised, by means at which I can guess, a secret, but not premeditated influence, of which I cannot tell; Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and in favour of that base, oppressive apostate, Basil Olfant, was placed in possession of their lawful property.

"Say thou to me!" said Balfour.

"I do say so," replied Morton; "and face to face you will not deny what you have wished by your handwriting.

"And suppose I deny it not!" said Balfour, "and suppose that the eloquence was found equal to overcome me against me on earth, and Satan himself—but it matters not," added he, checking himself—"Enough that I like my love of refuge—my cave of Abidiah, and would not change its rude ribs of lime-stone rock for the fair chambers of the castle of the Earl of Torwood, with their broad boards and barony. Thus, under the shade of the foolish leaver-be it over, mayst think differently.

"I have no such hope," answered Morton calmly.

"And for whom, then, hast thou ventured to do this great insult?" asked Morton. "I doubt not, at least, to bring forth food from the den of the lion, and to extract sweetness from the maw of the devourer—For whose sake?" he again asked, when he saw to read this riddle, more hard than Sampson's?" for Lord Evandale's and that of his bride," replied Morton firmly. "Think better of mankind, Mr. Balfour, and believe there are some who are willing to assercifie their happiness to that of others.

"Then, as my soul liveth," replied Balfour, "thou art, to wear beard, and back a horse, and draw a sword, the tamest and most gull-papet, that ever sustained injury unavenged. What! thou wouldst fap that occurred Evandale to the arms of the woman thou lovest!—thou wouldst end them with wealth and with heritages, and thou think'st that there lives another man, offended even more deeply, yet equally cold-blooded and mean-spirited, clawing upon the face of the earth, and hast dared to suppose that one other is to be John Balfour.

"For my own feelings," said Morton compendiously, "I am answerable to none but Heaven—To you, Mr. Balfour, I should suppose it of little consequence whether Basil Olfant or Lord Evandale possess these estates.

"Thou art deceived," said Burley; "both are indeed as dead as those to the light, in which he whose eyes have never turned to the day. But this Basil Olfant is a Nabas—a Damas—a base churl, whose wealth and power are at the disposal of him who can threaten to deprive him of them. He became the professor because he was deprived of these lands of Tel-Ab Doth—because he was deprived to the last of them—he called himself an Erastian, that he might not again lose them, and he will become what I list while I have in charge the docile docet. I will deprive him of them. These lands are a bit between his jaws and a hook in his nostrils, and the red and the brown line are in my hand to guide them. As for me, and he they shall therefore do as I please, I had assurance of bestowing them on a sure and sincere friend. But Lord Evandale is a malignant, of heart like flint, and as a thorn against all the hopes of the world fall on him like leaves on the frost-bound earth, and unmove d, will see them whirled off by the first wind. The heathen virtues of such as he are more dangerous to us than the sorcid cupidity of those, who, governed by their interest, must follow where it leads, and who, therefore, themselves the slaves of avare, may be consumed by combing ourselves against me, earth, were it but to earn the...
TALES OF MY LANDCRAFT.

You have neither men nor means, Mr. Balfour, to describe the governance of this country," 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 Balfour, "that should serve you. I went to the camp of the malignant Cleaver, as in the future King of Famine swept the land of thePhilistines; I brought him a report of it, and, but for the villain Evandale, the Ersaints were now had been driven from the west—I could stay him," he added, "with a weight of facts."

"He then proceeded in a calmer tone: "If thou, son of mine ancient comrades, wert better for thyself to this Edith Belledene, and went willing to put thy hand to the great work with zeal equal to thy courage, think not; I would prefer the friendship of Basil Offiant to thine; thou shouldst then have the means that (bless the providence of Parliament) affords, to place her in possession of the lands of her father. This has I longed to say to thee ever since I knew how the good fight so strongly at the fatal Bridge. 'The maiden loved thee, and thon, her.' Morton replied firmly, "I will not dissemble 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 my selfish end of my own. I have failed—I crave for your sake, more than for the least of your enemies, to avert the disaster that is about to follow on thy head.

