

fire; and just as she was gaun out o' the room, I remembered about the pouther! Nev-
er was human being in such a mortal state
o' perturbation before. The sweat broke a'
owre me. I rose and intended to rin down
stairs, just to say that 'I hoped in the name
o' safety she hadna ta'en the peats off the
north side o' the stack!' However, I had
hardly reached the stair-head, and the sneek
o' the door was still in my hand, when—good
gracious!—sic an explosion!—sic a shout o'
terror!—sic a tumblin' o' chairs and a break-
in' o' glasses! I banged into the room; it
was full of smoke, and the smell o' sulphur
was dreadful. 'Are ony o' ye hurt?' says I.
There was groanin' and swearin' on ilka
hand; and some o' them cried 'Seize him!—
'Seize me!' cried I—'goodness, sirs! wad ye
seize a magistrate in his ain house?' The
lid o' the kettle was blown up the chimney;
the kettle itself was driven across the table,
wi' its boiling' contents scattered right an
left, an' nae small portion o' them poured
over the precious person o' Captain Oliver!
Oh! it was terrible!—terrible!—sic a delem-
ma as I never witnessed in my born days.
I was in a situation that was neither to be
explained nor described. Some o' them were
fearfully scalded and scorched, too; an'
naething would satisfy them, but that I in-
tended to blow up the Captain an' the
company! It was a second 'Gunpowther
Plot' to secure the election o' Mr. Wood!
'How did I answer,' said they, 'for the pou-
ther being in the peats at all? and why did I
leave the room in confusion, at the very mo-
ment it was, about to take place?' 'Oh!
thought I, as they put the questions, 'what a
lamentable situation is mine for any man, but
especially a magistrate, to be in!' As for
Mrs. Gourlay, instead of sympathising for
my distress, she flew at me like a teegar, an'
seized me by the hair o' the head before them
a'. Weel, the upshot was, that I was ta'en
before my brother magistrates; and, sinking
wi' shame as I was, I tauld the naked truth,
an' was very severely admonished. I admit-
ted I had acted very indiscreetly, an' very
unbecoming a member o' the council; but I
assured them, on my solemn oath, that I
hadna dune sae wi' malice in my heart.
They a'kenned me to be a very quiet, inoffen-
sive man; an' the Captain's party agreeing
that, if I voted for him the next day, they
would push the matter no farther, I gied him
my hand an' promise, an' the business was
dropped. But the next day, the great day of

election, came. Until I had promised, the
numbers o' the candidates were equal; an-
sure enough, mine was the important—
casting vote. Weel, just as I was steppin'
down to the town-house, we' my een fix-
upon the ground—for I was certain th-
everybody was looking at me—some pers-
tapped me upon the shoulder, an' I looked;
an' there was a sheriff's officer! A kind
palsy ran owre me frae head to foot in a mo-
ment! 'Mr. Gourlay,' said the man, 'I a-
sorry to inform ye that ye are my prisoner.'
'Is it possible?' said I. 'Weel, if ye'll ge-
allow me to gang up an' vote, I'll see ab-
bail.

'Ye may come into the public-house hen-
said he; 'but I canna allow ye to vote, an-
to go out o' my sight.'

Weel, I was arrested for the debt that
owed to the manufacturer. It was gey he-
vy, and during an election though it was,
found bail wasna to be had. I voted nae
that day, an' that night I went to jail. It
there about three months, an', when I g-
free, I found that I was also freed from a
persecution o' Mrs. Gourlay, who had broke
a blood-vessel in a fit o' passion, an', durin'
my imprisonment, was buried by the side
her relations: an' such are the particulars
my persecution during an election; an', cer-
tainly, every reasonable an' feeling man w-
admit I had just enough o' it, an' mair th-
I deserved."

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER

A STORY OF WARK CASTLE.

A little above Coldstream, on the south
side of the Tweed, stands the village
Wark, where a walled mound is all that
remains to point out where its proud Castle
once stood. "We know that," some dwell-
on the Borders may exclaim; "but what has
Wark Castle to do with the Order of the
Garter?" Our answer to this question sim-
ply is, that, if tradition may be trusted, or the
historian Froissard believed, but for Wark
Castle and there would have been no Order
of the Garter. But this following story will
shew. It was early in the autumn of 1328
that David Bruce, King of Scotland, led an
army across the Borders, and laid waste the
towns and villages of Northumberland, as
far as Newcastle. The invading army seized
upon the castle, the flocks, the goods, and the