

scorn. Whom think ye, ye treat wi' contempt? Ken ye that the humble adder which ye tread upon can destroy ye—that the very wasp can sting ye, and there is poison in its sting! Ye laugh, but for your want o' humanity this night, sorrow shall turn your head grey, lang before age sit down upon your brow."

"Off! off! ye wretches!" added the laird; "vent your threats in the wind, if it will hear ye, for I regard them as little as it will. But keep out o' my way for the future, as ye would escape the honours o' a hemp cravat, and the hereditary exaltation o' your race."

Willie Faa made a sign to his followers, and without speaking they instantly rose and departed, but as he himself reached the door, he turned round, and significantly striking the hilt of his dagger, exclaimed—

"Clenne! ye shall rue it!"

And the hoarse voice of Elspeth without, as the sound was borne away on the storm, was heard crying—"He shall rue it!" and repeating her imprecations.

Until now poor Andrew Smith had lain groaning upon the floor, more dead than alive, though not exactly "stone dead" as he expressed it, and ever as he heard his master's angry voice, he groaned the more, until in his agony he doubted his existence. When therefore on the departure of the Faas the laird dragged him to his feet, and feeling some pity for his terror, spoke to him more mildly. Andrew gazed vacantly around him, his teeth chattering together, and he first placed his hands upon his sides, to feel whether he was still indeed the identical flesh, blood and bones of Andrew Smith, or his disembodied spirit; and being assured that he was still a man, he put down his hand to feel for his chronometer, and again he groaned bitterly,—and although he now knew he was not dead, he almost wished he were so. The other servants thought also of their money and their trinkets, which as well as poor Andrew's chronometer, Elspeth, in the hurry in which she was rudely driven from the house, had, by a slip of memory, neglected to return to their lawful owners.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the laird's anger at his domestics, nor farther to describe Andrew's agitation, but I may say that he was not wroth against the Faa gang without reason. They had long committed ra-

vages on his flocks,—they had carried off the choicest of his oxen,—they destroyed his deer,—they plundered him of his poultry, and they even made free with the grain that he reared, and which he could spare with of all. But Willie Faa considered even a landed proprietor as his enemy, and thought it his duty to quarter on them. Moreover, it was his boisterous laugh, as he pushed round the tankard, which aroused the laird from his slumbers, and broke Elspeth's spell. At the destruction of the charm, by the appearance of their master, before she had washed her hands in Darden Lough, caused the who had parted with their money and their eyes, to grieve for them the more, and doubt the promises of the prophetess or to

"Take all for gospel that the spae-folk say."

Many weeks, however, had not passed until the laird of Clenne found that Elspeth's threat, that he should "rue it," meant more than idle words. His cat sickened and died in their stalls, or the best of them disappeared; his favorite horses were found maimed in the morning, wounded and bleeding in the fields, and withstanding the vigilance of his shepherd, the depredations on his flocks augmented tenfold. He doubted not but that Willie Faa and his tribe were the authors of all the evil which were besetting him; but he knew also their power, and their matchless cunning, which rendered it almost impossible either to detect or punish them. He had a favorite steed, which had borne him in boyhood, in battle when he served in foreign wars, one morning he went into his park, he found it lying bleeding upon the ground. Grief and indignation strove together in arousing vengeance within his bosom. He ordered his sluthound to be brought, and his dependants to be summoned together and to be armed with them. He had previously observed footprints on the ground, and he claimed—

"Now the fiend take the Faas, they find whose turn it is to rue before the gae down."

The gong was pealed on the turret of Clenne Hall, and the kempers with their poles bounded in every direction, with the fleetness of mountain stags, to surround the capable of bearing arms to the presence of the laird. The mandate was readily obeyed, and within two hours thirty armed