"You refuse my proffer, then?" said Balfour, with stinging 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 pertinence to Lord Ersaint, to be for the advantage of the lawful heir."

Sooner shall it perish!" said Balfour; and, casting his glance round, beseeched him, pressed it down with the heel of his boot.

While it smote, shrivelled, and cracked in the flask, Morton sprung forward to snatch it, and Balfour catching hold of it, a struggle ensued. Both were strong men, but although Morton was much the more active and younger of the two, Balfour was the most powerful, and effectively prevented him from rescuing the deed until it was fairly reduced to a cinder. They then quitted hold of each other, and the contumacious, enraged by the contest, glared on Morton with an eye expressive of frantic revenge.

"Thou hast my secret," he exclaimed; "thou must be destroyed, or I perish with thee."

"I condemn your threats," said Morton; "I pity you, and leave you.

But he had turned to retire, Balfour sprang before him, pushed the oak-trunk from its resting place, and, as it fell thundering and crashing into the abyss beneath, drew his sword, and cried out, with a voice that raved back the roar of the utaract and the thunder of the falling oak—"Now thou art at bay—fight—yield, or die!" and standing in the mouth of the abyss, he brandished his sword.

"I will not fight with the man that preserved my father's life," said Morton; "I have not yet learned to use these 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 which he had previously been common to him, leaped clear across the fearful chasm which divided the mouth of the cave from the projecting rock on the other side, where a man would feel safe and free from his insensible enemy. He immediately ascended the ravine, and, as he turned, saw Balfour stand for an instant aghast with astonishment, and then, with the fiercest of disconsolate rages, rush into the interior of his cavern.

It was not difficult for him to perceive that this unhappy man's mind had now been long agitated by that desperate scheme and sudden disappointments, that
CHAPTER XLIV.

OLD MORTALITY.

He occasionally trespassed, confiding in his merit as an ancient servant of the family, and a true fellow;—it's Cabbie Gibbie, as your lordship will ha'en, that keeps Eddie Henshaw's eye down yonder at the Bridge-end—that's him that was Goose-Gibbi at Tullistiel, and grand to the wappinshaw, and that—.

"Hold your peace, John," said the old lady, rising in dignity; "you are very incoherent. Think you to speak wi' a person like me? Let him tell his business to you or Mrs. Headrig." 

"He'll no hear of that, my lady; he says, them that sent him believe on the thing you say the lordship's ain hand direct, or to Lord Evandale's, he wos nae whilk. But, to say the truth, he's far frae fresh, and he's but an idiot an' he was." 

"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 of the house." 

"Like enough, my lady, for he's a' in rags, poor creature." 

Gudjill made another attempt to get at Giebbie'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 the practices of Olfant, and exhorting him either to instant flight, or else to come to Glasgow and surrender himself, where he could assure him of protection. This billet was written in the hand of Giebbie, whom he saw feeding his herd beside the bridge, and backed with a couple of dollars his desire that it might instantly be delivered into the hand to which it was addressed. 

But it was decreed that Goose-Gibbi's intermediation, whether as an emissary or as a man-at-arms, should be unprofitable to the family of Tullistiel. He unhappily tarried so long at the sloe-house, to prove if his employer's coin was good, that, when he appeared at Fairy-Knowes, the little sense which nature had given him was insensibly 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, perversely 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 bashfulness of a bride who was at hand, to place them at ease. Lord Evandale took the opportunity to speak to Lady Edith, on indifferent topics. At this moment, Edith, with a countenance as pale as death, muttered, rather than asked, a question, which was whispered, to Lord Evandale, by the young lady to whom he was engaged. He offered his arm, and supported her into the small ante-room, which as we have before seen, opened from the parlour. He placed her in a chair, and, taking one herself, waited 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 occupying your kindness," said Lord Evandale mildly, "you will soon, Edith, be released from it." 

