

I see previously selected to make the best of their way with their captive, by the most unfrequented paths, to the wilds of Galloway, with peremptory injunctions to put him to death should he attempt to escape.

It would be impossible to describe the young laird's feelings as he was led off by his lawless companions, or rather keepers. For a while he continued in a sort of stupor: the whole appeared a dream, a delusion, from which, by a succession of mental efforts, he endeavoured to rouse himself; but the close watch and threatening looks of his companions as often forced upon him the bewildering reality. They travelled all night, and rested about daybreak in an unfrequented part of the open moor, each of the gipsies by turn keeping watch; but, as may be imagined, the transformed laird felt little inclination to sleep, although scarcely knowing in what light to regard his singular situation. Sometimes he was disposed to laugh outright at the idea of a gentleman being kidnapped in an age and country in which the sacredness of the person was so strictly guarded by law; then his fiery temper would become impatient at even the temporary restraint on his personal liberty, and he started up with the determination of instantly asserting his independence and departing home; but the pressure of the bonds on his arms, as well as the click of the sentinel's pistol at his slightest motion, convinced him of his helpless condition, and he lay down again with a cold shudder, as the thought recurred to him—could it be true?—was he doomed to spend his future life in the company of such wretches?—an outcast from civilised society and all its enjoyments? But, no, no;—the idea was too horrible, too preposterous! If he could find no covert means of escape, he would discover himself to the first person they encountered, and the arm of justice would rescue him.

His companions, however, took care to give him no opportunity of carrying the latter purpose into execution. Remaining in hiding all day, and travelling only during the night, they reached an ordinary place of rendezvous for their horde, amongst the inaccessible fastnesses of Tintock, and there abode for about five weeks, until the hue and cry about their captive's disappearance had subsided; from thence they descended to another of their dens in the vale of Clyde, where they abode for several weeks more. During all this time their unfortunate captive was in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. One of the gipsies always remained as guard over him, and each of these persons he tried to work upon, by entreaties, bribes, and threats; but all in vain. His mind at last sunk under his situation, and he abandoned all hope of freedom. From Lanarkshire, the party proceeded through the Pentland hills, and across the Forth, to the general rendezvous of the tribe of Fifeshire. Here the laird was compelled to take a part in the thievish practices of the band, parties of whom scoured the country every night; and he actually assisted in emptying several hen-roosts, and stripping a few washing-greens! His feelings under these circumstances were astonishing. What, he thought, if he should be seized and convicted in some of his predatory acts? How could he prove that he did not continue, as he had begun, to associate voluntarily with the band of outlaws? and even supposing his character vindicated, in what a humiliating light would he be placed for the rest of his life! His anguish of mind, however, became at last so dreadful, that he began to hope of falling into the hands of justice as his only means of rescue from a long life of misery and crime. Owing to their numerous depredations, the band were soon obliged to separate, and Baillie's returned to his native district where a general meeting of the whole tribe belonging to the south of Scotland soon after took place, for the arrangement of their various routes, or, as it may be called, their plan of campaign for the winter. Here Baillie for the first time saw the patriarch or the king of the tribe—a venerable looking old man, whom all seemed to look up to with the

profoundest respect. To him the unfortunate man took an opportunity of representing his situation, and his remonstrances met a more favourable hearing than he ventured to hope. The old man owned that he regretted when he heard of his (Baillie's) joining their fraternity; but since he had done so, he must conform to their established laws. "Beware," said he, in a low and earnest tone, "of discovering yourself, or attempting to escape; if you do so, you are a lost man! Your party is bound either to recover you or destroy you; and there is not a spot on earth where you will be safe. We have confederates in every land, and will join in pursuing you to destruction. Farewell; be faithful, or it will be the worse for you." The old man then turned from him, and the whole party soon afterwards departed on their different routes.

It would occupy too much space to detail all the incidents and adventures in which Mr. Baillie was engaged during the time he remained with his lawless confederates. Suffice it to say, that for nearly two years more he continued a member of the fraternity, partaking in all their enterprises, and frequently obliged to assist in robbing his nearest and dearest friends.

But his feelings at last became insupportable; and as every remonstrance he made to the chief gipsies respecting his continued detention met with either total neglect or equivocation, he resolved, at whatever risk, to effect his escape. In this he at last succeeded, and the method he adopted is not the least curious part of his adventures. Each company carried with them a considerable wardrobe for the purpose of their assuming whatever disguise might be suitable for carrying their various roguish plans into effect, or in aiding their concealment; and from that belonging to his own part, Mr. Baillie contrived, during the course of a long march, to abstract several articles of apparel as they went along; so that he had the means, should he find an opportunity of escaping, of transforming himself in a few hours from a blackguard tinker into a well-clad sheep-farmer.

