

cautious route conducted them to the summit of the opposite eminence, & immediately after the whole party still led by Campbell, began to clamber down the perilous descent, pausing every now and then to discharge their pieces on the enemy below. many of whom fell by their well-directed shot, while not a few of the soldiers also perished by the fire of the katherans. Nothing daunted by the appalling dangers of their situation, Campbell and his party continued their descent until they had fairly succeeded in gaining the level ground at the bottom of the rock, where the den of the freebooters was situated.

Previous to his reaching this place of comparative safety, however, Campbell made a narrow escape from the vengeance of Donald Gorm himself, who was traversing the platform below like a caged tiger. As the former stood for a moment, during his descent, in a very exposed situation, and within sixty or eighty yards of the katheran leader, the latter, who scarcely knew what it was to miss his aim, deliberately levelled at him and fired. The bullet passed through Campbell's bonnet, ploughing up a furrow on his left temple, of two or three inches in length but fortunately of no depth.

Donald, after discharging his musket not doubting the accuracy of his aim, nor its results, eagerly looked for the fall of his intended victim; but he fell not. Furious with disappointment, the fierce outlaw planted the butt of his musket with great violence on the ground, and was in the act of driving home another charge, when a pistol bullet from Campbell, passed through his wrist, shattering the bone of his arm, and entirely depriving him of all use of his right hand.

"Ah, is it then so," exclaimed the wounded outlaw, on receiving the shot and at the same time holding up and gazing on the lacerated limb; "ay, 'tis done; I am no longer Donald Gorm of the strong arm." Then dashing down the musket, which he could no longer use, and, like another Cæsar, gathering his plaid around him, he looked sternly at Campbell, and called upon him to "fire again, and take better aim." In the next instant, the brave but force bandit fell, pierced by two bullets fired at the same moment from different quarters.

On the fall of their leader, the others betook themselves to flight, and from their intimate knowledge of the localities of the place, found no difficulty in effecting their escape.

Campbell, accompanied by three or four soldiers, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, now entered the outlaws' cavern, and in penetrating to its innermost chamber, which was dark as midnight, called out inquiring if there was any one prisoner there?

The inquiry was answered in the affirmative, in a masculine voice.

"Then," replied Campbell, "here are friends come to rescue you, and to conduct you to a place of safety." And, led by the voice of the captive, he groped his way towards him as he spoke.

"God reward you for the generous deed, sir!" replied the latter.

"You must not, sir, ascribe more generosity to me in this matter than I merit," rejoined Campbell. "My motives were not altogether disinterested. Is there not a lady here also?"

"There is, sir—my poor unfortunate daughter is here," replied the captive. "Isabella, my dear," he continued, "here is a noble gentleman, who has at the hazard of his life, come to rescue us from this dreadful den."

"I—I—have heard what has passed, father," replied the lady to the address of the former, in a voice which overwhelming feelings rendered nearly inaudible. "The gentleman's bravery and generosity has laid upon us a heavy load of obligation indeed," she added pausing at each word she spoke through weakness and emotion.

The tones of the lady's voice had no sooner fallen on Campbell's ear than he became dreadfully agita-

ted. "Let us out to the light! let us out to the light!" he suddenly exclaimed, in wild and hurried accents. "In God's name, let us to the light instantly, that I may see whether my conjunctures be right!"

In a few seconds, the whole party emerged from the cavern, and stood full in the light of day. Campbell glanced for an instant at the countenance of the lady; then folding her arms in his arms—"Gracious heaven! Isabella Malvern!" he exclaimed. "George Campbell!" murmured the fainting girl, and sank senseless in his arms.

The sequel of our story is soon told. The ship in which Isabella and her father—for he was a widower, and she his only child—had embarked for America, was wrecked on the north coast of Scotland; when the former, in making their way through the Highlands for the low country were met and captured by Donald Gorm and his band. The motives which had induced the freebooter to take them prisoners, which was rather an unusual circumstance with those of his profession, were never certainly known; but they could only have been one of these two—either the lady's beauty had made a captive of Donald in turn, or he had hoped to make something of them in the way of ransom.

George Campbell's next step, after having thus singularly effected the rescue of his lover, was to conduct her to his father's house, where they were shortly afterwards married.

Campbell, in due time, succeeded his father; and often did his amiable and happy wife, when seated at the head of her own hospitable table in the Highlands, tell the story of the Golden Ring, which has now become an heir-loom in the family.

* * * We are obliged to omit *Amicus Veritatis*'s reply to the following writer's previous Letter. It will appear next week.

[FOR THE BEE.]