"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 almost inevitable ruin which yawns before us." 

"Forgive me, Miss Bellenden; even your solicitude on my account must not detain me when your honour calls. My horses stand ready saddled, my servants are prepared, the horses are ready saddled, and my lady shall be so soon as I reach Kilby.—If it is my fate that calls me, I will not shun meeting it. I will be something," he said, taking her hand, "it is doing your com passion, since I cannot gain your love." 

"O, my lord, remain!" said Edith, in a tone which
TALES OF MY LANDLORD. [ Chap. XIV.

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 distress me! do not speak of the accusation to be our prop and stay, and hope every thing from time!"

"It is too late, Edith," answered Lord Evandale; "and I were most ungenerous could I precise on the visitor of a house where things were changed towards me. I know you cannot love me; nervous distress, so strong as to conjure up the appearance of the dead or spirit. I bear a part of the affection to be powerful to give way to friendship and gratitude alone. But were it otherwise, the die is now cast."

As he spoke thus, Cudde burst into the room, terror and hate in his countenance. "O, my lord, hide yourself! they have beset the outlet of the house," was his first exclamation.

"They? Who?" said Lord Evandale.

"A party of horse, headed by Basil Olifant," answered Cudde.

"O, hide yourself, my lord!" echoed Edith, in agony of terror.

"I will not, by Heaven!" answered Lord Evandale. "What right has the villain to assail me, or speak my passage? I will make my way, be it by the back or by a regiment; tell Halliday and Hunter to get out the horses—And now, farewell, Edith!" He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly; then he mounted his horse, and rode towards the castle, where the stream, the bullets from the pistols and carbines of his pursuers whizzing around him. Two balls took effect where he was, and wounded him, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He raised his horse round the midst of the river, and returned towards the castle, still left, waving them with the purpose of intimidating him that surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way in the river to seize and disarm him. But it presently appeared that his purpose was revenge not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his strength and energy, and, with his head on the head of one, which tumbled him from his horse. The other drogaon, a strong muscular man, had in the mean while laid hands on him. Burley, in requisit, grasped his throat, as a davy tiger seizes his prey, and both, losing the saddle in the struggle, came headlong into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their corpses must be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice seen to rise, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Burley clinging to him in a manner that showed his desire to be drowned; but their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Ballour's grasp could not have been unchained without cutting off his hands both been thrown into the hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a rudier epitaph.*

* Gentle reader, I did respect of mine honest friend Peter Frost, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his faith and just dealings, as well in negoci as in small wars, to procure me on his next progressions to that villa, a copy of the Britonish almanac. And according to his request, which I saw no ground to decline, it runns thus:

Here lies one mort to pratelev alw,
Being John Balfour, sometime of Ballockt,
Who stirred up to vengeance sake,
For broken Leam and bruised cheek,
Upon the Muglo-Moer Yin Fife,
Fist James Shaper the sportsman's life;
By Dutchman's hands was back and shot.
These drowned in Glyde near this mean spot.

The railwa was Ballour of Kinocho, a tamer to Scotia,
land as his violent death in the manner described, to entirely fictitious. He was wounded at Bothwell Bridge, where he uttered an expression transferred to the vicissitude with his religious pretensions. He afterwards escaped to Holland, where he found refuge, in other situations of the disturbed period. His biographer seems simple enough to believe that he was the Prince of the Game's observations, "That having still a desire to be avenged upon those who persecuted the Lord's cause and people in Scotland, it is not his object to suggest that the Dutchman met his end at sea before his arrival in Scotland, whereby his death was never divulged, and so the land was saved from the blood of them who had shed innocent blood, according to the law of the Dutchman's idol Halliday, who was an intrepid fellow, took aim in Anglia, and shot him dead on the spot. At the same instant, a shot from behind the hedge, still more effectually avenged
Conclusion.

