

I could not but sympathise with the poor Laird's apprehensions. The character of Caption allowed of no doubt as to the persecution which would ensue, and it was not uncharitable to think that his malicious machinations would be supported by his rich and unprincipled client. Under these feelings and that impression I again said—

“You must indeed permit me to beg the mediation of Dr Lounlans. If any man can avert the trouble and vexation to which you are so unhappily exposed, he alone of all the parish——”

“Do you see that picture of the King on the wall?” replied the old man. “Bid it come out frae ahint the glass, and go to the Manse, and drink a glass o’ wine wi’ Dr Lounlans, and I’ll be there when it does that, and beseech the Doctor to supplicate for me.”

“Really, Mr Mailings, you surprise me. Forty years might have quenched the anger you felt against his mother for rejecting your suit, the proffer of your love.”

“Oh, I was willing to forgie her for that—I had forgien her, and had amaist forgotten’t; but when her gudeman dee’t, and I was constrained by course o’ law to roup her out o’ the farm, I’ll never forgie what she did then—no, no, never. She stir’t the country like a wasp’s byke about me—I durstna mudge¹ on the King’s highway without meeting revile and molestation. It’s no to be told what I suffer’t. The cripple bodie, auld Gilbert, that was

¹ *Mudge*. Stir.