MR EDITOR,

Sir,—I see by some late numbers of the BEE, that "Amicus Veritatis," under the title of *Popular Superstitions*, has given a few remarks upon Witchcraft, Omens, and Apparitions; but as he does not agree with my mind upon the subject, nor give such satisfactory arguments as would convince me to the contrary, I therefore take the freedom, to communicate my opinion. I am well aware that many who flatter themselves with the idea of being "the better informed," are hostile to my opinion, and view it as absurd, and would readily endeavor to refute any argument in favor of it. And on the other hand, many persons, even some whom we respect as intelligent Christians, entertain many erroneous notions concerning Witchcraft, Omens, &c., which I would never have the effrontery to try to support; but what I conceive favorable to scripture, and in no way contrary to reason, I will endeavor to maintain.

With regard to the incidents stated by "Amicus Veritatis," that were supposed by some persons to have been the effects of witchcraft, which he says "happened within the range of his acquaintance," does not prove the non-existence of familiar spirits; but only shows the ignorance and credulity of those persons who imputed them to the work of such beings. And under this head I would only add, that if there had been no such thing as Witchcraft, why would an all-wise Being who looketh not only upon the outward appearance, but also upon the hearts and affections of men, have given commandment to destroy, and put out of the land, all those who had familiar spirits, wizards, &c. And if it be admitted that there have been such persons of old time, I am much mistaken if there are not some of the present day, who claim a relation to the same fraternity. Although I believe, with "Amicus Veritatis," that "there is still much to be done to eradicate the strong holds of superstition;" and that the barbarity and murders committed on ac-

count of it, will be a lasting slur on the land of our forefathers. yet I cannot agree with him in abandoning the belief of the existence of familiar spirits altogether, nor do I think it prudent (though the danger incurred may be trifling), to banter all the old wives in the country.

Concerning the dead lights, or dead candles, and the noise heard, or wraith, (as some term it) as being omniuous of the sudden decease of some individual—these I am almost persuaded to believe; and that there is such I make no doubt, as persons of respectability and candor, whom I esteem, have informed me; and for their sakes I will not harbour any other thought, unless convinced by better argument than that adduced by "Amicus Veritatis."

I might mention many events which I think would go far to establish this point; but as a relation of them would be too tedious, I merely give one as a specimen.

An intimate acquaintance of mine, was going one evening to visit a person who was unwell, and on the way observed a light moving along at a moderate pace, but following the windings of the path; on the succeeding day, I was informed by the person who had seen the light, of the circumstance; but I replied, that it had been the work of the imagination in the mind, proceeding from fear. I was then informed that it was from no such cause, and that fear, at the time, was entirely absent from his mind. The individual who was then sick, immediately died, and the corpse was carried along the same path, exactly in the same way the person who had seen the light, had pointed out.

"Amicus Veritatis" says, concerning Apparitions, "that many proceed from an optical illusion," and that "an acquaintance with the magic lantern or camera obscura, would illustrate this." If I were an adept in optics, I might enlarge upon these remarks; but as my knowledge of that science is limited, I would only add at present, that a person would require something more than an ordinary acquaintance with these instruments, to be able to give a sufficient illustration on that intricate hypothesis, if at all; for who would suppose that an instrument similar to the magic lantern, could be formed without the aid of reflectors.

If persons who tell us that they have seen those spectres, were to acknowledge that their minds have been impressed by like events to that "melancholy catastrophe" related by "Amicus Veritatis," which he said "made such a lasting impression on his mind," I would more readily acquiesce in his opinion; but creditable persons maintain quite the contrary. But why should we express a doubt upon this head, when sacred writers use such language as the following: When Christ appeared to his disciples after the resurrection, it is said, "They were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, handle me, and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones; as ye see me have." "And when Peter escaped out of the prison, and knocked at the door of the gate where many were gathered together, they supposed it to have been his angel." From these, I think it evident that the Apostles believed, that spirits sometimes appeared to man in a bodily shape. The illustrious Harvey, in his "Contemplations of the Night," which I can never read but with veneration, makes the following remarks on Job iv. 12—14, &c.: "This" he says, "brings to my mind a memorable and amazing occurrence, recorded in the Book of Job, (if the sense in which I have always understood this passage be true, Eliphaz was neither in a trance nor in a dream, but perfectly awake.—Though he speaks of sleep, he speaks of it not as falling upon himself, but upon other men, &c.)" soowing the import of the original, "which is, I think, no inconsiderable proof of the real existence of Apparitions, on some very extraordinary exigencies; while it discountenances those legions of idle tales, which superstition has raised and credulity received;—since