

two letters from Mary, written and sent by stealth, but my father and the Doctor kept up a regular correspondence; what their ultimate intentions were regarding me I had no means of knowing, but an affair occurred about this time, which brought things to a crisis.

At this School there were three assistants or ushers as we called them. Mr. Forsyth, the Minister of this Parish, was one of them; he saw through my temper and disposition, and was shocked at the manner in which the Doctor treated me the day I was imperfect in some task, and Mr. Forsyth remonstrated with me in a kind and friendly manner. I had been so long unaccustomed to any thing of the sort, that it fairly overcame me, and I burst into tears; when school was over we had a long conversation, in which I told him all I have narrated to you, and a great deal besides, which I cannot now remember; he appeared to feel greatly for me, and gave me much good advice, which I acted upon. I applied myself to my studies, and gave the highest satisfaction to my new friend, but the notice thus bestowed upon me, seemed to render the Doctor more inveterate against me, and at length I declared I would enlist as a private soldier. Mr. Forsyth has since told me that he was much puzzled how to act, as his interest led him one way, and what he considered the strict letter of his duty as a Christian another. His parents, though respectable, were very poor, and he had nothing to depend upon, but the situation he held under Dr. Simpson. He was a Licentiate of the Church of Scotland, but had scarcely a hope of ever getting a Parish; to his honor therefore, be it spoken, he followed the dictates of conscience, and wrote a plain unvarnished statement of what he had seen, and of what I had detailed to him, and sent it to my father; by his advice, I at the same time, wrote to my mother, humbly, but fully, and begged for her intercession with my father.

We had been looking for a reply from the Park for some time when one day we were both summoned to the presence of the Doctor who, to our dismay and astonishment, produced both our letters enclosed in one from my father to himself. I will not attempt a description of the scene that took place; he loaded Mr. Forsyth with abuse "betrayal of the man whose bread^h he ate," and "domestic spy," were among the mildest epithets bestowed on him, and he dismissed him on the spot, and ordered him to quit the room. He then turned on me with the glare of a tiger, and exclaimed, "as for you, you ungrateful scoundrel, I have often been compelled to punish you with severity, but I'll now make you confess that all gone-by was child's play—strip." I was tall and powerful for my age, and I never wanted pluck, besides which, oppression had "stirred the old Adam within me," so in place of obeying his laconic command, I told him that if he would forgive Mr. Forsyth I