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The rest of the day I walked up and down raging. There were few names so ill but what I gave her in my own mind before the sun went down. All that I had heard of highland pride seemed quite outdone—that a girl (scarce grown) should resent so trifling an action, and that from her next friend, that she had near wearied me with praising off I had bitter, sharp, hard thoughts of her, like an angry boy's. If I had kissed her indeed (I thought), perhaps she would have taken it pretty well, and only because it had been written down, and with a spite of jealousy up she must fust in this ridiculous passion. It seemed to me there was a want of penetration in the female sex, to make angels weep over the case of the poor man.

We were side by side again at supper, and what a change was there. She was like curdled milk to me; her face was like a wooden doll's. I could have indifferently smitten her or groveled at her feet, but she gave me not the least occasion to do either. No sooner the meal done than she betook herself to attend on Mrs. Gebbie, which I think she had a little neglected heretofore. But she was to make up for lost time, and in what remained of the passage was extraordinary assiduous with the old lady, and on deck began to make a great deal more than I thought was of Captain Sang. Not but what the captain seemed a worthy, fatherly man, but I hated to behold her in the least familiarity with any one except myself.

Altogether she was so quick to avoid me and so constant to keep herself surrounded with others that I must watch a long while before I could find my opportunity, and after it was found I made not much of it, as you are now to hear.

"I have no guess how I have offended," said I. "Oh, try if you can pardon me."

"I have no pardon to give," said she, and the words seemed to come out of her throat like marbles. "I will be very much obliged for all your friendships." And she made an eighth part of a courtesy.

But I had schooled myself beforehand to say more, and I was going to say it too.

"There is one thing," said I. "If I have shocked you particularly by the showing of that letter, it cannot touch Miss Grant. She wrote not to you but to a poor, common, ordinary lad, who might have had more sense than show it. If you are to blame me—"

"I will advise you to say no more about that girl at all events," said Catriona. "If I see her I will never look the road of, not if she is laying." She turned away from me and suddenly back. "Will you swear you will have no more to do with her?" she cried.

"Indeed, and I will never be so unjust then," said I, nor yet so ungrateful.

And now it was I that turned away.

CHAPTER XXII.

HELVETUSLUVA.

The weather in the end considerably worsened. The wind rose in the shrouds, the sea swelled higher, and the ship began to labor and cry out among the billows. The song of the leadman in the chains was now scarce ceasing, for we thrud all the way among shoals. About 9 in the morning, in a burst of wintry sun between two squalls of hail, I had my first look of Holland—a line of windmills blurring in the breeze. It was besides my first knowledge of these daffinck contrivances, which gave me a new sense of foreign travel and a new world and life. We came to an anchor about half past 11, outside the harbor of Helvetusluva, in a place where the sea sometimes broke and the ship pitched outrageously. You may be sure we were all on deck save Mrs. Gebbie—some of us in cloaks, others mantled in the ship's tarpaulins all clinging on by ropes and josting the most like old sailor folk that we could imitate.

Presently a boat that was backed like a parian crab came gingerly alongside, and the skipper of it hailed our master in the Dutch. Thence Captain Sang turned very troubled like to Catriona, and the rest of us crowding about, the nature of the difficulty was made plain to all. The Rose was bound to the port of Rotterdam, whither the other passengers were in a great impatience to arrive, in view of a conveyance due to leave that very evening in the direction of the upper Germany. This, with the present half gale of wind, the captain if no time were lost, declared himself still capable to save. Now, James More

had trusted in Helvet with his daughter, and the captain had engaged to call before the port and place her, according to the custom, in a shore boat. There was the boat to be sure, and here was Catriona ready, but both our master and the patrons of the boat scrupled at the risk, and the first was in no humor to delay.

"Your father," said he, "would be geyan little pleased if we were to break a leg to ye, James Drummond, let a le drawing of you. Take my way of it," says he, "and come on by with the rest of us here to Rotterdam. Ye can get a passage down the Maas in a sailing scot as far as to the Brill, and thence on again by a place in a rattel wagon back to Helvet."

But Catriona would hear of no change. She looked white like as she beheld the bursting of the sprays, the green sea that sometimes poured upon the fore-castle, and the perpetual bounding and swooping of the boat among the billows, but she stood firmly by her father's orders.