I had determined to waive the task of a concluding chapter, leaving to the reader's imagination the arrangements which must necessarily take place after the end of the book. But as I was aware that my predecessors were wanting for a practice, which might be found convenient both to readers and compilers, I could not decide to have none at all; and, dashed as I was by the news of the lady's death, when fortunately I was honoured with an invitation to drink tea with Miss Martha Buskbody, a young lady who has carried on the profession of mantua-making from her father's but in a manner far more successful, 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 store of those circular libraries, the fashionable, the cheap and the two or three next market-rooms. When, with a palpitating heart, I appeared before her in the evening, I found her much disposed to be complimentary. But, to my surprise, she objected, and I was informed she was writing the glasses of her spectacles, "by any novel, excepting the Tale of Jenny and Jenny Jemmy, which is indeed pathetic 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 John de Konville, I am afraid that will be altogether overlooked. Let us see a glimpse of sunshine in the last chapter; it is quite essential."

"It is unnecessary, sir," she said, with a slight nod of reprimand, "to be particular concerning their matrimonial concerns. But what is your objection to let us have, in a general way, a glimpse of their future felicity?"

"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 more and more insipid in the last cup. Never as I think the one is by no means improved by the insipid lump of half-dissolved sugar usually found at the bottom of it, so am I of opinion that a history, growing already vapid, is but dulcified cruched by a detail of circumstancs which every reader must have anticipated, even though the author exhaust on them every every epithet in his language."

"This will not do, Mr. Pattinson," continued the times, reaction, were only adopted in consequence of the death of John de Konville,"

The late Mr. Wempsy of Wempsy Hall, in Fifehire, succeeded that property in late times, and had several accounts, papers, autographs, etc., which became the subject of old house criticism. It is not known what became of them. In the Brussels papers of 29th July, 1867, Lieutenant-Colonel Belgrave. is mentioned as having a number of the troops of the King of the Netherlands in the West Indies.
"Mrs. Wilson, madam?" answered I; "she was perhaps the happiest of the party; for once a year
and 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, stood
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 Alston the other six, so that a
single day of rejoicing found her business for all the
year round."

"And Neil Brown?" said Miss Baskbody.

"Lived to a good old age, drank ale and brandy
with guests of all persuasions, played whig or Jacobite
tunes as best pleased his customers, and died worth
as much money as married Jenny to a cock lard. I
hope, ma'am, you have no other inquiries to make, for
really?

"Goose-Gibbie, sir?" said my persevering friend;

"Goose-Gibbie, whose ministry was fraught with
such consequences to the personages of the narra-
tive?"

"Consider, my dear Miss Baskbody.—(I beg pardon
for the familiarity,)—but pray consider, even the me-
ory of the renowned Scherezade, 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 him the same with one Gil-
bert Dudden, alias Calf-Gibbie, who was whipped
through Hamilton for stealing poultry."

Miss Baskbody now raised 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 assume this contemplative mood, I
concluded she was studying some farther grosse exa-
mination, and therefore took my hat and wished her
a hearty 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 pa-
tience which has conducted you thus far, I take the
liberty to withdraw myself from you for the present.

PERORATION.

It was my earnest wish, most courteous Reader,
that the "Tales of my Landlord" should have reached
thine hands in one entire succession of tomes, or vo-
lumes. But as I sent some few more manuscript
quires, containing the continuation of these most
pleasing narratives, I was apprized, somewhat uce-
moniously, by my publisher, that he did not approve
of novels (as he injuriously called these real histories)
extending beyond four volumes, and, if I did not
agree to the first four being published separately, he
was threatened to decline the article. (O, ignorance! 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 al-
ready incurred, I have resolved that these four vo-
lumes shall be the heralds or avant-couriers of the
Tales which are yet in my possession, nothing doubting
that they will be eagerly favoured and the
remainder anxiously demanded, by the unanimous
voice of the public. I rest, esteemed Reader,
this as thou shalt construe me.

JEREMIAH CLEMSBOOTH.
Gundercgough, Nov. 16, 1818.

THE END OF OLD MORTALITY.
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