

come hereafter one of their own learned body, with which view he was educated. When at the age of 16, he found the discipline and austerities of a monastic life so ill suited to his inclination, that on a trivial dispute with the superior of his college he ran away and enlisted himself in a French marching regiment. In this situation he sustained all the hardships of hunger, long marches, and incessant alarms, and as it was in the hottest part of the war between France and England, about the year 1743, it may easily be imagined that his situation was by no means enviable. He fought as a foot-soldier at the battle of Dettingen; he was also at the battle of Fontenoy; and landed as an ensign in the French troops at Murray Frith during the rebellion of forty-five. He joined the rebels a little before the battle of Falkirk, marched with them to Derby, and retreated with them into Scotland. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and fled with a few friends to the woods of Lochaber, where he remained the greatest part of the summer of 1746, living upon the roots of trees, goats' milk, and the oatmeal and water of such peasants as he durst confide in. Knowing, however, that it would be impossible to continue this course of life in the winter, he began to devise means of effecting his return to France, perfectly unconscious that in the country where he was suffering the miseries of an outcast criminal he was entitled to the possession of an ample estate and a title. His scheme was to gain the coast of Galloway, where he hoped to get on board some smuggling vessel to the Isle of Man, and from thence to France. The hardships which he suffered in the prosecution of this plan would require a volume in their description. He crept through bye ways by night, and was forced to lie concealed among rocks and woods during the day; he was reduced almost to a state of nudity, and his food was obtained from the charity of the poorest peasants, in whom only he could confide. Of this scanty subsistence he was sometimes for days deprived; and to complete his misfortunes, he was, after having walked bare-footed over rocks, briars, and unfrequented places, at length discovered, seized, and taken before a magistrate near Dumfries. His name was Maxwell, which he did not attempt to conceal; he would have suffered as a rebel, had not his commission as a French officer been found in the lining of his tattered coat, which entitled him to the treatment of a prisoner of war. This privilege, however, only extended to the preservation of his life; he was confined in a paved stone dungeon so long, that he had amused himself by giving name to each stone which composed the pavement, and which in after life he took great pleasure in repeating and pointing out to his friends. An old woman, who had been his nurse in childhood, was at this time living in Dumfries, where he was a prisoner, and having accidentally seen him, and becoming acquainted with his name, his age, &c. felt an assurance that he was the rightful Sir Robert Maxwell. The indissoluble attachment of the lower orders in Scotland to their chiefs is well known; and impelled by this feeling, this old and faithful domestic attended him with the most maternal affection administering liberally to his distresses. After an interview of some weeks she made him acquainted with her suspicion, and begged leave to examine a mark which she remembered on his body. This proof also concurring, she became outrageous with joy, and ran