"My father, James More, will have arranged it so," was her first word and her last. I thought it very idle and indeed wanton in the girl to be so literal and stand opposite to so much kind advice, but the fact is she had a very good reason, if she would have told us. Sailing scots and rattel wagons are excellent things, only the use of them must be first paid for, and all she was possessed of in the world was just two shillings and a penny halfpenny sterling. So it fell out that captain and passengers, not knowing of her destitution and she being too proud to tell them, spoke in vain.

"But you ken nae French and nae Dutch neither," said one.

"It is very true," says she, "but since the year '46 there are so many of the honest Scots abroad that I will be doing very well, I thank you."

There was a pretty country simplicity in this that made some laugh; others looked the more sorry, and Mr. Gibbie fell outright in a passion. I believe he knew it was his duty, his wife having accepted charge of the girl, to have gone ashore with her and seen her safe. Nothing would have induced him to have done so, since it must have involved the loss of his conveyance. And I think he made it up to his conscience by the loudness of his voice. At least he broke out upon Captain Sang, raging and saying the thing was a disgrace; that it was mere waste of time to leave the ship, and at any event we could not cast down an innocent maid in a boatful of nasty Holland fishers and leave her to her fate. I was thinking something of the same; took the mate upon side, arranged with him to send on my chests by track scot to an address I had in Leyden and stood up and signalled to the fishers.

"I will go ashore with the young lady," said I. "It is all on me, Captain Sang," said I. "It is I that will way I go to Leyden, and leaped at the same time into the boat, which I managed not so elegantly but what I fell with two of the fishers in the bilge."

From the boat the business appeared yet more precarious than from the ship; she stood so high over us, swung down so swift and menacing, as so perpetually with her plunging and passing upon the anchor cable. I began to think I had made a fool's bargain, that it was merely impossible Catriona should be got on board to me, and that I stood to be set ashore at Helvet all by myself and with no hope of any reward but the pleasure of embracing James More if I should reach to. But this was to reckon with out the last courage. She had seen me leap with very little appearance (however much reality) of hesitation; to be sure, she was not to be beat by her discarded friend.

Up she stood on the bulwarks and held by a stay, the wind blowing in her petticoats, which made the enterprise more dangerous and gave us rather more of a view of her stockings that would be thought genteel in cities. There was no minute lost, and scarce time given for any to interfere if they had wished the same. I stood up on the other side and spread my arms. The ship swung down on us, the patron humored his boat nearer in than was perhaps wholly safe, and Catriona leaped into the air. I was so happy as to catch her, and the fishers readily supporting us escaped a fall. She held to me a moment very tight, breathing quick and deep; thence still clinging to me with both hands we were passed off to our places by the steersman, and, Captain Sang and all the crew and passengers cheering and crying farewell, the boat was put about for shore.

As soon as Catriona came a little to herself she unhand me suddenly, but said no word. No more did I, and indeed I was waving of the sea and the breaching of the waves made it no time for speech, and our crew not only tolled excessively but made extremely little way, so that the Rose had got her anchor and was off again before we had approached the harbor mouth.

We were no sooner in smooth water than the patron, according to the beauty of Holland's custom, stopped the boat and required of us our fares. Two guilders was the man's demand—between 8 and 4 shillings, English money—for each passenger. But at this Catriona began to cry out with a vast deal of agitation. She had asked of Captain Sang, she said, and the fare was but an English shilling. "Do you think I will have come on board and not ask first?" cries she.

The patron scolded back upon her in

a lingo where the oaths were English and the rest right Hollands, till at last—seeing her near tears—I privately slipped in the rose's hand 6 shillings, whereupon he was obliging enough to receive from her the other shilling without more complaint. No doubt I was a good deal nettled and ashamed. I like to see folk thrifty, but not with so much passion, and I dare say it would be rather coldly that I asked her, as the boat moved on again for shore, where it was that she was trusted with her father.

"He is to be inquired of at the house of one Sprott, an honest Scotch merchant," says she, and then with the same breath, "I am wishing to thank you very much—you are a brave friend to me."

"It will be time enough when I get you to your father," said I, little thinking that I spoke so true. "I can tell him a fine tale of a loyal daughter."