It was the custom of the party, when they lodged for the night in the open moor, to make two keep watch, one part of whose duty it was to make the round of their encampment alternately, at intervals, in order to ascertain that none of their asses strayed, that the children were resting properly; in short, to see that "all was well." Against the night when Baillie's turn for watching came, he had provided a large bottle of whisky; and when his companion and himself sat down together in the tent before the huge fire which was always kept blazing, he had little difficulty in engaging him in the discussion of the contents. As he had anticipated, however, the spirit alone would by no means have served as a sufficiently speedy opiate, and he had accordingly provided a considerable quantity of laudanum, which he managed to drop from time to time into his companion's cup while the latter was patrolling round the encampment. It may easily be imagined with what unspeakable agitation Baillie watched the consummation of a plan upon which depended his chance of escaping from the horrible thralldom in which he was detained. He could with difficulty command his feelings so far as to converse rationally with his companion; and they became more and more acute, as he observed, from the increasing heaviness of the latter, the approach of the moment when he was to make the perilous attempt. At last the gipsy lay down fairly overpowered by the whisky and laudanum he had swallowed, and the risk must now or never be run. Stripping himself of every thing but a top coat and a hat, Baillie slipped out at the back part of the tent and took to flight with the speed of the reindeer. He knew every foot of his way; and although the night was pitch dark, he proceeded at the top of his pace for a length of time that afterwards appeared to himself miraculous. As he proceeded, he pick-

ed up the various articles of apparel he had secreted, but, as may be believed, did not pause to attire himself for the first two or three stages. When morning dawned, he was forty miles distant from the spot where he had set out; but such was the excitement of his mind, that he was insensible to fatigue, and would have continued his flight, had not prudence dictated the necessity of concealing himself during the day, which he did in an old sheepfold. On the following evening he arrived at an obscure inn in Edinburgh, where he had once more the satisfaction of finding himself in civilized society, and under the protection—though this he could not long calculate upon—of human laws. He lost no time in writing to his brother, who joined him within forty-eight hours, and after an affectionate recognition, proposed instantly to make surrender of his estate, so that he might resume the enjoyment of it. "Alas, brother," said the unfortunate laird, "I could not hope to live a week at home. The villains who have had me in custody would make my heart's blood flow upon my own hearth stone, though sure to be hanged for it the next hour. My only chance of safety is in flight—instant flight—to the Continent—the farther away the better; though I hardly hope to escape their fangs ultimately." His brother then, at his request, took a passage for him in a vessel at Leith, bound for Hamburg, on board of which he went that evening, after concerting means for occasionally obtaining information and money from that home which he hardly hoped ever again to call his own.

The vessel was driven by stress of weather into Rotterdam, where Mr. Baillie left her, and proceeded up the Rhine. No step, he afterwards learned, could have been more fortunate, for the gipsies, having ascertained the way in which he left Scotland, had several of their number stationed at Hamburg before the vessel arrived there, by whom he must have been assassinated shortly after he touched the land. His unexpected landing at Rotterdam put them on the scent for a while, and it was not till about a twelvemonth after, when he was living in an obscure lodging in Florence, that he found himself once more under the observation of his enemies. Instantly flying to Leghorn, he threw himself into a vessel just leaving that port for Marseilles, and in three weeks had buried himself in the recesses of the Pyrenees. Here he lived without molestation for six months, when, warned by advices from home, he found it necessary to make another remove. By the most retired and Alpine paths, he once more sought the head of Italy, where for another year he skulked about under various disguises, generally shunning the considerable towns. He afterwards spent a year in the suburbs of Vienna, never stirring abroad but by night. His next place of fixed residence was St. Petersburg, where, after about five years absence from Scotland, he was informed by his brother, that, by intelligence obtained from the gipsy chief who seemed to take a sympathising interest in his distresses, it appeared that the chase was now much slackened. A considerable number of his pursuers had fallen victims to the laws in various parts of the Continent, and others had returned to Scotland in despair, being excommunicated by the rest of their tribe, they had become notorious criminals, and were rapidly thinned in number by the Court of Justiciary. A few still remained to be accounted for; but there was every likelihood that these had also been cut off in consequence of their evil courses. Mr. Baillie, however anxious to go home upon this assurance, was still unable to convince himself that his life was safe. At length he received the joyful information that the last of his enemies supposed to be in Scotland, had just been sentenced by the circuit court at Jedburgh to transportation for life. In compliance with the pressing request which accompanied this letter, he set sail for Scotland, flattering himself that now at last all his anxieties were set for ever asleep, and that he would