

any money. My board was paid by M'Donald, and all my expenses. I was treated very kindly by them all, but there I was, and there they intended to keep me. I never spent such a dull Christmas in all my life, and hope never to spend such another. Instead of going to the Cathedral with Arthur, and dining at a party to which I was asked, there I was, smoking an old clay pipe, and moping over a glass of beer, in a dingy back parlour of a small village inn. Had you seen me that day, you would have seen the picture of misery, I assure you. But to continue my story: I was there a whole week (till 31st Dec.), when, driven to desperation, I sold my topcoat to pay my fare back to the city. Immediately I arrived, I went to the police office to report myself. I saw the detective, and he showed me the warrants which were out for my arrest. I next went to see Arthur, and he was overjoyed to see me, and so was my governor; both thought I was murdered, and had given up all hope of seeing me again. Next morning (New Year's day), Arthur and I went a long walk to console ourselves and talk over the happy Christmas times we had spent at home. Neither of us had a *cent* to get a glass of beer with, so were forced to drink all your healths in a *glass of water*. How different from the last, which, if you remember, we spent in Glasgow; never mind, I will make up for it next year if I am spared. On the following day I went to Mr M'Nab, who is Crown Attorney here, and who is prosecuting the case against the prisoner Hanlan. Of course he had put off the case, but he said he never expected to see anything more of me but my corpse, as he said they often have witnesses put out of the way here. He showed me a proclamation