"Oh, I do not think I will be a loyal girl. At all events," she cried, with a great deal of painfulness in the expression, "I do not think my heart is true."

"You are very few that would have made that leap, and all to obey a father's orders," I observed.

"I cannot have you to be thinking of me so," she cried again. "When you had done that same, how would I stop behind? And at all events, that was not all the reasons." Whereupon, with a burning face, she told me the plain truth upon a building stone and made her at there. She would have kept her hold upon me, for she still shook with the late efforts, but I wanted to think clear, disengaged myself and paced to and fro before her in the manner of what we call a smuggler's walk, belaboring my brains for any remedy.

By the course of these scattering thoughts I was brought suddenly face to face with a remembrance that in the heat and haste of our departure I had left Captain Sang to pay the ordinary. At this I began to laugh out loud, for I thought the man well served, and at the same time by an instinctive movement carried my hand to the pocket where my money was. I suppose it was in the lane where the woman jostled us, but there is only one thing certain, that my purse was gone.

"You will have thought of something good," said she, observing me to pause. At the pinch we were in my mind became suddenly clear as a perspective glass, and I saw there was no choice of methods. I had not one dodd of coin, but in my pocketbook I had still my letter on the Leyden merchant, and there was now but one way to get to Leyden, and that was to walk on our two feet.

"Catriona," said I, "I know you're brave, and I believe you're strong; do you think you could walk 30 miles on a plain road?" We found, I believe, scarce the two-thirds of that, but such was my notion of the distance.

"David," said she, "if you will just keep near I will go anywhere and do anything. The courage of my heart, it is all broken. Do not be leaving me in this horrible country by myself, and I will do all else."

"Can you start now and march all night?" I said to all that you ask of me," she said, "and never ask you why. I have been a bad, ungrateful girl to you, and do what you please with me now! And I think Miss Barbara Grant is the best lady in the world," she added, "and I do not see what she would deny you for at all events."

This was Greek and Hebrew to me, but I had other matters to consider, and the first of these was to get clear of that city on the Leyden road. It proved a cruel problem, and it may have been 1 or 3 at night ere we solved it. Once beyond the guide we were rather moon glaze, and I saw there was no whiteness of the way in the midst and a blackness of an alley on both hands. The walking was besides made most extraordinary difficult by a plain black frost that fell suddenly in the small hours and turned that highway into one long slide.

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"Ah," says she, "but there are no glens or mountains, though I will never be denying but what the trees and some of the plain places hereabouts are very pretty. But our country is the best yet."

"I wish we could say as much for our own folk," says I, recalling Sprott and Sang and perhaps James More himself. "I will never complain of the country of my friend," said she, and spoke it out with an accent so particular that I seemed to hear the trees and some of the plain places hereabouts are very pretty. But our country is the best yet."

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but just himself; clan, king or daughter, if he can get his wamful, he would give them at the go by; ay, or his corral either. For there is a sense in willk I may be nearly almost said to be his correspondent, but I have no advice. The fact is we are employed together in a business affair, and I think it's like to turn out a dear affair for Sandie Sprott. The man's as guid's my partner, and I give ye my word I ken naething by where he is. He might be coming here to Helvet; he might come here to-morrow, he might nae come for a twal-month; I wonder at naething—or just at the ae thing, and that's if he was to pay me my siller. Ye see what way I stand with it, and it's clear I'm no very likely to meddle up with the young laddy, as ye ca' her. She came up here, that's so thing certain sure. Dod, sir, I'm a lone man. If I was to talk her in, it's highly possible the hellicot would try and gar me marry her when he turned up."

"Enough of this talk," said I. "I will take the young lady among better friends. Give me pen, ink and paper, and I will leave her for James More the address of my correspondent in Leyden. He can then learn from me where he is to seek his daughter."

This word I wrote and sealed, which while I was doing Sprott, of his own motion, made a welcome offer, to charge himself with Miss Drummond's mails and even send a porter for them to the inn. I advanced him that effect a dollar or two to be a cover, and he gave me an acknowledgment in writing of the sum.

Whereupon (I giving my arm to Catriona) we left the house of this unpalatable rascal. He had said no word throughout, leaving me to judge and speak in her place. I, upon my side, had been careful not to embarrass her by a glance, and even now, although my heart still glowed inside of me with shame and anger, I made it my affair to seem quite easy.

"Now," said I, "let us get back to you same as we left. I was a wee bit French, have a piece of dinner and inquire for conveyances to Rotterdam. I will never be easy till I have you safe again in the hands of Mrs. Gebbie."

"I suppose it will have to be," said Catriona, "though whoever will be pleased I do not think it will be her. And I will remind you this once again that I have but 1 shilling and 8 pence."

"And just this once again," said I, "I will remind you of a blessing that I came along with you."

"What else would I be thinking all this time?" says she, and I thought weighed a little on my arm. "It is you that are the good friend to me."

CHAPTER XXII.

TRAVELS IN HOLLAND.



"Take me away, David," she said. The rattel wagon, which is a kind of a long wagon set with benches, carried us in four hours of travel to the great city of Rotterdam. It was long past dark by then, but the streets were pretty brightly lighted and thronged with wild, outlandish characters—bearded Hebrews, black women, and the kind of shameless women most indecently adorned with finery and stopping eases by their very sleeves. The clash of talk about us made our heads to whirl, and what was the most unexpected of all we appeared to be no more struck with all these foreigners than they with us. I made the best of me. I could for the last time, and the old wives' daughters in your daffinck highland lairs. Soon we'll be going over the Seven Bens, the seven glens and the seven mountain moors." Which was a common byword or overture in these tales of hers that had stuck in my memory.

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ed him, and he behaved himself so scandalous to the young lady, jesting most ill favorably at the figure she had made on the ship's rail, that I had no resource but to carry her suddenly away.

She came out of that ordinary clinging to me close. "Take me away, David," she said. "You keep me. I'm not afraid with you."

"And have no cause, my little friend!" cried I. And could have found it in my heart to weep.

"Where will you be taking me?" she said again. "Don't leave me at all events; never leave me."

"Where am I taking you indeed?" says I, stopping, for I had been staving on ahead in mere blindness. "I must stop and think. But I'll not leave you, Catriona. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if I should fail or fail you."

She crept closer in to me by way of a reply.

"Here," I said, "is the stillest place that we have hit on yet in this busy byke of a city. Let us sit down here under your tree and consider of our course."

"The tree (which I am little like to forget) stood hard by the harbor side. It was a black night, but lights were in the houses, and nearer hand in the quiet shades; there was a shining of the city on the one hand, and a buzz hung over it of many thousand walking and talking; on the other was dark, and the water bubbled on the sides. I spread my cloak upon a building stone and made her sit there. She would have kept her hold upon me, for she still shook with the late efforts, but I wanted to think clear, disengaged myself and paced to and fro before her in the manner of what we call a smuggler's walk, belaboring my brains for any remedy."

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the both of us; that learned us how to dress ourselves, and in a great manner how to behave, as any one can see that knew us both before and after."

But Catriona, stopped square in the midst of the highway.

"It is this way of it," said she. "Either you will go on to speak of her, and I will go back to your town and let come of it what God pleases, or else you will do that politeness to talk of other things."

I was the most nonplused person in this world, but I bethought me that she depended altogether on my help, that she was of the frail sex, and not so much beyond a child, and it was for me to be wise for the pair of us.

"My dear girl," said I, "I can make neither head nor tails of this, but God forbid that I should do anything to set you on the jeer. As for talking of Miss Grant, I have no such a mind to it, and I believe it was yourself began it. My only design—if I took you up at all—was for your own improvement, for I hate the very look of injustice. Not that I do not wish you to have a good price and a nice female delicacy—they become you well—but here you show them to excess."

"Well, then, have you done?" said she. "I have done," said I.

"A very good thing," said she. And we went on again, but now in silence. It was an eerie employment to walk in that gross night, beholding only shadows and hearing naught but our own steps. At first I believe our hearts burred against each other with a deal of enmity, but the darkness, and the cold, and the silence, which only the cocks sometimes interrupted, or sometimes the hazy night glazes, had pretty soon brought down our pride to the dust, and for my own particular I would have jumped at any decent opening for speech.

Before the day peeped came on a warmish rain, and the frost was all wiped away from among our feet. I took my cloak to her and sought to help her in the same. She bade me rather impatiently to keep it.

"Indeed and I will do no such thing," said I. "Here am I, a great, ugly lad that has seen all kinds of weather, and here are you, a tender, pretty maid. My dear, you would not put me to a shame?"

Without more words she let me cover her, which as I was doing in the darkness, I let my hand rest a moment on her shoulder, almost like an embrace.

"You must try to be more patient of your friend," said I.

I thought she seemed to lean the least thing in the world against my bosom, or perhaps it was but fancy. "There will be no end to your goodness," said she. And we went on again in silence. But now all was changed, and the happiness that was in my heart was like a fire in a great chimney.

The rain passed ere day; it was but a sloppy morning as we came into the town of Delft. The red gabled houses made a handsome show on either hand of a canal, the servant lassies were out slostering and scrubbing at the very stones upon the public highway, smoke rose from a hundred kitchens, and it came in upon me strangely it was time to break our fast.

"Catriona," said I, "I believe you have yet a shilling and 8 pence?"

"Are you wanting it?" said she and passed me the purse. "I am wishing it was 20. What will you want for it?"

"And what have we been talking of all night, like a pair of waff Egyptians?" says I. "Just because I was robbed of my purse and all I possessed in that unchancy town of Rotterdam. I will tell you of it now, because I think the worst is over, but we have still a good tramp before us till we get to where my money is, and if you would not buy me a piece of bread I were like to go fasting."

She looked at me with open eyes. By the light of the new day she was all black and pale for weariness, so that my heart smote me for her. But, as for her, she broke out laughing.

"My torture! We are beggars then!" she cried. You, too? Oh, I have wished for this same thing! And I am glad to buy your breakfast to you. But it would be pleasant if I would have had to dance to get a meal to you! For I believe they are not very well acquainted with our manner of dancing over here and might be paying for the curiosity of that sight."

"I will have no choice left," said she. "My father, James More, has not used me very well, and it is not the first time. I am cast upon your hands like a sack of barley meal and have nothing else to think of but your pleasure. If you will have me, good and well. If you will not," she turned and touched her hand upon my arm—"David, I am afraid," said she.

"No, but I ought to warn you," I began and then bethought me that I was the bearer of the purse, and that I would never do to seem too churlish. "Catriona," said I, "don't misunderstand me. I am just trying to do my duty by you, girl. Here I am going alone to this strange city to be a solitary student there, and here is this chance arisen that you might dwell with me a bit and be like my sister. You can surely understand this much, my dear, that I would just love to have you!"

"Well, and here I am," said she. "So that's soon settled."

I knew I was in duty bound to have spoke more plain. I knew this was a great blot on my character, for which I was lucky that I did not pay more dear. But I minded how easy her delicacy had been startled with a word of kissing her in Barbara's letter. Now that she depended on me, how was I to be more bold? Besides, the truth is, I could see no other feasible method to dispose of her. And I dare say inclination pulled me very strong.

A little beyond The Hague she fell very lame and made the rest of the distance heavily enough. Twice she must rest by the wayside, which she did with pretty apologies, calling herself a shame to the highlands and the race she came of and nothing but a hindrance to myself. It was her excuse, she said, that she was not much used with walking shoes. I would have had her strip off her shoes and stockings and go barefoot. But she pointed out to me that the women of that country, even in the landward roads, appeared to be all shoe.

"I must not be disgracing my brother," said she and was very merry with it all, although her face told tales of her. There is a garden in that city we were bound to, sanded below with clean sand, the trees meeting overhead—some of them trimmed, some pleached, and the whole place beautified with alleys and arbors. Here I left Catriona, and went forward by myself to find my correspondent.

Then I drew on my credit and asked to be recommended to some decent, retired lodging.

My baggage not being yet arrived I told him I supposed I should require his caution with the people of the house, and explained that my sister being come for awhile to keep house for me I should be wanting two chambers. This was all very well, but the trouble was that Mr. Balfour in his letter of recommendation had condescended on a great deal of particulars and never a word of any sister he had. I could see my Dutchman was extremely suspicious, and viewing me over the rims of a great pair of spectacles—he was a poor, frail body and reminded me of an infirm rabbit—he began to question me also.

It was plain there that position save I told him I was a student, and I for my guidance, he was enabled to observe human side to chased a study book all that I could think these grave consider my mind bubbled at reason of pleasing like one treading on